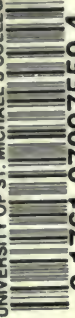


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LA VIERGE AUX ANGES.

(BOUGUEREAU.)

206

THE AVE MARIA

A CATHOLIC FAMILY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin

EDITED BY

A PRIEST OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE HOLY CROSS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

ENLARGED SERIES

Volume Thirty - Sixth

JANUARY — JULY

MDCCCXCIII

NOTRE DAME, IND.

U. S. A.

1893.

AD MARIAM.

*Quæ peperit Florem
Det nobis floris odorem.*

*Who gave the Flower birth, may she
Its odor give to thee and me.*

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XXXVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 7, 1893.

No. 1.

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

Rest by the Way.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

OH long, sad journey, from the land of light,
 Jehovah's land, to Egypt's darken'd realm,
 Where reign'd idolatry—with feller blight
 Than all ten plagues, than waters arm'd *
 to whelm
 The host of Pharaoh! Yet that weary way
 Was broken oft by hours of blissful rest,
 When the young Mother could repose and pray,
 As slept the rescued Infant on her breast.
 And ministering angels then drew near,
 With melodies of Heav'n to soothe His
 sleep.
 And thine, my Queen, no less. Thy soul could
 hear
 Those dulcet strains: and thou didst softly
 weep
 In ecstasy of joy. Ah, blessed One—
 With God's Word-Music for thy very Son!

* He shall arm the creature, and it shall fight with
 Him against the impious.—*Wisdom.*

No language can be conceived more
 ardent or absolute than that in which the
 earliest records of Christianity, the litur-
 gies, the Fathers, speak of the Mother of
 Our Lord. Spotless, sinless, thrice holy,
 holier than the Seraphim, the holiest next
 after God,—these are the familiar descrip-
 tions of her sanctity.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Egyptian Exile.



N angel having appeared
 to him the hospitable
 clime wherein the Infant
 God might find an asy-
 lum from the sword that
 menaced His cradle, the
 head of the Holy Family,
 "rising up, took the
 Child and His Mother by night and retired
 into Egypt."* There still exist vestiges
 proclaiming the passage of these illustrious
 exiles to the ancient land which once
 beheld their fathers' captivity, and was
 now to safeguard the Messiah's freedom.

Quite near the town of Hebron are
 shown the ruins of an old church which
 was built on the site of the lodging where,
 on the first night after their precipitous
 departure from Bethlehem, Jesus, Mary
 and Joseph found much-needed repose.
 What favors Heaven has showered on this
 valley of Hebron! There the founder of
 the human race first saw the light; the
 Holy Trinity, in the form of three angels,
 trod its sacred soil; and, later on; this other
 visible and terrestrial trinity, whose names
 inspire naught but love and confidence,
 came thither to sanctify and bless anew.
 Abraham had left in this land, once his

* Matt., ii, 14.

own, inheritors of his faith and charity; and Jesus, persecuted, spent the night close by the spot where Isaac, who prefigured Him so well, grew up beneath his father's tent. On the bank of the Suez Canal a pretty chapel, in honor of Our Lady, rears its walls of dazzling white, as a monument to mark another stopping place of the fugitive trio from the domain of Herod.

We are told—and here it is a matter not of mere tradition, but of history and the Gospel—that in the presence of Jesus the statues of a famous Egyptian temple fell to the ground, and its idols were broken. It was the accomplishment of the prophecy of Isaias: "Behold the Lord will ascend upon a swift cloud, and will enter into Egypt; and the idols of Egypt shall be moved at His presence, and the heart of Egypt shall melt in the midst thereof."* Many historians recount this occurrence. "Who is the just man, who is the king," says St. Athanasius, "whose arrival in Egypt has been marked by the fall of idols? Abraham came thither, but the worship of idols was not destroyed. Moses was born there, but impiety and this sacrilegious worship lost none of their force." Thus speaks the patriarch of Alexandria, who lived in the region where the event happened, and who, consequently, was in a position to know all the traditions relating thereto. Locrius and Nicetas Choniates both mention a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin on the site of the ancient pagan temple.

The first sojourn of the Holy Family during the years of their exile in the land of Mezraim was at Heliopolis. Situated scarcely three miles from Delta, it was a prosperous city, and one whose exceptionally favorable position gave it great commercial importance. It was on the direct route from Egypt and the Red Sea to Asia Minor, Syria, and Europe. Even at that period mines of considerable extent and wonderful richness were worked there.

Several motives determined Mary and Joseph in fixing upon this city as their home. From the time of the Assyrian conquest, the troubles and misfortunes that had come upon Judea impelled many of the Jews to take refuge in Egypt, where the memory of Abraham and Jacob and Joseph still survived. A first emigration took place under the direction of Johanan; and a second under Onias III., who obtained from Ptolemy Philometor an authorization to build near Heliopolis a temple to the one true God. While recalling to the exiled Jews the glory of the temple of Jerusalem, the magnificence of this new edifice fulfilled the oracle of Isaias: "In that day there shall be an altar of the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a monument of the Lord at the borders thereof... and He shall send them a Saviour."

A very hospitable custom was in vogue in the Jewish colony that had settled in Egypt. Each new arrival was taken charge of by those who exercised the same profession or trade as himself; so that a stranger, especially if poor, readily obtained from his fellow-tradesmen assistance for himself and family. Another reason for the choice of this city as the residence of the Holy Family was that here the exiles found their native idiom spoken; for Heliopolis was one of the five Egyptian cities in which the language of Chanaan was in use.*

All that now remains of Heliopolis is the hamlet of Matariyeh, which occupies a part of its site. The first object that attracts the attention of the traveller who arrives there is an obelisk of red granite, similar in form to the famous Cleopatra's needles. It is inscribed with the name of Osortasen I., whose date is fixed about 3,000 years before Christ. The cross engraved on one of its faces is a hieroglyphic; hence to regard it as a Christian souvenir would be chimerical. Yet this sign was none the less a prophecy of the

* Isaias, xix, 1.

* Rohault de Fleury, "La Sainte Vierge."

Redemption; and as the Blessed Virgin beheld the symbol, the sword of sorrow foretold by Simeon must have pierced her heart with additional poignancy.

The origin of the city called *On* by the old Egyptians, and Heliopolis, or City of the Sun, by the Greeks, is lost in the mists of antiquity. It was the chief seat of the Egyptian worship of the sun, as also of the sacred bull Mnevis, and about it centred the legends of the wonderful bird phœnix. Asenath, daughter of the high-priest Putiphar, and the wife whom Pharaoh gave to Joseph, was a native of this city.

Only some fragments of sphinxes, and of a colossal statue which once adorned the temple of the sun, now remain of that magnificent edifice. The two obelisks raised before the temple by Sesostris were taken to Rome after the conquest of Egypt under the Emperor Augustus; and some writers think Cleopatra's needles originally decorated the entrance to the edifice.

In the middle of a vast garden at Matariyeh there is a sycamore tree, held in great veneration by Christians, because tradition states that under its shade the Holy Family sought repose. It is believed that on its trunk, from thirty to forty feet in circumference, branches have been grafted. In any case, the branches are now very numerous. This tree and the ground it occupies were graciously ceded, some years ago, to the Empress Eugénie. It was the intention to erect there a Catholic institution; and this intention will doubtless yet be carried out.

Some rods from the sycamore is a fountain which, according to tradition, God caused to well forth miraculously for the use of the Holy Family. The pilgrim can satisfy himself as to one point: the water of the fountain is sweet and pleasant to the taste, while that of all the neighboring springs is brackish and disagreeable. It was here that the Blessed Virgin bathed the Infant Jesus; and the fountain has always been held in veneration, not only by

Christians, but also by the Mussulmans. The first well not being sufficient for the watering of the garden that existed there, a second one was sunk near by, in the hope that the vicinity of the fountain of Mary would communicate some of its fertilizing properties; but the results were disappointing: the water in the new well was brackish. Then, by means of a little gutter, the water from the second well was turned into the miraculous spring, and this plan was successful. During the whole period of their domination the Saracens manifested their veneration for this locality by keeping a lamp perpetually burning there in honor of Jesus Christ.

A story, attested by all contemporary authors, states that the oxen employed in turning the wheel used in watering the garden, invariably stopped work on Saturday evenings of their own accord, to resume it only at sunrise on Monday. No amount of persuasion, no succession of blows, could overcome their obstinacy on this point; and they were finally left alone. Brocard, a Franciscan religious, who was sceptical as to this fact, took the trouble to visit Matariyeh to verify the story, and witnessed its truth with his own eyes. Records are not wanting of cures effected by the water of the miraculous fountains, Mussulmans equally with Christians attest its marvellous healing properties.

Matariyeh, though the first, was not the only residence of the Holy Family during their sojourn in the land of the pyramids. A portion of their exile they spent in Cairo. On the route between the two cities beautiful palm-trees rise majestically from fair and pleasant gardens. During many centuries veneration was shown to one of these, which was quite close to Cairo. As Mary was entering the city, it bent down its branches so that she could pluck its fruit, and then resumed its original position. Seeing this, the idolators brought their axes and hewed it down. The following night the palm was erect and flourish-

ing, although the marks of the axes were still visible on its trunk. This city of Cairo dates back to Cambyses, son of Cyrus and King of the Persians. He built it after the destruction of the Chaldean Babylon; for he desired to dwell in Egypt, and to make of this new city the capital of his vast empire.

As to the length of time spent in Egypt by the Holy Family, there are many different opinions. The most probable one seems to be that adopted by Baronius. The learned Maldonatus thus concludes a long dissertation on the subject: "What may be considered certain in this matter is that the sojourn of Mary in Egypt was not prolonged more than seven, but also was not less than four years." An old manuscript, treating of places in the Holy Land, says of Egypt, and of the chapel erected in Cairo on the site of the habitation of the Holy Family: "There is found a chapel, where it is said the most blessed and most glorious Virgin, Mother of God, remained with the Child Jesus during seven years; and the feast of this sanctuary is celebrated on the day of palms."

This last detail, as to the date when the feast of the sojourn of the Holy Family in the ancient city of Cambyses was celebrated within its walls, is worthy of remark, as being a possible corroboration of the marvel related above of the palm-tree. The seven years, however, should be understood, not of Cairo alone, but of Egypt entire.

The original city, long since destroyed, is now only a suburb of the modern Cairo, and is called Fostat, and also Old Cairo. The locality sanctified by the residence of Jesus, Mary and Joseph is in the monastery of St. Sergius, called Deir-el-Nassara. The enclosure of the monastery is very extensive. The height and thickness of its walls make it a veritable fortress. The church, belonging to the Jacobites, is small and poor, having no other ornaments than a few paintings, and some glass and wooden lamps suspended from the ceiling. On either side of the main altar is a

stairway of twelve steps leading down to a subterranean grotto, or chapel, about twenty feet in length by thirteen in width.

Here dwelt the exiles from Bethlehem when circumstances, concerning which tradition is silent, led them to quit Matariyeh. The immense ruins piled up in the Egyptian Babylon buried their dwelling to its present depth below the surface of the present suburb. A painting, apparently of great antiquity, represents the Blessed Virgin on the left bank of the Nile, that on which the grotto appears.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.—SWANSMERE-ON-THE-HUDSON.

ARMY officers have Arcadian ideas at times. There is a delusion that they are devoted to the delights of poker and to a special mixture of whiskey and ginger ale; that Washington is their earthly paradise; and that the officer, from the newly-fledged lieutenant up, busies himself only with the heartrending question of how to live on his own income—or his wife's,—and with hopes of war. But this is not true. It is true that the slowness of promotion in the army has induced a few to hope that the piping times of peace shall pass, and likewise to feel themselves free to seek what consolations they can.

At any rate, Major Dion Conway was not one of these; he had always cherished Arcadian dreams,—dreams of fresh woods and pastures new, where his income would meet his expenses, where the girls would not have to dress in the new fashions, and where there should be elegant simplicity and the most stringent discipline. The Major had cherished this dream all through the war, where he served with honor; and afterward, during service at a fort near

one of the largest and gayest cities of the country, he had longed to realize it more than ever. His wife was dead. Helen, his eldest daughter, was a beauty; Elaine, the second, was a philanthropist; H elaine, the third, wrote books and occasionally "social reformed"; Ellen, the fourth, was devoted to the keeping of the Conways in the "swim" of society; Eleanor, the fifth, was devout in the Ritualistic manner; and Bernice, the sixth, was "a little woman."

All the girls, except Bernice, bore variations of their mother's name. She had been called for an aunt. The Major loved her best,—partly because she forced him to open his check-book less often than the others, and partly because she was the youngest; she had other qualities, but in his struggles to keep the other five from reducing him to bankruptcy, he had not time to find them out.

The Major found small consolation in religion, though he sometimes needed it badly. He was a Catholic; his people had brought him from Ireland when he was very young, and, when a lieutenant, he had met Ellen Tyrrell and married her. As she was the daughter of his colonel, it was considered to be a brilliant match; it is always considered a very brilliant match for a lieutenant to marry the daughter of his colonel—no one can tell why,—and Ellen, having a strong will, had determined that her daughters should be Protestants. She had made the usual promises; but, as she afterward said, that had been only a form; and regard for the souls of her children, when she had them, overruled all intentions she might have had about imaginary children. If the girls had been boys, she often said, she supposed they would be carrying censers and wearing surplices in the Catholic church, wherever their papa was quartered. But, as it was, both her religion—supposed to be that of the Church of England, in which she had been educated in Ireland—and her duty to society required that the girls should be Protestants.

The Major submitted. He always protested that he was a Catholic; and at the great military dinner on the anniversary of Gettysburg, he had insisted on giving as a toast "The Sisters of Charity," instead of "The Soldiers' Friends"; and there was no man fonder of religious controversy mixed with champagne, or, on ordinary occasions, a little whiskey and ginger ale. But he never went to Mass, and he showed no practical interest in Catholicity. The girls were all Protestant Episcopalians, except Eleanor, who called herself a "Catholic"; and was so "high" as to be almost out of the sight of those about her.

At last, after many wanderings, the Major saw all his daughters, except Bernice, married. And then he felt at liberty to realize his dream. By this time he was retired; he bought a large piece of ground on the Hudson, not so very far from Newburg, and started a colony.

There was a little lake on the place, where, tradition said, a swan had once been seen. It had probably been a duck; but Swansmere-on-the-Hudson made such a pretty name, and it was so English, quite like St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea!—and a duck, instead of a swan, would have changed it all. And so the Major put up his house, and the settlement was begun. It was to have been made up of retired army people,—congenial souls, who had hated one another in various parts of the country all their lives, and who now longed to spend the rest of their existence together.

It was a sweet dream; it was Arcadian. And so old Colonel Carton—"a mere mushroom, a volunteer, who only escaped being one of Lincoln's brigadier-generals because he was too much of a fool"—took the next lot to the Major's, whose opinion has just been quoted, and life began again. And old General Lamaurice—who 'claims that his grandfather came over with Lafayette; but "he was a French-Canadian, sir!"'—bought a villa that had belonged to the Van Schuyler-Jones, and set up a neat

brougham. ("Know where the money came from, sir? Lamaurice was in partnership with his cousin, the sutler,—bad beef"!)

And the amiable Lady Tyrrell, who had brought up Mrs. Conway, actually had the Major buy a lot for her, out of his own money, as an investment. She never paid for the lot, but she always counted it among her good assets; and when she died she left it to an orphan asylum in Dublin. Altogether, all was rosy at Swansmere-on-the-Hudson,—rosy with the light of coming battle. The local folk, who had lived at Owenstown for years before it became Swansmere, were at first charmed with the influx of people; it meant an increase in the value of real estate; and, as army people are looked on by some innocent civilians as all so very desirable, Owenstown became Swansmere without protest. Besides, it seemed so much better at the top of one's note paper.

And when the Rev. Giles Carton, a son of Colonel Carton, built the lovely little Church of St. Genevieve-of-Paris—a gem of the toy Gothic order,—at his own expense, the "nice" people felt indeed that a new social paradise had opened to them. Wherever there is a really exclusive Ritualistic chapel in the country, there is always fox-hunting, particularly if the incumbent has ever been at Oxford. Now the Rev. Giles Carton had been ordained recently, and had spent almost a year at Oxford. And so the country families, the Van Schuyler-Jones, the Van Kruppers, and the Scotch-Irish McGoggins, felt that there would be quite a hunting circle in a short time; and perhaps a real fox—even an imported one from England,—instead of scattered bits of paper and an anise-seed bag. The chapel was ready as soon as the Rev. Giles was ordained. It was bought with a certain sum of money his father had given him.

Giles Carton was very "high" in his religious views, almost of the highest. He did not altogether believe in auricular

confession, or that he had any power of absolving; but it was understood that he was always "at home" in his study, from three o'clock until dinner-time on Saturdays, to receive such confessions as his people choose to make. Mrs. Van Krupper, who had four sons and a husband, living mostly at their clubs in the city, found this a great consolation. Her Saturday nights were dull; so, after Giles Carton came, she made a point of coming to the rectory at five o'clock; and, as she always finished a catalogue of her own virtues by six, and could just begin a list of the misdeeds of Jeff and the boys at about half-past six, the young rector felt obliged to ask her dine with his father, his aunt, and himself at the house adjoining the rectory.

"Giles can't give his penitents absolution," said Colonel Carton; "but, as long as I live, he can always console them with a good dinner. Few of the priests can have a cook like mine."

"Father," said Giles across the table, "I wish you wouldn't talk as if I were not in holy orders. You seem to insinuate, perhaps it is in jest, that I am not a priest."

The Colonel winked at his sister, and then apologized for it to Mrs. Van Krupper. It was on one of those Saturday evenings, and Giles was a little tired and a little cross. Mrs. Van Krupper's catalogues had been unusually long, and, besides, a new difficulty was bothering him; in his own mind, he called it a spiritual difficulty.

His Chapel of St. Genevieve-of-Paris was new and exquisite. He had made the plans himself. The decorations were by Louis Tiffany; the windows by Lafarge. He had been thoughtful enough to have a tabernacle put on the main altar, and two little boxes, charming little structures, with a gilded, Moorish trellis work on either side of the door. Some young ladies, when they first visited the little church, thought they would make such delightful bowers for gypsy fortune-tellers, if he should ever have a fair. But, in his heart, Giles in-

tended them for quite another thing, which he dared not mention as the "soil was not yet ready, the stumps and stones uncrushed." As he ate his roast beef, he reflected that, if he had the courage of his convictions, he would at once have the little Moorish boxes put to the service for which he had designed them.

Mrs. Van Krupper and Giles' Aunt Ethel chattered away; his father never talked much until the sweets were brought in. One of the causes of his depression was his father's wink. Suppose he should boldly announce his intention? That wink would become a laugh, and Giles' father might add the sin of blaspheming sacred things to his other "imperfections." And, besides, he was afraid of his father's sarcasm.

Giles was tall, robust, well-groomed. His short, carefully cropped side-whiskers and slight mustache were blonde. He wore a perfectly fitting coat, which reached below his knees, and which was most correct about the Roman collar. His eyes were large and brown, and his features, clearly modelled, were like his mother's; the Colonel's were a little blunt. His manner was ecclesiastical; he had formed it on an eminent Ritualistic divine at Oxford. And, as he sat in the glow of the candles, one could imagine no more appropriate ornament to a dinner table. His father thought so too. It was a great thing to have such a handsome and good son well settled in life and out of the army. The Colonel was not fond of the army.

"My cousin, Alicia McGoggin, has become so much interested in church work," said Mrs. Van Krupper. "Colonel, I don't see how you can afford truffles every day."

"You don't?" said the Colonel. "I do. Please go on about your cousin."

"She bought some dalmatics, you know, in Florence, with the intention of having them made into sofa cushions. They are just lovely; but, after Giles' sermon on sacrilege last Sunday, she is actually afraid,—really *afraid* to have them in the house."

"That sermon was hummer,—I liked the low notes, and the *tremolo* in the reading of the text, 'R-r-r-render unto Cæsar-r-r-r-r the things that are Cæsar-r-r-r-r-r's—'"

The Colonel winked detestably, and Aunt Ethel frowned.

"If you were only high enough to wear a dalmatic, her conscience would be relieved," said Mrs. Van Krupper, solemnly, addressing Giles. "I never saw anybody suffer so much as she did,—for a little while. She feels that she ought to come to confession. Did she tell you?"

Giles blushed furiously.

"Yes; she mentioned it this morning. I met her as she was leaving the church after the morning service. And for the last three days she has not missed even-song. She wants to come to confession; but I don't see how I can manage it."

"Why not?" said Aunt Ethel. "If the girl has spiritual struggles, it is Giles' duty to see her. I am sure I never heard anything sweeter than his little talk the other day at the dead baby's grave."

"You can't say anything very bad of a child a week old," growled the Colonel, winking this time at his glass of Madeira.

"I hope you won't refuse, Giles—dear me! I wish I could call you 'Father'! It would be so lovely!" said Mrs. Van Krupper, shaking her gray curls over her Madeira; "but I am afraid it might seem advanced for the present condition of the soil at Swansmere."

The Colonel laughed.

"It would be more appropriate for Giles to call you mother; wouldn't it?"

"Pardon me, Colonel?" said Mrs. Van Krupper, pretending not to have heard; and, observing that he was about to repeat his obnoxious remark, she added: "I am not nearly so old as your sarcasm would imply."

"I don't know how I can manage it," said Giles, intent on his own difficulty. "She saw herself that she would have to have a chaperon."

"A chaperon!" exclaimed Aunt Ethel.

"Don't you see, aunt," said Giles, somewhat irritably, "Alicia McGoggin can hardly come into my study to—to confession without a chaperon? Mrs. Van Krupper is an old friend—"

"Old enough to be your mother!" muttered the Colonel; "but I can't see why Alicia should have anything to tell you that she couldn't tell to the whole world; and why shouldn't the chaperon go into your study, too? Or, if you like, I'll stay with you—if you'll make the hour convenient. I've known Alicia since she was a little girl."

"The Colonel hardly realizes," said Mrs. Van Krupper, with a sigh, looking at Aunt Ethel. "Dear, dear! How little he knows of real devotion!"

"I don't mind saying here confidentially," said Giles, after a pause, "that I am appalled by the difficulties the Anglican Church has thrown in the way of its priests, who want to get back to that unity of practice which a misconception of the ideas of the sainted men who broke from Rome has caused us to lose. I really can't see how I am to hear Alicia McGoggin's confession without a confessional. There everything is provided for; there can be no appearance of impropriety. But if Alicia and other young girls come, the question of their chaperons is one of invincible difficulty. Even Swansmere is censorious."

"I should think so!" said his father. "But I want to say, Giles, that if you go putting up confession-boxes in our church, you can make up your mind that you'll not get the new organ from me!"

Giles sighed.

"And Miss Conway is to be considered," said Aunt Ethel. "I am sure, if I were engaged to a man, I shouldn't care to have a lot of young girls running into his study at all times. It is perfectly proper, of course; but it isn't nice."

Giles sighed again.

"I don't care to have the matter discussed from that point of view; and I don't think Miss Conway's name ought to be brought into it,—even in the presence of so intimate a friend as Mrs. Van Krupper."

"You can say anything before me, Giles," said Mrs. Van Krupper, reproachfully; "remember I am your penitent, as well as a friend."

"Our Church," said Giles, sighing, "leaves the ways of its priests *so* dark! Now, the Roman branch provides for everything."

"The need of a chaperon in a case like this gives an additional reason for organizing a society of deaconesses," said Aunt Ethel.

"Deaconesses who could listen to confessions in rector's studies?" said the Colonel, carefully peeling his orange. "The supply would soon exceed the demand, if I know anything of the female sex."

"Colonel!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Krupper.

"You must not be so cynical, dear," said his sister.

The Colonel chuckled.

"One thing is settled: there shall not be confession-boxes with *my* consent."

"I am in a most trying position," said Giles. "I must absolutely refuse to hear the sins of a penitent—and I am sure I am not justified in doing so—because of a conventionality. In breaking from Rome, our ancestors did not see far enough."

There was an interruption. The Colonel's English butler approached Giles and whispered: "James Ward's son is ill. He wants you at once."

"You can't go, Giles," said the Colonel, sharply; "the boy has small-pox."

Aunt Ethel uttered an exclamation of horror. Mrs. Van Krupper shuddered.

"You can not risk your precious life," she said; "and—just think of it!—suppose you should carry the infection among your friends!"

The Star of Bethlehem.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

I.

↳ O, from the East they come—these Magi
three,

Wondrously wise with wisdom from on high:
Who read the solemn secrets of the sky,
Seeing in dreams the Christ that was to be!
Beyond them, like a flame of molten gold
That suns the slopes of Juda's hills afar,
Trembling with awe, they rev'rently behold
The mystic glow and glory of a Star.

Night after night they follow where it soars—
For well they know it is the Star of Him,
The Saviour-King, whom Heaven bestows
on earth,—

Till calm and still its lustrous rays it pours
Over a grot in lonely Bethlehem,
Where God for man's redemption taketh
birth.

II.

Poor and uncrowned, upon the virgin breast
Of Mary, His fond Mother, Jesus lies;
But yet before the Magi's 'raptured eyes
Shimmer His gold, His crown, and kingly crest;
While on their ears, borne with the midnight
breeze,

Winging their flight through palm-tree and
through pine,
Steal the pure notes of angel melodies,
Flooding the grot with choruses divine.

Kissing the sacred ground in worship meet,
They lay rich silks from Oriental looms,
Syria's sweet myrrh, rubies and sapphires
bright,

And wreaths of perfumed roses at His feet;
Crying, "All hail to the new-born who comes
To light with stars a world of starless night!"

III.

The ages in procession still behold,
Writ with His hand upon the arch above,
God's message of forgiveness and of love—
The same glad light the Magi saw of old;
And souls like theirs all follow in its train,
Gazing upon its glory fair to see;
And, kneeling, lay at Christ's dear feet again
The homage of their fervent piety.

Warmed by its lustre subtle yet benign,
Men shall not know the sable face of death;
Nor shall their dreams of future bliss be
banned;

For blessings fall from yon great vault where
shine

The pillar flame of love, the torch of faith,
Hope's beacon light—the Star of Eden Land!



Traces of Travel.

ALONG THE VESUVIAN SHORE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.—AMONG THE NEAPOLITANS.

THE approach to Naples is delicious.
Everywhere there are vineyards; not
the fields of stunted vines, such as one
sees in northern Italy, but long, pendant
festoons, that swing from tree to tree, and
resemble one phase of a transformation-
scene in a fairy spectacular play. The
sunshine gets entangled in these bowers,
where the grapes hang in rich clusters;
and at last it seems as if the ideal Italy
were about to be realized.

Of course, the close railway carriages
are uncomfortable, and it is not easy to
get tolerable food at the innumerable
way-stations; but you can buy knots of
tough dough, and the worst possible cigars,
from the women who come under the
carriage-windows and offer them to you,
piteously, for a very few *soldi*. If you are
courageous you may invest in hard-boiled
eggs; but I fear that the Italian egg
must be numbered among the ever-popular
antiquities so much affected by tourists;
as to the egg—of course it is all a matter of
taste,—it seems to have a medieval flavor.

Dashing through forests of pine, between
hills that are very rugged and very beau-
tiful, the train rushes suddenly out upon
the slopes above Naples. What a vision!

There to the left, overtopping everything, and with a little feather of smoke on its crest, towers Vesuvius. Below us we have glimpses of the bluest of blue bays, with the greenest of green hills clustering about it; while just in front of us noisy, non-sensical Naples spreads itself, as if it, like its inhabitants, had nothing to do but to sprawl upon the shore and absorb Mediterranean sunshine.

Naples is a city that has outgrown itself: it has swept over the cliffs that shelter a part of it; it has spread along the great crescent of the bay under the cliffs, and out into the waters in some cases; for much of this lower and newer portion of the city is built on made-ground, and the handsomest drive in Naples is spray-washed at intervals, and the waves tossed over the site of it not many years ago. There is the *new* town on the one hand, and the *old* town on the other. The new town is the cleaner and the sweeter and the more comfortable; but the old is by far the more interesting and picturesque. In the new town we have an occasional broad and busy street that would do credit to any city under the sun; but if you would see something characteristic, and a little out of the common, you must turn aside and tread the byways of the old town.

The Washington, mine inn, is an hotel built on the site of a "royal *casino*." I am not quite sure what constituted a royal *casino* in the ex-kingdom of the Two Sicilys; perhaps it was a small garden with a few mutilated statues, a couple of dry-as-dust fountains, some artificial rock-work and a cluster of trees. At any rate, these are among the attractions of the establishment; and I find the gardens not a bad spot to lounge in during the off-hours of the day; the fact that this souvenir of defunct royalty was the favorite haunt of Alexander Dumas, Pere, when he was doing Naples, lends a kind of charm to the forlorn beauty of the place.

From the window of my room I could

easily cast my ink-bottle into the sea—were it not in such demand just now. On the right, my eye follows the graceful coast-line as far as the slopes of Posilippo; just before me, on a rocky islet, stands the Castel del Ovo, built in the twelfth century. Pliny called that small island Megaris; a stone dike now connects the island with the main land. Of course, it has its history, like everything else in Italy, but nowadays it is given over to the military and a brass-band; the latter usually turns up agreeably as I take my solitary breakfast by the open seaward window. Away out in the mouth of the bay lies the enchanting isle of Capri—of which more anon. To the left, the cliffs of Sorrento overhang the sea, and white-glimmering villages fringe the coast; above, in the background, looms Vesuvius. All this I feast my eyes upon whenever I turn to the window; it is a prospect to make glad the heart of the sorrowful—and there is no extra charge for it.

A rain-storm has just swept over the harbor. Multitudes of little boats, with great, crescent-shaped sails that were shining like silver in the sun a moment ago, are hastening to land; the water is lashing the base of the Castel del Ovo, and the sky has become suddenly dark. Very delightful is all this after a day of heat; the cool air comes in from the sea, slightly moist, but fresh, sweet, and healthful.

They make a great mistake who come to Naples in winter; the climate is uncertain at that season, and often inclement. In summer it is not so hot as Rome, and its heat is not unwholesome. Naples is itself in summer only. Everybody is in the street—half-clad, to be sure; but one gets used to bronze nudity, and it soon ceases to shock even the most conventional.

It is Sunday. I have just returned from a three-hours' tour of the churches, and during that time have seen all that is recommended, and something besides. There are three hundred churches in this city, with its half-million of souls to be

saved; as for the churches, they are "mostly devoid of interest," as the guide-book remarks, with a regard for truth that is quite astonishing in a guide-book. These churches are by no means so fine as those of Rome, but they are gaudy beyond compare. I find the congregations larger, and for the most part more devout, than the Roman. It is perhaps not difficult to explain the cause of this: the climate is semi-tropical; the people enervated, superstitious, childish. The clergy know well how to deal with their flocks. If the cool, calculating, unimaginative tourist concludes that the superstition of the people has been fostered with a zeal that might have been better directed, he has probably failed to note that the Neapolitan is peculiar; he is a law unto himself; all that is good in him he gets from the Church he adores, even though he disgraces and perhaps at times insults it.

There is much, very much, to be seen in the churches of Naples that causes Catholics from other lands to pause, if not to shudder. In the midst of its marbles, the splendid decorations of gold and jewels, the rare paintings and rich frescos, one is constantly coming upon a bit of tawdry trumpery—perhaps a saint in hideous wax, clothed in gaudy satins and bespangled from head to foot. Though candles are burning before this unpleasant object, few seem to worship there. Yet these very features, so distasteful to most of us, keep alive a spirit of devotion in the breast of the Neapolitan,—a spirit of devotion that but for these objectionable decorations would perhaps wholly die out.

In some of the churches this morning I found the shrines of certain saints, famed for the miraculous cures of physical deformities, hung with the wax counterfeits of the malformations of those who sought intercession there. The collection was something horrible to look at; yet there was not an offering there but was proof of faith as touching as it was ingenuous. These

churches are mostly in the old town, where the streets are thronged and the people are miserably poor. It is there one sees the lazzarone throw back his head like a sword-swallower, and drop ropes of macaroni into his stomach. It is there one sees the lazzarone asleep in the streets—there are no pavements; he seems to sleep the sleep of innocence, and he kicks the clothes off with a freedom that is simple and childlike, but not always becoming.

Here the little ones lie in knots, so knotted that no one but a professor of anatomy could possibly pick out a whole child, legs and all, without undoing the lot. There wine is only four *soldi*, instead of twenty; and there fruit is dirt-cheap, and the fruit-eaters quite as dirty and inexpensive. There also one hears the incessant cracking of whips from midnight to midnight; the echoes not unfrequently spoil the sleep of the aristocrats, who have domesticated themselves along the sea to the west and south. And there the cries of Naples—a kind of song in each case—are positively deafening. Every conceivable thing is sold under little awnings stretched along the streets; and under each awning men, women or children shriek like maniacs from the moment the earliest riser makes his appearance until the last has sought his couch, deaf as an adder and as limp as a rag.

Ah, Naples! Noisy, gay, dirty, picturesque, restless, wicked city! I wonder if there are any streets in the world quite so narrow and so steep and so crowded as these little streets of yours? I wonder if there are any other streets that climb up slippery and besmeared stairways out of a filthy town into the green and fragrant highlands that are kept pure by sunshine and rain-showers and sea-air? It would be hard to tell what you do down yonder o'nights, or o'days as well; it would be harder to guess what you don't do, or what you are not capable of doing. For all this, O Naples! and in spite of

all, you are positively fascinating. Your exuberant vitality is infectious; your joyous laugh, your gay song—it is not always gay, is it?—sometimes it drops a tear and ends in a minor key; your breezy impudence; your charming cheer,—you are surely one of the liveliest, if not of the loveliest, and the most characteristic of cities.

High upon the hill that overtops Naples, and just under the grand Castle of St. Elmo, stands the Carthusian monastery of San Martino. The monks who once inhabited this holy house were men of noble birth and of vast fortune. Founded in 1329 by Duke Charles, of Calabria, it was enriched by the accumulated wealth of the members of the Order, and its chapel is one of the most magnificent in Italy. Agate, jasper, *lapis lazuli*, amethyst, Egyptian granite, and fossilized wood, together with marbles of every tint, are so blended in the mosaics that line the whole edifice, and the carvings are so graceful and profuse, that the interior of some of the chapels seem like Eden bowers, miraculously transfixed and frozen into stone. The decorations of the high altar—since despoiled by vandals—were of gold, silver, bronze, and precious stones.

There are cloisters of white marble in San Martino; there are gardens where the bewildered butterfly blown over the tiled house-top finds rest at last; there are stately courts, and airy balconies overhanging the city; and the view from these lofty terraces is indescribably beautiful. In this ideal retreat lived a brotherhood whose recruits came from the first circles of society; verily, they were world-weary who sought rest in this seclusion, for even the pleasures of life could no longer tempt them from these solemn walls. They took the vow of poverty and silence, and they were indeed impoverished, though surrounded by splendors that remind one of the enchantments of the Oriental tale. They lived apart, ate apart, met only at common prayer, where each was unknown, perhaps uncon-

scious of his neighbor. The cells where the silent and prayerful lived are like little houses: there was a cell for sleep, and a cell for work, and the smallest possible garden, visible only to the eye of him who tended it. There was a window, or closet, communicating with one of the long corridors; and at stated hours the frugal meal was placed there by invisible hands, then it was taken into the cell and eaten in solitude. Every quarter of an hour the bell in the clock tower struck a funereal note; it was a reminder that death and the grave were so much nearer to each listener.

In the garden the marble railings are ornamented with marble skulls. The only sounds that used to disturb this august silence was the tread of sandalled feet, the flutter of long, white robes, or the boom of the bell that told off those solemn lives in briefest moments, that yet might have seemed long to those who lived them. Now all are gone; and the four and twenty millions of dollars that went toward the realizing of this earthly paradise have fallen into the hands that drove its donors forth into the world they loathed—penniless and heart-broken. How can one wander through the deserted and desecrated cloisters of San Martino without despising the inhuman policy of the Italian Government!

Naples lies in the hot sunshine under San Martino, the incessant roar of her streets waking a faint and reproachful echo among the deserted corridors of the old monastery. As I look off upon the lovely bay, sparkling in the sunshine and flecked with fleets of fishing-boats, I think of the lines that everybody is sure to think of—he can't possibly help it here,—and for which ever-quotable, ever-quoted couplets we are indebted to Buchanan Read:

"My soul to-day
Is far away
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay!"

But I won't trouble you with a repetition; you can finish them yourself. I've just been thinking of the hour I spent on the bay yonder, the Vesuvian Bay, where the

"Sunny Italian" goes in swimming in the face of everybody. The "Sunny Italian"—this time he was a slender youngster who swam well—wanted me to throw him a copper, and see him dive for it. He dove like a duck; but when he came to the surface again his countenance was the picture of despair,—my copper had escaped him, and now he would have to go hungry; for he was so poor, so very poor! I was touched by his sorrow, and he dove for a second copper. Alas, what luck was his! My pity rivalled his despair; again and again he disappeared in search of sunken treasures; again and again he returned to view, tears streaming down his face—or was it nothing but sea-water? His struggles were desperate; and I was about to invite him to accept my purse and cease wailing, when, somehow, he shifted his ballast, choked, and out of his mouth flew a handful of coin! This was a Sunny Italian indeed. "Sonny," said I, sadly but firmly, "though you live a thousand years in this state of nature, you pocket no more of my copper in that rapacious pouch of yours!"

(To be continued.)

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A BIDDING.

THERE are many, sad to say, who have no realizing sense of what that unpretending little phrase, when properly used, implies. The pleasant chat after the old-fashioned meal, with which no one was once ashamed to close the day, is going the neglected way of the meal itself. There is a rapidly growing host of people who never possessed a quaint-capped grandmother that thought it no crime to grow old; who smile when you suggest that there is a certain charm in plain living and high thinking; who stare at your fore-

bodings concerning the lengths to which modern luxury is going, as if you were a strange kind of beetle, and to whom the genuine Tea-Table is as unknown as the writings of Newman to a Hottentot.

There is a sort of substitute for this time-honored institution, to be sure: a little spider-legged table, around which idle people gather at five o'clock, or thereabouts, to pay one another idle compliments over priceless bits of china, or to display the latest triumphs of the *modiste*; but it does not in the slightest degree resemble the hospitable board to which our readers will from time to time be bidden. Not that there is, when kept within wise bounds, any decided harm in the other phase of social life; but there are many plain people, not looking forward to a late dinner, who would be ill at ease in the company of the frivolous; who went to their substantial noonday repast after hours of honest toil, and who have dropped in, as the sun goes to its rest, for a cup of the beverage which cheers. We trust that these good friends will be none the worse, mayhap a little better, if now and then a bit of counsel goes with it. And if any of the gay folk can spare time enough from their mad career of pleasure to favor us with a modicum of their society, we shall not say them nay.

A cup of tea—ever since the fragrant herb which men call the tea-plant began its journeys to us across the sea, the pages of history and literature have been odorous with its enticing flavor; but there is one picture which most often forms itself in the art gallery of the mind when one thinks of this soothing gift to man. The men of Boston will not have their tea taxed to enrich their oppressors. "We can do without it!" cry the stout-hearted wives. "Let us have a Tea Party," say the husbands. And so over into the ocean goes all the tea in Boston Harbor, and the fishes have a strange meal; and the wives hide the little store of tea which they possess, and drink it sparingly and stealthily, upon special

occasions. We, happily, have no such reason to restrict our hospitality.

Welcome, then, to our imaginary board; welcome to the young because the old need them; to the old because they can teach the young; to the rich, so that they may hear something of the poor; to the poor, who may thus learn that of all people the rich are to be envied least; to the sinner, who, perchance, may pick up a helpful word; and to the saint-like, who will help us all to walk in the straight path which leads to the Light.

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

Let that be the first question as the teacups are passed around. Has the world at large become a wiser world since the great multiplication of books and wide circulation of newspapers? Are we to-day, who devour as many volumes as a whale does little fishes, better informed, in a strictly literary sense, than our grandfathers, who pored over the narrow shelves which contained what we would term but a meagre array of books—the old English poets, the best and sweetest of the classics, and some quaint aids to devotion?

To be thought tolerably well read at this *fin de siècle* requires an amount of work at which our progenitors, who really knew how to read, would have shrunk dismayed. We must be informed in regard to all the vexed questions, political, religious, scientific, scholarly, and philanthropic; must know just what ideas a certain writer advances in regard to them, and the attitude of the prominent reviews; and must follow the trend of thought in all the leading journals. The world is continually invaded by books which are widely talked about, and with which we must be familiar or lose caste. If we, in a moment of weakness, descend to base subterfuges, and depend upon printed reviews of those works, or peep at a few pages, and then attempt to converse intelligibly concerning them, we are sure to be

detected: there is no safety in such a course.

The one sin which society will never forgive a reading man or woman is, not to have read *everything*; and the veriest intellectual weakling will often put to flight the composure of a really learned person by asking his opinion of some book he has not read, does not wish to read, and perhaps ought *not* to read. The work in question may be of the flimsiest and most ephemeral character; however, that does not lessen the blow.

But the question with which we began, dear friends of the Tea-Table, has not been answered. We are straying far from our grandfathers and the little shelf of books. Are we wiser than those who read those few books well? Most certainly, in the truest sense, we are not; for wisdom does not depend upon how much we read, but upon what we read and remember, as good digestion and solid flesh are the result of what we assimilate, not of what we eat. There is too much literary dyspepsia. Think of what riches the little old bookshelves, or the carefully selected stock of volumes within the mahogany cases, held; and then realize with what, in the newspapers, for instance, we cram our tired brains—conjectures about this and that, contradictions, perhaps, of what was stated as fact the day before.

"Did you kill a child at Ballyporeen yesterday?" an editor is reported to have asked of his subaltern.

"I did, sir!"

"Right; then contradict the same."

Much in our most esteemed journals is apparently arranged for the express purpose of being contradicted. Casualties, crimes, sporting news, lynchings, executions, frivolous chatter and dubious fiction,—add these to the untruths and conjectures, and what is there left for one who will have none of them? "But," says one of you, "people wish to read those very things. No one would buy your model paper." Perhaps not at first or in a score of years;

but what is right will triumph, for God reigns; and the number of readers who demand newspapers which differ from those we have described will surely grow, especially if they have the encouragement which the humblest of us can give if we choose, though sometimes in a feeble way.

And the books—who of us stops nowadays on the hot and dusty race-track of the world to really *read* a book? Most of those we scramble through are not worth the reading, it is true, and more's the pity. Yet, high upon the shelf, with gray dust upon their honored leaves, tucked away behind some late horror in the fiction line, or even upon the counter of some book-sellers, books worth reading a hundred times are to be found, if we will take the trouble to seek them; and with closer acquaintance will come a deeper love for them, and a mending, too, of all the torn places in the battered armor of the understanding.

And let us give our favorite books good dresses without grudging. A few well bound, well read and well heeded, and if we have exercised wise forethought in our selection, or a wiser friend has exercised it for us, we shall have no need to stammer when we say that the works of some of the latest authors are as unknown to us as if they wrote in Sanskrit or Choctaw. We can even smile when we are called dull or eccentric, thinking of the good company we keep. One little garden bed well tended will produce more fruit and flowers than a ten-acre lot, where the Canada thistles run rampant unmolested.

Some day, we have high hopes, it will no longer be a social lapse never to have heard of the last publication at which the world is laughing or weeping; but instead of that we will be looked upon as lacking in the finer knowledge if we have not the sweet old books of song and story, of instruction and devotion, not only within easy reach upon library shelves, but becoming, through intimate acquaintance, a part of our daily walk and conversation.

A Favor of Our Lady of Lourdes.

ONE of the most striking of the many cures wrought at Lourdes last year was that of a young girl named Jeanne Gasteau, who resides in Paris, near the Church of Our Lady of Victories. One of the priests attached to that famous sanctuary is a near relative of Mlle. Gasteau. Her case is all the more notable on account of the grave maladies from which she suffered, the length of time, her exhausted condition, the suddenness of her cure, and the fact that as many as fifteen physicians examined her, and found her perfectly sound.

The malady from which she suffered is known as Pott's disease, and she had been afflicted for four years. Her spine was distorted, one shoulder and the corresponding lung were shrivelled; and, besides these infirmities, she had interior abscesses, that had confined her to her bed for the nine months previous to her cure. At the end of six months of suffering she tried to rise, and found that one leg had become shorter than the other. Her whole body was then encased in a plaster apparatus, that was not removed for many weeks, and then only to be exchanged for a larger one. Thus imprisoned, the poor sufferer was condemned to lie upon her back, perfectly still. But greater trials were yet in store for her. In November, 1891, she had an attack of bronchitis; and the plaster apparatus was removed to make room for blisters, the application of which caused intense pain. The patient's condition became still more serious and pitiful by the formation of other abscesses.

The thought of Lourdes occurred to the sufferer about this time, and she begged to be taken to the miraculous shrine, where she felt sure of alleviation. Her mother consented to the pilgrimage, notwithstanding the condition to which Jeanne was reduced. On her first immersion in the piscina, she experienced inde-

scribable pains through her whole body; her stomach especially seeming as if on fire. Recovering a little, she asked to be carried near the Grotto, where the procession of the Blessed Sacrament was about to pass. As it approached, she made an effort to rise, but fell back. A second effort was naturally attended with the same result; this time, however, she felt a tingling sensation from head to foot. One more effort, and she stood erect, and walked to the Grotto without any support! There, on her knees, she prayed, with outstretched arms, in an ecstasy of joyous gratitude. She was cured, freed from all pain; and, like the prisoner that feels his chains fall to the ground and sees the prison gates open before him, her exultation knew no bounds.

A Grave Peril.

IT is astounding that Christian parents should permit their young daughters to go alone and at will into the city's streets, where the most awful snares, disguised craftily, are set for them. Children are naturally kind-hearted; and their charitable impulses are often taken advantage of by the ministers of darkness, who lie in wait. The latest creature of this sort is an old female fiend in Chicago, who, with a preliminary remark that such pretty ladies must write pretty letters, begs school-girls to go to her house, and indite a few words to an absent friend or relative. The house, needless to say, is of that sort of which every child should be ignorant; and, in some cases, the machinations of the horrible creature have resulted in ruined lives.

One can easily see from this what a dangerous thing it is to permit girls to go from door to door on charitable works intent, or to accost strangers in the streets. There is too much of this freedom permitted by careless parents. The protective influences, we may say in connection with

this subject, which are a part of the conventional system of education, are constantly becoming more thoroughly appreciated by Protestants. Temptations will doubtless continue to exist; but if children are kept out of their way until virtuous habits are formed, and the character moulded, these perils will become like venomous serpents whose fangs have been destroyed.

The chaperon system is laughed at by some persons. In France even the little lads have companions, who go with them to and from school. Sometimes this escort is a servant, often a friend; more commonly a father. A little French boy would feel neglected if he were permitted to take those walks alone; and he is never more proud than when his father is by his side. A girl's best companion and friend is, likewise, her mother; but when it becomes necessary to supply her place, let it be with one who does not need looking after herself. The vagaries of fashion are startling; and there are many giddy young chaperons, presumed to lend propriety to gatherings of young people, who ought to be under the eyes of a careful guardian themselves.

Perils of the sort to which we have referred are more general than most people are aware, and it behooves mothers and fathers to guard their children against the evil communications which corrupt good morals. There is no country in the world where children are more exposed than our own. And the times, alas! are evil.

It was always competent for God, if He chose, to pardon the sinner on repentance and reformation of life. That He does not do so without the Incarnation and Redemption, through the Passion and Cross of His Son, is not because He can not; but because He chooses, in His infinite love, to do something far better for the sinner, and to make his fall the occasion of a far greater glory.

—*Dr. Brownson.*

Notes and Remarks.

A series of postage-stamps, commemorative of the Columbian year, is now being prepared by the American Bank Note Company for the United States Government. These are to be the finest ever issued by any country, and will furnish a condensed narrative of the voyages and discoveries of the great navigator. They are to be on sale for one year, and then withdrawn from use, but will doubtless be of great value to stamp collectors as the years go by. There will be fifteen in the series, each a miniature copy of some celebrated painting. The ten-cent stamp will be taken from the painting by Gregori, in which Columbus is represented as exhibiting his trophies at the Spanish court. The original of this picture is one of a number of mural paintings in the main corridor of the University of Notre Dame.

A few weeks ago we noted in this column a letter in which the eminent Bishop Ullathorne deprecated the tendency to liberalism of some Catholic writers in their treatment of religious questions. Were the Bishop now alive, it is more than probable that he would strongly disapprove of Mr. St. George Mivart's latest contribution to the *Nineteenth Century*, "Happiness in Hell." Not that Mr. Mivart is a bad Catholic, or that he attacks any dogma of the Church; but in his advanced optimism he strains matters somewhat, and will commonly be judged to have unduly minimized the suffering of which hell in the ordinary Catholic mind is synonymous.

* * *

To imply that in given cases a man may be amongst the damned without even knowing it, and that the lost may come to find solace in one another's society, and "hug their chains," is very certainly to imply what is beside Catholic teaching, if not technically against it. If hell be taken to mean the exclusion or deprivation of heaven, it is quite conformable to the Church's doctrine that there may be happiness therein, since she teaches that unbaptized infants, although excluded from heaven, enjoy natural happiness. It is certain also that none are condemned to hell save

those who have knowingly and deliberately violated God's laws, obedience to which they knew to be their duty. While it may be further admitted that the sufferings experienced by the damned will vary according to their respective degrees of guilt, it is going too far, we think, to characterize the most lenient of these sufferings by the term happiness. Mr. Mivart's article may possibly accomplish good among those outside the Church, for a great part is not only unobjectionable but beautiful and forceful; yet portions of it are, to say the least, open to misconception. It is perhaps regrettable that Mr. Mivart does not know more of theology—or less. If he were as much of a theologian as he is of a scientist, it may be doubted if he would ever have written the article under consideration.

Appreciation of the humorous is, of course, very unequally distributed among men: what strikes one as a comic incident impressing another as pitiful or even heartrending; but, allowing for this variance, we think it extremely doubtful that many readers of Mr. William Bell Scott's "Memoirs" will be able to discover any of the elements of humor in an occurrence which that gentleman thus records as having taken place at the death-bed of Dante Gabriel Rossetti:

"... He wanted a priest to give him absolution for his sins!... We thought his mind wandering, or that he was dreaming. But on its earnest repetition, with his eyes open, I for one put him in mind of his not being a Papist, and of his extreme Agnosticism. 'I don't care about that,' was his puzzling reply; 'I can make nothing of Christianity, but I only want a confessor to give me absolution for my sins!' This was so truly like a man living, or rather dying, in A. D. 1,300, that it was impossible to do anything but smile. Yet he was serious, and went on: 'I believe in a future life. Have I not had evidence of that often enough? Have I not heard and seen those that died long years ago? What I now want is absolution for my sins: that's all!'"

Mr. Scott's idea of humor may have rendered it impossible for him "to do anything but smile"; but the ordinary reader, whose appreciation of the laughable is only normally keen, will rather wonder why the rational, serious, and reiterated request of the dying man was not complied with. Most of those gathered about the death-bed would, we presume, have regarded the giving of absolution

by a priest as, at worst, a harmless bit of superstition; and, this being so, it is a pity that they could not see their way to the granting of their friend's dying petition. Let us hope that the Almighty vouchsafed to the dying artist what the inhumanity of his associates would have denied him.

The story of Rose Donohue, who died in Pawtucket, R. I., recently, at the age of forty-seven, deserves to be told. It is briefly this: When nine years old she was stricken with paralysis, and after that, until her death, she never left the little crib in which her tiny form reposed. There was no further growth in limbs or body; but her head increased in size, and attained its normal proportions. The poor sufferer was a model of patience, the like of which is seldom presented save in the lives of the Saints. Her memory was remarkable, and it is said that she could repeat from end to end most of the books she read. When she was not busy with religious books, she was engaged in prayer, being a devoted and intelligent Catholic. At last the prison door is open; and, after thirty-eight years of continual suffering and utter helplessness, she has, we trust, been gathered into the company of the saints, whom she imitated so well.

A very impressive sight, and one conclusive as to the spirit of faith that animates the Roman people, was witnessed recently on the occasion of the closing of the solemn *triduum* that commemorated the third centenary of the Forty Hours' Adoration. The crowd was so great on the last evening of the celebration, that when Benediction was given the church doors had to be kept open for the benefit of the thousands outside. And these thousands, including men and women of all ranks, knelt devoutly, side by side in the street, during the solemn function. An eye-witness states that it was a spectacle which has not been seen in Rome for many years.

Among the most interesting results of modern research and advanced criticism is the discovery that the great antiquity once ascribed to the Indian and Chinese nations is fabulous. The contention that Indian

astronomical tables date back 35,000 years prior to the coming of Christ, can not be seriously held in the face of the declaration of Delambre, Laplace, Klaproth, and Lassen, that Hindoo astronomy took its rise after the reign of Alexander the Great. It has been demonstrated that the era of Brahma mentioned in the epic poem, Ramayana, was not earlier than the tenth century before Christ, and that the Veda is not more than five centuries older, and consequently not so old as the Pentateuch.

* * *

As for the Chinese, who date the origin of their institutions 3,260,000 years before Christ, the author of their oldest annals, Confucius, lived five or six hundred years B. C. His work was, by an imperial order, burned two hundred years after its publication. Later on, it was rewritten from the dictation of an old man who pretended to know it by heart. The authority of such a document is manifestly contestable, yet China's antiquity is based on no more solid foundation. Lassen and Klaproth declare that Chinese chronicles bearing date previous to the eighth century before Christ have no historic certitude; and no modern scholar extends that certitude farther than 2,637 years before the Christian era.

In a sermon preached not long ago at the First Baptist Church in Denver, the Rev. Mr. Tupper used these words in speaking of the Blessed Virgin, which we find quoted in the *Colorado Catholic*. Considering the circumstances, they are somewhat remarkable, and show that the "world do move":

"But I do feel that to her is due far more honor and consideration than is given by most of us in the evangelical churches to-day. Chosen by Almighty God for pre-eminent distinction from among the daughters of men, to her is due our homage and respect in no small degree; and no petty foolishness should have weight among us for one moment."

It is said that the late Cardinal Lavigerie was the only man, not a Mahomedan, who was ever allowed to enter the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem without removing his shoes. Such was his reputation for sanctity, that the functionary in charge of the Mosque, acting under instructions, said: "You are to enter under instructions, said: "You are to enter with your shoes on. Your feet are as holy

as mine." We know of one pilgrim to the Holy Land who made an attempt to enter the famous Mosque, and nearly lost his life in consequence. He had been watching with great amusement the capers of a dancing bear that was performing in the vicinity, and, seeing that all the Mahomedans were attracted to the spot, thought it would be a favorable occasion to gratify his curiosity about the Mosque. But he had hardly caught a glimpse of the interior when he was discovered by one of the vigilant guardians. A cry of horror and rage was raised by the Mahomedans, who rushed toward the Mosque, to save it from further desecration and chastise the offending pilgrim, who, though he knew not the language that was spoken, readily comprehended the situation. He declares that he owed the prolongation of his life to the length of his legs. He did not return to see the bear.

A clay model, which stands on a rough wooden pedestal in the studio of a Chicago sculptor, is attracting great attention. It represents the heroic General Shields, dressed in the uniform which he wore during the Mexican war, in a thoroughly characteristic and dignified attitude. The artist, Leonard Volk, seems to have had no distinct aim in view in making this model, which is soon to be copied in bronze. He admired and loved the brave Irish General, and wished to do him honor: that was all. Yet he would gladly exhibit the finished statue at the World's Fair, if it were possible to complete it in time. It is to be hoped, however, that it may have a permanent home, where it will at all times be accessible to the friends of the old hero.

Few men have had ^{**}so varied and brilliant a career as General Shields. Born in Ireland, he came to this country when a mere boy, and began the practice of law at Kaskaskia, Ill., that historic town now threatened with extinction by the hungry waters of the Mississippi. From that time on, his advancement was rapid; and he alternated between civil and military honors, as the exigency required, serving his adopted country with equal fidelity on the supreme bench, in the Senate, or on the battlefield. He received serious wounds during the Mexican war, and

again during the war of the Rebellion, in which he won signal distinction. A man of great faith and practical piety, he was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

A notable meeting, which must be far-reaching in its influence, was held not long ago at the house of Archbishop Vaughan, of Westminster. At that time the Historical Research Society was formed, and the Archbishop himself made president. The aim of this association will be to answer all inquiries of Catholics and non-Catholics concerning the difficult points in matters relating to the Church, whether they be historical, scientific, or purely ecclesiastical. At this initiatory session it was announced that the missionary work in London was henceforth to be of an aggressive nature, although entirely without bitterness; and that steps were to be taken to carry the truth to those who would never enter the door of a Catholic church to seek it. It was suggested that the Protestants had long enough monopolized the somewhat extraordinary but effective methods of street preaching, and other practical ways of getting at the indifferent or disbelieving heart. "It is time," says an exchange, "that Exeter Hall had its counterblast."

We hope to hear that this new and admirable project is in running order, and meeting with the success it so well deserves.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid is quoted as being of opinion that the outcome of the prolonged and heated discussion of the school question will be "a remarkable increase of parochial schools, progress in teaching and disciplinary methods on the part of religious teachers, and consequent thereon a higher standard of education on the part of the pupils themselves." His Lordship is sanguine.

The London *Tablet* is informed that Señor Montero, chief of the Freemasons at Coruña, Spain, has abjured the tenets and errors of that society, and been publicly reconciled to the Church. Also that a "free school," supported by the same gentleman in Coruña, has been closed.

New Publications.

ST. PETER AND THE FIRST YEARS OF CHRISTIANITY. By the Abbé Constant Fouard. Translated by George F. X. Griffith. Longmans, Green & Co.

The existence of the Papacy and its supreme spiritual jurisdiction over the Catholic world is the great central fact confronting potentates and peoples to-day. Its vivifying and energizing influence extends throughout the world. It permeates the social organism everywhere, forming the motive power, when untrammelled in its exercise, by which the common good is promoted and preserved. And this great fact of to-day has been the fact in every age, back to the primitive times of the Church, to the supremacy held and exercised among the Apostles by St. Peter. It constitutes a grand proof of the apostolicity of the Church; and hence it is against this power the world arrays itself when it protests against what it calls spiritual tyranny.

In view of the attitude of the world toward the Papacy, and considering the wonderful influence which the successor of St. Peter exercises over the minds and hearts and social conditions of men, the work of the Abbé Fouard possesses a character of interest and instructiveness peculiarly its own. What our present age is forced to recognize as a great fact, is set forth in "St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity," with all the potency which the divinity of its origin and its recognition by the first heralds of the Gospel give to it. The main idea is the pre-eminent part taken by the Prince of the Apostles in the first scenes of the Church's life, when he exercised that supremacy which Christ conferred upon him, to be transmitted to his successors to the end of time.

The history of those early years is drawn principally from the Acts of the Apostles, but the learned author presents many important details and confirming circumstances taken from the testimony of contemporary historians. And thus while the work of the apostolic ministry, under the divinely-appointed chief, is well portrayed in all the splendor and glory connected with the establishment and early development of the Christian religion, there is presented to the

reader a striking picture of the manners and customs of the times among Jews and pagans—showing the mighty obstacles against which the first founders of the Church had to contend, and over which they gloriously triumphed.

Even as a study of contemporaneous history, the work of the Abbé Fouard is invaluable; but to the Christian and the earnest seeker after truth it is especially acceptable, as a grand exposition of everything connected with the establishment of that Church which has been founded on the Rock of Peter, and against which the powers of hell can never prevail. Of the translation we may say that it is worthy of the original.

ANALYSIS OF THE GOSPELS OF THE SUNDAYS OF THE YEAR. From the Italian of Angelo Cagnola. By the Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D. Benziger Bros.

Father Lambert has done a good work in contributing this useful and practical addition to the religious literature of the day. The title of the volume sufficiently indicates the nature of the contents. The Gospels of the various Sundays throughout the year are considered in order, and the salient points of each are clearly and concisely set forth. In this way the Christian reader has placed within his reach a treasure of instruction in the truths of his holy religion, and the means whereby he may carry out into practice the teachings of faith. As Sunday after Sunday he reads those portions of the Gospel which the Church in her wisdom has selected, he is enabled, by the explanations given, to see how all is "written for our instruction"; and in the contemplation of the words and acts of his Divine Model he is moved to regulate his own life according to that of a true follower of Christ. We commend the work as one of great practical usefulness in the spiritual life.

SOUND AND MUSIC. By the Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Quaint old Lord Bacon wrote: "The nature of sound hath in some sort been inquired, as far as concerneth music, but the nature of sound in general hath been superficially observed. It is one of the subtlest pieces of nature." The science of acoustics has advanced rapidly since the day of Bacon, but a knowledge of the principles of sound has

never yet reached the mass of the people. For obvious reasons, this is especially true of English-speaking readers. The French have long had popular treatises on the subject of sound, and the Germans have excelled in this science as they have excelled in most others. Although workers in this vein of our literature have not been wanting, still it may safely be asserted that no English work has succeeded in popularizing acoustics in America; and consequently few of us have a deeper knowledge of sound than that acquired in a class of elementary physics. Father Zahm's book is an important step toward the popular understanding of this science. He has gone into the heart of the subject; and in addition to his having carefully studied its literature, he has made many new experiments, the results of which are given us in this volume. After a careful sifting of all that has been said by the older school of scientists, he passes to the moderns, and gives a critical appreciation of the labors of Helmholtz and Dr. Koenig, the latter of whom has been the author's friend and adviser in the publication of this work. The mysteries of resonance and of the interference of sound are made clear; and many of the chapters, which at first sight seem most technical; are enlivened by useful suggestions about practical matters, or by the simple explanation of some common phenomenon, which had heretofore been a puzzling problem.

Father Zahm states in his preface that the present work has grown out of a course of lectures delivered before the students of the Catholic University at Washington. The experiments, which formed an interesting and helpful adjunct to the lectures, are here replaced by abundant illustrations of uncommon excellence. The style of the author is lucid and agreeable, and the lecture-form is well chosen as lending vivacity and clearness to an intricate subject. An exhaustive index and analytical table of contents materially enhance the value of the work.

A DAY IN THE TEMPLE. By the Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J. B. Herder.

Erudition, piety, and rhetoric—these are combined in this masterly account of the sacrificial services and the temple-rites in the time of our Blessed Lord. An accurate knowledge of the daily life in the temple will be a

valuable adjunct to the information of the student, and of great assistance to all who desire a better understanding of the worship to which, humanly speaking, Our Lord was born. The story of the Day begins with "Going up to Jerusalem"; and the last chapter is "The Evening Sacrifice," the intervening portions being also suitably named.

HARRY DEE; OR, MAKING IT OUT. By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Bros.

The lad who found this lively book tucked into his Christmas stocking was a fortunate boy, and the young reader who could not become absorbed in its pages must have been very hard to suit. In fact, there is rather an embarrassment of riches, so far as the startling is concerned; but this serves to add zest to the account of a school-life vastly more interesting than that time-honored classic, "Tom Brown at Rugby." The religious teaching is so carefully interwoven with the incidents, that it is brought into high relief without a suspicion of the cant common to many books intended for the young.

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. Luke Harney, of Durango, Colo., who yielded his soul to God on the 19th ult.

Mother Agnes Zimmer, of St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Sister M. Athanasius, of the Sisters of Mercy, Providence, R. I., who were called to their eternal reward last month.

Mr. Daniel Greene, of Sulphur Springs, Mo., who met with a sudden death on the 19th ult.

Mr. Augustine Meehan, who peacefully departed this life on the 26th of October, at Dysart, Iowa.

Mr. Martin D. Carr, of Malden, Mass., who passed away last month.

Mr. Patrick Luby, whose happy death took place on the 7th ult., at Glens Falls, N. Y.

Mr. J. Jerome Sullivan, of San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Lillie Dunn, Côte St. Paul, Canada; Mrs. Alice McKee, Keady, Co. Armagh, Ireland; Mr. Dennis Shea, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. James O'Brien, Philadelphia, Pa.; Nellie B. Tracy, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Catherine McGlinchy, Boston, Mass.; Malachi Quinlan and Thomas Conway, Wiota, Iowa; and Mrs. Bridget Galvin, New Haven, Conn.

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



*


UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Inn of the Beautiful Star.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

"A stable, a hut, the open field; but if God and His angels look down upon it, and the stars are over it, to all who lodge there and cast their eyes above, it is 'The Inn of the Beautiful Star.'"


 HE grass is asleep in the valley,
 The branches are bare on the hill,
 A blanket is over the meadow,
 The brooks and the rivers are still;
 I take up my fiddle and wallet,
 A wandering singer am I,—
 My home is wherever night finds me,
 My roof is the dome of the sky;
 And when, over-weary with trudging,
 As sturdiest pilgrim may be,
 I stop at a house by the wayside,
 Which opens for beggars like me.
 Its door is as broad as creation,
 Its windows a miracle are;
 Its name? I have heard people call it
 The Inn of the Beautiful Star.
 I envy no nobles or monarchs
 Their wealth or their couches of down,—
 My roof has a more famous Builder
 Than any grand house in the town.
 And so as I lie, almost dreaming,
 And hear, coming over the snow,
 The bells that are pealing the story
 Of the Babe who was born long ago,
 I join in the songs of the children
 Who welcome their Saviour and King;
 I reach for my battered old fiddle,
 And make the exultant air ring!
 And I think of the wondering Wise Men,
 Who came o'er the desert afar,
 And knelt before Mary the Mother,
 At the Inn of the Beautiful Star!

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.



WELL, Claire, Dr. Wilmot has ordered me off to Europe," said Mr. Colville one afternoon, when he came home from his counting-room.

"O father!" cried his eighteen-year old daughter, dropping the little doily which she was embroidering with rose-buds and forget-me-nots, and looking aghast at the prospect of his going away.

"The doctor says all I need is to be free from the cares of business for three or four months; but that if I keep on working as steadily as heretofore, I'll soon break down entirely."

"Then you certainly ought to go, father dear," said Claire, with a tremor in her voice.

"I think I could manage to get off by next month," he continued. "Trade is not brisk during the summer, the finances of the firm are in splendid condition, and the junior partners can manage to get on without me for a few months."

"Next month!" echoed Claire, in dismay, at the rapidity with which everything was being arranged. It seemed so sudden she could hardly realize it.

"Yes. Do you think you would like to accompany me, my child?"

"O father!" This time the exclamation was in a very different tone. Claire jumped up, and threw her arms around his neck. "Don't you know that a trip abroad has been the dream of my life?" she said.

"The dream of eighteen long years," began Mr. Colville, smiling as he looked down upon her bright face and pinched her pretty, flushed cheek.

"Now, father, don't tease; you know what I mean," she rejoined, with a laugh.

"But to think of going, and with you, who can point out and explain all objects of interest! It seems almost too good to be true." And Claire, slipping her arm through his, stood looking out of the window in blissful forgetfulness of everything but the proposed tour. A sudden recollection, however, sent all her beautiful air castles tumbling down like houses of cards built to amuse an idle moment. "But the children?" she said. "How can we go away so far and leave them, father dear?"

"I have considered that," replied Mr. Colville. "I thought of asking the nuns at Manhattanville to take the girls as boarders during the vacation, and probably the same arrangement could easily be made for Joe at Fordham."

"I suppose so," answered Claire, a little sadly. "But how lonely they will be!"

Her own delight made her more sorry for them, and yet the thought that perhaps for their sakes she ought to sacrifice the golden opportunity held out to her made her heart beat quickly. On the other hand, as her father was not in good health, was it not her duty to go with him? She was spared the trouble and perplexity of coming to a decision, however.

"Yes, poor chicks! I dare say they would feel blue at being left behind," mused Mr. Colville. "I can imagine Alicia's tearful, aggrieved look. It would haunt me all the time of my absence. And Joe's serio-comic scowl, with a smile behind it,

which always reminds me of a storm-cloud through which the sun is trying to shine; and little Kathleen's touching air of resignation. Hang it! If a man has overworked and is ordered away, is that any reason why he should be exiled from his family? What have I toiled for but to provide for the welfare of my children, even in case I should be taken from them? But why shouldn't I enjoy a little extra happiness and comfort with them now, since I can afford it? Claire, we'll *all* go!"

"O father!"

Claire's comments continued to ring the changes upon the same key. It was astonishing of what varied intonations those two words were capable, and how many emotions they could express. Yet it is hardly to be wondered that Claire could only exclaim in a dazed fashion, since the whole plan had been proposed to her so suddenly, and was followed by a series of surprises which nearly took her breath away.

"The children are old enough to appreciate it," her father went on. "Let me see: Alicia is fourteen; Joe thirteen, and Kathleen eleven. Why, of course, it will be the best possible arrangement, and a liberal education for them."

"At any rate, it will be perfectly lovely!" said Claire, kissing him affectionately.

"You will have some trouble getting the children ready, I am afraid," he added, regretfully; "but you can consult Mrs. Blakeson. As she made a similar tour last year, she will be able to tell you what preparations to make."

"And they will be but the beginning of the pleasure," declared his daughter. "As there is no time to be lost, suppose I go down to Mrs. Blakeson's now?"

"Very well; do so, my child, while I rest in the library and look over the evening papers," said her father.

Mr. Colville had been a widower ever since Claire was eight years old. At first his sister had kept house for him; but after some years she married and went to

live in Philadelphia, and since then the family had drifted along in a hap-hazard fashion, with Claire at the domestic helm. Claire had been educated at a convent day-school, and, between lessons and a happy-go-lucky kind of housekeeping, had her hands full. Perhaps it was just as well that her cares did not weigh heavily upon her; she was patient with the children, and her father seldom saw a frown on her face.

The joy and excitement of the two younger girls and Joe, when they heard their father's plan, may be imagined. Joe executed a cart-wheel from one end of the drawing-room to the other, tipping over a small table and a wicker chair in the process. Alicia clasped her hands ecstatically, and, with the sentimentality of girls of her age, exclaimed:

"Now I shall gaze upon the scenes famous in history and sung by the poets!"

Little Kathleen looked as if she had been told that she was to visit fairyland.

"Be as happy as you please over the prospect," said Mr. Colville; "but do not, in the exuberance of your spirits, give trouble to any one. The interval between now and sailing will be a busy time; do all you can to help, and avoid unnecessary fussing and confusion."

"All right, sir!" said Joe, as he dashed out of the room. The next moment the street door banged, and they heard him whistle for his chum, Frank Bartlett.

Alicia beckoned to Kathleen, and they ran upstairs to consult about the things they should take with them. Alicia had collected a variety of odds and ends, and a pile of her favorite books; and Kathleen had half filled a trunk with her dolls and their wardrobes, when Claire returned.

"Oh, mercy! You can't take all that trash!" she said.

Trash indeed! The two girls exchanged indignant glances; but Claire went on:

"Mrs. Blakeson says we ought to get along with two trunks between all three of us. We'll need winter clothing, warm

coats, etc., to wear on the steamer; and these may be packed in one of the trunks, and stored at Liverpool until we are coming back. Into the other we'll have to get all that we girls really require. Father and Joe will manage in the same way. That will make two trunks to be stored and two to travel with. Mrs. Blakeson said especially: 'Now, Claire, be sure not to have too much luggage for your father to look after. If you do, it will spoil half the pleasure of the trip.'"

The next afternoon, when Mr. Colville came home, he announced that he had engaged passage on the great steamer *City of New York*, to sail June 22d—a month from that very day.

"That's fly!" declared Joe. "Isn't she one of the ocean greyhounds?"

"Yes," answered his father; "and a very fine ship. I went down this morning and saw our cabins, which are well situated."

The month passed rapidly amid the hurry of preparation. The Colvilles lived in New York city. Aunt Anna, who was coming on from Philadelphia, would see that the house was properly closed after their departure.

The morning of sailing at last arrived. An early hour found the little family at Mass and Holy Communion in the Church of St. Francis Xavier. By eight o'clock they had started for the steamer. The carriage rattled across the long avenues, under the elevated railroads, and then through the least frequented ways, avoiding the crowd as much as possible on the route down town, until it turned into West Street. As they drove along this great thoroughfare, past the apparently interminable line of piers, from which one may set out for any part of the world; as they caught sight of the tall masts and smoke-stacks of the splendid ships, many of which within a few days would set sail for the most distant parts of the earth; as they saw floating in the breeze the flags of all nations, they could not but

be impressed with the imposing spectacle.

"There's the *City of New York!*" Joe kept exclaiming, as one great steamer after another came into view. "No, it isn't either: she's larger than that!" he would cry the next moment, contradicting himself; and again setting himself to watch the numbers of the piers, and calculating how much longer it would take to reach their destination. "There she is, for sure! I see her three white smoke-stacks, and it is Pier 43!" he declared at last. "Yes: here we are!"

The children craned their necks to catch sight of the vessel; her hulk enveloped in shadows, but her cabin and decks snow-white and beautiful, and gleaming in the sunshine.

"Isn't she a daisy!" ejaculated Joe, admiringly.

The next moment they were upon the dock. Here all was activity and turmoil. Drays drawn by gigantic horses were bringing in the last loads of freight, express wagons crowded in among them; and almost colliding with these were hacks and cabs laden with baggage. Making their way amid this confusion were chattering, gayly dressed ladies, and gentlemen burdened with valises and shawl straps. Many had to stop to claim their trunks; but as Mr. Colville had wisely attended to this matter the day before, he led his little party directly to the passenger gang-plank.

Claire shuddered as she crossed it. When should she tread the blessed land again? The little girls and Joe did not appear to mind; all they seemed to think of was that at length they were on board the steamer.

The promenade deck was crowded with people. A large number were passengers, of course, but as many more were the friends who had come to see them off. It was difficult to make one's way among the well-dressed concourse of gentlemanly-looking men, pleasant matrons, and bright

young girls. The ladies all seemed to be talking at once: laughing, sighing, and sending last messages to their absent dear ones. The men had almost as much to say. From the midst of the throng appeared Aunt Anna and her husband; and Aunt Janet, who had come in from the country with half a dozen cousins. And soon they caught sight of Mr. Davis, one of father's partners; and Mr. and Mrs. Blakeson, and Grace O'Rorke, Claire's dearest friend; and Alma Simmes, Alicia's inseparable companion; and Joe's chum, Frank Bartlett.

"Well, if every party has half so many folks come to say good-bye to them as we have, I don't wonder that the ship is crowded!" exclaimed Joe, rubbing his hands together in delight.

But now the time came for all save the passengers to go ashore. There were tearful, oft-repeated good-byes, and then came the separation. After that the voyagers leaned over the ship's side and looked down upon the throng of friends, who now stood upon the wharf, calling out to them, and waving handkerchiefs and exchanging bantering sallies.

Joe's attention was now attracted toward the first officer of the *City of New York*, who stood upon the forward deck and gave orders in a crisp, short tone. The sailors began to loose the ship from her moorings; a gang-plank was drawn away, and now another. One yet remained in position; over this an eleventh hour passenger hurried, puffing and panting. Then it, too, was removed, and the only remaining cable was cast off. Through the great ship, from stem to stern, ran the thrill of life: she trembled; she moved; the distance between the throng on deck and the throng on the pier widened.

Claire stood, with her hand upon her father's arm, smiling down at aunts and cousins and friends, and fluttering her handkerchief. Alicia and Kathleen were close to the railing, waving tiny American flags, which they had brought for the pur-

pose. Joe, who, with like forethought, had provided himself with a bandanna nearly a yard square, flourished it from the end of an umbrella.

The answering smiles upon the faces of those ashore grew fainter; gradually the faces themselves became indistinct. All that our tourists could distinguish upon the pier was a multitude of people gesticulating excitedly and calling, "Good-bye!" Soon it was simply a mass of gay colors, which grew darker, then faded away.

"We are off," said Mr. Colville.

Claire did not answer, but hid her face in the bouquet of flowers which Grace had brought as a parting gift. When she raised it there were several glittering drops, like dew upon the glowing petals of the roses, which had not been there before. Alicia had dropped her flag, and, with her head bowed upon the railing, was having a quiet "weep" to herself. Kathleen's eyes looked decidedly misty; and Joe admitted afterward that he "felt kinder solemn."

"Here, Alicia, better take the bandanna," he said to her by way of consolation.

She gave a little hysterical laugh, but would not look up.

"Reckon I'll see what that fellow is doing over there," continued her brother, swallowing a queer lump in his throat, and making a bee-line for a deck hand who was setting out the chairs.

On the great vessel steamed: passed the shipping in the river, passed Bedloe's Island and the statue of Liberty, out into the open bay.

Claire was smiling again by this time. Alicia had dried her eyes with one of the daintiest of *mouchoirs*; Kathleen was watching everything with intense interest; and Joe had now become fast friends with the deck hand.

"Children, wouldn't you like to see your quarters?" asked their father.

They assented eagerly. It had been impossible for them to go down when they came aboard, on account of the crowd.

Claire exclaimed, as they descended a second flight of stairs:

"Why, how much farther down is it, father? We seem to be going to the very depths of the sea!"

Mr. Colville laughed.

"There are two decks below this," he said; "and then come the steerage and the hold. But here, this is your cabin, girls; and Joe and I have the one opposite."

"What a tiny bit of a room!" cried little Kathleen, disparagingly.

"Quite a good-sized one, you would think, if you saw some of the others," returned her father.

It had three berths, running lengthwise to the ship. Under the lower ones were stowed their steamer trunk and satchels.

"Take out everything that you need now," advised Mr. Colville; "for by and by, when the ship begins to roll, you'll find it a more difficult matter to get at your luggage."

When they went up to the deck again, the long, sandy shore of Manhattan beach was just receding from view on the left; while on the right the green woods and glades of Staten Island were being rapidly left behind. It was a lovely morning; the skies were clear, the waters blue; and far as the eye could reach the white-capped waves danced in the sunshine. Soon they were off Sandy Hook. A plucky little craft with a flowing sail coasted near the big steamer, as a sea-gull hovers about a skiff.

"That's the pilot boat," Joe explained. "A sailor told me to keep a sharp lookout; for soon we are going to drop the pilot. He told me all about it."

A few minutes later the steamer slowed up; there was a slight commotion, and some of the passengers rushed to the side of the ship. Our young people followed their example, and, as it chanced, obtained the best possible position from which to watch the interesting proceeding.

As they looked over the rail they saw a little boat, rowed by two men, dancing

upon the waves close to the vessel. The men rested their oars at the point directly beneath them; a rope-ladder was thrown out from the lower deck, and presently a man appeared and began to descend it nimbly. The boat, its motion calculated to a nicety in spite of the tossing waves, came under the ladder, and the man dropped safely into it.

"Gracious!" cried Alicia. "I was afraid he would fall into the sea!"

A small mail-bag was thrown down; for many of the passengers had availed of this last opportunity to send back letters. The little cockle-shell stood off a trifle. The pilot looked up and waved his hand; there was a cheer from the deck, then he was swiftly rowed to the waiting sloop. The passengers turned away: the last link with the land was broken. The machinery started again, not to stop, please God, until they should arrive at Queenstown.

(To be continued.)

The Captain of the "Van Loon."

Willie Jackson was perfectly well aware that he disobeyed his mother every time that he talked or played with Job Brown; for Job was the bad boy of the neighborhood: the ringleader in every bit of mischief, the instigator of all depredations. But he was so entertaining! He knew the particulars of each round in the slugging matches; his tops never failed to spin or his kites to fly; he knew where the robins made their nests, and he could manufacture rafts out of the most unpromising materials. Willie would have been very different from most boys, if all these accomplishments had failed to charm him. And he *was* charmed; being no out-of-the-way good boy,—only a little fellow who tried very hard to do right one day, and was apt to forget about it the next.

Job, with Willie helping him, had just

finished one of his wonderful rafts, and, as they worked, they had been talking about the cholera. It was with a little tremor of the heart and much misgiving of conscience that Willie heard the larger boy tell of the terrible scourge that had just then crossed the sea and was trying to get into the United States. What if he should get it? Would that not be a fit punishment for staying in Job's company down by the lake, when his mother thought he had gone to her cousin Ellen's to help her pick the late grapes?

But Job was not scared, if Willie was.

"Let's play cholera," he suggested.

"Play cholera!" exclaimed Willie, alarmed.

"Yes. You be the captain of a ship; and I'll be the health-officer, and won't let you land."

"All right," agreed the other, the prospect of such enticing sport putting fear to flight.

Willie got on the raft, and with the help of a long pole was soon out a rod or more from land. The water was shallow, and there was really no danger. Job found two old bottles, and pretended he had a marine glass, which he turned on the strange, incoming craft.

"Ship, ahoy!" he shouted.

"Aye, aye, sir!" yelled Willie, in return, not very certain as to the proper nautical phrase.

"Where do you hail from?"

"Hamburg."

"All well on board?"

"There isn't anybody on board but me; but I'm pretty well, thank you!"

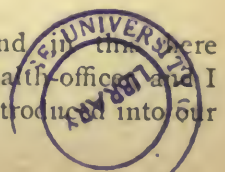
"Where's your crew and passengers?" screamed Job, as loudly as if the raft had been a quarter of a mile off.

"Dead: buried at sea."

"What did they die of?"

"The cholera."

"Then you can't land here port, captain. I'm the health-officer, and I won't have no cholera introduced into our



country—not by a jug full! Consider yourself in quarantine, and histe up a yaller flag.”

Willie answered promptly:

“Aye, aye, sir! Avast there, and belabor your jib-boom!”—the only sea-faring expression he could call to mind.

So the raft—otherwise the *Van Loon* from Hamburg—anchored, or pretended to; and Job took a novel out of his pocket, and, getting behind a nice big log, began to read about the “Boy Detective; or, The Avenger from Away Back.” Willie, having no book, soon grew tired of the fun.

“I say, Job,” he cried at length, “let’s stop playing!”

“My name isn’t Job,” returned the novel reader from the bank. “I’m the high-and-mighty boss of this here port, and you’ll stay in quarantine till I let you out.”

“I won’t either, Job Brown!” announced the master of the plague-ship, making for the shore. But Job was stronger than he, and pushed the raft away.

“O Job, the wind blows so, and I’m so cold! And I have on my thinnest jacket!”

“Nothing short of several frosts will stop the cholera, captain.”

“Now, I say, Job, please let me land!”

Job made no answer, but pushed the raft away again, and resumed his book. Willie began to cry.

“You must be getting the cholera yourself,” said the health-officer. “They always cry when they have it. Guess I’ll have to give you forty days more quarantine; that’s the only remedy.”

“O Job, if you *knew* how hungry I am!” called the little fellow, after nearly an hour of this torture.

“Eating’s the worst thing for cholera,” answered his tormentor.

“Say, Job, I’ll give you my best jack-knife if you’ll let me go home.”

“And your magic-lantern, too?”

“Ye—es,” said Willie, hesitatingly, the lantern being his pride and joy. But he was so cold and hungry!

“I’ll magic-lantern you, you young rascal!” said Willie’s Uncle Jack, striding down to the edge of the water just in time to miss the flying Job’s coat collar. “You poor little chap!” went on Uncle Jack. “That mean bully deserves a beating.”

And he gathered Willie under his great coat, and held him there until his teeth stopped chattering. Then they went to the house, where Willie, with many tears but a heart fast losing its heavy load, told his story and was forgiven. There was no need of punishing him for keeping bad company; for the pneumonia—caused by the exposure—did that; and for several days they thought he might be nearing the Home of the Blessed Mother, upon whom he called in his delirium.

“Mamma,” he said, when, the crisis past, he began to speak feebly and rationally, “I am trying to forgive Job.”

And, as Job creeps very humbly to the back-door every morning to ask how Willie is getting on, and was seen to be wiping his eyes on his coat sleeve when Mrs. Jackson told him that Willie was willing to forgive him, let us hope that he has a heart somewhere, and that the captain of the *Van Loon* from Hamburg has found it.

FRANCESCA.

The Old and the New.

THE old is doomed: just look around!
 Old clothes are thrown away,
 Old buildings tumble to the ground,
 Old people die each day;
 And all that’s old is put to rout
 By something else that’s new;
 Since then, Old Year, your time is out,
 Good-bye, old Ninety-Two!

The new must ever please the young:
 New scenes, new clothes, new toys,
 Find truest welcoming among
 Light-hearted girls and boys.
 The New Year, too, they welcome all,
 With mirth and noisy glee;
 “The Old Year’s dead,” they gaily call,
 Hurrah for Ninety-Three!”



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XXXVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 14, 1893.

No. 2.

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

Our Lady of Pontmain.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.



ANY may think it a sad task to lift the veil beyond which the terrible events of 1870-71 lie hidden. Those were indeed dread days, whose souvenir is ever present, but which the lips are unwilling to recall, the pen-reluctant to retrace. To us, however, who, in our pious wanderings to Mary's shrines in France, have so often seen that Heavenly Protectress with her favored nation in its glorious hours of triumph, it seems but natural to seek and find her with her children in their days of anguish. *Consolatrix Afflictorum!* The Blessed Virgin could not be absent when war, with the grim spectre of defeat, had cast mourning throughout the land. *Regnum Gallia, regnum Mariae!* Surely, if France was Mary's kingdom in its hours of joy and victory, how much the more should this tender Mother look upon it as her own, and watch over her devoted clients when sorrow weighed them down!

The invader, daily pursuing his triumphal march, cast despair into every heart; even the most valiant, even those in whose bosom the spirit of unbounded

faith and confidence in divine help had hitherto remained unshaken,—even they scarce dared to hope. Nothing save a miracle could now arrest the conqueror. Paris—surrounded from the 18th of September, bombarded since the 27th of December, and now starving—could no longer hold out. Each day appeared to bring the capital twenty-four hours nearer the one fatal issue, which now alone seemed possible—surrender. But Mary, celestial harbinger of good tidings, was vigilant. She it was who should announce to her people those words of consolation, bringing back hope to the despairing, and courage to the fainting heart. Prayers so fervent had daily ascended to her throne for the salvation of France, that this loving Mother could not refuse such heartfelt petitions.

The following details of the marvellous apparition of Pontmain are taken from various fully authenticated documents, which have been placed at our disposal by the never-failing kindness of the Oblate Fathers. May they here receive a public acknowledgment of cordial thanks!

I.

Pontmain is a little *bourgade* lying in the northwest corner of the department of Mayenne, on the borders of Brittany, in that part of the country formerly known as Bas-Maine. It is situated on a wooded slope, leading to a smiling valley, through which runs the river Dairon. The hillside being thickly wooded, the village lies

concealed from view, and is only discovered when the pilgrim, or traveller, almost enters it. Pontmain has been compared to a "mysterious Eden" hidden away in a leafy bower. In far-distant ages, however, it was a powerful town, strongly fortified, having a fortress castle, the grim dwelling of a valiant Breton lord. Old chroniclers relate that, in the second half of the ninth century, this spot was chosen by Mèen—a prince of the house of Gaël, the noblest family in Brittany—as his residence. Not content with his fortress, Mèen built formidable ramparts to protect the town, which quickly sprang up around the *château* fort. From his title was derived the name of Pont-Mèen, later changed to Pont-Main, and now written Pontmain.

For several centuries Pontmain retained the reputation of being one of the most strongly fortified towns in France. But under the ruthless English Earl of Arundel the fortress was taken, and destroyed about 1431 or 1432. Only a few of the inhabitants escaped death, Arundel well deserving the odious appellation of "Scourge of Bas-Maine," by which he was known. The site of the ancient castle can still be seen, a portion of the ruined ramparts yet remaining. These relics of old times form a striking contrast to the splendid oaks now flourishing on the very spot where once stood the fortress of Prince Mèen.

The inhabitants of Pontmain are principally occupied in agricultural pursuits; they are simple and pious, devotion to the Mother of God being the characteristic feature of their piety. So unimportant was the little town, that not until 1840 was it raised to the dignity of a parish. Then the village—predestined to be honored by the visit of Mary—received, as its first pastor, the venerated Abbé Michel Guérin; as if the living example of such virtues as his was necessary to prepare the villagers for the supreme grace that God, in His infinite goodness and mercy, intended to bestow on them. The saintly *Curé's*

devotion to Our Lady was saintlike. Many believe the priceless favor granted to Pontmain was the reward of his love for the Blessed Virgin and his unbounded confidence in her protection.

II.

The evening shadows had fallen on the village of Pontmain, as it nestled peacefully though sadly beneath its immaculate shroud, on that ever-blessed Tuesday, January 17, 1871. The villagers had each and all returned to their tranquil, happy homes, and silence reigned around.

The Barbedette family—a model in the village—consisted of the father, mother, and three boys. The eldest, Auguste, had set off on September 25, 1870, to join a regiment of mobiles;* the second, Eugène, was twelve; and the third, Joseph, ten years old. They were a truly Christian family, in which the solid practices of piety were daily exercised. The boys rose at six o'clock, dressed quickly, set about doing some household work, then recited the Rosary for their absent brother; and, after breakfast, went off to the village chapel to perform the Way of the Cross for his intention; then they served the *Curé's* Mass. After Mass there were public prayers for France and her army, and often the saintly *Curé* said:

"Let us add penance to our prayers, and then we may take courage. God will have pity on us; His mercy will surely come to us through Mary."

The words sounded like a prophecy. At the conclusion of these prayers the village children went to school, and at five o'clock the little Barbedettes turned their steps homeward.

The soil around Pontmain being unfavorable for the cultivation of fodder, the

* Of the little band of thirty-eight mobiles from Pontmain, not one was injured. Before departing, they were consecrated to Mary, and all returned safe and sound from the campaign. A large white marble tablet, erected in the village chapel near the Blessed Virgin's altar, speaks their grateful thanks for this truly remarkable preservation.

general food for horses is derived from the tender branches of the furze bushes. These branches are pounded in troughs, by means of large wooden mortars commonly called *piloches*. To prepare the evening meal for their horses constituted a daily occupation for the Barbedette children on returning from school; and scarcely had they entered the house than, seizing their *piloches*, they and their father set to work to accomplish the allotted task. This pounding process was carried on in the barn, and had been in progress for nearly half an hour, when the door was opened by a neighbor, named Jeannette Détais. This good woman had just returned from a neighboring village, and having heard good news of the little band of Pontmain mobiles, charitably came to reassure Barbedette and his wife as to the fate of their beloved son.

This absent soldier was Eugène's godfather, and the child dearly loved his eldest brother. How came it to pass—at the moment when Jeannette, all excited with the news she had learned, came to give it to the Barbedette family—that Eugène, instead of listening, should have left the group? But so it was. No doubt some strange, invisible magnet drew him from the spot. Later on, when asked to explain, he would simply answer: "I went just to see what the weather was like." And there, at the door of that humble dwelling, hitherto all unknown, henceforth to be almost hallowed ground to all the Catholic world, Eugène Barbedette stood transfixed. All was white outside, so far as the eye could reach; the heavens were bright and clear, and it seemed to the child that never before had the firmament shown such a wealth of brilliant stars. There in the heavens, at seven or eight meters above an opposite neighbor's house, the child beheld what he called a "*grande, belle Dame*." Such a celestial and unexpected vision might have frightened others, but Eugène felt

no fear. The heavenly Lady smiled; the boy, all entranced, gazed on.

The Lady's dress was dark blue*—as the children described it afterward,—of the color of the blue balls used for bluing linen, and spangled with brilliant, golden stars. It fell in loose folds from the neck to the feet, and was not enclosed by any girdle; the sleeves were loose and hanging. The Lady wore soft slippers (*chaussons*), of the same color as the dress, fastened with golden ribbons, forming rosettes. Over the head fell a soft, black veil, covering the hair and ears completely, partially concealing the forehead, and then falling over the shoulders half down the back. She wore a golden crown, somewhat raised in front, but not pointed; and a red band passed round it, dividing the crown in the centre. The Lady's face was small, pale, and of matchless beauty. Her age appeared about eighteen or twenty. The arms were bent down, the hands extended, as in the image of Mary Immaculate. All the while she smilingly looked at the child, who remained gazing; then, as Jeannette Détais was leaving the barn, the boy said excitedly:

"Look, Jeannette, and tell me what you see over Augustin Guidecog's house!"

"I can't see anything," she replied, after a moment.

The father, hearing these few words, came to the door with his other son, and could not discern anything.

"Look, Joseph," † said Eugène to his brother, "and tell us if *you* see anything."

"Oh, I see a beautiful Lady!" replied

* The darker blue of the dress was easily distinguishable from the blue of the sky, which was much lighter. Notwithstanding the brightness of the stars on the robe, no rays fell from the celestial apparition.

† Joseph Barbedette is now an Oblate Father. Once, when yet a child, a priest having said to him: "I can not believe you have seen the Blessed Virgin; you are too naughty," Joseph returned: "You are just like St. Thomas." And the abbé answered: "Oh, St. Thomas was a great saint!" To which the boy promptly replied: "No doubt. But *not* when he disbelieved."

Joseph, immediately; and he described her dress in all its details.

The father looked again, and, being utterly unable to descry the celestial apparition, turned toward the children.

"My poor boys," he said, "you don't see anything; for if you saw, we could see too. Come quickly, and finish pounding the furze." Then, as a parting injunction to Jeannette Dètais: "Be sure not to talk in the village of what the children say they see."

"Don't fear," answered Jeannette.

And good Barbedette, closing the door after the visitor, resumed his work; the boys, ever obedient to their father's orders, did the same. But they had scarcely taken up their *piloches* when Barbedette said:

"Eugène, go to the door and see if your apparition is still there."

The boy, all delighted, rushed to the door.

"Yes, yes, father!" he exclaimed; "it is the same, the very same."

"Well, go and tell your mother I wish her to come here for a few moments."

Off ran Eugène, quickly returning with his mother. In the meanwhile Joseph went to the barn door, and was standing there, clapping his hands, when they came.

"Oh, how lovely! how lovely!" exclaimed the happy child.

The two children begged their mother to look very carefully above Guidecog's house, and tell them what she saw. But, strain her eyes as she would, Madame Barbedette could not perceive anything. Disappointed, the children described the apparition, which, so far, refused to show itself to other eyes than theirs; and the mother, moved by the sincerity of their tones, and well knowing her boys to be incapable of deception, said, after a moment:

"Perhaps, after all, you see the Blessed Virgin; so let us kneel down and recite five *Paters* and *Aves* in her honor."

Then, closing the door quickly (for the neighbors were already wondering at all this chatter, so unusual in the peaceful village at that hour), they knelt down on

the barn floor and prayed together. Their devotions over, Madame Barbedette, all anxious to learn if the vision still remained, her maternal heart dreading lest it be a sign from Heaven announcing the death of her absent son, told the boys to go and look once more.

"Just the same, mother!—just the same!" exclaimed the delighted children.

"Well, I must take my glasses and look again," returned their mother. But, look as she would, no Heaven-sent vision rejoiced her eyes. "No, I don't see anything," she said brusquely, after a moment; "nor you either, I believe. You are a pair of little visionaries. Come, finish your work and take your supper."

The boys obeyed, but with regret; and hardly was supper finished than they begged permission to return to the barn.

"Well, go," said their mother. "And if you still see the Lady, recite again five *Paters* and *Aves*; but say them standing: the barn floor is too cold to kneel down."

Scarce had they opened the door of the barn than the boys fell involuntarily on their knees.

"They still see the vision!" said their father, watching them from a distance; and their mother, coming toward them, inquired how tall the Lady was.

"Just the height of Sister Vitaline," returned the children, in the same breath.

Sister Vitaline was one of the religious attached to the village school.

"I'll go and ask her to come here," said Madame Barbedette. "The Sisters are better than you. And if you see anything, they will surely see it too."

And she set off quickly with Eugène, returning after a few moments accompanied by the nun. On the way Madame Barbedette explained to the Sister why her presence was desired. On her arrival at the barn door, the nun tried to see the vision, but was unable to discern anything.

"How is it possible *you* don't see!" exclaimed Eugène. "The apparition is so

splendidly brilliant. Don't you see those three bright stars forming a triangle?"*

"Yes," answered the nun; "I see them."

"Well," continued Eugène, "the highest star is right over the Lady's head; the other two are on a level with her elbows."

The triangle of these stars being all that revealed itself to the nun's anxious eyes, she returned to the school accompanied by Madame Barbedette.

"Don't talk about what the children say they see," was the good woman's last word to Sister Vitaline.

The nun promised; suddenly an idea struck her, as she caught sight of three little girls, boarders at the school, who were sitting round the class-room fire.

"*Petites*," she said, "go with Victoire" (the familiar name by which Madame Barbedette was known in the village). "She will show you something."

"What is it?" inquired the children.

"I don't know," returned the nun; "for I have not seen anything myself."

All curiosity, Françoise Richer, eleven years old, and Jeanne-Marie Lebossè, two years younger, set off. A third girl accompanied them; she, however, could not see anything during all the time the vision lasted. Before reaching the barn, Françoise Richer exclaimed:

"I see something bright, right above Augustin Guidecog's house!"

And a few steps farther, almost at the barn door, the two little girls cried out together:

"Oh, the beautiful Lady, with her blue dress and golden stars!"

And they described the vision exactly as Joseph and Eugène Barbedette had done. By this time Sister Vitaline joined them, accompanied by Sister Mary Edward.

* Everyone, it seems, saw three stars, which appeared to be of the first magnitude. It was first thought they might be in the constellation of the Plough; this, however, was found to be an error. On several evenings following the apparition, the children having gone out in the hope of again seeing the celestial vision, neither they nor their parents could ever again find the same three stars.

"As it is the children who are privileged to see," said the latter, after vainly endeavoring to perceive the Lady, "we must send some more little ones."

She went off to bring other children; and passing by the *Curé's* house entered, begging the holy priest to come and see the wonder.

"*M. le Curé*, the children say they see the Blessed Virgin!"

"An apparition! The Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed the Abbé Guérin. "Sister, you frighten me!"

And he remained motionless. His aged servant, who was present, lighted the lantern, however, and said:

"*M. le Curé*, you had better go and see what it is."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Passing of the Lord.

HE walked across the purple hills,
 And down the slope, and through the vale;
 While all the sparkling moonlit rills
 Beneath His shining feet grew pale.
 Then out upon the lonely shore
 He passed, with footsteps swift and light;
 And "Peace, be still!" I heard once more
 Through the deep silence of the night.

Yearning His tender gaze to meet,
 I stole along with quickened breath;
 I longed to kiss His wounded feet—
 I would have followed Him to death;
 For by the Heart, aglow with love,
 Illuming all the way He trod;
 And by the shining from above,
 I knew Him for the Lord, my God.

'Twas but a dream, a fleeting dream;
 But sometimes, when I close mine eyes,
 I catch again the heavenly gleam
 That touched the blue, expectant skies,
 Once more I see Him on the height,
 His white feet glancing o'er the sward;
 And all the silent world grows bright,
 With the sweet passing of the Lord.

M. E. M.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

II.—A SPIRITUAL CONFLICT.

THE engagement of the Rev. Giles Carton, rector of the Church of St. Genevieve-of-Paris, and Miss Bernice Conway, youngest daughter of Major Conway, had just been announced. It was to be made public at the Major's dinner party on Sunday night,—that is, officially published in the little circle which constituted society in Swansmere.

Bernice was just twenty-three years of age. Her sisters had been married much later,—as the Major thought, with a sore heart, too much later. And here was Bernice, who was no expense at all, running off with young Giles Carton just as she had begun to make life comfortable. The Major, unlike his neighbor, Colonel Carton, would have preferred that his daughter should marry into the army. He despised civilians; as a rule, there was generally something wrong with them. He had no regard for ministers; and he had a way of alluding to Giles as a "half-baked soul-snatcher," which was annoying to people with reverential spirits. He had hoped that Bernice would marry a Catholic; but he did not desire it eagerly.

Bernice had met Giles abroad, and had found him gentle, good, cultivated, and spiritual-minded. She had not admired her sisters' husbands; they were well enough, but she had determined to marry an ideal man. Giles, except in the single particular that he was blond, corresponded exactly to her idea of what a man should be.

As she had formed this ideal on the heroes of Miss Yonge's novels, it can easily be imagined that her father did not sympathize with her. Colonel Carton was only a "volunteer"; he had not the

prestige of a West Point training, and that other prestige of gentle birth, which the Major highly regarded; but he was wealthy; and the Major, having suffered from comparative poverty all his life, loved money, and was anxious to forgive a number of defects because of the existence of wealth in the Carton family.

Beyond his love for riches, Major Conway's strongest feeling was his fear of death. He was not a coward: he had been under fire more than once; but he shuddered at the thought of it, and when he was quite alone, he crossed himself. He might have said, with Autolycus: "For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it." At times, he awoke in the night and asked himself what would become of him if he should die before morning? But he remarked to himself, when daylight came, that this was generally after he had failed to have his usual game of billiards after dinner. And so 'he slept out the thought of it'; but he could not sleep out his terror of death; and the older he grew, the deeper this terror became.

He was robust and rosy, white-haired—bald enough to make him look eminently thoughtful,—and his whole manner was modelled after that of the late General Winfield Scott, whom he had known and admired; therefore the irreverent called him "fuss and feathers." His house, though not so pretentious as Colonel Carton's, which was joined to the rectory by a covered passage, was very pretty and comfortable. It was walled in by evergreens, and consequently well protected against the winds from the Hudson.

On Saturday night, after dinner, he and Bernice were together in the drawing-room, which was lighted by half a dozen wax-candles. Around the walls, nodding over the divans, were the tall palms with which fashion has crowded large rooms of late. The light from the lamp in the hall cast the flickering shadows of one of these on Bernice's white gown, as she stood in

the spot of light made by the candles in the centre of the room.

The Major sat in his arm-chair, stately and erect, examining an old edition of Froissart's "Chronicle." Bernice had interrupted him. He raised his head and looked at her. There was no doubt that Bernice was a pretty girl, he said to himself, as he raised his eyes from the peak-capped damsel in the picture to the fresh, young face rising from the deep ruffle around the neck of a long, trailing gown of thin white stuff, with a huge cluster of stephanotis at the belt.

"Well, papa, what do you think of me?" she asked, gracefully courtesying, with one eye on the dimly lighted mirror behind him. "I look like a ghost in the glass."

"A radiant ghost, a ghost of magnificent qualities," said the Major, who was fond of impressive sentences. "What, may I ask, is the reason of all this unusual splendor?"

"Splendor!" said Bernice. "This dress is simplicity itself. It is supposed to represent the proper thing for the dinner party to-morrow night."

"Oh, I see! It is very gauzy and pretty. Your countenance has an air of your mother, child; but dress makes all the difference. She never wore those graceful folds; but great, wide, balloon-like skirts, distended with large hoops,—and yet she was beautiful. Not pretty like you, but beautiful."

"Dear mother!" said Bernice. "I wonder if she would be happy, if she could see me to-morrow night? I wonder if the dead *know*, papa?"

"I have invited sixteen people. It will be an occasion, my dear."

"Oh, I know!" said Bernice, kneeling on the rug beside him, and putting her cheek against his coat sleeve. "I have been obliged to think about it all day. I have said a hundred times to Mary that everything must be carved behind the screen, and—"

"I hate these new fashions. A gentleman should carve at his own table; but those Cartons are such upstarts and so critical—I beg pardon! I'll have the remains of the Amontillado out, and we can have it both with the soup and the dessert—"

"O papa, never mind! Everything is ready. There are to be great masses of stephanotis in the centre, and my flowers are to match them; and Giles shall have a bunch for a buttonhole. But never mind all that: I want to talk seriously. Tell me, papa, what *you* think of life and death; I want to know such lots of things. And I don't want to get my opinions at second-hand from Giles. That sort of thing makes a man so conceited; and when a man's a priest like him, and accustomed to being bowed down to—"

"A priest!" said the Major, shrugging his shoulders. "He's no more a priest than you or I. I'd set my face against that affectation. As he likes to play at stained-glass attitudes, and is willing to pay for it, you'll have to humor him. A priest!—fancy a married priest! He'll get common sense after a while; for he doesn't take after his father."

"Oh, never mind!" said Bernice. "Do you really think mamma *knows* what is going on here? I hope she knows how good Giles is."

"I am sure he wouldn't have suited her at all. She admired my style immensely. And, to be frank, Bernice, I can't see how you could ever have fancied Giles—"

"I'm sure Elaine married Mr. Catherwood," interrupted Bernice.

"Oh, yes; he is *awful!*" said the Major. "Your mother would not have liked Giles' religious principles, I am sure. She had no love for mummery. She was direct. Her religious ideas were rather Puritanical."

Bernice was silent; she looked up into her father's face.

"Her religious principles? What, papa, do you think she believes now?"

"It makes no difference, my dear," he said, abruptly.

Bernice arose and stood beside the table; he pushed the book from him, and wheeled around, his forehead tightened by a frown. Suddenly he rose to his full height, and pointed toward the centre of the room.

"There!" he said. "Bernice, there!"

Bernice caught his extended arm.

"What?—where, papa?"

His arm fell to his side, and the look of fright left his face. He sat down again in his chair.

"Nothing, my dear; I am not well. I thought—but no matter. Did you know that there was small-pox in the neighborhood?"

Bernice looked relieved. She well knew her father's fear of sickness. This explained the condition of his nerves.

"Oh, yes!" she said. "James Ward's boy has it. He is one of Giles' parishioners. He is the soloist in the choir. I suppose Giles must see him."

"See him?" cried the Major. "See him? Why, he has an infectious disease!"

"I know, papa."

"See him? Go to see that boy, and then come to my house, sit at my table! If he does that, I assure you I shall give him a piece of my mind. The dinner party to-morrow night will have to go on without Giles if he tries that. But he won't. Stained-glass is well enough; but when it comes to the things *real* priests do, Giles will think twice."

"He must do his duty," said Bernice.

"His duty is not to endanger the lives of his friends with his loathsome sentimentalism. When you marry him, how can I or anybody else visit you with comfort if this thing is to go on? There will be contagion and infection in every part of the house. If Giles Carton keeps up this nonsense, I'll tell him plainly that the engagement is off!"

Bernice tightened her lips, and walked into the shadow of the palms; she sat

down on one of the divans, her white, soft gown trailing about her.

"I am not a baby, papa," she said. "If Giles fails in his duty I will give him up. He is the noblest of men; he will not flinch. And you ought to be the last person to expect him to: he, like you, is a soldier,—a soldier of the Lord, the pastor of these poor people who have been committed to his care."

"Who committed them to his care, I'd like to know? By what concatenation of circumstances has he assumed the right to look after them?—tell me that. I've heard that sort of Salvation-Army-talk before. There was a fool in my Company in '61, who thought he was a prophet; we dipped him into a pond, and he didn't prophesy again. If Giles chooses to fancy himself a real priest, we'll give him a cool dip, that's all. He can choose between you and the small-pox."

The Major walked from one end of the large rug to the other, talking very fast.

Bernice plucked a stephanotis flower and crushed it; there was no comfort there. She went over to her father, and said, with a slight tremor in her voice:

"Papa, if Giles does his duty—as I know he will,—no power on earth shall prevent me from keeping my promise."

The Major shook her hand from his shoulder impatiently.

"Why can't you be reasonable, Bernice? I did not dream that you had so much temper. If Giles wants to make a fool of himself, I depend on you to prevent it. Let him send word that he can't go to the Wards. I'll send old Ward fifty dollars; and, when you're married, Giles can keep a curate to do the nasty work. He can afford it."

"I am the daughter of a soldier," said Bernice, still holding his arm. "And I will marry no man less brave than you."

"Pretty stage speech, my dear," said the Major; "worth an *encore*. But if you knew how cowardly I've been at heart sometimes,

you wouldn't say that. Let us understand each other. Discourage this folly."

Bernice's eyes glowed and her cheeks flushed.

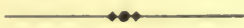
"I shall not marry Giles unless he is true to his duty."

The bell tinkled. The Major smiled.

"There! that's one of the Cartons, sure enough!" he added, as the maid approached to mention a name. "Mr. Giles Carton? Show him in. Now, Bernice, you'll see that there will be no occasion for the heroic."

Bernice shook out her train, wished she had time to change her dress, reflected that Giles would not know the difference at any rate, drew a chair into the light, and waited for her ideal man to show his heroism.

(To be continued.)



A Chapter of Neglected Irish Biography.

BY THE REV. I. RAPMUND.



A WELL-CHOSEN spot whereon to found a City of the Dead was that sequestered hillside in whose "bosom of shade" is situate the neat little cemetery attached to St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, County Dublin. Such was my impression when, during a recent visit to that institution, it was my privilege to pass undisturbed a quiet hour among the graves and tombs.

It was the afternoon of an ideal summer day—a rare experience in our cold northern climate. Over mead and stream, mossy mound and gray ruin, the sun shone with noontide vigor, and seemed to make all nature glad beneath its bright and genial rays. As yet no breeze of autumn swayed the lofty pines, no seared leaf trembled in the beech-tree boughs; for kindly summer tarried still. Countless feathered songsters, safe in their shady perch aloft, maintained

a sweet, sonorous chant, which made the drowsy glades and woodlands ring. And yet a wondrous quiet, or rather melancholy, seemed to pervade God's acre.

Surrounded as I was by many memorials of the dead, everything spoke to me of the past—the cave beneath the hill, where many a warrior sought an ambush and found perhaps a grave; the deep, wide Norman well, whence crystal waters gush forth no more; and, crowning the wooded height, the ivy-crested ruins of Strongbow's Castle rearing proudly against the sky,—

"All the height it has
Of ancient stone."

This Anglo-Norman fortress had long been the impregnable stronghold of Hugh de Tyrrell. On its lofty battlements Kings Edward and Robert Bruce planted the royal standards of Ireland and Scotland; while in the deep valley below thronged 36,000 warriors, ready to defend Ireland against the Norman conspirators and their allies. Three centuries later the castle became the scene of the memorable atrocities of Colonel Monk, who gave its chivalrous defenders to the sword and the gallows. A few years after, the soldiers of Owen Roe O'Neill and Esmonde retook it. Eventually it was deserted; time set its mark upon it, and long since decay has claimed it for its own.

To-day, under the shadow of that historic pile, is a modern Celtic cross of Irish granite; while in the grassy mould around lie the hallowed bones of the dear departed, "fast mouldering to congenial dust." There, without pompous ceremony or empty trappings, was laid to rest many a good Father, deeply revered and fondly remembered by the present generation. True servants of God, whose busy lives were characterized by intense piety and unobtrusive zeal; missionaries from whom a martyr's crown in distant China was withheld,—patriots all, whose love of their motherland was next only to their great love of God.

On a gentle slope, immediately under the old castle wall, I noticed a grave isolated somewhat from the others. Its simple tablet informed me that it was the resting-place of the Very Rev. Edward Ferris, D. D., C. M. Being anxious to learn something of the life and character of this distinguished cleric and illustrious Irishman, and not having any private archives available for the purpose, I promptly laid the library of Trinity College under contribution. After a painstaking search through lofty shelves and in dust-laden tomes, I succeeded in finding a rare contemporary magazine, wherein the chief episodes of the life of the great Vincentian were chronicled. The writer, in the course of an exhaustive article upon Maynooth College, thus refers to Dr. Ferris:

“This illustrious man, whose ambition is to be forgotten, and who despises the perishable fame which this world can bestow, was born in the County of Kerry about the year 1738. At an early period of his life he left his own country, where there existed then no encouragement for Catholic enterprise, where every profession was shut against Catholic genius. The ardor of his youth first inclined him to a military life; but the Spirit of God, who destined him for more noble and more useful pursuits, soon turned him from the profession of blood, and changed his inclination to the ecclesiastical state. The impulse which determined him in the choice of a profession seems to have governed the whole tenor of his life; and, accordingly, we find him always the real lover of mankind, unceasingly the promoter of man’s true happiness.

“He was ordained priest amongst a society of clergymen, known by the name of the Brothers of the Mission; whose revenues were then considerable, and who were spread all over the world, great numbers of them being even in China. Dr. Ferris, by his extraordinary merit, his transcendent piety, and his universal learning, raised

himself to the highest consideration in the society; and his knowledge of human nature and human life soon pointed him out as the most proper person to assist in regulating its affairs. He was therefore appointed Vice-General of the Order, which office he held until the period of the Revolution.

“Dr. Ferris was well known at the French court, and esteemed at Paris as one of the heads of the clergy. His fame rendered him obnoxious to the infidels of the Revolution, who expected to rear deism on the ruins of the Catholic Church. He was obliged to fly; and he had the good fortune to escape to Italy, where he was kindly received by Pope Pius VII. The wars in Italy afterward forced him from his asylum, and he travelled northward to Switzerland, and from thence to Vienna; attributing to the providence of God the wonderful escapes he had effected from the most imminent dangers, even through camps and fields of slaughter.

“After an absence of forty-five years, he at length returned to his native country; and, from being a director of the greatest society in the world, next to the Jesuits, he became Dean of Maynooth College. The conduct of this great man in so humble a situation soon endeared him to the students. His humanity, his exemplary piety, and his rigid self-denials, operated as the most eloquent lessons of morality. The amiability of his disposition, his tenderness of heart frequently displayed, and his elegant manners, made him an object of love. The students venerated his very name, they emulated his virtues. To such a perfection of discipline did he raise the College, that, for sanctity of manners, Maynooth in 1800-1 might be styled the Bangor of modern times.”

This first amongst the ecclesiastical institutions of Great Britain—the noble *alma mater* of so many renowned ecclesiastics, Maynooth, was then in the heyday of its glory and fame. Its distinguished

president, Dr. Flood, was ably supported by a galaxy of learned men, amongst whom we may enumerate Dr. Aherne, "one of the most celebrated divines in Europe," Père De La Hogue, Dr. Delort, Abbé Darré, and Abbé Power. "Dr. Ferris," continues the chronicler, writing under the date 1810, "is now professor of moral theology; and, though his old age renders him unequal to the arduous task of teaching, he bears up with fortitude against the rigors of his situation."

Nor was the end far off. Soon after a holy and a peaceful death terminated the long and eventful life of the eminent professor. Full of years and noble works, he was laid to rest in the College cemetery, amid the universal regrets of both superiors and students. His remains were subsequently transferred to Castleknock cemetery, and interred beside the sculptured cross which marks the last resting-place of the hallowed dust of his departed brethren:

"He was what God would have him be;
He did what God would have him do:
He lived a life of sanctity,
Then fell as noblest warrior—true."

In the troublous times when young Ferris played among the hills and glens of his native Kerry, those satellites of persecution, Ruin and Rapine, were desolating the Catholic Church in Ireland. The rigors of the penal code were still keenly felt by the much aggrieved peasantry, and everything that bigotry or tyranny could suggest was being done to "check the growth of popery." Many an Irish youth, with the grand faith and indomitable courage so characteristic of his race, was forced into exile, to seek in the classic halls of some continental institution what was denied to him at home. Many an ecclesiastic had to brave the dangers and witness the horrors of the French Revolution, when the thundering roll of the ceaseless cannonade filled city and suburb with its terrifying echoes; and when many a green plain of Gaul became a bloodstained battle-field; while the Reign of Terror which infidelity had

established, made others, like the saintly Father Ferris, refugees beyond the Italian frontiers, or exiles among the mountain cantons of Switzerland.

But—thank Heaven!—the long, gloomy night of persecution has passed away. The donjon and the feudal keep, like the Coliseum, are but ruins to-day; the holy captive weeps in chains no more; no trembling worshippers throng around the moss-grown Mass Rock in some lonely glen. Ah, no! Innisfail, the isle of sages and of saints, is now a land of peace; for the children of St. Patrick have witnessed the dawn of a bright day for faith and country.

Pro fide patriaque mori! is still the motto of the priests in Ireland, although it be their portion no longer; and wherever their lot be cast, amongst the Irish people at home or in exile, they remain ever true to the glorious traditions and sacred trusts which have been transmitted to them from their predecessors in the sacred ministry, who so nobly offered up their lives as holocausts on "Death's reeking altar" in the penal days.

In every land where the white man's foot has trod, an Irish missionary has found a fertile soil wherein to sow the prolific seed of the Gospel; and in every Irish shrine where the Mass-bell tinkles, the *soggarth aroon* still keeps the lamp of faith aglow,—

"Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy
fane,
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm."

THERE are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us, and our sins become that worst kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust. "If you are not good, none is good"; those little words may give a terrific meaning to responsibility, may hold a vitriolic intensity for remorse.

—George Eliot.

Life's Lesson.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

I.

AH, Lord! my heart is full of human pain,
Knowing full well that human joys are
vain.

But our weak nature cries, like nestlings bare,
Craving the common joys that others share;
Restless, in darkness stretching half-formed
wings,
Unsatisfied with all Thy goodness brings.

II.

Ah, Lord! my foolish heart knows not to pray,
Yet, stammering, these humble words would
say:

"I do desire to execute Thy will,
Knowing Thy arms are all around me still;
Knowing that were my every wish denied,
Still having Thee I should be satisfied."

III.

Ah, Lord! dear Lord! Thy voice alone can
speak

The dark enigma's answer that we seek:
Piercing the gloom from distant Calvary's
height,

Breaks the sole ray of life's illuming light.
In Thee alone our human hearts have scope,
And from afar we catch the blessed hope.

IV.

Ah, Lord! dear Lord! as at Thy wayworn feet
Poor Mary found where lay the joy complete,
There let me lie, all weary from the strife,
And silent learn the lesson of my life.

THE more guilty we are, the greater
must be our confidence in Mary. Take
courage, therefore, timid soul; let Mary
know all thy misery, and hasten with joy to
the throne of her mercy.—*B. Henry Suso.*

THE Eternal Father, wishing to show
all possible mercy, besides giving us Jesus
Christ, our principal advocate with Him,
was pleased also to give us Mary, as our
advocate with Jesus.—*St. Bernard.*

Traces of Travel.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—THE SHADY SIDE OF NAPLES.

WHEN the day dawns on Naples it
dawns like a dream—deep, delicious,
delectable; but the dream becomes a kind
of nightmare before evening, and the city
betrays her true character under cover of
darkness.

Last night I was enjoying my cigar on the
promenade by the shore. The place was
thronged: all manner of men, women and
children were touching elbows with one an-
other, sometimes not a little rudely; but we
were all in the best of spirits, from prince
to pariah, and the hour was one to be ever
remembered. The sun had dropped beyond
the hills of Posilippo; Capri was flushed
with the after-glow, and looked like some
fairy island, radiant with mysterious light;
Sorrento took the last ray full upon her
abrupt cliffs, and Vesuvius was half in light
and half in shade. The very air seemed
azure; it actually had color, as the sea has
color. The bay was smooth as a mirror;
the shore lined with bathers; fishermen
were slowly drifting in from sea—there
was not air enough stirring to fill their sun-
burned sails, as brown as their own bodies.

There was a half-expressed song in the
air—a kind of chorus that echoed along the
shore, caught up, and borne hither and yon
by a thousand untrained voices. Fleets
of little boats, full of indolent pleasure-
seekers, were passing to and fro. I heard
the ripple of laughter and the splash of
oars; and, for the moment, I assured myself
that Naples was then the loveliest spot
on the face of the earth or the sea. Perhaps
it always is to the one who doesn't dip
under the surface; but let him take one
plunge, and what may he not discover!

If you would "see Naples and die"—
or come very near it,—go to Santa Lucia

on a warm night and absorb the atmosphere. By the way, that old tag, *Vedi Napoli e poi Mori*, is said to mean, see Naples and then Mori (Mori is a small village in the environs). But the pun has lost its savor; and the adage is now turned entirely to the credit of the great city, after a sight of which the Neapolitan believes there is nothing else in life really worth living for.

Santa Lucia, the baths, the fish-market, the extraordinary church of the patroness of Naples, the haunts of the homeless,—all these are in the oldest, most interesting, and most characteristic part of the city. The chief street of the lower town, under the cliffs, follows a bend in the bay, and is itself considerably above high-water mark; but the water is approached by a double flight of broad, stone stairs,—there are other pairs of narrow wooden ones leading down to the sea-wall; and all of these are constantly crowded by men, women, children, priests, monks, Italians and foreigners, going to or returning from the baths; the latter are anchored a little way out in the harbor, and are reached by narrow wooden bridges.

Upon a broad stone terrace at the foot of the stairs all the delicacies of the sea are sold at moderate, though variable prices. Tables and chairs are scattered about this market-place; and for a few *soldi*, or cents, one may suit himself and regale the eye and the palate. The street above is lined with booths, where the "fruit of the sea"—as the Neapolitans poetically term oysters, crawfish, snails, and other varieties of sea-food—is on sale; there also may be obtained shells, bits of broken coral, and sea-weed; the latter a favorite among lovers of salad.

It is here, by the sea margin, the Romeos and Juliets of the South meet and eat snails under the starlight; it is here the weary citizen can, for the sum of two *soldi*, throw himself into a chair, and seek to reawaken his interest in life by drinking

glasses of snow-water, and watching scores of urchins sporting in the waves at his feet. These amphibious youngsters can never wait till they get out to the bath-house, but drop off from the bridges in shoals and sport like dolphins; and like the dolphins we see in art, and in art only, they spout streams of water from their mouths, and look quite mythological. Everywhere there is a *roar* of voices—*hum* does not begin to express the quality, to say nothing of the quantity, of sound that almost deafens the listener. Everywhere, of an evening, there are lamps,—lamps by hundreds and thousands, reflected in the water and duplicated in mirrors, and hung in long festoons from booth to booth. It is a perpetual feast of lanterns down at Santa Lucia, and there is much feasting there, such as it is.

Imagine my delight, when I first treaded the crowded quay, upon reading this tempting legend—it hung over one of the flights of steps descending to the water: "Baths in the sweet water of the sea"! The *dolce* Mori. Alas! shall I analyze these baths for you? They are composed of one part blue Mediterranean and two parts city sewerage! Over all is scattered the *débris* of the streets, and the sea-drift that sifts through it thickens the slowly-ebbing tide. The mud banks itself against the baths in black, opaque ridges, which smell to heaven; and heaven, probably because it is a considerable distance from this locality, smiles serenely down upon them. Santa Lucia, under the glare of a thousand lamps, amid the roar of voices and the continual clatter of feet, is a sight without which Naples would not be Naples and the world would be the loser.

Close upon the sea, above the baths, stands the Chapel of Santa Lucia, the patroness of the city. Not even the odor of incense can exclude the taint of the neighboring air. Perhaps in no other church in Naples will you find the extraordinary character of the people so fully illustrated. I saw there a statue of Santa Lucia, of

colossal size, arrayed as if for a circus-pageant. It was reclining upon a couch that was resplendent with velvet and spangles, and surrounded by the twelve Apostles—each one about a foot in height; and all admiring her as much as they could, considering her magnitude and their limited stature. There was a Madonna towering over the souls in purgatory; they were plunged to the waist in forked flames that looked like jets of red sealing-wax. An angel was emptying a large bucket of water upon the head of one sufferer, who had emerged a little in advance of his fellows.

All this is, of course, revolting in the eyes of non-Catholics; and no doubt they go out from the unseemingly exhibition imagining that the saints in ball-dresses, and the other waxen horrors, are a necessary adjunct to the sanctuaries of our mother the Church. They don't realize that these monstrosities are shocking in the eyes of all intelligent Catholics, while at the same time they inspire veneration in the Neapolitan breast. Alas that it should be so!

Do you wonder at my devoting a whole paper to the poor of Naples? It is because they are so unlike the poor of most cities, while the rich are ever the same. The heart of Naples is the home of the macaroni-eaters. The national dish is hung out to dry in the sun, and hangs from many a long pole in golden fringes. If you would see how the article is packed in the plebeian stomach, drive to the *baorgo*, invest a few *soldi* in macaroni at one of the ten thousand shops that are there crowded together, and bid the shopkeeper summon the populace to a feast. They swarm like flies, those macaroni-eaters, and with a perennial appetite. See how they plunge their hands into the huge pot of ropy paste; note the triumphant fistful of macaroni as it is held aloft for a moment, while the eater throws back his head and directs the loose ends of his dinner into his mouth;

that mouth is not so very large nor so very unhandsome; yet it seems capable of swallowing anything as big as its possessor—just as the anaconda does.

This yard-long macaroni must be swallowed as the sword-swallower swallows his sword—whole; inch by inch it descends into that mouth and disappears, and a fresh supply is called for; the Neapolitan love of macaroni is indeed "an appetite that grows with what it feeds on." Not till the dish is empty, not till the Neapolitan stomach is distended like a balloon, is the eater satisfied. Then he quietly rolls over on a door-step, on the wall by the sea, on the street, or wherever he may chance to be, and resigns himself to a sleep that is like the sleep of death. The noise of the carriages doesn't trouble him; the crack of the whip, the shrieks of the venders of fruit and water, the complaining grunt of the donkey, and the explosive "Hah!" of the donkey-driver, are as naught to him. Under the scorching sun, or the soft starlight of the Italian night, he sleeps well; he sleeps very well indeed; in fact, very much better than many a man who is better fed.

Alas for Naples! In the shadow of the destroyer, on the fatal slopes of Vesuvius, her outskirts embracing the very cities that have been doomed again and again, Sin flaunts her robe; and her tongue is cunning, for she has learned the speech of all the nations that have been bewitched by the charms of the land. This Naples, whose streets have more than once been sown with ashes, whose days were dark, and whose nights were livid with the light of that fire-breathing mountain, heeds not and dreams not what fate may await her. If there is one city wickeder than another, it is probably she. And yet she is beautiful, with her breast to the waves, and her forehead crowned with blossoming wreaths that even the sirocco of Africa can not blight—she is beautiful, very beautiful, even in her iniquity!

A Legend of the Holy Infancy.

IT is related in the chronicles of the Dominican Order that, between the years 1250 and 1277 A. D., there lived in the monastery of Santarem, in Portugal, a holy friar called Bernard.* He was a native of Morlaas, a little village of the Lower Pyrenees, near Pau. At the age of nineteen he entered the Order, and was sent by his superiors to pursue his studies in Portugal. His student life was one of great simplicity and innocence; and when, having completed his noviceship, he was ordained priest, he still retained a humble position in the monastery; being assigned to the care of the sacristy, and entrusted with the education of two little boys, who were oblates of the Order.

It was his delight, however, to guide those young souls in the paths of holiness, and to watch their innocent hearts grow in the love of God and our Blessed Lady. No wonder that he found joy in his occupation; for those boys of his seemed more like angels than human beings. His words of wisdom and piety fell like golden seed upon the richest of soils when he spoke to them of God and heaven, of humility and poverty, of obedience and of purity; and their guileless ways, and their simple, confiding affection, well repaid the lessons he taught, making his task a sweet and easy one.

At the noonday hour and at eventide, when their lessons were ended, those two boys were accustomed to eat their modest meals together, kneeling at a little deal table, placed before an image of Our Lady with the Divine Infant in her arms; and

* Within the last twelve months an ecclesiastical commission has been formed by the Dominican Order to inquire into the record of the life of Bernard of Morlaas, who has long been called Blessed, and to obtain from the Holy See an authoritative recognition of the veneration shown him for more than six hundred years. The touching episode here related has been handed down as worthy of credence, in a tradition dating back to the year 1277.

as they ate they talked together of heavenly things, often raising their eyes to the statue above them, and calling on the little Jesus and His Holy Mother to bless and protect them.

One day, while they were at dinner, Bernard, unknown to them, went to the door of the room where they ate (the statue was in a sort of oratory dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary, which served as their refectory), and overheard his little disciples, who were talking most earnestly, and with childlike freedom, to the statue before them.

"Come down from Thy Mother's arms, sweet little Lord, and share our dinner with us. O Blessed Lady, let thy dear Son come down and keep us company for a while! We will give Him the best we have, and then let Him go back to thy arms again. Do come, sweet Jesus! We are your little friends, and we have no companions; come down and eat with us."

And, lo! the Mother's arms opened, her hands unclasped; and her Divine Child, no longer a mere statue of stone, but a living, breathing, speaking Child of flesh and blood, radiant with smiles and loving condescension, stepped down to the humble table, and shared the dinner of His two little adorers.

Fancy the amazement and delight of Bernard in presence of such a miracle of love! Those little ones, so dear to his heart, were chosen, privileged friends of his Lord and Master; but they were too simple and childlike, too guileless and innocent, to understand the wonderful favor and grace which their prayers had gained for them. With joyful lips, they related to Bernard afterward the event which he himself had witnessed. They repeated to him the words of their invitation, and told how kindly the little Jesus had consented to join them. They were eager to obtain some more choice viand for a future meal, that they might do honor to their divine Guest.

Fra Bernard not only pondered their story in the secret of his heart, with thanks-

givings to God for having given him such angelic pupils, but he made it known to his brethren of the monastery, as evidence of the blessings they would bring to the community. The following day he said to his little friends (for he meant to encourage their miraculous intercourse):

“When the Divine Child comes to dine with you the next time, ask Him to let you eat with Him some day in His Father’s house.”

With all simplicity, they did as Bernard told them; and related to him afterward that the Child Jesus had given them an invitation to dine in His Father’s house on the next great feast-day that should be celebrated in the convent.

“But,” said Bernard, “one thing has been forgotten: you must tell the Divine Child that you can not dine out of the community without your preceptor’s permission; and that you would like to have Fra Bernard included in the invitation.”

Great, therefore, was his joy when his pupils told him that he also was to share in the wonderful favor.

Three days later was the Feast of the Ascension. Bernard said Mass, and the little fellows served it as usual, and received Holy Communion from his hands. When Mass was ended the three devoted friends, master and pupils, knelt together at the foot of the altar to make their thanksgiving. They were so rapt in holy joy that they did not observe how long they prayed,—at least so the brethren of the monastery thought; but when more than an hour had passed, and they still showed no disposition to leave the chapel, the superior sent a friar to tell them that they had prayed long enough: it was now time for them to breakfast and go to their daily duties.

They did not answer the call; when it was repeated, they still remained silent, absorbed, apparently, in their devotions. The friar touched Bernard on the shoulder, but he did not move; nor did the chil-

dren stir when he pulled them by the sleeves. Could they be asleep kneeling at their prayers? Finally, looking into their faces, he found that their gaze was fixed upon the altar; but it was the gaze of death: they had gone together to banquet with the Infant Jesus in the heavenly home of His Eternal Father.

T. A. M.

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A GENTLE VOICE.

I would say to all: Use your gentlest voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price; for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is joy, like a lark’s song, to a hearth at home. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life.—*Elihu Burrill.*

THE voice has more to do with the formation of character than we, unless more than ordinarily wise, imagine. The dispositions of whole families have been altered for the better by judicious effort in this direction. We have in mind six unamiable sisters, proof against every entreaty in regard to mending their unpleasant ways, deaf to expostulation as to peevishness, sullenness, and lack of consideration. Suddenly it reached the inner consciousness of one of them that it was “good form” to possess a low, sweet voice. Although disagreeable enough at home, she was ambitious to do the proper thing when abroad, and the reformation began. Her example was followed by the others. Sweet tempers came with sweet accents; and in a few months there was a moral, as well as a vocal, revolution in that hitherto discordant household.

The writer was once walking through the corridors of a convent school with its head—a woman whose saintly life well fitted her for the Paradise into which she soon after entered,—when a rough, harsh exclamation broke the peace of that

avored place. "Wait a moment, please," said Mother Angela; then, to a Sister: "Who is speaking?" The Sister told her. It was a pupil who had come the day before. "That voice must be subdued as soon as possible," said Mother Angela, softly. "There is mischief in that poor girl's tones," she continued to her friend. "I believe that voices are as contagious as measles; and in guiding them we guide the dispositions which go with them."

If we look at the matter from a worldly point of view, it strikes one as incomprehensible that men and women will take any amount of trouble to make themselves ornaments of society; will pursue health for the beauty it brings; will make every motive and action bend to the getting of money for the gorgeous raiment it will purchase; and will not have for their own that most beautiful and easily-acquired charm which draws all hearts worth possessing, which repels rudeness, which disarms anger, which is at once the most adroit weapon and the most successful missioner for good—a gentle voice. And its opposite—a coarse, vulgar, ill-pitched tone? That is the one never-failing mark of unfortunate surroundings, careless training, and lack of refinement of mind and kindness of heart. And with it these misfortunes can no more be concealed than the awkward feet of that vain and unpleasant-voiced fowl that struts about the barn-yard in self-satisfied and Argus-eyed splendor.

A gentle voice is of all attractions the most imperishable. Once gained, age can not alter it. Youth must pass, beauty will fade; but, smooth or rough, gentle or harsh as it may be, the voice survives to the last. If cruel miles of earth, or the deeper silence of the grave, separate us and our friends, the accents of our beloveds live in our memory when we can no longer form in our mind an image of the once familiar face. If we, in turn, would live in the hearts left behind, let us be remembered for gracious, kindly accents; for tones which

carry consolation to the bereaved, hope to the desponding, encouragement to the erring, and sunlight to the friend who abides in the darkness of despair.

Perhaps, as science attains greater perfection, the phonograph will be simplified; and in each house there will be one wherein to transfix, like flies in amber, the tremulous counsel of the aged, the mother's tearful blessing, the happy laugh of youth, the prayer of the little child, and the soft coo of the babe in the cradle. Then would this old round world see gentle-folk as plentiful as the famous leaves in Valombrosa; for one would, perforce, hesitate to speak other than pleasantly, when the sentence uttered was to live on and on just as it left the mouth; and so the speakers would grow gentle, and the world would be a valley of flowers instead of a bear-garden.

The saints must have spoken in accents of velvet. We can not think of one of that blessed band offending the ear by vocal inharmonies; and Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin surely must have had the sweetest voices that ever fell on listening ear.

Let us watch ourselves, lest we be in danger of making a discord in that choir of the redeemed which we humbly hope to join. The peacock flaunts his brilliant plumage on this dull earth—it is the lark which sings at heaven's gate.

Bigotry Rebuked.

THE recent death of Mrs. Wills, widow of the managing editor of Charles Dickens' *Household Words*, calls to mind an incident in which Harriet Martineau was the chief actor. She had been asked by Mr. Wills to contribute a series of short stories to the periodical whose columns he supervised, and in looking about for material, met with a thrilling and true story, of which a Jesuit was the hero. His name was Father Estelan, and he had started

for China with a band of missionaries, who were to devote their lives to the Christianization of that far-away and then little known country.

On account of the hazard of the enterprise, and the holy courage necessary to undertake it, the Pope gave him a relic of the True Cross, encased in a crucifix which became his chief and comforting treasure. On the voyage, the ship struck and foundered. Father Estelan, who was an expert swimmer, and could easily have saved his life, would not do so; but swam from one to another of the struggling passengers, holding up the crucifix, and exhorting them to die as became the followers of the Crucified. That done, he, utterly exhausted, sank beneath the hungry waves. The captain survived, and told the pathetic tale.

Miss Martineau, although an avowed freethinker, was inspired by the account of that heroic life and death; and embodied it in one of her most graphic sketches, which she, as confidently as possible, forwarded to Mr. Wills. In a short time she received a message from him. Personally, he said, he had no objection to the story; but the proprietors of the journal of which he had charge would not tolerate anything which "smacked so strongly of popery." In conclusion, he asked Miss Martineau to furnish a substitute for her story at her earliest convenience. This is the reply which this brave woman sent:

"Not if I lived for a hundred years would I write again for a publication in which a grand tale of human heroism is refused on the score of the faith of him who performed it." And she never did.

WHEN Cardinal Manning was urged on one occasion to go and winter in the south of France, he answered: "When my Father opens His door and wants Henry Edward Manning within, shall the child not be waiting on the step?"

Notes and Remarks.

Various writers, notably one in the *Contemporary Review*, have climbed out upon their metaphorical roofs and sounded an alarm. Pope Leo XIII., they aver, is abandoning the cause of the weak as a diplomatic measure, and catering to the strong, in order to gain temporal power,—all of which, they conclude, means war with a large W. In connection with this slander it is interesting to quote the opinion of Guizot, whose anti-Catholic views can not be questioned. "I hope God will spare my life," he says, "long enough to see the confusion of the destroyers of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope." If such direful results as these alarmists predict as the consequence when the Holy Father shall have his own again, are really imminent, Guizot was not the wise judge that posterity has called him. These prophets of gory foreboding may "hang up their dreams," and go about their ordinary business. Leo XIII. is a follower of the Prince of Peace.

The observance of the Octave of the Epiphany in the Church of S. Andrea della Valle, in Rome, has a moral grandeur all its own. The devotion owes its origin to the Venerable Vincenzo Pallotti. The church is decorated in the grandest style; and the first glance of the visitor rests on the high altar, where an artistic group of statuary represents the Adoration of the Magi, reminding him how the Gentiles were called from afar to visit the Stable of Bethlehem and to enter the Christian fold. Every day during the octave there are nine different religious exercises at S. Andrea, beginning at half-past five in the morning and ending at six in the evening. Solemn Mass is celebrated daily according to the Latin rite, followed by a Mass in one of the Oriental rites, with a discourse in some European tongue at each celebration; in the afternoon a sermon in Italian and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by one of the cardinals, assisted by seminarians and students of the foreign colleges. In this manner the word of God can be heard daily from the pulpit of S. Andrea in almost all the

languages of the West—Italian, German, French, English, Spanish, Polish, etc. The clergy of the various national colleges, who take part successively, represent the United States, Canada, France, Germany, Ireland, England, Scotland, Bohemia, Poland, South America, Belgium, etc.

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The Unbloody Sacrifice is celebrated in all the liturgies of the Christian world—Latin, Greek, Slav, Syriac, Melchite, Armenian, Chaldean, Maronite. The various liturgical chants resound beneath the vaults of the magnificent temple. All is different; but the worship is one, the Sacrifice is one, the faith is one, the Church is one,—which from Rome extends her arms to the East and to the West, and has her followers amongst all peoples.

A notable member of the Order of La Trappe died lately at Aiguebelle, France, in his eighty-sixth year. In religion he was known as Father Antoine of Padua; but the world knew him before his retirement as the celebrated Prince Malatesta, who, in 1832, took part with Napoleon in the rising against the Pope in Romagna. We also note that among the *Monsignori* lately created by His Holiness was Don Dominico Parodi, formerly a distinguished naval officer, and at one time tutor to the Duke of Genoa. He has been a priest since 1885.

The American Catholic papers all erred in stating that the Archbishop-elect of Olmütz is a convert from Judaism, though his grandfather was a converted Jew. The Rev. Rector of the Bohemian church in Chicago informs us further that the eminent prelate was baptized as an infant on the 22d of March, 1845, and received the name Theodore. It was the custom of the pastor of the parish to which his family belonged to select the names of all the infants on whom he conferred baptism.

Converts are generally not lacking in zeal, but the late Edward Heneage Dering was foremost among those devoted laymen, not a few, who try to do all in their power for the cause of religion—first by the example of an upright, Christian life, and secondly by consecrating any literary talent they may

have to the spread and defence of religious truth. Mr. Dering's death was a distinct loss to the Church and to the world of letters. The versatility as well as the greatness of his power as a writer is evidenced by the fact that he was his own literary rival, his ventures into the world of fiction proving as great successes as his writings upon philosophical and theological subjects. The *Literary World* says of his last work, "In the Light of the Twentieth Century": "It is undeniably clever, full of close and subtle reasoning, lighted up with keen epigrammatic wit."

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Mr. Dering's career was a stirring rebuke to that class of English Catholics, who, as an exchange remarks, "take pride in being Catholics as in itself a sort of proof of aristocratic descent; but who do little to make themselves a credit to their religion, or to give that example which might properly be expected from them." May he rest in peace!

We have frequently had occasion to note the crass ignorance of Catholic rites and ceremonies evinced by non-Catholic periodicals, when treating of subjects connected with our religious worship and celebrations. Still worse than anything of this kind is an instance appearing in *Godey's Magazine*, and noted by the *Pilot*. Fancy an American father telling his daughter that Christmas is the anniversary of Our Lord's Resurrection! Yet neither the authoress of the story in which this statement occurs, nor the compositor, nor the proof-reader, nor the editor of *Godey's*, apparently knows otherwise.

"Among other pleasures which Christmas brings," says our excellent contemporary, the *Sacred Heart Review*, "is the opportunity it affords of vindicating and exemplifying the Divine Providence which throws the support of our pastors upon the voluntary offerings of the people whom they serve." Voluntary offering as opposed to a fixed salary, compulsory payment of which on the part of the people is exacted, is certainly the more Christian-like and ideal method of carrying out the divine law that "they who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel"; and

the Christmas and Easter collections, upon which, to a great extent, Catholic pastors are obliged to depend for their means of subsistence, are ample proofs that the true spirit of the early Christians still indwells the congregations, poor for the greater part, who throng our churches. And the sacrifices which even the very poor willingly and joyfully make rather than be deprived of the pleasure of contributing to the support of their pastors is a trait as admirable as it is affecting.

There is some serious head-shaking over the present phase of the labor question in England. Referring to the recent strikes, the *Review of Reviews* says: "The natural arbitrator of all such disputes would be the Archbishop of Canterbury. But, unfortunately, such a suggestion would be scouted by all practical men in the country, so entirely has the Archbishop ceased to represent the great agency for peace-making which the world possessed when Christendom was one." This confession of the Protestant Archbishop's powerlessness is significant. Why not appeal to the Archbishop of Westminster—a *real* Archbishop? His venerable predecessor often spoke the decisive word; nor have we heard that the suggestion was "scouted by all practical men in the country."

It is said that François Millet the younger bids fair to follow in the artistic path his father trod so long and so well. He works principally in pastel; and takes his subjects, as did his illustrious father, from the peasants in the field and the simple features of daily life among the humble. The world may behold a worthy companion of "The Angelus" some day.

It is reported that a nun who renounced the world ninety-eight years ago died recently at the Armenian Monastery of St. Jacob, at Jerusalem. She had reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and fifteen.

The religious journals of France have, during the past few months, repeatedly urged the necessity of a new crusade,—a crusade of prayer and penance, as a remedy for the

measureless ills of that once happy land. From an appeal, or a programme, printed in connection with this movement, and approved of by a number of eminent prelates, we quote a few of the motives for the crusade:

"Freemasonry, pursuing everywhere its infernal plan of overthrowing Christianity, and in our unfortunate country making the public powers its instruments and accomplices.

"Practical atheism, war on God and the Church, now become the supreme, almost the only, principle of the Republic.

"Godless education,—and in France nearly four million poor children are its victims, only one million, or a million and a half at most, frequenting Christian schools.

"The liberty granted to poisonous publications: impious and immoral journals carrying their deadly venom even to the remotest country districts; bad books, especially novels, serving as a pasturage for innumerable readers of every class and sex. Three millions of these are published every year, and they too frequently dishonor the railway libraries. Indecent pictures and posters and shameless theatres—immorality descending to depths hitherto unexampled and deplorably finding access to souls through the senseless pretension to see and read everything."

There is evidently reason enough for prayer and penance.

In the report on the Prizes of Virtue read on the occasion of the annual public *séance* of the French Academy, a soldier named Jeannin, and Annette Chevalier, a poor peasant, are specially mentioned. For twenty years Jeannin has worked without wages for his former officer, who is broken down in health and fortune. The noble fellow took upon himself the task of caring for his friend and bringing up all his children.

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The life of Annette Chevalier affords an example of heroic devotedness. She was the oldest of ten children, and almost the only healthy one of the number; of the rest seven were deaf-mutes, others idiots, others weak and sickly. They were living in misery, more like cattle than human beings, when the mother fell sick. The father, crazed with grief, lost all courage and fled, leaving her and the unfortunate brood alone. Annette was sixteen years of age. She gave up her betrothed, and became the mother of her mother, and her brothers and sisters. Night and day she worked for them. She closed the eyes of her mother and several of the

children, and procured for the survivors the means of subsisting. She even taught the least idiotic of her brothers how to earn a few pence. But her breathing-while was short. The father, after fifteen years of absence, returned in sickness and misery. The poor girl was once more at her wit's end. Her father had fallen into second childhood; and one of her brothers—a deaf-mute—married, despite her opposition, a woman similarly afflicted; and they had children, whom they were unable to provide for. The burden of all fell on Annette; nor did she sink beneath its heaviness. At the age of sixty-three she is still supporting brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces.

* *

Verily the race of unselfish men and valiant women is not yet extinct; and the secretary of the Academy was right in saying, "We do not recompense them. We honor them, or, rather, we honor ourselves in praising them."

THE "AVE MARIA" certainly has no cause to complain of lack of support on the part of the reverend clergy; on the contrary, priests everywhere are among its most zealous friends, and many lose no occasion of showing their appreciation of our efforts to honor the Blessed Virgin and to spread good literature. A practical proof of interest in Catholic periodicals was given during the holidays by the Rev. Rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Salem, Mass. He ordered a copy of our Magazine to be sent for one year, as a premium, to each of the graduates of his school, "in the hope that it may serve not only to remind them of the institution from which they are going out, but also to make them readers for life, and therefore possessed of a taste for what is most refined in our periodical literature." We cordially thank good Father Hally for his gracious and gratifying act, and trust that his example may find many imitators.

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The Editor profits of this occasion to return heartfelt thanks to all the friends of the Magazine, far and near, known and unknown, for their zealous, disinterested efforts in its behalf, and to wish them the reward promised to those who publish the praises of the glorious and blessed ever-Virgin.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
II P. B., xiii, 3.

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

Sister Lydia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Banning, Cal.; and Sister M. Matthias, of the Sisters of Mercy, Fall River, Mass., who yielded their souls to God last month.

Mr. E. H. Reimbold, whose life closed peacefully on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, at St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. John O'Neill, of New York city, who recently departed this life.

Mrs. Josephine Martin, whose happy death took place on the 12th ult., at Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Mr. Francis J. Varium, of Boston, Mass., who died last week.

Mrs. Edward and Mrs. Catherine Ryan, who were lately called to the reward of a well-spent life at Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. William Dimond, of New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Dennis W. Shea, New Haven, Ind.; Anna Maria L. McCormick and Mrs.—Duffy, New York city; Mrs. Ellen Mallanney, Watertown, Wis.; Mrs. M. F. Burke, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mrs. Teresa G. McDonald, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Mr. Joseph E. Hughes, Miss Jane McElroy, Mrs. Margaret McBride, and Miss Teresa M. Vanderburgh,—all of Fall River, Mass.; Bridget Reddy, Holyoke, Mass.; Miss Alice J. Maloney, Chicago, Ill.; and Mr. William J. Rooney, San Francisco, Cal.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For Our Lady's shrine at San Diego:

Anne Smith, \$10; a Friend, Omaha, Neb., \$1; Carita, 25 cts.; Mrs. H. V. Jewell, \$1; Lawrence Denenney, \$2; Martin Sheehy, in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$2; Mrs. Cook, Australia, \$5; T. M. G., \$5.25; Elizabeth Brown and friends, \$2.75; a Friend, Omaha, Neb., \$2; Rose Murphy, \$1.

The leper's hospital at Gotemba, Japan:

A Friend, Epiphany, So. Dakota, \$1; Lawrence Denenney, \$1.

The Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

Frances H. Leynard, India, \$5.





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UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Two Stars.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

WHEN the Wise Men sought for the
new-born King,
Who had come to rule o'er the earth,
They followed a Star from their home afar
To the place of our Saviour's birth.

And the wise man still who would seek Our
Lord,

From a star his true course learns,—
'Tis the tiny light that by day and night
Near the Tabernacle burns.

Diego's Dream.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

DIEGO was tired, very, very tired; his little feet ached; he was hungry, and his eyes were full of unshed tears. But those tears would remain unshed, so Diego had resolved; for to give father pain was, in the eyes of the brave little man, to be bad and wicked,—almost as bad and wicked as the Moors, whom he longed that he might grow up and go forth with his sword to fight. So Diego trudged bravely along, his small hand locked in the large one of his father; and wishing—

oh, wishing with all his heart!—that uncle Muliar and sweet cousin Mercedes did not live so very, very far away.

How unkind the people in Palos had been! They had jeered at father and called him a beggar; and even the children in the streets had laughed at him (Diego), and mocked him for his poor clothes. Yet father had only said:

“Courage, my little hero! Do not mind them; some day they may be happy to carry thee upon their shoulders.”

Diego wondered what father meant. Trudging along by the side of his usually silent, though tenderly kind, parent, many thoughts and fancies were wont to chase through the brain of the boy. Like his older companion, he dreamed his dreams, and they were always dreams for “father's wish.” And to Diego the wish was not dim: it was very real. Father said there was a world beyond the sea, and in that world dwelt the greatest king of earth, the Grand Khan. And when father had found that new country and that great king, the king would give him gold and jewels and gems. Then father, his heart full of joy, would return to Europe; and with the treasure raise a great army of soldiers, and forth they would all go to fight for the Holy Sepulchre. Father had said Diego should be clad as a gay knight, with a bright, jewelled sword clanking at his side. He should be mounted upon a coal-black charger, and ride side by side with father at the head of the army. That was what

father meant when he called him his "little hero." Yet when would it all be? Diego could not repress a sigh at this thought. His father looked kindly down.

"Art very weary, my little hero?" he asked, gently.

The boy looked up and struggled to smile.

"Father," he said, "*thou* art more weary and hungry than I. I was thinking of the cruel princes who will give thee no ships to sail in search of that country beyond the sea. Father, thinkest thou the gracious Queen will be more kind?"

The little hand was clasped still tighter.

"I know not, my son"—the voice trembling with emotion;—"but cease not to pray to the good God and Our Lady, and all will be well."

Diego devoutly crossed himself, breathed forth an earnest petition from the bottom of his heart, and then fell to pondering again.

The daylight faded, and night drew quickly on. One by one the stars began to glimmer in the cloudless sky, till presently the arc overhead was one glorious canopy of sparkling gems.

"My cousin Mercedes goes to bed with the coming forth of the stars," reflected Diego; "I shall not see her to-night."

And then, as it were on a sudden, a drowsiness came over the little lad. He stumbled, and would have fallen had not the kind, strong hand upheld him.

"Thou must rest a while, my little one!" said his father, in a voice full of tender solicitude. "See, I will spread my cloak upon the fragrant grass; lay thee down and sleep."

The boy did not resist. For an hour he slumbered peacefully; then on a sudden he awoke, with a fire of hope in his soft, young eyes, a glow in his delicate cheek.

"Father!" he cried, springing to the side of the grave man, who, wrapped in anxious thought, reclined near by,—“O father, I have had a dream, and thy wish shall yet come true!"

Columbus laid his hand upon the

child's shoulder, and looked down into the earnest, shining eyes.

"A dream, my Diego?" he repeated. "Thou shouldst give no credence to idle dreams; but"—seeing the boy's look of grieved disappointment—"tell it to me."

The boyish voice grew low and thrilling.

"Father, I dreamed an angel came and said: 'Look! yonder is the Golden Gate; it waits but to open for thy father.' I did look, and oft toward yon mountain top"—pointing to the west—"up rose a gate all bright and shining as with the sun. You came, father; and as you came it swung wide. Father, I saw you leap for joy; and then the picture faded, and I awoke. Let us go to the mountain top, dear father. Oh, let us go!"

The child's entreaties were so pitifully earnest that his father had not the heart to refuse him; and, though their course to Huelva and the shelter of their relatives' roof lay straight through the wood, the man, led by the boy, turned aside and began the toilsome ascent. Diego forgot that he was hungry, forgot that he was tired, forgot that his poor little feet were blistered—forgot everything but his beautiful dream and the Golden Gate upon the mountain top.

They had reached nearly to the summit in the thick pine forest, when a faint light far above began to glimmer between the interlacing branches of the trees.

"Father, it is the star above the Golden Gate!" cried Diego, clasping his little hands in a transport of joy. "Oh, let us hasten on!"

But Columbus paused, and peered sharply into the gloom beyond.

"No, my Diego," he said, sadly; "yon light is no star. It is an earthly beacon; but we will follow it."

The next moment a cry of dismay broke from the boy. They had topped the mountain, when, on a sudden, a clearing in the wood revealed the huge, gray walls of an ancient monastery. High above the massive portal gleamed 'the kindly light which led them on.'

"We will seek food and a night's shelter within," said Columbus, gathering the trembling little form close to him. "The angel did guide us, Diego."

And Diego, sobbing now with all the unrestrained passion of his childish, disappointed heart, was tenderly cared for, fed and soothed to slumber by the charitable friars. Poor little lad! he knew not that verily he had found the Golden Gate.

Late that night, in the monastery upon the lonely mountain top, a grave council was held. Again Columbus told his wish, and this time to a sympathizing and believing listener. The good Father Juan Perez understood, believed; and ceased not his powerful aid till, all obstacles overcome, he blessed and bade Godspeed to his friend at the port of Palos that memorable Friday morning, August 3, 1492.

Truly was the Convent of Santa Maria de la Rabida the Golden Gate opening into a New World!

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

The next occurrence of interest aboard ship was the sounding of the gong for luncheon. Our friends found themselves placed at a table, at one end of which another party—which consisted of a lady and gentlemen and several young people—were already seated. Joe congratulated himself that among them was a round-faced boy, of about his own age, whom he heard called Rob.

Claire noticed a curly-haired youth, whom she thought a trifle conceited; and a sweet-looking girl, whom the lady opposite, probably the mother, addressed as Louise. She also observed, at a neighboring table, a rather pretty girl, very stylishly

dressed; and with a conscious air, as if she were fully aware of the effectiveness of her costume. Alicia and Kathleen were interested, and a little dazed by the novelty of the general scene.

The afternoon sped quickly away; the sea was not rough, though crested with white caps. Solitary, pleasant-looking, middle-aged couples and lively young people were walking up and down the long promenade deck. Mr. Colville took Claire for a turn, and then Alicia and Kathleen. Joe was off, making the acquaintance of the round-faced boy. It was a scene of gayety and animation; the exhilarating breeze, the freedom from care, the holiday aspect of the pleasure-seeking tourists, the frequent sound of merry laughter,—all had a most enlivening effect upon the spirits.

"The steamer seems indeed like a great, floating city," said Claire.

"Yes," replied her father. "We have over five hundred first-cabin passengers, I am told; two hundred second, and about the same number in the steerage, making, with the officers and crew, about a thousand souls on board."

Later, the girls stood at the stern watching the sunset. Surrounded by beryl and golden clouds, old Sol looked grandly, even though shorn of his beams. Slowly the fiery disk sank into the sea.

"It reminds me of the appearance of the midnight sun in Norway," a gentleman standing near remarked to Mr. Colville. Thereupon they began to converse about that fascinating country just becoming known to travellers; and the girls listened while watching the clouds, which every moment brightened with opalescent tints.

After dinner they promenaded again, Alicia and Kathleen starting off quite independently, ahead of their father and Claire.

"Why, it is almost like walking down Fifth Avenue," said Alicia.

By and by it grew dark; the stars came out, and the unobstructed view of the heavens was magnificent. Claire, remem-

bering what she had learned at school, tried to trace the constellations, and succeeded in pointing out several to the children.

After a while their father called:

"Now, young folks, it is time to go below. People retire early aboard ship."

They went down the stairs, or, as Joe said, the hatchway. The cabins seemed warm and stuffy. Mr. Colville and Joe said good-night, and the girls shut themselves into the little room which was to be theirs for the next week. They were somewhat lonely as they knelt down to say their prayers. They had hardly finished when the stewardess knocked at the door.

"A letter," she said, handing it in.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Alicia. "Is there a post-office on board, and can we get the mail every day?"

"If your friends have thought to send you any letters to be delivered in that way, you can have one every evening," answered the woman, smiling.

"Oh, I do hope they have!" said Alicia.

The letter was from Aunt Anna, and contained loving words for each—a sweet good-night from home.

An hour or two later quiet reigned throughout the ship. The deck was deserted, save for the officers of the watch; all but they, the few sailors on duty, and the toilers in the engine-room, had retired.

Alicia and Kathleen were sleeping tranquilly. Claire, however, could not go to rest. She sat upon the sofa, under the little porthole window, looking out upon the waste of waters, now black and desolate. Compared to it, the great steamer seemed no more than the fragile boat in which the pilot had embarked. How helpless the thousand human beings on board would be in case of danger, either from an accident to the machinery, or fire or storm, or any other casualty! Oh, why had she ever come? she asked herself. What would she not give to be again safely on land? There was no turning back now: they must go on. Would they

ever reach the eastern shore? A terrible dread of the cruel, relentless ocean almost overpowered her. Presently she raised her eyes to the sky, and saw a splendid planet shining with soft radiance. It suggested more trustful thoughts. "O Mary, Star of the Sea, watch over us!" she cried, clasping her rosary. And then, gradually, as she told the beads, a peace, such as she had never known before, came to Claire's young heart—a sense of the sweetness of utter dependence upon God; of the helpless creature upon the all-powerful Creator. It seemed as if she had left the world behind her; and even the thought of shipwreck lost half of its terrors since even in shipwreck God would be there. Soothed and comforted, Claire sank back upon a pillow, and was soon asleep.

The next morning the girls were awakened by a knock at the door, and Joe's voice, calling,

"Hurry, and come upstairs! The ship is rolling finely."

The floor of the little state-room seemed tilting up and down like a seasaw, and everything began to look topsy-turvy. The three lost no time in prinking, therefore, but as soon as possible made their appearance on the deck. It was wet with spray from the white breakers, with which the ocean was now covered. The vessel was rocking like a cradle. Sometimes she dipped until the railing actually touched the waves; the children screamed, and, to keep from falling, held fast to whatever stationary object was nearest. Then she righted herself, and tipped down on the other side.

"Oh, this is dreadful!" said Alicia, sinking into a steamer chair. Claire had dropped into one some moments before, and buried her face in her shawl.

"Ho-ho! I'm all right!" cried Joe, struggling hard to keep his balance. "Only" (lurch)—"I" (lurch the other way)—"haven't" (lurch again)—"bother! I haven't got my sea legs on yet."

"Then you'd better put them on right away," rejoined Kathleen, laughing.

The wisdom of her advice was proved the next moment; for another sudden lurch sent Joe sprawling on the deck.

"Look out, my boy," said Mr. Colville, helping him up. "One might be seriously injured in that way. Take care of your land legs, since they are the only ones you have."

Kathleen would no doubt have fallen also had she not been clinging to her father.

"It will be safer to sit down," continued Mr. Colville. As they turned to do so, a high breaker rose in a cloud of foam and dashed over the deck, drenching poor Joe, and giving Kathleen a regular shower bath.

"My gracious, Joe! you'd better go hang yourself up to dry," said Alicia, from the depths of her pillows and rugs, which had also received a good sprinkling.

"Kathleen, you look like one of the water babies of the fairy tale, with the spray glistening in your hair," began her older sister, intending to be both poetic and complimentary.

Kathleen did not appreciate the comparison, however. There was nothing agreeable in being called a baby; and if Claire fancied that such a ducking was pleasant, it was a pity she had not been favored with it.

Mr. Colville called Joe's friend, the deck hand, to remove the chairs to a more sheltered position. He took the wet cape of Kathleen's ulster to send to the drying room, with his coat and Joe's, and then he and the latter went to breakfast. The girls decided that they did not care for any, but preferred to remain quiet, wrapped in their rugs.

On returning, the gentlemen (meaning Mr. Colville and Joe) reported an array of vacant tables in the dining saloon, few of the passengers having ventured down.

Joe went off to find his new acquaintance, Rob. When he came back his good spirits appeared to have deserted him. He stretched himself upon a settee, pulled his

sailor cap over his eyes, and stoically folded his arms.

"What is the matter, Joe?" asked Kathleen.

"Hie, little puss!" he cried, peering from under his visor; "you are as white as a sheet."

"And you look green!" she retorted.

By the middle of the morning the party began to brace up.

"There's a waiter down there passing cups of something steaming hot," announced Kathleen, much interested.

"Don't say 'waiter,' say 'steward,'" objected Joe. "All the waiters on board ship are stewards. Let us see what he's got."

A call brought the man to them, bearing a tray laden with cups of beef-tea and sandwiches. They helped themselves, and soon were as lively as crickets; all except Claire, who was still content to recline in her steamer chair, enveloped to the eyes in rugs. The others amused themselves by watching the long row of chairs that lined the deck, each of which held a figure similarly swathed, and as motionless and apparently inanimate.

"Well, if the British Museum can show a finer set of mummies than these, I *will* be surprised!" declared Joe.

The next morning the sea was somewhat calmer; one began to grow accustomed to the motion of the vessel, and some of the mummies, including Claire, showed signs of resuscitation. There was also a number of people promenading the deck.

Joe set about extending his acquaintance, and acquiring a knowledge of a sea-faring life. When he returned from one of these expeditions to the corner of the deck, where his sisters had established themselves, Alicia inquired:

"Joe, what time is it?"

"Eight bells," he answered, tersely.

"She asked you what o'clock it was," interposed Kathleen.

"No, she didn't, midget," he said, teasingly. "But anyway aboard ship they

tell time by bells. You see, girls," he went on, assuming an oracular tone, "if you listen to me, you'll learn a thing or two. Didn't father say this trip was to be a liberal education for us? Well, when is your education going to begin unless you pay attention? Eight bells mean four o'clock in the afternoon; they also mean eight in the morning and twelve at night."

"How perplexing!" exclaimed Alicia. "Shall we have to learn to tell time all over again?"

"Oh, no! All that is necessary for you to know is that eight bells in the morning mean breakfast-time; one bell sometimes means luncheon; and three bells dinner-time," he replied, condescendingly.

"I had rather go by the gong or the clock in the saloon," declared Kathleen.

To-day Claire began to notice the singular behavior of her watch.

"Why, father, I do not know what is the matter with it!" she complained. "It gets slower and slower. This morning it was nearly an hour behind time."

"If you let the hands alone, they will be five hours behind when we reach Liverpool," he rejoined, smiling.

"I begin to understand," she said. "Is it because of the difference in time between New York and Liverpool?"

"Yes," he replied. "Remember, we are sailing almost due east. At the speed we are going you will need to set your watch forward about half an hour a day. Coming home you will find it continually too fast, and will have to keep turning the hands back."

"Gracious!" said Alicia. "When we get home, nobody'll believe we have learned much during our trip, if we can't even tell what time it is without stopping to calculate."

They all laughed at this sally; and Mr. Colville went on to explain that every day, at noon, the officer on duty took the latitude and longitude from the sun; and in this way the time was regulated.

While they were talking the genial purser came along. On an ocean steamer the purser is everybody's friend; for a part of his duty is to look after the comfort of the passengers. He had taken a special fancy to the children, and always had a pleasant word for them.

"I am glad to see that you are such good sailors," he said.

"To be a good sailor," explained Joe, aside to Kathleen, "means that one is not sea-sick."

The purser now invited them to come with him to the stern, where a sailor was preparing to cast out the ship's log. They saw that the log was a piece of wood, in the form of a quadrant, loaded with lead at its circular edge, and attached to a line. The purser explained that the lead was to make it float upright; that on being thrown out it would rest on the surface of the water, and the length of the line, drawn from the reel in a given time, would give the vessel's rate of speed, which would then be entered in the log-book. They watched the process with much interest.

"Well, Ben, what are we making?" inquired the purser as the sailor pulled it up again.

"About seventeen and a half knots an hour, sir," was the reply.

The girls were so alert that they observed a number of other curious things. During the afternoon a sailor came along, followed by Joe, Rob, and several other boys. He had a thermometer tied to a line, which he let down over the ship's side.

"What are you going to do?" asked Alicia, as she and Kathleen joined the group.

"Take the temperature of the water, Miss," he replied. "That is one of the ways we have of finding out where we are."

"How queer!" she exclaimed.

"Well, you see," he continued, "when the water is unusually warm, we know we're in the gulf stream; and if it should be very cold, that means look out for icebergs."

"How is it now?" inquired Joe, as he drew the useful little instrument up again.

"Oh, middlin'!" he answered.

"Where are we?" persisted Kathleen.

"Off the Banks of Newfoundland."

"Isn't this the place where we are likely to get fogs?" said Joe.

"Fogs is likely to come up any time," he replied, evasively, as he walked away.

That night one came, enveloping the ship in a thick, gray mist; so that she seemed to be floating in the clouds instead of upon the water. It was a critical time, too, from the danger of the possible vicinity of icebergs. The captain redoubled his vigilance, and the dreary fog-horn sounded through all the long night. The next day was rainy, and the deck was deserted. The girls patronized the ship's library; Mr. Colville spent the greater part of the time in the smoking-room; Joe and the other boys pursued every sailor they happened to catch sight of, in their eagerness to acquire nautical knowledge; and waylaid the purser at every chance, asking,

"O Mr. Kinsley, take us to see the machinery!" (A request which it would be against all rules to grant.)

"Well, then, take us through the ship," urged Joe, on one occasion.

"That is different," said the good-natured purser. "If you and your sisters are anywhere about to-morrow when I begin my rounds, you may come with me."

The next morning the little party haunted his office until he was ready to set off, and then followed him upon his tour. Under his leadership, our young friends penetrated into the steerage and the fore-castle; witnessed the manufacture of ice for the cold storage room, or immense refrigerator; and—for it was now about noon—saw the sailors' rations being dealt out to them. Every part of the vessel was inspected.

"Dear me, Mr. Kinsley!" said Alicia, when, as required by the regulations, he

glanced into the passengers' cabins as he passed, "if I thought you would be around, I shouldn't dare to leave even a hairbrush out of order."

"To-morrow, if I find as much as a hairbrush out of place in your cabin, young lady, I'll have you put in irons," he replied, with mock severity.

"I wish father would act as purser in our house," said Claire, "if he could make everyone particular about not leaving anything in disorder."

"Crickey, I don't!" Joe exclaimed. "If he tried it, I'd—well, I'd run away to sea!"

They all laughed at his plan of escape from the difficulty; and the purser, having conducted them back to the familiar part of the ship, bade them good-morning.

(To be continued.)

Sparing of Moments.

The career of Mr. Gladstone affords many useful lessons to the youth of our day. None, however, is more clear, and few are more important, than that implied in an incident related in a work published recently. In the course of a conversation, Dr. Döllinger is reported to have said:

"I think it was in the year 1871 that I remember his [Gladstone's] paying me a visit at six o'clock in the evening. We began talking on political and theological subjects; and both of us became so engrossed in the conversation that it was two o'clock a. m. when I left the room, to fetch a book from my library bearing on the matter in hand. I returned with it in a few minutes, and found Gladstone deep in a volume he had drawn out of his pocket—true to his principle of never losing time—during my momentary absence. And this in the small hours of the morning!"

Gladstone never could have been the "Grand Old Man" had he been prodigal of those "spare moments," which do not seem to fit into any part of the day.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 49.

VOL. XXXVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 21, 1893.

No. 3.

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

Hope.

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

FAITH-BORN is hope, and in this transient life
While faith endures hope can not wholly die;

The soul that sees no rift in darkest sky,
That looks not on to triumph in the strife,
Though now in straits with deadly danger rife,
Has lost belief in Him who rules on high,
And where her faith once glowed, dead ashes lie:

Hope's cable ne'er is cut, save when the knife
Is plied by faith abandoned. None that see
With eyes of faith the Mother and the Son
Indulgent both receive the sinner's plaint,
The while he pardon craves on bended knee,
Can doubt that grace may change, ere life
be done,

The wretch most guilty into glorious saint!

It does not follow that people forget because they cease to mourn as one refusing to be comforted. Remembrance may live under smiles as well as under tears. Indeed the truest, the sweetest, and the deepest hearts are those which remember in this way—which, with a cheerful spirit, go to meet all fair and pleasant gifts of God, and yet carry in sunshine or in shadow the tender memory of some buried past.—
Christian Reid.

A Much-Maligned Monarch.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.



QF all monarchs who have fallen from their high estate as rulers of men, probably none occupies so small a space in the mind of the masses, probably none is so thoroughly despised when thought of at all, as James II., the last legitimate (according to the theory of government by divine right), as he was the last *real*, King of England. Louis XVI. was and is venerated as a martyr by millions. Even Louis Philippe, the King of the *bourgeoisie*, who knew how to be neither sovereign nor subject, who bore in his veins the venomous blood of a family which had been treacherous to its own for centuries,—even he carried with him on the road to Claremont the good wishes of nearly a third of his countrymen; and those wishes are fruitful enough to-day to cause the legitimist to forgive the Cain-like crime of the Orleans, and over the tomb of the truly royal Chambord to swear oblivion for the past. As to Napoleon I., the sighs which accompanied him to that barren rock in the Pacific, and the plaudits which signalled the rehabilitation of the Napoleonic legend in the estimation of a majority of the French nation, unfortu-

nately proclaim how easily a people—"that so-called voice of God"—can forget what justice and even self-interest call upon it to remember. And so one might moralize through the long list of dethroned sovereigns. But of James II. it may be truly said that there is none so lowly as to do him reverence; he was indeed the Lear of real life. Only one great difference appears to subsist between the Lear of Shakespeare and the unfortunate Stuart: the former lost his reason, the latter preserved it; and it was the reason of a statesman, however historians may have misrepresented it.

James II. has been nearly always misjudged, and hence his history has yet to be written. Has any one yet fulfilled the task? Perhaps it was Hume who worthily supplied the hiatus. But Hume was an atheist, and therefore could not appreciate the very first incentive to action which would actuate a Christian, albeit not always a consistent one, like the fated Stuart. Can we turn with confidence to Macaulay in our quest of the true James? This pleasing writer was a Whig. And even the nineteenth century, which flatters itself as being pre-eminently cool and philosophical in, above all, its historical investigations, has not furnished the *desideratum*; as to the England of to-day, she is very little calmer than the England of Titus Oates when she draws upon the arsenal of her tradition of prejudices. The fact is, James II. was the representative of an unpopular cause, the struggle against which is still being waged—the combat of the Principle of Authority against the Revolutionary Principle; the combat of legitimate government—be its form republican, monarchical, or what you will—against ultra-Democracy or Anarchy. The history of the ill-fated monarch will scarcely be written before the Principle of Authority shall have resumed its sway over the civilized peoples of the world. At the time of the Revolution of 1688—

the accession of William and Mary—things political had come to the pass that the royalty of England had to conquer or to perish; and this James II. fully realized. He played every card in the pack for all it was worth, in his desperate but noble game; one card he never threw, however, and that was honor. He lost; and, we greatly fear, the popular cause lost with him, unless parliamentarianism be the certain panacea for all political evils. James II. was the last King of England; from his fall dates not a new royalty, but a stadtholdership, if you please, which was not, and to this day is not, whether power or dignity be considered, worth one-tenth as much as the olden dogeship of Venice or of Genoa. William of Orange, stadtholder of Holland, a mere puppet in the hands of the shopkeepers of Amsterdam, might pick up such a bauble as a doll's crown, poise it upon his unanointed brow, and fancy himself a king. But a Stuart could not stoop so low, nor could he reign by favor of his despoilers. With the reign of William and Mary dawned a new era of public law for England; as Smollett, the continuator of Hume, expressed the idea, William of Orange mounted the throne by virtue of a capitulation with the people. James could not conscientiously sign such a capitulation: he would rather have died. The new public law seemed to him to arise from the blood of his father on the scaffold at Whitehall.

Both before and after his fall, James II. persistently refused any compromise with what he considered his right. When Louis XIV. demanded that William should recognize the Prince of Wales, the infant son of James, as his heir, and William consented, James refused for the young Prince, declaring that any arrangement with usurpation was impossible. Lingard, with his usual tendency to risk an avoidance of the strict truth rather than offend the prejudices of his Protestant countrymen, even when those prejudices are

palpably unjust, laments because of this presumed obstinacy of James. Apparently he fails to see that this "obstinacy" was good policy; compromises being generally—and they certainly would have been in this case—merely the ability of weakness. William himself suffered intensely from his forced compromises with his parliament; and twice his disgust was on the point of causing him to abandon his usurped English crown to the sole enjoyment of his wife, while he rested content with the swamps of Holland. Modern statesmen are little troubled by this consciousness of one's right which dominated James II. until his last breath. He had no ambition save for what derived, or seemed to derive, from his right. In vain did Poland, with the consent of Louis XIV., offer him, after the death of Sobieski, the Polish crown: he desired no other than his own. Not even his family affections, backed by an almost certain chance of his line yet ascending the English throne in a legitimate manner, could induce him to ignore his own claims. William and Mary had no children. The next of kin to Mary, and recognized heiress to the English crown, was the Princess Anne, second daughter of James. Anne's son, the Duke of Gloucester, having died in 1700, the bereaved mother, who, for that matter, had been troubled some time with scruples as to her title, offered to make the Prince of Wales her heir, if James would, by his consent, legitimate her own claim. This compromise would have sanctioned usurpation, and James refused. Lingard seems to believe that if, at this period, James had exerted himself more, he might have regained the throne; for William had won the detestation of the English people. But at the first success of James, the Lowlander would have become popular once more. This was proved in 1701, on the demise of James. No sooner had Louis XIV. recognized the Prince of Wales as James III., than the English Parliament prepared for war, amid

the applause of nearly the entire nation.

Many historians fancy that they can discern several moments in the first half of the eighteenth century which were favorable to a restoration of the Stuart dynasty; but the representatives of that dynasty could have succeeded only by stultifying themselves, by annihilating their very cause itself and all it represented; and this absurdity was to be actuated by their becoming Protestants. Marlborough, after the daughters of James the champion traitor of his century, opened negotiations with the Prétender (James III.), promising to place him upon the throne if he would renounce Catholicism. On a par with his conception of royalty, his devotion to the Church was the chief obstacle in the way of each Stuart as he climbed toward the throne; and in no case so pointedly as in that of James II. The hatred of Protestantism against Catholicism, against Popery—to use that delicate Protestant phraseology which tries to debase an institution by naming it after its head—furnishes a prime reason for the success of the Revolution of 1688; this reason embraces all others. The English Revolution, says one of the most judicious of modern Catholic critics,* was a Protestant stroke. "The Genius of Negation triumphed again in Europe; and unfortunately it still has—at this very moment—on its side all the misguided sympathies of that Europe which it has led into rebellion, and which it will overturn." James II. would not sacrifice, at the bidding of his sectarian subjects, his religion, his salvation, and his honor. What are all these in the minds of the leaders of the political world of our day? Had James II. apostatized, it is almost certain that the same pens which to-day revile him would laud him as a prince who understood his time—supreme eulogy for a statesman of our century! "The art of reigning nowadays," adds the above-mentioned critic, "is simply

* J. Barbey d'Aureville: "Les Œuvres et les Hommes." Paris, 1887.

a resigning of oneself to reign as little as possible; an abandoning, one by one, of all the attributes of power, in order to save the last. And the last will not be saved when the others are lost." When weakened by concessions, power is so much the less able to withstand demands for further concessions; and finally it will remain a nonentity. All this James II. realized, and gauged his actions accordingly. Therefore he was a statesman.

James II. was a man of character; and, said Mirabeau, when a man has character, he has about enough talent for a monarch. And the English should not have forgotten that he was a thorough patriot, and an Englishman to the core. Once he hesitated not to offend Louis XIV., his only reliance, by the refusal of an army of 15,000 Frenchmen for an expedition into Ireland, wishing to succeed only with the aid of his own subjects. At the battle of La Hogue he applauded the English ships that were defeating his own forces, so animated was he by admiration for the prowess of his countrymen. Many a hotly-contested and well-conducted battle at sea when he was Duke of York and High Admiral of England, the field of Sedegmoor, attest his royal courage and military ability. Much has been said in blame and in derision of the six months' campaign in Ireland, and of the disastrous battle of the Boyne; to this day scarcely a tongue in Ireland has aught but contempt to utter for King "Shamus." Undoubtedly there were faults in this campaign, but they should be ascribed to the situation rather than to James. The sentiment of royalty certainly existed in Ireland at that time, but the country was nevertheless parliamentary; it had what is now styled the constitutional system, and the melancholy facts came more from that system, observes Barbey d'Aurevilley, than from James.

James II. must be regarded in the light of a principle as well as in that of a man. As a principle, he is divine right under the

aspect of man; and in our day, when the republican idea, or at least that of limited monarchy, permeates all our conceptions of government (and we thank God for the blessing, because we have been prepared for it), we can scarcely realize all that such right meant in the minds of its devotees. As a man, he had every faculty which would have formed the glory of his reign, had he, instead of being forced to contend against his people, been allowed to remain at their head. But what most impresses the mind of whoever carefully follows the later years, and that which, so to speak, completes the character of James, is his Catholicism. The grandeur which envelops him, owing to this fact, is not perceivable by the great majority of the English people. They ridicule that species of stoicism which he displayed in his misfortunes, and which was inspired by faith. "All the faculties of James," says Smollett, "were absorbed in his bigotry." But this Smollett is the historian who called Mad. de Maintenon "a favorite concubine," remarks D'Aurevilley; "behold how Protestants write and understand history!" The Catholicism of James II. contributed to his dethronement; it also rendered his fall permanent. The courtiers of the Great Monarch were wont to ridicule the unfortunate "for losing a kingdom for a Mass." And James, considering the precious compensation, deemed the kingdom well lost. Henry IV., the Great Henry, is falsely charged with having announced his conversion with the flippant accompaniment: "Paris is worth a Mass." This tale may have been concocted in the same shop as the former one—that is, in a "philosophical" reunion; but while it can be shown that Henry never could have uttered such a sentiment, it is certain that the would-be witticism concerning the sacrifice of James II. expresses the literal truth.

The English nation prides itself, and is praised by all other peoples, for its political common sense; but during the

reigns of Charles II. and James II. its good judgment seems to have vanished into the nowhere, leaving the tight little isle in possession of a horde of lunatics. This, however, only when there was a question of the Stuarts, and, of course, of Catholics. For instance, the excitement consequent on the lies of Titus Oates lasted for several years. With the public disposition so lamentably distorted, it is a wonder that James reigned so long as he did. Already during the reign of Charles II. the parliament, representing a nation presumedly attached to legality, had tried to influence the monarch to change the law of succession and ignore his brother's rights to the crown. Coming to the throne under such adverse circumstances, James did all that a Catholic and a king could do to conciliate the enemies of his faith. Guizot thinks that here he showed narrow-mindedness: he should, forsooth, have abandoned that faith. But even according to the Protestant point of view, James was right in sustaining the cause of freedom of conscience against his parliament and the country. The liberals of those days claimed to have invented toleration, but how did they treat the efforts of James to abolish the "Test"? Who were the narrow-minded? Th. Lavallée, one of the latest historians of James II., and who attains as near to high-mindedness as any publicist of the liberal school can attain, charges James with imprudence in so zealously furthering the restoration of Catholic worship: "James acted like a man convinced of the goodness of his cause. [And was he not so convinced?] His imprudence was so great that the Roman court showed the utmost repugnance in seconding him. . . . 'We must,' said the cardinals [which ones?], 'excommunicate this King, who is ruining what little Catholicism remains in England.'" This assertion can not be proved. In another place Lavallée says that "James was strangely convinced of his right." Is

it strange for a man to be convinced of his right?

We trust that we have dissipated the clouds which, in the minds of some of our readers, have hidden from view the true James II. Historians are seldom judges of real glory; but, despite themselves, they often reveal to us men whose greatest, perhaps sole, glory is found in their fall, their defeat, perhaps their death. In our own day we have admired such a one in the royal Count of Chambord (Henry V., of France and Navarre). And such a man was James II.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

III.—THE WAITING BOY.

JAMES WARD lived in a little hollow, not far from Colonel Carton's place. He was older than Colonel Carton; he had been in the army with him as a private, and they had known each other long before that time. There was a curious coolness between them; though the Colonel had been known to do favors for Ward, and Ward had nursed the Colonel through a tedious attack of typhoid. They seemed to have very little in common, but at election times they united in whipping the members of the Grand Army of the Republic into line; and although they had quarrelled violently about the morality of the pension system, they were always united by traditions in November.

James Ward was tall and lank, with a straggling beard that blew over his shoulders, hair that might have been cut oftener, and a sad, careworn expression. His eyes and complexion had a look as if he were fed on fried beefsteak and pastry; he stooped a trifle, and he spoke with a New England drawl. His boots were wrinkled,

and were often covered with dust. His best frock-coat hung loose in front,—it was threadbare; and the tall hat that he wore on occasions was several years behind the fashion of any known period; his hands were large-veined and rough. He had always worked hard, and he was proud of it. Strange to say, he was just as proud of the fact that Willie, his son, had never soiled his hands with work for others. Willie could fish, row, swim, and sing. He read everything that came in his way. He was a slim lad, with delicate features, like his mother, and a skin browned by many summers on the Hudson.

James Ward had also had his dreams. He hated the companionship of men; he loved books. He had a longing for independence; and when Colonel Carton put the Swansmere idea into force, James accepted it, because he liked the idea, and because he was offered the place in the hollow at a very low rate. And, then, he had his reasons for wanting to be near the Colonel.

Willie was eighteen years of age, still preserving a sweet, high voice, that promised to become a fine tenor. He liked the life of the woods and the river, and he liked his books. He adopted his father's "isms" with violence, and one of these was an objection to vaccination. Whether it was this or a diet of vegetables which he and his father had of late adopted, it is hard for a mere layman to decide,—but, at any rate, when small-pox showed itself near Swansmere, Willie was one of the first to suffer.

In the large bedroom facing the river he lay, swollen and hot; the doctor had just left him, with a recommendation to his mother to be very careful. His mother knew what that meant; a look of fear came into her eyes, and then she grew calm again. She was a little woman, with soft bands of brown hair parted on her well-shaped head—the regular profile which Willie had inherited,—and a voice

so low and gentle that it was a comfort to hear it. She wore a calico dress, of a pattern seldom seen now; she had a collar made of the same stuff as her dress, and she gave an impression of alertness, grace and patience, all at once.

She sat with an open Bible on a stand beside her. The room was admirably ventilated; the white, uncarpeted floor bore a rug here and there of the home-made kind. The furniture was of old mahogany, and there was not a superfluous thing anywhere. All the china ornaments and the great bunch of dried golden-rod had been removed by command of the doctor. On the chimney-piece was a crucifix, put there by Willie, in spite of his father's laugh and something very like terror on the part of his mother.

She arose, aired some bandages before the fire, and then resumed her reading, after looking at the great silver watch which lay on the stand beneath the shaded candle. She was reading aloud from the King James' version; she would have disdained the Revision.

"If the good book wasn't too corrupt for my father and mother to go to heaven by, it's safe enough for me," she had said. She was troubled by her husband's open disregard of all her religious ideas. Earlier, she had found comfort in Willie's simple faith. But of late, to her disappointment, that faith had become more complex; for Willie had become one of the most earnest of the Rev. Giles Carton's worshippers. And it was through his induction into Ritualism that the crucifix had come into the house.

Mrs. Ward went on reading from the Gospel of St. John; Willie stopped her.

"What did the doctor say, mother?" he inquired, turning his inflamed face toward her.

"He said that I was to be careful." "I know what that means," he replied, irritably. And then, remembering himself, he added gently: "I wish I could see father!"

"Father will not come, although it breaks his heart. He has to see people and to buy what is necessary; and so he must keep away. He can not come unless—"

"Unless I am in danger of death," said the son, slowly. "Mother, I *am* in danger of death: I feel it. And when the doctor tells *you*, the most careful of nurses, that *you* must be careful, it means—why, mother, you know what it means."

His mother did not answer. Willie fixed his eyes on the crucifix.

"Shall I take it away?" his mother asked, rising,—she had been brought up to fear the cross as an uncanny thing.

"Take it away!" Willie murmured. "Why, mother, it's the only consolation I have—except you!"

"Your Bible, dear child?" said his mother, gently. "Surely the inspired and precious words I have been reading have made you happier; surely they bring you peace. Our fathers before us found joy and love in this Holy Book; surely, Willie, you at this time—"

"*At this time!*" the patient said. "*At this time!* Mother, you are keeping something from me."

"No, my child,—you must not speak."

Willie knew that his mother always kept to the letter of the truth. He tried to raise himself on his elbow and to look into her face.

"*At this time!*" he repeated. "Mother, I must tell the truth; the Bible is not enough."

"O my son!" cried Mrs. Ward, rising again. "O my son!"

It was as if an arrow had gone through her heart. She did not remember the command of the doctor that her son was not to talk. Death was a trifle compared to the loss his words showed.

"My father, one of the best men in the world, has found it not enough—in a different way, mother—"

"The sins of the fathers," murmured Mrs. Ward.

"Mother, mother, I love the dear old words that you read. They are part of me; they are beautiful; they are of my own heart and blood; but—they are not enough. I do not get near to God: He is far away; and there are things there that somebody must explain, if Christ meant us to know. He could not have wanted to leave us to grope in the dark. O God! Mother, I can't die in the dark! It is in the Bible, 'Call in the elders of the Church,' and—"

"You know we don't believe in that."

"Who is to tell me what I ought to believe? I must see Mr. Carton, mother. I must! I *must!* If he believes what he says, he will come; for my soul needs him, mother. He will come, for the soul is more than the body. He will come. Why, the doctor comes, and he is not afraid!"

Mrs. Ward walked up and down between the window and the bed, clutching helplessly at her gown. Then she called gently. A step sounded on the stairs, and Mr. Ward's harsh, dry voice was heard without.

"Mother?" he said.

"Willie wants Mr. Carton."

There was silence. Mrs. Ward opened the door slightly.

"I know what you are afraid of; it's not so bad as that—yet. But if he goes on this way, he can't stand it long. If Mr. Carton will come—"

"Oh, Giles will come," whispered Mr. Ward, "or admit that Christianity is a failure! He wouldn't do that," he added, grimly. "It will be a tug for him; but he will come for other reasons, too."

She heard him go gently downstairs. At this moment she was a very wretched woman. To have her dearest boy—the core of her heart, the apple of her eye—declare that the Bible was not enough, cut her to the soul. The Holy Book had been the mainstay of a life from which sorrow had not been absent. She had read and reread it. She could repeat the genealogies of Genesis by heart. She had made an idol of it; she looked on it somewhat as

the old Greeks regarded the Delphic oracle. She did not understand its utterances, but she never doubted that inspiration was there. If her boy should die doubting the efficacy of the Word! She looked at him again, her fears for him grown terrible. Death in faith she could have endured, but death in unfaith was a possibility, the thought of which almost made her cry out in agony.

Willie's eyes were unusually bright; his mind seemed to be working with unusual activity.

"I must talk, mother," he said. "If you don't let me talk, I shall think, and that will drive me mad."

"Throw your burden on the Lord, dear child," she said, soothingly.

Willie closed his eyes.

"I do not know what you mean, mother. I have tried to do that many times when I was in trouble; but, though the words sound well, I need something more. Why has God struck *me* down, mother? Why wasn't it somebody else? I don't see Him anywhere. If it were not for that crucifix, I should not have any comfort at all. I must have somebody to help me, mother; and I am sure Mr. Carton can: he always said he could."

The flush of fever was not on the boy now, and he had drawn the bedclothes about him, so that only his large eyes and a part of his forehead were visible. The look in those eyes went to the mother's heart. Why could he not put his trust in the Bible? The fear in those eyes, which to her had never lost the look of babyhood, struck her heart like a blow. She would have given her life to calm him, and all her doubt as to the ministrations of the Rev. Giles Carton vanished. It was enough that her boy wanted him; she even moved the candle so that its light fell full on the crucifix. If that symbol gave him comfort, it was enough. All her anxiety was centred now in the hope that Mr. Carton would come.

In spite of his nervous anxiety, Willie did not talk. He watched his mother with that look of fear and longing in his eyes, until the strain on her became so great that she almost cried aloud. The minutes moved very slowly. At last there was a step on the stairs; it was her husband's. Mrs. Ward opened the door a little.

"Has he come with you?"

"Has he come?" asked Willie, in a whisper, sibilant and weak.

"No," said the father's voice without. "He will come later—perhaps. And you ask me to believe in Christianity after this!"

The boy heard the low words, and covered his face with the clothes.

(To be continued.)

The Martyrdom of St. Blandina.

[The following lines are from a prize poem recited in the theatre, Oxford, many years ago, by the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D. D., the learned Anglican Vicar of Lambeth, England. We are indebted to Dr. Lee himself for the selection, which he thought might be pleasing to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA," as we feel sure it will be. The poem was entitled "The Martyrs of Vienna and Lyons." Our quotation describes the martyrdom of St. Blandina.]

ONE lingered still. The savage rack in
vain
Had almost torn Blandina limb from limb;
The circling fire in vain had wreathed her form:
Heroic still, and fortified from Heaven,
Her tongue refused her Saviour to deny.
At which malicious murmurs, rising round,
Deepened to frantic shouts to Jupiter,
To hurl annihilating lightning-darts
On stubborn Christians, and erase their name
From Memory's tablet, as the boisterous sea
Washes a sand-wreath from its golden shore.

Quivering, she stood erect, seeming to pray
That Death's dark shade might overshadow
her,
And seraphs waft her weary soul to God.
Then angel forms, leaving their courts on high,
Came down at His behest to strengthen her,
And on their rainbow pinions bear her soul;
For life, like tide-waves, now slow ebb'd away,
And her glazed eyes must soon be closed in
death.

She stood, half-leaning, by a fire-charred
 stake;
 Heavenward her deep-blue eye. The soldier
 band
 Fled the arena, and their star-tipt spears
 Were clustering round another low dark door:
 A silence such as mortals seldom know
 Was over all. The shouts had died away,
 And each could only hear his beating heart.

With demon-glaring eye and ruffled mane,
 Three tawny lions, bounding o'er the sands,
 With silent step and ready fang displayed,
 Half leap upon the virgin's mangled form.
 With inward growl supprest, sudden as thought
 They halt. Their fiery-flashing eyes grow dim,
 And they stand motionless.

Quick as o'er face
 Of some calm lake a windy ruffle sweeps,
 So on the features of those thousands round
 Pale Fear his impress leaves.

The Son of God,
 Guardian of those who owned not Babel's
 power,
 Walked in the furnace, and its fury cooled:
 And when His faithful captive seer was cast
 By impious king to lions, shut their mouths
 And stayed their hunger, that they harmed
 him not:

So now, at His command, an angel bright
 Their power makes powerless; and they
 crouch in fear

Upon the sands, before that helpless form.
 The ranks around—e'en as a sudden storm
 Upon a summer's eve—hurl murmurs forth
 Wild and discordant; while the soldiers,
 mailed,

With cruel spear, dye her pale breast in blood;
 Then holy angels bear her soul to God.

All jubilant with praise, anthemnal sounds
 Echo throughout the jasper courts above;
 And, bounding heaven's wall, swell like a
 wave,
 Circling and circling to an emerald shore.



MAY our Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son,
 be pleased to make a special outpouring
 of His grace through thee, O merciful
 Queen, upon all who call on the sweet
 name of Mary!—*St. Bernard.*

Our Lady of Pontmain.

—
 BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

—
 (CONCLUSION.)

III.

ON going out, the *Curé* found nearly all
 the villagers—eighty in number—
 assembled, the news of the prodigy having
 spread like wildfire. A delicate little boy,
 Eugène Friteau, six years old, was among
 those present. He also beheld the glorious
 vision; but, owing to the intense cold of
 the evening, he was not allowed to remain
 long in the open air. Ere many months
 had passed the soul of this happy little
voyant winged its flight to heaven, there to
 sing the praises of Mary forever. Another
 child—a girl of two years and one month,
 the daughter of Boitin, the *sabot*-maker—
 was scarce before the barn door than,
 clapping her tiny hands, she exclaimed,
 looking at the heavens, "*Le Jésus! le*
Jésus!" the only pious word her innocent
 baby lips had yet learned to lisp. In his
 turn the holy *Curé* sought to discern the
 celestial vision. Impossible!

At this moment a small red cross was
 formed over Our Lady's heart, and the
 children cried out in one voice that some-
 thing was being prepared. Instantly the
 apparition became surrounded by what
 may be termed a frame, or circle, about
 five inches wide, of a darker blue than the
 robe, and about twenty inches distant
 from the image of Mary, always leaving
 the three stars of the triangle outside the
 circle. Four sockets attached to the frame,
 each containing a candle, not yet lighted,
 became visible at the interior of the circle.
 All these wonders the four children related
 together, with such sincerity that doubt
 was impossible. One man declaring that
 if he had a telescope he too could see,
 Mme. Barbedette at once went and fetched
 hers; and the incredulous villager having

tried and failed, some of the assistants laughed. Then the children announced that the beautiful Lady had ceased to smile and looked very sad, whereupon the *Curé* said:

"If the children only are privileged to behold the celestial vision, it is because they are more worthy than we are."

"*M. le Curé*," remarked Sister Mary Edward, "if you were to speak to the Blessed Virgin?"

"*Ma Sœur*," replied the Abbé Guérin, "I do not see her."

"Well, if you were to tell the children to speak to her?"

"Let us all pray," returned the priest.

Everyone knelt down, some in the barn, others outside; despite the intense cold and the deep snow, no one seemed to feel the rigor of the temperature. Sister Mary Edward began the Rosary, all the assistants answering the prayers.

Suddenly the Holy Virgin began to rise, growing taller, the feet remaining at the same place.

"She is twice as tall as Sister Vitaline now!" exclaimed the children.

At the same time the deep blue circle extended in proportion; and the stars of the sky—as the children called them, to distinguish them from those on Our Lady's dress, all of which had five points—appeared to move aside, as if to allow the vision to rise, and then came and ranged themselves beneath the Virgin's feet, outside the frame; these stars were about forty in number, and were visible only to the children, whilst all the villagers saw perfectly the three stars of the triangle. Soon other stars with five points appeared at a certain distance from the apparition, and immediately fastened themselves on the dress. After a moment, the children said:

"Oh, there are so many stars the Blessed Virgin will soon be gilt all over!"

During the recital of the Rosary Our Lady ever continued smiling, her appearance during all the time the vision

lasted being that of a perfectly living creature; sometimes the mouth opened, as the Holy Mother smiled to her children, who then saw the teeth, which were of dazzling whiteness. As soon as the Rosary was finished, Sister Mary Edward began the *Magnificat*; and before the first verse was sung the four children cried out with one voice:

"There is something being prepared now!"

A plain white band, about one yard wide and extending all the length of the roof of Guidecog's house, unrolled itself quickly. On it appeared, in golden letters, the first stroke of the letter M, then the entire letter.

"It is an M!" cried the children. "And now there is another letter,—it is an A!"

And after a couple of moments they read the word *Mais*. This word remained alone for about ten minutes; then other golden letters appeared, and before the *Magnificat* was ended the delighted children read, *Mais priez, mes enfants* (But pray, my children), traced by the invisible hand on the white band. Scarce had the words appeared when a villager, returning from a neighboring town, and hearing the people sing the *Magnificat* as he passed, exclaimed:

"Oh, you do well to pray the good God! The Prussians are at Laval."

"If they were at the entrance of the village," answered several voices, "we should have no fear now."

Learning the prodigy, the man joined the group and prayed likewise.

"Let us sing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin," said the *Curé*, "and ask her to tell us what she wills."

They had not been singing long when the children again cried out:

"There is something more to come now! It is a letter,—it is a D!"

The singing continued, interrupted by the voices of the children, who repeated the letters as they appeared, and read the

words. At the end of the litany, the line, full of hope and consolation, *Dieu vous exaucera en peu de temps* (God will hear you in a little while), lay before them in brilliant, golden letters; the words were followed by a round spot, which the happy witnesses declared to be as bright as the sun. And all the while the Holy Mother smiled.

After a few moments the *Inviolata* was sung. As it began the children announced that other letters were forming, always on the white band, but on a second line. When the singers came to the words, "*O Mater Alma Christi carissima!*" (O sweet, dearest Mother of Christ!) the children read: *Mon fils* (My Son).

"It is in very truth the Blessed Virgin," said the children. "Yes, yes: it is Mary! It is indeed our Mother!"

No words can describe the emotion which filled all hearts in that moment of unspeakable happiness; tears were shed by many present.

One by one new letters of hope were traced; before the *Inviolata* was over the children read: *Mon fils se laisse*. And as the *Salve Regina* was recited, the word *toucher* appeared; a long gold line then formed under this second sentence—*Mon fils se laisse toucher* (My Son permits Himself to be moved). Could Mary bring any message more full of holy consolation to her afflicted children at such a moment?

The *Curé* desired that their familiar canticle, *Mère de l'Espérance*,* should be sung; and at once all began, with Sister Mary Edward:

"Mère de l'Espérance,
Dont le nom est si doux,
Protégez notre France,
Priez, priez pour nous!" †

No sooner had the canticle begun than the Blessed Virgin raised her hands almost

* This canticle, which for long years had been sung at St. Brieve, reached Pontmain accidentally. It so pleased the holy *Curé* that it was at once adopted as the canticle of the Mayenne village, in Mary's honor.

† "Mother of Hope, whose name is so sweet, protect our France and pray for us."

to a level with the shoulders, moving her fingers as if to keep time with the singing, and looked smilingly at the children. Whilst the eight verses were being sung, the inscription remained visible; but after the last verse a blue band, the "color of the sky," passed over the blessed words, and effaced them. Another canticle was sung—*Mon doux Jésus* (My sweet Jesus), the *Parce Domine* being added after each verse,—during which the Holy Virgin's face assumed an expression of sadness.

Presently the children exclaimed:

"There is something preparing now!"

And at the same moment appeared a red cross, about twenty-four inches high, bearing a figure of Christ, also of the same color. This crucifix seemed to be about a foot distant from the Blessed Virgin. Her hands, which had been raised during the singing of the canticle, now lowered, took the crucifix and presented it, as it were, to the children. At the top of the cross appeared the words *Jésus-Christ*, in red letters on a white band. Suddenly a star shot up from beneath the Holy Mother's feet, to the left side, lighted the lower candle, then the higher one, at the same side, passed over the Blessed Virgin's head and came down, lighting the two candles at the right side; then it rose again, passing outside the blue circle, and remained suspended, as it were, over Mary's head. The crowd now sang the *Ave Maris Stella*; as the hymn proceeded, the red crucifix disappeared, and the celestial vision again assumed the attitude of the Immaculate Conception. Then on each of the shoulders was seen a small white cross about eight inches high.

When the hymn was finished, the holy *Curé* said:

"Now let us all recite our evening prayers."

On reaching the examination of conscience, the children announced that a large white veil, gradually rising from beneath the Holy Mother's feet, hid the apparition.

tion from their view. Little by little rose the veil, the *voyants* gazing with loving eyes on the image of Our Lady,—that heavenly Protectress who never visits her children of the earth but to warn or console. At last the vision disappeared, never more to be contemplated by the happy children of Pontmain until the blessed day when that Divine Son, whose Sacred Heart was touched by the sorrows of their country, shall call them into the realms of everlasting bliss.

Do you still see anything, little ones?" inquired the Abbé Guérin.

"No, *M. le Curé*. All is over. Everything has disappeared."

It was now a quarter to nine; the celestial apparition had lasted more than three hours. At that very hour in Paris, in the sanctuary of Notre Dame des Victoires, at the close of a novena to obtain the cessation of hostilities, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, a solemn vow was made—the offering of a golden heart promised at her hallowed shrine;—at that same solemn moment when Notre Dame d'Espérance, having brought Heaven-sent hope to the hearts of her sorrowing children, withdrew from their delighted gaze in the humble village of Pontmain. The armistice was signed on the 27th of January. Notre Dame des Victoires proved faithful to the promises of Notre Dame d'Espérance.

IV.

From the day following the apparition, pilgrims began to arrive; but as soon as ecclesiastical approbation came affirming the miraculous apparition—the pastoral letter of Mgr. Wicart, Bishop of Laval, on the 2d of February, 1872, being the first,—year after year innumerable pilgrimages took the road to the Mayenne valley, which resounds day and night with the praises of our Heavenly Mother. It is not surprising if long years since—in 1877—the late eloquent Père Félix declared that he looked on Pontmain as the great

pilgrimage of the future, and other eminent ecclesiastics have shared the same belief. The beautiful basilica was opened in 1885, nine zealous Oblate Fathers being appointed guardians of Mary's sanctuary. Between ministering to the spiritual wants of the numerous pilgrims and their missionary work in all the country round, these good Fathers have but few leisure moments.

The father of the happy *voyants* died on the 2d of June, 1871; his wife still lives on a little farm just outside Pontmain. Joseph Barbedette, as we have said, is a holy Oblate, one of the nine guardian priests; his brother Eugène is a secular clergyman in the parish of Renazè, on the borders of Mayenne and Anjou. Auguste, the young mobile of 1870, has just died, leaving a widow and several children. The barn no longer serves for the furze pounding: it is converted into a kind of oratory, ornamented with many banners and other pious emblems offered by pilgrims. Jeanne-Marie Lebossè entered the community of the Sisters of the Holy Family, of Bordeaux; and Françoise Richer, though not a nun, is employed in a religious establishment near Pontmain. Thus we see that the four children have proved faithful to the supreme grace God bestowed on them. The Abbé Guérin—so frequently compared to the Venerable Curé of Ars—was called to his reward on the 28th of May, 1872, at the age of seventy-one. Truly the saintly priest could say on the threshold of eternity, "*Nunc Dimittis*"; for though his eyes had not seen the celestial vision, his heart had ever understood that through Mary lay the way of salvation.

Beyond Augustin Guidecog's house lay a vacant space—a field almost,—over which the heavenly vision appeared. This ground belonged to the family Morin du Tertre. But M. Morin du Tertre no longer looked on it as his property after the apparition, Mary having deigned to mark it as her own. The field was therefore

offered for the building of a church; on it now stands the beautiful Gothic basilica, a model of ecclesiastical architecture.

In 1875 M. Morin du Tertre lay at death's door, suffering from a painful illness, which earthly physicians and remedies proved alike powerless either to alleviate or to cure. "I'll go to Pontmain," he said; "the good Virgin, who robbed me of my field, will surely restore my health." Between life and death, he was carried to Pontmain. There he prayed fervently and received Holy Communion. After a night of suffering, passed on the floor as usual, Mary's devout client found himself restored to perfect health.

Would we might relate all, or even a third, of the miracles wrought in this privileged spot; but Our Lady's records are so exhaustless, our space so small, she will forgive us.

V.

In 1836 some vestiges of the ancient castle were found: fragments of walls seven feet thick appeared, and an old grey tower rose up like the silent guardian of Pont-Mèen's former glory. More interesting than all was the discovery, amidst the ruins, of two ancient seals, which appear in very truth like two dumb but eloquent prophecies. One—that of the lords of Pont-Mèen—represents our Blessed Lady holding the Divine Child in her arms, whilst at her feet a monk, with clasped hands, prays in ecstatic fervor. Could any image more perfectly portray the Oblates, our Heavenly Mother's chosen servants, who now so faithfully and devotedly guard her sanctuary? The other seal is that of the castellany, or castle-ward; it represents a silver triangle, in the centre of which the letters M A are interlaced; the triangle rests on an azure shield, at each of whose corners lies a star with five points, whilst round the triangle runs the name Pont-Main.

Two strange legends have been preserved from time immemorial by the

inhabitants of Pontmain. One, sorrowful for the French capital, but joyful for the Mayenne village, ran thus:

"Lorsque Paris se brûlera,
Le Pontmain se relevera."*

From father to son this old saying has come down, and well may we deem it has received its full realization. The second legend predicted the finding of a priceless treasure, the discovery of which would bring back to Pontmain all the glory of its ancient days.

O Vierge aux Etoiles, with thy name let us close our page! Having found thee, the supreme treasure, we can expect no further grace, save that, when our exile is ended, we, like the children of Pontmain on that blessed evening, may contemplate thee and thy Divine Son for evermore.



Traces of Travel.



ALONG THE VESUVIAN SHORE.



BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.



III.—CAPRI.

WHEN I take my late breakfast alone in the deserted dining-hall at the Hotel Washington, Naples, away out over the quiet bay I see an island, whose rugged outline is faint and misty in the summer heat; and later in the day, when I have come to the last course in my dinner, that same island glows in the splendid sunset like some bit of fairy land, or like a cloud even, that seems ready to fade with the daylight, or float off in the soft evening wind that visits these shores, an expected and most welcome guest. This is Capri, the haunt of the artists; Capri, the ancient *Caprea*, beloved of Augustus, and where Tiberius built twelve villas in honor of the twelve gods; Capri, that fell into the

* "When Paris burns, Pontmain will rise."

hands of the English during the wars of Napoleon I., and was converted into another Gibraltar, but which now sleeps tamely on the water at the mouth of the Vesuvian Bay, a prey to tourists, who seek in vain among the scanty ruins for some traces of its ancient splendor; and where the simple people who inhabit it pass their days in wholesome toil, reaping the harvests of the hills and of the sea.

A small steamer at anchor off Santa Lucia tempted me on Wednesday morning, and I boarded her in company with several uncommunicative persons, who were, however, evidently pleasure seeking. A whole hour we toasted in the fierce sunshine. The steamer steams but once a week out of the season, and she waits with the utmost patience the arrival of the last passenger—probably no one was ever left since she began running on this line. While we lay at anchor, a half dozen men swam out to us from the bath-houses and held animated conversation with acquaintances on board. The whistle screamed for the sixth time; no prospect of any other passengers; we all searched the city front with anxious gaze, for it was getting stupid out there in the heat.

At last we tripped anchor and headed for Sorrento. A monotonous hour under a canvas awning, with Vesuvius on one hand and Capri on the other, brought us under the cliffs of Sorrento. A great table-land lies in an amphitheatre of mountains, and this is called the Piano of Sorrento. It ends abruptly on the side toward the sea. On the very edge of this sea-wall Sorrento sits. Steps are cut in the face of the cliffs, so that the citizens may go down to the narrow strip of beach and enter their bath-houses. It looks quaint and pretty from the water, this quiet village, with its long row of hotels fronting the bay. I believe a man might throw himself out of any one of those windows into the sea without damaging the rocks in the least.

Off Sorrento, an oppressive *swell* boarded

us,—a semi-naval personage, who came out to the steamer in a highly theatrical yacht. The half dozen sailors, in broad white trousers and broad blue collars, with big anchors in the corners of them, looked as if they had been varnished. A blue and white awning was furled, that the semi-naval party might with greater ease come out of his seat in the stern of the yacht, where he was nearly buried in a mass of bunting—probably a collection of the flags of all nations. Having slung a large marine glass over his shoulders, and adjusted a stiff havelock—such an one as no semi-naval party is complete without,—he boarded us with the air of an admiral, dissipated his crew with a careless wave of his hand, and proceeded to occupy the greater part of the steamer. He was an episode in our mild nautical career. We thanked the stars for sending us such an one, but felt at the same time that *one* was enough.

I'm afraid that unrivalled personage just mentioned was a foreigner, which in this country means anything but an Italian. I can not vouch for it, as he had no conversation for the mob; and we, being a well-bred mob on the whole, couldn't think of addressing him without special orders. It was 9 a. m. when we left Naples; it was noon when we came to Capri. The wind had risen, the sun of course followed suit. It is utterly impossible to enter the low arch of the Blue Grotto unless the sea is like glass. Alas! the wind was dead against us, and the Grotto was out of the case. We groaned in spirit when the little steamer swung round under the bare cliff that roofs the Grotto, and then made for the village called Capri Marina—the town proper lies on the hill above. Here we anchored, and went ashore in a whole fleet of boats.

The beach was lined with women who were bargaining among their donkeys, boys who were probably runners for their respective mammas, and girls who offered

for sale a poor assortment of shells and coral, the branches of jet-black Capri coral being the only interesting article in the collection. Mountain rides followed. The meagre remains of the once wonderful villas of Tiberius were searched out with some difficulty. Having come to a melancholy series of vaulted chambers—that sounds well enough, but in this country such things are very common and very cheap,—some of them, used as cow-stables, were less impressive than they might otherwise have been; and having looked at these heaps of antiquity about as long as it would take to count twenty, we were ready for something else.

We sought the rock overhanging the sea where Tiberius used to amuse himself with having people thrown into the waves. That was the favorite entertainment of one who had sought quiet in the seclusion of a lovely island, and turned his back on a world of which he was weary. Ten years of imperial Capri life, twelve villas of Oriental magnificence, and all that is left is a cow-shed! Let philosophers moralize; as for me, I will go to my dinner.

There are hotels by the sea, where at the *table d'hôte*, that burlesque of social life, one may sit as long as he pleases and get little or nothing that he wants. I prefer the small houses close to the beach, where bread and wine and cheese and fruit are brought you by motherly creatures, who are pleasant to look at and a comfort to be with. One of these good souls served me, and served me well. She had two youngsters, bare-legged and dutiful, who ran on errands as if it were the joy of their lives. The whole front of the house was open to the sea; the sand, some of it drifted across the stone floor, sloped gently to the water, where three or four fishing boats were beached; heaps of brown netting hung over their sides, and two old fishermen, weather-beaten and ragged, smoked idly in the sun. Other

boats rocked on the water, a little way out from the shore; beyond all stretched the coast-line, with Sorrento, Vesuvius, Naples, and to the left the island of Ischia; all these in light and shade, under a delicious sky, and an artist not ten feet from me rapidly transferring them to his canvas.

When my little meal was over, the good woman, who no doubt took me for one of the great company of artists who flock to Capri as young roes to the water brooks, declined to charge me for a plate of plums. They were her offering to art, and perhaps there was a tinge of worldly wisdom in it; for I was a stranger, and had asked the price of rooms thereabout. Let me wring the heart of some struggling brother, who would revel in this bit of paradise were he in the midst of it, by whispering in his ear that this same good soul who stayed me with plums offered to board and lodge me (two meals a day) for \$12 per month. I don't wonder that these people go begging.

There was no further excitement at Capri that day. I entertained myself and helped to enrich the populace by sending a half dozen little urchins into the surf—real sea urchins most of them seemed to be. They swam wonderfully well, and wrestled with the rough sea; yet the eldest was only eleven years of age, he told me. Two of the bolder and stronger swimmers succeeded in reaching a rock that was lashed with foam; but they would no sooner mount it than they were swept off and thrown on the beach like little wrecks. When I settled with these youngsters according to the bargain, I gave each a *soldo* extra; at which they assured me that I was a very agreeable fellow, and that they should expect my return to Capri with impatience. What a world it is! The next man who comes and deals to each two *soldi* in place of my one will get even a handsomer compliment than I received.

The voyage home was tedious. We were tired out, and eagerly anticipating our

arrival home. At Sorrento we dropped the semi-naval personage. The starch was gone out of his havelock; his spy-glass was askew; his yacht, for some reason best known to Providence, failed to meet him, and he was forced to enter one of the boats to which we were all equally welcome. He set, if I may be allowed the figure, like the sun in a cloud. When he had gone, there was nothing left for contemplation but an approaching storm. We reefed the awning and trimmed ship; dark clouds gathered over us; Vesuvius looked perfectly stunning; the wind blew long gusts across the sea, and turned many a frothing furrow. Sometimes these sudden gales are really serious, but we escaped. We cast anchor off Santa Lucia in a twilight that was bristling with gas lamps, and came to shore in good style; though awfully tired, and not a little chagrined at having missed the chief feature of Capri—the wonderful Blue Grotto.

A second voyage to Capri, a week later, was more successful than the first. The day was charming, the steamer crowded. My prophetic landlord had assured me that without doubt the Blue Grotto would be accessible. Having still some small faith in my fellowmen, I ventured to repeat my effort to see what every man must see who comes to Naples, or ever after endure the scorn of the Neapolitans, who claim the Grotto as a part of their panorama of beauties. The sea was as glass, and the abrupt cliffs, as we approached Capri, were clearly reflected in it. As we steamed up under the towering rocks, perforated with innumerable caves, everyone was looking for the particular arch through which we were to pass in boats exceedingly small. And even then, we were told, it would be no easy matter to enter the Grotto; for the mouth of it is but three feet high and perhaps four feet broad.

Later we drifted close in to the island. A dozen skiffs, that had come out from the village some time before, gathered

about us; there was a rush for seats, an hour or more of the utmost excitement, during which all the passengers were taken in turn to the Grotto, where they remained five or ten minutes, and then the skiff returned to the steamer for a fresh party. The wonderful Grotto could scarcely be visited under more unfavorable circumstances: a mixed audience, noise, confusion; some people quarrelling with the boatmen, who usually beg for a little money, although they are engaged by the steamer to convey the passengers, who, in turn, pay the purser of the steamer a couple of francs for their seat in the skiff. The Grotto is, moreover, haunted by a villainous and hideous old man, who looks not unlike a mummy. He monopolizes the swimming business,—one of the chief and most astonishing features of the place; for the moment he enters the water his body is transformed into an image of silver, so marvellous is the reflection of light from the coral bottom of the cave. Fat women grew pale as they vainly sought to preserve their equilibrium in the frail skiffs; children screamed in terror as they were swung from the steamer into the arms of their nurses, already in the boats; tall men doubled themselves into absurd heaps in the bottoms of the skiffs, for fear of bumping their heads, as they slowly crawled into the small mouth of the Grotto; and everybody exclaimed with delight, for even under this trying ordeal the place is marvellously beautiful.

The Grotto can easily be visited, alone, under the most favorable circumstances, by taking a boat and swimmers at Capri Marina, and stealing under the shadow of this picturesque coast into the cave itself. Would you know the vision that awaits the visitor who thus enters the Blue Grotto? It is like entering the jaws of some monster: the rocky fangs above you, the mysterious darkness within, and a sense of awe which, fortunately, heightens the peculiar loveliness of the place. In a mo-

ment the narrow throat of the mysterious cavern is treaded, and lo! a tranquil pool that is like nothing earthly: a cloudless sky alone is comparable to the pellucid and glowing depths over which your boat hovers like a bird on the wing. Above you is the arching rock, blue also, but with the deeper and more mysterious blue of the twilight; stars alone are wanting to complete the illusion. The small circular mouth of the Grotto shines like the moon just rising from the sea; there is an air of mystery pervading everything. The Grotto, one hundred and seventy-four feet in length and one hundred feet in breadth, is so filled with the blue, sulphurous glow that the outlines are obscured or transformed, and it is like waking in another world to look about you. It is thus

Calm Capri waits, her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

There are no estates brighter or fairer than this. Now the swimmers array themselves for the bath; not the shrivelled and antique mummy who usually haunts the place, but a brace of youths, graceful, clean-limbed, and agile. Naked as the fish themselves, they plunge in the mimic sky over which we hover. In an instant the dusky imps are transformed into angels of light. Their exquisite limbs, cased in shining mail, are tossed in the joyous abandonment of youth. Light seems to radiate from every pore of their bodies; their fingers flash phosphorescent fire as they strike the water, and they are surrounded by a halo of radiance and beauty. The high arched roof rings with their shouts. If the place were haunted with spirits, it could not be more impressive; and the moment these shining swimmers come to shore—which they do in an obscure corner of the Grotto—they disappear in the deep shadows that haunt the place, and there is nothing left of them but the imploring voices that ask for a few *soldi* extra.

Here Tiberius, weary of life and of the fair villas of the twelve gods, weary of

feeding fellows to the fishes, weary of the very light of day, retired to revel in a shadow which is not gloom, and a half light which is not of the sun nor of the moon, but of the sea—phosphorescent, pallid, indescribable, inimitable; like the light beyond the grave, perhaps, where the unshrived spirits lodge in a perpetual twilight and await the coming of the last great day!

Returning into the sunshine out of the Blue Grotto is like closing the pages of some forbidden volume where we have read of a secret but half told. One must think of it with his eyes shut, and remember all the pleasant things he has read of it. Howells has touched it with his beguiling pen, and Hans Andersen drew a lovely picture of it in his "Improvisatore." It is here, more than anywhere else in the Vesuvian Bay, that one recalls, as he drifts in his skiff, those exquisite lines of Buchanan Read:

"With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."
(To be continued.)

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

CONCERNING TACT.

FOLLOWING a fashion of the hour, one of our number the other evening asked each person assembled around the table a definition of tact, offering as a prize for the best brief description of that admirable trait a ticket to Paderewski's concert or a bunch of hyacinths. The answers were varied. Tact was in succession termed the virtue of cowards, the last refuge of a scoundrel, a weak substitute for the truth, the down upon the wing of veracity, the oil upon the troubled waves of existence, the best weapon of the gentle, the lump of sugar in the cup of adversity,

and the skill of knowing what not to say.

The last definition, brought forward by our poet, won the prize by universal acclaim. When the victor was asked to name his reward, he chose the hyacinths, or rather one spray of them; saying that no less a person than Mahomet was responsible for the remark that if he had two loaves of bread he would sell one and buy a sprig of hyacinths; for bread but fed the body, hyacinths the soul.

“But Paderewski?” we asked.

“I prefer the hyacinths,” answered our poet; at which we wondered much, knowing his love for the musician’s craft.

Our poet might have gone further. He who possesses that delicate sixth sense we are wont to call tact must know not only when to be silent, but when to be deaf and blind. The traveller who, when nearly everything on the table was unfit to eat, enthusiastically declared that the pepper and salt were excellent, had this charming social virtue. When you tell your plain friend that she has an expressive face; the author whose book the critics have torn to pieces, that you prefer his fifth chapter (it is the shorter); the child who fetches you a nosegay of thistles, that you love flowers, and that he is a thoughtful little fellow, you hold to the truth, and yet, by justifiable *arrière pensée*, you refrain from giving sharp wounds to kind hearts. And when hearing something not intended for your ears, you refuse to listen, and then proceed to forget the chance words which have reached you through mistake, you only do as you would be done by,—surely the first of all duties to our fellows.

There is not an hour of any day, provided we maintain any social or family relations whatever, that we can not practise this inferior virtue, if that can be called inferior which lies at the root of the good manners without which the world would be but a fierce zoölogical aggregation. Tact—the knowing just what not to say, what not to see, what not to

hear—tends pre-eminently in its practical workings to the preservation of the lares and penates,—those frail little household objects to which brutal frankness, often miscalled candor, is more fatal than a housemaid’s careless brush.

You enter a friend’s house at an unaccustomed hour, and find it in dire confusion. The consciousness that your call is ill-timed does not prevent your hostess from being aware that the sticky remnants of the children’s luncheon ornament the chair upon which you seat yourself. But it is heroic to be blind, even though your new coat or gown be endangered. And when information greets you from the *enfants terribles* that the cook left because mamma could not pay her, and that poor papa was so ill he had to be carried home the night before, you, knowing the impecunious state and convivial habits of the head of that household, have, in mercy to your friend, no other course but to ignore those maddening little voices. “Do you call this tact?” asks one. “I have heard it termed something higher.” It matters not what you *call* it,—possessing it is the main thing.

When a hideous *double entente* sets the company in a roar or chills it to the bone; when an impertinent question is hurled at you; when a choice bit of scandal is brought forth from the receiving-vault of some one’s imagination; when the family skeleton stalks out of your neighbor’s closet and begins his gruesome story; when the envious, with caustic speech, bite holes in the soul’s armor of those whom they can not drag down, and therefore seek to defame,—the art of knowing what not to hear is your best and only weapon.

When the pathetic little devices of poverty fail to hide the patches in the garment of the friend of other days with whom you stop to chat; when the awful struggle with untold trials has made of the stalwart and the beautiful but dismal spectres; when the cordial hospitality of

your entertainer is not in accord with the taste of the day,—then be heroically, persistently, stubbornly blind. The lady who ate with her knife in order to avoid mortifying her rural guest, the man who swallowed the caterpillar on the salad that he might spare the feelings of his hostess, had true tact,—somewhat singularly and abnormally developed, it is true; but the motive glorified the action.

The motive? Ah, there is the test! If the motive be a desire for popular favor, for social advancement, for political furtherment,—if it be anything but simple and Christian kindness, then is tact but the base and corrupted subterfuge of the selfish; not what it should be—the morsel of honey which sweetens the bitterness of this work-a-day world for those who toil at our side.

A person with kindly tact is like a gardener who with gentleness coaxes his blossoms to unfold; one without it is but a vagrant beast trampling in a bed of heart's-ease.

A Hospitable Catholic Home.

THE brother of Jean François Millet, the immortal painter of "The Angelus," has furnished some pleasant miscellany to the pages of the current *Century*. The good grandmother, Louise Jumelin, carried into the Millet family the passion of great generosity, for which her own people had long been noted. The Millet house became a refuge for the needy of the neighborhood; and indeed some poor people seemed to have made regular trips between the Jumelin and Millet homes, "as if," writes Pierre Millet, "they were two stations where all could come with certainty of never being refused." It made no difference what these unfortunates needed most; whatever it was, was theirs as free as air—clothing, food, or a

night's shelter. In a neighboring commune there seemed to have been many families who had nothing save that vouchsafed them by the more fortunate. They really begged for a livelihood. The children of these poor people would go about, from door to door in bands, praying for "a little charity for the love of the good God"; and from the hospitable Millet household they were never turned empty away. Little Pierre used to be sent to them with a great wicker basket of bread, that in distributing it he might learn to be charitable.

Often at night old persons would arrive, telling of their homeless condition, and asking if a place could be found for them. Grandmother Millet found then her much-loved opportunity. Frequently their clothes would be wet from tramping through the rain, and at such times they were given the seats in front of the great fireplace; the little grandchildren grumbling, as was but natural, perhaps, at being taught another lesson in charity in such a disagreeable way. The poor, sitting by the fire, were served first of all, the grandchildren next, the good grandmother last. Then she would talk with those poor waifs and strays, now grown quite happy on account of the warmth and their comfortable supper; and often they could give her news from her own dear home, which would have been payment enough for her kindness if she had had no other.

It is a characteristic of all Ladies Bountiful to administer a bit of advice with their alms; and so we do not wonder when we hear that Grandmother Millet always gave them a little sermon as a nightcap, admonishing them not to complain of God's decrees, however hard they might seem. Then the tired old people were provided with places to sleep, and the plain household was quiet.

In reading these simple chronicles, told in the most artless way, one understands the source of the sturdy, faithful character of the peasant painter.

Notes and Remarks.

The eleventh quarterly report of the Catholic Truth Society of America gives gratifying intelligence as to the successful efforts made in the dissemination of timely and pertinent Catholic literature. On one topic the corresponding secretary writes: "It may be proper to state that we have received so many letters of late inquiring for information concerning the various ex-priests and escaped nuns at present engaged in delivering anti-Catholic lectures, that we have determined to endeavor to collect and publish in convenient form useful and reliable information on this subject."

This is rather a good idea. A succinct biographical sketch of each of these itinerant nuisances would probably be the best answer to the falsehoods and vilification with which they pander to the prejudice of ignorant Protestants. The ex-priest or escaped nun whose record is clean and honorable is a phenomenon rarely visible.

The Convent of Santa Maria de la Rabida has, with all that pertains to the career of Columbus, been brought into great prominence at this quadro-centennial period. Many inquiries have naturally arisen concerning the strange title, Holy Mary of the Madness, which its pious founders gave it at the time they placed it under Our Lady's protection. It is told that on the site there was formerly a cross said to possess miraculous powers, and especially efficacious in healing those suffering from hydrophobia—those who were *rabid*. When, afterward, the now famous convent arose on the same spot, the good Franciscans bestowed upon it the name it has since borne.

A Spanish contemporary says, in effect: The best thing that the Government has done in connection with the commemoration of the discovery of America is the restoration of the Convent of la Rabida to its ancient and legitimate owners, the Franciscan Fathers. That religious house has long been a mere corpse, lacking the warmth of the Franciscan habit, the wearers of which gave life to the enterprise of Columbus within and without

those walls. Hence even the enemies of the friars found a great void in La Rabida in the absence of the humble religious, who called to mind the holy men that gave hospitality to the immortal mariner, and interested themselves in his enterprise. The building has been restored in such a manner as to give it the appearance it had in the time of Columbus; and an exact reproduction of it, built to contain the relics connected with the life and voyages of the great navigator, has already arisen on the shore of Lake Michigan, and will be one of the most striking features of the Columbian Exposition.

The statement, published in a San Francisco paper, that the prevailing "unpleasantness" in Mexico is due to President Diaz's marriage with "an American Protestant" is thus indignantly denied by a Mexican journal:

"The charm and sweetness of Mexican womanhood are exemplified in that gracious lady who is the beloved and honored wife of the President of Mexico. A sincere Catholic, the friend of the poor, the champion of those humbler sisters of toil who in this capital look up to her as their protectress, Mrs. Diaz stands serenely apart from the conflicts of politics; and it is an outrage that her name should be thus employed by a fabricator of lying news reports. She is a Catholic lady in a Catholic nation, a Mexican by birth and blood, and in no possible way is she to be regarded as connected with contemporary politics in this country."

Another graceful tribute to Mrs. Diaz comes from a writer in the *Review of Reviews*, who pronounces her a regal woman, beloved by all classes. Her patronal feast, the 16th of July, is celebrated as a national holiday. She evidently believes, with the poet, that

"'Tis only noble to be good";

for she devotes much of her time to works of charity, and is the moving spirit in all special missions of mercy.

Formerly each corps of Spanish infantry had its own patron saint, but now all of them have been placed under the patronage of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, and have recently united in a grand festival in her honor. Brilliant and picturesque military processions filled the streets of old Madrid, and a statue of Mary Immaculate, crowned with lights, surmounted a magnificent car

drawn by eight fine horses. A military banquet followed, and the next morning a Requiem Mass was celebrated for the souls of deceased comrades. New life seems to have been given to the foot-soldiers of Spain by their spiritual union under the banner of our Blessed Mother.

We are glad to see that non-Catholics are beginning to acknowledge the injustice of withholding from Catholics their share of the educational fund toward which they contribute. The Anglican Archdeacon Wilson touches this point in a paper on "Elementary Education" in the *Contemporary Review*, and says that there should be "no disability for conscience' sake":

"They [the Catholics] help to educate our Protestant children in the board schools, and we do not help to educate theirs. Why? Because they are Roman Catholics. But is it not contrary to the principles of Liberalism to refuse to a section of rate-payers a share of their own money because they are Roman Catholics, if they accept all other conditions? I shall have to go to school again and learn my A B C of Liberalism, if this is Liberalism. We all respect the Roman Catholics for the sacrifices they make to retain their schools here and in the colonies; and be it well observed that in the United States and the colonies the Roman Catholic schools are growing fast. They are unjustly treated by us, and we are all beginning to feel ashamed of it. They are held to be disqualified from receiving any grant from the educational rate to which they subscribe, simply because they are Roman Catholics. This is contrary, in my judgment, to the first principles of Liberalism and of fair-play as interpreted by all parties."

Denominational schools receiving their *pro rata* proportion of the general educational fund, and with the merely secular *instruction* subject to the supervision of the State—such should be the solution of the school question.

The author of "The Imitation" has said that "he who travels much is seldom sanctified," but there is at least one holy man to whom this general rule does not apply. The late Cardinal Lavigerie said of himself that he had exhausted his strength in long journeys, and that "the miles one travels use up one's energies more than the years." One who knew the great Cardinal thus describes him: "He was always moving: to-day in Rome, to-morrow in Paris, a few days later in Algiers. After preaching to a fashionable congregation

in Paris, he thought nothing of being off to Tunis to address crowds there immediately on his arrival. His voice was heard on the borders of the Great Sahara and on the site of ancient Carthage, while within the same month he would be declaiming from the pulpit at Saint Sulpice or from a chair in the Sorbonne."

Would that they who travel much might travel to as good purpose as did he who could extort this eulogy from a Protestant pen! "There are still some Peter the Hermits left, even in this callous, luxurious, easy-going age."

The Hon. John E. Kenna, United States Senator from West Virginia, died at his residence in Washington on the morning of the 11th inst. The deceased statesman, though comparatively young—being in his forty-fourth year,—had distinguished himself in his profession and merited the esteem and approbation of his fellow-citizens. And, what is of more value, he had ever remained faithful to the teachings of his holy faith, and died as a practical Catholic. Few men are more highly esteemed than characters like Senator Kenna, and none are more sincerely mourned. May he rest in peace!

A layman who has sane ideas on all matters connected with the interests of the Church and the duties incumbent upon her children is the Hon. William J. Onahan. Lecturing recently in Milwaukee on "The Influence of Catholic Laymen," Mr. Onahan delivered an excellent discourse, pregnant with thoughts that can not be too often meditated upon by the ordinary Catholic man or woman. The following paragraph is a sermon in itself:

"If the non-Catholics in the United States are to be won to the knowledge of the true faith, it must be, next to the grace of God, by and through the influence of example, the most powerful and effective of all preaching. While their ears may be closed and their understanding sealed to the sermons from Catholic pulpits and the Sacrifice daily offered on Catholic altars, their eyes are at the same time wide open. And here chiefly lies our responsibility as Catholic laymen; and a great responsibility it is."

This is eminently true. And the responsibility of ecclesiastics, be it observed, is still greater. Better far than bitter polemics or

fatuous controversy is the example of probity, morality and charity which the true Catholic constantly presents to the observation of his Protestant or agnostic neighbor.

Bishop Spalding's decisive stand upon the matter of an open Sunday at the World's Fair has aroused much interest; and those who agree with him, as well as those who differ with him, have welcomed his further and more explicit utterances upon another subject, given to the public in a letter to a Chicago paper. Those who know the Bishop will not be surprised to learn that his broad-minded views, so far as opening the gates for a quiet Exhibition is concerned, have in them no laxity of opinion in regard to the character of the Fair itself. Unless the great event teaches purity, unless it helps men to be better, unless it is a lesson to the world at large, it will be a curse, not a blessing. That is the import of the Bishop's utterances.

* * *

If the art standards of the Paris Exposition of 1889 are to be the guides in 1893, it would be better never to see a work of art above the rank of a sign-board. A scantiness of drapery which is innocent in a South Sea Islander is vile indecency in a picture hung up to be seen of men. Better, far better, no Exposition at all than one which will leave a dismal trail of impurity behind it. But it is to be hoped that this great national enterprise will be worthy both of Columbus and the New World he discovered. And if the Fair is not worthy of being visited on Sunday, it should be closed seven days in the week.

And now the Hon. Indian Commissioner Morgan has set his Government school machinery in motion among the mission Indians of Southern California, and one of the first results is land-grabbing on the part of unscrupulous agents. Senator G. G. Vest, having been written to on the subject, has addressed to his correspondent (the Hon. A. J. P. Garesché) a letter, in which he states: "The President is governed entirely by the recommendation of Commissioner Morgan; and Morgan is a narrow-minded bigot, who knows nothing about the Indians, and whose chief idea seems to be that all Governmen-

powers should be used to prevent them being made Catholics."

The Senator evidently knows the Commissioner; but let us hope that, as Commissioner, the country will shortly know Mr. Morgan no more forever. In the meantime all is not plain sailing with the Dishonorable Mr. Morgan. The agent sent into the Navajo country to procure children for the schools was assaulted and compelled to leave without accomplishing the object of his mission. The chief of the Indian police of the Southern Utes refused to obey the order of the agent when directed to bring in children, and his action was approved by many of the Indians of that tribe.

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. John T. Gaitley, the beloved rector of St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore, Md., whose precious death took place last month.

Sister Maria Dodge, of the Sisters of Charity, Academy of Mt. St. Vincent, On-the-Hudson, N. Y.; Sister Mary Cleophas, of the same Order, Sacred Heart Convent, Memramcook, N. B., Canada; and Sister Mary Brandon, of the Sisters of Nazareth, Nazareth, Ky.

Mr. Thomas F. Russell, whose fervent Christian life closed peacefully on the 7th inst., at Stephen, Minn.

Mr. James Loftus, of San Francisco, Cal., who passed away on the 15th ult.

Miss Josephine F. Hughes, whose meritorious life terminated on the 7th ult., at Ceresco, Iowa.

Mr. James M. Sullivan, who died a happy death in Chicago, Ill., on the 22d ult.

Mrs. Nicholas Miller, of Portsmouth, Iowa, who yielded her soul to God on the 4th inst.

Miss Mary A. Murray, a devout Child of Mary, who was called to her reward on the 10th ult., at Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Mary S. Keating, of Pittsburgh, Pa., whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a happy death on the 9th inst.

Mr. Thomas J. Weber, of Stockton, Cal.; Mr. P. S. Quaid, Sacramento, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Shaffrath and Mrs. Elizabeth Doran, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. John S. Fitzpatrick, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Susan Earle, —, Scotland; Mrs. Thomas Murray, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Thomas J. O'Hara, Atchison, Kansas; Mr. Edward F. Brennan and Mr. Daniel Delahunty, Fall River, Mass.; and Miss Aberta Nason, Butte, Montana.

May they rest in peace!



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

How St. Ephrem Learned Greek.



IF any of THE "AVE MARIA'S" young folks have begun the study of Greek, they are well aware that it is by no means the easiest of languages to master; hence we are certain they will feel interested in hearing of an abridged but very excellent method, by

which St. Ephrem in a short time became thoroughly familiar with the language. And whether studying Greek or not, the young folks like true stories; and the following is a true story of a meeting between St. Ephrem and St. Basil. Of course it is quite common for writers to protest that their stories are true, even when they make them all up "out of their head"; but this is not that kind of a story at all. I find it in the works of St. Amphilochus, who says it is true; and he ought to know, as he was present at the meeting in question, and, being a saint, would certainly not tell a lie about the matter. And now, having introduced the

subject, we will let the eye-witness speak or, as they say in Congress, St. Amphilochus has the floor:

"My brethren, I have formed the design of recounting to you the interview between the illustrious Basil, Archbishop of Cæsarea, and Ephrem the Syrian, because I think that this story may be useful to you. I know the facts partly from the very mouth of this most holy, most truthful, and most admirable Ephrem; and I myself was an eye-witness of the meeting of which I am going to tell you.

"The Ephrem in question—he whom you know by that name—was a monk celebrated among those who dwelt in the desert. He drew his knowledge from two sources: the first was contemplation, in which he was illumined by the divine inspiration of the Holy Ghost; and the second, the study of the writings of holy authors, especially of those admirable ones of our venerable father, Basil.

"This reading and meditation made such an impression on him that he prayed God, frequently and fervently, to deign to reveal to him what kind of a man was this Basil, whose works so excited his admiration. One day, then, being in an ecstasy, he saw a column of fire whose summit touched the sky, and heard at the same time a voice from heaven saying, 'Ephrem! Ephrem! this column that you see represents the great Basil whom you wish to know.'

"The voice having spoken in the Greek idiom, which Ephrem did not know, the

Saint had the words translated by one of his brethren; and as soon as he understood their meaning, he set out for Cæsarea, taking the same brother with him as an interpreter.

“He arrived in this grand and noble city exactly on the day when the festival of St. Theophanius was being celebrated in the cathedral; and, without making his presence known, he went quietly into the holy temple and kept near the door, but in such a way as to see everything, without himself being seen.

“Just at the same moment the great St. Basil entered the church, blessing the faithful and surrounded by his clergy. At sight of the Archbishop, Ephrem was surprised; and as he noticed nothing extraordinary about the glorious Pontiff, he said to his companion:

“My good brother, I fear very much that I have been the dupe of an illusion; for this Bishop whom we see does not look at all like the vision of him that I had.’

“Then, as he saw St. Basil in the sanctuary with his white stole, the deacons who surrounded him clothed in their linen albs, and all eyes fixed on his august person, giving him every mark of profound veneration, Ephrem felt something like an evil thought sprouting in his heart. ‘What!’ he said to himself, ‘we who have borne the burden and the heat of the day, pass unnoticed in this crowd; and that man, with his people all around him and loaded with honors—well, if he be a column of fire it appears strange to me.’

“As he was turning this over in his mind down in the corner of the church where he had hidden himself, St. Basil said to his archdeacon: ‘Go to the portal that faces the west; there, in an obscure corner of the church, you will find a monk with head buried in his cowl, and with him another religious of smaller stature. Say to the monk: “Come into the sanctuary; it is the Archbishop who invites you.”’

“The archdeacon, with much difficulty,

made his way through the crowd of people, arrived at the place where St. Ephrem was standing, and said: ‘Master, greeting! Bless me, and kindly come into the sanctuary. It is your father the Archbishop who calls you.’

“When this invitation was translated by the interpreter to Ephrem, the latter replied: ‘You are mistaken, brother; we are two pilgrim-strangers, and the Archbishop does not know either of us.’ And he remained in his place, while the archdeacon returned to tell the Archbishop of the failure of his mission.

“Shortly afterward, however, the venerable Basil having ascended the *ambo** to explain to the people the Holy Scriptures, St. Ephrem saw distinctly on the shoulder of the Pontiff a white dove with outspread wings, that suggested all the words of his discourse, and saw also that the tongue of the holy pastor seemed to be of fire. Then, as if taken out of himself, Ephrem began to shout out in the church, telling what he saw and singing the praises of the saintly prelate, without suspecting that to himself alone was this marvellous vision granted.

“As he spoke in Syriac, the people, who did not understand that language, took him for a crazy man and wanted to put him out. St. Basil, turning again to his archdeacon, said: ‘Go to that man and say, “Ephrem, come and take a seat in the sanctuary; for it is the Archbishop who sends for you.”’

“The archdeacon went back again, and prostrated himself, saying, ‘Ephrem my lord, follow me; for it is your father the Archbishop who invites you to enter the sanctuary.’

“St. Ephrem, greatly surprised at finding himself discovered, raised his hand to heaven, giving thanks to God; and then, bending his knee, answered the archdeacon: ‘Basil is veritably great; Basil is truly a

* The *ambo* was a raised platform, which has been replaced by the pulpit.

column of fire, and it is the Holy Ghost who speaks by his mouth.'

"He then begged the archdeacon to leave him where he was, telling him that after the holy service he would be happy to see and greet St. Basil.

"After the office, Basil entered the sacristy, and a third time sent a messenger for St. Ephrem. As soon as he saw the latter come in, he went to meet him, gave him the kiss of peace, and said: 'I desired thy coming, O father of the sons of the desert! I repeat it, I desired thy coming,—thou who hast peopled the solitude with disciples of Jesus Christ, and who, by virtue of that same Jesus Christ, hast purged it of demons. But why hast thou undertaken this painful journey, O father? Why hast thou come so far to see a sinful man? I pray God, nevertheless, that thy labor remain not without reward.'

"The venerable Ephrem, replying, revealed to him all the secret thoughts of his heart, and told him of his life and labors. Then he and the monk who accompanied him received Holy Communion from the hand of the Archbishop. Afterward, during the repast of the poor, St. Ephrem, addressing the Pontiff, said: 'Father most holy and worthy of all honor, I desire to ask a favor of you, and beg that you will not refuse to grant it.'

"Basil replied: 'Speak, and say what you desire; for I am very grateful for the trouble you have taken in visiting me.'

"I know, Father,' rejoined Ephrem, 'that whatever you ask of the good God, He will grant you; I desire, therefore, that you will invoke Him in my behalf, so that hereafter I may be able to speak the Greek language, of which I am ignorant, knowing only the Syriac, which is spoken in Mesopotamia.'

"The great Archbishop Basil answered him: 'You ask something that is not in my power; but as what you desire is useful, and as you have asked it with confidence and faith, come with me, most venerable

brother, and together we will implore the Lord; for it is written that He will do the will of those who fear Him, that He will grant their prayer and will save them.'

"And, entering the sanctuary, they remained many hours in prayer. When they had finished, Basil arose, and, from a divine inspiration, remarked to Ephrem: 'Ephrem, why do you not receive the priesthood, since there is nothing wanting to prepare you for holy ordination?'

"Ephrem replied, by means of the interpreter: 'I shrink from it, because I am only a sinner.'

"And Basil said as if to himself: 'Would to God I were this kind of a sinner!' Then he added: 'Kneel down.' |

"St. Ephrem knelt before the great Pontiff. The venerable monk had not yet received the diaconate, because in his humility he thought himself unworthy of the reception of this sacred order.

"When he knelt down at St. Basil's feet, the great Pontiff, in the presence of the assembled people of Cæsarea, imposed his hands upon him and recited over him the prayer of the deacon; after which he said: 'Now, speak and bless.'

"At the same moment St. Ephrem's tongue seemed to be untied, and expressing himself in the purest Greek, he said: 'O God, by Thy grace, save us, have pity on us, resuscitate us, and preserve us!'

"On hearing the Saint, who until then had not understood a single word, express himself correctly in Greek, the people, filled with admiration and gratitude, began to sing the praises of God,—the God who can do all things, and who always grants the prayers of those who fear Him. St. Basil, having likewise thanked God, took the venerable Ephrem home with him, that they might take their dinner together.

"And he kept St. Ephrem three days in Cæsarea, talking with him without the aid of the interpreter. At the end of that time, having been mutually nourished with spiritual joy, he ordained the

interpreter deacon, and St. Ephrem priest. Then he bade them good-bye, allowing them to return in peace to their beloved solitude, which they entered glorifying God for all they had heard and all they had seen, conformably to the divine word which had been spoken to them at the hour of their departure."

That's the end of the story of St. Amphilochus. Now our young folks know St. Ephrem's easy way of learning Greek. His abridged method was prayer. But, as prayers are just as powerful to-day as they were fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago, why should not we receive help in our studies if we pray for it? St. Ephrem, of course, had a very great Saint to pray for him, and was a great Saint himself; but we can ask St. Basil too, or, far better still, we can get our Blessed Lady to beg God for the assistance we need in overcoming difficulties that we find too great for ourselves. Any boy or girl who gives up a hard problem or lesson without having first asked the Blessed Virgin's help is a very foolish Catholic. Such, at least, is the opinion of

UNCLE AUSTIN.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.

During the remainder of the voyage the weather was delightful. Although the occurrences of each day differed little from those of the preceding, the monotony was not tedious. The young people amused themselves with the games that could be played on deck. Joe became an authority on shuffle-board, and the girls grew expert at ring-toss.

Another source of interest was the study of the ship's chart, upon which the course

and the number of miles travelled within the twenty-four hours were marked daily, just after noon. When the passengers came out from luncheon, an eager group always gathered at the landing of the stairway, where the chart hung.

Joe usually brought the report to his sisters. One day he came to them in great excitement, crying,

"She's most broken it!"

"Who?" inquired Kathleen.

"Why, the ship, of course!"

"Broken what?" interposed Alicia, in alarm; for she noticed a general stir among the passengers. "Is the machinery going to give out?"

"No, goosie!" replied Joe, laughing. "The *City of New York* has almost broken the record going east; that is what's the matter. We've made over five hundred miles since noon yesterday."

"Oh, is that all!" said Alicia, with a sigh of relief.

Joe glanced at her despairingly.

"*All!*" he repeated, serio-comically.

"Isn't that enough? But there is no use in trying to keep you posted,—you don't *enthuse* a bit."

Alicia smiled, and devoted herself anew to the letter to her friend Alma, which she was scribbling in pencil.

The family who sat at the table with the Colvilles were named Barton. Claire and Louise soon became friendly. Jack, the curly-haired youth, the older brother of Louise, was polite to them both—that is, when he was not taken up in promenading with "that Stevens girl," as his sister complained was too often the case.

Little Miss Stevens was the young person whom Claire had remarked the first day as being rather self-conscious and vain. If at the fashionable boarding-school in New York, from which she had just graduated, she had acquired anything besides the conviction that her chief duty in life was to look pretty and follow the fashions, it was not apparent. During the

voyage one great ambition possessed her soul; for this she donned her most bewildering costumes, for this struggled against illness and rain and rough weather—she wanted to be named as the belle of the ship!

At sea people care less for making a display than anywhere else in the world. Serviceable, fresh, and well-fitting clothes are considered the height of good style. Moreover, everyone is willing to be indulgent and amused; so when the good-looking, shallow girl set up her claim for *belledom*, there was not one who cared to dispute it. The captain kindly humored her whim, and introduced her to the celebrities who were "going across," all of whom she wanted to know. She posed to her heart's content; there were plenty of youths to promenade with, and she was happy in the belief that she had attained her object. Louise detested her, and had many arguments with Claire on the subject; for Claire charitably maintained that many people must find her charming, since she received so much attention.

One afternoon Jack invited Claire to promenade with him.

"I'm sure he only asked me because Miss Stevens is walking with some one else!" she thought. "I'd like to pay him back for his neglect of Louise by refusing; but, then, he might think I was spiteful because he did not invite me before." Therefore she amiably started off with him.

Jack repaid her forbearance by doing his best to be entertaining. He talked about life at college, its amusements and sports; spoke of his chums, and told some capital stories which made her laugh merrily. Then, as they paused to watch a sail at the horizon, he called her attention also to a shoal of flying fish and to the rainbows in the waves.

They were having a very pleasant time when Adelaide Stevens passed them, followed by two or three young fellows.

"Miss Stevens is fascinating, isn't she?" said Claire, honestly, looking after her.

"Do you think so?" asked Jack.

"Why, yes! and surely *you* do," said she, with a laugh.

"Oh, after a fashion!" he answered. "But, then—well, for instance, a fellow wouldn't care to see his sister the belle of the ship. Would you like to know the kind of a girl I really do admire?" he went on, with boyish earnestness, looking down at her.

"Yes," she returned, artlessly.

"I should think you might guess," he said, significantly.

A pink flush rose in Claire's cheeks.

"Shall we go back to Louise and the others?" she suggested, with a little air of dignity, which Jack thought vastly becoming, in spite of his slight discomfiture. However, she was very pleasant as they finished their promenade; and when they rejoined their party at the other side of the deck, she announced that she had had a delightful walk.

"No, she is not a bit like the other one," Jack reflected a while afterward, as he puffed away at a cigarette, and thought of how flirty the belle of the ship would have been under similar circumstances. "She's just a nice, sensible girl. I'm glad she and Louise are friendly, and I hope we shall all meet again during our travels."

Claire, on her part, hardly gave a second thought to the young fellow's well-meant compliment; still, the conversation opened her eyes to the fact that even people like Mr. Jack Barton are not so much attracted by giddiness and showiness as they may seem to be.

There were some distinguished people on board; but, being of the most retiring of the company, among the five hundred cabin passengers they came and went unnoticed and unrecognized, except by those with whom they naturally became acquainted, or those who, like Adelaide, made it a point to obtain an introduction.

One morning, just after the Colville young people came on deck, and had settled

themselves in their steamer chairs, a flimsy blue veil fluttered across in front of them, and would have been blown into the water had not Joe sprung forward and caught it. With a polite bow, he at once restored it to the owner, a lady seated near. The lady thanked him, and began to talk to the children in what the English call a homely, that is a simple and agreeable, manner. She was an elderly person, plainly, almost shabbily, dressed, and a trifle old-fashioned. Alicia noticed particularly that she wore ugly, square-toed cloth boots.

"She is very nice," Claire said to herself; "well educated and refined evidently, but not rich, I suspect, nor of much account socially. I will show her any little attention in my power. People like her are often neglected. As Mother Léonie used to tell us at school, the world cares most for birds of fine feather."

The stranger, who was English and had travelled a great deal, was telling an entertaining story of adventure, when a sedate woman, dressed in black and wearing a long white apron—a servant apparently,—came up to her, carrying an extra rug and a pillow.

"I thought you might want these, mum," she said, respectfully.

"I have been quite comfortable," replied the lady; "but leave them. And then you may go, Brown; I shall not need anything more at present."

"Yes, mum," replied Brown, tucking the pillow in at the back of the chair, and carefully wrapping the rug around her mistress.

"A maid!" thought Claire. "I suppose in England it is usual for an elderly lady to have a maid, especially if she is delicate and has no daughter to take care of her."

They had become chatty and sociable with their new friend, when the latter's husband appeared upon the scene. He was a handsome, jolly-looking man, with

a long brown beard streaked with grey.

"Why, Polly," he cried, "I'm afraid it is too breezy and damp for you here!"

"Oh, I am well protected, my dear!" she responded.

"That's all very good; but it has been raining, and the deck is still so wet. Really now don't you think you had better go inside?"

"I find it very pleasant," she protested.

"Yes, yes! but remember what a cough you have had. You must avoid taking more cold. Be prudent, Polly, and come."

With a laugh, she rose, and, nodding to the children, followed him indoors.

(To be continued.)

A Noble Action.

It is told of a certain lord that one day, when he was only half shaved, his barber flew out of his presence as if in a desperate hurry, and did not return. The nobleman, thinking the man was insane, sent a messenger to ascertain the state of affairs. The barber came back instead of the man who went in search of him.

"I am not one bit mad, your lordship; but I could not look upon that pile of guineas on your dressing-table without thinking of my poor wife and children, who are starving at home. I believe if I had stayed another minute, I would have killed you with this razor and taken the money. So I ran away."

"Well, my dear fellow," answered the nobleman, in his gentlest manner, "I am much obliged to you for making off with yourself when you did, and you are welcome to the guineas. Take them all. I won them gambling, and should probably have lost them to-morrow. But be kind enough to finish shaving me first."

So the nobleman did a kind action, and the wife and children of the poor barber were made happy.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 28, 1893.

No. 4.

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

Our Lady's Espousals.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

FORSOOTH, must earth have been supremely glad,
 And Heaven, its high approval to express,
 Have sweetly smiled upon earth's happiness,
 When from the Temple, wherein she was housed,

Our Lady, on the morn she was espoused,
 Came gently forth in bridal garments clad.

How fair she seemed in her young maidenhood,
 This queenly daughter of a royal race,
 With the seraphic sweetness of her face!
 And in her eyes a softer, lovelier-light
 Than ever shone from star on summer night,
 Before the high-priest as she came and stood.

And when within her spouse's hand the rod
 Burst into radiant bloom, what must have been
 The solemn thoughts that swayed her soul
 within,

Knowing the Mystery by which was he
 The foster-father to become, and she
 The Virgin Mother of the Son of God!

THE common sense of mankind has associated the search after truth with seclusion and quiet. Pythagoras, the light of Magna Græcia, lived for a time in a cave; Newton indulged in an intense severity of meditation, which almost shook his reason. The natural home for experiment and speculation is retirement.—*Newman.*

An Unknown Irish Poet.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL'S reputation as a poet has never travelled far beyond Ireland, where we have a way of remembering such things. His contributions to English magazines as well as to Irish papers were signed with a *nom de plume*: in Ireland he was "Caviare," in England he was "Monkton West." Charles Dickens gave him one good chance on *All the Year Round*, and later *Chambers' Journal* was opened to him; but he lacked that subtle something which makes for success, and his ways were not English ways. His poetry was distinctly English, his two gods Keats and Tennyson. His is the leisured, luxurious poetry of a people grown old in prosperity, and the pleasant things prosperity brings in its train.

If he had willed to work slowly and polish carefully, if he had chosen not to identify himself with all sorts of rebel Irish newspapers and projects, he might have been a successful man. His delicate dreaminess, his luxurious pleasure in well-ordered nature, his refinement, purity, and exquisite tact in thoughts and words, should have endeared him to those households of England where Tennyson, his great master in such things, is so intimately

appreciated and loved. But O'Donnell spent himself and his little pure gift in all sorts of newspaper work, in sheaf after sheaf of ballads for revolutionary days in Ireland, with the spirit of revolution but without its ring, as though a lute should do the work of a trumpet. When his time on earth was nearly over, Lord O'Hagan procured for him an appointment worth £300 a year. If it had come earlier, it might have meant the conserving of his delicate genius, and the possession for us of a new and exquisite poetry. Here is the record of a week's work as O'Donnell wrote it to a friend; and say if it is not killing, not only to a gift of poetry, but to human life itself:

"Talking of work,—since Sunday" (this was Thursday), "two columns of notes, two of London gossip, a leader one column, and a column of verse for *The Nation*; for *Catholic Opinion*, two pages of notes and a leader; for *Illustrated Magazine*, three poems and a five-column story."

Mr. Richard Dowling, who has written a tiny biography of our poet to front the collected edition of his poems, tells us he could not drudge. That four days' work seems drudgery of the worst kind; and such incessant drudgery left him no room for his thoughts to grow and mature. He forgot his week's work when it was over: it was so much pot-boiling done to keep wife and children. And in the breathless moments when he rushed his poetry upon paper, he had scarcely time to read it when written, much less to condense and polish. Condensation he needed grievously. There is, perhaps, not a single poem of his that is not too long, that has not the quality beaten thin by too great expansiveness. Sometimes the poetry is so sweet that one can not object to the prolonging of its dainty sweetness. Such a poem is the one called "Guesses," which won for him Dickens' friendship and the open door of *All the Year Round*. It is in the stately measure O'Donnell loves, which he learned

from Keats. He used to regret that he never wrote a song; but neither did the author of "Endymion" and the "Ode to the Nightingale," who has influenced more poets than any English singer of all time:—

I know a maiden; she is dark and fair,
With curvèd brows and eyes of hazel hue,
And mouth a marvel delicately rare,
Full of expression, ever quaint yet new.
O happy fancy! There she leaning sits,
One little palm against her temples pressed,
And all her tresses winking like brown elves.
The yellow-fretted laurels toss in fits,
The great laburnums droop in swoons of rest,
The blowing woodbines murmur to themselves.

What does she think of as the daylight floats
Along the mignonetted window-sills,
And flame-like overhead, with ruffled throats
The bright canaries twit their seeded bills?
What does she think of? Of the jasmine flower
That like an odorous snowflake opens slow;
Or of the linnet on the topmost briar;
Or of the cloud that, fringed with summer shower,
Floats up the river spaces, blue and low,
And marged with lilies like a bank of fire?

Ah, sweet conception, enviable guest
Lodged in the pleasant palace of her brain,
Summoned a minute at her sweet behest,
To wander fugitive the world again!
What does she think of? Of the dusty bridge
Spanning the mallow shadows in the heat,
And porching in its hollow the cool wind;
Or of the poplar on the naked ridge;
Or of the bee that, clogged with nectared feet,
Hums in the gorgeous tulip-bell confined?

At times her gentle brows are archly knit
With tangled subtleties of gracious thought;
At times the dimples round her mouth are lit
By rosy twilights from some image caught.
What does she think of? Of the open book
Whose pencilled leaves are fluttering on her knee;
Or of the broken fountain in the grass;
Or of the dumb and immemorial rook,
Perched like a winged darkness on the tree,
And watching the great clouds in silence pass?

I know not. Myriad are the phantasies
That trouble the still dreams of maidenhood,
And wonderful the radiant entities
Shaped in the passion of her brain and blood.
O Fancy! through the realms of guesses fly,
Unlock the rich abstraction of her heart
(Her soul is second in the mystery);
Trail thy gold meshes through the summer sky,
Question her breathings as her soft lips part:
Tell me, Revealer, that she thinks of me.

This is a happy specimen of O'Donnell when he is most concentrated. He is so

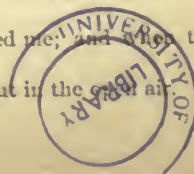
sweet that it is like stirring rose leaves in a jar to read him. Where did he get his taste for the beauty that it takes refined ages to build up? He came from poor parents, this Limerick lad; his days were spent in the rush and roar of third-rate newspaper offices, driven as by furies in an incessant round of harassing work. Yet his dream is of an old house, gabled, and diamond-paned in the windows; filled within with old tapestries, old furniture, and an atmosphere of *pot-pourri*; ringed without with still, great gardens of roses and lilies. If he were a great, strong poet, such as might spring from the people, it would not be so remarkable; but remarkable he is in his even excessive refinement. It is one of the anomalies one meets in Ireland, where there is no place and no avocation in which one may not find a lady or a gentleman; because blood will tell, as the peasants say; and the descendants of Geraldines and O'Neills, O'Donnells and O'Connors, are peasants or shopkeepers.

O'Donnell is never for a moment an Irish poet, no matter how fervently he labels himself one. Even his own town of Limerick becomes strange and exotic in his pen-portrait of it. His fancy is always wandering in far more luxurious ways than we have to show, and his fancy is able to clothe all he sees in its own light. He wrote an enormous deal of verse, though he died in his thirties. He kept brave pace with that record of a four-days' work, and the three poems thrown in by way of make-weight. When he was working on *Zozimus*, the most successful comic paper we ever had in Dublin (serious work, be it understood, as he did for Tom Hood on *Fun*), a contemporary and co-worker of his has told me that when a poem was wanted, they just locked O'Donnell up till it was produced. His extraordinary ease of writing meant attenuation of his quality. It is such an everlasting pity that I can't help dwelling upon it. Given favorable conditions, I am not sure that

he might not have been a great poet of a gentle and contemplative kind. He has the old Greek delight in beauty for beauty's sake,—an intense sensuous pleasure in flinging beautiful things in heaps. Said perhaps the most brilliant of English journalists to a young friend of mine, who has a lovely gift of poetry: "Ah, you are happy with your poetry! We all begin like that, but we go in at the low door of journalism and become dead souls." O'Donnell was not a poet *manqué*; for he was always a poet, but the hard necessities of life killed what he might have been.

I notice a writer in a national journal here regretting that O'Donnell's best work was that done for English periodicals. But it was inevitable. He had nothing of that Celtic gloom, that streak of barbarism, which is the life of the poetry of the Celt. The greatest Irish poem we have, to my mind—Ferguson's ballad, "The Vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley,"—has this savage splendor, and is as little understood of the Saxon as though it was written in that Irish tongue which is dying fast if not hard. Mangan has it. Even Aubrey de Vere, the gentlest of men and poets, has the quaint barbaric manner in those Irish poems of his, which are his most distinctive if not distinguished work. O'Donnell never has a touch of this. His sentiments toward his country are irreproachable, but they are expressed with a diction and a thought belonging to the stranger. As near an approach as he can make to the national manner is in a poem called "The Old Schoolmaster," which appeared in the *Irish People*, the Fenian organ of '64-65. The old man, dying in hospital, tells the story of his life and his experiences after he had been evicted. Here is a stanza or two:

What did I do to live? Well, Sarah, you shall hear.
Of course I turned hedge-teacher, and taught for a
crown a year.
God bless the boys! they liked me, and when the
weather was fair,
I had two and twenty rebels out in the great air.



"What is the curse of Europe?"—"England!" the
lads would cry.
"What should we do for Ireland?"—"Be ready to
fight and die."
"What if we can not fight?" And then the black
rooks heard,
Blown through their dusky rookeries, the answer:
"Be prepared!"

His son was killed in the American
Civil War, and he goes on:

I'll never sob for him weakly. Of course he fell for
the Right.
Of course 'twas fighting for slaves, or in God's name
why should he fight?
There are worse ways of dying than death on a field
remote,
Love of home in one's heart, a sabre-thrust in the
throat.

If O'Donnell was conscious of Tenny-
son's influence over him, and not only of
his charm, he was not ashamed of it, as his
poem "Mariana in the North" goes to
prove. It was inviting a dangerous con-
trast; but even by the Laureate's poem
O'Donnell's stands out full of vision,
which is the most intense kind of imagina-
tion, and beautiful in thought and diction:

She had arisen in the night,
And, trembling in the North Star's cold,
Knelt in the tapers' flickering light
Before a crucifix of gold.
Time plucked the darkness from her hair,
Grey shimmers slipt her wind-blown hood,
But on her cheek the summer blood
Bloomed low in twilights faint and fair.
Still as the dark east held the morrow,
Amid the silence, damp and dead,
"Father, look down on my great sorrow;
Pity me, pity me, God!" she said.

The cracked, old-fashioned looking-glass,
With twenty azure glooms and gleams;
A wizard brightness, shot a mass
Athwart the dusk of fractured beams;
She feared to face the crystal charm,
For in its depths at night she saw
Great faces blank with mystic awe—
Ghosts peering tiptoe o'er her arm;
But, looking wistful on the morrow,
She saw the shrouded tapers fade;
And, "Father, look on my great sorrow;
Pity me, pity me, God!" she said.

In tangled curve and shining fold,
Her nun-like vesture reached the floor;
In her right hand, blue-veined and cold,
A missal quaintly-blazed she bore;
At every page some counterpart

Of suffering met her gaze, until
Her wild, sad eyes began to fill,
And holy tumults shook her heart.
Then, drooping toward the broadening morrow
That dyed the room in stormy red,
"My God, look down on this great sorrow;
Pity me, pity me, God!" she said.

O'Donnell was an Æolian harp, on which
all manner of winds blew, finding the strings
responsive. Listen to this, where the
manner is that of the "Ode to Autumn,"
if the matter is O'Donnell's:

APRIL.

How many pipes have ditted unto thee,
Rainbringer, swathing the blue peaks in mist,
Whose blossom-lights are lit on wold and lea
Before the trumpeting of March have ceased
To stir the heavens! Thy south wind comes and goes,
And periwinkles twinkle in the grass,
And oxlips faint amid the meadows cool:
Mayhap the fiery-arched laburnum blows,
Whilst through the emerald darkness thou dost pass,
With swallows whirring round the breezy pool.

With thee ripe dawnings, saffron streaked with white,
Float from the sunrise; and the happy lark,
Leaving the clover-buds to dew and night,
Catches thy voice betwixt the day and dark.
By hooded porches looking to the sun,
The almond stirreth and the wall-flowers blush,
Ascetic ivies pulse through stem and frond;
The jasmine bells, unfolding one by one,
Take to their amber hearts a phantom blush,
And long-haired willows whiten by the pond.

Season of broken cloud and misty heat,
How the green lanes find echoes for thy horn
Blown over purple moorlands to the beat
Of nodding marigolds in marsh forlorn!
And thou hast benedictions for the birds
Couched in the red dead-nettles, where they sit
Choiring for seed-time; the poor robin shrills
A pipe of welcome; or amid the herds
The martins chirrup greetings as they flit
Along the barren reaches of the hills.

As is inevitable in the case of one who
wrote with such reckless haste, and with-
out supervision, there are many repetitions
of thought and phrase. Sometimes, too,
one questions the fitness of a word; but
usually the words are as fit as the stately
music of the measures is rhythmic.

The volume of O'Donnell's poems which
has been published owes its existence to
the desire of some of his countrymen that
his name might not be forgotten. Many of
his poems could not be traced—he never

thought of keeping them himself,—and an immense number had to be laid aside lest the book should be too unwieldy. He died, as I have said, just when life was opening pleasantly for him. He lies under a plain slab in Kensal Green Cemetery, in London; and the same friends who have produced his book design for his grave a worthier memorial.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IV.—TO GO, OR NOT TO GO.

THE REV. GILES CARTON entered the room very slowly and gracefully. But there was a little nervousness apparent in the way he twirled his mustache. This mustache was an American luxury which his glimpse of clerical circles in England should have taught him to do without. But he made up for it by an unusually high Roman collar and by adopting an extra inch to his clerical frock-coat. Still, he was not quite peaceful in his conscience; and he actually put aside the large carbuncle ring his father had given him on his last birthday, and felt that he had mortified himself in a really medieval way. The mustache curled naturally at the edges, and an enthusiastic devotee had once said that it was like one she had seen in an old picture of Tertullian. This helped to make him feel that he was perhaps doing a sacred duty in giving up the ring and clinging to the mustache.

Major Conway rose in his usual stately way, and extended his hand.

"Delighted to see you, Giles!" he said. "It's pleasant to get near a grate fire. Bernice isn't sorry to see you either, you lucky dog! What concatenation of circumstances brings you now? You're not really due until to-morrow night. Bernice here

has just been telling about stephanotis and all sorts of efflorescence worthy of an engagement dinner."

"Papa!" interposed Bernice, smiling and blushing a little, as she gave her hand to Giles.

"Oh, my dear!—sit down, Giles. I suppose you prefer to keep up the fiction that you are not engaged. What a tremendous system of lies society is! We're always lying to one another, even when there is no need for it. A thousand times I have wanted to put at the end of a letter, 'Believing that you are the same old fool you always were, I remain yours unchanged in my opinion.' But conventionality requires that I should say, 'Yours, sincerely.' Hey, Giles?"

Giles felt that it would be indecorous to smile, and yet propriety required that the humor of a prospective father-in-law should receive some sort of notice. After a moment he nodded.

"I am very sad to-night," he said. "I am facing a great problem."

"I understand," said the Major, gravely. "You contemplate your responsibilities. But cheer up, Giles! They may not be so great as mine were. And, I assure you, Bernice knows the value of a dollar as well as any girl I ever saw. If you want to talk over your prospects, perhaps—"

"I had better go," said Bernice, half in earnest.

"Not at all," returned Giles. "I am not worried about material things. It is—in fact, I may call it a spiritual problem. I am afraid you will have to excuse me from the dinner to-morrow night."

"What?" said the Major, putting on his glasses and bringing his heels together with a sharp click.

"I am sorry, but—"

"No *buts!*" said the Major. "It will take an enormous *but* to show cause why the groom—I mean the prospective groom—can not appear at a dinner given in honor of his engagement. It will take

a tremendously enormous *but*, sir!" he roared,—“an enormous *but*!”

“The servants will hear you, papa!” cried Bernice.

“They have heard me for a good many years, young woman, and neither their morals nor manners have suffered from it,” continued the Major, slowly turning to his daughter, and annihilating her with a glance of scorn through his spectacles. “I want to know, Giles, why you propose to act with such absurd impropriety. Why, if your father were dead, I should consider it a fair and decorous thing to conceal the fact until after the function to-morrow night! It is a serious matter, a solemn occasion. Men that have married into my family have always considered it so, and I want you to understand that you must learn to look on it as such. Bernice is not alone concerned: it is a question of family honor. Sixteen people to dinner and no guest of honor, and I have told at least a dozen that I would have the Amontillado out! What does it mean?”

Bernice gave Giles a look of encouragement. She was not afraid of her father's wrath, but she did not believe that any man could stand against it. In the army he had been accounted terrible. She settled herself comfortably for the fray. She would now see principle and duty triumph over mere material force; she would see her father melt into admiration at Giles' beautiful saintliness and heroism. She knew what Giles meant: it was a question of James Ward's boy. It would be a risk, but duty was duty. After a moment's thought, the risk rather appalled her. She wished she could go instead of Giles. And yet he, pledged to the duties of the sacred ministry, could not back out. He must be true, even if he died for it. She shuddered at the thought; but, after all, he must be true to himself, or he had ceased to be the man she loved. For the first time in her experience she was assisting at a great crisis in human life.

“It means, Major,” said Giles, a little cast down in spite of himself by Bernice's radiant look of encouragement,—“it means that one of my parishioners is ill of an infectious disease—at least the doctor thinks so,—and I, as a priest—”

“Umph!” muttered the Major.

“And I, as a priest, must be at his bedside. I shall have to spend part of the Sunday with him; and, therefore, I can not promise to be present at the dinner. Your guests would not like it.”

“I should think not!” said the Major. “That sort of thing is one reason why I've never been as socially intimate with Dr. Bennett as I might have been. You can't be sure where a doctor has been,—though he's a great friend of mine. You're talking of James Ward's boy. Now, this is all nonsense, Giles. Let the thing go this time. He'll get better; and hire a good, strong curate, with no social affiliations, for cases like this in the future. You can't do any good. The boy's mother can read the Bible just as well as you can, and she knows just as much about what it means. What good can you do?”

“I can administer the sacrament, sir. I can—well, I can do anything that a priest can do.”

He said this with such an air of dignity that Bernice believed with all her heart that she was about to marry the hero of her dreams. He noticed again her radiant look, and it gave him no comfort. Surely it argued a certain heartlessness that a girl should be happy to see her lover rush into the very jaws of death. An appeal against it from her would have pleased him better,—an appeal which, of course, he would resist.

“The sacrament?” asked the Major. “You don't surely think you'd be justified in catching the small-pox in order to give that boy some symbolical bread and wine, do you? Your sacrament is only a symbol, isn't it? Can't his father—no, old Ward's an infidel,—can't his mother do it as well

as you can? Come, Giles, you don't mean to say you believe in Transubstantiation?"

Giles hesitated; he pulled his mustache nervously, and reddened.

"I can't say I do—*yet*," he said, "I am almost persuaded. I am on the way."

"Oh, come!" said the Major, impatiently. "Oh, come! Let this nonsense evaporate! Bernice, you're a girl of common sense, in spite of your altar clothes and things: stop his unmitigated silliness."

"Papa," said Bernice, seriously, "Giles is right. And if he goes to Willie Ward's, I'll go too. I will take the risk."

"Great Jove!" cried the Major, "what a pair of fools!" He raised his eyes to the ceiling, and pulled at his collar. "It's insufferably hot here!" He caught the expression of Giles' face, and smiled sardonically.

"What do you say to that, Giles?"

"I would not permit it," said Giles. "That would be over-zeal, Bernice. What good could *you* do?"

"As much good as you could do!" sneered the Major.

"I decline to argue," said Giles. "Major, unless you give me better reasons than you have, you must excuse me from the dinner to-morrow night."

The Major glared at him, thumped on the Froissart and muttered:

"Well, I can not call you a fool—I can not admit that I'd let my daughter marry a fool,—but you come very near to being one. There's no use in glowering at *me*, sir; I will say what I choose in my own house!"

Bernice went forward and put her arm on her father's shoulder.

"Giles knows you don't mean it, papa," she said, soothingly; "but don't talk so loud."

The Major's face grew purple.

"*Who's* talking loud? You are more than enough to try a man's—a saint's utmost endurance! You're a pair of fools! I'll have no answering back!" cried the

Major, pounding the Froissart. "I'll settle it at present and forever. Let me tell you, Giles, that you're not going to do the slum business and expect to come to this house. You'll have to choose between my daughter and the slums, sir!"

"There are no slums in Swansmere, Major," said Giles.

"Who said there were? The drainage is perfect—perfect, sir! But it's the same thing: it's a fad! You can't do the—"

"O Giles," said Bernice, struck by a sudden thought, "the boy may die before you reach him!"

Giles rose, with a pang at his heart. Could she really love him and yet send him away to death—into the very jaws of death?

"I must go too, papa. A priest's wife should always be with him in moments of danger."

Major Conway shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and then looked at Giles with the scornful glare he had always found so effective in the army.

"A priest's wife?" he repeated. "I presume if Heaven should have made me such a fool as to think I was a priest, I'd have had my wife rush about among small-pox cases, and take all the girls with her. We'd have been a charming group—all praying at a patient's bedside and catching the disease. Sit down, Bernice,—Giles isn't going. He knows he's not a priest just as well as I do. I never had much opinion of Colonel Carton's common sense, but I can't see why he encourages this mock-priest business."

"I must go, Bernice. Good-night!" Giles said, walking slowly to the door.

"O papa!" exclaimed Bernice, "how can you ask the son of a soldier to desert his post?"

"You know well enough that Colonel Carton was a volunteer," said the Major, straightening his shoulders. "If you feel sure you're a priest, Giles, you can go to—blazes, if you choose; but I'm sure"—

and the Major showed signs of recovering his temper—"that my daughter sha'n't be a priestess!"

Bernice hoped that Giles would rush out. The thought of the dying boy was uppermost in her mind. But Giles stood on the rug before the door. He began to have some hesitation himself. What good could he do?—what good that was worth risking his life for? He asked himself if this could be a temptation. An eminent Oxford divine had once told him that if he ever had a doubt of his priesthood, to invoke the saint of the day. His memory was not good, and he had put his hand into his waistcoat pocket to find his calendar, when the Major rudely burst forth again.

"Bernice," he said, authoritatively, "run upstairs and get my dress sword, or my field-glasses, or an old pair of stirrups,—anything, only disappear!"

"My place is—" she began.

"Your place, ma'am, is where I send you!"

Bernice bowed her head, and trailed her airy drapery from the room.

"Now, Giles," said the Major, standing up, "let us drop this stage-play. I am a Catholic, if I am anything; and—God help me!—I am not much of anything. I know enough to see through this make-believe. As president of the St.-Genevieve-of-Paris Social Club, you're a success; but you're not a priest. If you were, you wouldn't be posing here and asking permission to get out of the dinner-party. You'd not be thinking of the dinner-party at all: you'd be full of the human soul that is passing away. I know how *real* priests act. Why, you've lost half an hour already! Can you absolve that boy? Can you honestly say to that dying child that your sacrament is what the Host is?"

Giles' forehead and hands turned cold. His shams were mercilessly cut apart. He was facing the reality. He knew the Major's motive was utterly selfish, but his method was, nevertheless, terribly effective.

Was he willing to face death for an illusion? He said to himself that human nature was weak, and forgot the calendar and the saint of the day. The bell rang.

"Show 'em into the drawing-room," cried the Major. He was too late.

Mrs. Van Krupper came in breathlessly.

"Oh, I beg pardon, Major! I just thought I'd borrow one of Colonel Carton's maids to see me home; and I stopped—I stopped—walking fast always affects my heart,—mental troubles, Major,—I stopped at the grocery shop, and I heard the most awful news! Where's Bernice? I'll tell her first, and let her break it to you, Giles; it will come easier."

"Is the boy—*dead*?" asked Giles, all the color leaving his face, and shame and relief tugging at his heart.

"Worse,—oh, much worse! All Swansmere will be scandalized. He is going to die a Roman Catholic,—I saw the priest coming from the house!"

The Major laughed unfeelingly.

Bernice entered the room.

"I happened to hear what you said, Mrs. Van Krupper," she observed, quietly. "Will he live?"

"Oh, no, my dear: he'll die! And—just think of it!—out of the Church! Still, the Methodists or some dissenters might have got hold of him. I'm glad it is not so bad as that."

Giles said good-night, and went away with Mrs. Van Krupper. As he shook hands with Bernice, he noticed that her fingers were very cold.

(To be continued.)

It often happens that mere activity is a waste of time. People who have a morbid habit of being busy are often terrible time-wasters; while, on the contrary, those who are judiciously deliberate, and allow themselves intervals of leisure, see the way before them in those intervals, and save time by the accuracy of their calculations.—

Hamerton.

Mater Mea.

☉ MOTHER mine! how can they live
 Who know not, love not thee?
 How can their life have warmth or hope,
 How can they joyous be?
 Thou art my poor heart's happiness,
 Thou art the world to me!

How can they live who know thee not,
 When tempests round them roll,
 When dark temptation hides the light
 That should their way control?
 In danger, Mother mine, thou art
 The anchor of my soul!

How can they live who love thee not,
 When sorrow presses sore,
 When waves of desolation sweep
 Their wounded spirits o'er?
 I need thee, Mother mine, in joy,—
 In grief I need thee more.

How can they die who love thee not,
 How can they hope to see
 The Son, whom they profess to love,
 The while forgetting thee?
 Ah, Mother mine! I fear not death,
 If thou but pray for me!

 Traces of Travel.

ALONG THE VESUVIAN SHORE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.—ISCHIA.—THE ISLAND OF TRANQUIL DELIGHTS.

THE same little steamers that ply between Naples, Sorrento and Capri take their turn in the daily trips to Ischia, touching at the island of Procida on the way. Ischia, being the happy mother of several hot and mineral springs, has become the fashionable resort of invalids; and many a man assumes a weakness, though he has it not, that he may seek the tranquillity of this verdant island, and enjoy the luxury of its baths.

The steamer in which I embarked chanced to be the very one that bore me to Capri a few days before; and, though there was no lack of the foreign element in the market at the time, I was instantly recognized by the officers, and greeted like a long-lost brother. The small deck of the steamer was divided into three pens, for the accommodation of first, second and third-class passengers. That of the first class was distinguished by the faded red plush that covered a half dozen easy-chairs therein. The second class amused themselves by smiling complacently upon their neighbors who were running to extremes, being uncomfortably rich or miserably poor, as the case might be. A salamander between two fires could not be more philosophical or case-hardened, which is it? The third-class travellers sat all over everything, but seemed to prefer a wall of explosive-looking kegs piled against the smoke-stack, where they awaited the hour of their deliverance from this body of living death—poverty, the life-long poverty of Italy, where the climate is not quite cold enough to freeze you nor quite hot enough to scorch you; and so you are forced to live out the allotted term of years in desperate resignation.

Naples, the ever-picturesque, came out to see us off. Three troubadours, in a skiff, twanged their mandolins and sang lyrics in soft Italian under the stern of the steamer. They sang well and played nimbly, and got all their *soldi* from the second-class listeners; the third-class couldn't contribute, and the first-class wouldn't. The last sound we heard as we sailed away in the afternoon light was a rich tenor voice floating after us over the lovely sea, and chanting, half in sorrow and half reproach, "*Addio, Napoli!*" as if those words and the song, that catalogued the infinite variety of Neapolitan joys, were meant to ring forever in our ears, and make us miserably regretful to the end of time.

We rounded the fair coast of Posilippo, touched at the island of Procida, where a little slice of village spread itself along a cliff by the sea; and the low, flat-roofed, whitewashed houses, peppered with small black windows, looked very Eastern. The place was all ablaze in the face of the sunset; and but for the superior charm of the neighboring and larger island, Ischia, to which we were bound, I should certainly have gone ashore. Anon we ran under a monstrous rocky hill crowned with a grand castle, the Castle of Techia; and then skirted a green shore, under the shadow of a mountain, than which nothing is handsomer in this part of the country. The peculiar tranquillity of the place began to impress us as we hugged these sad and virtuous shores. I believe we stopped talking, and took to yawning, or something of that sort. The Sabbath-like silence of this spot is such a change from the ridiculous racket of Naples that there seems no longer any necessity of keeping awake.

Casamicciola is the melodious name of the small seaport down under my hotel. We touched at a stone pier, and landed, so to speak, in utter solitude. All the inhabitants of the place were kept at bay on the beach by two inoffensive-looking policemen in cocked hats and epaulets. When we entered into the lower part of the town—the place runs over all the green hills in the neighborhood—we were invited to take a donkey; but a mere shake of the head was sufficient to distract the attention of the donkey driver. *This* is what a permanent residence in the vicinity of hot baths will do for a man, and it is worth looking into—only I don't care to look into it myself.

A wily hotel-runner, in the disguise of an innocent humanitarian, captured me on the steamer, and piloted me to a hotel on the brow of one of the hills. The Piccolo Sentinella is a charming spot, where English is spoken in all its imperfections. We

live in the midst of a garden that seems boundless; I have an impression that it covers all that part of the island lying behind the hotel, and I am not going to spoil it by walking out of my window and running against a stone-wall inside of three minutes. In front of the house there is a long veranda, wherein everybody sits and talks loud enough for everybody else to hear, but never says anything to anybody outside of the family. Surely nothing can be more satisfactory than this! From the veranda we look out over seas of foliage, with shoals of white houses cropping out here and there, to seas of silver that are flushed with the after-glow of sunset, and where a few white sails are hanging idly, waiting for the wind that is due from Africa, and will probably be on us early in the morning, full of heat and glare. Oh, this sirocco!—how it does take a fellow and double him up and make him think meanly of himself, which is not the worst of it; for he usually thinks more meanly of everybody else than of himself, even in his state of collapse!

This charming hostelry was utterly destroyed by an earthquake, which shook Ischia to its foundations not long after my visit; and many lost their lives among the ruins that littered the whole island.

Night steals on. There is no sound but the low, sweet clang of a church bell down by the sea, and the cheery whistle of the multitudinous cricket. Oh, yes there is, though! I hear the elfin horn of the mosquito; and there goes a guitar and a voice—rather a fine voice, too,—a deep baritone, evidencing more culture than is discernible in most of this Italian street-singing. I can just see the musicians on a stone *loggia*, as they call it in this country—a broad balcony or gallery. It is the stone roof of the kitchen in this case, but you needn't tell any one. The singer is skipping about and rattling off that jolly air of "Figaro"; and the folk at the farther end of the balcony applaud him,

and send a maid down onto the *loggia* with a handful of coppers. I really don't know how long he sang last night; for I eventually grew weary. And when I saw him recoiling upon his limited *repertoire*, I retired and went to sleep, with a baritone at one ear and a mosquito at the other, between which I fell to dreaming of the donkey and the donkey-boy who were to meet me at daybreak and bear me to the very summit of Monte Epomeo.

Up Epomeo, three thousand feet in the morning air, on a donkey and an empty stomach!—that is the kind of treatment one meets with in this country. No doubt I enjoyed the climb more thoroughly for being a little faint. We dipped into the edges of the half-awakened village, and laid in a stock of cigars for the cruise; then we turned an abrupt corner and boldly faced the steep mountain. The trail that winds to the summit is narrow and but half broken; sometimes it lies on the peak of a ridge with a chasm yawning on each side; sometimes it threads a deep wrinkle in the face of a cliff, with rocky walls above and below it as smooth and slippery as glass. For the most part of the way it follows the bed of a narrow ravine, that has been gnawed to the very core by the swift streams that shoot through it after every mountain shower. Again and again I was compelled to dismount and foot it for a hundred yards or more, in places where even the donkey paused and trembled. I might have kept the saddle, I suppose; but there was every prospect of my finding myself astride of a bottomless pit, or something very like it, into which the beast might suddenly have dropped without a moment's warning. So I footed it, and came out of the ravine with colors flying. After this there was nothing but glowing highlands, with a boundless prospect of sea and sky; the island grew smaller and smaller, as islands are apt to do when you look down upon them from the clouds. And this we did literally; for the mists

floated past us like great ghosts, and we heard no sound but the far-away voices of women and children, who were busy in the vineyards down on the mountain slopes, singing while they toiled.

Riding in the clouds, just after sunrise, we heard the sharp, echoless snap of a rifle. It didn't sound at all loud up there; the drivers of Naples discount it every moment of the day with their whip-lashes. We looked about us for the industrious person who seemed to be celebrating something with a salute of numberless guns. An old fellow appeared with rifle in hand, having the air of an honorably discharged brigand; by his side hung a net half full of marvelously small birds—warm little things in feather jackets, saturated with blood. They were not at all tempting, but the huntsman was bent on a bargain; so we purchased a peck of them at two *soldi* each, and made a fresh start for the mountain top.

On the very summit of Epomeo—the highest summit of two that rival each other—is a small chapel hewn out of the solid rock. There is an artificial front, that deludes one with the idea that the chapel slides in and out of the mountain like a bureau drawer; but it doesn't. You go into the quiet little place, damp, mildewed and deserted, where Mass is said but once in the year—on the feast of St. Nicholas, to whom the chapel is dedicated. You wander into dark halls and small dark chambers, and presently come out on the other side of the mountain—for the topmost rock of all is just over the roof of the chapel. Here monks used once to dwell; but for the last sixteen years a hermit has occupied the place.

Leaving the birds in the hands of the hermit, the guide and I climbed to the Belvidere. A white pillar marks the spot where the earth ends and heaven begins, and there we meditated and talked poetry in a hash of English and Italian. The sea lay all about us; the shore-line of Italy swept up and down the horizon, and there

was nothing left to be desired—save breakfast. In the midst of our communion the fragrance of broiled birds ascended to us out of a window in the rock below; and the hermit bade us eat, drink, and be as merry as we might, for breakfast was piping hot. Down we clambered, with some caution—a man might easily tip off from the top of Epomeo, and roll some hundreds of feet on one side of it.

In the small cell of the hermit, with a small window looking into space, we fed on birds whose enormous eyes, resembling diminutive oysters, stared blankly from their delicate skulls. Why will people bring birds to the table looking so like corpses that one's conscience smites him as he drops upon the tempting but taunting dish? Hard bread, hard cheese, and wine that would have been hard to take under other circumstances, comprised our meal. I wrote my name in the visitors' book, in which others had written something of their character, gave a trifle toward the repairs of the chapel—a custom suggested by the hermit himself,—and then the guide and I descended to the earth by the shortest practicable route.

There is a steep descent from the summit of Epomeo to the vineyard terraces above Casamicciola,—a kind of lizard track, easily followed with the aid of a parachute. Guide thought it might be a diverting change, and I at once agreed; so we wound down the trail leading from the door of the chapel, where the hermit stood waving us a farewell, and waiting for a large party visible some distance below, who, like us, had just come upon the bird-exterminator, and were laying in a harvest of nestlings (they are little better) for their repast. Before long guide and I came to the rapid descent of which he had drawn so fair but feeble a picture; and lo! on the brink of a precipice the donkey paused, sighed and trembled. In a moment, to my unfeigned astonishment, guide seized the beast by the ears, and, with a powerful and

dexterous wrench, hurled the poor creature into the abyss. With horror I looked for a dead donkey; but no—there, in the midst of an umbrageous grove, the tough little fellow was feeding and waving his ears joyfully! I believe he was quite proud of the adventure. We followed suit as soon as I regained my composure: we leaped blindly into the air, struck about three times on the way down, and landed at last considerably nearer Casamicciola than when we started a few seconds before.

At the next precipice donkey wanted to throw himself over; but, as it was about a hundred feet to the bottom of the cliff, guide thought we had better cross the place on a crack in the rock, which we did, also to my surprise. I had donkey by the nose, and guide hung on to his tail, and thus we swung him across the face of the cliff; meanwhile he brayed in the utmost grief, and refused to be comforted until we came upon another precipice, which he took in fine style, before we had a chance to put on the brakes. That is so like a donkey!

Getting into the cultivated lowlands, guide gathered blackberries, figs and grapes; and we returned to town in splendid condition, and as fresh as mountain air.

Ischia has ever been the haunt of the meditative. The brilliant and beautiful Vittoria Colonna, beloved of Michael Angelo, came hither to mourn the loss of her husband; and Maria of Arragon sought consolation in the tranquillity of the island after the death of her husband, the Marchese del Vasto, in 1518. Now the sick and the sorrowful assemble to while away the hours in the semi-solitude of a bath-chair. Borne 'twixt earth and heaven, in the strong grip of brawny men, who, for the most part, are tractable in harness; under the shadow of an India cork hat, resembling an inverted soup tureen; with Murray in hand and goggles on nose,—who could not be happy? Vibrating between the hotel and the hot bath,

the summit and the sea-shore, the gentle Ischian forgets his nationality, and lives only for the moment and the mosquito.

Again the evening comes on; again we crowd the long veranda in isolated groups, ignoring and elbowing one another as only Christians can. The baritone steps lightly on the kitchen roof, while his jubilant "Figaro, Qui, Figaro, La," rings through the moonlit groves; and during his interludes the silvery tinkle of a mandolin replies to him from some invisible retreat. There is a fruity flavor in the air and a shimmer on the sea; we are awfully happy, and go to bed about nine o'clock as a general thing. Well, what if we do? Is it not the Island of 'Tranquil Delights?

(To be continued.)

A Reminiscence of Pope Pius IX.

A PAGE FROM A PRIVATE JOURNAL.

WHEN, in 1833, Mgr. Mastai was transferred by Pope Gregory XVI. from the see of Spoleto to that of Imola, his first care in his diocese was given to the abandoned children, who were to be found in great numbers at the entrances of churches, living on the pennies won from the pity of the passers-by. Mgr. Mastai commissioned seven ecclesiastics to look after the boys, and seven Sisters of Charity to take charge of the girls; with orders to watch over the conduct of the children, instruct them in their religion, and have them adopted by worthy families, or apprenticed to good, Christian tradesmen. His next care was to establish a house of refuge for repentant girls who had fallen from virtue, and an asylum for those whose morals would be exposed to grave dangers in the world. For this purpose he caused four Sisters of the Good Shepherd to be brought from Angers, France.

Pius IX. returned to visit Imola in June, 1857, ten years after his election to the papacy. The perfidious accusations which were spread about at this period by diplomats who were preparing to despoil the Pope of his temporal power are well known. To give the lie to these calumnies, and to show how thoroughly his government was appreciated and loved by the people who had the good fortune to be his subjects, Pius IX. resolved to visit all his state. His progress was a real and a continuous triumph. When he entered Imola, his former see, he did not neglect to visit his dear daughters of the Good Shepherd.

"It is impossible," says the manuscript narrative of the superioress, "to express the joy with which we learned that the immortal Pius IX., our illustrious founder and eminent benefactor, would visit his beloved daughters on the morrow of his entry into his old episcopal city."

After the ceremony of kissing the foot, Pius IX. expressed a desire to visit every part of the convent, which he himself had caused to be built, guiding the architect in the most minute details, so that everything should be appropriate to the uses to which the house would be put, and convenient to the community.

While the cardinals, bishops and other prelates of the Pope's suite followed two of the four Sisters to an isolated building recently constructed, Pius IX., accompanied by the other two religious, visited the second story of the main edifice. On this floor there was one large room that had not as yet been used for any purpose. The Pope opened the door, and, entering, intimated his intention of conversing somewhat more familiarly with the Sisters. There was no furniture in the room, not even a chair for his Holiness.

"Standing up without any support," writes the superioress, "the Holy Father told us, with much simplicity, of the events which had occurred since his departure from Imola and his elevation to the Chair

of St. Peter. When he came to the great act of December 8, 1854, I, feeling quite at my ease in the presence of a majesty so great, yet so humble and good-natured, ventured to say: 'Most Holy Father, would it be indiscreet to ask your Holiness what emotions filled your soul when you pronounced the words of the decree proclaiming that the Blessed Virgin was preserved from the stain of original sin?'

"At this unexpected request, the Holy Father looked at me good-humoredly and said, with a smile: 'And here is Mary of the Angels wishing to give her own direction to the conversation of the Pope!' Then, in the kindest of tones, he continued: 'You doubtless imagine, my daughter, that the Pope was ravished in an ecstasy, and that Mary Immaculate deigned to appear to him at that solemn moment?'

"'There would be nothing astonishing, Most Holy Father, in the fact of the Blessed Virgin's appearing to your Holiness when you were glorifying her in so remarkable a manner,—when you were commanding the whole world and all future ages to believe that her perfect purity never, for an instant, suffered the slightest taint.'

"'Well, no; I had neither vision nor ecstasy. But what I experienced, what I learned in confirming the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in defining and promulgating it, no human tongue could ever express. When I began to read the decree, I felt that my voice was powerless to reach all the immense multitude who crowded the Vatican Basilica (50,000 persons). Yet when I came to the words of the definition proper, God gave to the voice of His Vicar a strength and a compass so supernatural that the whole Basilica resounded with its volume. I was so affected by this divine assistance,' his Holiness went on, with an emotion which was shared by his listeners, 'that I was obliged to stop for a moment and give free

course to my tears. Then, whilst God proclaimed the dogma by the mouth of His unworthy Vicar, He gave to my mind a knowledge so clear and so comprehensive of the incomparable purity of the Blessed Virgin, that, plunged in the profundity of this knowledge, which no expression or comparison can translate, my soul was flooded with ineffable delights,—with delights that are not of earth, which seemed capable of being experienced in heaven alone. No joy, no happiness of this world could ever give the slightest idea thereof. I do not hesitate to say that the Vicar of Jesus Christ needed a special grace to prevent his dying of happiness under the impression of this knowledge and this appreciation of the incomparable beauty of Mary Immaculate.'

"Wishing to put himself upon our level, Pius IX. continued: 'You were happy, very happy, my daughters, on the day of your First Communion, happier still on that of your religious profession. I myself learned what happiness was on the day of my elevation to the priesthood. Well, unite these and similar joys together, multiply them indefinitely so that they may form but one and the same happiness, and you would have only a slight idea of what the Pope experienced on the 8th of December, 1854.'

"While the Sovereign Pontiff recalled the occasion and spoke to us in this manner, his person seemed to be transfigured; and we, wonder-stricken, our eyes filled with tears, our hearts trembling with emotion, said with the Apostle on Thabor: 'It is good for us to be here!'"

IF I lay waste and wither up with doubt
 The blessed field of heaven, where once my faith
 Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
 If I deny the things past finding out;
 Or if I orphan my own soul of One
 That seemed a Father, and make void the place
 Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
 What do I gain, that am myself undone?

—Howells.

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

OUR CYNIC FREES HIS MIND.

OUR neighbor announced last evening that her daughter had accepted a position as typewriter in an office down town.

"Accepted a position?" asked our Cynic, who has a way all his own of propounding disconcerting questions.

"Well, secured a position, then," said our neighbor, whose tilts with her interlocutor are too common to cause a sensation.

"I am sorry to learn that your husband's business has grown dull," again ventured our Cynic; "but it is surely commendable in Miss Mabel to fly to the rescue."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean. His business is rather better than usual, but Mabel wishes many things he can not afford. Her heart is set on a seal-skin mantle; and, then, you know that it is horribly mortifying to her to go without diamond rings when they are so in vogue, and there is not a girl in her set who wears less than three."

"Oh!" said our Cynic.

When he says "Oh!" with a certain little lifting of the eyebrows, we know it to be a signal that the harmony of our gathering is threatened, and some one hastens to change the subject; so our peace-loving Poet remarked that if the weather did not brighten soon, there was danger that the *grippe* would reappear.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Dobbs, is not, we are forced to admit, as popular as she might be with the *habitués* of our Tea-Table; and after she had gone, our Cynic said that he should not be able to sleep a wink unless he gave us his confidential opinion of such a state of things.

"What has become," he went on, "of the girl who stays at home? We have the girl who goes to the races and the foot-ball matches; the girl who hurries off to her

Delsarte lessons and a piano recital; the girl who attends medical lectures and belongs to the Society for the Elevation of Woman; the girl who reads essays upon the ethics of George Eliot's novels and the proper way to misunderstand Browning; the girl who dances all night and rides on a tally-ho coach all day; the girl who trots around the globe without a chaperon; the girl who sells drygoods, keeps accounts, runs a typewriter, practises law, and is manager of everything from a candy shop to a World's Fair,—in short, every girl who ever was on sea or land, except the girl who stays at home and helps her mother. This dear girl is, in the vernacular of the day, 'a back number.'

"I have one in my memory, the type of many who made this old earth a sweet place long years ago. She lived in a plain house, which Miss Mabel would despise; and she was not ashamed. She was taught to hem, to fell a seam, to embroider beautiful floral thoughts on lawn, to knit, to make a loaf of bread, to be frugal and withal generous, to lift the burden from a tired mother, to tend her flowers, to welcome a guest, to keep the house a refuge and a haven for those who left its portals to battle for existence, and herself 'unspotted from the world.' She wore, ordinarily, a print gown, which was often mended; for, as the word goes, she was poor; and there were others poorer still, to whom she ministered. But I never heard her murmur. Indeed, I am positive that she was utterly unconscious that there was anything to murmur about.

"Stupid? Ah, no, dear friends! unless an English violet or a sunbeam could merit that epithet. Pardon me for saying that there is not one at this table so keen of wit or informed of mind as she; and, as she had never heard any dubious syntax, or the unspeakable jargon we call slang, to converse with her was positive refreshment. It was like finding a purling brook flowing in the desert amid the acres of

flaunting cacti. She was incapable of announcing, as did Miss Dobbs the day she graduated from the high school, that she 'hadn't ought to have went.' What our neighbor's daughter 'had ought' to have is not a diamond ring or a situation in an office, but a post-graduate course of staying at home. It is not she who is to blame, however: it is her mother, who has fostered her vanity ever since she could walk. If it was a matter of necessity, it would be quite another affair. If she hoed potatoes or drove a stage or shovelled gravel for the purpose of earning her daily bread or that of those dependent on her, I would not say one word; but this abnormal, disgusting love for finery is at the bottom of it. It is the impulse which makes a savage woman hang a trinket in her nose. I hope Miss Mabel will buy her father a new overcoat. His is seven years old. He hoped to have one this winter; but the money, he said, went for banjo lessons for his daughter."

Here our Cynic stopped, quite out of breath. As usual he went to an extreme, and, in a manner, ran away with himself. He really does not object to pretty, even fashionable, clothes, when worn with a view to the fitness of things. It is this habit of thrusting young girls outside the sacred threshold of home that aroused his ire; and upon this subject the Tea-Table is of one mind, or so nearly so that he would be a valiant hero indeed who ventured a contrary opinion. In fact, our Cynic limited himself to but one objection when there were a dozen at his command. He said nothing of the unprotected walks at unseasonable hours, of the conversation where worldly men congregate, of the many dangers to the health of soul and body which are the result of this new order of things. If a girl must brave these dangers, then may Heaven give her strength to withstand them; but if she has a home, no matter how lowly a one, let her thank God and stay there.

If any one announces that this calamitous fashion is peculiar to America, and declares that across the ocean no such dangers menace, he is advised to examine the leading British reviews and magazines, which are filled with protests from the most earnest and high-minded women of England, who are saddened by this reversal of social laws and the threatened extinction of the Girl who Stays at Home.

A Noble Project.

A PRIEST who is doing exceptionally good work among the laborers and artisans of France is the Abbé Garnier, who has established a new Confraternity under the title of Notre Dame de l'Usine (Our Lady of the Workshop). The Abbé has gone out into the highways and byways, and even into the *cafés*, to convince the workmen, by plain, common-sense arguments, that their happiness is bound up in their fidelity to religion and religious practices. Of the Confraternity a recent writer says:

"Roughly speaking, the Abbé Garnier seems only to have adopted and introduced into France an association that has been flourishing for some years back in the Rhine provinces. There the masters and workmen, being all Catholics, have agreed to form one mutual aid society: the employer shares a large proportion of his profits with the men; they have healthy factories, healthy, comfortable homes; the park of the proprietor is their common property; they have a church, reading-rooms, technical schools, a hospital and medical attendance, all free; and a liberal pension in case of old age or disablement. I am not quite certain, but I believe a free cemetery is also one of the advantages of the scheme."

This endeavor to organize the French Catholic workmen is worthy of all honor,

and we trust that it may enlist the sympathies of many of the Abbé Garnier's *confrères* in the ministry. Such a work presents in itself all that can attract and actively engage the highest missionary zeal for souls, while at the same time placing in practical operation a grand solution of the vexed question of Capital and Labor. Let Religion but exercise her sweet influence throughout the social body, and the array of class against class, daily becoming more marked and threatening, will give place to a condition of things more in accordance with the teachings of the Divine Founder of Christianity, in which, oppression and discontent removed, the brotherhood of man, justice and right are fully recognized.

Notes and Remarks.

In A. D. 806 the Franks, under Louis the Pious, delivered Barcelona from Moorish domination; and, in conjunction with the Christian Spaniards, extended their conquest to the Montserrat range in the centre of Catalonia. Here some shepherds, following a very brilliant light, discovered by night a picture of the Blessed Virgin with the Divine Infant. The image was found to be an exquisite work of art. A church was built upon the spot, and the Benedictine abbot of the neighboring village of Ripoiill assumed the charge of the new sanctuary, which soon became famous for the astounding miracles wrought there at the instance of our Blessed Mother. Throughout the intervening centuries devotion to Our Lady of Ripoiill has survived all civil and religious vicissitudes; and the present Bishop of Vich and Solsona has expended some two hundred thousand dollars on the restoration of the sanctuary.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. recently presented the Bishop with a superb mosaic, a reproduction of a painting of Our Lady of Ripoiill by the celebrated Spanish artist, Señor Serra. The Holy Father's original

intention when he commissioned Serra to paint the picture was to present the painting itself to the noted shrine; but he was so charmed with its beauty that he determined to retain it in Rome, and so caused it to be reproduced in mosaic. Señor Serra, who is not unknown in this country, is currently spoken of as the successor to the deceased artist, Fortuny.

There is something peculiarly despicable in the action of the Italian Government toward the aged Pontiff of the Vatican. At a time when Leo XIII. was enjoying excellent health, giving daily audiences to cardinal prefects and secretaries, actively engaged on an Encyclical—performing, in a word, his usual heavy labors,—an officious Government sheet, the *Parlamento*, started the rumor that the Pope was dangerously ill. The smaller fry of the press immediately took the cue, and the Italians were thrown into considerable excitement, especially as the newsboys had received orders to emphasize the critical condition of the Holy Father. In its rabid hatred of the Holy See, the Italian Government press can stoop to acts about as contemptible as ever merited the scorn of the self-respecting.

There is rejoicing among Irishmen all the world over on account of the elevation of the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland, to the cardinalate. This creation, as it is called, has peculiar interest for all Catholics, inasmuch as it is the first time in the history of the Church that the ancient See of St. Patrick has had the distinction of being occupied by a cardinal. Archbishop Logue is a native of Donegal, and was educated at Maynooth College. His learning, piety, humility, zeal for religion and the interest of Ireland, have endeared him to clergy and laity wherever he is known.

The promotion of Archbishop Vaughan, the worthy successor of the great Cardinal Manning, was naturally expected and has given widespread satisfaction. Cardinal Vaughan's reply to the congratulations of the members of the newly-formed Historical Research Society recalls his sainted prede-

cessor. He said that he could not in any way attribute the honor to his own merits, but regarded it as one which came, as it were, as a recognition of the fidelity and fervor of the Catholic people in England. More especially it came as a kind of tradition, which had been established certainly not by himself, but by his two great and learned and most eminent predecessors; and, therefore, he was but the poor inheritor of an inheritance which had been created before himself. However, as it appeared to be the will of God that he should accept an honor which had been earned by others rather than by himself, he could only trust and hope that it would be an aid, an incitement, and an encouragement to them to be united together in a most hearty and faithful determination to do everything they could, as one great Catholic body, to promote the interests of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the interests of the Holy See, which were those of Christ Himself.

An "AVE MARIA" reader who lately had occasion to call at the residence of President-elect Cleveland, in New York, was delighted to find that the place of honor, on the wall at the head of the main drawing-room, was occupied by a beautiful bronze *plaque* of the Madonna and Child. It is a fine, artistic piece of work, well harmonizing with the tasteful surroundings. Under it was a Florentine chair, on the back of which is a profile of Savonarola. Little Ruth Cleveland is named after her mother's intimate friend, Madame Burnett, of the Sacred Heart Convent, Kenwood, N. Y.

The proposal to introduce the Godless school among the Flemish peasants was met with a protest as universal as it was vigorous. Certainly the time has not come when irreligious education might be expected to find favor in Flanders, and the Flemings understand that the root of society is in the child. Their protest as here given is a literal translation:

"No, they shall never gain possession of the beautiful souls of our children, so long as there is one true Fleming in Flanders; they shall not have them whilst God's sun shines over our country and there is a single copper left in our purses.

"The school is a battlefield. They seek to snatch

from the Church of God the souls of the little ones. We Flemish Catholics will never tolerate such a sacrilege. The blood of those heroes yet flows in our veins who gave their lives in defence of the faith.

"We do not want Flanders to become a den of thieves; what we do want is that our children, faithful to God and to His Church, be not changed into victims for the scaffold, and into nails to fasten down the lid of our coffin.

"We are ready to die if necessary, but we never will consent to lose our faith. Till our last breath, till we have one foot in the grave, we will continue to cry out: 'Never shall our children go to a school in which the crucifix can not occupy the place of honor!'"

People are often heard to say that no one is really missed in the world, but this is not wholly true. Exceptionally self-sacrificing men are never so easily replaced as to be quickly forgotten. Cardinal Lavigerie, for instance, is a distinct loss. It is one thing to succeed him, another thing to replace him. The Paris correspondent of the *Catholic Times* cites the following incident to show that the missionary Cardinal was notably the right man in the right place: "About two hundred letters have been brought by Arabs and Mussulmans from all parts and laid on the Cardinal's grave. In these they call him the great Christian *manitou*. They beg him, now that he is in heaven, to watch over their interests on earth, and to draw upon them the blessing of the Great King."

College students are proverbially a riotous lot, upon occasion; but it has remained for the Freshmen of old, respectable Yale to give to the world an object lesson seldom equalled as to sheer rowdiness and disregard of public order and decency. They could think of no better way to celebrate their victory in a football game than to go to the opera house in a body, and conduct themselves in such a manner that a large force of policemen was found necessary to arrest and march the jovial ringleaders to the lock-up. Meanwhile some Harvard men, presumably consoling themselves for their defeat, attempted to steal the sign of the Bible Society, and were promptly lodged in durance vile.

A secular exchange observes: "There are now quite a large number of Roman Catholic universities and colleges in this country.

Will our readers kindly inform us if they have ever known a single instance in which the students of these universities or colleges have been guilty of the outrages which are constantly being perpetrated by the students of some of our leading Protestant universities and colleges, and which are a disgrace to American civilization?" The pupils of the Catholic colleges and universities are of the same flesh and blood of the young ruffians before referred to, but we know of no such flagrant violation of the laws of Christian civilization among them as are almost daily perpetrated by the attendants at Protestant institutions of learning. The heathen in far-off lands are at a safe distance; the heathen at our gates are more dangerous to society than a herd of Bengal tigers. An Apache Indian would seem the pink of propriety beside these Goths and Vandals in dress-coats.

The *Northwestern Chronicle* calls attention to a very interesting paper by the Rev. Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, a Protestant missionary, in a recent issue of the *Christian Intelligencer*. It is a sketch of an ardent and indefatigable Catholic priest, Father Andrew, who thirty-six years ago was named Missionary Apostolic of Tibet. Although driven out of Tibet as soon as his presence in the country became known, Father Andrew has spent the years since 1856 on the borders of that inhospitable land. He has established mission houses and orphan asylums, has mastered the language, written a Tibetan-Latin dictionary, and prepared a translation of the Gospel of St. John. Notwithstanding the long years of hope deferred which he has experienced, Father Andrew is still said to be as undaunted as ever; and, though he can not enter Tibet, by no means despairs of effecting many conversions among its people.

Many years ago, shortly after the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, an Irishman named Pierce Crotty landed in New York. It was a modest town then—"a bit of a place," he was fond of saying, "on the edge of wild woods." About sixty-two years ago he began to work for the Manhattan Gas Company, and was a faithful servant of that corporation for forty-three years. Then he had a fall, and

never worked any more. The Company paid him, unasked, a pension of \$15 a month, and on that he lived. So long ago that no one but himself remembered, he had a wife; but she died early, and for fifty years he had no kindred on the earth. He remembered Madison and Monroe as prominent men; for he was born before the United States had a Constitution, and before Washington was made President. He was a happy little man, always good-natured and obliging, and a staunch Catholic.

**

The other day a message was taken to the Coroner's office. Pierce Crotty, it said, was dead, aged one hundred and eight! He had not been ailing long, and just faded away, polite and considerate to the last. The good woman who had cared for him for years gave him a spoonful of tea. "Thank you!" he said. When next she went to him his long, quiet, modest life was ended. May he rest in peace!

"Red Hats for ambitious prelates"; "the long head of Gibbons, Ireland, and Keane"; "his Tory Eminence of Westminster"; "the notoriety-loving Archbishop of St. Paul"; "Bishops conspiring"; "foes of Satolli in the American hierarchy."

Strange expressions these—are they not?—to find in Catholic papers! We have no hesitation in saying that if a score of vulgar, irreverent, wrangling, rancorous journals published under Catholic auspices in the United States were suppressed, it would be matter for rejoicing.

An appeal which should meet with a ready and generous response from all American Catholics has been issued by the Catholic Young Men's National Union. It calls for Catholic books, magazines, newspapers, literature of all kinds, for the use of our soldiers and sailors. Few classes of Christians have more opportunity for reading than those who serve in the army and navy, but reading matter is very commonly wanting among them. It is certainly an excellent work to supply these defenders of our country with books and periodicals that are not only entertaining, but healthy in tone; and the measure of good that may be effected by this

means may easily be out of all proportion with the sacrifice involved. As to the quality of the reading matter desired, the Catholic Young Men's circular says: "We want popular literature and fresh literature. Send us the Catholic newspapers, periodicals, and books of the day, after you have perused them yourselves."

Offerings of this kind or subscriptions in money may be sent to Mr. Charles A. Webber, 66 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; or to Mr. John P. Chidwick, 142 E. 29th St., New York. Fifteen copies of THE "AVE MARIA" will henceforth be forwarded to one of these gentlemen for the use of the soldiers and sailors. Our friends may increase the number of magazines, if they wish, at club rates.

William O'Brien, M. P., recently sent to an Irish exchange a very interesting communication relative to the concern felt by Spanish Catholics in the welfare of that land which in other days gave to the Spanish service so many of her bravest soldiers, civil and religious. The incident explained by the following translation from a Barcelona journal is only another proof that sympathy with Ireland, her griefs and hopes, is co-extensive with the civilized world, and is a harbinger that the longed-for brighter days will yet dawn for the Emerald Isle:

Apostleship of Prayer.—General Intention: The Sons of Ireland.

Daily Prayer for this month:

O Jesus mine! by the mediation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary Most Holy, I offer Thee the prayers, good works and troubles of this day, to make reparation for offences against Thee, and for the other intentions of Thy Sacred Heart. I offer them to Thee in a special manner with the purpose that Catholic Ireland may gain the liberty to which she aspires, and which she has so richly earned by her prolonged martyrdom.

Leo XIII. is the two hundred and fifty-sixth successor of St. Peter. Fifteen popes were Frenchmen, thirteen Greeks, eight Syrians, six Germans, three Spaniards, two Africans, two Savoyards, two Dalmatians; one was an Englishman, one a Portuguese, one a Hollander, one a Swiss, and one a Scandinavian. All the others were Italians. Seventy of the number have been canonized. Eight occupied the throne less than one year; twenty-two

reigned from one to two years; fifty-four from two to five; fifty-two from five to ten; fifty-one from ten to fifteen; sixteen from fifteen to twenty; and nine more than twenty. Pius IX. governed the Church the longest of all. John XII. and Clement XII. died at the age of ninety and ninety-two respectively, and Gregory IX. at the age of one hundred. According to the opinion of Novaes, which is pretty generally followed, Pope St. Agatho lived to be one hundred and seven.

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 M. Cahill, pastor of St. Thomas, N. Dakota, whose sudden death took place on the 21st ult.

Sister Mary of St. Anysia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Philomene, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who were lately called to their heavenly reward.

Mr. Charles Rittner, of Reading, Pa., who met with a sudden death on the 13th inst.

Mr. Edward Kane, who died suddenly on the 5th ult., at Fall Brook, Pa.

Miss Julia Garland, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 9th inst., at Manchester, N. H.

Master John J. Hanlon, of Medina, N. Y., whose life closed peacefully on the Feast of the Holy Innocents.

Mr. Francis Haviland, who passed away in peace last month, at Watertown, Mass.

Mrs. Mary A. Mooney, of Bangor, Me., who breathed her last on the 22d ult.

Mr. Nicholas Klerfges, of Orsfeld, Germany; Rose Gallegher, Marysland, Minn.; Mr. John O'Keefe, Dover, Ind.; Mrs. C. Morgan, N. Tiverton, R. I.; Mrs. M. McCarthy, Holley, N. Y.; Mrs. M. Leddy, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Patrick Fairweather, Liverpool, England; Mrs. Patrick Kane, Hancock, N. Y.; Mrs. M. White, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Bernard McIlvana, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Catherine McHugh, Mr. Dennis Lowney, Mr. Henry Kane, Mrs. Margaret Kane, Mr. George Curran, Mrs. Catherine Sullivan, Mr. Roger Rooney, and Mrs. Margaret O'Malley,—all of Fall River, Mass.; Mrs. Bridget Lynch, Lowell, Mass.; Annie Marr, Long Island City, N. Y.; Martin Brennan, Joliet, Ill.; Thomas Breslin, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.; and Mr. Thomas Grady, Chicago, Ill.

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



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Guardian of America.

It is not mine a tale to tell
 Of past and glorious days,
 When heroes toiled and martyrs bled,
 And poets sang their lays
 In noble strains of noble deeds.
 The past I must resign;
 Yet in the future, dawning days
 Of promise fair are mine.
 And still, since first Columbus moored
 His bark upon our shore,
 Since first he raised the holy Cross
 Upon San Salvador,
 Though heavy clouds have lowered since,
 Through which could scarcely shine
 The blessed sun of Faith, yet still
 It has been ever mine.
 From other favored lands it came;
 And, in return, my own
 Welcomes each stranger to her shores,
 And offers him a home.
 The sun of Faith shines far and wide,
 With its celestial ray
 Chasing away the heavy clouds,
 Turning the night to day.
 May every stranger in our land
 An ark of refuge find,
 And may the blessings of all climes
 Be in our own combined!
 'Tis meet; for though to each fair land
 An angel guide is given,
 To mine belongs the whole bright band—
 The regal court of Heaven,
 Attendant on our Virgin Queen,
 Enthroned in heavenly state;
 She is our glorious Patroness,
 Mary Immaculate.

So royal honors do I claim,
 America, for thee!
 My fair young land desires no crown:
 She asks but liberty;
 Yet for the love of her whose smiles
 Our hearts illuminate,
 I'd crown her Queen of our dear land,
 Mary Immaculate.
 I'd weave her crown of prairie flowers,
 Crimson and white and blue—
 The color of the western sky,
 The sunset's glorious hue!
 Then forth upon my mission high
 I'd speed with heart elate,
 To conquer nations for Our Queen,
 Mary Immaculate!

M. A.

A Boy who Wanted to be a Saint.



HERE is one kind of story that has always proved of un-
 failing interest to people of every age, old as well as young—that which tells of the childhood and youth of great and famous men. A book containing the true history of Shakespeare's boyhood, for instance, would be eagerly bought by the very many thousands who make up what is known as "all the world."

Now, the saints were by long odds the greatest and most famous men whom the world has ever known. St. Francis of Sales, for instance, enjoys far more renown than

does Shakespeare; for his name is known and honored and invoked by millions more than ever heard tell of the greatest of English poets. This being so, the young folks of THE "AVE MARIA" will no doubt be interested in learning something about the famous Saint's early life, especially as his feast occurs about this time.

The mother of Francis of Sales was a very pious Countess, who desired that her little boy should grow up to be a good Christian far more than she wished him to be either wealthy or renowned. In consequence, she took great pains to inspire him, even when he was quite young, with sentiments of lively and practical piety.

She took him with her to church, and also allowed him to accompany her in her visits to the sick; and that was how Francis learned to love God and men so well. Then she would read to him passages and stories from the Lives of the Saints, always pointing out the lesson to be learned from these heroic narrations.

And just as boys who read of the adventures of sailors and soldiers feel a desire to imitate them, so did little Francis become possessed of the desire of copying the actions of God's best servants. Often he would interrupt his mother's reading with the exclamation: "Mamma, I want to be a saint, too!"—"My dear child," his mother would reply, "if you really and truly wish it, God will give you the grace to become one."

From the time when he was five years of age, Francis took great pleasure in giving alms to the poor. He often ate only half of his own meal, so that he might give away the rest to the hunger-stricken beggars who thronged to his home for food. When his supply was exhausted, he himself became a beggar for their sakes. He would go to his relatives and demand of each something for the poor. And he had a very touching way of making his request. "Our Lord is naked," he would say: "give me some clothes for Him. He

is hungry, give Him something to eat. Our Lord is sick and has a very poor bed: send the doctor to Him, and give Him a nicer resting-place." Of course when he spoke of Our Lord he meant the poor, in whom every good Christian sees the likeness of our Lord Jesus Christ. So charitable did he become that the nickname by which he was known at home was "the father of the poor,"—a very glorious name for a little fellow, was it not?

The character of Francis was very frank and open. If he happened to break a window or a dish—and of course, being a live boy, he did do so sometimes,—he never concealed it. Rather than not tell the truth, he preferred to be punished. He remembered what his mother had told him: "Never lie, my dear son. Lying dishonors us before God, before men, and in our own eyes. Falsehood comes from the devil; and whoever tells lies becomes a child of Satan." These words had made a deep impression on his mind, and he would have exposed himself to anything rather than become by lying and deceit a servant of the devil. And on this point, at least, every boy and girl should imitate him. Telling lies is one of the worst faults that can make young people unlovable; and every child should prefer the severest punishment to the guilty conscience which the liar always bears.

When Francis was six years old he was sent to school near his home, and among all the little fellows of his own age he was noted for his love of study and his piety. He made haste to learn his lessons and perform his other class duties, so that he might have more time to pray. In his twelfth year he was sent to Paris to finish his studies. His mother was loath to allow him to go away from home while he was still so young, and gave him many good counsels.

"My son," she said, "love God above everything; pray faithfully; avoid sin, and avoid the occasions of committing it.

Keep away from bad and idle boys. Don't stop and gaze around in the streets without necessity. Be gentlemanly and polite to everybody. Follow the advice of your confessor, and show yourself grateful to your masters." Then, making on his forehead the Sign of the Cross, she repeated that beautiful saying of St. Louis' mother: "You know, my child, how much I love you; but I would rather see you lying dead at my feet than know that you had offended God by a single mortal sin."

His father also gave him wise advice; and Francis, weeping bitterly, knelt to receive his parents' blessing, promising them that he would remember their admonitions.

It was a good thing for him that he did obey the counsels he had received at home, because in Paris he had to run the gantlet of many dangers, especially the bad example of some of his schoolmates. He avoided these dangers by sticking to the resolve he had made to go nowhere else than to school and the church.

He went out walking with his tutor every day for his health; and they always chose some retired spot, where they could say their beads undisturbed. Francis said the beads daily all through his life, and besides was, like all the saints, very devout to our Blessed Lady. Through her intercession he received that angelic sweetness of temper which distinguished him even among the mildest and gentlest of God's servants.

To the Blessed Virgin, too, he had recourse in all his troubles. At one time in Paris he was very much discouraged and downhearted. A deep sadness took possession of him, and his heart was filled with aching bitterness. One thought was always before his mind—that he would surely lose his soul. He could not eat or sleep: he could only weep and moan. One day, while in this sorrowful condition, he went into the Church of St. Stephen, and, kneeling before a statue of the Blessed

Virgin, recited the *Memorare*. Hardly had he finished, when all his gloomy thoughts left him; joy and peace once more filled his soul, and he understood how true it is that our Blessed Mother is the "Comforter of the Afflicted."

Francis of Sales afterward renounced his inheritance, became a priest, was made Bishop of Geneva, and converted more than seventy thousand Calvinists to the true faith. His life is another proof that "the child is the father of the man"; that is, that the dispositions shown in early years tell what will prove the after-life of boys and girls.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IV.

The strange lady and her husband were hardly out of sight when Adelaide Stevens rushed over to Claire.

"How do you like the Countess?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Who?—what Countess?" inquired Claire, in surprise.

"Why, the lady who has just gone inside—Miss Ingénue! Do you mean to say you do not know that you have been talking to the Countess of — for nearly an hour?"

"I was talking to a very agreeable lady," replied Claire, a trifle haughtily; "and perhaps that was all it was really necessary to know."

"And she is a *real* countess!" exclaimed Alicia, more willing to show her astonishment.

"Yes, goosie! And that was the Earl who came and carried her off. They are awfully exclusive, and do not have much to say to any one. How did you happen to get acquainted with her?"

Without waiting for an answer, Adelaide flitted away to play ring-toss; and the girls looked at one another and laughed, while Claire reflected with embarrassment upon her patronizing resolution to be kind to the stranger.

"I thought a countess was always dressed in velvets and satins, and wore a coronet of pearls," said Kathleen, ruefully.

"And an earl," added Alicia,—“why, I always imagined an earl as a grand, statue-like personage, standing beside a throne.”

"Another ideal shattered!" rejoined Claire, with mock resignation.

"Huh! I don't see why you should be so disappointed because you've found out they're just the same as anybody else," interposed Joe. "You can't expect that Europe is going to be a walking picture-book! I like them first-rate. I suppose they can't help having a title; if they lived in the United States they wouldn't need any," he concluded, with sturdy American independence.

"To think of the maid's addressing her as 'mum!'" began Alicia. "I should suppose she would at least have said 'My lady.'"

"And the idea of the Earl's calling her Polly!" added Kathleen.

"Why shouldn't he if that is her name?" observed Joe.

"But a countess with such a common name! Now, if it were only the Lady Ethelinda, or something of that kind!" sighed Alicia.

"Lady Ethel-fiddlesticks!" muttered her brother.

"What impressed me most," said Claire, "was to see how obediently she went indoors when her husband asked her to do so. Even countesses can not always do as they please, it seems."

The next day was Tuesday, and the last but one aboard ship; for the captain announced that he expected to reach Queenstown before night. There was a

stir of pleasurable expectation among the passengers; everyone was glad at the prospect. Those who were to get off at Queenstown were already making their preparations; the baggage was being hauled out of the hold; the trip across the broad Atlantic was nearly accomplished.

Early in the afternoon a party, which included the Colvilles and Bartons, stationed themselves in the bow to watch for land. Standing upon a coil of rope, Joe and Rob took turns in searching the eastern horizon with a field-glass, of which they had obtained possession. A score of similar ones, and a hundred, more or less, opera-glasses, were levelled in the same direction.

"Land! land!" called Joe at last, almost falling off his perch in his excitement.

Rob snatched the glass from him, and cried: "Where?"

"There! No: farther to the left—can't you see it?"

All the other glasses were soon turned toward the quarter indicated.

"Pshaw! that is only a distant sail!" said Jack Barton.

He was right; but the discovery was greeted with a general exclamation of disappointment.

They waited an hour or more. It was about three o'clock when Alicia said:

"What is that directly ahead of the ship, at the horizon?"

"Perhaps another sail," said Mr. Colville.

"An iceberg or a whale," suggested Louise, jestingly; for the boys were inconsolable because they had encountered neither one nor the other. In this respect they voted the voyage a failure.

All watched with intense interest the fleecy speck at the point where the sky and sea appeared to meet. Soon it resolved itself into a cone-shaped cloud; and now the cloud changed from white to grey.

"Land!" shouted the look-out at the mast-head—a little standing-place which Joe said was called the crow's-nest.

"Land! land!" The glad tidings reached

the officer on the bridge, and was confirmed by the testimony of his powerful glass. The cry was immediately taken up by the watchers on the forward deck, and re-echoed through the ship.

But for the authority of the seamen, however, our friends would many times have thought themselves mistaken, so often did the pointed cloud seem to dissolve amid the mists of the horizon. At last, however, it loomed up before them, a lovely violet shadow upon the surface of the ocean,—a shadow which gradually materialized till they beheld distinctly a gigantic crag rising abruptly out of the water, with a smaller one beside it.

“Do they call *that* land?” murmured little Kathleen, in disgust.

“The sailors call those rugged rocks the Cow and the Calf, if you like those names any better,” said her father. “They are the Skelligs; we shall soon see *terra firma*, I promise you.”

The party remained straining their eyes for a sight of the mainland, and in the course of an hour were rewarded by the first glimpse of the shores of old Ireland, green and beautiful, and flooded with the sunlight of the fair June afternoon.

The sunlight faded, the long twilight came and still they watched. On the vessel steamed, now quite close to the shore. The stars came out; the beacons of Crookhaven and Bantry Bay flashed their rays far out upon the waters; from the little cabins on the hills and in the depths of the glens glimmered the lights of Irish homes.

It was ten o'clock when the vessel cast anchor off Queenstown. She sent up a rocket, and there was a blaze of red and blue fire. The signal was answered from the shore, and then a little tender steamed out across the bay and bore down upon the great ship.

“The tender, with its colored lanterns, looks like a fairy boat,” said Alicia.

Now it came alongside the steamer.

There were hurried leave-takings between those who were to disembark here and those going on to Liverpool; mail-bags were tossed upon the deck of the tender through a canvas chute, and baggage was transferred to it with almost as much dexterity. Our party waited until the little launch was fairly under way again, and then went below.

“What delicious-looking strawberries!” said Claire the next morning at breakfast, as the steward placed before her a dish heaped with the luscious fruit.

“Yes, Irish strawberries,” answered her father. “Try them, and tell us if you do not consider them worthy of their fame.”

All agreed that the berries were the finest they had ever tasted.

“By the way, steward,” said Joe, “several times I have intended to ask you how the milk for our tea and coffee is kept. This does not appear to be condensed milk, and yet it is just as sweet and nice as that we had the day we left New York.”

“The milk is frozen into a solid block of ice, and a bit is chopped off when any is wanted,” answered the man.

This explanation amused and interested the little girls.

The ship was again out of sight of land; but before long the English coast came into view, and by noon the *City of New York* was in the harbor at Liverpool. What excitement and wearisome delay there were in landing! Because of the low tide the steamer anchored in the stream. Several tenders were waiting to take the passengers off. In one of these our party finally found themselves, contemplating the line of splendid stone docks, the finest in the world, they were told.

They reached the quay only to be consigned to the tender mercies of the custom-house officials, who conducted the tedious examination of the luggage. When this was over, and they had a chance to collect their bewildered senses, Claire sank upon a bench in the waiting-room, exclaiming,

"Well, thank God we are safely ashore!"

And the others echoed her thanksgiving with grateful hearts.

The Countess had bidden the children a smiling good-bye.

"I'm surprised she didn't invite us to visit her at her castle!" sighed romantic Alicia.

"It must be because she hasn't any," replied her brother, teasingly.

Adelaide Stevens at parting insisted upon giving Claire the address of a Parisian dressmaker.

"You will, of course, want to get some gowns for your *début* in society next winter," she said.

The Bartons were going up to London by another route. Our friends, therefore, parted with them, after arranging to meet again in the metropolis.

Mr. Colville now found places for his party in the bus which takes passengers over to the London and Northwestern Railway station. They scrambled in, and were driven at a rapid pace across the city. As the bus rumbled through the streets, past St. George's Hall and handsome square, Joe caught sight of a horse-car, profusely decorated with sign-boards and gaudy advertisements, in which the merits of Sunlight Soap, Epp's Cocoa, and similar commodities, were set forth in red, white or blue letters half a foot long. There were seats on the top of the car as well as inside; and some of these outer seats were occupied by well-dressed people, who drove along as unconcernedly as if they were not, according to Joe's notion, "the observed of all observers."

"Look at that circus-car!" he exclaimed. "And see the people making guys of themselves by riding on top!"

An English boy who sat opposite, grinned.

"That isn't a car," he said: "it's a tram. What do you find so very odd about it?"

Joe scowled at him.

"The first thing we know, somebody will be telling us that we are not ourselves, but a band of Buffalo Bill's American Indians!" he muttered to Alicia.

"But surely," said she to this communicative neighbor, "that is only an advertisement car, or tram as you call it, not a public conveyance?"

"Why, yes, it is just an ordinary tram," he replied. "There comes another one!"

"Do you mean to say they are all plastered over with advertisements like that?" she asked.

"Why not?"

"Well, nothing will ever induce *me* to sit on top of one, or even inside," said Alicia, with a toss of her head.

The English boy stared.

"Then you'll have to take a hansom or a four-wheeler everywhere you go, or else do a good bit of walking," he replied. "But maybe you don't know that the outside of this bus is covered with advertisements too?"

Alicia sighed and resigned herself to fate. This in æsthetic England was a severe trial, however.

They had now arrived at the railway hotel. Here they lunched and then proceeded to take the cars.

"What a pretty, funny little train!" exclaimed Kathleen.

"It looks like a toy train," added Alicia.

The diminutive engine appeared indeed like a plaything compared to the gigantic iron steeds which the children were accustomed to see. The railway carriages were also very small and light compared to those used in America. The exterior was painted white, and the inside was divided into compartments, with seats for eight persons, facing one another, and a door at the side.

"It is just like a great, big funeral carriage!" declared Kathleen, settling herself near a window.

MELODY IN A-FLAT FOR OFFERTORY.

Andante religioso.

F. J. LISCOMBE.

SOLO.

mp *p cres.*

Small notes for Ped. may be omitted.

mf *rit.*

Sva *Flute Stop.*

mp *p*

mf p *Melody with left hand.*

p *rit.*

p *cres.* *poco a poco.*

MELODY IN A-FLAT OFFERTORY.

FINE.

dim. *molto rit.*

TRIO.

mf *Ped. ad lib.*

f *dim.*

D.C. to Fine.

ppp

the expectations of their audiences. The latest of these orators, Mgr. Germain, Bishop of Coutances and D'Avranches, who delivered the sermon on February 11, 1892, exposed with felicitous lucidity the *design* that inspired the miraculous Apparition at the rock of Massabielle. This article is an imperfect *résumé* of his masterly discourse:

The Church has inherited the wisdom of her divine Founder, and does not pronounce upon supernatural manifestations unless impelled thereto by motives of extraordinary gravity. If, in the canonization of her saints, she studies and recognizes the miracles which God works to glorify His servants, she rarely delivers a solemn judgment as to the reality of a particular prodigy.

Why, then, was a glorious exception made in favor of the Apparition at Lourdes? Mary, the Seat of Wisdom, could not act without having some design, or end, in view. Now, if she chose Lourdes to be her sanctuary of predilection—the sanctuary where, more than in any other locality, her power and goodness should be made manifest,—what determined her preference? May it not be that the celebrated Apparition was Heaven's answer to the negations, daily growing more audacious, of contemporaneous incredulity, the bane of many countries, and not least of France?

True, the battle of incredulity against Christ has been waged in all ages. For eighteen hundred years the Gospel has been engaged in a conflict with falsehood and unbridled hatred; but the struggle is at present more bitter, more open, more radical, than ever before. We have no need of new arguments for the defence of our faith. The testimony of Holy Writ and divine tradition is its ample apology. But, on the one hand, the world, distracted or led astray by other voices, no longer seeks these sacred wells; while, on the other, Science, likewise ignoring them, deems it becoming to her dignity to deny everything.

In this conjuncture, God once more exercises His infinite clemency. Just as, at the moment of the Incarnation, He sent the Word to bring light and life to the world, so has He, more touched than angered by the blindness of the age, sent the Mother of His Son, to make manifest to all eyes those truths without which there is no salvation.

The age denies the supernatural order. "The age," exclaimed Mgr. Freppel, "had proclaimed by the voice of its most famous unbelievers: 'The supernatural is impossible; the supernatural does not exist; we have only to occupy ourselves with what we can see, feel, and touch. The rest is indifferent.'" As a reply, at Lourdes the portals of heaven are opened; the Mother of God appears; a fountain hitherto unknown springs up; multitudes throng thither; miracles are wrought,—numerous, undeniable miracles, which all may see and feel and touch. At Lourdes one may, so to speak, "touch Heaven with his hand." Lourdes, in a word, is God's protestation against the great error of our epoch—naturalism.

The age denies dogma; it denies God, Jesus Christ, the Church, the infallibility of the Pope. Dogmas, it superciliously affirms, are the poetical conceptions of humanity in its childhood. In reply, at Lourdes the Virgin, daughter of the Father, Mother of the Son, spouse of the Holy Ghost, shows herself to earth and declares her name—"I am the Immaculate Conception." Now, the Immaculate Conception is the affirmation, by its very exception, of original sin; and any candid reasoner will recognize the fact that such a manifestation of our fundamental dogma carries with it the whole Gospel—the divine maternity, the Incarnation, the Redemption, the Eucharist, the Church. As for the infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff, it too is confirmed by the Apparition of Lourdes. Mary, calling herself the Immaculate Conception, practically says

to the Vicar of her Divine Son: "I ratify with my own voice the definition proclaimed by the Church. The Vatican Council was the oracle of Truth when it defined your infallibility."

The age denies Christian morality. There are no bad passions in human nature, it declares, and consequently away with mortification. There must be an end to all the severities of St. Paul and the moralists who have followed him. We must make life easy: must have well-measured joys, pleasures that do not seriously compromise any temporal interest. This is the pith of the morality of the secular press, of fiction, and of innumerable crowds who follow these latter-day doctors, whose code is so convenient. Even in his day the great Apostle could write: "For many walk, of whom I have told you often (and now tell you weeping) that they are enemies of the Cross of Christ; whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame; who mind earthly things." Yet that was the heroic era, when men knew how to use the world as though not using it, to possess as though not possessing, to enjoy as though not enjoying, to support with delight all trials in the expectation of a better and a permanent fortune. That was the era when the opprobrium of Jesus Christ was prized above all the treasures of Egypt, when the mountains and the deserts were peopled with the athletes of abnegation and sacrifice. What would St. Paul say of our aversion for the Cross, of our self-idolatry, of our frantic love of joys and pleasures? Is the doctrine of Jesus Christ no longer purity, charity, mortification? Is the spirit of renunciation no longer the necessary basis of the Christian life and of eternal salvation?

At Lourdes the Immaculate Conception answers: "*Penance! penance! penance!*" What does this mean, if not that penance is the essential condition of all morality? The Son, in the beginning of His public ministry, said: "The time is accomplished,

and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent and believe the Gospel." The Mother, as if terrified at our corruptions and the abysses into which they plunge us, proclaims in her turn the solemn warning: "*Penance!*" And if she thrice repeated that warning, was it not because, comprehending in a single glance the triple source of our misery, the Blessed Virgin wished to withdraw us from the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life?

Finally, the age sets itself against public worship. Let the faithful and their priests shut themselves up in their churches, and there, out of the public sight, content themselves with adoring their God in spirit and truth. As a consequence, no more exterior manifestations—no more images of saints floating on silken banners to the breeze; no more sacred hymns waking the echoes on rivers, plains and hillsides.

The Immaculate does not subscribe to this view. "Go tell the priests that here a chapel must be built. I wish people to come hither; I wish them to come in procession." And her wish has been realized. Her Basilica was erected, and all Christendom thrilled at the story of Bernadette and Lourdes. It believed, it went there. Each year the Catholic world, despite all distances, traversing oceans and scaling mountains, has sent to the Grotto of the Immaculate delegates to testify its faith, its confidence, and its devotion.

As to a new Jerusalem, the nations throng to its light. The mighty and the weak, the indigent and the wealthy, young and old, priests and people, respond to the call of Mary. Innumerable multitudes delight in carrying to the Virgin's sanctuary of predilection the tribute of their grateful love. The hillsides at Lourdes are gay with the floating banners of processions, and glow by night with ten thousand flames; while, like the sound of many waters, the voices of countless pilgrims are borne aloft to Heaven. Mary's

will has prevailed against all obstacles: public worship has been vindicated.

Such is the scope of the Apparition at Lourdes. Such is the cause of the Office which for the second time will be celebrated on the 11th of the present month. Who shall wonder that the Church has wished to consecrate such an event by a solemn feast, and to clothe it, in the eyes of the faithful, with the authority and dignity of public prayer?

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

V.—AT THE WARDS'.

“MOTHER,” Willie said, after a long silence, “has he come yet?”

“Not yet, my dear.”

Mrs. Ward knelt near the little table, and covered her face with her hands. All grief seemed to have emptied itself on her head. Her son might die unconsolated; and his father had found, in Mr. Carton's delay, another reason for jeering at Christians. If Willie only would listen to the Good Book! What better consolation could there be? When he was a little child, he had loved to hear the Old Testament stories. After all, if Mr. Carton did not come, they must turn to the Bible.

The silence was oppressive. The quick breathing of the boy, and the recurrent click of his father's heels on the floor below, seemed to be tearing her brain and nerves. Suppose Willie should slip away from her? She rose in alarm,—she could hear his breathing still,—he was alive.

“Call father!” he said, in a faint voice.

“I must see father!”

Mrs. Ward knocked on the floor three times. James Ward came to the door.

“I want to see father,” the boy repeated.

“I *must* see him!”

“Let me in, mother: he wants to see me. After all, the child knows his father is better for him than all the priests in creation. I must go in!”

Mrs. Ward opened the door; her husband went softly to the bedside of his son. He smiled, and his homely face was irradiated. No human tongue could tell how he loved that boy, but the smile suggested it.

“Father, what did Mr. Carton say?” the boy asked, in a voice that since his illness had become hoarse and low.

“I did not see him, Will,” was the answer. “But I saw his father, and he said that Giles might come later.”

James Ward frowned at the recollection. The Colonel had said that he thought it was “a great piece of impudence to ask Giles to run the risk of small-pox”; and James Ward had replied angrily. Then the Colonel had left him in the vestibule while he went in to see Giles. The message from Giles, brought out by a servant, was that he would come as soon as he could—if his engagements permitted. “You'd almost think I had asked him to a picnic of some kind!” Ward said to himself.

Ward had given the servant a piece of his mind in a loud tone for the benefit of the Colonel. His language was free, and his allusions plain. As he and the Colonel were veterans, he assumed a great familiarity with the Colonel's previous life; and the Colonel swore to himself as he heard Ward's torrent of words raging in the hall. He was not surprised: he had felt the sting of the man's tongue before.

Ward hung about the doorway for a while. He hoped that Giles would come out. He did not mind the cold; he was too anxious about Willie. He had reached the open space in front of Major Conway's grounds when he saw Giles enter the gate.

“He is going to consult that Conway girl. If she says ‘No,’ he will not come. He is a poor, weak fool. Of course she'll say ‘No.’ What! have her dear Giles' face disfigured perhaps for life, even to save my

poor child from despair! Ugh! How I hate them all!" James Ward thought bitterly, as he stood in the February wind, watching the evergreen hedge through which the Rev. Giles Carton had gone. "How I hate them—sneerers and mockers and polite liars! I have a good mind to go into the house after him and drag him to Willie. The boy has a right to him. He pretended to be Willie's pastor and all that sort of trash, and now he deserts him! I'll pull them all down into the dust yet. And if that Conway girl stands in the way of this ecclesiastical dude's coming, I'll be even with her and all her tribe. I wish there was a new French Revolution!"

James Ward started for home, with bitterness in his heart. His anger had suddenly centred on Bernice Conway. There was a little jealousy in this—and Ward was a very jealous man,—for Bernice was one of Willie's "saints."

"My blood boiled," Ward said to himself as he went home, "that day last summer when she came into our garden, and Willie gave her the bunch of roses. 'Thanks! You're a good boy.' A queen to a peasant! If Giles Carton does not come, I'll ruin the whole of them!"

Ward paused a moment to look at the river, cold and silvery, cut by a thousand sharp points of brilliant light. And Willie would never again see the river he loved! What would he see? Where would he go? Could this being whom he, James Ward, loved better than his own life, be parted from him forever? He went onward hastily. He had been wont to say that a man's natural respect for the highest ideals of life would prevent him from evil thoughts and evil plans and deeds. He was something of a transcendentalist: he exacted high things from himself and from others, and he was never satisfied. Now he suddenly found himself wounded to the heart by the indifference of these people to the suffering of his son. His transcendentalism was of no use to him

now: he did not attempt to curb his anger or restrain his wish for revenge. And yet he had read Marcus Aurelius and Emerson, and had preached their axioms to Willie and his mother over and over again. Now, had he been Samson and yet not blind, he would have gladly crushed himself and those whom, for the moment, he hated in one ruin.

He was in this mood when Willie had called for him. Like a caged animal, he walked up and down the sitting-room, now so gloomy and desolate. He clenched his fists, and drove the nails deep into his palms. Whither could he turn in his wrath and despair? "Me miserable! me miserable!" he said, quoting Milton. Prayer? He did not believe in prayer. Death, desolation, rage—and no way out of it all!

And no way out of it all,—that was the worst of it. James Ward had been used to talk of the consolations of nature. He had read Emerson over and over again, and Thoreau and Wordsworth; and he preached the doctrine, "Nature will heal all." He could see the illumined clouds and the sparkling river and the wind-tossed boughs. Nature was near enough to him—but nature was dumb. The moon, the river, the fine motions of the boughs against the sky,—all those "beneficent powers" he had read about and talked about, were impotent. For a moment he understood why his son yearned for the supernatural.

His terrible helplessness was heavy upon him as he stood at his son's bedside. Willie looked up into his father's eyes.

"I am very sick, father," he said.

"Cheer up, boy!" Ward answered. "You'll come out all right. You used to believe everything I said when you were a little fellow. I could almost make you believe you had not a toothache simply by saying so, couldn't I?"

Ward's effort at cheerfulness was more painful than gloom. He was not given to humor or gayety, as a rule; and Willie felt

dimly that he would not have assumed this apparent lightness if the danger were not extreme.

"I may die, father," Willie said,— "I may die, and I want to be prepared."

Ward shivered.

"We will have the doctor in again—"

"No," said Willie: "it is not the doctor I want. He would come again if he were needed. I want Mr. Carton."

Ward clenched his fist. It was not often that Willie had asked anything of him in vain.

"And that girl is keeping him!" Ward thought. "He will listen to her selfish pleadings, and let my boy lie here hungering for his worthless words!"

"Tell him to come, father!"

The father turned away. Mrs. Ward, white and trembling, watched the two, the Sacred Book held in her hand. A foolish anger took possession of James Ward; he turned to his wife rudely.

"Why don't you read to him, mother? What's the use of your Good Book now?"

What *was* the use of it? She did not answer.

"The Bible *is* good, mother," said Willie, his eyes glowing with fever. "But I want something *done*. It says 'call in the elders.' I am tired, mother,—I am tired. Oh, tell Mr. Carton he *must* come!"

"Can't you calm him, mother?" Ward asked, abruptly.

"I am afraid,—I am afraid! I can't die alone," Willie went on. "God is so far away; why can't I get nearer to Him? It's so cold and dark; and you can't go with me!"

Mrs. Ward threw herself against the bedstead, and knelt with her face buried in the covering. Sobs shook her.

"Take me, Lord," she said, "if he is afraid; take me!"

But, in the midst of her agony, a horrible dread of the unknown shook her heart; she was afraid too, and in an instant she had a period of illumination as her husband

had. The God she had read of and the real God seemed different in that instant, and she discovered then that she did not know the real God. Thought is quick, and in her mind the two phases—one, the impulse of absolute devotion to her son; the other, this strange, realizing fear—passed each other as two trains of cars.

James Ward's hopeless anger died out. He saw that his wife, usually so calm, was powerless now to suggest or to act. He must do something.

There was Mr. Stanford, who sometimes preached in the hall which the Presbyterians and Baptists had alternately. He might ask him. But he had a wife and children; and if Giles Carton, the son of a soldier, hesitated for the sake of Bernice, why should Mr. Stanford risk his health and that of his family just to read the Bible to a sick boy?

Then a memory came to him. He recalled that night before a great battle, when the Catholic soldiers had gathered kneeling about a lighted tent, and how all night they had passed in and out because the priest was there. And in the morning he had almost envied them the calmness and gravity with which they had received Communion from that priest's hand. All this flashed on him with greater swiftness than a fork of summer lightning through the clouds. And in the battle he had seen that same priest among the dying, fearing neither shot nor shell. Mr. Stanford might be a brave man, but he could only read the Bible. There was another who might do what Willie wanted—

"I will be back, mother," he said,— "I will be back in a little while. I am going," he added, as she rose from her kneeling posture,— "I am going for Priest Haley."

"No!" said his wife, "you must not! Willie would not see him,—I will not have it! Mr. Carton was bad enough, but we can not have a real Romanist priest here. Willie, your father is talking about getting the priest, a Romanist priest, for you."

Willie seemed to understand with difficulty. He had dozed for a few minutes.

"It is long," he said, feebly. "Why does Mr. Carton not come? I must see him. I must confess my sins, mother."

"Confess your sins to the Lord Jesus, child. No man—"

"Ah, mother, it is different when one is very sick!" Willie said; "it is different!"

There was an interval of silence. The father stole softly out of the room. It was all nonsense, he said to himself; but his boy should have his wish.

James Ward never undertook a harder task in his life than when he conquered himself in order to ring the bell at the door of Father Haley's house. A dog in the porch made remonstrance; but the priest himself appeared, quieting him, breviary in hand.

"Come in!" he said, kindly; "come in, please! I'm all alone."

"I can't, Mr. Haley," Ward began. "My boy is dying, I am afraid; and—"

"Oh, it's you, Ward! Why, come in!" repeated the priest, in surprise. "I didn't expect to see you. So your boy is ill,—the brown-faced, bright young chap I've seen rowing so often?"

The priest held the door open, but Ward did not enter. He held the flap of his overcoat with one hand, and the lantern he carried trembled in the other. He hesitated.

"Come in, man!" said the priest. "The wind's blowing the hair of my head."

"I can't!" Ward stammered. "My boy's sick, and he wants to confess his sins to somebody."

"Why, where's his Reverence Mr. Giles Carton?" asked the priest.

"It's small-pox."

"Oh—well, come in!" said the priest again. "I must put on my overcoat and get some things I need."

"But did you understand?" said Ward. "It's small-pox!"

"I understood perfectly. If it were cholera or yellow fever it would not make any difference. And let us thank Heaven it's not either: the poor boy has more of a chance."

Ward, feeling strangely hopeful, entered the little hall. In ten minutes the priest was with him, talking as if he were in the most commonplace and practical of worlds, instead of the world in which James Ward lived at that moment,—a world full of nameless horror and dread.

When they reached the sick-room, Mrs. Ward had gone: she could not bear this last blow.

"Nobody here? Ho, Willie!" said the priest, pleasantly.

Willie looked up eagerly.

"Now, Mr. Ward, if you don't mind, I'll take care of the boy for a while."

Ward went meekly down to the sitting-room, where his wife was, looking crushed and heart-broken. A half hour passed. They heard murmurs from above. Then the priest came down, nodded to Mrs. Ward, and said to her husband:

"The boy is calmer. I'll come again to-morrow," and went out.

Mrs. Ward ran hastily up to the bedroom. Her boy was safe: he held the crucifix in his hand, and a little medal of the Immaculate Virgin glittered at his throat.

"O mother," he said, "I am not afraid now! I have confessed my sins. If I die,—but, mother, sing to me."

He closed his eyes. His mother obeyed, and sang in a low, quivering voice:

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come!
Beyond the blooming—"

Her voice broke into a sob at the thought of it. The boy was asleep, with the crucifix at his lips.

The Purification.

A MIRACLE PLAY.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

I.

(Outside the gates of the Temple. On the Temple steps are seated mendicants, etc. A group of women of all ranks waiting. Enter MARY with the CHILD in her arms, and JOSEPH carrying two doves. They wait at the outskirts of the crowd.)

MARY.

HERE seemeth now a goodly throng:
I pray our waiting be not long,
Lest that the Babe, not over-strong,
Should suffer and repine.
I praise His Father with full voice,
And with my sisters here rejoice,—
All joy be with these mothers of boys
That have a joy like mine!

JOSEPH.

Art thou not tired? The doves wilt take,
And I the Child? He will not wake.
Thou'lt see what careful nurse I make,—
I will not let Him fall.

MARY.

Nay, Joseph; for we lightlier go
Than those sweet pigeons winged with snow.
I would He might be always so,
Nor leave mine arms at all.

Sad is it for the mother when
Her babies grow to fearless men,
And never can be small again,
And she their moon and sun.
But the Child wakes. My sweeting, see
Babies like Thee, but none like Thee,
Of high degree and low degree,
And cheerful every one.

And yonder, little Lamb, behold
A white ass and his gear of gold!
I would my Baby, five weeks old,
On such an one might ride.
And see Thy doves! Each pretty neck
Shot with the rose and purple streak,
But snowy wings without a fleck,
And wee feet, scarlet-dyed.

(A woman approaches with a curtsy, and speaks.)

Lady, thy Baby is so fair,
Such waves of glory on His hair,
We, mothers of many babes, aver
Was never such a child.

2D WOMAN.

Such babe as this the Prophets saw
Foreshadowed in our ancient law.
Tender He is, yet full of awe,
A Lamb all undefiled.

1ST WOMAN.

He seems to bless our babes and us
With His dear smile and gracious.
A sweeter smile than babies use,
He hath, this lovely Thing.
O hands like rosebuds crumpled close!
And little feet like any rose!—
O Rose that in the winter blows,
Of all the roses King!

(The Temple doors open. As they pass in, a beggar touches his sores to MARY'S gown and is healed. He stands in the sunlight praising God.)

JOSEPH (*loquitor*).

Marvels are all about thy path,
Rose in the world of sin and death!
Blessed the man whose eye seeth
Mother and Baby blest!
Yea, blessed I, who have for spouse
This Lily with the silver brows!
And her sweet Son within mine house,
My foster-Son and Guest!

Meek and obedient hath she been,
Since by the winding ways of green
I led her home, and brought her in
Across my threshold poor.
No child is simpler than this Maid
And Mother. Awe makes me afraid
To see her bake our daily bread,
And wash, and sweep our floor.

No common household task, not one,
Is there that she hath left undone.
So many linen webs hath spun,
So many simples brewed.
Our house is sweet with lavender,
Wherein God lays His secrets bare,
And works His marvels past compare
From day to day renewed.

II.

(The Temple. The other women are filing through a distant door. SIMEON waits by the altar. ANNA THE PROPHETESS on her knees praying. MARY advances, holding the CHILD on her outstretched arms.)

SIMEON.

Who is it? Speak! for I am blind
And old and tired, and yet designed
To see great things before the wind
Of death hath blown me out.
O in my dark the glory grows,
And on my heart the rapture flows
Like his, who sees at last and knows,
God's light his head about!

Speak! is the time come? I should stay,
Yea, even to the eternal day,
Though all the planets withered away,
Until my Star was risen,—
My Star that breaks through night and
gloom,
And through the darkness of the tomb,
And to my sightless eyes is come
As to the souls in prison!

MARY.

This is Babe Jesus, small and fair;
And I the Mother did Him bear,
Spouse of Joseph the carpenter;
Of Bethlehem are we.
And here I offer, holy priest,
These pretty doves with irised breast,
That He and I may be released,
And of the birth-stain free.

(She places the BABE in SIMEON'S arms.)

SIMEON.

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace. Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum. Quod parasti ante faciem omnium populorum. Lumen ad revelationem Gentium, et gloriam plebis tuæ Israel.

ANNA.

This I have waited for is come,
And it is time I were gone home.
Full threescore years since on a tomb
My widow's tears were shed.
I prayed my dim eyes should not close
In death's sweet silence and repose,
Till on the world's thick darkness rose
The Star of the Godhead.

Glory to Him who heard my prayer!
To Child, and Mother did Him bear!
Mary, spouse of the carpenter,

Be praised in prayer and song!
In whom the great Light woke and grew,
Of whom world's Hope was born anew,
From whose sweet breast the Baby drew
The milk to make Him strong.

SIMEON.

This Child is set for rise and fall
Of many an one in Israel all;
A sign they speak against withal
When many years are past.
Yea, thine own heart the sword shall ope,
Thou mournful Mother of our Hope!
So may the many hearts yield up
Their secrets at the last.

MARY.

Thy words are dark, thou holy man;
Yet swift and sudden thy swords ran
Piercing my heart. The pain began
Upon thy prophecy
Of some dark day when One will die.
O very dimly, I descrie
Three crosses under a maddened sky:
All else is hid from me.

Come, little Lamb! There is sweet peace
At home beneath our cherry trees,
And dappled skies of blue and fleece
From whence the sweet airs fall;
And arbors where a little one
Might shelter from the noonday sun;
And alleys green where he might run
When he would play at ball.

Sleep, little Bird; sleep sweet, my Dove,
In Mother's arms and Mother's love!
From Bethlehem we shall not rove,
My little Boy and I.
In Bethlehem is safety sure,
With angels kneeling by our door,
And feet of angels on our floor,
And swords of angels nigh.

Let us go home; for home is best,
Child Jesus! where love builds Thy nest,
And none can harm Thee, loveliest,
Except Thy Father will.
On Him in trust my cares I lay
For this and for a distant day.
Be His to save or His to slay,—
Blessed His Name be still!

Traces of Travel.

 ALONG THE VESUVIAN SHORE.

 BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—SEASIDE HAUNTS.

LET us hasten by rail from Naples to Castellamare, through the enchained villages that lie link in link along the curved shore of the Vesuvian Bay. First comes Portici, where Masaniello lorded it for a time. So intimately is Portici associated with Naples the dividing line between the two is lost, and it seems like a suburban station in the noisy city. Next Torre del Greco, with ten thousand inhabitants; and these so neighborly they can almost shake hands out of their windows with the eleven thousand patricians.

Torre del Greco is a very phoenix. Nine times, says tradition—a very honorable tale-bearer,—has this ill-fated hamlet risen from its ashes in a bed of red-hot lava, and lived again. As late as 1861 the town was nearly shaken to pieces by the monster that overshadows it—old Vesuvius,—and the shore in the vicinity was heaved three feet into the air, overturning hundreds of houses. Such commotion is not desirable in a land where, almost without exception, the dwellings are built of brick or stone, and are three or four stories in height.

From the edge of Torre del Greco you cross at once into that of Torre dell' Annunziata, with its sixteen thousand inhabitants, great and small. There is little to be seen in this chain of villages, save houses such as are found all over Italy—picturesque, but a little gloomy in aspect, and one very much like another. There is a continual repetition of bare walls, with rather small windows—which, by the bye, seem to have been an after-thought, inserted here and there, where most convenient. A heavy stone stairway leads

up the outer wall to the second story.

At Torre dell' Annunziata the railroad branches—on the left to Pompeii, Salerno, etc.; on the right to Castellamare. Now we get a better view of the country and of the bay, whose shores we have been skirting all this time, but with an almost continuous row of houses between us and the water. The land is low, level, and green,—green indeed, but not because these sands are fertile, or because there is enough of rain these summer days. It is carefully irrigated and sowed with market stuffs; and the latter are every morning carted into Naples and hawked about the town.

It has become a custom to speak of the Italians as *lazy* or *shiftless*, and to apply to them several other unpleasant epithets. Doubtless I have done as much myself, but I heartily repent of it. Perhaps in no country in Europe are the people more generally industrious. Begging is the most disagreeable feature of their civilization, as well as the most obtrusive; yet there may be some excuse for it. Begging is a kind of industry; the idle beggar starves to death. The vast multitude of lame, halt and blind in Italy can not work; the people are for the most part miserably poor. Where nearly every able-bodied man, woman and child is employed in some sort of industry, there is nothing left for some of the willing hands to do; they must beg, even though they are pictures of health and strength.

In Naples, the city of the *lazzaroni*—those embodiments of all that is provokingly amiable and hopelessly indifferent to fate,—nearly every woman of the poorer class one sees anywhere is either spinning with an antique distaff, or knitting, or busying herself about something; the men are away at work; even the children are occupied. I have seen a youngster, not more than seven years of age, running at the heels of a donkey not much larger than the driver, and beating the beast with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause; a brother, perhaps a year or two

older, was shrieking at the top of his lungs a catalogue of the wares these little itinerant merchants had to sell. You may be sure they were not idling away their infancy. There was lately a work of excavation going on in the lot adjoining my hotel in Naples, and the whole of it was done by ten or a dozen boys, the oldest of whom could not have been more than sixteen years of age, and the youngest was very much younger.

All along the road to Castellamare women are in the fields doing men's work: they hoe the potatoes and reap the grain with sickles, and draw water from the wells with their buckets hooked to old-fashioned cranes. I have seen them at work by the hour, dipping up water and pouring it into the trenches that feed the gutters in their gardens. This seems to be the only method of irrigation known to them, and it is a wearisome one.

In all the factories you find a large proportion of young boys employed; the little girls, mere children, knit, string beads, sell flowers, or bundles of grass for fodder. One might almost say with truth that no one who can find anything to do is ever idle. If the children have been denied a schooling in books, they have all learned how to make themselves useful, and are, for the most part, comparatively independent at the age of twelve.

Castellamare! What can I say of this pretty little town, with its half dozen streets following the sharp curves of the shore; of its dainty public garden by the sea, where the populace walk at sunset and admire everybody and everything; of the rows of diminutive bath houses, with their highly impressive names, such as the "City of Naples," the "Royal Baths of Florence and Genoa," "Aphrodite," etc.? And what of San Angelo, the mountain that watches over the town, and clothes itself with rich chestnut orchards almost to its summit? Thither the nabobs of Naples retreat during the heat of sum-

mer, and thread labyrinthine paths that vainly seek to evade the delicious shadows of the place. Perchance there is nothing more to be said of it, save that it was built on the ruins of the ancient Stabiae, a city destroyed in the same eruption that buried Pompeii alive. It was here the Elder Pliny perished, A. D. 79, while viewing the amazing spectacle. See the descriptive letter of the Younger Pliny, a capital reporter, who lived to tell the tale.

There is a beautiful drive from Castellamare to Sorrento,—a winding road that clings to the face of the cliff above the sea; dips into ravines filled with coolest shade; skirts groves of orange, olive, pomegranate, mulberry, fig, and aloe; and threads a few villages that nestle among the rocks, content to let the world go by unheeded. Is this not a beautiful drive?

Sorrento lies beyond,—Sorrento the queenly and reserved, through whose streets one might wander forever and a day and yet know nothing of the life of its people. Its few thoroughfares are either walled up on each side with high, forbidding walls, or they are cut down into the solid rock and look like the beds of mill-races that have run dry. The grade-necessitated this sinking of the road into the rock. Where the road is level with the gardens of the Sorrento villas, a huge wall is erected to ensure the domestic seclusion so much desired by those who have withdrawn from the world to Sorrento. Really, it is quite like driving through a deserted stone quarry to traverse Sorrento; and what adds to the aggravation of the sight-seeker, who sees nothing but the wrong side of it all, is that overhead bloom the rich gardens of this seaside paradise,—hanging gardens, fair but out of reach.

When one has been enticed into the shops of the cunning workers in wood—this is always the fate of the tourist; and few there are who make their escape before they have purchased freely of boxes, brackets, paper-cutters, napkin rings, or

other ornaments, profusely decorated with inlaid work;—when one has taken a cup of wine at the Albergo del Tasso, a hotel of some importance, a little portion of which—and a very little portion—was a part of the house in which Tasso was born, and to which, after long years of sorrow and despair, he returned in the guise of a shepherd to once more greet his sister; when one has looked down from high-arched bridges that span with an airy span—like petrified rainbows—certain wild ravines said to be haunted; and has walked upon the brow of the cliffs, and glanced off upon the lovely bay, and lost oneself in silent admiration,—well, there is nothing more to be done but to drive back to Naples. A sweet memory bears us company.

I've been thinking of an evening I spent in Sorrento years and years ago. There was unusual commotion in the town; for the guest of honor at our Albergo was none other than the lamented Richard Wagner. He was accompanied by his wife and children, and they by a troop of governesses and maids. It was the wont of the *maestro*, as his apostles love to call him, to stroll about quite like a human being; to take the air with great freedom and pleasure; to watch the gambols of his little flock with a fond and twinkling eye. As for the individual members of that flock, the one was more fawn-like than the other, until the last was reached; and this elfin creature, of uncertain sex, was the joy and the despair of parents and guardians. Had the exquisite garden surrounding the Albergo been my private property, I must have gone mad without reserve; for I'd quite as willingly and as safely have turned a herd of wild goats into my flower plots as surrender them to the tender mercies of the tribe of Wagner. However, we are apt to borrow too much trouble in this world. The garden was not mine, and the little Wagners were having a fine time.

A fatal evening came: it was the last one the *maestro* was to spend in Sorrento. A deputation of citizens had waited upon him and begged he would do them the honor to permit a serenade under his *loggia*. The weather was beyond compare,—indeed 'twas almost beyond conception; it was as if a moon had been engaged especially for the occasion,—a full moon of surpassing radiance. All preliminary arrangements were made with a solemnity that seemed to ensure an artistic triumph for the musicians of Sorrento, and a display on a scale of magnificence unheard of in that locality for some generations.

I had pictured to myself the gathering of the peasantry in their characteristic costumes,—a wild, free people, handsome, agile, graceful, passionate,—the embodiments of music and moonlight; and, more than this, of Italian moonlight and music. I seemed to hear the sudden trilling of a thousand mandolins, and to see beavies of youths and maidens waving their arms and tossing their light heels in the delirious *Tarentella* to the click of numberless castanets; and all this mingling with unimaginable moonlight and the splashing and flashing of fountains.

Meanwhile the *maestro* listens in ecstasy. Ah, what dreams may come to him and find expression in music yet unborn! But this were possible only in the Italy of the past. Italy is now united and progressive. The masses are learning the joy and the despair of education. With their newly-awakened eyes they can see, in the peace which prevails among the enlightened nations of the earth, in the harmony evidenced everywhere, the loving charity, the honesty, the virtue, the blameless lives of those in power, the amiable resignation of those out of it,—they can see, these regenerated children of pastoral Italy, what a glorious future awaits them. And, to show the *maestro* that they have not been unmindful of the great privileges afforded by the new life, they troop into

the new Garden of Eden with their trombones, and their cornets, and their triangles, and their bass drums, and assault the national airs of the day. . . . Suddenly he disappeared, the amiable *maestro*: he was borne fainting from the *loggia*, and as soon as possible the brass-bound breath of United Italy was choked off. But not till the fountains were chilled, and the flowers had withered, and the moon had hidden her face in dismay; no: not till the sea had sobbed herself to sleep under the sad cliffs of Sorrento; for the days of the mandolin and the castanet are over and gone, and the brazen cheek of United Italy breathes a spirit of discord and disenchantment, in comparison with which the windy suspirations of the little German bard are as the refrains of Orpheus and the Muses.

(To be continued.)

Adolf Kolping, the Apostle of Working Men.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE associations for Catholic working men and apprentices, which are a powerful agent for good throughout the length and breadth of Austria and Germany, owe their origin and development to the zeal and energy of a man who, in his early years, a poor shoemaker's apprentice, became through divine grace the apostle of the class from which he sprang.

Adolf Kolping, the humble instrument chosen by God for the accomplishment of a great work—a work of rapid growth, widespread usefulness, and permanent duration,—was only twelve years of age when he left home to learn a trade. His parents were pious people, very poor, living by the labor of their hands and the produce of a few acres of land which they owned at Kerpen, a small country town not far

distant from Cologne. Impoverished as they were by a succession of bad seasons, and the miseries brought on the country by the war in the early part of the century, they were unable to give their children a good education, and thus Adolf was taken from school as soon as he was of an age to earn. He was a boy of slight build, not very robust, ill fitted by nature for the field labor in which his father and elder brothers were employed. In consequence of this it was determined that, instead of following the plough on the lands of some neighboring farmer, he should be apprenticed to a shoemaker in the town.

It was a sorrowful day for Adolf when he reluctantly put on the leathern apron, and seated himself at the shoemaker's bench. Not that he felt any repulsion to the trade, or to the worthy man who was to instruct him in it: the cause of his sadness was that all his cherished hopes and aspirations seemed doomed to disappointment. He was a quiet boy, of quick intelligence and retentive memory, fond of reading, and a great favorite with the village schoolmaster, on whose lips he used to hang with eager attention when he told him of men who had risen from a lowly station and made their way to fame and fortune; or, better still, by their piety and diligent application to study, had fitted themselves for the sacerdotal state. Many a time the schoolmaster had begged Adolf's parents, at whatever cost to themselves, to educate him for the priesthood; and the boy, too, had earnestly entreated that he might be allowed to pursue his studies. And indeed the good people themselves desired nothing better. His fond mother could picture to herself no greater delight than to see her son stand at the altar of God, to receive from his hands the Bread of Angels; to think that on her death-bed she would hear his lips utter the *Profisciscere*, and know that he would offer the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of her soul. But what was to be done? Look which way

they would, the means were not forthcoming: no wealthy benefactor could be found who would undertake to provide for the boy, and the monasteries where young students were taught for the love of God had been suppressed at the Revolution. So there was nothing for it but to submit to the divine will.

Young Kolping saw, as he thought, the golden gates of happiness close behind him forever, as he applied himself with a heavy heart to learn his trade. How he got on with it we can not say; we only know that in later years, when addressing the members of the workman's club, he often used to make them laugh heartily by his description of the first pair of boots he made for his father. When with great difficulty he had succeeded in getting them on, they could not be got off again, so badly were they manufactured. After he had served his apprenticeship, Adolf worked at one shop or another in the vicinity of his home until the death of his mother, which took place in 1833. Then he made up his mind to go to Cologne; for he thought he should get on better if he could obtain employment in a large house of business. There, too, he fancied he should find companions of a similar stamp to himself: good workmen, industrious at their trade, and men of some intelligence, with a taste for better things, not wholly engrossed in material interests, like the agricultural laborers around his native place.

Alas! although this town offered many advantages for attaining proficiency in his trade, in other respects Adolf found himself sorely disappointed. He was shocked at the moral depravity, the gross ignorance, of the men with whom he was brought into daily intercourse. The ideas he had formed of the intellectual and religious condition of the working classes in towns were rudely dispelled, and well was it for him that he was not led to follow the evil examples he saw around him. Thanks

to the grace of God and the sound religious training of his early youth, he was enabled to stand firm and resist temptation. In a great measure, too, the memory of his good mother, to whom he had been fondly attached, was a safeguard to preserve him from the taint of moral corruption. He had vowed, as he stood beside her coffin, that she should never be ashamed of her favorite son; and he would not break his promise. His love for his mother led him to seek consolation and aid from another Mother, the Help of Christians. Daily might the young man be seen kneeling at the feet of a miraculous image in the Church of Our Lady in the *Kupfergasse*, asking for help and guidance, renewing his resolution to lead a holy life, praying for the accomplishment of his dearest hope, that of consecrating himself to God in Holy Orders. For of this Kolping never despaired, impossible as it seemed of fulfilment, but humbly trusted that God would bring it about in His own good time.

Every shilling he could save went for the purchase of books, and every moment at his command was devoted to reading. He even took his book with him to the workshop, and laid it open by his side, so as to cast his eyes on it if he happened to leave off work for a single moment,—a proceeding for which his master more than once found it necessary to administer a sharp rebuke. All the evenings, and oftentimes late into the night, by the feeble light of a candle, he pored over his books, devouring all that came in his way—lives of saints and other biographies, travels, history, sermons, devotional books, and stories. He had not, however, lost the love of nature that seldom forsakes those who have been born and brought up in the country. On Sundays, after Vespers, he used to take a long walk to the top of a hill in the neighborhood; and there, seated upon the turf, he would contemplate the scene before him, and in solitude and

silence raise his heart to the God of nature, until the Angelus bell, sounding in the distance, roused him from his musings, and warned him that it was time to turn his steps homeward.

So distasteful did Adolf Kolping find the forced association with his fellow-workmen, whose manner of thought and way of life were entirely antagonistic to his own, that he began to look out for a situation in a smaller establishment, where he would be left more to himself. Before long he was fortunate enough to be taken into the employ of a respectable, well-to-do tradesman, who kept a very unpretentious bootshop, and did not care to enlarge his business, as he had regular customers for whom he worked, and was in easy circumstances. Besides an apprentice, he employed only one assistant, who lodged in the house. This arrangement suited Kolping admirably. The room assigned to him was an attic, light and airy, where he might spend all his free time in undisturbed enjoyment of his books. The family consisted of his master—an elderly man,—his wife, and a daughter about twenty years of age. After a few weeks the newcomer was quite at home in the house; he pleased his master, and still more his master's wife, who took a great liking to him, and treated him with the greatest kindness.

"Adolf," she said to him one day, "do not trouble yourself to put your room in order before you go down to the shop. My daughter and I will do it for you with pleasure, while you go out to get a little fresh air. It pains me to see you look so pale and tired."

"Mother," interposed the daughter, "why should we not give him one of the empty rooms on the second floor, where he would have more space and be more comfortable?"

"Well said, Marianne!" rejoined her mother. "That we will. To-morrow his effects shall be moved downstairs."

Kolping felt somewhat embarrassed at being made so much of.

"I like my attic immensely, and I would not exchange it for a room in a palace," he said. "I have a beautiful view from the window by day, and at night I can amuse myself with counting the stars."

At this moment the father came up.

"Nonsense!" he said. "How is any one to sleep who counts the stars at night?"

This settled the question. On the following day Kolping was installed in his new room.

This was by no means the only attention shown him by the good people. They did not seem to know how to make enough of him. Many a time the mother, when she found herself alone with him, would tell him that, as her husband was getting old, they thought of putting the business into other hands, and ask if he knew of a suitable person, hinting very plainly that the individual she was addressing was the one they would most gladly make their successor. On these occasions Adolf always contrived to put the matter aside with a joke; but it was not so easy to do this when one day his master spoke to him seriously, saying that he regarded him with the affection of a parent, and that he asked nothing more than that he should take the business and marry Marianne, who was a good girl, steady and industrious, who would make an excellent wife. If Kolping would make up his mind to do this, the old man said he should die content, and would leave him the house and all that he possessed.

It was a hard trial to Adolph to refuse the good fortune offered to him, and harder still to grieve the worthy people, who had shown him nothing but kindness, and to whom he was sincerely attached. But he felt that he owed his services to another Master; one who would repay them not with the good things of this life—its riches, its pleasures, or its honors,—but with an imperishable and eternal reward.

After a short but sharp struggle, having sought and obtained supernatural assistance, he went to his master and said:

"Will you let me speak quite unreservedly to you, sir?"

"That is what I wish above all things," he answered. "I shall be glad, my dear fellow, to have matters settled and my mind put at rest."

"Well, then, sir, you must please get another workman. I can not stay with you any longer."

This was a sad blow for the good man. His work fell from his hands, he dropped into a chair.

"What, Adolf!" he said, in dismay. "You can not mean to leave us! For goodness' sake do not break my heart!" Then he called to his wife: "Here is bad news for us, mother! Adolf wants to leave us."

"Mercy on us!" cried the old woman, hastening forward. "What in the world has happened?"

Behind her appeared her daughter, with a troubled and anxious countenance.

"Do not distress yourselves," Adolf said, gently. "You have treated me like your own son; you wished to provide for my future; you were even willing to give me your daughter, an angel of goodness, who would have made me the happiest of men. But God wills it otherwise: He calls me to His service,—it is my intention to become a priest."

An exclamation of astonishment and dismay broke from the lips of those whom he was addressing; but they made no attempt to dissuade him from his purpose. The old father bowed his head in silent resignation; the mother pressed her lips respectfully and fondly to the hand of the future priest; Marianne withdrew sobbing to her room.

(To be continued.)

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

CONCERNING ANGER.

ONE of our nearest neighbors came rushing in last evening, looking quite unlike her usual placid self. "I am furious!" she exclaimed. "A brute of a man is pounding an old horse because he can not pull a load of pig-iron up the hill at the corner! I threatened to have him arrested, and it did no good. I told him what an awful wretch he was, and he only swore at me. I was never so angry in all my life. I wish some of you would go and see what can be done."

She sank into a chair, exhausted. The mistress of the house stepped to the telephone and said: "The Humane Officer is wanted at the foot of Cherry Street Hill." As for the rest of us, somehow our peace was destroyed by the sight of our angry neighbor, sitting there fanning her face and her indignation. No one wished a second cup of tea; and we strolled out to the scene of cruel action, to help or hinder, as the situation might require. The man was still belaboring the poor animal, and the President of the Humane Society was driving up. He was as calm as a May zephyr, as he took the fellow into custody, and detached the horse from the wagon. There was not the least excitement. What angry words had failed to do a quiet air of authority accomplished; and the driver, late so fierce, climbed into the patrol wagon as meekly as you please.

Now, the gentleman with the star on his breast had devoted his life and a large fortune to the cause of ill-treated animals; and when our neighbor, in whom indignation wrought so startling a change, came in the next day to show us her new bonnet, there were three dead song-birds upon it!

It almost passes belief that people otherwise exemplary, often sincerely pious

THY name, O Mary! is a precious ointment, which breathes forth the odor of divine grace.—*St. Ambrose.*

should think it no shame to be consumed by a passion which makes a virago or ruffian out of an otherwise reasonable and virtuous being. Nay, they glory in this shame. "My little boy has my temper," said one. "I have given up trying to manage him" (at three years old!). "If he does not get his own way, he kicks and screams until he conquers. Yes, he comes honestly by his disposition." People speak of a violent temper as if it were a patent of nobility or an inherited talent. "We all have the — temper," said another. "My father was ready to bite a piece out of his hand when beaten at whist; and my grandfather was often threatened with apoplexy if the coffee was not clear."

It is my deliberate conclusion that there is not in all the long category of sins one more far-reaching in its consequences, more destructive of the sweet ties which bind humanity together, more deadly to all that is beautiful and good in the soul of man, than this same sin of anger. "For embittering life," we read in "The Greatest Thing in the World," "for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom of childhood—in short, for sheer gratuitous misery-producing power, this influence stands alone." It is the father of sins, because the others are so commonly but its consequence. It is, as one says, "the vice of the virtuous"—the flaw in characters otherwise worthy of all praise; the stamp which brands the undisciplined, making him like a savage or a beast.

Statistics can not lie. An inquirer into the causes of drunkenness in large cities has, from long years of house-to-house visitation and confidential association with "the submerged tenth," decided that, next to the ignorance of the simplest rules of cookery, which drives men to supplement their wretched meals with stimulants, a fierce tongue is the most

prolific breeder of this crying evil. In other words, an inordinate love for strong drink is more often an effect than a cause. It is created by unhappy homes. In the saloon is, ordinarily, good-fellowship and kindness. At home, perchance, there is a tongue which stings, and children whose accents are its echo.

"But anger is the sinews of the soul," I hear one say; "and indignation is sometimes righteous." But indignation is not vituperation. Our friend with the star on his breast was doubtless as indignant as the neighbor who exhausted her denunciatory vocabulary upon the brutal driver. The blessed saints who have rebuked sin have not thought it necessary to scream. Think, on the contrary, of Luther scolding like a fish-wife, raving with ribald invective; of Calvin, furious with rage, ransacking his brain for words sufficiently defamatory; of other so-called reformers who knew their dictionary so ill that they called anger enthusiasm, and a mortal sin "righteous indignation"; and then give a thought to the gentle teachers and holy men, like the meek Saint of Sales, who have trod in the path marked out by Him whose most endearing title is "Prince of Peace."

An Anecdote of Ruskin.

MRS. RITCHIE, daughter of the great Thackeray, has given to the world, in a clever book, many interesting reminiscences of famous people, and among them is this charming anecdote of Ruskin. For its authenticity Mrs. Ritchie does not vouch; but this does not matter, as Ruskin himself tells substantially the same story in his "Letters to Working Men." Mrs. Ritchie's "beggar" was, however, a Franciscan friar. From this incident dated the renowned art critic's regular visits to Assisi, a place he has never ceased to love: "The legend begins with a dream, in

which Ruskin dreamt himself a Franciscan friar. Now, I am told that when he was in Rome there was a beggar on the steps of the Pincio who begged of Mr. Ruskin every day as he passed, and who always received something. On one occasion the grateful beggar suddenly caught the outstretched hand and kissed it. Mr. Ruskin stopped short, drew his hand hastily away, and then, with a sudden impulse, bending forward, kissed the beggar's cheek. The next day the man came to Mr. Ruskin's lodging to find him, bringing a gift, which he offered with tears in his eyes. It was a relic, he said—a shred of brown cloth which had once formed part of the robe of St. Francis. Mr. Ruskin remembered his dream when the poor beggar brought forth the relic; and thence, so I am told, came his pilgrimage to the Convent of St. Francis Assisi, where he beheld those frescos by Giotto, which seemed to him more lovely than anything Tintoretto himself had ever produced."

Though a non-Catholic, poor old Ruskin is really a client of St. Francis of Assisi. Many passages in his writings bear witness to his devotion to the poet-Saint and his love of the Franciscan Order. "I shall soon be sending a letter," he writes to a friend in Italy, "to the good monks at Assisi. Give them my love always." As Mrs. Jameson, another non-Catholic art critic, wrote of St. Charles Borromeo, the Seraph of Assisi was a Saint that Jews might bless and Protestants adore.

THIS world is a dream within a dream; and as we grow older each step is an awakening. The youth awakens as he thinks from childhood; the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary; and the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Death the last sleep? No: it is the last and final awakening.

Notes and Remarks.

Invitations to the coming Columbian Catholic Congress in Chicago, and copies of the official call and programme, are being sent out in great numbers by the secretary. All the bishops of the Church in whatever country, the heads of the religious orders and congregations of men, and representative Catholic laymen everywhere, will be notified of the Congress, and invited to attend it. The assignment of the papers to be read at the Congress has been made, and acceptances have already been received from nearly all who were requested to undertake the task of preparing addresses, papers, etc. Included in the list are the names of not a few of the contributors to THE "AVE MARIA." Among the Catholic women we find the names of Eliza Allen Starr, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Katherine Conway, and Isabel Shea, a daughter of the lamented Dr. John Gilmary Shea. They will prepare papers to be read in the Congress on one or another phase of women's work in the Church and in the world.

It is a pleasure to be able to present to our readers this month a sketch of Adolf Kolping, who, though his name is not widely known in this country, did a great work in Germany on behalf of the working classes. In these days of "self-made men," it may be profitable to read of one who made his way upward not for the sake of hoarding money, but of serving God and his neighbor. Mr. Schreiber's sketch, which, we believe, is the first tribute to Kolping in our language, will be found deeply interesting to all classes of readers, as the career of the Apostle of the Working Men was not without its, romantic episodes.

A most interesting event took place not long ago at the Sacred Heart Mission, Fort Berthold, North Dakota. Five novices of the Indian sisterhood established there made their profession; and the Sisters chose the officers of their little congregation, with the following result: Mother M. Catherine (Sacred-White-Buffalo), Prioress General;

Mother M. Liguori (Sound-of-the-Flying-Lance), Superioress; Mother M. Francis Regis (White-Eagle), Treasurer; Sister M. Gertrude (Brings-Forth-Holiness), Secretary; Sister M. Anthony (Cloud-Robe), Procuratrix; and Sister M. Aloysia (Black-Eyes), Assistant Procuratrix. Bishop Shanley, who lately visited the mission, was delighted with its good spirit and progress, and pleasantly referred to the sisterhood as the "only real American congregation." "It seems to me," writes the Rev. Father Craft, "that the Indian Sisters, by their heroic perseverance under trials more severe and cruel, perhaps, than any other community has ever experienced, have more than sufficiently answered the objection of race prejudice against Indian vocations."

We trust that the dawn of a brighter day is breaking for the original occupants of our soil, who for four centuries have known little else than humiliation and unfair treatment.

We copy the following paragraph from the current number of the *United States Catholic Historical Magazine*, which, by the way, is one of unusual interest. It contains several papers which we should be glad to reproduce entire, and to which we shall refer later. The saying that truth is stranger than fiction is seldom more strikingly illustrated than by the career of Father Grelon:

The labors and sacrifices of the French Jesuits in North America, during the seventeenth century, have never failed to awaken admiration and interest. Among these heroic men was a certain Father Adrian Grelon. He was appointed to the mission among the Hurons, a great tribe living between Lake Erie and Lake Huron. In time the Hurons were almost exterminated by the Five Iroquois Nations of New York, who had obtained firearms from the Dutch. The surviving missionaries accompanied a band who went down to Quebec. Father Grelon was sent back to France. There he solicited the Chinese mission, and set out for the far East. It is probable that he crossed Spain to take passage at some Spanish or Portuguese port; and on the way, to his astonishment, discovered in a Spanish convent an Iroquois, who had been sent to Spain, educated and ordained as a priest. On reaching China, Father Grelon was stationed at different missions, and labored with zeal. He wrote a book on China, which is a curious addition to the Jesuit "Relations" of Canada, being by an old Canadian missionary. In time he penetrated Chinese Tartary; and there, to his great surprise, found in one of the camps a Huron

woman whom he had known in America. She had been sold as a slave from tribe to tribe till she reached that place. Father Grelon reported this strange circumstance to his superiors and to the learned in Europe; and was the first to afford any proof that America and Asia at the north approached very closely, as was afterward found by navigators to be the fact.

The early hour at which we are obliged to go to press prevented us from chronicling last week the death of the Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, Bishop of Fort Wayne, and bespeaking the prayers of our readers for the repose of his soul. He had been in ill health for a long time, and endured untold sufferings. He was consecrated Bishop of Fort Wayne in 1872, succeeding the lamented Bishop Luers. Born in Ohio in 1837, he entered the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood at an early age, completing his ecclesiastical studies in Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, where he was afterward a professor. Previous to his elevation to the episcopate he was occupied in giving missions, and became widely known for his zealous labors. His death is an incalculable loss to the Diocese of Fort Wayne, which owes much of its prosperity to his administrative ability and indefatigable energy. Bishop Dwenger will be remembered especially for his tender care of the orphans, to whom he was the best of fathers and the most generous of benefactors. May he rest in peace!

A model and venerable Sodalist of the Blessed Virgin, Mr. Charles Blount, recently died at Somerset, England. He was a student at Stonyhurst in 1810, and the practice of daily reciting the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin acquired in college he continued throughout a life that comprised ninety-one years. "Up to the advanced age of eighty-eight," says the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, "he could be met with every morning, between seven and eight o'clock, traversing on foot the half mile of road which separated his house at Clevedon from the church, on his way to the eight o'clock Mass. There his venerable figure, always either kneeling uncompromisingly erect or standing (he disdained to sit), and his wonderfully clear and distinct responses to the public prayers, were an edifying example to all the congregation. In the

earlier stages of the dropsy, which ultimately proved fatal, his mind was for a while clouded; but for some weeks before the end he had recovered full possession of his faculties. One of the first results of his return to mental vigor was that he asked for his office-book, and resumed its daily recitation with all his wonted regularity."

It scarcely need be added that so devoted a servant of Our Lady "breathed his last most peaceably, after every spiritual consolation had been lavished upon him." Our Blessed Mother is never outdone in generosity. A life in which her cult has been a constant feature will inevitably receive the crown of a happy death.

Dr. Phillips Brooks, the Protestant Episcopal bishop of Boston, whose death took place last week, is reported to have said, after reading Bishop Spalding's recent letter against exhibiting obscene pictures and allowing improper amusements during the World's Fair: "This is a great article, a grand work, that ought to be memorized and preached by every minister throughout the land."

Dr. Brooks was a man of broad religious sympathies, and his influence was powerful and pervasive. A renowned pulpit orator and an able writer, the Episcopal denomination in this country has lost in him one of its most conspicuous ornaments.

Mme. Modjeska is as graceful and thorough in her charities as in her stage impersonations. The Polish Society of the Sisters of Nazareth, which has for its aim the education of poor girls, realized a handsome sum as the result of the great actress' generosity in taking her large company gratuitously from Jackson, Mich., to Chicago, where they gave a representation of "Mary Stuart," turning over every cent of the proceeds to the good Sisters, whose treasury was almost empty. The Society will now be able to increase its good work.

The *London Tablet* has been giving up considerable of its space to a computation of the Catholic churches of England, ancient and modern, and a record of the origin of their titles. Of those dedicated within a century, nearly a third have been placed under the

invocation of Our Lady, and of them the writer says: "We Catholics have evidently not forgotten that our country is still 'the Dowry of Mary.' Of the 430 churches bearing Our Lady's name, 153 are simply described in the manner traditional in England, as 'St. Mary's'; four are dedicated to 'Our Lady.' Of more modern date naturally are those to 'Our Lady Immaculate' (12), or in special honor of the 'Immaculate Conception' (32). Our Lady's great privilege is also commemorated in the seven churches named after her 'Immaculate Heart,' foremost among which in importance and dignity is the church of the London Oratory. The mystery of the Annunciation is called to mind by four churches, the Visitation by two, the glorious Assumption by ten, including the abbey church of the first community of English nuns established since the Reformation. Under other titles of great variety and singular beauty, Our Lady is honored in 133 places; in 90 churches other saints are associated with her; in fully a score her sacred spouse, St. Joseph, shares in the honor paid to Mary. To the Holy Family nine churches have been in latter days erected."

An instance of heroic charity among the poor is cited by the *Catholic Record*. There is a sermon in the story, short as it is: A poor woman in Versailles, France, was returning to her cheerless home one cold winter day, after receiving a loaf of bread from the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, when she met a sister in misery, dressed in rags, and carrying in her arms a child shaking with cold. "Take this," she said, offering the stranger her loaf of bread. "I can wait till to-morrow better than you can."

Our English exchanges announce the death of the widow of the Poet Vicar of Morwstow, the Rev. Robert Hawker. She was a Catholic, of Polish extraction. Mr. Hawker, it will be remembered, was received into the Church shortly before his death.

The brave young reporter for the *Boston Transcript*, Joseph Barker, who lost his life at a fire recently in the discharge of his duty,

was a devout Catholic. Letters of sympathy and testimonials as to his high character have come from every quarter, and the paper which he served announces its intention to keep his name upon the pay-roll indefinitely. The obsequies were conducted by Father Scully, of Cambridge, a lifelong friend of the young hero.

A marvellous change has been wrought in the Island of Madagascar within the last thirty years. In 1861, when a band of Jesuit missionaries landed at Tamatave, there was not a native Catholic in the district. The number of converts now exceeds 130,000. Churches, schools, hospitals, etc., are numerous and well equipped.

New Publications.

THE CREED EXPLAINED; OR, An Exposition of Catholic Doctrine according to the Creeds of Faith and the Constitutions and Definitions of the Church. By the Rev. Arthur Devine, C.P. R. Washburne, M. H. Gill & Son, Benziger Brothers.

This work appears to us peculiarly serviceable as a manual both for preachers and for instructors of youth. It is the most complete book of its kind that we have seen, since the "Catechism of the Council of Trent." The author says in his preface: "It contains the summary and substance of lectures and instructions which for several years I have been accustomed to give to students and pupils." It is not controversial, for the reason that he believes (and we quite agree with him) "that a clear and accurate exposition of Catholic doctrine is the best means of promoting its knowledge, and the best remedy against misrepresentation and the dishonest criticism of our adversaries."

Before coming to the Articles of the Creed, Father Devine devotes ten short and well-sectioned chapters to an "Introductory Treatise on Faith." The whole work is carried out with the same conciseness and accuracy, and the chapters are never wearisome.

We earnestly hope that the book will obtain the wide circulation which it deserves. To the higher classes in convent schools it will be found no less suitable than to the more

advanced pupils in male schools and colleges. While, again, the more intelligent the faith of our people in general, the more progress will be made both in morality and in devotion. And what is to give people this intelligent faith but dogmatic instruction? To imagine that the masses do not need such instruction is a very mischievous delusion. We need only point to the degenerate state of religion in so-called Catholic countries as a proof of what we here affirm. In Italy, France, Spain, and all over South America, the defection of *men* from the worship of the Church is almost wholly due to the fact that their religion is not made *interesting* to them. Not enough is done to cultivate in them an *intelligent* faith. We speak here from personal observation in South America. God forbid, then, that this neglect of dogmatic instruction and elucidation be allowed to produce like results in a land which is the hope of the Church! Dogma is, of course, the basis of moral theology, and no less the very food of devotion. E. H.

JESUS, THE ALL-BEAUTIFUL. A Devotional Treatise on the Character and Actions of Our Lord. By the Author of "The Voice of the Sacred Heart." Edited by the Rev. J. G. Macleod, S. J. Burns & Oates, Benziger Brothers.

The opening chapters of this admirable book treat of the innate love of the beautiful that dwells within the human heart, implanted there by the Supreme Beauty and Sovereign Good Himself. The writer refers to the strange sadness that sways the heart even when gazing upon the fairest scenes of earth, and shows that it is but a yearning after the Supreme Beauty that can never be realized here below. All who have felt the charm of the Gospel narrative will find a new world of beauty unfold before them while reading these luminous pages, as the loveliness of the valley is revealed when the sun lifts therefrom the curtain of mist. All the attributes that shone so conspicuously in the character of Our Lord are treated at length; and whether we view Him in His power, humility, or love for souls, we are alike attracted by His loveliness. As the reader contemplates the Sacred Humanity, veiling but not concealing the Divine Nature, he realizes that here alone can be found that perfection of beauty that knows no fading. In an age when, to satisfy the ceaseless yearning

ing of the heart, men are led to pursue every "fleeting phantom seeming fair," this book must prove of real value to those who are in earnest in the search after the Beauty that is ever ancient and ever new.

THE LOST LODE. By Christian Reid. And STELLA'S DISCIPLINE. By F. X. L. H. L. Kilner & Co.

There is a charm about Christian Reid that never fails to hold one's admiration. Her graceful touch lends a new quality to even an old theme; and in her descriptions of nature, she makes one feel an added interest in the features of the sky and earth, the streets and parks, which we have often passed without a second thought. Picturesque Mexico has given the environments of "The Lost Lode"; and, as in "Carmela," it has formed a beautiful scene of action. The story is a reprint, having appeared in the *Catholic World* some time ago; yet it will bear reperusal, if only for its charming pen-pictures. Needless to say, the story is sweet and pure as the mountain streams of the great Sierras she describes.

"Stella's Discipline," by F. X. L., though somewhat commonplace in plot and treatment, is strong in the lesson it teaches,—a lesson many young persons of our day would do well to take to heart.

THE SECRET OF SANCTITY. According to St. Francis de Sales and Father Crasset, S. J. Translated from the French by Ella McMahon. Benziger Brothers.

The soul of man is God-given, and, like the stream, ever seeks to reach the level of its source. There is within it a yearning for that which is good; and, even though natural propensities are strong, and sin has woven a veil through which we see the light but dimly, we feel, with St. Augustine, that our hearts can never rest until they rest in God. How to secure this end is the question; and in "The Secret of Sanctity" do we find the answer set forth by St. Francis de Sales and by Father Crasset, a member of that great Order whose spirit imbued the soul of the gentle, the kindly Bishop of Geneva. In this excellent translation are reproduced some of the most beautiful passages of his "Introduction to a Devout Life" and his "Treatise on the Love of God." Means whereby one's daily actions

may be sanctified, aids to perfection in the spiritual life, and sound instructions for the attainment of sanctity, are presented in a clear and persuasive style, which appeals to both the mind and the heart. The keynote of the work is love for God; and, unlike many spiritual books, it is eminently practical.

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 M. Liguori, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister M. of St. Mathurin, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Agatha, of the Sisters of Mercy, who were lately called to the reward of their devoted lives.

Mr. Thomas Dukin, who died a holy death on the 20th of December, in St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Henry P. Galligher, of Baltimore, Md., who passed away on the 2d ult., after receiving the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Vincent Laforme, whose happy death took place recently in Boston, Mass.

Mr. Neil Boyle, of Brady's Bend, Pa., who departed this life on the 13th ult.

Rose L. Mara, whose life closed peacefully on the 16th ult., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. James Phelan, Sr., of San Francisco, Cal., who yielded his soul to God on the 23d of December.

Mr. Peter Cregon, who breathed his last on the 13th ult., in the same city.

James Patrick Doyle, of Parnell, Iowa, who was called to the reward of his exemplary Christian life on the 13th ult.

Miss Nora McCloskey, a devout Child of Mary, whose good life terminated on the 16th ult., at Rochester, Minn.

Mr. William H. Stang, Mrs. Ellen M. Ring, Charles Treanor, Mr. Francis McDavitt, and Miss Bridget Conden,—all of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Sarah Moore, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Catherine Walsh, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Hannah Murphy, Hawley, Pa.; Mrs. J. McCourtney, Davenport, Iowa; Mary A. Quirk, Oxford, Iowa; Mrs. Ellen Gorman, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. Cornelius W. Murphy, Jewett, Conn.; Mrs. Lucinda G. Walker, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Sarah Graham, Carbondale, Pa.; Timothy Shea, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. Anna Byrne, Newark, N. J.; Mr. Patrick Buckley, John J. Swift, Mrs. Bridget Connors, and Michael Howard, of Albany, N. Y.; James Galvin, Oakland, Cal.; Patrick McAtee, Youngstown, Pa.; Mrs. James Grogan, Mrs. William Noonan, and John Mahan, Iowa City, Iowa.

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



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

His First Snowstorm.

IT WAS Freddie's first winter in Northland,
 And full many strange sights did he see:
 Bare trees and brown fields and gray heavens,
 Quite common to you and to me.
 But Fred found them novel, and liked them;
 He said that the cold was "great fun";
 And as soon as the millpond froze over,
 His heart to the Northland was won.

At last, one dull day came a snowstorm;
 Fred watched it with wide-open eyes;
 And the faster and thicker the flakes fell,
 The greater appeared his surprise.
 "Say, papa!" he cried through the doorway,
 And his tone told of lively delight,
 "There's a flour-mill bursted in heaven,
 And the ground here is all gettin' white."

UNCLE AUSTIN.

Ansgar's Dreams, and What Came of Them.

IN the first year of the ninth century (which all clever young folk should know was the year 801, and not 800) Ansgar was born in the northern part of France. His birthday was September 8, the anniversary of the birth of our Blessed Mother,—a fact which Ansgar often recalled with pleasure in his after-life. His father, who

was a distinguished nobleman, spent the greater part of his time at the court of the Emperor Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, so that Ansgar's early education was left almost entirely to his mother. Fortunately for the little fellow, she was a fervent Christian, and instilled into his mind and heart true Catholic principles and genuine love of virtue and of God. But, alas! the precious cares and salutary lessons of this good mother did not last long: she died when he was only five years old, too young fully to understand the extent of his loss.

What was to become of Ansgar? His father could not take charge of his training; for, as we have seen, he was for the most part at the imperial court. Unwilling, however, to leave his little son to the questionable care of mere servants, he took him to a school kept by monks at the famous abbey of Corbie. Here Ansgar found himself among a number of boys of good families,—something unusual for him, as at home he had had no playmates of his own age.

At first everything went on smoothly; Ansgar liked study, and applied himself diligently to his lessons. Little by little, however, the dissipation and mischief of some of his comrades began to please him; he too became mischievous and preferred idleness to application. He lost his place at the head of his class; his masters showed themselves dissatisfied with his conduct, and he himself no longer felt that interior peace which had formerly rendered him so

happy. In fact, he had become a bad boy, and was suffering the consequences.

All this made him gloomy and sad. He often recalled the pleasant, joyous days he had spent with his mother, and began to understand more fully all that the loss of a good mother means. It seemed to him that he was abandoned by all the world: he felt as if he were alone on the earth, and his only consolation was to think of the sweet face and gentle voice that once filled his heart with tranquil delight. Frequently he stole away to some solitary spot, where he could weep freely and give himself up to memories of his childhood. Recalling the last moments of his mother, he would exclaim in his bitter grief: "O mother darling, do not leave me!"

While he was in this unhappy frame of mind he had a dream one night which did much to console him. He seemed to be walking through a flowery meadow, when all at once the pathway disappeared, and, looking about, he could perceive nothing but an arid desert. As he advanced, thorns and thistles pierced his feet and legs, making them bleed, and causing him great pain. A little farther on, he sank down into a miry swamp, where the thick reeds prevented him from advancing at all. Finally he saw, at a short distance in front, a beautiful garden, another Eden, in which there were a great many beautiful women, robed in white. They called to him, and oh how ardently he longed to be able to go to them! One of the women was surrounded by shining stars; she was by far the most beautiful of all. His mother, too, was there. She beckoned and called to him; but the harder he tried to advance, the deeper he sank in the mire.

Then she who seemed to be the Queen said to him: "Do you wish to come and share with your mother in our happiness? Consecrate your life to Him who reigns in heaven, confide in Him only, and shun the vain pleasures of the world, which sadden the heart without

ever contenting it. Abandon the path upon which you have entered, and follow again the right road, where you will be accompanied by heavenly blessings."

This dream made young Ansgar reflect seriously. Thenceforward he gave up his too giddy companions, much to their surprise; for he had been as dissipated as the worst of them. They tried to persuade him to join them again, but he resisted firmly. Then he set about learning his lessons so vigorously that he soon regained his former rank in his classes. He became more pious, too; his love for holiness grew so intense, in fact, that he asked for admission into a religious order in his twelfth year. The monks of St. Benedict received him in their ranks, after proving that he had a good understanding and a resolute, determined character.

Shortly afterward, in January, 814, the Emperor Charlemagne died, and his death made a very deep impression on Ansgar. He was struck with the sudden extinction of so powerful a ruler, and the destruction in a moment of such greatness. From that period he regarded everything on earth as vain and uncertain—which it really is,—and thought only of saving his own soul and the souls of others. Although only thirteen years old, he spent two hours a day in prayer and fasted often.

About this period he had another vision in a dream. This time he thought he had received a deadly stroke of some kind, and was going to die immediately. While he was fighting against death, he prayed St. Peter and St. John the Baptist to come to his help. Despite his prayers, however, life abandoned him. Then his soul entered a new body, in which he suffered neither pain nor sorrow. At this moment the two Saints whom he had invoked appeared before him in the midst of a very brilliant light, and led him through the flames of purgatory to heaven. There he beheld the blessed dwelling in a marvellous light, that filled all space and united in itself all the

fairest colors. He traversed the magnificent mansions of the elect, and beheld the very throne of the Most High. He gazed with delight on the fountain of glory from which all the saints drew their ineffable bliss. From the centre of this great light a voice, full of tender love, said to him: "Go on, and you will return with the crown of martyrdom."

It is a good sign when young people dream of heavenly things; for it shows that their minds are occupied with good thoughts while they are awake. But Ansgar considered his dream as a vision, which God accorded him in his sleep in order to encourage him to persevere in sanctity.

And he did persevere, too. He became more than ever remarkable for the intensity of his fear and love of God, went to Northern Europe as an apostle, preached the Gospel in Norway and Sweden, was made Archbishop of Hamburg and Breme, died at the age of sixty-four, broken with labor and full of merit, and was canonized as a glorious saint, and a martyr at least in desire.

What a pity all bad boys do not have dreams that would affect them as St. Ansgar's affected him!

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

V.

The English boy and his father, as it chanced, took places in the same compartment with the Colvilles. The gentleman intrenched himself against all possible intrusions of a genial character behind the heavy artillery of a copy of the *London Times*. His son, however, was too restless to be silent.

"Perhaps you don't call this a car?" Joe remarked to him, with an ironical smile.

"No: this is a coach," he responded, shuffling his feet.

"You do not have as nice depots here as we do in the United States," observed Alicia, condescendingly.

"A depot is a storehouse,—this is a station," said the boy.

"Dear me! shall we have to learn to speak English all over again?" she whispered to Claire, in pretended alarm.

"Take your seats!" called the guard. There was a shrill "toot-toot" from the engine.

"What is that?" asked Joe.

"Why, that is the signal for starting!" was the reply.

The girls giggled; Joe threw himself back against the cushions and laughed.

"I thought it was a penny whistle," he said. After that he had nothing to say for fully five minutes. Then he concluded to tackle the English boy again.

"Are you going far?" he began.

"We are booked for Coventry," replied his new acquaintance.

"What! do you have to write your name in a book when you start on a journey in England?" exclaimed Joe.

The boy snickered, and seemed to think this was intended as a jest.

"What do *you* say when you take tickets for a place?" he inquired.

"We say we have bought our tickets, of course," answered Joe, whose frown grew darker and darker. Then he muttered to himself: "I wonder if the fellow would understand if I told him I'd like to punch him?"

The English boy was fat and good-natured, and, though he could have held his own in a scrimmage, was disposed to be friendly; so he leaned over and said:

"I believe in the old posting days people who intended to go by the mail-coach *did* put down their names in a book, so that places might be kept for them; and that is the way we came to use the term."

After this conciliatory explanation, Joe unbent and said that his party were going to Chester. He and the sociable boy now

chatted together amicably; the little girls kept up a running comment upon everything they saw from the train windows; Claire and her father conversed quietly, and the English gentleman continued to study the first page of the *Times*.

Like the trams, all the railway stations along the route were placarded with advertisements. Once Mr. Colville, looking up from his note-book as the train stopped, asked, abruptly:

"Joe, what place is this?"

Joe put his head out of the window, glanced around, and then sat down again, saying, "I think it is Bovril, sir."

The English boy drew his knees up under his chin, and nearly rolled off the seat with laughter.

"Bovril is a kind of beef tea!" he almost shouted.

This time Joe could not help laughing himself.

"Well, what can you expect," said he, "when you've got the name of the place sandwiched in somewhere between loaves of aerated bread, garnished with 'Cross & Blackwell's Pickles,' and sprinkled all around with 'Day & Martin's Blacking'?" And, come now," he continued, "you may laugh at me for calling some things by other names than you do, but you use words rather queerly too. For instance, you have told me that your schoolmaster is jolly strict, and school is jolly dull, and the proctor a jolly bore; that in the spring the weather here is beastly wet, and London is a beastly town in which to find one's way. And you spell so many names one way and pronounce them another, it mixes a fellow up awfully."

The English boy looked surprised.

"We do just as we've always done," he replied.

The little girls tittered, and Joe gave up the argument in despair.

"What place is this?" inquired Mr. Colville again, as they approached a station.

"I don't know, sir," answered Joe,

diffidently. "But it would seem to be 'Coleman's Mustard.'"

"No: it is Chester," said his father, looking out. "Hurry, young folk! Pick up your traps and follow me."

The train stopped as he spoke; he opened the door of the carriage, the children made a dash for their belongings, bade a hasty adieu to the sociable boy, and stepped out upon the platform.

As a first glimpse of old England, Chester is particularly charming. The Colvilles put up at the Westminster House.

"What a commonplace name!" said Alicia. "Why isn't it the White Horse, or the Boar's Head, or something else delightfully odd?"

Our friends had no cause for disappointment, however, as they were now to experience the comforts of a genuine old-fashioned English inn. The entire establishment appeared to be managed by women. The buxom landlady gave them a welcome calculated to cheer the hearts of weary travellers. A capable assistant, who acted as clerk, at once became interested in their welfare; and several rosy-cheeked, white-capped maids vied with one another for the privilege of carrying their luggage. Without delay they were conducted upstairs, and through halls not bleak and dreary like those of an American hotel, but furnished with antique settles, mahogany chests of drawers, claw-footed tables, and spindle-legged chairs, which would have set a collector wild with envy.

The girls were given a room quaint enough to suit even Alicia.

"Iron bedsteads and feather-beds, I do declare!" she exclaimed. "Here is a clothes-press that looks as if it might have come out of the Ark. And what a dear little dressing-table!"

She was inclined to examine everything leisurely; and Kathleen stood looking out of the small diamond-paned window, till Claire had to hurry them both.

"We had better not delay," she said.

"You know we promised to be ready to go to walk in fifteen minutes."

When they rejoined their father and Joe in the main hall, the door of the landlady's little sitting-room was open. She herself was arranging a great bouquet for the adornment of the table; and her daughter, a girl of about Claire's age, was picking over a bowl of fine ripe gooseberries. The landlady called the young people in, insisted upon giving them some of the flowers, and bade them try the tempting purple fruit, which they found very different from the green, acid variety with which they were familiar. Time was too precious to spend in discussing its merits, however; so, after arranging to be back for dinner at seven o'clock, the party started upon their ramble.

"In all our travels we are not likely to see a more peculiar street than this," said Mr. Colville, as they turned into one of the principal thoroughfares. "The buildings in this part of Chester are very ancient; and the upper portions, you notice, are of wood. The wood is for the most part oak blackened by age, and in many cases elaborately and curiously carved."

"Crickey!" said Joe. "If there are not two stories of sidewalks; and the people seem to be promenading through the upper rooms of all the houses!"

The girls were much interested in this singular characteristic of the town. On the level of the highway is the ordinary walk, lined with shops on the inner side; and along over the tops of these extend another walk and a second tier of shops; the higher stories of the buildings projecting over this upper way being supported by columns. The unique shopping galleries, or piazzas, thus formed are protected by balustrades, and at intervals have steps leading down to the street.

"How convenient!" exclaimed Claire, enthusiastically. "One could go shopping here on the stormiest day and never need an umbrella."

"These curious places are called Rows," said her father. "The most stylish retail marts are situated in them, and they are considered the fashionable promenade. The origin and cause of them is not exactly known. It has been said that they were designed as places of defence from which to repulse the assaults of any hostile army that, if successful in surprising the gates, might gain entrance into the streets below. In remote times the inhabitants were subject to incursions from the Welch. Other antiquarians maintain that the Rows are simply a form of building preserved from the time the city was held by the Romans; that they are the ancient porticos which were built midway between the street and the Roman dwellings, and were the places where the dependents waited for the coming out of their patrons, and under which they might pace up and down to while away the time."

Claire remarked the armorial bearings upon many of the buildings, and in the course of ten minutes Alicia saw enough odd names on old sign-boards to fill a page of her note-book.

"Here is 'Ye Taverne of Ye Royale Oake,'" said Joe; "and yonder the 'Green Dragon.'"

They saw also the "Ring o' the Bell" and the "Nag's Head." Alicia decided that, however poetic the names, the reality, except in the case of the "Green Dragon," was very shabby indeed; and the comparatively modern temperance house at which they had found lodgings rose higher in her favor.

"What does this say?" Kathleen exclaimed, stopping to read a notice scrawled upon a soiled piece of writing paper, and tacked up on a wall.

"Lost—A Goat!"

Then followed a description of the stray, who was thought to have either wandered away or been lured from his home by some malicious person. The finder or said miscreant was encouraged to well-doing by

the assurance that no questions would be asked if he would but restore the lamented animal to his owner, Jemima Wiggins, green-grocer, hard by the East Gate.

Farther on, our explorers drew near to a curious old house, the whole front of which was decorated with pictures of biblical subjects. There were Adam and Eve standing under the Tree of Knowledge, a serpent twined round the Tree, and a winged angel with a sword issuing from the clouds. In other spaces were Cain killing Abel, Abraham offering Isaac, and several other designs.

"It looks like the cover of a Sunday-school book," declared Joe.

"See that inscription on the building opposite to us," said Claire.

Pausing, they read the legend: "God's Providence is mine inheritance. 1652."

"This house is said to have almost miraculously escaped the black plague, which well-nigh devastated the city; and the tablet was placed over the door in thanksgiving," explained Mr. Colville.

(To be continued.)

The Hour-Glass Days.

An old hour-glass, found in the attic, brings with it out of the dust many memories. One of these objects used to have its place on the pulpit; and when the sands ran through, the sermon came to an end. In an English parish-book of 1564 one entry reads: "Item: for one hour-glass hanging by pulpit where the preacher doth make his sermon, that he may know how the hour passeth, one shilling." After the time of Martin Luther, when, among the sects, the preacher's office was magnified and the remainder of the service cut as short as possible, sermons began to extend beyond the hour. In due time the fashion grew, and in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers it took the Puritan preacher several

turns of the hour-glass to impart his lesson. From that time the sermons gradually decreased in length until they assumed normal proportions; but when that period arrived the hour-glasses were in museums or among the cast-away rubbish of the attic.

We read of an old parish clerk in England who, grown weary of the sermon of a strange clergyman, and seeing the hour-glass turned again, announced in a loud voice: "When your reverence hath finished, be pleased, honored sir, to close the church door, and put the key under it. I am going to eat my dinner."

A stern old non-conformist was once preaching on temperance, and, turning his hour-glass, exclaimed to his weary auditors: "Brethren, on this subject there is much more to be said. Let us have another good glass together before we part!" The whole congregation would have been glad no doubt to take a total abstinence pledge without delay.

If our young folk ever consider a sermon nowadays of undue length, it may help them if they think of the unfortunate little Puritans, and the hour-glass that was turned as the preacher proceeded through "Fifthly," "Finally," and "In conclusion"; and the conclusion was often a discourse in itself. And if that fails, let them remember the sexton who was wont to rap sleepy little folk smartly on the head when they did not pay attention. The grown-up people who gloried in the "Reformation" may have thought it a very fine thing to adopt a religion stripped of all that was beautiful and enjoyable; but we fancy that the lads and lassies would have had another opinion to give, if they had dared.

FRANCESCA.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, near the close of his life, is said to have remarked to a friend: "If I have accomplished anything above the average of men, it has been by the power of patient toil."





OUR LADY OF LOURDES.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 11, 1893.

No. 6.

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

Our Lady's Miracles.

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

THEY tell me, dear Mother, that far o'er
 the ocean,
 'Mid peoples whose hearts are enamored of
 thee,
 Are shrines where thy clients behold their
 devotion
 Rewarded by marvels right wondrous to see.
 They tell how to victims all worn by the rigor
 Of ailments no power of art can arrest,
 Thou givest, sweet Mother of Jesus, new vigor:
 Death staying his hand at thy simple behest.
 By thousands the sufferers throng to thy altars,
 By thousands they lave in thy waters at
 Lourdes;
 Thy help they implore with a faith that ne'er
 falters:
 Thou hearest them, Mother, and lo! they
 are cured.
 Ah, well may I credit these tales of thy glory,
 Though never thy world-renowned shrines
 bless my sight!
 Thou hast writ in my heart a more wonderful
 story:
 Of death changed to life, and of darkness to
 light.

THE best of all reform bills is that which
 each citizen passes in his own breast, where
 it is pretty sure to meet with strenuous
 opposition.—*Carlyle.*

Adolf Kolping, the Apostle of Working
 Men.

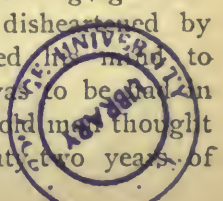
BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

(CONTINUED.)



ROUBLES and trials began
 for Kolping from the day
 that he bade farewell to his
 kind friends, and left the
 shelter of their hospitable
 roof. Mental anxiety, and
 the difficulty he experienced in procuring
 regular employment, brought on a severe
 illness, and he was compelled to return
 home to recruit his shattered health. When
 he was convalescent, he paid a visit to the
 parish priest to acquaint him with his
 project, and ask his aid in carrying it out.
 But the good old vicar who had known and
 encouraged Adolf's aspirations was dead;
 and his successor saw in the applicant only
 another of the class of idle youths who,
 when tired of their work or unsuccessful
 in it, imagine that they have a vocation
 to the priesthood. He had seen several
 instances of this, and of the unhappy
 results consequent on encouraging them.

Disappointed but not disheartened by
 this rebuff, Adolf opened his mind to
 his father. But no help was to be had in
 that quarter; in fact, the old man thought
 that his son, now twenty-two years of



age, ought to assist him in his declining years. Then Kolping bethought himself of another priest in the neighborhood, well known for his charity. He went and asked counsel of him. He was advised to return to his work in Cologne, and, in preparation for future studies, to employ himself during his free time in acquiring a thorough knowledge of Latin grammar. Kolping acted on this advice. It was hard work at first; but, by means of diligent application and a little instruction, he advanced sufficiently to be able in the following year to enter the third class in the public Gymnasium of Cologne.

Few can estimate aright the trials and hardships that a penniless student has to encounter when he enters comparatively late in life on a course of study. The severe mental application, the long hours of reading, tell upon the eyesight and health of one accustomed to manual labor; while, with the best of wills, the effort to have the meagrest pittance suffice for his daily needs, the dependence on the charity of others, the humiliation of sitting on the school-bench with boys half his age and merciless in their jests, make learning a weariness to the spirit as well as to the flesh. In spite of all difficulties and privations, however, Kolping struggled on. He had been born on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception; and our Blessed Lady, who had preserved him from the seductions of vice and enabled him to resist the allurements of a comfortable married life, watched over him still, and provided for his wants in a wonderful manner.

One night a note was brought to his lodgings, written in an unknown lady's hand, begging him to go at once to a narrow street near the Cathedral. It was Kolping's birthday, December 8. The snow lay upon the ground and the cold was intense. The young man hesitated whether he should obey the summons. It might prove to be some snare laid for him; at any rate, he might be going on

a fool's errand. However, he determined to go; and, commending himself to his Immaculate Mother, he started on his way, though not without some inward trepidation. On arriving at the house indicated, he was directed to ascend a narrow staircase, at the top of which was a miserable apartment, lighted by the flickering flame of an oil lamp. A strange scene here met his eye. Amid the most poverty-stricken surroundings, a lady, young and beautifully dressed, plunged in the deepest grief, was kneeling beside the bed whereon lay a young man evidently in his last agony. She rose as Kolping entered; and, addressing him by name, implored him by all he held most dear to watch over the dying man until he breathed his last, as she could remain with him no longer. Placing a considerable sum of money in his hands to defray the expenses of the funeral, she bade him farewell, and, with a last fond look at the dying man, hastily left the house. Adolf felt bewildered, as he did not know what to make of this mystery. Approaching the bed, he recognized in the prostrate form upon it a young man from the neighborhood of his own birthplace, a former school-fellow of his, who had entered a theological college in Bonn, and had subsequently fallen into evil ways. Kneeling beside him, he recited the Rosary and the prayers for the departing. In a few hours all was over. Adolf performed the last offices for his whilom friend, and followed his remains to the grave. Then the approaching examinations chased all other thoughts from his mind for a season.

The time came for Kolping to leave the Gymnasium and enter the University. The means of support were utterly lacking to him; the only hope was that, through the advocacy of an influential friend, he might be admitted gratuitously into some college in Belgium. Providence ordained otherwise for him. One day when he was at home, recovering from an attack of

small-pox, caught through nursing a sick comrade, a lady, the daughter of a wealthy landowner in the vicinity, called on his father. In her Adolf instantly recognized the mysterious stranger who had committed to his care the young man who was dying in Cologne. During her visit she made no allusion to her previous interview with him, but on leaving asked him to accompany her a short distance. She then asked him if he remembered that night, and told him that the unhappy man whose end he witnessed had been her brother's tutor, and that she had become deeply enamored of him. Partly perhaps through her influence, but chiefly through his own fault, he had lost his vocation, and ruined himself by his excesses. On hearing that he was dying, she had hastened to Cologne, in the hope of inducing him to make his peace with God. In this she had been successful; and since she was unable to remain with him to the last, she had sent for Kolping. Thanking him for his charity, she proceeded to say that, in expiation of her ill-regulated affection for the unhappy seminarist, and for the repose of his soul, she had made a vow to pay the expenses of a poor student at the University. For whom should she do this if not for Adolf? He accepted the proposal with heartfelt joy. One stipulation only he made—that no restriction should be placed on his studies, nor as to the post he should accept after ordination.

Kolping passed three years at the University of Monaco in Bavaria, and a fourth year at a training college in Cologne, in special preparation for his clerical duties. In April, 1845, at the age of thirty-two, he had the happiness of being ordained priest. But in this world joy and sorrow go hand in hand: scarcely had he left the church, the sacred chrism still upon his consecrated hands, when he was called to the death-bed of his father. When he arrived, the good old man had expired. During a lingering illness it had

been the one hope and desire of his heart to live to see his son a priest. This was denied him; but the night before his death he was consoled by a dream, in which he beheld the church brilliantly lighted up and magnificently decorated; while, amid the songs of angels and clouds of incense, his son Adolf stood at the altar in vestments of gold, in the act of elevating the Sacred Host. Thus God, in His goodness, vouchsafed to fulfil the desire of one who had served Him in simplicity and sincerity.

In the summer of the following year, on the Festival of Corpus Christi, two young artisans stood watching the solemn procession, as it wended its way through the streets of Elberfeld, an important manufacturing town of Rhenish Prussia. They were Catholics, and consequently no strangers to processions of this kind, yet never before had the spectacle impressed them so deeply. As the different schools of the town passed before them in gala dress, wearing their distinctive badges and carrying banners, one of the men turned to his companion and said: "Why should we not have something of this sort on St. Laurence's Day?" (August 10 was at that time a holyday for the lower orders.) "Nonsense!" replied his friend. "Would you have us dress up in white and carry flowers like those children?" "Of course not," rejoined the other; "but what a good effect it would have if we got together a number of apprentices, and made them walk two and two, carrying tapers, with a banner or two, and singing something the while!" The idea pleased his companion; and, since the procession was by that time over, they turned their steps to the presbytery to obtain clerical approval of their project.

Elberfeld, at the commencement of the century a small country town, had by the time of which we speak become a large manufacturing city. The Catholic population was rapidly increasing, but it was far outnumbered by the Protestants and free-

thinkers, who waged constant war against the faith. The clergy were desirous to avail themselves of every means of promoting the practice of religion amongst the working men, who formed a large proportion of the inhabitants of Elberfeld; consequently the priest to whom the two young men applied encouraged them heartily. He suggested that the association should be placed under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and that the procession should take place on the 15th of August, the day of her glorious Assumption, instead of on the 10th. If they would find the men, he said, he would provide the banners. His colleague, Father Kolping, knew a painter who would paint them a picture of Our Lady, and one of St. Joseph too, the special patron of working men. To form a choir was no difficulty. Several artisans, among them the two friends, were accustomed to meet on Sunday evenings in the workshop of a good old man, to chat together over a glass of beer, and listen to the tales of adventure which their host, an old salt, loved to relate. Music also formed part of the entertainment; for the old man played the violin, and to its accompaniment many a part-song was learned and sung,—aye, and sung well too; for where is the German artisan who does not possess an ear for music and a voice to sing the sweet ballads of the fatherland? The parish schoolmaster lent willing aid, and soon the praises of Jesus, Mary and Joseph resounded in the humble workshop, until a more suitable place of assembly for the infant association was provided.

No one was more active in promoting its growth than Adolf Kolping, whose first appointment had been to the junior curacy of the principal church in Elberfeld. When the schoolmaster brought the table of rules that he had drawn up for his approval, Father Kolping turned on him a countenance beaming with delight. "May God prosper this good work!" he said. "You have realized the dream of my life."

Soon after he became the president and chaplain of the association, which, once started, rapidly assumed large proportions. A sodality was formed for apprentices (a large and important class in Germany) and young workmen between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, whose members were to meet every Sunday and holyday for religious instruction, to approach the Sacraments at regular intervals, and on weekday evenings to assemble for harmless and profitable recreation, such as music, lectures, reading, etc. When, in 1848, the wave of Revolution swept over the continent of Europe, proof was given of the stability of the work thus inaugurated; for in Elberfeld all the members of the sodality—and they were by that time a numerous body—resisted the influence of the baneful doctrines then widely disseminated, and stood by the clergy in the defence of religion and social order.

Persuaded of the vast amount of good that might be effected among the working classes were institutions like that of Elberfeld established in other large towns, Father Kolping wrote a pamphlet expounding the object of the association, and appealing to fellow-laborers in the Lord's vineyard to aid him in spreading this good work. He spoke of the important place the working classes held in the social fabric; the state of physical misery, moral degradation, spiritual abandonment, in which they often live; and their need of guidance and help to rise superior to the difficulties of their lot and the dangers that surround them. He urged priests to provide for the working classes "a habitation of peace," where the young, the friendless, the ignorant, the erring, would find assistance, protection, instruction, support; and where they would be formed to the practice of Christian virtue and the exercise of fraternal charity.

This pamphlet was widely circulated, and well received by the German clergy. To be the apostle of the working classes,

the friend and father of the artisan and apprentice, was the work for which God had called Father Kolping, and zealously he fulfilled his mission. It would be impossible to relate the great things Divine Providence accomplished by means of this humble instrument, or to enumerate a hundredth part of the clubs, *cercles*, sodalities and associations which in Germany and the neighboring countries—Belgium, France, Austria and Italy—owe their origin and their prosperity to his untiring energy and self-denying charity.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VI.—THE HERO ARRIVES.

AFTER Giles had gone home, Bernice said very little to her father. She was anxious to be alone; and when he had stormed a little, she said good-night.

"I can't go to church with you to-morrow," he remarked: "I'll have too much to look after. It is not unusual for me not to go," he added, with a short laugh; "but I suppose it would be decent to appear to-morrow, even if I should have to sleep through Giles' sermon. I can't go,—you'll have to go alone."

Bernice did not remonstrate; she said good-night again. A servant came in with her father's punch; he settled himself to doze over Froissart, and Bernice left the room. She had a habit of going to the hall door and trying the lock. She went as usual, pausing to look at herself in the glass of the hat-rack. She took a long look at her face.

"I am the same girl, after all," she said to herself; "but I do not feel the same."

There were other little things to do, which, as a good housewife, she would trust to no one else. She moved about

the house mechanically. As she went upstairs, her father called to her:

"Be sure about the flowers, Bernice; and, my dear, *be sure* to get your beauty sleep!"

Bernice said nothing in reply. It seemed strange to her that her father did not know that everything had changed. The flowers? Ah, yes! they must be looked after, and all the other details, too, which made Major Conway's dinners so successful. She must look to all these; but they had no meaning for her now.

She paused at the head of the stairs, half resolving to go down to her father again. She realized that she had not made up her mind, and a word said from impulse might produce irretrievable mischief.

In the morning Bernice was up early. She had been restless all night. It was too early for breakfast, and she could not read. She must decide on the most important step in her life; and, somehow or other, she did not seem to have made up her mind. Bernice had a fine sense of propriety and an exaggerated fear of what people might say. If she could have felt a month before as she felt on this Sunday morning, her burden would have been much lighter. She knew that she had been hurt, wounded to the heart. Every prop had been withdrawn from her. And yet all this had come so suddenly upon her that she was dull and calm, when she felt that she ought to be tumultuous and passionate. It would be untrue to say that Bernice's first thought was of the hurt to herself or to Giles, should she ask him to break the engagement existing between them.

Bernice, analyzing her feelings in her room that morning, and watching the gray dawn steal over the Hudson, was disgusted with herself. Her ideal had vanished: Giles Carton, faltering in the steps of his sacred ministry, was not the man she had respected and loved. She had dreamed of going through life hand in hand with the one man who appeared to be raised above the materialism of the world.

In fact, Bernice had seen nothing but materialism about her. Her father was steeped in worldliness; her mother had lived for one special object—the marrying of her daughters; and her sisters, in spite of their various fads, had kept an eye on what they considered the main chance, which was the acquirement of a good social position, with the means to support it. Giles had been a relief from all this.

Although Bernice was not devoid of some of the artificial ideas of her class, she longed to live for better things. She had been accustomed to luxuries,—so much so that she no longer regarded them; and she wanted to live, as she had often said to Giles, for something better than herself. Giles was thoroughly imbued with the teaching of Wordsworth, that the practice of the higher life should be “plain living and high thinking.”

She had been chilled by Giles' hesitation,—chilled in every fibre, she told herself. Until she had met him, she had no positive belief in Christianity. Her father's claim to religion she had looked upon as one of those idiosyncrasies which made him at times draw down the Conway crest and coat-of-arms and weary his friends with Irish pedigrees. It was a tradition,—fanciful and picturesque, but without connection with the realities of life. Her mother had looked on religion as one of the forms necessary for a proper appearance in the world. She had believed in God, and had told herself and everybody about her that the Bible was her rule of life. But Bernice had never been able to discover that there was anything vital in her religion.

Bernice had been sent to a fashionable school, and after that had gone through the various diseases incidental to the infantile state of modern culture. She had the usual tendencies: the Browning tendency, the tendency to make “sweetness and light” and Matthew Arnold her guiding stars, and for a while a tendency to

explore theosophy. This last tendency developed when she accidentally met Lal Shin Fane, a Mahatma, at some private theatricals at Governor's Island. He wore a turban and *mauve* robes and yellow slippers; and his sketch of Mme. Blavatsky, given for the benefit of the Unitarian School of Christian Art, was “too lovely.” Bernice had not found it “too lovely”: she preferred the word “inspiring.” She was stretching her hand up in the search for something really spiritual, when Giles had caught it and held it fast.

He was different from anybody she had ever known: he tried to act on his beliefs, which seemed to be earnest and profound. As to Giles, he had found her unspoiled and sincerely sympathetic. Unlike most of the girls he knew, she cared more for the teachings of religion than for altar clothes or candlesticks; and, given an ocean voyage, a subject in common, the approval of friends, it was easy enough for these two young people to fall in love.

To her Giles had represented the highest type of man. Bernice was a woman of some independence; but on this gray, dull Sunday morning she suddenly awakened to the truth that the first article of her religious creed was “I believe in Giles!” If Giles could fail to show his belief in those mysteries of which he had spoken so eloquently, were there any mysteries at all? If Christianity was a fact, it was worth dying for. If not, it had better not be considered.

There was no doubt that Giles was very charming: she knew no man with better manners; and it cost her a pang to think that all the delightful talks and interchange of thought must cease. For Bernice had come to a conclusion: she would not marry Giles Carton; he had failed her. She detested herself for the calmness with which she accepted this. Giles had evidently captured her intellect and imagination, and answered to her immediate needs. It was an affair of the head, not of the heart. She was not yet prepared to admit

that. There was great solace, even with the prospect that Mrs. Grundy would talk, in the conviction that she had given up Giles and almost broken her heart for a principle.

She heard one of the maids returning from early Mass, and she went to the head of the stairs, calling down:

“Did you hear whether Willie is better or worse, Maggie?”

“He must be worse, ma’am,” replied Maggie. “Father Haley asked prayers for his happy death or speedy recovery. He is going to die a Catholic!” she added, with a little inflection of triumph in her tone.

In her old state of mind, Bernice would have gently begged Maggie to say “Roman Catholic,” but the aspect of things had changed in a single night.

At breakfast the Major was all fuss and bustle. The Sunday paper did not arrive until later than usual, so he could occupy himself only with the details of the dinner.

“I don’t know whether you ought to be hostess or not,” he said. “I intended to ask Mrs. Van Krupper—the old fool doesn’t know anything but social rules!—about the etiquette of the thing. *She* has ‘Mrs. Sherwood’ and all the English things at her finger ends. Were you ever at an engagement dinner, Bernice?—Good gracious, girl, do take your eyes off vacancy! Where *are* you wool-gathering?—Did you ever go to an engagement dinner,—that’s what I asked!”

“Oh—yes! You remember Esmeralda Garcia’s at Washington—”

“She had a mother, and of course her mother took the other end of the table. One ought to be able to hire somebody for occasions like this. Mrs. Catherwood might sit opposite to me, and you on my right hand, with Giles on her right. But that wouldn’t do. Your sister, if she acted as hostess here once, would be so inflated that her odious little husband would think he had a right to borrow money. I wish you’d stop at Mrs. Van Krupper’s and ask her. You can start early and drive around

by her house. You can give her a lift in the brougham, and just pump her on the subject. I shouldn’t like her to know that I considered her opinion on *any* subject worth having.”

Bernice was silent. All this was uncomfortable enough. Looking at her father, so ruddy, so full of life, so loud voiced, so intent on his purpose, she felt for an instant as if it were better to let the engagement remain as it was rather than provoke the storm which she knew must come. She felt that she was a coward. It would be hard enough to dismiss Giles and dash his hopes, but to speak of her intention to her father required more courage than she possessed.

“I am not going to church,” she said.

“Why not?” asked the Major, looking at her keenly. “Well, I don’t wonder! You’ll have enough of Giles’ sermons when, as a minister’s wife, you’ll have to listen to them every Sunday. I don’t wonder! Besides, there will be enough to attend to. I want to make this dinner the occasion of my life. Carton will be trying one, just to knock mine out; but he can’t do it. It requires training and experience. Why, when I was out on the plains, I’ve done as well with canned soup and young antelope as many a man with a *chef* could do in the confines of civilization! You can just drop a note to Mrs. Van Krupper, to say that Mrs. Catherwood wants to sit opposite me to-night, and you don’t know what I’ll do about it. Of course the garrulous old creature will rush right over here and tell all she knows. But there’s another thing most annoying,” said the Major, delicately chipping his egg in a way that filled all his American friends with envy.

Bernice was glad of this; it might mean a respite for a few hours, at least.

“Well,” he went on, “you haven’t heard me talk much of my relatives,—there are some here and some in Ireland. There are reasons why I don’t. A man can’t

make his own relatives. I don't mind saying that Colonel Carton's brother drove an ice-wagon before the war, and he learned his tactics in a corner grocery store. Even if Giles does provoke you after you're married, don't mention that. My cousin Raymond was a decent sort of fellow. You know how Irish families scattered when they came over here, and so was ours. Raymond was rather a chum of mine. His father died poor. He was a great hunter, and went in for hospitality; and he left two children—boy and girl—when *he* died somewhere in the South recently. Edward's the boy. He wants me to make an affidavit about a signature or something; and as he wrote to me last week, I told him to come up here from New York or to send the papers. He says, in a telegram, that he will come. It would be a good joke if he'd come to-night. What on earth could I do with him? I hope he is presentable. People are so awfully pulled down by poverty. And, by the way, Bernice, if he stays a week—there's no knowing what he'll want,—have plenty of fish and things for Friday. And if I don't eat meat on Friday, don't act as if it wasn't my habit; do you understand? These Raymond Conways are no doubt so bigoted that they'd think I was on the road to perdition if they saw me touch roast-beef on Friday. What are you curling your lip about?" asked the Major, looking keenly at Bernice. "I can do as I please in my own house, can't I? Jove! if he *should* come to-night, what should I do with an extra guest?"

"Give him the vacant place," said Bernice; then she regretted having spoken.

"What vacant place?" demanded the Major. "Has anybody *dared* to send a regret at the last moment, and you're keeping it from me? How can I count on this young Conway? I don't know whether he has a dress-coat or not. Don't stare at me, Bernice! Speak out!"

"I—I," said Bernice,— "I can't be there. Giles—Mr. Carton—that is—"

"Has he jilted you?" roared the Major, bringing his fist down on the eggshells. "Has Giles Carton—"

"No—no—it's just the same!" said Bernice, turning pale and getting nervous. "I am going to give Giles up."

The Major raised his glasses. His daughter's face, turned aside, was now suffused with color.

"Ah!" he said, sarcastically, "I see! You want to discard Giles because he has not done a fool-act. I say, Bernice," the Major added, suddenly becoming purple in the face, "you'll come to dinner to-night, or I'll—I'll—"

He did not finish the sentence. Maggie entered with a card on a tray, and the Major read:

"Mr. Edward Conway."

(To be continued.)

Gratitude.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

IT is not love, for never thrill
Of passion touched my grateful heart;
But let my thoughts roam where they will,
They rest forever where thou art.

For I was lonely till thy voice
Breathed peace upon my troubled soul;
And that kind smile!—I had no choice
But linger in its sweet control.

And though no more that thoughtful face,
Those soft, dark, gentle eyes I see,
In life's dull march there is no place
Where turns not still my soul to thee.

There is no time, or night or day,
When I forget thy treasured name;
If I neglect for thee to pray,
O be it my eternal shame!

And though it should be mine to give
To Heaven a hostage more complete,
Thine image in my heart shall live
Until its pulses cease to beat.

Traces of Travel.

ALONG THE VESUVIAN SHORE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VI.—ON CLASSIC GROUND.

THE right wing of Naples, sweeping to the north and west of the city, is so crowded with antiquities and legends that any lucid description of a day's exploration there is out of the question. You skirt the Neapolitan Bay, scale the promontory of Posilippo, and pause for a moment. On the one hand are the city, and the crescent shore that sweeps even to Sorrento and beyond it. Vesuvius is most prominent, as he ever is in each and all of these Neapolitan pictures. This panorama lies upon your left hand as you stand upon the promontory of Posilippo. On your right is the gulf of Pozzuoli; beyond it the islands of Ischia and Procida; and yonder, across the broad Bay of Naples, lovely Capri. This shore is lined with small villages, villas, ruins, vineyards, and chestnut groves.

The jutting points of the gulf of Pozzuoli embrace a history that runs back more than a thousand years before the Christian era! There stands Cumæ, the most ancient Greek colony in Italy, founded 1056 B.C., or earlier; Cumæ, whence were derived all the alphabets of Italy; Cumæ, whence emanated the Hellenic forms of worship. From Cumæ the Sibylline books were sent to Rome. It was there the last of the Tarquins died in exile. Pindar has sung of the naval battles that were fought abreast of those shores. But the once opulent city has dwindled into a mere handful of houses—and poor houses they are, too,—before whose doors the fishermen dry their nets in the sun, and the fishwives spin and gabble in shrill, high voices, as only Italian fishwives can.

Cumæ is not alone in its decline. At our feet lies Pozzuoli, a port that once monopolized the commerce of Asia and Africa. It was here Caligula threw a bridge of boats over the bay of Baiæ, and, clad in the armor of Alexander the Great, he crossed with his splendid retinue—thus celebrating his triumph over the Parthians. Here Cicero built his Puteolaneum, and composed his "Arcademica" and "De Fato." In the amphitheatre, a splendid ruin, Nero received Tiridates, King of Armenia, and himself entered the arena with the gladiators. It was in this amphitheatre that St. Januarius and his companions were thrown to the wild beasts again and yet again; but the animals refused to attack them, and the Saint was finally beheaded on the hill above the town, where now stands a Capuchin monastery.

Yonder is Baiæ, of which Horace said: "Nothing in the world can equal the lovely bay." The present town is unlovely enough; yet in the time of Cicero, Augustus, Nero and Hadrian, it was celebrated by the lovers of the beautiful and the patrons of the picturesque. Yonder is Bacoli, where Nero dwelt in his Villa Bauli. Sitting by the bay that Horace loved, among the temples of the gods, Nero consented to an attack upon the life of his mother, who was to have been drowned in a submerged ship; but she made her escape in a small boat. Later, Nero planned her murder more successfully, while still enjoying the fair prospect that even now—though it has been despoiled of its artistic splendor—delights the eye. The villa of Julius Cæsar, where his sister Octavia lived, and where she suffered the loss of her boy Marcellus, is but a stone's-throw from the heaps of brick and mortar that mark the site of the Villa Bauli.

Close at hand is Solfatara, a crater but half extinct; its earthen floor is still quite warm, and jets of steam and smoke discolor the oppressive air in its vicinity. As I stood in this strange natural arena,

my guide took a great stone, quite as much as he could lift, and let it fall at his feet; the hollow sound that rang even to the walls of the crater was disagreeably suggestive, and we discreetly withdrew.

At the head of the bay Monte Nuovo, a round hollow hill, now grass-grown, was thrown up out of the plain in a single night of the year 1538. This was a baby crater, born prematurely perhaps, and the lava of which it was composed has become good soil in the slow process of decomposition. It is not surprising to learn that the whole shore of the bay was somewhat agitated at the time: parts of it rose several feet, and parts sank in like proportion. I saw by the shore a great stone monastery, entirely surrounded by water, and with the sea-tide ebbing and flowing among its gloomy arches. The building was occupied by monks until the earthquake came, and then it slowly settled into the sea and was deserted. Several small lakes with more reputation than water, about which poets have sung from time immemorial, and over which scholars will dream so long as school keeps, were half emptied at this time; and two of them—Avernus and Lacrinus, connected with the sea by canals in the great days of Augustus—were disconnected by this convulsion of nature, and all traces of the ancient dykes obliterated.

As for the far-famed Lake Avernus, the sky was overcast when I first gazed upon it. I drove rapidly over a fine road that skirts the Lake, and took in at a glance all the details of the landscape. The sloping shores are thickly wooded, and end abruptly at a sheet of water as calm and cold as steel. Its dull, unruffled surface, that reflected nothing, not even a passing cloud, cast a gray gloom over all things,—a gloom scarcely relieved by the rich foliage that clothed its shores. As we paused there, I looked long and steadily at it. There seemed no life in those motionless waters; the song-birds that

haunt secluded pools were wanting here: they seem to have inherited some horror of the place, and to have sought elsewhere the sun-bright mirrors over which they love to spread their wings.

Why is the Lake deserted and accursed? Do you not remember how Homer, in the Eleventh Book of the *Odyssey*, holds an interview with the heroes and heroines of Hades? Do you not remember in Homer's great song how, having entered into the black ship, "the sails of it, passing over the sea, were stretched out the whole day; and the sun set, and all the ways were overshadowed? And it reached the extreme boundaries of the deep-flowing ocean, where are the people and the city of the Cimmerians, covered with shadow and vapor. Nor does the shining sun behold them with his beams, neither when he goes toward the starry heaven nor when he turns back again from heaven to earth; but pernicious night is spread over hapless mortals. . . . And I much besought the unsubstantial heads of the dead [says Ulysses]. But when I besought them, the nations of the dead, with vows and prayers, the souls of the perished dead were assembled forth from Erebus—betrothed girls and youths, and much-enduring old men, and tender virgins, having a newly-grieved mind; and many Mars-renowned men wounded with brass-tipped spears, possessing gore-smear'd arms, who, in great numbers, were wandering about the trench on different sides, with a divine clamor. And pale fear seized upon me!"—All these, you will remember, were thus distraught because their bones as yet had found no resting-place "beneath the wide-wayed earth."

I looked again—to right, to left, before, behind me. I turned to the sweet-voiced Virgil. He sings of the pious Æneas, and of how "he gives his ship a loose rein, and at length reaches the Eubœan coast of Cumæ. The youthful crew spring forth with ardor on the Hesperian strand; some

seek for the seeds of fire latent in the veins of flint; some plunder the copses, the close retreat of wild beasts, and point out rivers newly discovered. But the pious Æneas repairs to the towers over which Apollo presides on high, and to the spacious cave, the cell of the Sibyl awful, at a distance. . . . Now they enter Diana's groves and Apollo's golden roofs."

I lift my eyes from the page, and behold they rest upon the landscape and the sea therein described! There is the Lake and there the cave; these groves are the descendants of the groves of Diana. Somewhere within range of my vision stood the golden-roofed towers of Apollo. Yes, there were the Gates of Hell, which Homer, Virgil, Dante sang in the most masterful of poems; they are but a stone's-throw distant. You will recall Virgil in the Sixth Book of the Æneid: "There was a cave profound and hideous, with wide yawning mouth, stony, fenced by a black lake and the gloom of woods. Over it none of the flying kind were able to wing their way unhurt, such exhalations, issuing from its grim jaws, ascended to the vaulted skies."

The Sibyl is about to guide Æneas through the labyrinths of that dreadful cave. "They moved along amid the gloom, under the solitary night, through the shade, and through the desolate halls and empty realms of Pluto; such as is a journey in woods, beneath the unsteady moon, under a faint, glimmering light, when Jupiter hath wrapped the heavens in shade, and sable night hath stripped objects of color. Before the vestibule itself, and in the first jaws of hell, Grief and vengeful Cares have placed their couches; and pale Diseases dwell, and disconsolate Old Age, and Fear, and the evil counsellor Famine, and vile, deformed Indigence—forms ghastly to the sight!—and Death and Toil; then Sleep, akin to Death, and criminal Joys of the mind; and in the opposite threshold murderous War, and the iron bedchambers of the Furies, and frantic

Discord, having his viperous locks bound with bloody fillets. . . . This is the region of Ghosts, of Sleep and drowsy Night!"

Then Æneas visited the shades, and held sad converse with his father, old Anchises; and upon taking leave of that melancholy company he cried:

"Give me lilies in handfuls: let me strew the blooming flowers; these offerings at least let me heap upon my descendants' shade, and discharge this unavailing duty! Thus up and down they roam through all the Elysian regions, in spacious, airy fields, and survey every object. Two gates there are of Sleep, whereof the one is said to be of horn—by which an easy egress is given to true visions; the other, shining, wrought of white ivory; but through it the infernal gods send up false dreams to the upper world.

"When Anchises had addressed this discourse to his son and the Sibyl together, and dismissed them by the ivory gate, the hero speeds his way to the ships, and revisits his friends; then steers directly along the coast for the port of Caieta; where having arrived, the anchor is thrown out from the fore-castle, the sterns rest upon the shore."

The ships were indeed small in those days, sitting comfortably upon the shore, with an anchor tossed out to sea from their double-breasted bows. They were very small ships indeed, but oh the size of the fable that records the wonders of their romantic cruises!

The Grotto of the Sibyl is now a filthy pen, not to be entered without caution; the Entrance to the Infernal Regions, a small chamber quite devoid of horrors of every description; the Bath of the Sibyl is uninviting,—in brief, Homer and Virgil wouldn't know the place were they to revisit it to-day.

Alas for the poetry of fable! It evaporates, it withers away. Augustus, by the construction of the Julian Harbor, and by connecting Lake Avernus with Lake

Lacrinus, so purified the waters thereabout that there was no longer even the shadow of an excuse for the gloomy legends that had been the favorite theme of the poets. No sooner was Avernus connected with the sea than its waters were purified; and all the birds of the air might have flown over it with impunity, if they had not forgotten the way.

I will say nothing of the multitudes of ruins, with impressive names, scattered hereabout: the temples, baths and villas of Apollo, Pluto, Mercury, Serapis, Neptune, Diana, Venus, and all the gods and goddesses and emperors and poets and philosophers, who gilded the age which has lost so much of its lustre during the last few practical centuries. You will find the ruins—they are mere etchings—in every vineyard, and there are always guides enough in waiting who will tell you a tale that is worth the price thereof. But a fellow gets so tired of these heaps of brown, sun-baked brick, all looking very much alike, and most of them lacking expression!

Driving home at sundown, I paused at the top of the hill and turned again to take a last look at that wonderful page of history, now so dimly illustrated. I thought of the ages and ages crowded into that little amphitheatre—it is now nearly deserted,—of the numberless tragedies that have been enacted there; of the myriad lives that have run through the whole gamut of human passions, and have died and left no sign. There you have it in the hollow of your hand—you may read it with the flash of an eye,—the unwritten records of three thousand years! And you can run over it all between breakfast and dinner in Naples.

But it was not this that impressed me most just at that supreme moment. I looked with profound emotion upon a strip of brown sea-beach down under the hill yonder, where, more than eighteen centuries ago, a bold, brawny man, a pilgrim,

a crusader from the far East, planted his foot for the first time in the land where he was to suffer and to die. And in spirit I followed him in his pilgrimage to Imperial Rome, and tracked his steps from one shrine to another, until I came to that marvellous sanctuary wherein all the riches of the East seem gathered, and where now lie his bones,—the bones of him who was at once soldier and saint, Paul, the Apostle and martyr.

(To be continued.)

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

WHAT NEXT?

IF a perfectly peaceful condition of affairs existed in the little company who gather daily around our Tea-Table, there would be a practical Utopia, which has yet to be realized, so far as we know, on this or any planet. Although we never allow a difference of opinion to engender bitterness or give rise to bad manners, we have, kept within certain bounds, widely varying opinions. And as a brisk shower, with vivid electrical display, seems often to be a pleasant change from the monotonous pleasure of a fine summer day, so we welcome argument, and are not positively averse to listening to startling theories, however little inclined we may be to adopt them. If we do not hear them, we can not combat them; so we are reconciled sometimes to conditions from which a more exclusive circle would shrink. We were, however, disconcerted and alarmed when little Polly, our landlady's daughter, came in one day last week, just as the teapot was going the rounds for the third time, and announced, with many gasps and much wildness of gesture: "Grandmamma is actually marching up the street playing on a *jumborine!*"

You must be told who grandmamma is in order to appreciate our dismay. She is Mrs. Susan Phelps, the widowed mother of our landlady, a good although erratic woman, and a picturesque addition to our somewhat motley gatherings. She is, ordinarily, the most placid and dignified of women, with soft white curls on either side her face, well informed, a good converser, and her age is apparently about seventy. With this description only you would be left with the belief that she is conservative to a degree, with no opinions save those hallowed by convention. But you would be wrong. The placid face and snowy curls are gay deceivers; for candor compels the acknowledgment that Mrs. Phelps, kind, gentle, precise Mrs. Phelps, is a slave to every wind of doctrine, a bond-servant to almost every "ism" that has thrust its unpleasant head above the calm waters of belief within her memory; a grasper of bubbles and a splitter of straws.

When young she was one of the famous community at Brook Farm, leaving because of her inaptitude for the coarse toil to which she was assigned. Then she became a disciple of Fourier, living for some time in one of the families conducted on the principles set forth by that visionary Frenchman; but her enthusiasm finally died out like a brush fire, and she fled to Spiritualism, the Rochester knockings having made a profound stir. Here her restless mind found a certain kind of peace, until she detected a cherished "medium" in grievous frauds; and, forsaking the beloved phenomena, she donned a white robe and watched all one night on a hill with the absurd Millerites, catching a cold which threatened to interrupt her vagaries once for all. But the falsity of the Second Advent predictions becoming evident, she comforted herself by becoming a Grahamite and vegetarian, until her nervous system rebelled. Her next mania is not, chronologically, quite certain; but at some time she made way with part

of a modest competence by visiting the Pyramids, with a view to making their measurements harmonize with the Prophecies of Daniel; and then returned to America to fit up her house with blue glass,—an antidote, as she believed, for all the ills to which our frail flesh is heir. At the time Oscar Wilde visited us she became an early convert to his school of art, and for a long while posed at our Tea-Table in lank, pre-Raphaelite gowns and stained-glass attitudes. Her next freak was to embrace the wild doctrines of the fraudulent Mme. Blavatsky; and, if her finances had not been at a low ebb, she would, we are sure, have visited the far East for the purpose of studying theosophy in its native soil. When she, in due time, developed into a Bellamyist, or Nationalist, it required some patience to hear her glib discourse; but we wished for Bellamy back again when she adopted "Christian Science."

"Anything, oh anything," our Cynic groaned, "but this!"

As a devotee of that un-Christian and unscientific system—if anything so near nothing can be called a system—she remained until she became entangled in the meshes of hypnotism. Of late she has been wishing to introduce wild-eyed mystics into our circle, and running off to weird performances at public halls, where weak-looking youths have been made the ridiculous victims of "Professor" This or That. Even the Cynic has grown to look back upon the "Christian Science" craze as harmless by comparison. "What next? What next?" he asked. And little Polly answered when she announced the coming of that nondescript crew, her grandmamma at its head, playing the *jumborine*. Yes, Mrs. Phelps had joined the Salvation Army. We rushed to the window, and saw under a poke-bonnet, those venerable gray curls, that kindly face.

"Grandmamma, come home!" called little Polly, as loud as she could scream.

"Glory!" shouted grandmamma, making a great rattle with her tambourine; and all the "soldiers" who trailed after her struck up a song that would have seemed blasphemous in its free way of dealing with sacred names, if we had not called charity to our aid, and realized that the point of view of those untutored enthusiasts was different from ours; and that many of them, like Mrs. Phelps, could have nothing but good, although misdirected, intentions. There was a loud "volley" as they passed our gate; and then, with their latest convert at its head, the column surged by. None of us looked at our landlady; but she appeared at the Tea-Table on the morrow just as usual, a little pale and anxious, but kindly solicitous as ever.

"It is really a relief," she remarked, "although you may find my assertion difficult to believe. If poor mother must make herself conspicuous, I would rather see her marching with the Salvation Army than talking to those hypnotists. The Salvationists, however uncouth their methods, may reach individuals whom many are too respectable to seek after; but these men—" She stopped. "I can not speak of this awful hypnotism with calmness," she went on, after a few moments. "Some one has introduced a bill into the Senate to suppress it, to make it a crime. I wish it might pass, but it will not. I honestly believe that awful sins are committed by persons who are but the agents of unscrupulous individuals who have gained control of them. No man or woman is safe while this power can be freely used by those who would prey upon their fellow-men."

"My dear landlady," said our Cynic, "if I belonged to the Salvation Army, I should fire a volley in support of those sentiments."

Just then Betsey came in with some hot waffles; and following her was little Polly, leading her grandmother by the hand.

Mrs. Phelps wore her own close black bonnet, which she laid aside as the Poet handed her her favorite cup, decorated with a tiny bunch of forget-me-nots. She was as placid as ever, and made no allusion to her absence, although talking freely enough of other matters.

The cause of her return was made known the next day when the morning paper was thrown in at the door. In its local columns we found this item: "Captain William Jones, of the Salvation Army, was up before the Mayor's court yesterday, charged with stealing a gold watch from an aged lady who is a recent convert to that organization. The lady, whose name is withheld out of deference to her family's wishes, refused to prosecute the backslider, and his honor withheld judgment during good behavior."

"What next?" asks our Cynic again.

The Prodigy of Campo Cavallo.

SEVERAL months ago we noted the occurrence of some marvellous events reported as taking place in a chapel situated not far from Osimo, in the province of Ancona, Italy. The January number of our edifying contemporary *La Guirlande de Marie* contains some further particulars, furnished by eye-witnesses of these prodigies.

The miraculous painting of Our Lady of Pity, from whose eyes tears were seen to flow, hangs in a poor little chapel at Campo Cavallo, a hamlet four miles and a half distant from Osimo. On the 16th of last June, the Festival of Corpus Christi, the Virgin's tears were first remarked. At the same time a violent storm broke over Osimo, quenching the fire which the Freemasons had set at the altar of the repository, and crushing the grain in the neighboring fields to the ground.

On the following day the vicar-general and a commissioner visited Campo Cavallo; and the latter gentleman, forced by the evidence of his senses to acknowledge the miracle, hastened to offer his gold ring as an *ex-voto*. Since then more than thirty similar offerings have been attached to the modest picture-frame.

To the miracles already recounted may be added a recent one. A young woman, twenty-three years of age, having been bitten by a mad dog, was about to succumb to the horrible sufferings of fully developed hydrophobia. She begged her mother to have her carried to the feet of Our Lady of Campo Cavallo. Securely bound and muzzled—a precaution found necessary to prevent her biting others,—she was taken to the chapel. There the poor creature prayed for deliverance; and the crowd who constantly fill the little sanctuary added their fervent supplications to hers, that the Queen of Heaven might deign to comfort her afflicted client. After a few moments the young woman turned to her mother and said: "Mother, take off the muzzle! I will harm nobody; for I am cured." As a matter of fact, the hydrophobia had vanished.

The whole province has been swayed by an indescribable enthusiasm; faith is revived, and there is a notable diminution of blasphemy. Since August the Madonna has not wept, but the eyes still move. Sometimes they are raised to heaven, sometimes they are cast down and fixedly regard certain persons among the crowd. Some officious authorities of the civil power went to Campo Cavallo with the intention of closing the chapel. Once before the miraculous picture, however, they changed their minds, and the chapel is still open. Those who saw the glance of the Madonna directed on them will not soon forget it.

Thirty thousand francs have already been offered toward the construction of a church, but the ecclesiastical authorities

have not as yet pronounced upon the miraculous character of the occurrences. In the meantime natural gifts come to Campo Cavallo from all sides, and the interior walls of the chapel are covered with *ex-votos*.

This narrative may well be concluded by the recital of a chastisement. A noted personage of the country, a freethinker, wished to turn the miraculous Madonna into ridicule. Pretending that he was a cripple, he arrived in a carriage at the Campo Cavallo chapel. Supporting himself on crutches, he descended and said that he had come to ask Our Lady for his cure. He advanced to the picture, went through the semblance of praying; then, throwing away his crutches, cried out: "A miracle!" The crowd, deceived at first, followed him to his carriage. But there, just as the impious joker prepared to take his seat, he made a misstep, fell and broke one of his legs. He had the good sense to see in this accident the hand of God punishing him for his irreverence, and publicly avowed his fault.

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About 1850 a prodigy similar to this of Campo Cavallo occurred at Rimini. Writing on the subject to an unbeliever, the illustrious Louis Veuillot said: "I don't pretend that one must believe *everything*; but if one must have reasons for believing, one must also have reasons for doubting. Reasons for believing in this matter abound; reasons for doubting are wanting. This prodigy, which in your eyes is 'absurd,' is attested as strongly as it can be prior to a definitive judgment by the Church. By means of this 'absurd' prodigy God converts souls; and, in any case, this is not the first time that so 'absurd' a prodigy has occurred. You are not aware, perhaps, that at Rome there is celebrated a feast of the miracles of the Blessed Virgin, in commemoration of just such prodigies, which astounded Rome and all Italy toward the end of the last century."

A Significant Book List.

AMONG new exhibits in the King's Library of the British Museum is a copy of the original "Bay Psalm Book," known also as "The New England Psalm Book." It is placed among specimens of early American printing, and is considered a valuable *find* by the indefatigable and usually discriminating collectors. It is generally supposed that the first printing-press set up in North America was that by Stephen Daye at Cambridge, Mass., in 1639; and the first book issued a metrical version of the psalms, having the titles quoted above. But to Catholic Spain belongs the credit of establishing and nourishing literature in the New World. A spiritual book, called "The Ladder of Paradise," was translated into Spanish from the Latin and published in Mexico as early as 1537. Shortly before his lamented death, we received from our learned friend, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the following list of half a hundred other books, copies of which have come down to us, all printed before the famous "Bay Psalm Book." The list can not, of course, include all that were actually printed, nor even those actually known, as Dr. Shea did not make a thorough search:

Aldama, Christian Doctrine, in Spanish and Mexican; printed at Mexico, 1575; F. Juan de la Anunciacion, Sermons in Spanish and Mexican, Mexico, 1577; F. Juan de la Anunciacion, Catechism in Mexican and Spanish, Mexico, 1577; F. Juan Bautista, Confessionary, in Mexican and Spanish, Tlatilulco, 1599; same, Advertencias para los Confesores, printed at Tlatilulco, 1600; same, Libro de la Miseria y brevedad de la vida del hombre, Mexico, 1604; same, Sermonario, Mexico, 1606; Baptista de Lagunas, Arte y Diccionario (of the language of Michoacan), Mexico, 1574; Doctrina Christiana, in Spanish and Mexican, printed by Juan

Pablos, in Mexico, 1550; Gaona, Coloquios, de la Paz, Mexico, 1582; Leon, Camino del Cielo en lengua Mexicana, Mexico, 1611; F. Martin de Leon, Sermonario, Mexico, 1614; same, Manual Breve, Mexico, 1617; Lorra Baquio, Manual Mexicano, Mexico, 1634; F. Juan de Mijangos, Espejo Divino en lengua Mexicana, Mexico, 1607; same, Sermonario, Mexico, 1624; F. Alonso de Molina, Vocabulario en la lengua Castellana y Mexicana, Mexico, 1555; second edition, 1571; same, Arte de la lengua Mexicana, Mexico, 1576; same, Doctrina Christiana, Mexico, 1578; Najera Yanguas, Manual, Mexico, 1637; F. Antonio de los Reyes, Arte en lengua Mixteca, Mexico, 1593; F. Antonio del Rincon, Arte Mexicana, Mexico, 1595; F. Melchior de Vargas, Doctrina Christiana, in Spanish, Mexican and Othomi, Mexico, 1576; Bartholome de Alua, Confessionario, Mexico, 1634; F. Francis de Alvarado, Vocabulario en lengua Misteca, Mexico, 1593; Arte Mexicano y Declaracion de la Doctrina, Mexico, 1595; F. Juan de Cordoba, Arte en lengua, Zapoteca, Mexico, 1578; Doctrina en Mexicano, 1548; F. Benito Hernandez, Doctrina en lengua Mixteca, Mexico, 1567; another edition, Mexico, 1568; F. Pedro de Gante, Doctrina Christiana, Mexico, 1553; F. Maturino Gylberti, Dialogo de Doctrina Christiana, en lengua de Mechvacan, Mexico, 1559; same, Vocabulario, Mexico, 1559; same, Tesoro Spiritual, Mexico, 1575; F. Juan de Medina, Doctrinalis fidei in Mechvacanensium indorum lingua, Mexico, 1577; F. Francisco de Medina, Vida de San Nicolas Tolentino, Mexico, 1604; F. Alonso de Molina, Confesionario, Mexico, 1565 (two editions known); a third, 1578; same, Arte de la lengua Mexicana, Mexico, 1571; F. Gregorio de Movilla, Explicacion de la Doctrina traducida en lengua Floridana, Mexico, 1635. (Here is a book in a language of this country printed before New England had a printing-press!) F. Francis Pareja, Cathecismo en lengua

Castellana y Timuquana, Mexico, 1612,—another book in a language of Florida; same, Cathecismo, Mexico, 1612; a different book, also Floridian; also an edition in 1617; F. Bartholome Roldan, Cartilla y Doctrina Christiana, Mexico, 1580; F. Francis Pareja, Cathecismo y Examen, Mexico, 1627; same, Confesionario en lengua Timuquana, Mexico, 1612; same, Gramatica de la lengua Timuquana, Mexico, 1614.

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In a letter which accompanied this interesting list Dr. Shea informed us that many of these precious books are preserved in the library of Don Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta, of the city of Mexico. It will be noticed that many of them are works on Christian Doctrine, and that two or more are in a language of this country. The claim for the "Bay Psalm Book" should now be withdrawn.

A Noble Mind Obscured.

THE same painfully monotonous story comes from over sea about dear old Ruskin, whose madness, it is said, is no longer subject to lucid intervals. The night has closed down upon him, and there can be no dawn until the last morning breaks. It was in 1886 that the sad truth flashed on his friends. He was delivering a lecture at Oxford, and all at once became incoherent and wandering in his remarks. Ever since then his attacks of insanity have increased in frequency and duration. Sometimes he has been violent, with a destructive mania, at other outbreaks only melancholy. He is now seventy-three years old; and most of these years, and all his manhood's strength, have been given freely—more than freely—to the cause of the downtrodden workmen of England.

And he has given more, if, as some say, it is the financial test which is the true one. Of the large fortune which he inherited there remains but a pitiful remnant. He

has always possessed those fanciful "glass pockets" which he asserts should ornament the garments of every rich man; and his expenditures, made public each month, have indicated where his means have been bestowed. Here a needy relative received assistance, there a worthy institution was thought worthy of aid, and ever and always his dear Company of St. George was swallowing a large share of his capital. Ruskin will, in one sense, die a poor man; but the influence of his written and spoken words can not be estimated, and therefore he is rich indeed.

All over this broad world are hearts which he has uplifted, men and women whom he has incited to brave deeds and noble impulses, and who, alas! can do nothing for this friend, who for them has done so much, but to pray that when he passes behind the curtain which hides the future, he may, by God's goodness, find fullest compensation for the perpetual sadness which enveloped him as he stumbled along the earthly road, oftentimes discouraged, at intervals goaded to stormy invective, but always trying to learn the better way to reach and help all that was best in humankind.

One after another the pictures and other works of art have vanished from his peerless collection, as charity called; but he has kept his chief treasures—a wonderful lot of superb missals, in number more than a thousand. Mr. Ruskin has been, as is well known, a firm friend and admirer of what Englishmen call the "old religion," revoking repeatedly all the callow bigotry of his college days; and in this twilight of his life it will harm no Catholic to bestow upon him, who has bestowed upon God's poor so much, a prayer—perchance a tear.

DUTY is the grandest of ideas, because it implies the idea of God, of the soul, of liberty, of responsibility, of immortality. It is the most generous, because independent of it there is neither pleasure nor interest.

Notes and Remarks.

There seems to be some hope that the people of this country will eventually recognize the fact that the extravagantly eulogized Public School system is very far from being the ideal system its advocates would have us believe. The *Forum* some time ago commissioned Dr. J. M. Rice, a competent authority on educational training, to investigate the methods of teaching in American schools. Dr. Rice visited the schools of some thirty-six cities, and inspected the workings of twenty normal or training institutions, and his report is by no means flattering. "Unless chaos," says the Doctor, "be preferable to law and order, there is no foundation for the opinion held by so many that our public schools are the best in the world."

Whether the French Republic will safely pass through the crisis precipitated by the exposure of the Panama scandals may still be a question; but if it does, it will be largely owing to the advice so frequently given to French Catholics during the past year. Had Leo XIII. given to the Legitimists the advocacy that he granted to the existing form of government, there is very little doubt that a revolution would have occurred during the month just passed.

There have been many instances where converts to the faith have sacrificed much for conscience' sake; but Mr. George Lane Fox, Vice-Chancellor of the Primrose League, is easily in the front ranks of that noble band, having been disinherited of a fortune of £40,000 a year as a penalty for following his convictions. Yet, strange as the fact may seem to some, he considers that he has made a good exchange.

The unaffected piety for which Mary Anderson was noted undoubtedly modified very considerably the opinions which a great many people entertained concerning the private life of actresses. An operatic singer who is held in as high respect by her associates as was Miss Anderson is Miss

Grace Golden, who is spoken of as the most devoutly religious woman on the stage to-day. Miss Golden's amulet is the Scapular, and she has made it a rule never to go before the footlights without kissing it. "Standing in the wings waiting for her cue," says the *New York Sun*, "her lips may be seen moving in prayer; and when the prompter gives his signal, she hastily crosses herself, presses the Scapular to her lips, and steps forward ready to take up the liveliest airs in the opera. Her friends in the cast will tell you that as often as not when they visit her dressing-room she is found on her knees, and spends much more time telling her beads than in prinking for the audience."

Miss Golden is said to long for the consecrated life of a nun. Whether or not she will eventually realize her desire, her present mode of life can not fail to exercise a beneficial influence in a sphere where such influences are unfortunately none too common.

The Oratorio Society of New York will produce this month the new Oratorio of St. Francis of Assisi. This is a notable event in the musical world. The work is divided into three parts,—the first dealing with the festivities at Assisi and the conversion of the young Francis; the second, with his life as a religious; the third, with the Stigmata, his death and burial. Musically, the Oratorio is said to be a wide departure from the preconceived rules governing similar productions, and to be touching and brilliant beyond expression. Three hymns of St. Francis' own writing are given a suitable setting: the Song of Poverty, the Sun Song, and a Song of Divine Love; and in the death scene the Angelus, or its musical counterfeit, is introduced in the most tender and reverent manner. The author of this work is Edgar Tinel.

Mrs. Lyttelton Gell, a forcible and clever English writer, in an article in a leading British magazine, entitled "Squandered Girlhood," expresses regret that so many unmarried women lead utterly aimless and useless lives. There is always, she asserts, a career of charity open, and formerly no such thing was known as an idle gentlewoman. "In old times," to quote her words, "so long as the

Church of Rome retained her sway over the country, the indefeasible right of the poor to the ministry of the rich was a fundamental assumption of the social order. Not only was almsgiving, care of the sick, and relief of the needy, a part of the duty of every great lady, but each noble family contributed at least one of its daughters to the sole service of the poor, dedicating her irrevocably by the vows of the cloister."

Mrs. Gell is, presumably, a non-Catholic; but her brave words will find their echo in the heart of everyone who is seeking to solve the almost hopeless problem of ameliorating the poverty and suffering of the world without upsetting all social regulations.

In the course of a speech delivered some time ago, Sir John Thompson, Prime Minister of Canada, declared that questions of religion and race should be treated "in the spirit of toleration, in the spirit of conciliation; even in the spirit of concession, when concession can be made without the sacrifice of principle." This was interpreted by some fanatical opponents as a plea for toleration of himself. The sturdy Premier, however, has recently disabused them of that idea. At a banquet in Toronto on the 5th ult., Sir John quietly remarked: "Let me say to everyone of you, gentlemen, that I have no plea for toleration to make for myself. I am able and I am prepared to fight my own political or other battles, and I want no sympathy or toleration in that regard."

One of the restrictions imposed upon army officers by the military code of Roumania is that "dispensations for mixed marriages are in no case permitted."

The claims of Thomas à Kempis to the authorship of "The Imitation of Christ" are periodically called into question, and as periodically insisted upon. While absolute certainty as to the authorship of that celebrated work will probably never be acquired, it seems evident that there is *moral* certainty of Kempis' having written it. Mr. S. Kettlewell, in a work on this subject, cites the testimony of sixteen contemporaneous writers who in various ways support the claims of

Thomas à Kempis. Amort, in the last century, mentions more than seventy writers living in Thomas' time who spoke of him as the author of "The Imitation"; and until 1604 such was the almost universal belief. No contemporary witness in favor of Gerson's claims has yet been adduced; and in all probability the commonly received opinion that À Kempis wrote "The Imitation" is the correct one.

Acknowledging the receipt of the Bishop of Autun's book, "The Death and Funeral of M. Ernest Renan," the Holy Father recently wrote to that prelate: "It pleases Us to attribute to the perfect devotedness with which you are animated in Our regard the mention you have made of what We Ourselves did immediately on the appearance of the impious and lying romance invented by the French writer on the life of Christ Our Lord." The allusion is to a pastoral letter published by the Pope, at that time Cardinal Pecci, Bishop of Perugia, in November, 1863.

A few years ago a pious French lady, emulous of the Christian women mentioned in the Gospel, established on the Boulevard Longchamps, in Marseilles, a lodging-house for travelling missionaries. Since its foundation eleven years ago, the house, known as the Bethany, has given hospitality to eighty-one prelates and over three thousand priests, belonging to twenty-three different congregations, and bound for all quarters of the globe.

There is no reason, we think, why a pious correspondent should not pray for the repose of the soul of the late James G. Blaine. He was visited during his last illness by Cardinal Gibbons and Father Sherman, S. J. Their presence at his bedside naturally suggested grave thoughts to the dying man, and there is no telling what may have taken place between his soul and God. Supposing that no Sacrament was administered, Mr. Blaine's death, though a very sad one, was not altogether without hope. He was a good Catholic in early life; and, though like thousands of others who afterward neglect to practise their religion, he never formally joined any other. To our knowledge, he even resented being

called an apostate by his Catholic relatives. His mother is well remembered at Notre Dame as a staunch Catholic, and her teaching and example were never forgotten. A former editor of THE "AVE MARIA," the Rev. Neal H. Gillespie, C.S.C., was a near relative of Mr. Blaine, and remembered him when he was a practical Catholic. "Not for a thousand presidencies," he once wrote, "would I speak a disrespectful word of my mother's religion; and no pressure will draw me into any avowal of hostility or unfriendliness to Catholics." Some years ago, when this eminent man visited Notre Dame, he instinctively genuflected on entering the church; showing that his faith, though inactive, was not dead.

Men usually die as they have lived; and any death-bed conversion is a miracle, which it is sheer presumption for one to expect. However, as we have said, we see no reason why our pious correspondent should not pray for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. Blaine; since his dispositions at the supreme moment can not be known, and the mercies of God are above all His works.

The London *Athenæum* quotes with approbation this excerpt from a recent work on "The Gray Friars in Oxford":

"To minister to the sick and dying was one of the first duties which St. Francis practised himself and enjoined on his followers; that in this respect the English Franciscans followed his precept, may be seen in the tradition of them which remained in the memory of this country, and which Shakspeare has expressed in *Romeo and Juliet*. . . . But work like this receives little notice in history; and where it is mentioned, it is usually upon the sordid aspect of the case—the greed for legacies—that the chroniclers insist."

What is here said of the Gray Friars may be said with equal truth of every Catholic institution that has been favored with the attention of Protestant scribes,—a fact that has been frequently noted in our own pages by such writers as Dr. Parsons.

The ancient Church of St. Donatianus, in Bruges, enjoyed during the Middle Ages considerable prestige. Its canons had the privilege of a special breviary, and many of the offices were so beautiful as to make one regret that there should remain but one copy of the book to preserve them. A recent writer

in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* quotes some of the finest passages of the Office of the Immaculate Conception, which show not only that the clergy of that age were tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, but that they wrote good Latin verse as well. In allusion to an old legend, the Collect prays: "O God, who by angelic prediction didst foretell the conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary to her parents, grant that this thy family may be protected by her patronage," etc.

The oldest priest of France, and probably of the world, the Abbé Sorbets, lately celebrated Mass on his hundredth birthday, in the Cathedral of Aire, of which he is a canon. The aged celebrant was born Nov. 15, 1792, and was ordained June 5, 1819; so that he has been a priest for more than seventy-three years. We are informed that the venerable canon is still in the full enjoyment of his mental and bodily faculties. Such vitality is extraordinary even for a Frenchman.

It ought not to be necessary, we think, to inform certain American Catholic papers that the late Bishop Dwenger, of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, was not the founder of Notre Dame. Nor did he have aught to do with the development of the institution. Notre Dame was founded before the Bishop was old enough to go to school.

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. George J. Akers, of Braddock, Pa., who departed this life on the 26th ult.

Mr. Bartholomew Maguire, whose happy death took place on the 11th ult., at Newark, N. J.

Miss Agnes E. Leary, of Allston, Mass., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 22d ult.

Mr. John Gorman, Mrs. Bridget Mullaney, Timothy and Ellen Kelly,—all of Fall River, Mass.; Miss Mary Maher, Iowa City, Iowa; William and Hannah Glennon, Mary Baunon, and Hannah Keane, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Patrick Toole, Geneva, N. Y.; and Nellie E. Leary, Dorchester, Mass.

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



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Schoolboy Martyrs.

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

YOU'VE heard of many a martyr crowned
in Diocletian's reign,
But let me tell the story of the Martyr
Boys of Spain.

It was in old Complutum town their doom
these heroes met—

A place the Moors called Alcalá, and it bears
that title yet.

Oh, never was the Church, I ween, by harsher
laws oppressed,

And never king found fitter tool to work his
stern behest,

Than when fierce Dacian journeyed through
the land of sunny Spain,

And where he went the towns were red with
blood of martyrs slain!

Good Christians of Complutum town, he
comes to you to-day.

See that your arms are burnished bright and
ready for the fray;

Or if your hearts are failing, you must seek
the flight that saves,

And hide your heads in caves and rocks or
in your fathers' graves.

His judgment-hall the prefect seeks, the
tyrant's worthy tool;

Meanwhile Complutum's boys are thronged
in the old Roman school.

For daily tasks and daily pains these simple
lads are met,

And little know what deeds shall be before
that sun is set.

The master sits above them all; his office
you may tell

By that plain sceptre at his side—the scholars
know it well.

Those olden rods were heavy, and the mas-
ters' arms were strong.

You may feel the blows in Austin's prose or
sweet Prudentius' song;

For memories of their boyhood's pains both
Saint and poet kept:

One tells us how they made him pray, the
other how he wept.*

But now the rod is idle, and the boys at work
instead.

How busy seems each nimble hand, and each
bowed, thoughtful head!

The waxen plates before them lie, the styles
are in their hands;

And there they carve the letters at the master's
stern commands.

But that is when the master looks; for if he
turns away,

Behind his back the work is slack, and some
begin to play.

One plucks his neighbor by the sleeve and
whispers in his ear;

And one is writing busily—but not his task,
I fear.

I'm told that still such things are done; and
when boys have work to do,

* "Et rogabam Te parvus, non parvo affectu,
ne in schola vapularem." (And I, a little boy, with
great fervor prayed to Thee that I might not be
flogged in school.)—*St. Augustini. Confessiones,*
lib. i, c. 9.

"Ætas prima crepantibus
Flevit sub ferulis."

(In early age he wept at the resounding rods.)—
Prudentius. Præf. in Lib. Cathemerinon.

They still play pranks upon the sly—and I
 half believe it's true.
 (I pray you, do not take offence: I don't
 mean boys like you!)
 For men's fashions change from age to age,
 and ruthless time destroys
 Their petty customs and their laws; but boys
 are always boys.
 But see, amid those heedless ones, so filled with
 boyish glee,
 Are two that work on faithfully, though none
 be there to see.
 'Tis not because they like not play or love
 their task too well:
 The bright young face and laughing eyes a
 different story tell.
 No: work is hard and play is sweet, and they
 would fain be free;
 But, then, they know that work is right, and
 work on patiently.
 For faith has taught them how to see another
 Master near,
 Who counts each little duty done,—a Master
 kind and dear,
 Who trod the weary way, and bore the burden
 and the heat,
 But makes for us the labor light, the yoke of
 service sweet.
 To Him they look, for Him they live, at
 school-time or at play;
 They offer Him their rest at night, their labors
 in the day;
 And thus at work or merry play they taste
 the purest joys.
 The pattern of that pagan school are those
 two Christian boys.
 The news of Dacian's coming spreads—for
 fast flies news of ill,—
 Till some one brings it to the school; then all
 is hushed and still.
 See how they flush, those brothers twain,
 when Dacian's name they hear!
 A thrill through each young bosom runs, but
 not a thrill of fear.
 They leave their tablets on the desk, they let
 the styles fall down:
 The heavenly Master calls them forth to win
 the martyr's crown.
 Yes! go and leave your books behind: you'll
 never need them more;
 Your schoolboy life, with all its tests and all
 its joy, is o'er.

The tasks are done, the lessons learnt, and the
 prize-day is at hand,
 And the everlasting holidays in yon bright
 Fatherland.
 The master thought 'twas flight they sought,
 but durst not bid them stay;
 He had no heart to hinder them, and let them
 go their way.
 They cross the threshold of the school; no
 lingering look they cast,
 But speed along the well-worn way, their
 young hearts beating fast.
 At merry games their feet were fleet, but never
 yet before
 Ran they so well as now they run to cruel
 Dacian's door;
 And thus accost the sentry there: "Good sir,
 we come to take
 All that you wish to do to us for our sweet
 Master's sake."
 These artless words are speedily to haughty
 Dacian borne.
 "We need not try them in our court," he
 says, with cruel scorn;
 "If childish folly brings them here, a welcome
 meet they'll find.
 Take rods and whips and beat them sore.
 They'll quickly change their mind."
 The soldiers seize those gallant boys, and
 thongs and sticks prepare.
 But first the younger brother speaks, with
 simple, earnest air:
 "Oh, never fear, my brother dear, the blows
 that on thee fall!
 For though the foeman's hate is strong, yet
 love shall conquer all.
 We give our body to the rod and the sharp-
 biting sword,
 But think how sweet it is to die for our most
 loving Lord!
 And if He deigns to strengthen us to meet
 the martyr's fate,
 For thrones on high and endless joy we'll
 change our childish state."
 Then Pastor to his brother turned, and thus
 he made reply:
 "Yes, Justus, 'tis a happy lot for our dear
 Lord to die.
 Nor need we grieve to think we leave the
 friends we hold so dear;
 For we shall love them more in heaven than
 e'er we loved them here.

And if for all we suffer now, sweet comfort
 there we find,
 Who knows?—our death may mercy bring to
 those we leave behind.”
 When Dacian heard the words they spake,
 his wrath was sad to see.
 “If such their childhood is,” he cried, “what
 will their manhood be?
 To beat these boys and torture them were
 spending blows in vain:
 Let them be led without the town and there
 be swiftly slain.”
 Then, like their Lord, the boys are brought
 beyond the city walls,
 And 'neath the cruel sword the head of each
 fair brother falls.
 The heavens above are rent in twain, and
 through the rift comes down
 The music of the angel bands that call them
 to their crown.
 How still they rest! The soil around with
 their young blood is wet;
 The land that drank that tender rain shall
 bear rich blossom yet.
 The flame of faith is fanned afresh, and like
 a rising flood
 Come in the new-made Christians won by
 these young martyrs' blood.
 When Dacian learns these victories, by
 children put to shame,
 He hastens from Complutum town as swiftly
 as he came.
 Thrice happy town, the storm is past, the
 darkness turned to light!
 Your boys alone have held their own, and
 borne the brunt of fight.
 And now they sleep in sunny Spain, 'neath
 noble altars laid;
 Their life is like a beacon light, their prayer
 brings timely aid.
 And all may still the lesson learn by these
 dear martyrs given,
 To show us that the schoolboy's life is very
 nigh to Heaven;
 For if the martyr's hero death is for the
 favored few,
 There still are heavenly crowns for all to
 daily duties true.
 And still the boys who love their Lord may
 strive, and not in vain,
 To follow in the footsteps of the Martyr Boys
 of Spain.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VI.



UR party next turned down
 a byway, mounted a flight of
 steps, and, after following the
 windings of another street,
 from which they looked down
 upon the roofs of the houses
 of the one they had recently
 left, came at last to the Cathedral.

“Wait a little,” pleaded Claire. “Let
 us fix the picture of it in our minds.”

They stood for some moments contem-
 plating the graceful Gothic pile of red
 sandstone, a poem of architecture, outlined
 against the sunset sky. Then Mr. Colville
 knocked for admittance at one of the
 great oaken doors. It was opened by a
 verger, or care-taker, who looked so impor-
 tant, in his black gown with its wing-like
 sleeves, that Claire thought he must be
 one of the prebendaries at least. They
 entered, and he proceeded to conduct
 them through the edifice, giving a sketch
 of its history as he went.

“In architecture, this Cathedral is one
 of the finest examples of the Norman
 Gothic,” he said; “and you will not find
 anywhere more beautiful specimens of
 wood-carving. It was built for the Bene-
 dictine monks in 1095 by Hugh Lupus,
 or the Wolf, Earl of Chester, and governor
 of the province under William the Con-
 queror. He was assisted in carrying out
 his plans by St. Anselm. In those days
 it was an abbey church, with a monastery
 adjoining.”

And so he continued his oft-told story.
 Claire walked on as if in a dream.

“To think of this church being so old
 that it is mentioned in Doomsday Book!”
 she said to her father. “To think that it
 was built eight hundred years ago, and

under the direction of St. Anselm! And yet—and yet I am disappointed in it,” she continued, turning to him with such a sorrowful expression that he could not help smiling. “It seems so cold and empty!”

“It is the incongruity between the new and the old which troubles you,” he said; “for, between misnamed restorations and the worse-named Reformation, but little of the original building remains to testify to what it was. It is at best but a chrysalis from which the life is gone.”

She now realized that what caused this strange sense of desolation amid so much richness was the absence of the great high altar from the chancel (called in these old churches the choir), of the star-like lamp of the sanctuary; above all, of the Divine Presence, to provide a dwelling-place for whom the foundations of the splendid edifice, of which this was but a semblance, were laid in the Ages of Faith.

“But there was a church here long before the days of Hugh Lupus,” said Mr. Colville. “That which he built was erected upon the site of one which was very ancient even at that time. In fact, history tells us there has been a church on this spot ever since the second century of the Christian era. Notwithstanding its desecration, we can not but feel that we are treading holy ground when we remember that here Mass was probably celebrated almost daily for nearly thirteen hundred years.”

Claire’s attention was now recalled by hearing Kathleen ask, bluntly:

“How is it that this is not a Catholic church now?”

The guide hemmed and hawed, and seemed rather embarrassed; then he laughed and said:

“Well, when the merry monarch Henry VIII. undertook to dictate the religion of his subjects, he turned the bishops and abbots who opposed him out of their churches and monasteries, and put in others who were willing to curry favor with him. Now, Chester was a very wealthy

old monastery; and the abbot, being—unlike his saintly predecessors—a worldly man, was loath to give it up. Rather than do so he was one of the first to ‘change his coat’ at the bidding of the sovereign. For his complaisance doughty King Hal appointed him a bishop, and left him this church for a cathedral.”

The tone of contempt with which these words were uttered was surprising from the heretical verger.

“But so it is,” observed Mr. Colville to Claire,—“everyone despises a traitor. Upon history’s page the name of the weak and self-seeking abbot is but a synonym for dishonor and obloquy even to those to whom have come the spoils of his shameful apostasy.”

The verger now paused before a very ancient-looking Gothic shrine, decorated with carved work, and having a series of niches embellished with small statues, many of which were defaced.

“This is the tomb of St. Werburgh, patroness of the Cathedral,” he said.

“And is the Saint really buried here?” asked Kathleen.

“Oh, dear, no!” was the reply. “Her relics, enclosed in a silver case, are said to have rested here for centuries; but they disappeared in the troubled times that began with Henry VIII.”

Kathleen lagged behind.

“I never heard of St. Werburgh,” she whispered to Alicia; “but I’m going to say a prayer here, where the people have forgotten how to pray to her.”

In the south transept of the Cathedral, which is called the Church of St. Oswald, our party saw, too, a stone sarcophagus, which purports to be the tomb of that Saint, and the tombs of several of the Norman abbots. The verger showed them also the chapel formerly dedicated to Our Lady; and, as in all these old cathedrals, still called the Lady Chapel. Built in the days when all England was poetically known as “Our Lady’s Dower,” it has

been splendidly renovated of late, but only to become a gilded mockery.

"Where is the statue of the Blessed Virgin?" inquired Kathleen, innocently.

"Ah," sighed Mr. Colville, "with all the so-called 'restoration,' the image of the Madonna is still missing from its place!"

After affording them a glimpse of the lovely old cloisters, the guide let our ramblers out by the passage leading into the Cathedral yard or close.

"If you go across the sward and through the gate yonder," he observed, "you will find yourselves upon the walk of the Roman wall, which, as you know, surrounds the city."

Mr. Colville thanked him, and slipped an extra shilling into his hand.

Claire was rather shocked.

"Do you think it was nice to offer him money?" she said, as they turned away.

"I was afraid he would be offended, he seemed such a genteel sort of person."

Her father laughed.

"He certainly would have been offended if I had omitted to do so," he said. "My dear, you will soon learn that on this side of the water one seldom makes a mistake by offering a tip. Our friend has earned his; for he was very civil and obliging."

The man meantime had shut the door after them, and they heard the key turn in the rusty lock. They were alone in the close, which was fenced in by a very high iron paling. The children were delighted to get out into the pleasant summer air again. They tripped gayly over the grass, which was exquisitely fresh and green, and dotted with the beautiful little short-stemmed English daisies.

"Now I know what the poets mean when they write of 'the emerald turf soft as a carpet!'" exclaimed Alicia.

"How it yields under one's feet, and how smooth and fine it is, just like velvet!" said Claire.

"A bit of sward like this is the result of centuries of care," returned their father.

Kathleen began to gather some of the wild flowers.

"See how pretty they are, Claire!" she exclaimed,— "like tiny stars. And look!—under the white petals is a little tint of pink."

Claire examined one admiringly.

"How different they are from the larger, flaunting blossoms which we call daisies at home!" said she.

"Yet those are beautiful too," said Mr. Colville.

"Yes," interposed Alicia; "but they remind me of a dashing girl, like—like Adelaide Stevens, for instance. And this little flower is like—well, like you, Claire, on your way to the convent chapel, with your white veil on, and blushing because maybe you've been caught saying your beads while waiting for the bell to ring."

Claire flushed pinker than any daisy, and Joe cried out:

"Very good, Ally! You'll be writing poetry by the yard some day. Don't you want to compose a piece about your beloved brother? To what would you compare me now?"

"Oh, you make me think of a jumping-jack!" returned Alicia, good-naturedly; "or the effigy which the verger showed us of the queer little man standing in a niche in the wall, with two of the ladies of his household, one on either side of him."

"What, the chap with the blue doublet and red hose, and an enormous ruff?" he asked. "Then you and Kathleen will have to pose as the ladies; so order your coifs, fold your hands, and look solemn like well-behaved effigies, or I'll not recognize you. Poor little gentleman! I suppose the ladies are his sisters, whom he brought to see the Cathedral. Very good of him, I'm sure; and they seem to have been pleased with the place, since they have evidently made a long visit."

By this time our friends had reached the gate indicated by the guide. To their surprise they found it locked.

"We must have misunderstood the man," said Mr. Colville. "Let us go to the gate on the other side."

They did so, but only to discover that this one was secured also.

"Well, if this isn't an adventure!" cried Alicia. "Here we are shut up like prisoners in the close!"

"We shall have to summon the verger to let us out," said her father.

They went back and knocked long and loud at the Cathedral door, but without bringing any one to their assistance. The verger, taking it for granted that the gate was unfastened, after bolting and barring the great door, had gone home to supper.

"Don't be in a hurry," Joe advised his sisters. "The little blue-doubleted gentleman inside is not in a hurry, and neither are the farthingaled ladies. That's how the Cathedral gets its effigies. The verger locks people into the close, and after a while the poor captives grow so meek and tired they are very willing to be allowed to go in, and sit on the tombs, or even to stand on a shelf. You girls look solemn enough to play the *rôle* quite successfully."

"I'm glad you can joke about it," sighed Alicia. "But, as it is nearly dinner-time and I'm getting awfully hungry, I don't see anything funny in our situation."

They walked along beside the fence, looking disconsolately through the bars, "like animals in a menagerie," Kathleen suggested. Nobody passed by. Of the two sides of the close not bounded by the Cathedral, one bordered on the old Roman fortifications; on the other, the fence rested upon a precipitous wall which overlooked the street below. Outside was a flight of stone steps, which led from the Roman way into this lower street, or court, which was likewise deserted.

"Everybody seems to have gone home to supper," declared Alicia, despairingly.

"Well, Joe, you'll have to try to scale the fence and go hunt up our guide," said Mr. Colville.

"I would have been over it before this," laughed Joe to himself, "only I couldn't let slip the chance of teasing the girls a little."

"Yes, father," objected Claire. "But he will not know which way to go, and it may take an hour or more to find the verger."

"What can't be cured must be endured," rejoined Mr. Colville.

"See that little space at the end of the fence near the building!" she continued. "Don't you think we could get through there, and, by holding on to the palings, walk along the wall on the outside till we came to the steps?"

"But are you girls sure-footed enough to venture?" hesitated her father.

"Oh, yes, of course we are!" declared Alicia and Kathleen in a breath.

Joe had already adopted his sister's suggestion, and was skipping along on the outside like a monkey. Claire followed, and cautiously made her way; Mr. Colville squeezed through, though not without difficulty; then came the little girls, who proved almost as agile as their brother. Having gained the steps, they could afford to laugh over their experience.

"I ought to go back and slip a note under the door for the little gentleman," said Joe. "Maybe he and the ladies would like to learn the way out."

"No, you need not take the trouble," replied Claire, with a laugh; "for they would rather stay there until the Day of Judgment than make their exit in such an undignified manner."

(To be continued.)

IT may not be known to our young readers that Father Hennepin, the intrepid missionary, was the first to discover coal in America, the site of this primitive mine being in the vicinity of what is now Ottawa, Illinois. It was not until nearly a century and a half, however, that this discovery was made of practical use.

Theodora's Vision.

BY EDITH STAINFORTH.

Like Anna of old, Theodora prayed: "Give me a child! Give me a child, or else I die!" And her prayer was granted. The beautiful babe lay on her breast; and in an ecstasy of joy and gratitude she vowed that this, her first-born son, should be consecrated to the Lord. Those were troubled times. The Roman Empire was tottering to its fall. Each day brought tidings of some new disaster. Each year fresh hordes of barbarians came pouring down from the savage North, bringing ruin and devastation in their train. The great, unwieldy carcass lay bleeding to death at every pore. What learning there was took refuge in the cloister, from whence it issued in future ages to civilize the world.

In the heart of the Thebaid rose a monastery dedicated to St. Maurice, the captain of the Theban Legion. Here, while the rest of the world was torn with dissensions and the invader thundering at the gates of Rome, the monks led a peaceful and holy life, turning the wilderness into a garden, and meeting together at stated times to praise and glorify God.

Hither, when the time had come, Theodora brought her only son, and parted from him with many tears. The boy grew up in the monastery, endearing himself to all the inmates by the sweetness of his disposition and the quickness of his parts. Among other things he was taught to sing in the choir; and his mother, who had made her home close by, was accustomed to come every day to the chapel at the hours of Divine Office, and listen to her son's voice as it rose above the rest with the clear freshness of a lark on the wing. It was her one joy, the one comfort of her lonely existence; and, listening, she soon forgot her bitter sorrows and the sacrifice she had made.

Years went by; and then one day, as the old monkish historian reverently relates, it pleased God to visit the boy with a violent fever, which in a short time carried him off. His broken-hearted mother followed him to the grave. He was her only son, and she was a widow. Was it for this she had given him up, the light of her eyes and the joy of her heart, to be cut off in the flower of his youth and beauty? In her misery she doubted everything—the mercy of God, the existence of a future life. Her days were passed in lamenting, her nights in tears. She turned impatiently from all attempts at consolation. What could any one do for her? They could not give her back what she had lost.

But God had pity on her. One night, exhausted with sorrow, she fell asleep. A light shone round her pillow and an angel's voice called her by name. "Theodora," it said, "wherefore do you weep?" But she could not answer. Her eyes were dazzled by the unearthly radiance, her spirit oppressed with awe. "Your son is happy," the angel continued. "He stands before the throne of God. Do you doubt my word? Go to the chapel when they next recite the Office, and you shall hear his voice among his companions."

The light faded. She awoke. Was it a dream or a vision? The event would show. Impatiently she waited the hour when she might wend her way to the chapel. And even as she entered the convent door her limbs trembled under her and her heart stood still; for she heard her son's voice intone the antiphon for the day. And, falling on her knees, she gave thanks. For she knew now of a surety that her darling was with God, and that one day she should see him again in Paradise.

If you have the *desire*, you also will invent a way of accomplishing your desire. "Where there is a will there is a way." "Find a way or make a way."

The Children's Audience with Leo XIII.

It is beautiful and wonderful to think that, in spite of his many cares and great anxiety concerning gravest matters, the Holy Father found time to hold a reception at the Vatican for the children of Rome, more than eight hundred of whom came in a body to pay their respects and tender their well-wishes. It was the beginning of his Golden Jubilee celebration. As there was not a single youngster over ten years old, the mammas had to be present to see that there was propriety such as befitted the occasion. But a sorry task they had; for, long before the appointed hour, the stately staircase leading to the Pope's apartment was crowded with a chattering throng. In vain did the mothers and friends beg their charges to be silent: one might as well have asked quiet from a flock of sparrows. How could they keep still on such an occasion, though trying ever so hard?

A throne had been arranged for His Holiness in the hall of the Consistory; and he himself had directed that the approach to it should be simple, just a step or two, as he wished to have the children very near. As he entered in his simple white robes, followed by his attendants, there was a general clapping of hands, and enthusiastic shouts of "*Viva il Papa!*" (Long live the Pope!) The Holy Father smiled, as if to say: "Never did a visit give me such pleasure as this." And then the little ones forgot all their fine manners, and pressed about him so that it was with difficulty he reached his seat. But he did not seem to mind the crowding one bit.

At last he was seated on his throne, ready to listen to a dialogue written for the occasion, and finished without a mistake. A piece of poetry came next; and the little fellow, aged less than six, who was to recite it was getting his proper position to begin, when a motion from the Holy

Father attracted his attention, and he spoke his lines from a safe perch on the kind Pontiff's knee, ending with "*Viva il Papa!*" in a very spirited way, the rest joining in the cry. After this there was a splendid autograph album to be presented, the writing the result of long and anxious practice by the little ones; and in return the donors were presented with commemorative medals by the cardinals present.

A little princess presented the children's offerings in tiny silk bags, after which the Pope was to have made a short address; but his guests were so happy they could not stop talking long enough to listen; and so, with many a loving pat on rosy cheeks, and more smiles and kind words and benedictions, Leo XIII. said "*Addio!*" and withdrew.

 A Royal Act.

The parents of many of our young readers can remember when the present Queen of Spain was just a little Austrian archduchess, with no thought of the honors and trials which the future had in store for her. It is the custom in the imperial household of Austria to teach each child a handicraft, and so Queen Christina was enabled afterward to do a very pretty and gracious act.

On one occasion, not very long ago, she was visiting a famous manufactory, where the art of working in mosaics is brought to a high degree of perfection. "Will you let me finish this piece?" she asked of a workman, whom she had been watching for some time. Somewhat abashed, but more than willing, he gave her his seat, whereupon she fitted the remainder of the tiny bits together quite as well as he could have done it. Mosaic-making had been the trade she had chosen to learn when a little girl. This episode has added to her already great popularity among the working people.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

No. 7.

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

Ash-Wednesday.

"Remember, man, that thou art dust, and that unto dust thou shalt return."

ASHES on ashes, dust upon dust,—
 Who shall sing praise of us, who shall
 dare flatter us?
 In the dark silence and chill of the tomb,
 Who will cling close to us, who will be near
 to us?
 Ah, not the dearest of those who are dear
 to us!
 Sooner or later the wild winds shall scatter us
 Out from the loneliness, out from the gloom,
 Atom from atom, 'neath hurrying feet,
 Into the byways, over the highways,—
 Who shall be proud of us, who shall dare
 flatter us,
 Dust of the roadside and mire of the street?

The Asceticism of Our Divine Lord.*

LESSONS FOR LENT.



THE mere mention of asceticism excites in many persons not only pity and contempt, but aversion and indignation, at what they are pleased to call this

"melancholy aberration of the Christian spirit," this "gospel of inhuman self-denial and self-torture," this "system of degrada-

tion and oppression of our God-endowed nature." That heathens of the olden and of modern times should so think and speak is not to be wondered at; but with many Christians it is doubtless owing to a misunderstanding and ignorance of the matter that they thus express themselves. The fact is that the Church has no asceticism but that of the Gospel; and the asceticism of the Gospel is the asceticism of Jesus Christ. He could not fail to leave some instructions on a point of the spiritual life which is of so much importance as this. In the Gospel He outlined a complete system of asceticism; and we make it our task to give a brief sketch of it, in doing which we shall be only outlining the asceticism of the Church. Nothing is better calculated to win honest hearts, nor is anything more serviceable to the truth itself, than simply to state what the truth is. We shall aim, therefore, at giving an explanation of asceticism, and showing in what its practice consists, and then draw some practical conclusions.

Asceticism may be defined as the practice of the religious, the spiritual life. As practice consists chiefly in striving to grow better, to become more perfect, and the spiritual life is the struggle for perfection in general, so asceticism is the struggle for Christian perfection in every state of life.

* The Rev. M. Meschler, S. J., in *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*. Adapted for THE "AVE MARIA" by J. M. T.

Perfection itself consists in the possession of all the qualities that belong to the nature of a being. By the perfection of the Creator is meant the possession of all the attributes of the Godhead in an infinite degree; and the perfection of the creature, the participation in the perfection of the Creator by the nearest approach to union with Him as the last end and the infinite good.

This union is effected most perfectly through charity: in the next world through beatific love and the possession of God, here below through a struggling and preparatory love. In order to attain our last end and to secure union with God in heaven, one may employ merely the necessary and essential means—namely, the keeping of the Commandments, which is the straight and royal highway to heaven. Or we may aim at uniting ourselves to God here below in a special manner, and at possessing Him in eternity in a higher degree. For this special means are to be employed—the keeping of the counsels, which are special means of perfection, not commanded by God, but only proposed to all as very pleasing to Him.

It must be remembered that there are two essentially different states of life: the worldly, which is content with keeping the Commandments; and the religious, which binds itself to the observance of the evangelical counsels. Both have the same end, though they strive for it in different measure. Hence we see how narrow and unjust it is, when speaking of asceticism, to confine it to the vocation of religious, and to consider it as a life of excessive mortification and self-torture. Every Christian that strives for the perfection of his state is an ascetic. The religious state, it is true, is called pre-eminently the state of perfection, because it affords ampler means and a wider field for the attainment of perfection, at least in the facilities which it affords—in the more perfect renunciation of goods and pleasures otherwise lawful,

by the observance of poverty, chastity and obedience. But it does not hence follow that the mere fact of being a religious places one nearer to perfection than persons in the world. The vows are not in themselves perfection or perfect love of God: they are only a means to attain it, although the very best means. As the Commandments are intended to remove the essential obstacle to charity, which is mortal sin, so the vows should serve to remove other, more remote, non-essential obstacles, which are found in the enjoyment of lawful but unnecessary goods and pleasures, in order to attain to perfect charity. But they are not themselves charity. He, therefore, that has the greater charity is the greater ascetic, whatever may be his state of life.

The doctrine and life of Christ place asceticism before us in this same softened light. Our Lord is, of course, also teacher of the higher perfection, when He prescribes to those that approach Him nearest, and especially those that are to follow Him in the apostolical vocation, poverty, chastity, obedience, and entire renunciation of the world.* He hereby founded the religious state as a special state of perfection; but He did not wish to limit perfection itself to that state. In His discourses, especially in the Sermon on the Mount, His audience was a very mixed one. It consisted of the disciples, of people from all parts of Judea, and of men of all sorts of ideas and occupations, including even heathens. To all without exception He proposed the maxims of His heavenly wisdom and even the loftiest counsels of perfection, especially generosity in giving and forgiving;† and He concluded His exhortation with the words: "Be ye perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect." Afterward He did not hesitate to propose counsels of the highest perfection to the Pharisees assembled at a feast.‡ There is nothing harder or higher

* St. Matt., xix, 12. St. Mark, x, 21, 29. St. Luke, ix, 57; xii, 33.

† St. Matt., v, 39-47.

‡ St. Luke, xiv, 13, 14.

in the spiritual life than the doctrine of the cross, and yet it is plainly His will that this very doctrine should be lived up to by all.* What Our Lord undertook as legislator is exactly this: not only to do away with evil in the human heart, but also to promote good by the voluntary striving after the best. Let us be convinced that without the charity of supererogation the essential charity itself could not long subsist, and that with the grace of God the attainment of relative perfection is in the power of each individual.

At the time of Christ the spiritual life of the Jews had assumed various forms. There were Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes, and the disciples of John. Our Saviour did not identify Himself with any of these forms, even those that were best. Neither did He assume the form of life of the Christian religious state, though He was its founder. He lived single, but always in intercourse with the world; He was poor, but not so poor as to beg; He was always engaged in the deepest contemplation, whilst occupied in the most active work; He practised great renunciation, but always in the midst of the friendly communication of ordinary life. He was the pure light of perfection, which contains in itself all the rays of color, but which shows them in all their variety only when refracted. For the leading of a really strict life an extraordinary degree of external severity is not absolutely necessary. A high and noble aim in the spiritual life, of which one never permits himself to lose sight, and which one follows with strength and perseverance in spite of all difficulties, is enough to establish a claim to strictness,—provided, of course, that the external conduct does not unduly yield to softness and sensuality.† Thus it was with our Divine Saviour. The deep earnestness of His life was hidden beneath the appearance of an ordinary exterior. It follows

hence that the idea that asceticism consists merely in self-torture and the affliction of the soul and body, may be rejected as unfounded and untrue. It is something far higher and nobler; something gentle, attractive, and cheerful, like wisdom—something that we see in our Divine Lord Himself.

The guiding rule and highest principle of asceticism are the doctrinal and ethical teaching of the Church. The religious life is always guided and shaped by philosophico-theological opinions and conclusions. This is proved by the history of asceticism, or of the religious life, amongst all peoples, both of the olden and of modern times. As to Christian asceticism, from the very fact that it consists in the practice of the supernatural life, faith, the science of the supernatural, must, without excluding the truths of reason, step in as guide. Faith alone can give us the correct and satisfactory answer as to God, the world, and man. Any asceticism that clashes with the truths and axioms of reason, faith, or morality, or that swerves from them, is erroneous and false, and may be set down as a miscalculation, or a false deduction from correct premises. This principle may be also extended to the duties of one's state of life, the rules of religious orders, etc.

Our Lord always insisted on faith and the keeping of the Commandments, and declared the latter to be the only way to heaven. "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments."* Therefore did He defend Himself from the charge of despising or destroying the law; asserting, on the contrary, that He came to fulfil it.† Christ usually based His decisions on the law, and His own holiness He made to consist in doing the will of His Heavenly Father. Our Blessed Lord condemned the strict asceticism of the Pharisees; it was an abomination in His sight, because its followers set their human

* St. Mark, viii, 34. St. Luke, ix, 23; xiv, 25.

† Suarez.

* St. Matt., xix, 17.

† *Id.*, v, 17.

traditions above the law of God. He called the Pharisees hypocrites and misleaders of the people, and threatened them with perdition. "For every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."* And here we may remark how significant it is that Christ commanded the people to submit to the official teaching of the Pharisees and doctors of the law, but not to follow the example of their lives. So much the more does He require submission to His Church.† Our Lord has not left asceticism, the practice of the spiritual life, to the whims of individuals, but has placed the whole field of religion under the dominion of the Church. Countless times has she made use of the power thus conferred upon her in regulating and shaping the religious life. To her we are therefore referred, and from her there is no appeal.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VII.—THE WALK BY THE OAKS.

THE Major twirled the card in his fingers, and glared at Bernice and then at Maggie.

"What does he come at this hour for?" demanded the Major.

"He must have come last night," answered Maggie. "I saw the same young gentleman at Mass."

"Umph!" said the Major. "I wish he had gone to a later Mass, and then taken an hour or so for his breakfast. Well, he can't come in now. Take him up to the blue room, and give him one of the Swansmere prospectuses to read. Tell him to make himself at home. Say I'm sick—or dead—anything! What is he

like, Maggie? Is he tall or short, good-looking or ugly?"

"He is handsome," said Maggie, dropping her eyes demurely. "I should say he'd be the very picture of yourself when you were his age."

"Umph!" said the Major. "Tell him I'll join him in a moment. He's presentable, then," he added, with a sigh of relief. "One can never tell how one's relations will turn out—or one's own children, for that matter," the Major went on, with a frown. "And now, Bernice, I want to settle this matter. You surely will not persist in this caprice. Giles Carton has something to say. An engagement, which is mutual, can not be broken by one of the parties to it."

"Why not?" asked the young girl, in surprise. "It hasn't been publicly announced yet. I know half a dozen girls who have broken engagements. Nobody thinks anything of it."

"Don't they?" asked the Major, solemnly. "I am not so sure of that. An engagement of marriage is a contract. You can't dismiss Giles Carton and be done with it. There are a lot of foolish girls that do that sort of thing; but *you* can't,—that's all! Come, Bernice, have common-sense."

Bernice looked straight at her father. Her cheeks flushed and paled. What could he mean? Did he really think that Giles could hold her to an engagement if she wanted to be free? For a moment Giles Carton loomed before her mind as a tyrant. He had disappointed her utterly, and she would go away anywhere rather than let him consider her as engaged to marry him.

"Giles Carton would not hold me to a promise, if he knew that it had become irksome to keep that promise; and it has become *impossible* to keep it."

"Indeed!" said the Major, sneering. He was always at a disadvantage with a woman; he could not throw anything at her when words ceased to become expressive.

* *Id.*, xv, 13.

† *Id.*, xviii, 17.

"And you have found that you must undo the most serious act of your life after a long, reflective period of twelve hours?"

Bernice moved uneasily in her chair. As her father put it, she seemed almost absurd; her father had a way of making her feel that she was in the wrong.

"At any rate, papa, I can not commit myself to the engagement by coming down to dinner."

The Major helplessly looked at his daughter.

"You have chosen a charming time to make a scene, ma'am," he said,—“a charming time and a silly reason.”

"Can't you postpone the dinner, or do—something—only until I have made up my mind,—until—until things seem clearer?"

The Major drummed on the table and looked out of the window. If Bernice were only a man! Her mother had always had her way, but she had never irritated him so. His other daughters had been extravagant, but they had—thank Heaven!—never been eccentric. It began to dawn on him that Bernice was eccentric. He continued to drum on the table, while he thought. He would appeal to her religious principles, to her sense of duty.

"Bernice," he said, with an attempt at deep solemnity, "there is one consideration you may have forgotten, even if you have none of the affection you are supposed to have for Giles: it is the religious aspect of this matter. A contract is a contract; you can't conscientiously cast Giles adrift. Why, if your mother had behaved this way to me before we were married, I'd have called out every male member of her family!"

"O papa," said Bernice, nervously, "don't torture me! I am disappointed in Giles, and any explanation he might give of his hesitation last night would only make matters worse. If he believes in all the things he has been teaching, and yet fails the sick and the dying when they place their last earthly hope in him, he is

different,—that's all. I can't sit at dinner to-night and have people congratulate him and wish me happiness, when I know that I have lost respect for him,—when I know that my heart is just as heavy and cold as lead! You don't know how much I believed in him, papa!"

The Major whistled.

"May I go?" asked Bernice.

"No!" thundered her father. "No!"

"Oh, *he* will hear you!" cried Bernice, making an upward motion. "You forget Mr. Conway is above."

"No, I don't,—I don't forget anything!" roared the Major. "Your sisters had some religious principle, at least. When Elaine met Lieutenant Snelsby the winter he was stationed at Mackinac, and was rather foolish about him, I had only to tell her that he hadn't a cent beyond his pay, and she came to her senses—like a well-principled girl. Now how are you going to reconcile it to your conscience to throw Giles over? I—he and I both—will appeal to the Ritualistic Bishop to make you keep your promise."

"Father," said Bernice, putting her hand on the door-knob and turning back to him, "this talk is almost frivolous. I'm not sure that I have any religion. You made fun of mamma's, and she laughed at yours, which, I am sure, you never have seemed to care for; and so until I met Giles there was nobody whose religion seemed to be *real*. I was beginning to hold his views of Christianity with all my heart. And now, when the test comes, I find that his are not real. I'll just have to take care of myself as best I can, and not think of God at all!"

The Major's eyes stared.

"I don't know what I've done to deserve this. I'm sure I've spent enough money on your education to have you properly brought up. Your language shocks me. Daughters, ma'am, have been turned out of the house for less than this. There is one thing, however, that you must under-

stand. I am in debt to Colonel Carton. A large part of my interest in Swansmere is unpaid. I am mortgaged up to the handle. That concentrated shrew, Lady Tyrrell, promised to help me; but, of course, she didn't. If you jilt Giles Carton, the Colonel will be furious. He can ruin me if he wants to,—and he has a tremendous amount of vindictiveness in him; and Giles is the apple of his eye. Come now, Bernice, don't be unreasonable."

Bernice's face turned a shade paler. To tell the truth, she did not believe her father. Although most honorable in his dealings with men, he had acquired a habit of astounding his women folk, in the vain hope of frightening them out of extravagances, with stories of threatened disaster and strange portents in the money market.

"If Giles comes and the dinner is to be in honor of our engagement, I will *not* be present."

Bernice went out into the wide hall. She wanted a breath of air; she wanted to be alone, to think. If she could only get out and take a quick walk over the hard, crisp, frosty sod! Oblivious of the fact that it was Sunday morning, when everybody was supposed to be in his best clothes, she ran upstairs and found a little quilted jacket and hood. She was fond of this primitive jacket and the soft, warm head-piece. She had seen the girls at Dresden wear them when they went skating; and, though they were not in fashion, she liked them better than anything else for her quick walks in the high winds. She might run down to the Wards' and ask how Willie was. Dead perhaps—and on such a bright morning!

She stole back softly, for fear that her father would hear her, for some ferns and azaleas which clustered around a great bronze Mercury in the back hall. If the boy were dead, there might be some consolation in those waxen flowers, white and delicate; if living, they would delight him. Bernice made a pretty picture as she

walked rapidly over the frosty ground, her cheeks slightly flushed by the cold air, and her eyes brightened by excitement that was a little feverish, the great bunch of azaleas held before her. She went very quickly, for she feared the cold wind might hurt them.

The Ward house was easily reached. It was plain, neat; but for the first time in many months the door-steps—the "stoops" as they called them in Swansmere—were unswept. The muddy traces of footsteps made during the recent thaw had frozen hard. Twigs, old pieces of newspapers, and various bits of rubbish, sent over in this direction by the high wind and stopped by the house, lay about. Bernice felt depressed. The world was all wrong, all gloomy. There, last summer, had been a great clump of sweet-williams and the old-fashioned little pink button roses and blue iris. Bits of straw and frosty grass held their place now. She knocked at the Wards' door, noticing that the bell handle was muffled. There was no crape on it,—Willie was alive yet. There was no answer; she knocked again gently. One of the bound shutters was pushed slightly open, and she heard a man's voice mutter something. She had come at the wrong time, she thought; she laid the ferns and azaleas on the upper step, and turned away.

She had hardly closed the garden gate when James Ward opened the door of his house; he scowled and stood looking after Bernice.

"Insufferable insolence," he muttered, "after last night!"

He raised one of his heavy boots and kicked the flowers to the earth, and the wind caught them up and scattered them about. It must have surprised the poor old earth, waiting for the spring, to have those soft white flowers touch her face before even a crocus thought of appearing.

Bernice did not turn back, so she was unaware of the fate of her flowers. She

turned into the clump of oaks, which was her favorite place from which to watch the river. Its growth was so dense that the wind never quite penetrated it; and the soft carpet of oak-leaves, which had grown thicker for many years, gave it an air of warmth. A tall man with a slouching gait passed her. His clothes were old and dilapidated; he carried a stick. His appearance made her think of somebody she had seen before; but as he turned his face toward her, this impression disappeared. It was a bloated, battered, surly face. The man was evidently a tramp. With the confidence of one on her own ground and among her own people, Bernice spoke to him.

"You had better not come this way unless you have friends in Swansmere," she said. "The rules are very strict. No strangers are permitted—"

"I have no friends anywhere, mum," said the tramp, with his eyes on the ground. "If I had decent clothes, people wouldn't spot me. I hear they have mounted police here, and this is a model settlement. If I had—"

Bernice took out her purse and gave him two silver dollars.

"Thank you, mum!" he said. "Every little helps."

Bernice, who fancied that she had been very generous, was rather surprised by the coolness of this battered piece of humanity. As he walked away, swinging his thick stick, she vaguely saw the resemblance to somebody she had known. He was an elderly man, but he carried himself well. He looked back and called:

"Which is the way to Colonel Carton's?"

Bernice pointed. In spite of her quilted jacket and close hood, she felt the cold as she stood among the oaks. Besides, the sky and river were both gray; and a train rushing past and leaving a cloud of smoke spoiled the beauty of the view for her. She went back slowly, looking neither to

the right nor the left. As she reached the edge of her father's lawn, a step passed her and stopped; she looked up.

"Oh!" she said, with an impulsive gesture of surprised discomfort.

Giles Carton, with raised hat in his carefully black-gloved hand, stood in front of her. He was the picture of clerical elegance.

"Bernice," he said, the ruddy glow in his face deepening a little, "you are not glad to see me, and"—a little severely—"you are not going to divine service. Something in your manner last night made me think I ought to call a moment ago—but—"

"Mr. Carton," said Bernice, "I have done with 'divine service.' And if you have any regard for my feelings, you will not come to dinner to-night. I have thought it all over—that is—I haven't made up my mind—no matter what I mean—that's all!"

Bernice went on hastily. Giles watched her, his lips set tight, and an unusual indentation on his brow.

"I am a coward and a fool!" he said. "I felt last night that this would happen."

He could not stop to think. Mrs. Van Krupper's carriage passed; she waved her hand. It recalled to his mind the subject of his sermon, "Lilies of Early British Mysticism."

"O Heaven," he said, "how shall I get through it! And who will believe me?"

At half-past twelve the Major, who had locked himself in his study, received a note:

"The Rev. Giles Carton's regrets,—indisposed," etc.

"Well, I'm in for it!" said the Major. "I've had to deal with fools all my life. Good gracious!" he added, "that Conway must be upstairs still! I had forgotten him. Well, he'll do for the vacant place; but I sha'n't have the Amontillado till Bernice changes her mind."

A Legend of St. Martin.

BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

THE saintly Bishop's Mass is o'er,
And now his thronging people pour
From out the wide cathedral door.

But as they gain the narrow street—
Slow-moving still, in reverence meet,—
A sudden terror stays their feet.

Oh, why, bold burghers, thus dismayed?
What makes thy heart, brave knight, afraid?
A leprous hand outstretched for aid!

It wakes the jester's frightened howl,
And bids his lord, with angry scowl,
Shrink from the loathsome presence foul.

It prompts at last the cruel cry:
"Hence, daring leper! turn, and fly
Back to thy dreary den, to die!"

"Nay! cease!" a ringing voice commands.
And in their midst, with lifted hands
And visage stern, St. Martin stands.

But trembling fingers point in scorn
Where, in the dust, he lies, forlorn,
Whose breath pollutes the sacred morn.

But wondrous scene is acted now;
For, lo! the prelate-saint doth bow
O'er that vile wretch his holy brow.

He gently lifts the ghastly face,
Nor fears around his neck to place
The rotting arms, in fond embrace.

Behold! the leprous one hath fled,
And swiftly riseth, in his stead,
A shining Form, with thorn-crown'd head!

And Martin on his Master's breast
(Another lov'd Disciple blest)
Securely leans, in trustful rest.

And each who bends the contrite knee
Thus hears: "Who serves My least shall see
That e'en the leper hideth Me."

Adolf Kolping, the Apostle of Working Men.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

(CONCLUSION.)

AFTER laboring for three or four years in Elberfeld, Father Kolping felt impelled to seek a new sphere of usefulness. On the death of one of the clergy attached to the Cathedral at Cologne, he sought and obtained the vacant post—the emolument of which was very small,—and set himself to grapple with the evil around him. At first he met with no success; the difficulties in his way seemed insuperable: he was single-handed and devoid of funds. But obstacles and contradictions only called out in him fresh resolution and greater activity. The seven artisans with whom he started a club multiplied so quickly that one room of meeting after another had to be abandoned for lack of space, until an imposing edifice was secured in the Breitestrasse, capable of accommodating more than five hundred members.

All this, and much more too, was accomplished in the course of one year; for the work excited great interest in Germany. Similar institutions were established in Berlin and other important cities; before three years had elapsed ninety new foundations had been made. In 1850 the Rheinische Gesellenbund, or Confederation of Artisans for the Rhineland, was formally organized. The central house was at Cologne, where the president-general resided; each of the affiliated associations was presided over by a priest, the other officers being generally taken from the artisan class. Their duty was principally to see that the rules were strictly observed. A general congress was to be held annually in one or other of the principal towns.

Father Kolping beheld with joy and gratitude the marvellous success of the

THE strength of a bridge is the strength of its weakest part.

work he had inaugurated, and to which his life was devoted. His headquarters were in Cologne, where in former years he patiently toiled at the shoemaker's bench, and where subsequently he labored indefatigably for his beloved workmen and apprentices; but from time to time he visited other cities, to open a new club or address a meeting. The object he continually kept in view was the maintenance of unbroken union throughout the whole confederation; so that all the members, whatever the diversities of their nationality, their calling, or their character, should form one body, animated by one and the self-same spirit.

As the promotion of religion and piety among the working classes was the primary aim of the confederation, Father Kolping, in order to give it the character of a religious congregation, proposed, at the congress held in 1858, to divide it into ecclesiastical provinces, subject to the jurisdiction of the bishop of the diocese, who should appoint a diocesan visitor. This plan was accepted, and received the episcopal sanction of the Bishop of Treves, the Archbishop of Cologne, and various other prelates. It was not carried out without opposition, however; and Father Kolping was for a time greatly discouraged. But he was consoled by the warm approval of the Holy Father, who sent his apostolic blessing to the association, and conferred on the presidents of several *cercles* substantial tokens of his favor. Moreover, Cardinal de Luca, the Apostolic Nuncio in Vienna, expressed his opinion that these Catholic associations of working men might render immense service to society, and further the pacific solution of the social question, reconciling, in a great measure, the conflicting interests of Capital and Labor by the cultivation of a spirit of charity, industry, and content.

It may perhaps appear almost incredible that one in Adolf Kolping's position—poor, friendless and unknown—should in

so short a time have been able to procure the funds necessary for the foundation and maintenance of institutions so numerous and on so large a scale. Christian charity supplied them all. Despite his humble origin, his shy and retiring character, never was there a man more skilful in pleading the cause he had at heart. He seemed to know by intuition how to choose the right moment, to touch the right chord, to urge the argument best calculated to impress the individual whose aid he solicited. Thus he never gave offence, and rarely failed to attain his object. Through his persuasive manner or some timely jest he often cajoled—if we may use the word—wealthy persons into giving him surprisingly large sums; and, after a long quest, he would return home with his capacious pockets well filled with coin. Calling his secretary, he would smilingly take out handful after handful of shining *thalers*, among which pieces of gold were freely mixed; never resting till the smallest coin had been hunted out from its corner, and, always with some little joke, added to the heap upon the table. "There," he would finally exclaim,—“there is our fresh supply! How much there is God knows, and you soon will know; count it up and write it down. To-morrow we will see how much more we want.”

In Cologne, where after a time everybody knew him, and he was familiarly designated as “Brother Deo Gratias,” he obtained a footing in the following manner: Soon after his arrival there, when matters wore their most unpromising aspect, he made the acquaintance of a wealthy merchant, who took much interest in his scheme, and frequently checked his too-ambitious designs. One day, when Kolping was at the house of this friend, he showed him, with a piteous face, his empty pockets, saying that he did not possess a single cent wherewith to provide for himself or to prosecute his work. The merchant immediately rang the bell and ordered his

carriage to be brought round. "Must you go out?" inquired Father Kolping, somewhat abashed; for he imagined that he had mentioned his impecunious condition at an inopportune time. "Did you not say you were out of money?" rejoined his friend. "We will go out hunting together, and see if we can not succeed in bringing down a few birds." Accordingly he drove round to the residences of his most opulent acquaintances, to whom he introduced Father Kolping, stating in a few words the object of his visit. The result was that Kolping went home that night with a considerable sum at his disposal.

The project this zealous laborer cherished most fondly was the erection of a hospice in Cologne, where journeymen employed in the town for a short period, or youths who were homeless, could lodge; or strangers, passing through in quest of work, could be housed for the night. He knew only too well how frequently men thus circumstanced were ruined by falling among bad companions or seeking shelter in houses of ill repute. Not until the year 1861 was he able to carry out this project. He then obtained possession of a small house situated in the immediate vicinity of the Breitestrasse, to be used provisionally until more suitable premises should be secured. Ever since 1850 he had been seeking a site for the purpose, but could not succeed in obtaining one from the municipality; at last he determined to sacrifice a portion of the garden in which the House of the Association stood. Plans were prepared—a fine building in Gothic style, with refectory, kitchens, and a vast hall on the groundfloor, and in the upper stories a large number of sleeping apartments. The foundation stone was laid with great ceremony in 1864. Funds flowed in, and the work was pushed on with all possible vigor.

About this time Father Kolping's health began to cause serious concern to his friends. For some years past his strength

had been gradually forsaking him; symptoms of consumption showed themselves, and he was forbidden to preach or speak in public. In the spring of 1865 he was much worse, and advised to go to the seaside for several months. He was, however, able to attend the congress at Treves before returning to Cologne for the opening of the new hospice. On the very night of his arrival he was prostrated by an attack of fever, from which he felt certain he should never recover. The consolation of witnessing the realization of his dearest desire was not denied him; he rallied sufficiently to take part in the opening ceremonies, which were on a grand scale, representatives, from all the *cercles* in the Rhine provinces, and from many more distant parts, having come to Cologne for the occasion. After Pontifical High Mass had been celebrated, the new building was solemnly blessed by the officiating prelate; and in the evening a festive meeting was held in the capacious hall, which had been painted and decorated with emblematic designs by the young workmen themselves in their free time. Suffering and enfeebled as he was, Father Kolping could not refrain from addressing a few words to his dear artisans, gathered around him in the new hospice for the first and last time,—words of fervent gratitude for the past, of heartfelt joy in the present, of strong hope for the future. Once more he earnestly exhorted them to avoid the paths of perdition, to persevere in the way of industry and virtue. Once more he repeated to them his favorite axioms: "Man is the maker of his own fortunes. What we sow in our youth we reap in our old age." When he had finished speaking he left the hall, never again to enter it alive.

After all hope of ultimate recovery was abandoned, and it became known that the end was fast approaching, it was most edifying to see, evening after evening, hundreds of young workmen assembled in

the Franciscan church, praying for their beloved benefactor with the greatest fervor, to judge by the heartfelt manner in which they joined in the public prayers, almost shouting the responses to the Litany, emphasizing especially the one wherein Our Lady is invoked as *Salus Infirmorum*. Others lingered about the doors and corridors of the hospice, eagerly asking for tidings from the sick-chamber. "For their sakes I would willingly recover my health," Father Kolping remarked, when informed of the affectionate solicitude manifested on his behalf. "If I am still necessary, *non recuso laborem*. But the holy will of God be done! I submit to it in life or in death."

Father Kolping did not live to see his fifty-third birthday, the 8th of December. Our Immaculate Mother, desirous that he should keep her festival with her in heaven, called him away from earth a few days previously. He breathed his last on the 4th of December. Before night the hall of the new building was converted into a *chappelle ardente*. The walls were draped with black by loving hands; groups of exotics, lent by private persons, with tall tapers, were placed around the catafalque whereon was laid in state the body of Father Kolping, clad in sacerdotal vestments. On the following day a continuous stream of persons, residents in Cologne, passed through the spacious hall, anxious to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed, to give silent testimony of their regret at his loss. Bands of working men, dressed in black, many with tears running down their cheeks, stood round the door, awaiting their turn to gaze once more on the features of their beloved Father, and to kneel beside his venerated remains. Who amongst them failed to add to the prayer for the repose of his soul an earnest entreaty that he would continue to intercede for and watch over the associations he had founded?

At the funeral the demonstrations of

respect and affection were still greater. Deputations from some three hundred associations, from different parts of Germany, attended the obsequies and followed the coffin to the grave. After these came all the members of the Cologne association, eight hundred in number; the parochial clergy; the different guilds of the city with their ensigns; several of the municipal authorities, and a vast concourse of townspeople of all classes and conditions.

"What will become of your work when you are taken from us?" was asked of Father Kolping during his last illness.— "What becomes of a young workman," he inquired with a smile, "when his father dies?"—"He is left an orphan," was the reply.—"Not so," he said: "he becomes a man, and learns to shift for himself."

Thus it was with the *Gesellenbund*. Its growth and development did not cease on the removal of the earthly parent to whom it owed its existence. More than twenty-five years have now elapsed since the Apostle of Working Men was laid to rest, but he still lives and energizes in the institutions he inaugurated,—institutions productive of incalculable benefit to religion and society. Great indeed will be the number of those who will one day rise up and call him blessed, acknowledging that it is to him that they owe the maintenance of their faith, and the preservation of their innocence.

SOME philosophers were once discussing the question: What is the worst predicament in which one can be placed? One maintained that it was that of an old man who is perfectly helpless; another was of opinion that it was for a man to be both ill and downcast; a third, more wise, declared: "I think there is no worse predicament in which any one can find himself than that of the man who sees the end of life drawing near, and who has never thought of God, nor sought to make his life conformable to God's law."

Traces of Travel.

 ALONG THE VESUVIAN SHORE.

 BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VII.—POMPEII.

THE Neapolitan dawn is always delicious; the early light seems to come not only from the sky over and beyond Vesuvius, but the very sea itself sheds a kind of lustre that is indescribably beautiful.

It was at such an hour that we set out for Pompeii. I was not alone on this my first visit to the Dead City. In the big open carriage with me was one who had many a time, in the mimic life of the stage, lived over the agony of the last days of Pompeii, and who was now to visit the actual theatre of that awful tragedy. We left Naples while it was yet dark; the street lamps were flickering; the waysides littered with the out-of-door people, who sleep whenever and wherever sleep overtakes them. There are many such in Italy. The homeless wanderer need never feel alone in his wanderings; for most of these street sleepers know no other beds, and perhaps care for none better.

Naples stretches its lazy length along the splendid curve of its unrivalled bay, and embraces three villages that seem to be resting peacefully upon the arm of the great city. We trundle through these pretty resorts of the wealthy Neapolitans—there are villas on every hand,—finding a lamp-extinguisher busy in Portici, the first hamlet; everyone making his or her toilet in the street of Torre del Greco, the second; while marketing was in mad progress at Torre dell' Annunziata. By this time the chill had thawed out of the air; the sky beyond Vesuvius was all aglow, and the superb mountain looking its very best. Then came a strip of country road, thronged with countryfolk

hastening toward with their garden wares; and after that we drew rein at a quiet inn, where a watchful landlord stood ready to usher us into breakfast, which seemed to have been prepared for us on the instant.

This inn proved to be the Diomede, and we were at the very gates of Pompeii, though neither of us had suspected anything quite so jolly. Of course we breakfasted, and with good appetites after that early morning drive. And all the while we were wondering what the Dead City could be likened to; but as we had only to go around to the back of the inn and climb over an embankment about thirty feet in height to unravel all this mystery, we were quite content to let the matter rest till after breakfast. How often it happens that when we come to the very brink of a climax we have long anticipated with impatience, we are quite satisfied to let it rest a while longer! It is enough that we are within arm's-reach of it.

After breakfast we went around the corner of the inn, climbed some dozens of steps, came to a kind of toll-gate, where we got tickets of admission to Pompeii at two francs each; and, having delivered them to the door-keeper, we were provided with a guide who wore smoked goggles and professed divers tongues—to us he spoke in excellent English,—and who was a most amiable and gallant fellow.

Passing through the Sea Gate, whose threshold the blue Neapolitan waves once bathed with beauty, we climbed a steep bit of pavement, whose surface was worn smooth by feet that have been dust those eighteen centuries. The spirit of the past, of the long, long past, seizes upon you suddenly as you enter the portals of this strange city. For a moment after we entered, it was hard to believe that the whole thing was not a mere show. Pompeii is more like a toy city than anything else. Its absurd streets are but four and twenty feet in breadth, the broadest of them; the majority are but fourteen. The houses are

like play-houses they are so small and inconvenient; it seems incredible that they can have been inhabited by human beings.

Close by the Sea Gate is the museum, a kind of index to the city; for here you find much that was a part of it when it was a flourishing watering-place. There are the skeletons, or fragments of the skeletons, of men and beasts that have been found among the ruins; there are hundreds of lamps and earthen jars; there are many bronzes, once useful or ornamental; and there are household gods in profusion, though the choicest specimens have been removed to the great museum in Naples. In the museum at Pompeii are preserved the most tragic and pathetic witnesses of the last days of the ill-fated city.

When the workmen were excavating, in 1863, the pick of one of them entered a small cavity, the nature of which was, of course, a mystery. Without breaking farther into it, the crevices were filled with a solution of plaster of Paris; and as soon as the plaster had hardened, the crust of lava was very cautiously removed—lo! the form of a human being in his death-struggle, perfectly preserved. Buried in the lava, that had hardened about him, his body had crumbled to dust, and left a wonderful mold, which the plaster had filled; thus it was fortunately perpetuated. Several bodies have been reproduced, as it were, in this way; one of them with the features perfectly preserved, so that the face still wears an expression of despair. In one cast some portions of the skeleton are imbedded in the plaster. Two female figures, found lying near each other, are called Mother and Daughter. There is nothing at Pompeii more touching than the despair depicted in the attitude and expression of this couple.

After the melancholy atmosphere of the museum it was pleasant to get out into the narrow streets, filled with glaring sunlight, and there we sought to forget the solemn horrors we had seen. Up

and down these streets we marched in single file. The side paths are but two feet wide, and they are at least a foot or eighteen inches above the pavements. At the street corners blocks of stone are distributed for the convenience of pedestrians, who can thus cross the street as if they were crossing the dry bed of a creek on stepping-stones. The wonder is how the chariot horses contrived to pass them without serious accident; for they are scattered through the crossing at intervals, and are of the height of the side paths for pedestrians. Of course the wheels of the chariots passed between these blocks; for there the ruts in the pavement are plainly visible, and are sometimes an inch or more in depth. Our guide seemed to think that the chariots were drawn by slaves, but marks of horses' hoofs are traceable on the stepping-stones; and as the skeletons of horses have been unearthed among the ruins, these animals must have been in use. Probably there was little fast driving in Pompeii; it would hardly have been practicable in a city whose walls were but two thousand nine hundred and twenty-five yards in circumference.

But a third of the town had been laid open to the sun when I last visited it, and that portion could be thoroughly explored in a few hours. The narrow streets, or lanes, most of them a little crooked, are crossed at frequent intervals by other streets; and everywhere there is the monotonous repetition of low concrete walls, the tops of which seem to have been gnawed off at the first floor, though surely some of these dwellings must have been more than a single story in height. I remember but one house in the whole city that boasted an unmistakable second story. Numerous stairways remain; but these may have led only to the flat roofs so common in this part of Italy, where the people repair at twilight for regalement.

A kind of small balcony overhanging one of the streets looked intrusive; from

it one might have easily leaped into the windows of the house opposite. In one of the broader streets we came upon a dust-filled fountain; it is a quaint stone face that was wont to spout water for the refreshment of the wayfarers; and so often had it been sought by thirsty lips its mouth has been worn quite away on one side. There is also a hollow in the curb of the deep stone basin under it, where the Pompeiians used to rest their hands as they stooped to drink. That face looks like the face of one who was yawning, as if bored to death, when at that moment it was transfixed forever. Its features are absurd, and yet there is something sombre in the thought of the thousands who must have pressed their lips to the lips of that graven image, and sought refreshment even on the last day of their lives, when the heavens were black with ashes, and the sea was withdrawing from the shore as if in consternation.

I can not understand how a people who are supposed to have been luxurious in their tastes ever managed to exist in such ridiculously small houses as those in Pompeii. The sleeping rooms are like state-rooms on shipboard; the stone couches that fill the longer side of the apartment, like berths; there are no garden spots; even the baths, the crowning luxury of the time, are comparatively small. The Forum and some few of the temples are of more respectable dimensions; but this is to be expected, for Pompeii was a city of thirty thousand inhabitants.

The private life of the Pompeiians must have been narrow, meagre and unwholesome. The gardens without the city probably afforded the only means of recreation, and I wonder how any one who had once breathed that blessed air could have returned to sleep in the stifling closets of Pompeii. Diminutive houses separated by single partitions, no gardens, no open courts save in the mansions of the wealthy, and the glare of the southern

sun streaming on walls aglow with red and yellow paint,—such was Pompeii in its glory. No doubt it was a brilliant and lively spectacle, and Bulwer has made the most of it.

It seemed to me the correct thing to lounge about the place, with a copy of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" in one's hand. This I did at a later date, and did it to my heart's content. I frightened the lizards in the Forum, and chased butterflies in the Temple of Isis, and languished in the House of the Wounded Adonis—for it was the hottest week of a hot summer. I sat, the sole spectator, in the well-preserved amphitheatre, and waited in vain for the pageant of the players; I walked in the street of the Tombs as mute as any mourner of them all. The House of the Tragic Poet kindly received me—it was at my service as long as I chose to inhabit it, which wasn't so very long. I explored for myself some mysterious, dark passages leading under certain of the houses, and there encountered sulphurous fumes that almost overpowered me. From a low hillock that still buried two-thirds of the city, I cast my eye over the roofless houses, and the general effect was droll enough: the low walls, that seemed all of the same height, but with very rough edges; the multitude of cell-like rooms, packed so close together that even the outlines of the narrow streets were not traceable among them; the monotonous uniformity of the general grand plan of it all,—it was like a great slice of petrified honeycomb. I could think of nothing else as I looked at it. But oh the fate of the bees that builded it!

The gallant guide devoted himself to my fair companion. For her he climbed ruins to gather ferns; for her he cast himself into cellars to find a few of the pretty snail-shells that abound there; for her he wove garlands. He led her by the hand over the stepping-stones, where the belles of Pompeii tripped lightly with sandalled

feet two thousand years ago. He told her of his American friends,—of Professor Longfellow, “of whom she must have heard”; he related anecdotes of General This and Admiral That, from Boston or Philadelphia; and he was altogether the most engaging guide I ever found for the money.

On my second visit to Pompeii I was quite alone; but I met our friend the guide, and had some little chat with him. When he learned that my companion on the former visit had often played “Nydia” in “The Last Days of Pompeii,” on the mimic stage, he exclaimed, with something of commiseration in his voice: “Ah, I wish I had known that! For I would have told her of my friend Adelina Patti, whom I taught German, and who taught me music!” But “Nydia” lost this little bit of possible personal history. She went hither and thither with lines of Bulwer upon her lips and much charming wonderment in her eyes. With her it must have been almost like waking from a dream to find the skeleton of the reality all about her.

So we returned to the Diomede and to our carriage; and as we drove back to Naples in the heat of the afternoon, while the lovely blue bay never looked more lovely, we had a kind of vision of those last days. In the midst of revels that were unholy, a cloud gathered above the mountain under whose shadow the citizens had been feasting for four hundred years, when a rain of ashes descended, followed by showers of red-hot stones; again the ashes fell, and the stones followed, until the earth was covered to a depth of twenty feet.

The climax was so sudden and unexpected that, though the majority must have fled from the city of destruction, from four hundred to six hundred skeletons have been unearthed—the number is variously stated. Among those who perished was a miser with his money-bags in hand. There was bread in the oven of the baker, and the *amphoræ* were yet

filled with wine. Certain official notices, scrawled upon the walls in red paint, are still legible.

Doubtless this wonderful city would appear far more wonderful were it in the heart of some wilderness, alone, in solitude and silence. Then would its roofless and doorless and windowless houses appeal to you, and the haunts seem filled with ghosts; but now, while you pace its streets, the scream of the iron horse startles you, and you know that the guard on the train has just cried, in his most cheerful manner—

“Pompeii! Tickets, please!”

(To be continued.)

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE KEEPING OF LENT.

FOR some time a young Anglican clergyman has been in the habit of stepping in and politely asking our good landlady for a cup of her fragrant tea. At first he came but seldom, but now it is the exception if he does not, sooner or later, make his appearance. His coat is of the most ultra-clerical cut, his waistcoat a midnight expanse which reaches to his Roman collar; and a little shining cross is all that lightens the studied severity of his garb. He is, of course, neat to a fault, clean-shaven, and says “*ither*” and “*nither*,” “I fancy,” and “don’t you know?” with the very latest transatlantic intonation. He is, withal, a pleasant and well-mannered young person, well versed in current literature, knowing all of importance that is going on in the world, and not averse to taking a hand at whist with some of our old fogies after the teacups have been cleared away. What attraction he originally found in our decidedly heterogeneous company we

do not know. We are not exclusive (although the most modest man at the table is spoken of for a Cabinet position). Some of us have never heard of a manicure set, a number toil with calloused hands from dawn until dark, and we all say "ether" and "nether" on principle. Our Cynic suggests that Mr. Lilyfinger is doing missionary work on the sly; but others prefer to believe that he has come to us, as others have come before him, to be refreshed by the simplicity which is as novel as it is stimulating to a denizen of the world; for, in many ways, he is of this world, poor fellow! though fancying that he walks with his head among the stars.

This is merely by way of introduction. We shall, at another time, have more to say of our young Anglican; but he was mentioned at this juncture in order to account for the fact that half a dozen young women, hitherto known only as butterflies of society, have lately acquired a taste for tea—such, they aver, as only our landlady can brew,—and a morbid appetite for visiting the degraded portions of the town, technically known as "slumming." They consult our black-coated young friend in regard to everything from the width of a dog collar to a course of Lenten reading, often to his visible discomposure; and are bitter rivals in their wild career of pious reforms undertaken at his suggestion. This very enthusiasm often induces them to part with discretion, and they have been discussing their plans for the season now begun with a disregard of listeners often rather startling. One night, in particular, they gathered about the fireplace, and their chat floated to those who still lingered silently about the table.

"O girls," struck in one voice, that had forgotten to be low and sweet, "I have a plan for an ideal Lenten gown! Just a sort of dull violet—don't you know?—made in the very, very plainest way, with full skirt and a little cape. Madam Creamcheese will

know just how to give it the penitential quirk. No ornament except a large silver cross. And I shall wear real deep mourning for Holy Week, as they do abroad. Won't that be just too lovely for anything?"

A clapping of hands was heard in approbation; then another voice struck in:

"I'm rather ahead this time, I fancy; for I've been having my Delsarte teacher give me an especial devotional training for Lent. I never realized before how awkward some people's church postures were. You should go to her, Mildred, for a few hints. The downcast, humble expression is the proper 'caper' with Lenten gowns; and you could conquer it in one lesson if you tried. She drills you about walking up the aisle, and about carrying your prayer-book, and all that sort of thing. Papa 'kicked' awfully when my last Delsarte bill came in, but he won't dare to say a word next time. If he does I shall say: 'Can a right-minded parent hesitate at a few paltry dollars when the welfare of a soul is concerned?' He's senior warden, you know, and that'll fetch him."

"I'm going in for humility," observed a third. "Mr. Lilyfinger said we should select the most disagreeable thing we could think of, and do it as penance. Now, I'm going to have the usher put all the shabby strangers in our pew. You know, that is the very latest Lenten wrinkle in the East."

"I couldn't do that," said Mildred; "for you never catch any shabby persons at St. Bartholomew's. I shall give up caramels,—they make me sick, anyway!"

We heard no more. At the word "caramels" there arose such dire confusion that no words were distinguishable; and soon the group dispersed, breaking up noisily, like a congress of English sparrows.

Can there be anything so incongruous, so pitiable, as this fashionable *mélange* of penance and good form; this indefatigable observance of the letter of the law and the ignoring of its spirit; this talk of

altar-cloths and postures and Lenten gowns, with a continual ignoring of the true meaning of the season which comes to heal men's souls?

"I shall keep Lent," said one great lady. "I shall make my servants fast." Better, far better, old Herrick's starving of the "sin, not bin," than this ostentatious parade of feelings which are but a travesty. Do not mistake us. There are among Anglicans a host of conscientious people, who devoutly and humbly observe the "dear feast of Lent"; who, in strictness and scrupulousness, are "more loyal than the king"; but it is equally true that it is among their numbers, which include so many wedded to the vanities which wealth engenders, that we so often find this attempt to serve God and Mammon,—to follow the whims and caprices of those who set the fashions, and at the same time obey the commands of One with whose laws the fashions of this world, fleeting, transitory and hollow, can have nothing in common. And many worldly Catholics make the same futile attempts.

But Lent, well or ill kept, has come, and its influence is already felt. There are those at our table who, like Mildred and her friends, see in it but another opportunity for parade, either of virtues or gowns; there are those who have been looking forward to it as a period of repose from the hard toil of the fashionable season of gayety; and there are some who will, like our dear little Miss Earnest, keep their own counsel, and try, feebly perhaps, but humbly, to walk in the heavenly path as far as poor mortals may.

REASON demands unity and catholicity; and these are not found where what is received as faith is not all of a piece, but is made up only of ill-assorted fragments, which no power, human or divine, can mold into one complete, symmetrical, and living body of truth.—*Dr. Brownson.*

A Convert Queen.

MARIE, Queen of Bavaria, widow of King Maximilian and first cousin of William, Emperor of Germany, who died at Elbingeralp on the 19th of May, 1889, was a convert to the Church, and led a life of extraordinary piety. There has rarely been a prince or princess who valued less the earthly splendors of a great name, and added more imperishable honor to it. She maintained the strictest simplicity of dress and surroundings, and was indefatigable in doing good; while she was so truly humble that she bore the bitterest humiliations with perfect resignation. Twice a week she went to confession, and at least four times a week approached Holy Communion. She could not be induced to have a special seat in the church, but insisted upon praying in the midst of the poor country people; "for," she said, "before the majesty of God all earthly greatness is as naught."

The Redemptorist Fathers, when conducting a mission at Elbingeralp, noticed in the congregation one regular and especially interested attendant, who proved to be the Dowager Queen of Bavaria. The profound devotion with which she followed the exercises of the mission made a strong impression upon the clergy and was an example to the people.

On one occasion when the parish priest wished to take the Blessed Sacrament to a sick person, it happened that there was no one to accompany him. The Queen was praying in the church; and, divining the need of the priest, she went into the sanctuary, took the lantern with the blessed candle, and, ringing the little bell, led the way through the streets.

Queen Marie walking and praying before the Blessed Sacrament on its way to the hovel of the poor is a picture worthy a place in the gallery of the confessors of the faith.

Notes and Remarks.

As a pleasant, leisurely, and remunerative occupation for women the inspecting of Indian schools impresses one somewhat favorably, especially after reading the statement of moneys paid by the United States to Mrs. Dorchester, wife of Commissioner Morgan's sympathetic friend and agent. A pleasant occupation; for the good lady doubtless rejoiced in the thought of the beneficent culture with which she was inoculating the simple children of the forest; a leisurely one, because some forty-two months were devoted to a tour that could easily have been made in three or four; and a decidedly remunerative one, since Mrs. Dorchester has tapped the United States Treasury to the tune of six dollars per day for the said forty-two months. "What shall we do with our girls?" Why, marry them to agents of Indian schools, have them appointed inspectors, and let a grateful country pour into their laps a golden stream of its superfluous shekels.

Every Catholic who saw those caricatures of the Papal Delegate in one of the New York papers must have been shocked at the indignity, and wished that there were some way of protecting Mgr. Satolli, who naturally has much to learn about the country, from further insults of the kind. Is there not some one who can venture to inform the eminent prelate that in the eyes of the average reporter he is only a sort of ecclesiastical Jumbo, and that "the great American journals," whose enterprise seems to have dazzled him, care nothing whatever for his high office, and have scant respect for his dignity? Furthermore, that the secular press generally looks rather to sensation than to information, cares more for scandal than news, and that accuracy is always subordinate to effect? Our great dailies will characterize the "American Pope" to-day as a man of rare prudence, ripe judgment, grave manners; and to-morrow represent him as a jumping-jack, because the tastes of all classes of readers have to be consulted, and it is policy to flatter and insult alternately. If all American Catholics were to quit patronizing the papers that

misrepresent and ridicule them, this policy would quickly be changed. But they are not likely to do so. Americans like to be *humbugged*, and it would seem that Catholics like to be insulted. We much regret the indignity offered to Mgr. Satolli; but if it will have the effect of making ecclesiastical personages "fight shy" of interviewers and "exploiters," our sorrow will be lessened.

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One always feels like making honorable mention of the New York *Sun* when denouncing the ribald daily press of the United States. Of all American journals it is the ablest, the best informed, the most enterprising, and the most respectable. The *Sun* would not have presented the caricatures to which we have referred. Those to whom a daily paper is indispensable should note this.

The leading article in our present number furnishes appropriate and profitable reading for the holy season of Lent. It is one of a series of beautiful essays on spiritual subjects from the pen of the Rev. Father Meschler, S.J. Explaining as it does what asceticism really is, the principles on which it is based, its object, and the means whereby it is practised, this article merits careful reading. We have never seen a more satisfactory explanation of the necessity of penance, or an abler defence of the asceticism of the Church, to which non-Catholics invariably take exception, and of which many of the faithful have only an imperfect understanding. The distinction which the writer draws between true and false asceticism is especially to be commended. Father Meschler's essay, the theology of which is based on the teaching of St. Thomas of Aquin, appeals to the heart and convinces the understanding.

The history of North America has many a story of hardship and privation bravely endured by the gently nurtured who labored to plant the Cross of Christ in a new land. Sister Olympiade, one of six French Sisters who were instrumental in founding the Convent and Academy of St. Mary's of the Woods, near Terre Haute, Indiana, half a century ago, breathed her last on January 22. The amiability of her disposition and the nobility of her

character made her beloved by those who were fortunate enough to have listened to her kindly words of comfort or counsel, or to have been the recipients of her freely-given ministrations. A trained physician and nurse, she rendered invaluable service in pioneer times, not only to her pupils and the community, but to all she could reach with her healing potions. The picture of Sister Olympiade on horseback, braving inclement weather and bad roads, was a familiar sight in Southern Indiana in early days. She lived to see the original log-cabin replaced by an imposing structure, and to know that the cause to which she had devoted so many years had been blessed beyond her fondest hopes. Then, eighty-seven years old, and still keeping her French cheerfulness—her “gayety of heart,”—she succumbed to the illness which proved to be her last. May she rest in peace!

The dangers which encompass young women who go to the large cities in search of employment are well known. It is, therefore, with especial pleasure that we note the establishment in Philadelphia of a Home for Catholic Working Girls. The Sisters of Mercy, seeing the crying need, bravely undertook the work, and a house procured and equipped for the furtherance of their project was recently blessed and opened by Archbishop Ryan. Here girls who have no home can find one at a moderate or, if need be, nominal price; and, failing to find employment elsewhere, will be furnished with congenial work in the house until a situation is procured. The Sisters hope to make the house self-sustaining in time, and meanwhile there will doubtless be many kindly-disposed persons who will consider it a privilege to aid so deserving a charity.

The evening Angelus, as it spoke once more of the mystery of the Incarnation on the 27th of January, was for Professor Heman Allen, a beloved and gifted musician of Chicago, the passing-bell. His life, although begun and continued amid the most refined and fortuitous circumstances, was in a large measure “hid with Christ in God,”—as modest an existence as that of the violet hidden by the mossy stone. His lineage was distinguished,

one of his ancestors being the noble gentleman who first affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Allen first saw the light in the Green Mountain State, his father, an able classical scholar, being a rector in St. Albans. The young boy early evinced remarkable musical talents, and was sent to Leipsic in order to have the best masters in his chosen pursuit. He played piano and organ with great skill, but it was the violin that he loved, and to that instrument he gave his most enthusiastic devotion as long as he lived; “casting his lot contentedly,” as one writes of him, “with the true sons of song.” Literature and music were his unfailing friends, and religion his consolation. For twenty-five years he lived in Chicago, never accumulating wealth in a worldly sense, but rich in friends and the love of wife and daughters. His parents became Catholics during his boyhood, and a faithful Catholic he, too, lived and died. May he rest in peace!

The Royal Astronomical Society has come into possession of a copy of the “*Iter Germanicum*,” published in 1717, in which the writer, the Benedictine Mabillon, claims to have seen a manuscript, written prior to 1242, where Ptolemy is spoken of and represented as gazing at the heavens with the aid of a telescope. Galileo’s claim of being the inventor of that noble instrument, however, is not likely to suffer, as *savants* refuse to accept this assertion as authoritative without a sight themselves of the manuscript in question, which is probably no longer in existence.

Judging from the complaints of some correspondents of the *London Tablet*, the unnecessary expenses incurred by pupils of English convent schools are somewhat burdensome. Mention is made of “whips for subscriptions,” and one correspondent states that steady pressure used to be exerted for months before “dear Rev. Mother’s feast.” We fancy that in this country no such grievances exist in our convent schools and academies. If we mistake not, it is a very general rule that neither the Rev. Mother nor the teachers are allowed to accept presents from the pupils; and it is a rule good enough to be made universal. It is only fair to the English convents

to add that their critics are not all censorious. One lady in particular, who sends her daughter to the convent which she herself attended, states that she knows of no needless expense, and that she "can not speak too highly of the system of training and education which is carried out there."

In the thoroughly improbable event of Canada's annexation to the United States, Montreal possesses and boasts of (or occasionally blushes for) a citizen who would make an eminently fitting figurehead for the A. P. A. aggregation of disgruntled fanatics. This is the Rev. Dr. Douglas, of the Methodist persuasion, who has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf without having as yet learned the elements of religious toleration. A few months ago this gentleman was raging at the probability of Canada's having a Catholic Prime Minister; and now, as we learn from our Canadian exchanges, he is wailing over the unfair treatment dealt out to Quebec Protestants in the distribution of Government patronage. Dr. Douglas' grievance in this instance is fully as mythical as are the other evils he deprecates concerning religious matters in the Dominion; for it is a fact recognized by the ablest non-Catholics in Quebec that the Protestants of that Province have a much larger representation in both the Provincial and Federal Parliament than they are numerically entitled to have. In the meantime, if we can not annex Canada, let us borrow Dr. Douglas.

The Rev. W. M. Rodwell, an English Protestant divine, is a firm believer in the dogma of the communion of saints. He has contributed an interesting article to the current *Newbery House Magazine*, in which he quotes extensively from St. Augustine in proof of his belief. His theory is that the blessed in heaven are kept in communication with earth chiefly by the angels who are present at terrestrial events.

The Rt. Rev. Monsig. Patrick Strain, rector of St. Mary's Church, Lynn, Mass., departed this life on the 7th inst., in the fulness of years and blessed with the record of a signally meritorious career in the service of religion.

He was born in Ireland in 1822, and came to this country when nineteen years of age. After several years of study with the Sulpitians in Montreal and in Paris, he was ordained priest at the Church of Notre Dame de Paris in 1850. On his return to the United States in the following year, he was appointed to the pastoral charge of Chelsea and Lynn. In 1886 Pope Leo XIII. honored his labors in behalf of religion and education by conferring on him the title of Missionary Apostolic and Domestic Prelate. The end of his life was fittingly crowned by all the rites of the Church, in whose cause he had so devotedly and successfully labored. May he rest in peace!

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. Richard Maher, C. S. C., who died at Notre Dame on the 10th inst., after a long and painful illness; and the Rev. John Brady, of Corning, N. Y., who passed away on the 14th ult.

Mother M. Teresa, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister Mary Agnes, of the Congregation of Notre Dame; Sisters Imelda and Mary Francis, O. S. D., who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. Joseph Bradel, whose death took place on the 4th inst., at Lancaster, Pa.

Mrs. Ellen Cash, who died a holy death at Warren, Iowa, on the 8th ult.

Miss Bertha Donaldson, of Franklin, Pa., whose life closed peacefully on the 26th ult.

Mrs. Julie Gaume, of Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Catherine Mooney, Mr. Patrick Brady, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Eugene McGillicuddy, Portland, Me.; Mrs. Bridget Duffy, Hartford, Conn.; William McCarron, Jersey City, N. J.; Patrick Nolan and James Kavanagh, Philadelphia, Pa.; Felix Mulligan, S. Boston, Mass.; Mrs. M. Geiss, Newport, Ky.; Michael E. Carmody, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. John B. McNally and Miss Margaret McNally, St. Joseph, Mo.; Patrick McCue, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mrs. Mary Manning, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Bridget Fitzgerald, Madrone, Cal.; Mrs. Anna McKenna, Martinez, Cal.; Mr. Jeremiah Lynch, Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. Matthew Reilly, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. A. X. Maguire and Anna Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Patrick Cousins, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Fall River, Mass.; Patrick, John and Anne Gaughran, Mary Donhoe, James, James Jr., Mary, and Hugh Mullen.

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



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

Mary Nevil's Noble Deed.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.



W HENEVER I see Mary Nevil (and I often see her, but she is not Mary Nevil now) I am reminded of something which happened long ago, when we were schoolgirls together.

She may have forgotten it, but I never can forget it. It seemed to me so true, so noble a thing, the more I think of it, the more I like her.

As I see her now in churches; in stores, on the streets, she is a beautiful, elegant lady, carrying her head well up, and facing the whole world with a noble, fearless look, that still has something innocent and glad and girlish in its mature beauty, which helps to "keep my memory green." Just such a face and such a look would naturally come from her girlhood's promise. It is worth one's while to cultivate the best there is in one from the very beginning, since it certainly tells its own story of character as years go on.

When I first remember Mary Nevil, she was really and truly "a slip of a girl"; for she was so tall and so slender she made one think of a young rose tree or willow growing too fast. She stooped a little—just enough to suit the bright eager-

ness of her delicate, dark face and merry eyes. And she had the whitest teeth, always shining between her red lips in such happy smiles! Everyone in school liked her, without any special reason; for she kept very much to herself and her sister. Notwithstanding her merry eye and happy smile, she was quiet enough in school hours and very studious; so that, as she was a day-scholar, we boarders had little to do with her as a companion, after all.

But we all knew from the first day they came among us that "the Nevil girls" were Catholics—the only Catholics in the school. The rest of us were of many kinds, alike only in profound ignorance of what it meant to be a Catholic; and alike, I think, in an intense curiosity to know. I am sure now there was an atmosphere of Catholicity around those two gentle, pretty creatures which attracted me, at least. They never *said* anything, never appeared to feel the difference we all felt, but none the less powerful for good was their sweet and steady faithfulness. Mary was the younger of the two, but she was the stronger, bodily and mentally. Agnes was shy as well as quiet, and intellectual as well as diligent. Mary was more impressive always.

Bridesburg was a large, busy place even then, but it was profoundly and jealously Protestant. I scarcely know how Mr. Nevil came to be there; but there he had been from his early youth, and there he was content to remain; although, as a

Catholic, he seemed to stand almost alone. He was wealthy and of high standing, and I fancy the Nevils' home life must have been charming. They were all devoted to one another, and for this very reason the girls were at Mrs. Brail's "French and English Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies" rather than at a convent. Their father loved them most tenderly, and their mother depended on them for companionship and help in training a little army of younger brothers and sisters; so it seemed best to keep them at home. Convents in those days were few and scattered, and travelling a serious undertaking.

All this we "picked up," as schoolgirls do "pick up things," one never knows where; for the girls never talked of themselves or their home. But "it was in the air," no doubt, and came from the air by dint of putting this and that together.

The other day-scholars came and went as they pleased, but the Nevil girls walked to school every morning, one on each side of their father, laughing and chatting with him as they never did with us. The other girls visited and made plans for visiting, read such books as they could borrow from one another, and wore such jewelry as they chose to lend or exchange; but the Nevil girls thought first of "mammy's" opinion, and naturally and easily consulted her before entering into any plan, reading any book, or lending any book to be read. As to jewelry, they neither wore it nor talked of it; but I am quite sure to-day they would never have flourished another girl's ring, nor flaunted a cheap necklace in our faces. I can not imagine anything of the kind in connection with their beautiful, dainty, modest self-respect. They were "themselves"; and very charming selves, at that.

We had been together (yet apart) in this way for two years,—very pleasant, busy, quiet years. Mrs. Brail's "set" were all fairly "nice" girls, and none were either remarkably clever nor outrageously bad. It was a well-conducted, well-taught

school, without excesses of any kind, and singularly free from schoolgirl tragedies or comedies, school excitements and "fusses." For this reason I can never understand why there should have been this most unlooked-for trial which came in Mary Nevil's way. But Our Lord understands; and it was in His cause, and Mary did her best to honor Him. It happened in this wise.

One hour in each week was set apart for a lecture, or lesson, or talk—it was any and all of the three—from a learned and distinguished Episcopalian clergyman of the place, who had the cause of young ladies' education very much at heart, and sent three daughters to Mrs. Brail's, from the alphabet to the diploma. He was a pleasant old gentleman, with very fine manners; and he taught us many little things and some great things, which I have found extremely useful in going through the world. But he never approached the subject of religion in any way; never expressed his own views, or combated, in even one instance, the views of others. The Nevils, with the others, sat placidly under his instructions with regard to letter-writing, sight-seeing, political economy, foreign courts, general literature, and particular elegance of style and manner; and made yards and yards of tatting, crocheting, bead work or worsted work, to the soothing accompaniment of his clear, pleasant tones. In fact, we all enjoyed that hour on Wednesday.

This very hour was the one in which our peaceful life was cruelly, wantonly, destroyed for the time being, and a great gap between its past and future rent before us.

We were all getting out our fancy work, and settling into comfortable attitudes. The hour was on the stroke, and when the door opened, we all bridled consciously for the customary salute of the Doctor. In his stead appeared Mrs. Brail and an under-teacher whom we never—well, never

admired. The under-teacher carried a large book under her arm.

"Young ladies," said Mrs. Brail, "I am very sorry to say Dr. Brown will not be able to meet you this morning. An unexpected call, he writes me"—glancing at a note she held,—“detains him at the last moment, and he is unable to provide a substitute. I myself am obliged to keep another engagement. But I have (with every reason for it) perfect confidence in you, and I have therefore requested Miss Allan to kindly fill the chair for an hour. She will read an interesting and instructive article, while you will pursue your usual occupations; and at the end of this hour you may be dismissed without waiting for me.”

She bowed and withdrew. Miss Allan took her seat with great and impressive dignity. It was the first time she had ever mounted that dais. Directly before her sat Mary Nevil. Agnes was not present, for a wonder; and Mary was quite alone in the front row of desks and chairs.

Miss Allan seated herself, as I have written, and looked us over. Then she opened the book. I never saw it before, and have vainly sought to see it since.

"Young ladies," she said, "Mrs. Brail has—I have been requested—I shall occupy your attention with a most important article upon a very serious historical subject." She paused, fidgeted, turned over the leaves to note the length of the article, and finally announced: "I shall read you the history of Pope Joan."

And she did—or, rather, she read a portion of it. It was a subject quite new to us, and, I am almost sure, void of interest to us except for the Nevils. I do not remember any word of it, and, as I have already said, have never had a chance to refresh my memory had I desired. But I do remember that almost immediately it launched into statements the most insulting to Catholic hearers, and the most absurd to any reasonable beings. There was an instant awakening of indignant

interest in the whole school, and I am glad to think we lost the sense of the article through our preoccupation on dear Mary's account. How had they dared—no, how had *she* dared to do such a thing! Mrs. Brail never meant it—never, never! We all felt this, as we soon expressed our feelings; but for the moment we sat in *rustling* silence, watching Mary Nevil, and wondering what was to be done.

Mary Nevil answered our questioning. Growing paler and paler, we saw her drop her work in her lap, and clasp her hands tightly over it. She seemed to quiet her very soul with that clasp, sitting straight as an arrow, and looking straight before her, but not at Miss Allan. Then, very quietly, she folded her work, lifted the lid of her desk, took out one or two books, closed the desk noiselessly, and stood up. Miss Allen read on rapidly, and did not lift an eyelash.

"Miss Allan!" said Mary—and we all jumped as from an electric shock. Her voice was so unlike itself—so clear and hard and firm and still—it frightened us. Yet it was gentle, too. Miss Allan started like the rest of us, and dropped her book on the desk. Mary looked her full in the eye. "Miss Allan," she said, "I can not possibly sit in the room while that article is read. My father would be exceedingly angry with me, for one thing; and I should forever despise myself, for another. It is a base, vile, false article! There is not one word of truth in its worst and strongest statements. There is but a shadow of distorted truth in any of it. I am a Catholic, and I know!"

Straight through our ranks to the door she passed like a flash, her head well up indeed, and her beautiful, dark eyes blazing, yet her soft, childish lips trembling. She looked neither to right nor left, but opened and shut the door softly, and was gone before we could move or draw a long breath.

Miss Allan opened her book again. There was a murmur.

"Miss Allan, Mrs. Brail will be very angry, won't she?" queried some one, faintly.

"Miss Allan, it's going to rain. Can't we go now?" broke in another.

"*Mayn't* we go, Miss Allan?" added a third voice.

"Miss Allan, did Mrs. Brail tell you to read that stuff? It's awfully dull!" protested a fourth.

Miss Allan made no reply, but she closed the book and stood up.

"Young ladies, I shall report you to Mrs. Brail immediately upon her return. You are dismissed."

We sprang to our feet. Miss Allan's voice rose with us:

"The day-scholars will depart quietly. No talking in the halls or on the stairs. The boarding pupils will keep their seats until the day-scholars are gone."

I sat down in bitter disappointment, with my companions. I wanted to get out in the open air and say what I thought. I wanted to hear the other girls say what they thought. It was too bad! But I have often been thankful since for that enforced period of waiting. As I sat there, the thought of Mary's face grew upon me—its courage, its timidity, its pain. The sound of her brave voice came back to me. I seemed to feel, confusedly but strongly, that a mighty love and faith had been wounded, that indignant love and burning faith had risen to the defence of something more than life. "I am a Catholic, and *I* know!" How that rang, how it still rings, in my heart! Brave child! And now she would be brave and dauntless as then. God blessed her courage for all time, I am sure.

Well, when Mrs. Brail came back, was there not "a time"? I think there was. Really, it was the only excitement of that sort we ever had among us, and it raged fiercely. But Mrs. Brail was a wise woman and a true lady. Everyone was convinced with one word that she never intended such

an attack, never dreamed of it. She went directly to Mr. and Mrs. Nevil, and they showed great good sense and courtesy; and no notice was taken of the insult, except that Mary did not come back to school for some days. Agnes was in her usual place each day, quiet and gentle as ever; and when Mary came, no one referred to the scene, even in sympathy. But I never lost the feeling of admiration and the longing desire to know more of an inner life which could so transform a shy and gentle child into a brave, determined, dignified woman—for the moment. I felt that in Mary Nevil lay the secret strength of which martyrs are made. And my questioning and longing went on from one thing to another, growing and growing, and bearing me with it, until it landed me in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. That was long after Mary Nevil and Agnes and I had drifted apart. When we met again, I never told her that to her, no doubt, I owed at least one step upward. God bless her for it!

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VII.

Having escaped from their imprisonment in the close of Chester Cathedral, Mr. Colville and his party walked along the old Roman wall, often stopping beside the ivy-covered parapet to view the lovely scene. Beneath them were green slopes, where sheep were browsing; a cricket ground; the picturesque columns of an ancient bath, and many streets of the town. Beyond lay the charming valley of the Dee, with the hills of Wales, the ruins of Beeston Castle (a fortress of the Middle Ages), and the forest of Delamere, as a background to the landscape.

"What a curious old city Chester is!" said Claire.

"It is built upon a rock from base to summit, which accounts for the many stories of streets," explained her father.

"Yes," she said. "I notice that wherever we go we seem to be either walking over the roofs of buildings, or else we look up in the air at houses the foundations of which are high above our heads."

"To us, with whom everything is of yesterday," continued Mr. Colville, "it is very amusing to be told, upon inquiring of the good people here, that their town was one of the first established after the Flood, and was founded by a grandson of Noah himself. It is, however, quite enough for us to realize that its history extends back before the Christian era, and that it was a centre of the Roman power in Britain for nearly three hundred years. The design and foundations of the walls are undoubtedly Roman; the space which they inclose is planned like a Roman camp, and the place was long known as the Camp of the Legion. Chester has five gates, and there are several watch-towers along the old fortifications. That vine-wreathed one which we are approaching is called the Water Tower, because it overlooked the river which in early days flowed just beneath. Can you imagine Roman galleys riding at anchor there, Joe?"

"No, sir," answered Joe. "I'd rather think of the jolly fellow whose mill was somewhere near here too, I suppose." And he began to sing:

"There was a jolly miller once lived by the river Dee.
He danced and sang from morn till night. No lark
was blithe as he.

And this the burden of his song forever used to be:
'Oh, I care for nobody—no, not I,—if nobody cares
for me!'

This is a tiptop way of studying history, though," he added, breaking off; "a good deal better than pegging away at one's Latin. The old Romans seem real people, and not ghosts, stalking through

a fellow's dreams to give him the nightmare if he has neglected to wade through a certain number of pages of Cæsar."

"That tower over there is called the Goblin Tower, probably because of some legendary story," resumed Mr. Colville. "And the building we have just passed was founded, so the old annals say, as a 'home for poore and sillie people.'"

"Goodness! if silly folks were so well provided for nowadays, how fortunate you would be, Joe!" said Alicia, teasingly.

Joe good-humoredly twitched her short braid of hair, but did not vouchsafe a reply.

Our friends now made their way to the centre of the town. They paused before an ancient structure situated just where the four principal streets meet.

"This is St. Peter's Church, another desecrated sanctuary," said Mr. Colville. "In the space in front once stood a great crucifix, before which the people stopped to pray, just as is the custom now in many of the towns of France and Italy. The church has a very sweet chime of bells, I am told; and on the treble bell are engraved these words: 'When you ring, I'll sing!' This square, called the Cross, was one of the places where the old-time miracle-plays were performed. You know, representations of Bible events and incidents were common in those days, the object being to instruct the people. Those given at Chester were written by one of the monks of the monastery, and presented as a dramatic procession, the stage being a series of scaffolds upon wheels. When its scene was ended; the wagon passed and another came, and so on till the pageant was ended. The first representation was at the Abbey Gate, that the brethren might have a view; from there the procession proceeded to the Cross, and thus from point to point. When the tower of St. Peter's was rebuilt, during the fifteenth century, the rejoicings were of a unique character. A dinner was served on top of

the tower, and the principal dignitaries of the parish ate a goose up there in mid-air, and flung the bones into the four principal streets below."

Our party now arrived at their cosy inn, ready to do full justice to the excellent dinner which awaited them. Afterward, although the clock pointed to half-past eight, it was still daylight.

"This is the long English twilight, of which you have heard," said Mr. Colville. "It will not be dark for two hours yet."

"Then let us go out again for a while?" suggested Claire.

"But are you not all too tired?" asked her father, in surprise.

"Oh, no, indeed!" chimed in Alicia and Kathleen; while Joe laughed at the idea.

They set out at once, and walked around by the lovely, ivy-mantled ruins of St. John's.

"This church was founded by Ethelred, one of the Anglo-Saxon Kings," said Mr. Colville. "The legend is that, wishing to build a church, he was told in a vision to select as a site the spot where he should see a white hind grazing. One day, while out hunting, he beheld the hind on this little knoll. The church was erected here, therefore; and on the western wall was placed a picture of the King with a white hind by his side. You remember the story in your history of the proud Saxon King Edgar, who, after his conquests in Britain, entered a boat upon the river Dee, and caused himself to be rowed down the stream by the eight kings whom he had forced to pay him tribute? He landed upon the rocky ground immediately under this church. Look down the river toward the old bridge! It was near there he embarked upon that short but significant voyage. The picturesque little cell here among the foliage is also connected with Saxon history. It is said that after the battle of Hastings, King Harold, having escaped to Chester, took up his abode here, where he 'lived holylye' until his death."

"All this is very interesting," said Claire. "But it seems as if for to-day we had seen enough of ruins and empty churches. Is there not a Catholic chapel in the town?"

"Yes; and we must find it," answered her father.

They wandered on, inquired of two or three of the passers-by, and finally were told by a boy that there was a chapel of St. Werburgh "down a good bit yonder." Following his directions, they turned into a street leading along by the pretty public gardens, and came upon a modern edifice of gray stone surmounted by a gleaming cross. They approached a door, which stood ajar and appeared to be the entrance to the sacristy. It was, however, that of the rectory, which, being Gothic also, looked like a part of the main building. In the vestibule, just parting with a young man, stood a priest in soutane and beretta.

Mr. Colville, with an apology for the intrusion, was about to draw back; but the Father stopped him, saying,

"No, no! Pray come in. You are strangers here, I perceive. Would you not like to see the church? It has been closed for the night, but I will send for the keys."

While they waited the priest conversed pleasantly with Mr. Colville and the young people.

"In the Cathedral we saw the tomb of St. Werburgh," observed Kathleen. "Please tell us something about her?"

With a kindly smile, Father A—— said:

"St. Werburgh—or Wereburga, as she is sometimes called—was an Anglo-Saxon princess, the daughter of Wulphere, King of Mercia. She was bright, beautiful, and good; and, being also a lady of such rank and wealth, had many suitors. Yet she so loved the holy life of the Convent of Ely, where her aunt was abbess, and where she had been at school probably, that she begged her father to let her go back there for good, as you say. He tried to dissuade

her at first; but, finding how much she wished it, he himself rode with her to the convent gate, attended by his court and a most brilliant retinue. In time she became Abbess of Ely, and afterward founded the convents of Hanbury and Trentham. This princess abbess would have been considered very learned and accomplished even in these days; for she could read and write Latin with fluency and ease, and excelled in the exquisite embroidery which began to be known upon the Continent as 'English work.' Her virtues endeared her to the people. Her sanctity was proved by many miracles, and after her death she was revered as the patroness of all that country. In 875, when Britain was threatened with an invasion from the Danes, for greater safety her relics were brought from Hanbury to Chester. During one of the incursions of Griffin, King of Wales, it is said that his whole army was stricken with blindness for attempting to disturb these sainted remains. After this the tomb of St. Werburgh was removed to the site of the Cathedral which still bears her name. The new shrine is here, where the same prayers are said and the Holy Sacrifice is offered up, just as they were when, centuries ago, she rode up to the abbey gate of Ely. And notice, had Werburgh preferred the pleasures and splendor of the court, the memory of her would have faded with them. The fame of the King her father, mighty in his time, has long since passed away; his monarchy is now as if it had never been; but the renown of the little princess who sought oblivion in a convent has endured, and her name has been invoked for over a thousand years. Even in the old Cathedral St. Werburgh is still, to a certain extent, honored and revered; for those who unfortunately have never been taught to pray to her are proud of being under her patronage. The love of the patron saints of England was too deeply engraved upon the hearts of the people ever to be entirely eradicated."

The sacristan now appeared with the keys; and Father A——, unlocking the door, led his visitors into the church. It was unadorned and unfinished; but a light burned before the Tabernacle, and our travellers felt no more that they were strangers in a strange land. Kneeling there, they returned thanks for having been preserved from the perils of wind and wave; and the young convent-bred girls from far over the sea asked the protection of the still powerful princess, who, as a maiden like themselves, studied and worked and finally became a saint in the old Abbey of Ely hundreds of years before Columbus was born, when Britain was known as the land "at the uttermost bounds of the West."

It was with regret that the Colvilles took leave of Father A——, and turned their steps toward the hotel. They went round by the New Gate.

"I am told," said Mr. Colville, "that here there used to be an ancient postern called the Wolf's or Pepper's Gate. As you have discovered, almost everything in Chester has a story; and the story of Wolf's Gate is that once, in the sixteenth century, while the mayor's young daughter was playing ball with her companions in the street, she was stolen away through this gate. After this her disconsolate father had the gate walled up. Many of the ancient regulations for the government of the city seem very odd to us. For instance, about the middle of the same century it was ordered that if any members of the common council happened to die, others should be chosen in their places 'from among the saddest and most substantial of the citizens.'"

This amused Joe mightily.

"Now I understand," said he. "That's what was the matter with the little gentleman in the Cathedral. He was doing his best to look sad, so he'd be appointed an alderman; and he succeeded so well they thought it a pity to lose such a beautiful

effigy, so they promoted him to be a tombstone instead."

"I am sorry we have not time to go through Chester Castle," continued his father; "for it is a monument of English history from the days of the Romans. One of the last events of tragic interest which occurred there was the trial of the gallant Earl of Derby, who was condemned to death for his fidelity to the cause of the Stuarts. He was so popular that even among his enemies, for a time, no one was found willing to act the part of executioner. His jailers thereupon had the hardihood to ask him significantly 'if he did not know some one who would do the deed which was to be done.'—'What!' he exclaimed. 'Do you want me to search for somebody to cut off my head? In faith, if you can not find any one, it might be as well to leave it on!' Unfortunately, they were not convinced by his logic, and soon after the brave Earl met his fate."

Talking thus about many things, our party arrived at the hotel. Mr. Colville looked at his watch; it was ten o'clock, yet no darker than it would have been two hours earlier at home.

"You must all be very tired," he said, as the children bade him good-night. "Say your prayers, and sleep well; for we are but birds of passage now, and must be off to new scenes to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

IN the west of France an ancient custom still lingers. At harvest-time a sheaf of grain is left standing in a certain field bordering the highway, and to this all the neighboring peasants contribute. It is called "the stranger's sheaf," and any poor wayfarer who wishes may carry it away and sell it. Farther north there is a pleasant fashion of leaving a similar sheaf for the birds, which might die while the fields are snow-covered if it were not for this kind thoughtfulness.

A Motto by Chance.

Many years ago there was need of a new clock in the hall of the famous Temple of London. The clock was made and set up in due time, but there was one thing it lacked: an inscription under it. At the time the clock was ordered, its maker had been told to go to the Benchers for a motto when it should be needed; but he had gone again and again, to find the old fellows busy or lazy, or, at any rate, indisposed to give him instructions. He was a persevering man; and at that period a clock was not complete without some pleasant saying or phrase of warning to meet the eye of him who glanced upward to learn the hour. So he tried once more, and arrived at a most inopportune hour, the old Benchers being about to sit down to dinner, a very important function with them.

"The motto, kind sirs?" said the clockmaker. "Have you thought of one?"

"This is really intolerable!" responded a crusty veteran, with one eye on the savory dishes which were going around. "To the mischief with your tiresome old clock!" he added, impatiently.

The clockmaker sat down to wait. He was tired of all this procrastination.

"Master clockmaker," called another, "go about your business!"

"Ah, thank you, sir!" answered the workman,— "the very thing!"

And, going home, he inserted in its proper niche at the bottom of the clock, "Go about your business!"—a motto which, the old Benchers afterward declared, could not have been improved upon if they had thought until their heads ached.

The very same story is told of the old sun-dial in Temple Garden, in which the great Lord Bacon takes the place of the impatient Bencher, and his pertinacious querist is an idle student instead of an industrious builder of clocks. You may take your choice of the two incidents.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 25, 1893.

No. 8.

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

A Sacred Trefoil.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

The Asceticism of Our Divine Lord.

LESSONS FOR LENT.

(CONCLUSION.)

If faith were all we had, our riches still
would be
More precious than the gems enshrined
within the sea;
For gold is dross, but faith will live eternally.

If hope were the sole star that lit our sombre
night,
One ray from it were worth whole worlds of
dazzling light;
For, lo! it opes the gates of Heaven to our
sight.

If we had charity in all the thoughts we wove,
In all the deeds we did—knit to the skies
above,
Its mystic chain would belt the universe with
love.

The pathway we would thread, the lives we'd
live would be
As pure as virgin snows, as crystal as the sea—
Sunned by the light of faith, of hope, and
charity.



IN all things the end is of the greatest importance. It gives direction to the will, furnishes motives and means to follow that direction, and imparts moral worth and dignity to all our endeavors. The end of asceticism is twofold: a remote and final, and a near and immediate end. The near, immediate end is the fulfilling of the will of God in our state of life. Asceticism and all that it includes must impel us to live up to our state, and to be really what we ought to be therein—good priests, good religious, good mothers and fathers of families, good servants, etc. The end of the whole spiritual life is to learn the will of God and to conform our lives thereto. That asceticism which enables us to live up to our vocation perfectly is the true, reasonable, and sound asceticism. It is pleasing to God, it edifies, and is meritorious. Any other is profitless, and is a glaring disorder in the spiritual life.

How beautifully this truth is illustrated in the life of Our Lord! The whole external course of His life is explained and justified in this immediate end. Christ was to be the example and model of all—

WHAT we call trouble is only God's key that draws our heart-strings truer, and brings them up sweet and even to the heavenly pitch. Don't mind the strain; believe in the note every time His finger touches and sounds it.

worldly people, the clergy, and religious. Therefore He did not choose for Himself the solitary life, but always dwelt in the world amongst men; therefore He continued to His thirtieth year in the practice of a laborious, obedient and hidden life, because the great majority of mankind are to work out their salvation in similar conditions; therefore He labored in His ministry in great apostolical poverty and destitution. But all was in wise moderation, that He might be all things to all men.

Perfection does not consist in riches or poverty, in separation from the world or intercourse with it, in prayer or work; but in the wise use of all these, so far as they help us to do the will of God in our state of life. From this standpoint alone can we explain the public and hidden life of Jesus Christ.

The last end of asceticism, as of all that is created, is the salvation of the soul and eternal happiness. The consideration of this last end is all important, because it would be a sad mistake in asceticism to demand of men labor, pains, privations, and sacrifices, without directing their attention to the great and glorious end which will richly compensate them for all. That would be to take everything from man and give him nothing in return. It can not be often enough repeated, that renunciation and sacrifice are not the end, but only the means; not the goal, but a way-station. For the sake of a necessary and grand end, a noble heart cheerfully accepts all sacrifices. To mortify oneself purely and solely for mortification's sake would be an hallucination. Our Lord shows His wisdom as a divine teacher in this, that He keeps constantly before the minds of His disciples lofty aims, and encourages them to every sacrifice by the view of the great reward. In the Eight Beatitudes heaven is brought in repeatedly, in various pictures corresponding to what is demanded of us. For all that is done or suffered for God a heavenly reward is proposed: for

martyrdom, for following Christ in the apostleship, for good works, even for the least, were it as insignificant as a cup of cold water. Our Lord Himself, in speaking of His sufferings, usually foretells His Resurrection, which would go to show that even in His mind the thought of suffering was inseparable from its corresponding joy.

The third point in the practice of asceticism is the means and their employment. In order to gather into a single group the superabundance of our means, it will be best for us to start from the notion of the spiritual life. Life is movement toward an end from internal power. The end is perfection and heaven. The movement in that direction consists in good, virtuous actions; but to perform these actions there is need of internal powers and external aids. The internal powers are, above all, the essential faculties of the soul—understanding and will. That these faculties may have their fullest perfection of action, permanent auxiliary powers are necessary, and these are the virtues. The virtues, considered in their nature, are simply assistants in the performance of good. Good, virtuous actions, such as are meritorious for eternal life, are the fruits of the virtues.

From what has been said we may understand how important the virtues are for asceticism, for the spiritual life, even as talent and skill are important in the natural life. It can be said with truth that perfection consists in the possession of the virtues in an eminent degree. We have seen that charity is what really constitutes perfection, because it unites man most perfectly to God. But charity can not subsist without the other virtues: they are indispensably necessary for its protection, its activity, and its adornment. Hence divines say with truth that perfection consists in being ever ready, under all circumstances, to act virtuously. Perfection in the creature is simply suitability to its end; but we

become suitable to our end by virtuous actions, which are the steps, thereto.

This is why Our Lord so often recommends and insists on the virtues, both the theological and others; and, amongst the theological, especially on faith and charity. The first thing that He requires is faith, because it is the foundation of the spiritual life. As chastisements of unbelief He threatens eternal perdition, because unbelief springs from evil. He always upholds charity as the greatest and first Commandment, and recommends it as the last wish of His Heart and His last charge. He explains its essence, and promises it His richest blessings. But the love of God must not be separated from the love of our neighbor. Its practice, in fact, consists chiefly in works of mercy, in fraternal correction, and in the love of enemies. As to motives of the love of our neighbor, the discourses of Christ are exhaustless.

Amongst the non-theological virtues our Saviour lays special stress on poverty, both actual poverty and poverty of spirit, and even the greatest poverty;* and He warns His followers very strongly against covetousness and its unhappy consequences. In the second place, He recommends chastity,—both the ordinary, which consists in purity of body, soul, and intention, and also virginal purity. In the third place, He insists on humility, prudence, and fidelity in the discharge of duty; fourthly, He encourages His followers to magnanimity in sufferings and persecutions† by the highest motives. ‡

Self-denial, or mortification, represents the moral strength that we must bring to bear in order to be and to do what we ought to be and what we ought to do, according to the duties imposed on us by human nature, by religion, and by our state of life; and thus to avoid evil and do good. Since in our present fallen state this

is hard, we must use violence to ourselves and this violence is mortification, called also self-denial, or renunciation of self, according as it is considered negative or positive. The significance of self-denial in the system of virtue is not that it is itself a virtue: it rather enters into all the virtues, and finds its proper exercise wherever there is a difficulty to be overcome, and it particularly occupies itself with the regulation of the passions. Hence it is, as it were, the key to all the virtues. The object on which mortification exercises itself is not nature as such, not its faculties, not even the passions as such, but only whatever is disorderly in us,—that is to say, whatever is sinful, dangerous, and useless. Its aim is not to injure or stunt nature, but to educate, improve and strengthen it in all that is good, beautiful, and noble, all that our state of life makes necessary and desirable. In regard to its object, it is internal or external, voluntary or necessary.

The doctrine of the cross, thus understood, applies to all: no one is excepted. All must keep the Commandments; all must avoid sin and resist evil passions; all must perform the duties of their state; all must be ready to lose their life rather than consent to a grievous sin and to deny their faith. The Lord requires this from all without exception that confess Him and acknowledge His law. The way of His Commandments is narrow; His doctrine is a fire, a baptism, a sword. He has not come to bring peace, but war and separation. Every one must take up his cross, must carry it, and must deny himself. Every one must be ready to lose foot, hand, and eye rather than to take or to give scandal, or to be ashamed of the Son of Man,—in a word, only the violent conquer the kingdom of God.

The law of mortification is for all men, but not in the same degree for all states of life. Our Lord demands a far greater share of renunciation from those that belong to

* St. Matt., v, 3; xix, 27. St. Luke, xii, 22.

† St. Matt., v, 10.

‡ St. Luke, xii, 4-12. St. John, xv, 18-27; xvi, 1-12.

the religious state and that wish to follow Him in the apostolical vocation. The renunciation of house and lands, of family ties, flesh and blood, of business, must be complete. Our Saviour, who as a rule, is so moderate and considerate in His demands, here admits of no restrictions or limitations, because it is a question of the service of the kingdom of God. The law of mortification is hard and heavy, but Our Lord lightens it by the glorious rewards which He promises—the salvation of the soul, a share in His own life here below and in the glory of His kingdom hereafter, and even here on earth a hundredfold in peace and joy.

As to the relation between internal and external mortification, the asceticism of Christ does not leave us in uncertainty. Both are necessary, because body and soul suffer from the consequences of original sin, and are an occasion of sin the one to the other.* But internal mortification is of more importance, because it is the end of the other, and it alone gives moral worth; and, in general, external mortification should be practised only with due regard to circumstances.†

This is the doctrine of Christian mortification. If rightly understood, it is in perfect harmony with the nature of Christianity as well as with our noble, reasonable nature. Whoever wishes to be a Christian and a noble man must do violence to himself and conquer himself. Even the voluntary mortifications, the self-torture of the saints, against which such an outcry is raised, are justified by the maxims of faith and Christianity. There are three truths of faith on which they rest. The first truth is the fall of man. We are not what, according to the original design of God, we should have been. The corruption of sin within us bears witness to our fall, and daily reminds us of what we are capable unless we have always at hand the means of overcoming ourselves—

and use them. The second truth is the Redemption through Christ. To set ourselves free from the curse of sin, the example of Christ tells us, there is no other means than self-denial and mortification. Moreover, can there be anything more noble or touching than when, through reverence and love of Christ, and with a view to satisfy God for the sins of other men, one takes upon oneself voluntary penance for them? The third truth is the certainty of everlasting life, in which compensation is made to us for all the good that we have done here below, and especially for every sacrifice that we have made for love of God and men.* Christian self-denial, by the charity with which it is inspired, is certainly raised high above worldly wisdom; but even the children of the world do not shrink from denying themselves something for a time, that they may receive it back later in an improved form. Thus a man will be sparing and industrious, in the hope of passing the evening of his life free from cares and anxieties. And is he sure of after ease? Our recompense, or the contrary, is sure and everlasting.

The external means of asceticism which Our Lord has provided are partly ordinary, partly extraordinary. The ordinary means all flow from the three great official duties imposed on our mother the Church in the teaching, pastoral and priestly office. The first means is the promulgation of moral and dogmatic teaching. Only in faith and the Commandments has asceticism an infallible external guide for its life and its activity. Therefore its constant effort must be to know the faith and the Commandments, and to reduce them to practice.

The second means is guidance. Here we do not refer to guidance by the supreme ecclesiastical hierarchy, but rather to guidance by the lower Church authorities and spiritual guides. The command of God and of Christ, that man shall be guided to

* St. Matt., v, 28.

† *Id.*, ix, 15.

* St. Matt., xvi, 27.

his end by men, that the Church shall be ruled by ecclesiastical superiors, extends also to single individuals in regard to their immediate superiors. In the spiritual life it has always been looked upon as a dangerous error to recognize no master, but to wish to go one's own way. Here the words of Our Lord surely find their application—"He that despiseth you, despiseth Me"; and, "If the blind lead the blind, both fall into the pit." Obedience to spiritual guides, therefore, is conformable to the maxims of Our Lord; and hence it is always considered as an axiom in healthy asceticism that one must submit to guidance.

The means of grace are the third amongst the external means of asceticism. It is a fundamental truth of Christianity that in the spiritual life we are nothing without sanctifying grace, and we can do nothing without actual grace. The very essence of the supernatural state consists in the possession of sanctifying grace; and whatever is done toward salvation can be done only by the help of actual grace. Therefore did our Saviour institute the means of grace, and commit them to the Church, that we might share in this supernatural life and activity. These means of grace are the Sacraments and prayer. Amongst the Sacraments, Our Lord instituted baptism to communicate supernatural life; penance, as a means of recovering it after baptism; and the Holy Communion, to preserve, strengthen and develop it. These are the most important means of obtaining grace. To them, therefore, we must above all things have recourse in order to make real progress in the spiritual life.

In one respect prayer is of still more importance, because we can always have recourse to it, and can procure ourselves all graces by its means. Under the name of prayer is to be understood both the public worship of God and private prayer; and under the latter, vocal and mental

prayer. Our Lord does not fail to instruct us on this matter. He teaches us especially the object of our prayer, giving us in the *Pater Noster* a formula; and we learn from Him the qualities required in prayer. He scatters everywhere the most urgent motives to pray, and confirms His urgency by His own example. And, indeed, how could the Teacher of all truth and of all real virtue and piety fail to instruct and encourage us in the duty of prayer, which is of so decisive a weight in the spiritual life of individuals as well as in the permanency of religion itself? Prayer is, in truth, the great, the universal means of obtaining grace. In it, especially in mental prayer, we come to know the truths of faith in their foundations, their depth, height, beauty, in the consolations they afford and in their applicability to life; they become impressed in our understanding and will, and we find in them a safe guide in actual life. According to the opinion of divines, mental prayer is morally necessary for everyone that strives after perfection. It is the high school of virtue and holiness.

Amongst the external means there are also some extraordinary ones, which are of great importance in the spiritual life. The first are temptations. They are the skirmishes on the frontier, the battles, the sieges in the spiritual campaign. What prayer, grace, and the practice of virtue have done for us temptation shows. Our Lord has not omitted reference to them in His asceticism. He was pleased to be tempted Himself, in order to set before us a practical example of how we should resist temptations. The second extraordinary means are persecutions, which may play an important part in the lives of individuals, as they do in the history of the Church.

This, in a few strokes, is the asceticism of our Divine Lord, outlined in His words and in His deeds. What He taught by His words finds its confirmation and its

most charming expression in the example of His life. He Himself, His person and His life, is the actualization of His doctrine. As He tells us in the Gospel, He is the way, the truth, and the life. Our Saviour is the founder, the model, and the reward of Christian asceticism; and Christian asceticism is nothing but the imitation of Christ.

It follows that any asceticism is false which assumes as a premise any philosophical or theological error, and accepts it as a guiding principle. According to a man's views on God, man, and the world will his asceticism be molded. This is proved by all ascetical systems of olden and of modern times. That is not a true asceticism which clashes with reason, conscience, or the duties of one's state of life. That is a false asceticism which mistakes its own purpose, especially in the matter of mortification: considering mortification not as a means but as the end, and debasing nature and the faculties. That asceticism is false which embraces only one portion of the spiritual life, and employs only one means at the expense of the whole; which only bridles the outward actions and not the interior; which attacks only one passion and allows the others to thrive; which will only pray and receive the Sacraments, but will not conquer self. That asceticism is dangerous which is allowed to grow up wild and without guidance, which undertakes to carry all before it by impetuosity and violence.

There is a certain so-called mystical tendency in asceticism which may become a real danger. It is when a person despises or neglects a solid education of the intellect, and relies solely on the education of the will, and especially of the sensibility; when a person attributes undeserved value to the extraordinary in asceticism, and to that in which our free-will has little or no share: it consists in wishing to reach the ultimate end of union with God without choosing to go through a thorough purification of

the heart and an intelligent mortification. Finally, there is a certain enervated kind of asceticism that is very much to be pitied and deplored, but which is quite in keeping with the spirit of the time. Our age is very weak-nerved, and can not endure the vigorous but salutary means of ancient asceticism. Meditation on the deadly sins, on death and hell, solid and clear principles and trials worth the name in poverty and humility, are too much to expect. All must be easy, agreeable, entertaining. Not means but gentle measures, not antidotes but soothing remedies are demanded; sweet little devotions and spiritual trifles must suffice.

A second consequence of what has been said is the great importance of asceticism for individuals and for the whole life of the Church and of Christianity. Asceticism is activity, practice, and consequently is true Christianity. There is, therefore, in the people, in the clergy, and in the religious orders, only just so much virtue, purity, solid religion, vigor, power of resistance and of development, as there is asceticism. What the Church is she is through asceticism: the leaven of mankind, the light of the world, and the salt of the earth. Asceticism is her very soul, her very strength; it is like Samson's locks to her. It is impossible to overcome her so long as she preserves the secret of her strength. History proves this. The Church has always renewed herself by devotions, by religious orders, and by saints. This being so, we should rejoice at every means proposed to us by holy asceticism; we should greet it with joy, and embrace it with zeal and love.

IF we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—*Longfellow.*

THERE is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness only is there perpetual despair.—*Carlyle.*

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VIII.—IMPRISONED.

MR. EDWARD CONWAY had spent some time in the Major's blue room without inconvenience. He was tired, and he had a letter to write. The blue room was the principal guest chamber, and the Major had assigned it to the newcomer because he had the impression that it worthily represented the splendor of his house. Its walls were covered with a blue paper which resembled Russian fresco, around which ran a frieze of large white lilies. The quilt on the low oak bed was blue, with the lilies running in silken meshes over it; and a formidable pin-cushion, all blue and lilies, occupied a place on the bureau.

All this brand-new magnificence appalled Edward, who hesitated to wash his hands in an enormous blue bowl, also decorated with lilies. When he had yielded, somewhat guiltily, however, he felt refreshed, and rather inclined to be less afraid of the three brocade chairs, with their curved white and silver legs. Luckily, in the corner was a substantial desk, with a low basket chair before it. He turned his back to all the newness, and sank into this gilded chair with a sigh of relief. A palm-tree nodded in the large vase beside him, but did not spoil the view of the river. He turned again to look at the landscape over the bed—a glimpse of mountain and white mist done in pastel.

"Margaret might like this," he said. "I wonder if she would? I suppose all women do. Poor girl! she has had very little of it."

And he thought of the big rooms at home, plain and very unlike all this, but more near his ideal of comfort.

He debated as to whether he should unbuckle and unlock his travelling bag.

His writing-paper was enclosed within that commodious receptacle, and he longed to exchange his rather tight-fitting frock-coat for some garment more comfortable. He concluded that his host was a man of sense and consideration, as all hosts must be who give their guests a chance for half an hour's rest after a journey.

It might, he reflected, look rather strange to appear too much at home before he should greet his relative, the Major. He was now in the North, too. In Virginia, he would have known what to do,—but Northern ways might be different.

He saw a packet of note-paper on one of the shelves of the desk, with envelopes to match, and a box of stamps. There was a pen and a large glass inkstand; and, with delight, he discovered that the pen would write and that nobody had as yet attempted to adulterate the ink with water. Again he decided that the Major was a considerate man. He wrote his letter hastily:

"MY DEAR MARGARET:—I have just arrived at Major Conway's place. It is not at all like our place, and I fancy the hospitality is going to be more formal than anything we know of at home. I have not seen the Major yet. I presume he is still in bed. In fact, I am here very early and without my breakfast. I had to go from New York to Boston and back; so I got the trains tangled up—you can't run out and stop 'em when you want 'em here, and they are abominably punctual,—and, of course, I thought there would be an hotel of some kind, but there is not. It is a sort of a toy place, and no doubt horribly aristocratic and formal in a nasty Yankee way. I went to Mass almost as soon as I got off the train, and then walked in search of breakfast; I am still in search of it, though I shall not show any signs of hunger to the Major. This room is gorgeous. I am sitting in a gilded chair, cushioned with silk; and there are horrible blue cushions hanging everywhere by ribbons and things, scented with cinnamon

or musk or something. I hope—if I am asked to stay—that I shall not be expected to sleep in this splendid den. I suppose *you* would like it. I sha'n't let our relative know that we don't revel in cushions and things; I shall try to look as if we had them every day. Tell Judith Mayberry that I shall look over the house for her *tazza*, which, you know, one of General Pope's men carried off. I shall keep a sharp lookout for it wherever I go. It no doubt adorns the mansion of some bloated millionaire up here. If I—"

There was a noise outside the door. Edward hastily dropped the pen and paper, and seized a book which lay on top of the desk. A knock sounded on the door. It was Maggie bearing a tray.

"I thought, sir," she said, "that you might want a pitcher of ice-water. Is there anything else you would like? Major Conway is particularly engaged, but he will be up soon."

"You are very kind," replied Edward. "Nothing. I will wait, thank you!"

He buried himself in his book; and Maggie went away, with a sense of having done the correct thing.

"If I," he continued, resuming his letter, "like the Major, I shall consult him about our affairs. I have been interrupted. I thought it was the Major himself, and so I dropped the pen and thrust this poor little note under the blotter,—Heaven knows why! And to make myself seem thoroughly respectable—why it should seem disreputable to be found writing a letter, I do not know,—I seized a book and appeared much absorbed. It was a maid with a pitcher of ice-water. She asked me if I wanted anything else. I was about to answer that a fricasseed chicken, some cornbread (hot), and a cup or two of coffee might do. But I remembered Judith's appeals to me to keep up my dignity among the Yankees; and if I saw anything fine that amazed me, to be sure to say we had it before the war; so

I refrained. The book is called 'Nirvâna and the Lotus, by Lal Shin Fane.' On the fly-leaf is the name of our cousin, Bernice Conway, with the inscription, from Sir Edwin Arnold:

" 'Om mani, padme, om! The dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea.'

"Awful trash in the book! I am afraid Miss Bernice Conway will turn out to be queer, if she revels in this kind of literature. The book is all about absorption into the Absolute, and the identity of Buddha with the Golden Lotus. If you like, you might drop a hint to Judith about this. It will comfort her to know that the Yankees are not only Second Adventists (the soldier that took the *tazza* was a Second Adventist, because his name was Foster, and Judith never knew a Second Adventist who was not named Foster), but pagans.

"It is now half-past ten o'clock. I have dipped into another book, with red-edged leaves. I am growing hungrier, and cushions scented with various perfumes can not be eaten. It *has* occurred to me that I might, with the water out of the ewer, make a kind of paste that would stay my stomach for a while. If I had a tin cup—the dear old tin cup in which we used to cook eggs over the lamp!—I might let loose some of the scented powder in these abominable cushions. This could be kneaded into a kind of thin cake. The cushions, I have discovered by delicately investigating one horrible yellow one with a penknife, contain—

"I have been interrupted again. The amiable servant has brought me the Sunday paper. I know that there was an awful, Ancient-Mariner-like glare in my eyes as she opened the door; for the smell as of beef-steak, or perhaps it was chops, entered with her. She asked me again if I wanted anything. Involuntarily, I began to say an egg or two well done; but my chivalrous Southern blood and training closed my lips. Oh, why was I born with

such scruples? An ordinary creature might have asked for hot chocolate, or a chop or two without tomato sauce. But, dear sister, one sees how one must suffer for the penalty of having noble blood in one's veins.

"Half-past eleven. This other book has Bernice Conway's name in it, too; and the motto this time on the fly-leaf is '*Credo!*' It is called 'A Little Book of Hours, Compiled for the Lenten Season, by the Rev. Giles Carton, Rector of St. Genevieve-of-Paris, Swansmere-on-the-Hudson.' It is queerer than the other book. It opens with an exhortation to be 'interiorly recollected during the holy season of Lent, and to cultivate the ecstasy of meditative devotion, especially at Matins; and to think of nothing, but to let a sweet stream of quietness flow through all the spaces of the day, like light from a clerestory.' It recommends slight flagellations, and has a note which gives a receipt for making hair-shirts out of old horsehair sofa-cushions. There is a picture of Thomas Cranmer in one place, and of a martyr named Anne Askew in another. The language it uses about Henry VIII. would delight Judith; you would think it was intimately acquainted with the beast.

"Twelve o'clock. I can not very well rush down the stairs and demand my breakfast. Even if these people did march to the sea and steal our chickens, I must remember—Judith has told me so often enough—that I am a Southern gentleman and descendant of the Irish kings. Still, if I *could* creep down and grab the chops that may be broiling on the fire, and glide off to some secluded cave, less splendid than this, I would! I might be caught with a chop in my hand,—my blood revolts at that! If there was a fowl to be seen on the roof outside this window, I should wring its neck and eat it raw. Tell Judith that I begin to think the Yankees took the chickens—including that gray hen—because they were hungry. If so, let it be forgiven; and beg her with my last

dying words—I am starving—to shake hands with them across the bloody chasm.

"Twelve twenty! I have concluded to beg whomever it may concern not to trouble herself by cooking special viands, and to add that anything will do! This, in a loud but polite voice, might attract attention. Or perhaps it would be better to fall on the floor with a dull, sickening thud. But no!—they might feed one with small spoonfuls of brandy. There *is* something cooking; but it is so far, far away, like a sweet, sweet vision, which, lost in one dream, is recalled in another, or—

"Really, this is monotonous! Where can Major Conway be? I have gone back to 'Nirvâna and the Golden Lotus,' but I can not keep it up much longer. There was, by the way, a tramp who spoke to me as I was coming out of the railway station this morning. He was standing on the curbstone, with his back to me, as I came out, and I was startled at first. He wore very bad clothes and a slouch hat; and what startled me was that he looked very much like father, in the old suit he used to wear about the farm. But when he turned and asked me for money, I had no more illusions. The eyes were something like father's; but, instead of the grave, pure face, there was a scared, bloated apology for a countenance.

"In a few minutes I shall be too weak to write. I have determined to make a hoe-cake—which I hear they dance very well in Virginia—out of the scented powder. It may kill me, and so I say good-bye—especially to Judith. If I live, I shall write again."

He sealed and stamped the letter, as the door trembled under the Major's knock. Edward rose hastily, said "Come in!" and the relatives stood face to face.

"So you are Raymond's son!" said the Major, smiling and shaking his hand. "Upon my word, you are just what I was when I was your age! Dear me! To think of Raymond's son turning up this way!"

"I am glad to be here," said Edward, looking frankly into the Major's face. "And I felt sure that my father's son would be welcome."

"So he is! Doubly so—just at present. I've had a bad time of it this morning. Forgot all about you. It's lucky you've had your breakfast. Been an awful thing if you came here without breakfast, wouldn't it? You wouldn't have thought much of Northern hospitality, would you? Oh, sit down, and just take your things out of the bag! I'd have my man do it for you, but he's on duty with the horses. Of course you'll stay. We're rather frugal," said the Major, with a laugh; "but we can spare a slice of bread and butter occasionally."

"You are very kind," replied Conway, biting his mustache.

"You've the regular Virginia accent, by Jove!" said the Major. "Raymond was a Re—Confederate, but I hope you don't bear malice. Willing to eat and drink with a Northern man—even with an old soldier—without malice."

"If the food's plain and good, I assure you I should never think—" began Conway, with a slight tremble of his lip.

"That's right!" said the Major. "I suppose you've an evening suit with you?" he added, anxiously, as Conway opened his big bag.

"Oh, yes! It's a safe thing to have."

"You *are* very much like me when I was your age,—very much!" said the Major, relieved. "I'll tell you what we'll do. I've got a big dinner on to-night,—a place for you, of course. We'll cut luncheon—nothing much; chops and potatoes,—and take a walk and talk about old times."

"Thank you!" said Conway, faintly. "I'm not much of a walker."

"Your father was," answered the Major, reproachfully. "Ah, you Southerners will never admit that we saved you from yourselves! Where would your industries be now if it wasn't for us? Why, there'd be no such place as Birmingham, Alabama,

on the map! Remember that you ought, in your prosperity, to kneel down and tell us how you love us all the days of your life. Think of the money we've put in your pockets!"

A sudden light came into Conway's eyes, which were not humorous now.

"We are quite willing to love you, Major," he answered; "but not for—a consideration."

A gong sounded.

"Luncheon!" said the Major. "What a bore! But we'll have to go down. I hope Bernice will be there,—there's no telling. If you're not hungry, though, we'll just stay here and have some sherry. Luncheon is only good for spoiling the appetite for dinner. Shall we stay?"

"No, no!" said Conway. "By no means. I wouldn't miss the chance of meeting Miss Conway for anything!"

And the Major reluctantly led the way downstairs. "After all," he said to himself, "blood's thicker than water. He seems really anxious to meet Bernice."

(To be continued.)

St. Francis de Sales.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

O GENTLE Saint! when but a little child,
Ah! long ago, in the remembered days—
The days that leaping intervening years,
Ghosts of ourselves, stand wondering at our
tears,—

Some one, low-voiced and true, with eyes that
smiled,

Was wont the story of thy life to tell;
And so I heard it oft and learned it well.

Thus have I loved thee long, and known thy
ways;

And thus it is, moreover, that my tongue,
True to that memory, oft hath left unsaid
Harsh words, and from my spirit anger fled.
And if from bitterness my heart is free,
I owe it all, dear Saint, to God through thee!

Traces of Travel.

ALONG THE VESUVIAN SHORE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VIII.—VESUVIUS.

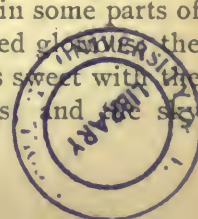
OF the various routes to the summit of Vesuvius I selected the following, because I happened to be strolling about Pompeii for a few days, and I could track to its fountain-head the fatal river that submerged this once populous city. All arrangements were completed the evening before; a horse and two guides awaited me at the door of the hotel when I appeared at three o'clock in the morning. Everything was of a color—total darkness covered the face of the earth; the feeble lantern in the hands of one of the guides glimmered like a glow-worm in a bottle, and by this flame we were to be lighted through the devious ways that lead to the desert that compasses the mountain. We had our pockets stuffed with sandwiches and cigars; we looked for eggs and wine on the road; we said "Good-morning!" to the sleepy fellow who had called me ten minutes previous, but who was himself dozing where he stood; and thus we started for Vesuvius.

Six deep and dusky miles we rode in utter silence. The small guide, who was mounted as well as myself, led off the caravan. The second guide, who carried the glow-worm, walked behind my animal to keep the beast in motion; and we jogged on at a dog-trot, through lanes that had many turns in them, past clusters of gloomy houses, where the dogs barked at us from within doors—our only greeting through all that lonely ride. There is but one village of importance lying in the track from Pompeii to Vesuvius; and as we drew near to it, the boy dashed ahead and disappeared in the darkness. A witch

could scarcely have ridden more recklessly over an invisible trail than did this youngster. When we caught up with him, he was standing in the door of a small shop, whose mistress he had evidently roused from her slumbers to serve him; for she stood arrayed like a somnambulist—she acted like one also. The whole family turned over in their respective beds as I entered, and the somnambulist groped about in search of eggs. Wine she had none—so said the boy. Well, we could do without it for a few hours—so said the philosophical spirit within me.

Again we took our way, and left the little village to complete its sleep in peace. Now the lamp began to give signs of failing: we paused to trim the wick and nurse the faint spark that twinkled on the top of it with provoking dulness. It was useless: a few moments later it disappeared and left us in total darkness. It was a strange ride we had after that. Sometimes we found ourselves stumbling amongst the brush by the roadside; or the animals would pause and await the exploration of the runner, who usually found we had come to the brink of a dry water-course, into which it would have been hazardous to precipitate ourselves. Once a splendid meteor sailed across the heavens, so brilliant and longlived that I had twenty wishes, at least, before it faded; and meantime the place was as bright as day. I saw that we were in the midst of extensive vineyards, and that the naked slopes of the mountain were close at hand, though the mountain itself looked higher than ever.

Before the day had grown gray, and while yet a few large stars were faintly visible, we reached the desolate lava-fields; and the hoofs of the horses sank in the deep deposit of coarse ashes that were showered over the country in 1872 to a depth of two or three feet in some parts of it. The morning was indeed glimmering, the air, fresh and bracing, was sweet with the fragrance of the vineyards, and the sky



was now every moment growing richer in color. As we began the ascent, the footman—the runner whom no horse seemed capable of tiring out—hid his lantern in one of the low and scantily-leaved bushes that are scattered thinly over the lava-fields; and seizing my beast by the tail with one hand, he belabored him soundly with a small club. No remonstrances of mine had any effect upon the fellow: he merely said that 'we must hasten, or we should never arrive.' The early start was made for the sole purpose of escaping as much sunshine as possible, and I relapsed into meditative silence.

You may ride two-thirds of the way to the summit, but there you must dismount, and either foot it or be carried the rest of the way. I had proposed footing it; had made no other arrangements; had not even mentioned the subject; yet when we came to the end of the ride, away up in a forlorn and forsaken country, where no green thing grows, where the very birds forbear to come, there, sitting on his haunches and looking out of his small cave, was the Old Man of the Mountain. His sudden and unexpected discovery was quite startling, and I could scarcely believe my eyes until he rose and came forth to greet us. It wanted still a half hour of sunrise. The wonderful panorama that was spread out before us, or rather below us, held all our eyes. The lights on it were indescribably beautiful and delicate. Purple, pink, transparent azure, and all the shades that are nameless, mingled with the natural tints of sea and soil, and a profuse vegetation,—these made up a picture more fascinating than any I have met this side of the fairy-like South Seas.

Well, I saw at once that the Old Man of the Mountain meant business. He doesn't live up there; but, by some mysterious intelligence, he learned that I was to go up this morning, and he was on time to meet me. Now, these three guides proposed to carry me to the very mouth of the crater,

and throw me in, if I desired it. They were entirely at my service, and meant to do all in their power to make me happy or miserable—the choice rested with me. As a matter of economy, it was cheaper to be carried; for the *scoria*, nearly knee-deep, grinds a man's shoes into shreds; and, moreover, when he arrives at the crater he is so exhausted that half the pleasure or profit of his trip is sacrificed. Besides this, I really hated to disappoint the old man. We bargained satisfactorily, and I gave the order to proceed.

I struck an attitude—the Colossus of Rhodes in summer clothing might have been something like it. The old man went behind me, started to go under me, but stopped—suddenly raised himself and me also; for I had a leg over each of his shoulders and was hanging on by his forelock. The boy then harnessed himself with a rope and a stout stick for a whiffletree; this the old fellow seized and hung on to; while the third guide brought up the rear with his hand planted firmly in the small of the old man's back—he acted as a kind of propeller,—and thus I ascended the cone of Vesuvius. It occurred to me that if the boy should balk or kick over the traces, there would be trouble. What if the old man should throw me? Or how if the propeller should get out of gear, and we all go down the steep side of the mountain together? Thank Heaven! nothing happened that was not welcome. The poor fellows dug their well-shod feet deep into the slag and loose ashes, and staggered up the zigzag trail to the summit. This slag is like petrified popcorn. Just fancy wading up a mountain of it, and sinking up to your knees at every step! Again and again we rested. I mounted first one and then the other, turn and turn alike; but we kept the boy in harness. You see, he was rather young to go under the saddle yet! Just as we were gaining the summit, the sun rose and threw a well-defined *silhouette* of the party against the side of

the trail. I must confess that it was the most absurd spectacle I have witnessed these many years.

Clouds of steam and smoke rushed out of the mouth of the crater as we drew near it, and the wind drove them directly over our heads. It was evident that we must pass through or under this, on to the opposite side of the mountain, before it would be possible for us to approach the lip of the crater. I hesitated for a moment; but, trusting the guides, did as they bid me, and quietly awaited developments. We all stuffed our handkerchiefs into our mouths, held our noses, and stepped up on to the narrow path that is trodden on the very rim of the cone. On one side was a yawning chasm, so filled with vapors that I saw nothing; on the other was the precipitous slope of the mountain, down which it was easy to cast oneself and slide for two or three hundred feet without much effort. In a few moments we had passed the fiery or smoky ordeal; and, coming around the windward side of the cone, we breathed once more the delicious air of the morning. We could now approach the crater with ease, and look far down into its hideous—nay, its beautiful depths. It is very beautiful. The inner walls are thickly coated with sulphur, and a Pompeian fresco is not more brilliant or harmonious than the rich and splendid greens and reds and yellows that there combine to decorate this Temple of the Furies.

Sudden puffs of wind sometimes wafted the great clouds that were continually ascending from the pit high over our heads; and, the sun charging the sulphurous steams with light, a ghastly gloom was thrown for a moment over everything. We heard the commotion of the elements beneath us; it was as though the pit were half filled with fat, frying and sizzling; the air was heavily charged with sulphurous gases; through the soles of our boots we felt the heat of the very ground we stood on; in many places we could not touch

our hand to the rocks without running a risk of being blistered. Close by was a hole in the side of a jutting point of lava, into which one of the guides introduced, with the aid of his staff, a large roll of paper, which no sooner touched the spot than it burst into flame; the end of his stick ignited in a few seconds, yet no flames issued from the fiery furnace. The boy brought me a small bit of lava, at which I lighted my cigar. We placed the eggs in another little oven at our elbow, and sat down to wait for breakfast. Here we were, something over four thousand feet above the sea (the crater changes at every new eruption, building on a new rim or striking off the old one, as the case may be), on the trembling crest of a mountain that the old geographer Strabo, who lived under Augustus, wrote of thus pleasantly:

“Mount Vesuvius is covered with beautiful meadows, with the exception of the summit. The latter is, indeed, for the most part level, but quite sterile; for it has an appearance like ashes, and shows rugged rocks of sooty consistency and color, as if they had been consumed by fire. One might conclude from this that the mountain had once burned and possessed fiery abysses, and had become extinguished when the material was exhausted.”

About fifty years later (Nero, A.D. 63) an eruption occurred, which greatly damaged Herculaneum and Pompeii. These eruptions continued at intervals until the year 79, when the two cities above mentioned were overwhelmed. Before this Vesuvius was a low mountain, with a flat top, out of the centre of which burst the new crater. The old mountain has not been idle in this century: we have records of eruptions in 1804, 1805, 1822, 1850 and 1855. In 1858 the upper crater sank one hundred and eighty feet below its former elevation—the bottom dropped out,—and in 1861 the next eruption took place, which was witnessed by Humboldt. In

1868 and 1871 the lava flowed again; and in April, 1872, it burst forth on all sides of the mountain. One stream—one thousand yards broad and twenty feet deep—flowed between the villages of Massa and St. Sebastiano, partially destroying them. This ugly black river we could trace to its very end. From no other point of sight is it possible to get a comprehensive view of these terrible lava flows. Here we traced them all, from our very feet to the sea, when they succeeded in reaching it. We saw the white houses that stood on the very edge of the streams, saved by an inch of cool earth. Some of these streams are still hot, though they have been out of the furnace a half dozen years.

Ah! an egg pops! One of the guides produced two bottles of wine as if by magic—he probably purchased it of the somnambulist, and will retail it to me at a profit. Now for sandwiches, roast eggs, and “*Lachrymæ Christi*,” drunk on its own soil. Rather jolly this sort of repast, with the whole glorious Bay of Naples spread out for a tablecloth. There are the islands Capri, Procida, and Ischia; the seaside cities, Naples, Torre del Greco, Torre dell’ Annunziata, Castellamare, and Sorrento; and here lay Pompeii and a dozen other little villages scattered all over the country. “I call that village Portici,” said the boy; “Massaniello lived there. I call that city Naples. I call this the Bay of Naples.” And so he sat there on the summit of Vesuvius and pointed me to the earth that lay below us like a map. All this he did with the majestic air of a young deity, who was naming some newly-discovered country that had been nameless until his advent permitted it that distinction.

It was time to descend, for the sun was getting hot and high. Having regained our old trail on the other side of the mountain, I was lightly shouldered by my faithful guides; and, instead of dropping down by the zigzag trail, they joined hands

and leaped into the air! We fell, slid, staggered, regained our equilibrium, and again plunged into space. More slips and slides, lurching and floundering, but coming to the surface again all right; and I at the masthead, so to speak, resolved to stick there so long as there was a hair left to hang on by. Ten minutes did the business. It was an astonishing performance, and one I am not anxious to repeat; yet there was fun in it—for me.

A luncheon at the Diomede was most relishable after the morning’s adventure. You see, Vesuvius was off my mind, and I was off the old man’s shoulders, and we were quite happy all around. We parted good friends somewhere in the midst of the vineyards, draining the last bottle of “*Lachrymæ Christi*.” Then I turned for a moment to see the grand old mountain; and I thought what a spectacle it must be when stones and lava are gushing out of the mouth of the monstrous mortar to a height of four thousand feet, while above all climbs the vapory column ten thousand feet in air; and there it branches like a mighty palm-tree, and at night it is veined with lightnings and laced with flame.

Perhaps the unshrived ghosts of all the wanderers that ever lived watch it expectantly—this cloud by day, this pillar of fire by night.

(To be continued.)

THE priest is not really a celibate: he has a spiritual bride and spiritual children, which develop all the higher and nobler qualities of the husband and father. Nor are those virgins who reject marriage after the flesh, and take the vow of chastity, less really wives and mothers than are wives and mothers in the natural order. They are really espoused in the spiritual order; and of each of them it may be said, in the language of Scripture: “Thy Maker is thy husband.” They are mothers; and “more are the children of” the barren than of her that did bear.”—*Dr. Brownson.*

How St. Philip Made a Saint.

—
 BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."
 —

IN the time of St. Philip Neri there was a certain poor man in Rome who, though not fond of going to hear sermons, always went on All Saints' Day, out of love for his mother's memory, as she had died shortly before that feast. That good mother had brought him up well in his youth, but he had grown careless, and his poverty and hard labor as a street porter sorely oppressed him. On one occasion the sermon which he had gone to hear was preached by St. Philip Neri. He spoke of the necessity of becoming holy. "If," said he, "we wish to die as saints, we must live as saints." These words made a deep impression on the poor man. When he left the church they still rang in his ears, and he pondered how he could become a saint. Some days afterward he presented himself at the door of the Roman Oratory.

"I want," said he to the Brother porter, "to see the saint."

"What saint? What do you wish?"

"The saint I want to see is Padre Philip Neri. I have some business with him."

He was conducted to St. Philip's little room, and as soon as he saw the Apostle of Rome he exclaimed: "I have come to learn to be a saint like you!"

"You are mistaken, my friend," said St. Philip: "I am not a saint at all, but a poor, miserable sinner."

"Are you not, then, Padre Philip Neri?"

"Yes, that is my name."

"Then you are saint enough for me. Teach me the trade. What must I do to be like you?"

St. Philip was silent for a few moments, then he looked tenderly though searchingly on this simple and ignorant man.

"My friend," he said, "do you know how to read?"

"Yes, holy Father, I can read; the monks taught me."

St. Philip then took up a New Testament, and gave it, open, to his visitor, saying,

"Now, my son, read every day four verses—very slowly; and come back to me in a week."

"Read four verses to become a saint? You are joking, Father!"

"No, my son: I am indeed in earnest. But you must read with great attention."

"I promise you I will; and I shall return in a week, as you order. Good-bye!"

In a week he came back.

"Well, my son," said St. Philip, "have you read the four verses faithfully?"

"Four verses, four verses! They are not so easy to get over."

"How comes that?"

"Why, they say you are to pray to God, not to swear at all, to love your enemies, to seek first the kingdom of God. Do you think all that is easy?"

"But you have observed all this?"

"Yes, Father, I have; but sometimes it was precious hard."

"Well, my son, now you are on the road to sanctity. Read four or five more verses, and come back in a week."

The man promised to do so, and departed with St. Philip's blessing. A week passed—he did not come. Another week, and yet another. The Saint began to lose all hope of seeing him again. But at last he appeared, a pitiable object. His head was bandaged and his face covered with scars.

"What has happened, my son? Who has been ill using you like that?"

"You—you, my saint,—you alone are the cause of it!"

"I? What do you mean?" asked St. Philip, in surprise.

"I was on the Albano road with my baskets, carrying a heavy load, when I met a carriage with two horses. The animals took fright at me and my big baskets, rushed off, upset the carriage in a ditch, and broke it all to pieces. The noble-

man who was riding in it sprang on me, threw me into the mud, and beat me about the head with his whip for fully ten minutes. Ah, my saint, how I could have pounded him! Look at these arms! It was not my fault his horses took fright; but one of those verses said: 'If they strike you on one cheek, turn the other.' Well, I had no need to do that; for both cheeks got it from him at once. I said nothing, but picked myself up as soon as he left me. I have been in the hospital ever since—a fortnight now,—and only left it to-day."

St. Philip, moved even to tears, took the man into his arms and pressed his lips against the bruised and scarred face, and ended by inviting the poor porter to become a lay-Brother of the Oratory. Overjoyed at this proposal, he fell at the Saint's feet, weeping grateful tears. He soon became a perfect model of humility, prayer, and obedience; and died after twenty years, in the odor of sanctity.



The "Dies Iræ."

THE "Dies Iræ" has always been considered a masterpiece of expression, and one of the finest gems in the Catholic liturgy. For the past five hundred years this sublime poem has filled Christian hearts with a holy terror mingled with a saving hope—échoes of the promises and threats of the Gospel. By the side of every bier it recalls the supreme destinies of the human race, and traces with terrific energy the circumstances predicted of the last catastrophe. Each stanza reverberates like a thunder-clap or the protracted moan of the world in its agony. It is said that a Bulgarian king was so affected by the sight of a picture of the Last Judgment that he at once embraced the true faith. It is doubtful whether the greatest painting could depict that tremendous scene more

vividly than is done in the "Dies Iræ."

Concerning the author of this poem, as concerning the author of "The Imitation," there is considerable doubt. It has been attributed by some writers to St. Bernard, by others to St. Bonaventure; but neither of these eminent authors merits the distinction, the reason advanced in behalf of each being rather nugatory than solid. Others, among whom may be mentioned Moroni, maintain that the poem is the work of Frangepani Malabranca Orsini, who was created cardinal in 1279 by his uncle, Pope Nicholas III. While the arguments upholding this opinion are not without plausibility, it seems at present pretty well established that the veritable author of the "Dies Iræ" was Thomas of Celano, one of the first disciples and the intimate friend of St. Francis of Assisi.

Apart from the sublimity of the ideas to which the poem gives expression, the "Dies Iræ" is admirable from a literary point of view. The Latin language, so full of force and majesty, lends itself with marvellous effect to the severe genius of the old poet. Each word has its mission; each stanza, restricted within the bounds of a triplet, and made up of those eight-syllable lines so dear to troubadours and *trouvères*, falls thrice on the same rhyme, as if to imitate the tolling of the funereal knell. There is no seeking for effect: throughout the poem is seen the simplicity of a style nourished by biblical reminiscences. Yet what conciseness, what energy, at times what elegiac tenderness, in the appeal and the lamentation! One feels that the poem was born in the depths of a cloister, and took its life from the meditations of a saint. It is only in the world of silence that one hears those echoes from beyond the grave; only to solitude such visions are given; only in the complete forgetfulness of present conditions that one can thus contemplate the future and become absorbed in the provident study of the "eternal years."

In view of the characteristics of this popular chant of the Church, it is not surprising that it has for centuries proved a well-spring of inspiration to poets, painters, and musicians. To cite one or two examples: Justin Kerner, in his celebrated poem "Die wahnsinnige Brüder" (The Foolish Brothers), narrates the history of four brothers who, entering a church for the purpose of deriding the holy mysteries, are suddenly converted upon hearing the singing of the "Dies Iræ." In his tragedy of "Faust," Goethe represents the guilty Margaret kneeling in the midst of a crowd that fills the cathedral, and stricken as by a thunderbolt when she hears the lugubrious chant of death; while the Evil Spirit supplies her with a commentary on each successive strophe. But the poet has reproduced only the more terrifying stanzas:

Dies iræ, dies illa,
 Judex ergo cum sedebit,
 Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

Fronting the dread Angel of Despair, who cries out to the unfortunate Margaret, "*Weh dir!*" (Woe to thee!) he has neglected to place the Angel of Christian Hope, pointing out to the fallen woman the Saviour who raised up Magdalen—

Qui Mariam absolvisti,—

and who tired Himself out in the pursuit of His lost sheep—

Quærens me sedisti lassus.

Despite his genius, Goethe has not risen to the sublime heights of the pious monk of Abruzzi: he lacked faith. Quite otherwise is it in the works of the old Italian painters and sculptors, who drank in turn at the same fountains of inspiration as Thomas of Celano. How well they understood and depicted the divine physiognomy of Jesus Christ, Judge of the living and the dead!

To the musicians belongs a still more faithful commentary on the "Dies Iræ." Among the many who have successfully

treated the magnificent theme with which the poem furnished them, three names may be specially mentioned—Cherubini, Mozart, and Berlioz. It has been well said that in listening to the "Dies Iræ" of Cherubini one can not help crying, but on hearing that of Mozart one sighs for death.

When Mozart composed his Requiem Mass, he was already stricken with the malady that was to carry him off at the age of thirty-six; and he composed it for himself. Unable to complete it, he commissioned his pupil Sussmayer to put the finishing touches to his masterpiece. Once as he listened to the "Lacrymosa" he burst into tears. Mozart was a believer: he gave expression to what he really felt.

After the first notes of the "Dies Iræ" the music becomes more and more resonant; the trumpets clang in unison with the sobs of sinners; the voices fall and rise with an alternateness expressive of the soul's uncertainty, when suddenly this agony is suspended by the formidable

Rex tremendæ majestatis.

Soon, however, dominating the universal fear, swells the touching supplication:

Salve me, fons pietatis!

The "Lacrymosa" is a farewell to the world,—a farewell mingled with tears and smiles, that are lost in a last sigh—

Huic ergo parce Deus!

Mozart's is certainly one of the most admirable interpretations of the grandest hymn of the Middle Ages. And yet is not the impression still more profound when, in some ancient sanctuary, a whole congregation, their thousand voices blending with the grave modulations of the organ, intone the "Dies Iræ" in plain song?

What shall be said of so many Christian men who, after hearing and even admiring this incomparable hymn, return from a funeral service untouched and indifferent? Can nothing move them? Or do they ignore that "nature and death will be affrighted" when "man shall rise to answer to his Judge"?

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A HOMELESS MAN.

NOT far down the street stands a beautiful house. It is no upstart, this stately dwelling; but looks as if it must have sheltered many generations of gentle people since its walls were builded. Around and about it there are roomy expanses of rather shabby sward; and far in the background one catches a glimpse of statues the worse for time and weather, and the remains of what must have been sometime a well-kept garden. The situation is airy and sightly, and the casual passer-by says to his companion: "Ah, there is the ideal home!" But, after a second look: "What are its occupants about? Why do they not open the blinds and let in the sunlight?" Then he shivers, as if a northeast wind were springing up, and does not look again; but all day long, at intervals, his thoughts revert to the house which might be a home, and is only a lonely pile of building material.

We, who have passed this house for many years and know its story, do not shudder. There is no uncanny tale of an unhappy ghost stalking through its commonplace history. Indeed, it has ever proved a fortunate abode; and though it has had a certain share, as all old houses must, of the dramas—now sad, now joyful, now mirth-provoking—which make up the calmest life, it has been singularly free from blood-curdling episodes or conspicuous tragedies. In fact, it may in one sense be said to have no history at all worth speaking of; and so to be, like nations thus favored, exceptionally fortunate. Why, then, do strangers who happen to pass by, or who walk inside the inclosure for the purpose of studying the purest style of colonial architecture,

suddenly think of pressing engagements and hurry away?

The owner of this house is a frequent guest at our Tea-Table,—a shy, sad man, talking little and smiling seldom, but coming again and again. He seems to have no intimate friend except our landlady's little Polly, who, he tells her, is like his own child whom God called home long years ago.

But why this tantalizing preamble, you ask, as if this were a three-volume novel? Why is Mr. Silver so sad, and why does he not open the blinds, and have the grass trimmed and the garden weeded? In short, why does he not act like a sensible man—he looks like one,—and stop this lugubrious mooning around, casting a shadow over a Tea-Table, the first unwritten law of which is that its visitors shall be cheerful—or at least endeavor to be, which is all the same? Why this mystery about a bank president in good health, whose reputation is unsullied, who has no hidden grief, whose wife is known as an admirable woman, whose credit is practically unlimited, and who has nothing on earth to do but to be happy?

The truth is, not to beat longer about the bush, that Mr. Silver is the victim of a pernicious modern habit which is eating the heart out of our boasted American home life. With a winter home in Florida, a cottage at Tuxedo, and this fine colonial residence within a stone's-throw of our Tea-Table, he is really as homeless as the gypsy who swings his kettle wherever night overtakes him; for this admirable wife, so generous in regard to the rector's salary and the Home for Incurables, is the most hopeless of incurables herself, belonging to that army of women who are forever flying off to "recuperate" from the results of this or that fashionable disorder. Now, it is a tendency to heart-failure, an neuralgia, but usually some form of nervous prostration, which necessitates these extended absences. The doctor himself,

who has looked after her physical well-being for forty years, assures me that her distresses are largely the product of her imagination; that too much leisure and its consequent introspection is her only real ill. Montaigne, wise old fellow, writes as follows: "The art of physic is not so resolved that we need go without authority for whatever we do. If your physician does not think it good for you to sleep, to drink wine, to eat such and such meats, never trouble yourself. I will find you another that shall not be of his opinion."

She may not read Montaigne—who does nowadays?—but she discharged her kind and blunt old medical man, whose only fault was candor; and filled his place with a complaisant one, who orders Southern California, or the south of France, or the Adirondacks, according to the caprices of his wealthy patroness.

And thus it comes about that our friend has no home, although he pays taxes on several; and that he forsakes his dreary and poorly-tended splendor, and drops in to our landlady's humble abode to have a cup of Oolong and a chat with Polly, whose face is like the little one over which the violets are blooming. If he were only another sort of man, he might find companionship at the Club; but he has no hankering for the doubtful pleasures of that bachelor's refuge. He is not what is called a "clubable man." He asks only for his chimney-corner, with a shelf of books within reach and a kindly face near at hand—and that is what he can not have. His hearth is so lonely that no cricket has ever the courage to cheer him with the faintest song; and, saddened by "the silence that aches through the house," he spends his days in attending to the requirements of the tyrant business; and the lines on his face grow deeper, and the utter weariness of spirit more apparent. Some day he will die, alone; and then madam's nervous prostration will assume

a more alarming form, and she will be ordered by her accommodating physician to betake herself and her widow's weeds—designed by Worth—to the Riviera, the mountains, or perchance the Nile, according to the season.

She is not an unkind woman, only a mistaken one. Her charities, as we have hinted, are large and freely administered; and she is never weary of lamenting the sad fate which makes her an unwilling exile, and her husband, whose business prevents him from sharing her expatriation, a lonely man. She sends him shells and gems and photographs, and other spoils of travel; and he exists in a lazy servants' boarding-house, and is not sorry that the Silvers are proverbially short-lived.

"Home life?" asked a gilded youth of the period the other day. "There isn't any such thing any more, except among the lower classes. Women go off to recuperate, and men go to the Club. Home life? You must be dreaming."

If our civilization is beginning to decay at the top; if, as the youngster intimated, it is to the lower classes (of course he meant the poorer classes) that we must look for the preservation of that ancient home life of which he has so poor an opinion, then let us sincerely hope that many classes in America may continue "low"—the lower the better. It is in the increase of the idle rich, the growth of the leisure class about whose charms their parasites prate, that danger lies. No amount of the culture which leisure is said to foster, but more often destroys, will make up for the great loss.

It is to the Church that we must look for deliverance from the octopus of leisure when it comes in force,—that Church which holds before her children the example of the Holy Family of Nazareth; and that, in precept and practice, maintains a steady struggle against every evil influence which threatens the old-fashioned home.

The Holy Crown of Thorns.

OUR blessed mother the Church, which is the Bride of Christ, whom He hath espoused in His own Most Precious Blood, in order to pay greater honor to the Passion of her Lord at the season of Lent, and in order to commemorate certain events of the Passion and certain instruments of the Passion not especially referred to in any one of the fourteen Stations of the Cross, has placed in the liturgy, in the Office and Mass, on one day of every week from Septuagesima to Easter, a solemn commemoration of some mystery of the Passion. It is on Tuesday before Lent and on Friday during Lent. On the first Friday of Lent we honor the Crown of Thorns. In a few tender words* the Beloved Disciple shows us Jesus crowned and transfixed to the Cross, in pain and derision, with a royal title.

What a cruel sight it must have been to see the beautiful head of the Son of Man outraged in this manner! It was our sins that pressed the sharp thorns into His brow. A very ancient writer tells us that Jesus was wounded in seventy-two places when the Crown of Thorns, which was made to cover the whole head like a cap, was crushed down upon Him. Origen says that the crown was not taken off at any time; but that Jesus wore it and suffered from it when He was shown to the people, when He carried the cross, and also when He was crucified.

Like the other instruments of the Passion—which, according to the custom of the Romans, were all thrown together into a pit at the place of execution,—the Crown of Thorns was discovered, along with the True Cross, by St. Helena in the fourth century. It is specifically mentioned by St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in the year 409. It is again mentioned by

St. Gregory of Tours; and in the year 800 the Patriarch of Jerusalem sent a few thorns, with some other relics of the Passion, to the Emperor Charlemagne. These were preserved in a shrine purposely erected for them in the abbey church of St. Denis, near Paris. The greater part of the Holy Crown was transferred for safety to Constantinople, when the Saracens threatened to overrun the East. It is mentioned as being in that city in a letter written by the then reigning emperor, in the year 1100, to one of the crusading princes.

The Emperor Baldwin II., having borrowed from some Venetian merchants several hundred thousand golden ducats, consigned this precious relic, as a pledge of repayment, to their appointed representatives. Finding himself, at last, unable to liquidate the debt, Baldwin appealed to St. Louis, King of France, who generously settled for the amount, and received, in return, the same deposit, viz.: the Crown of Thorns. The pious King immediately dispatched two Dominican friars, one of whom had been prior of a convent in Constantinople, to bring the relic to Paris. St. Louis, his brother, and the whole court of France walked out, barefooted, many miles into the country, to receive it as it approached the Capital.

A magnificent shrine, in the form of an enormous reliquary, and called ever since *La Sainte Chapelle*, or the Holy Chapel, was built on the island in the river Seine, which flows through Paris. It is near to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and is still perfectly entire. In it the Crown of Thorns was deposited with great ceremony; and there it remains, having been providentially preserved through the many vicissitudes of fire and flood, and the imminent dangers arising from foreign invasion, civil and religious wars, the great Revolution, and the insurrection of the Commune.

* St. John, xix, 1-5.

Colorless Catholics.

COMMENTING on a remark by a recent reviewer, that in a literary work lately published the author never, in the course of the book, lets the reader quite forget that it is a Catholic who is writing, the *Antigonish Casket* says:

"We confess that we do not see how any real Catholic can write on questions that have to do with the moral being of man and leave his readers in ignorance of what his religion is. One may discuss mathematics and others of the abstract sciences, or may deal with some aspects of trade and commerce, without disclosing his Catholicity; but when one comes to treat of life and its problems, whether it be to follow them in history or literature, to discuss them with reference to the needs of the present, or to set them before us by means of that subtle and most potent modern teacher, Fiction,—the Catholicity that does not appear in the process has not struck its roots very deep."

We quite agree with the *Casket*. Consciously or unconsciously, the literary worker writes himself; and if in any extended work his religion does not become apparent, it is presumably because in his daily life that religion is not a particularly vital force. There are, of course, extremes to be avoided. It is true, as Katharine Conway writes in a late issue of the *Pilot*, that "the Catholic who, with more zeal than tact, insists on enclosing a controversy in his novel, and a direct moral lesson in his 'verse of society,' overshoots the mark, and 'succeeds in annoying but not in edifying the average reader.'" Between such highly-colored Catholicity as is here described, however, and the utter lack of religious coloring that one not infrequently meets with in books by writers of our faith, there is an extensive middle territory, wherein the artist may wield a distinctively Catholic brush without offending in the slightest degree the susceptibilities of any critic whose opinions are worth a moment's consideration.

Not many months ago we received from a Catholic publisher a novel written by a Catholic author. It was a tale of ordinary

domestic life, yet in all its three or four hundred pages there was not a single line from which one could infer that the author or any of the characters even believed in God. It was expected that THE "AVE MARIA" would praise this book, and welcome it as an addition to a department of American Catholic literature as yet somewhat neglected. But we have no encouragement for such books or such writers. We have a right to expect that in books written for Catholics by Catholics, emanating from Catholic publishing houses, we shall at least inhale a Catholic atmosphere; and the creation of such an atmosphere need in no way conflict with the exigencies of literary art.

 Notes and Remarks.

Not until the scales drop from our eyes in the fuller life that awaits us all beyond the tomb shall we know of the innumerable instances in which the protection of the Blessed Virgin averted catastrophes that threatened a speedy ending of our mortal career; but most of us who habitually call on Our Lady in time of peril remember occasions when her succor was as prompt as it was unmistakable. There is an engineer employed on an Eastern railway who attributes, with good reason, a number of his remarkable escapes from mutilation or death to his practice of reciting the *Salve Regina* and other prayers to our Heavenly Mother. One such escape was so palpably preternatural that no amount of argument will ever convince him that it was not a direct answer to prayer. His train was running at the rate of twenty miles an hour, when, as it approached a sharp curve, he noticed a stationary train on the track, not more than a hundred feet beyond. His brakemen, with quite intelligible promptitude, jumped for their lives. He himself reversed his engine, but the proximity of the other train seemed to render a collision inevitable. While reversing, however, he called with hopeful earnestness on the Pro-

tectress who had so often saved him, and during the next few seconds prayed to her with additional fervor. His engine, he declares, seemed to be endowed with tenfold its normal power, and it brought the heavy, rolling cars to a stop within four feet of the motionless train ahead!

Other things being equal, we should much prefer travelling with such an engineer,—one who to skill and prudence in his calling joins a practical devotion to the gracious Queen of Heaven.

The Cardinal of Rheims recently told an incident that redounds to the credit of the working men of that city. The laborers of Rheims, it may be premised, have, through the Catholic social movement, been released from the thrall of socialism and anarchy. Some weeks ago one of a group of working men saw a friend of his, a priest, approaching. Leaving his companions, he advanced to greet his friend; but the latter whispered: "I can not stop: I am carrying the Blessed Sacrament." The laborer turned away, and began to think of the pity of it—that Our Lord had to be hidden in Rheims, and could receive no public honor from the faithful. That evening he spoke of the matter to his associates; and a resolution was carried that henceforth four working men should accompany the Sacred Host as often as It is carried to a sick person. What is more, the resolution has been acted upon: the Blessed Eucharist is now escorted through the streets of Rheims by a working men's guard of honor.

On the 27th of January, at Mount St. Ursula, Pittsburg, Pa., the remarkable life of Margaret Jean Burns was brought to a close. Early in the century a little girl was born among the rugged hills of Scotland. The faith in which she was reared was the most unflinching and narrow Presbyterianism; and in after years, by a sort of spiritual recoil, she and the husband of her choice were carried into the extreme High Church party of the English Establishment by the wave of feeling which swept over the United Kingdom known as the Oxford movement. In that belief her mind found peace until her husband announced to her that he was about

to follow John Henry Newman into the Catholic Church. "Take all my children from me if you will," she declared, "I shall never become a Roman Catholic!" But the ways of God and the workings of His grace are past finding out, and in less than a month she had followed her husband, and was baptized with her five daughters. She lived to see all those daughters take the religious habit and her only son become a priest. For twenty-two years preceding her demise she lived the life of a busy and useful recluse in the Ursuline Convent at Pittsburg, whither her daughters had retreated, owing to the disturbances in France caused by the war with Prussia. Her mind seemed wholly occupied with heavenly things, and she died at the great age of eighty-eight, as peacefully as a child falls asleep. May she rest in peace!

The papal letter recently addressed to the Count Albert de Mun has been received with much satisfaction in France. The Pope says it is now time, especially for Catholics, to forget all minor differences of opinion and to unite for the common good. He exhorts Catholics to give attention to social questions. The Church is the mother of the people, he continues; and the working men who suffer from neglect, or perhaps from oppression, should be helped from their unhappy condition without recourse to violence or the overthrowing of social conditions. The letter was written entirely in French, and ends with an eulogium on the social work of Count de Mun, and the hope that more men like him may arise in France.

The Rev. John F. Harrington, of San Francisco, who is said to have been the first priest ordained in California, has paid the debt of nature and gone to his reward. In many respects his career was as unique as it was useful. He was a native of Ireland, and began his public life as a journalist. He came to the land of his adoption in 1840, and in 1850 began to study for the priesthood. Soon after that he went to California, following in the wake of the immense throngs that pressed to the Pacific coast after the discovery of gold,

and taught in the seminary at the Mission Dolores Church, meanwhile pursuing his theological studies. After his ordination he filled various places of trust, but was finally transferred to St. Francis' parish, San Francisco, over which he presided for twenty years, or until his death. It is impossible to chronicle all the enterprises which were projected and carried to a successful termination by this indefatigable shepherd of souls; and his efforts were ably seconded by his pen, which was ever wielded with a convincing and trenchant vigor. He died at the age of seventy, a faithful priest, a ripe scholar, and a type of the Christian gentleman. May he rest in peace!

A good story is told of M. Michel Renaud, member of the French Senate from the department of the Lower Pyrenees, who died not long ago in Paris. When he first came to the capital as a member of the House of Deputies, he rented two or three rooms in a private hotel. Having paid in advance the hundred and fifty francs that were demanded for the month, the proprietor asked him if he wanted a receipt. "No," said M. Renaud, carelessly: "there is no need of it; after all, God sees us."—"Do you believe in God, sir?" asked the hotel-keeper.—"Of course I do. And you?"—"No, sir, I do not."—"Ah! in that case, yes, I think I had better take a receipt."

The following is the noble and energetic declaration of the Catholic Congress of Ecuador on the subject of the Pope's temporal power. The document, which is translated from the *Revista Catolica*, bears the signature of the Most Illustrious Señor Ordoñez, Archbishop of Quito, and of the most eminent members of the clergy and laity of Ecuador:

"The Catholic Congress of Ecuador, considering: 1. That the Pope has received not from men, but from God, his sacred and inviolable authority; 2. That, consequently, he ought to enjoy entire independence and liberty, without being subject to any potentate of the earth; 3. That the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff is to-day more than ever the only guarantee of this independence and this liberty; 4. That the temporal power of the Pope is necessary to maintain the work of Christian civilization and to preserve Christendom from the hor-

rible catastrophe that threatens it; 5. That the Pope being the visible Head of the universal Church, all Catholics of the world have not only the right, but it is also their duty, to employ all lawful means to bring about the restoration of the temporal power, for the benefit of the government of the Church and even for the good of Italy itself:—Unanimously declares and protests, and declares publicly and solemnly, that it is indispensable and of absolute necessity that the temporal power of which the Holy See has been despoiled be restored.

"Therefore the Catholic Congress of Ecuador hopes that all the citizens of this country and all the Catholics of Spanish America will labor with ardor and perseverance for the re-establishment of the temporal power of the Pope, putting in operation the most efficacious means to secure this end—viz.: 1. To propagate sound doctrines on this point by word, by the press, and by prayer, both in families and in churches, in imitation of what was done by the primitive Church to obtain the deliverance of the Prince of the Apostles; 2. To encourage Catholic congresses, and to establish a central commission, which shall place itself in relation with the commissions of other Catholic countries, and which, in conjunction with them, shall direct the movement that is already on foot."

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. A. J. Harnist, of the Diocese of Louisville, whose death took place on the 18th ult.

Mrs. Julia M. Philibert, who died recently in St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Garret Birch, of Columbus, Ohio, who passed away on the 7th inst.

Mrs. Margaret McLoughlin, whose life closed peacefully on the 25th ult., at Newark, N. J.

Mr. James Phelan, Sr., of Fort Dodge, Iowa, who piously breathed his last on the 9th inst.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brewster, who yielded her soul to God on the 3d inst., at Shullsburg, Wis.

Mr. A. H. Astrico, of Victoria, B. C., who expired on the 25th ult.

Miss Anna Mulcahy, a devoted Child of Mary, who departed this life at Ottumwa, Iowa, on the 6th inst.

Mr. John Howard, of Lawrence, Mass.; Mr. Edward J. Wiseman, Mrs. Joanna Bric, and Mr. Patrick Mansfield, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. John Fogarty, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Lane, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. James Grace, St. Paul, Minn.

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



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Snow-Bird.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

COME, my little snow-bird,
 All the earth is white,—
 Come, my little darling!—
 See, our fire is bright!
 Its red glow shall warm you,
 And you shall be fed
 With a piece of seed-cake
 And some toasted bread.

Come, my little snow-bird!—
 But he flies away!
 Why, O little snow-bird,
 On so cold a day?
 There!—he's at the pane now,
 Glancing merrily;
 And he says: "No, thank you:
 God takes care of me!"

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VIII.

QUITE early in the morning the party were astir. Mr. Colville chose the usual route from Chester to London—that by way of Kenilworth, Warwick, and Stratford-upon-Avon,—and reached Kenilworth about eleven o'clock. As they stepped upon the platform at the station,

Claire was surprised to discover familiar faces among those of the passengers who had also alighted.

"Why, father," she exclaimed, "if there aren't Mr. and Mrs. Flashe and Mollie! How strange that we should meet them!"

"It is rather odd to encounter our next-door neighbors so far from home," said her father. "But this only shows that the world is not so wide, after all. And, of course, we knew they were somewhere abroad."

Alicia darted forward to speak to them. She had always been a favorite with Mrs. Flashe, and Mollie and she were in the same class at school.

"Well, well, my dear child! And Claire and all of you! Where *did* you come from? How very extraordinary that we should meet!" exclaimed Mollie's mother, effusively.

"How perfectly lovely that we happened to come down from Coventry to-day!" added Mollie's self.

"This is very pleasant, certainly," said Mr. Flashe, as he and Mr. Colville shook hands. "We are going over to Stratford on a coach, stopping at Kenilworth and Warwick by the way. It will be a drive of twenty-five miles through one of the most charming districts of England. Will you not join us?"

Mr. Colville willingly consented. The coach was waiting, and they at once secured places. It was not a typical

coach, but a high, open wagon with seats along the sides, popularly termed a brake. There were four horses, a driver and a guard. Several other passengers made their appearance; and then, all being ready, the guard jumped on the steps, sounded a musical blast from his bugle or horn, as a signal for everything to get out of the road, and away they were whirled. Over the landscape hung a light mist, which, without obscuring it, made fields and trees and houses seem unreal, and like the pictures of a dream.

"Why, it is raining!" announced Kathleen. "What a pity this wagon hasn't a top! What do you do when it rains?"

"We just grow, miss," answered the guard, who was a bit of a wag; and, moreover, felt that he must have a reply for every inquiry, since he had undertaken to act as guide. "We seldom have tops to our vehicles; for a beautiful, soft rain like this won't hurt any one."

"No, pussy," whispered Joe. "You are neither sugar nor salt, so you needn't be afraid of melting."

"This is genuine English weather," said Mr. Flashe. "One seldom takes cold in these misty showers; and they are not dreary, because the clouds always look as if the sun were just going to break through."

"I'm glad we have umbrellas, anyway," said practical Kathleen.

The guard smiled. "Never fear, miss," he said: "the day will be fair, and this is one of the finest coaching trips in all England."

The straggling village of Kenilworth appeared very charming to the eyes of our young Americans.

"What a pretty street, and what little boxes of houses!" said Claire. "I wonder why, just here, they are all on one side of the way? How quaint they are, with their pointed roofs and little windows, and their walls covered with ivy and climbing roses!"

"The little gardens are so crowded with flowers that one could hardly turn round in them," remarked Alicia. "And they are

separated by such neatly-clipped hedges."

"See the name over each gate!" added Joe. "Here is Queen's Villa, and there Ivy Lodge. Now we are coming to Fairlawn, which has a plot of grass fully two feet square."

"These homes are like picture-book houses," said Kathleen. "The brick ones are so red that they look as if they'd just been painted; and the hedges are so green, and everything so prim, as if put there to stay and would never change. If we could come back here a hundred years from now, I suppose we should find everything just the same."

A sharp turn in the road revealed a bit of sylvan scenery, and then the horses began to climb the hill at the summit of which stand the remains of the castle founded by the fierce Simon de Montfort, who, despite his arbitrary methods, is entitled to the credit of having inaugurated the representation of boroughs in the English Parliament.

"It was here," said Mr. Colville, "the Earl of Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth with a prodigal hospitality and splendor, the fame of which spread far and wide, but which so impoverished him that from this royal visit dates the fall rather than the betterment of his fortunes."

Hedges of holly now replace the battlements; and over bastion and wall and tower spreads the ivy, like charity, covering with its green mantle the architectural defects and decay of this historic pile of old red sandstone; and, like charity, too, endowing everything with which it comes in contact with something of its own loveliness and charm.

The young people grew enthusiastic over the ruins. After wandering around until she was tired, Claire found a sheltered spot, and proceeded to sketch the central tower. Alicia stood gazing up at Amy Robsart's turret, as if she half expected to see a sweet, sad face at the vine-wreathed window. She peered into all the myste-

rious nooks and corners, that looked as if they might have been donjons in the olden time; and asked innumerable questions of the deaf old woman who, as guardian of the place, followed her everywhere, and whom she seemed to think old enough to remember all about the Queen's visit, and the sports and games and merry-makings of those days.

Joe and Kathleen were not so interested in the historic associations, or bent upon acquiring information. They played tag in the splendid banqueting hall, which now has no other roof than the sky, no carpet but the soft grass, no adornment save the clustering ivy. They found that among the tumble-down walls was just the place for a game of hide-and-seek; they called to each other, and listened for the echoes; they explored the ruins thoroughly; and when Mr. Colville called that it was time to be going, Joe said:

"Well, pussy, the others could soon trip us up in history; but I bet we know more about Kenilworth Castle as it stands than any one in this party."

The guard had sounded his horn two or three times before Claire could be induced to abandon her sketch. Alicia lagged behind, and plucked an ivy leaf to put in her letter to Alma Simmes; she also made a dash at the hedge as they passed and secured a twig. The half-blind-looking old woman, who had hovered about so persistently, was now in front, but one would think she had eyes in the back of her head; for she instantly discovered what was going on, and called out for the hundred and fiftieth time, as Alicia declared:

"It is not hallowed to touch the 'olly or the hives!"

"Isn't it?" laughed Alicia, throwing her a threepenny bit. "I'm sorry. Why didn't you mention it before? I'll try to remember next time."

The rest of the party were already at the gate, but Mrs. Flashe and her daughter

wanted to get some photographs. They seemed to have come to Europe principally for the sake of buying photographs and souvenirs. Whenever they arrived at a place, they would take a general survey of it, and then rush to the booths to shop. The others took their places, the guard blew his horn till he was out of breath, but still the lady argued with the old woman about the price of the views of the Castle, and debated which she liked best; while Mollie could not make up her mind whether she would bring home a shilling paper-knife or a sixpenny mirror as a memento of Kenilworth. These important questions being at length decided, the brake set off once more. The route now lay through the heart of Warwickshire, one of the loveliest counties of England. The road, as level and hard as a floor, led amid meadows bright with scarlet poppies, and by verdant hillsides.

"How pretty the fields look, all divided off by green hedges!" said Kathleen. "We hardly ever see even a stone-wall, and I don't believe they have anything like an ugly rail-fence in all this country."

"And it is so new to us to see sheep in almost every pasture!" added Alicia. "How white their fleece is, and what a pretty picture they make! I did not know that sheep were raised in such numbers here."

"All this part of England is like a beautiful garden," said Claire. "There seems to be no stubble nor rough land anywhere. The meadows are like velvety lawns, and the little knolls as smooth and beautiful as those of Central Park."

"That is not surprising when we consider that it is centuries since this land was reclaimed from the wilderness," answered Mr. Colville.

"And, then," continued Joe, "you see, so much of this tract is pasture land. It is the sheep and cattle, Claire, that keep the fields so closely clipped, and of course the new grass always looks fresh and green."

"Right you are, young gentleman!" interposed the guard. "You're a smart un, I can see, and keep your heyes hopen. But the moist climate of Hengland has the most to do with making everything look as if it 'ad, so to speak, just left the Creator's 'and."

"Yes, the almost incessant showers keep every possible speck of dust from the trees and hedges," said Claire. "Over here, nature reminds me of a very tidy and rather fussy mother, who is continually washing her children's faces."

The guard smiled.

"Oh, but lit isn't always a-raining 'ere, miss!" he said. "Often we don't get a shower more than two or three times a day, and sometimes not for a whole day."

Alicia and Kathleen giggled; it was so funny to hear any one boast of there being a fine day occasionally!

"See!" he added, "the sun is coming out now. So you can shut up your humbrellas; for you won't need them for the best part of the afternoon, I'll wager."

The guard was very obliging. No doubt he had visions of a tip, but he did his best to deserve one. Every little while he would jump off the brake to gather some of the flowers that grew by the wayside. Now he tossed sprays of wild roses and again sprigs of hawthorn into the laps of the girls.

"What a pity the hawthorn flowers are gone!" observed Claire. "I've always wanted to see the hawthorn in bloom."

"Then you should have come in May, miss," said he. "Ah, in May the hedges are all white with blossoms, and look just like long rows of bouquets!"

He darted away once more, and presently returned with a twig from an oak tree.

"Look here now!" he said. "This is something curious. It is a bit of a silver hoak, a variety seldom found—about 'ere, at any rate."

The tourists examined it with interest. The leaves were smaller than those of the

American species, and striped with a lighter silvery green. Claire put several of them between the pages of her sketch-book, saying,

"I shall keep them as a souvenir of our first coaching trip."

Finding the guide so loquacious, the young people could not help quizzing him a little. They succeeded in puzzling the simple, good-natured fellow considerably; for he was never quite sure they were jesting, but seemed to suspect that as they hailed from America—a place which he evidently considered a wild country,—they must be woefully ignorant upon many points. Sometimes, therefore, as Joe expressed it, he got even with them.

Alicia prided herself upon her interest in cattle. When visiting Aunt Janet, who lived on a farm, often, if taking a walk at sunset, she would stop at the pasture bars, where the cows were waiting for the farm boy and the collie dog to come and bring them home. She liked their beautiful, mild eyes, and the fragrance of their sweet breath; and flattered herself that she could recognize the deer-like head and fawn-colored coat of an Alderney anywhere. Now she remarked the fine stock in the fields. Of these some were large and black, with great, spreading horns; others were smaller, short-horned, and snow-white. The former were magnificent looking creatures; the latter graceful, shapely, and beautiful as the legendary hind so familiar in English tradition. Alicia admired these last particularly.

"Guard!" she cried, nodding her head toward a herd they were passing, and attracting his attention from Claire, to whom he was explaining something about primroses and Lord Beaconfield's day,—
"O guard, what kind of cattle are those?"

He stopped talking and stared blankly at her. Was it possible there were no such animals in America! Come to think of it, he had never inquired particularly. He knew there were buffaloes, but perhaps

that was the only kind of stock raised in those parts. He could see she was quite serious in her inquiry, however; so he said:

"Why, those are keows [cows], miss!"

This reply called forth a general laugh at Alicia's expense. The guard laughed too when he found out what she meant.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "you want to know the names! Well, the white keows are called just Short 'Orns, and the black are 'Erefords [Herefords]."

Our travellers now began to meet rural folk in holiday attire, and apparently upon merrymaking bent, walking along in the same direction. These rustic wayfarers glanced up at them with much the same mild and condescending curiosity as the sheep and herds, then continued on their way with stolid indifference.

"Where are all the people going?" said Kathleen; "and why are they so gayly dressed? One would think it was Sunday."

"You see," answered the guard, "this is the day of the great annual Cattle Show and Fair, which is to be held yonder; and about everybody, gentle and simple, in the whole neighborhood for miles and miles about, will be there."

(To be continued.)

The Cardinal and the Cake.

The attachment of master and servant sometimes deserves to be called one of the tender relationships of life. A little story told of Cardinal Fleury well illustrates this. He possessed a valet so faithful and attached, that to him were accorded many unusual privileges, which enabled him to make the Cardinal's life more pleasant and peaceful.

One day the master, now grown very old, addressed Barjac, the servant, in a somewhat disconsolate way.

"I am ninety," he said. "I think Death has forgotten me. My usefulness is over,

and it can not be but a short time before I am imbecile and helpless."

"Why, my dear master," replied Barjac, "you are not old! A little sociability will do you good. May I have the pleasure of arranging a quiet dinner for you and your friends on the approaching festival?"

"Arrange whatever you like," said the Cardinal.

"And the list—"

"Invite whom you choose. Only don't bother me about it. At my age even the exertion of selecting a dozen friends to sit at my table would be too much."

"As you please, your Eminence," said Barjac, a plan instantly forming itself in his wise head.

The festival came round, and the guests gathered. They were fourteen in number. No one had sent a refusal. Toward the end of the dinner a large cake was brought in. It was then the custom for the youngest person present to divide that toothsome delicacy, and so the host said:

"Whoever has the fewest years must cut the cake. Barjac will hand a knife."

"He need not hand it to *me*," announced the guest on his right hand; "for I was ninety-two years old last January."

"And I," said his left-hand neighbor, "must plead guilty to ninety-four years."

Then each one told his age; and, to the Cardinal's extreme astonishment, he found that he, who thought Death had forgotten him, was the youngest person present!

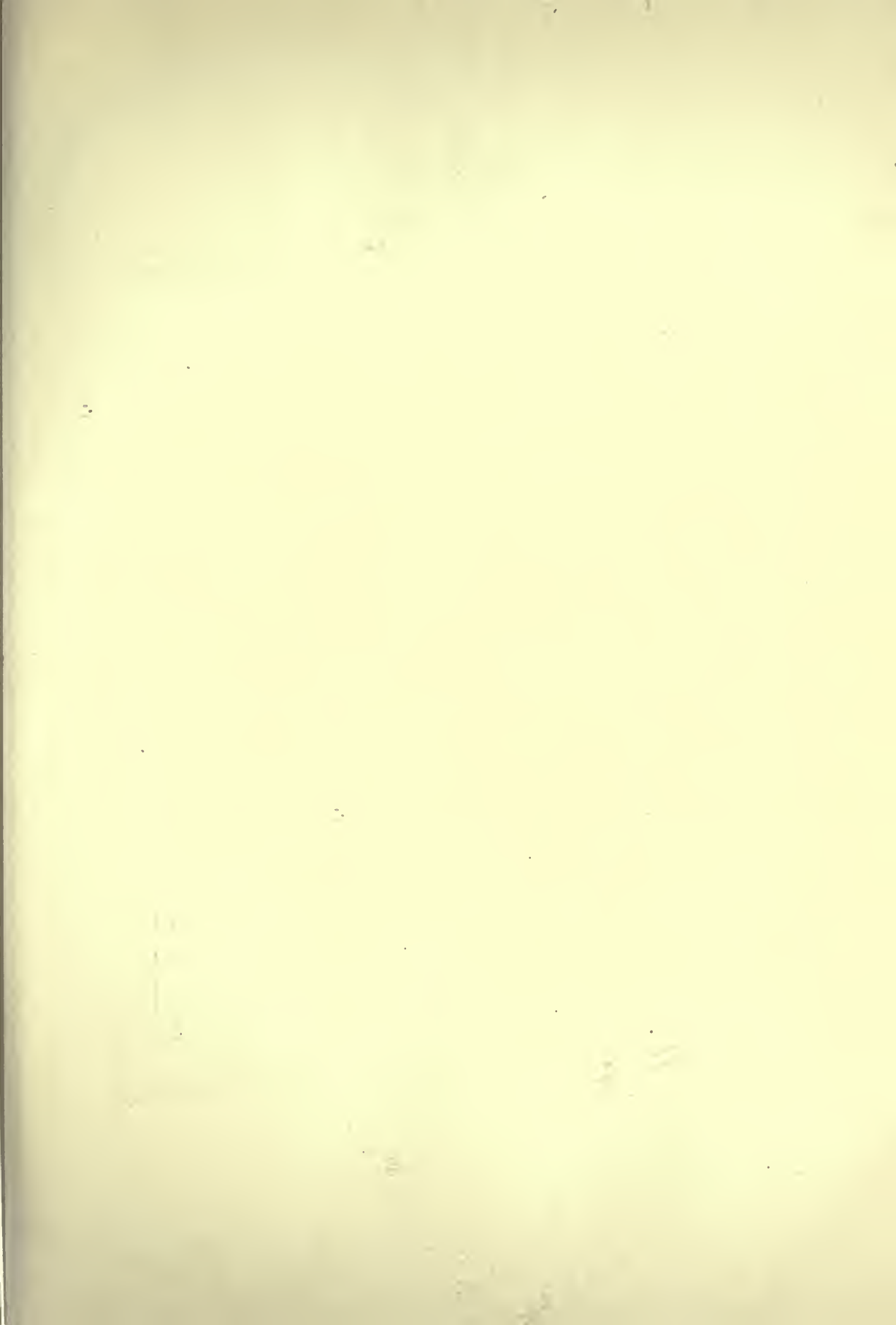
"Then must *I* cut the cake?" he asked.

"Why, certainly, your Eminence!" answered all present, delighted beyond measure at their host's surprise.

"Ah, I can't understand this!" he said, plunging the knife into the triumph of the cook's art. Then, catching sight of his valet's smiling face, he saw through his stratagem, and cried: "Ah, Barjac, you dear old rascal! I am not so old that you can not make me happy!"

And Barjac was happy, too.

FRANCESCA.





POPE LEO XIII.

Born, March 2, 1810.

First Communion, June 21, 1821.

Ordination, Dec. 23, 1837.

First Mass, Dec. 31, 1837.

Episcopal Consecration, Feb. 19, 1843.

Created Cardinal, Dec. 19, 1853.

Crowned Pope, March 3, 1878.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 4, 1893.

No. 9.

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

To Leo XIII.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

I.

“**LUMEN DE CÆLO**” * do we read thy name,
 In mystic lore previsioned long ago?
 Then, such the wisdom thou hast made to flow
 Like light around thee: for from Heaven it came.
 If nations heed it not, but theirs the blame.
 It shines for all, with pure and placid glow:
 Ay, harbinger of peace, like Noah's bow;
 And eloquent with Pentecostal flame.

“Great Leo the Peacemaker,” men will say,
 Who gather fruit in better times to be,
 Reaping what thou hast sown. In times
 not far,
 I ween, though darkness follow swift the day
 Of thy bright reign—till faith-lit eyes shall see
 “Pastor Angelicus,” triumphant star.

II.

“**LUMEN IN CÆLO**” reads thy title too.
 And this thou art in Heaven's wide kingdom here—
 The Holy Church. A light to love, to fear—

* There seem to be two readings of this title: “Lumen de Cælo”—Light from Heaven; and “Lumen in Cælo”—Light (or A Light) in Heaven. Each is singularly appropriate, as I have shown in these sonnets.

As men would seek, or shun, the good, the true.
 But other sense, methinks, the prophet knew;
 Since one meek soul * hath found it sweetly
 clear:—

There is an Eye in Heaven †—Our Lady dear—
 Whose watchful glance the baffled Fiend doth
 rue.

For thou, O Pontiff, with unerring voice,
 Hast bidden us call on Mary, loud and long.
 And in thy hand chief weapon we behold
 Her Rosary—the unletter'd peasant's choice.
 O simplest prayer, yet still divinely strong
 As when its worth Lepanto's glory told!

Our Holy Father Leo XIII.



HERE is a joy and
 enthusiasm now pervad-
 ing the whole Christian
 world because of the
 golden jubilee anniver-
 sary of the Vicar of
 Christ, our Sovereign
 Pontiff Leo XIII., now happily reigning.
 For months past millions of faithful people,
 in every nation on the face of the globe,
 have vied with one another in manifesta-
 tions of veneration, gratitude, and devotion

* A favored French domestic, Madeleine Porsat. (See “The Christian Trumpet,” sixth edition, p. 196.)
 † “Lumen” means “eye” in poetry, therefore also in prophecy.

toward him who is their divinely constituted chief shepherd, and whom they look upon as the Father of their souls. And their homage has been one grand testimony to the unity of faith and devotion characteristic of the true Church and her children; while forming a fitting expression of the sincerity and enthusiasm with which they rejoice and congratulate their common Father upon the completion of fifty years of devoted possession of the plenitude of the priesthood.

The career of the present Pontiff, from the time of his consecration as bishop, on the 19th of February, 1843, has indeed been eventful and glorious. More strikingly, perhaps, has this been manifested before the world since his elevation to his present commanding position on the Chair of Peter; but none the less true is it that while passing through the lower orders of the priesthood and the hierarchy, whether as the simple Father Joachim Pecci or as the distinguished Bishop of Perugia, he exercised, for the good of society and the promotion of religion, those extraordinary powers of mind and heart with which he is gifted.

After his consecration he was appointed Apostolic Delegate to Brussels, and for three years represented the Holy See at the court of Belgium. He became Archbishop of Perugia in the year 1846, being then in the thirty-sixth year of his age and the ninth of his priesthood. It was the same year that Pius IX. ascended the Papal Chair, during the thirty-two years of whose reign Mgr. Pecci governed with wisdom and glory the see to which he had been assigned. During that time it is said of him that he was acknowledged by his brother bishops and the people of Italy as one of the most enlightened ecclesiastics, one of the most saintly pastors, one of the most eloquent and courageous teachers of God's word that the Church had possessed for centuries. Nor is there on record a more illustrious example than his of a

life spent in defending his flock from the inroads of revolutionary impiety and immorality, and in withstanding the attacks made on his clergy, on freedom of conscience, and the institutions of the Christian family.

In the year 1878 Mgr. Pecci was raised to the Sovereign Pontificate, and from the very outset the influence of his grand soul was felt in the religious and social world. Never, perhaps, since the beginning of the Church did the successor of St. Peter ascend the pontifical throne in the midst of such trials and dangers as confronted Leo XIII. Society shaken to its very foundations by the spirit of revolution, the princes of the world inimical to the Church, the independence of the Papacy threatened even within the Vatican walls, —such was the aspect presented before him as he looked out over the world, whose direction had been entrusted to him. But soon did he begin to show himself truly the *Lumen in Cælo*. His gigantic mind grasped the situation; and, directed by the Spirit of God, one by one remedies have been applied to existing evils. Prejudices have been gradually removed, dangers avoided, storms appeased.

His teachings have solved the great problems which disturb society at the present day; and were governments and peoples to follow the counsels which he has given, and make them the basis of public and private life, it would be an easy task to bridge over the abyss which now lies between the two great and opposing elements in the social organism. He has defended and maintained the rights of the Catholic hierarchy, and has given a new impulse to the pursuit of sacred studies; thereby to ensure and promote the dignity and respect due to the ministers of God. He has shed the light of his superior wisdom upon the study of natural sciences, the progress of which forms the great boast of our age. Recognizing science as the handmaid of faith,

he has declared that philosophical and scientific studies are to be pursued with a view to arrive at truth; and thus science, when enlightened by the Church, will become one of the most powerful motive forces in the advancement of human happiness. The work which he has accomplished in the political world has been the wonder and admiration of all. Governments have been drawn to him; and even amongst the most bitter adversaries of the Papacy there is not one who does not acknowledge the virtues, the dignity, the grand intellectual power and wisdom of him who now guides the Bark of Peter through the troublous waters of the ocean of Time.

So, too, with a zeal truly characteristic of the Father of the Faithful, he has labored most effectively to provide for the spiritual wants of the souls entrusted to his care, by giving a new impetus to the practice of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Holy Rosary, that most cherished of all devotions in honor of the Mother of God, has received from him a new splendor, which has served to attract countless numbers of cold and unfeeling hearts in the world of to-day, and has proved a most potent factor in the awakening of a grand spirit of faith and piety among Christians everywhere.

As Pius IX., of blessed memory, was called the Pontiff of the Immaculate Conception, because of the resplendent diadem he had placed in the crown of glory encircling the Queen of Heaven; so Leo XIII. has been fittingly named the Pontiff of the Holy Rosary, because, like his sainted predecessor, he has sought to promote the glory of Mary before the world, adding another to the titles of veneration and love which the Church bestows upon Her, and calling upon Her children to appeal to Her in the loving invocation, "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us!"

In a word, Leo XIII. has given a new splendor to the apostolic ministry. By his

pontifical bulls, and the majesty of the authority with which he is invested, he has proclaimed and sustained the rights of truth and justice throughout the world. As day by day and month by month the years pass by, each in its turn is ever presenting, through his ministry, a new and striking confirmation of the fact so deeply impressed upon every true Catholic heart—that the Spirit of God abides with the Church which the Redeemer of the world founded upon earth, and to which He entrusted the guardianship and direction of souls that He had come to save.

If ever, in this vale of tears through which we must pass on our earthly pilgrimage, there moved a tongue that spoke words which lifted the soul up above the mire of error and passion, it is that of Leo XIII., our Sovereign Pontiff. His is a voice that brings consolation to the afflicted, and ensures relief to the distressed; that resounds in the midst of the restless throng led away by false teachings, and recalls all honest souls to a realization of the demands of justice, honor, truth, and virtue.

Well, therefore, may all faithful hearts, in every nation and country, rejoice upon this happy anniversary, and thank God for having so strikingly manifested His ever-watchful providence over the destinies of the Church in giving her so great a Pontiff. Millions of her children will kneel before the altar of God and pour forth fervent prayers to the Throne of Grace that length of days may be granted to our Holy Father, that he may continue to labor for the good of the Church, of princes and of peoples; and that we may all live to see that day so ardently longed for when, restored to the liberty and power which of old invested the Sovereign Pontificate, he may exercise in the Eternal City his apostolic authority for the triumph and glory of the kingdom of God upon earth.

Long live our Holy Father Leo XIII.!

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IX.—CONVERSATION.

BERNICE stood with her back to the door as her father and Edward Conway entered. She was looking absent-mindedly out the window. She turned as they entered, and Conway made up his mind that he would like her. In the first place, her hair was not short,—he had made up his mind that the owner of the book on the Golden Lotus should wear her hair short. In the second place, she had frank, honest eyes; and she held out her hand in a very cousinly manner when the Major said:

“I want to present Edward Conway, Bernice.”

The troubled look on Bernice's face passed away for a moment, and she smiled more than was usual for her to do in meeting a stranger. It was in answer to Conway's inartificial greeting. For a moment she felt that her disgust for the world, and for most of the men in it, was not altogether so deep as she had imagined.

Conway was tall, rather slight, with a well-modelled nose, light brown hair and mustache, and a complexion made ruddy by the sun. His eyes were grayish blue, with occasionally a spark of humor in them. He was not specially graceful in his movements: he had nothing of the manner which passed for the tone of good society in Bernice's set. She noticed that his bow was a little too low for good form, and that his coat was not so clumsy as the English mode demanded; and he shook her hand in quite the “provincial” way. But she made up her mind at once that he was a thoroughly well-bred man. There was a delicate courtesy in his manner to her, which pleased her at once. And his accent, which was Virginian and provincial, charmed her, too. She was a little

tired of Giles' careful Oxford inflections and of the studied English accent of nearly everybody she knew. It was evident that Conway's early speech had not been caught from a French *bonne* or the fashionable English governess. There was just a suspicion of the African softness in it.

The Major scanned Conway's broad shoulders and muscular-looking hands with approval.

“I always depend on Bernice to say grace,” said the Major, with a slight frown. “She sometimes forgets.” And he made the Sign of the Cross in a way that showed he had not forgotten.

Bernice smiled slightly. In any other man she would have looked on this religious pretence as a bit of the meanest hypocrisy; but she never applied this uncompromising standard to her father. What would have shocked her in others, in him only made her smile. Conway saw her relapse into absent-mindedness with a certain relief. His appetite was sharp, and the consciousness that Bernice was watching him as he mowed his way through the chops and roast potatoes would have made him uncomfortable.

“You are not weighing so much as you ought,” said the Major. “When I was your age—you're about twenty-five, I should guess,—I weighed more.”

“Perhaps,” said Conway, with a twinkle in his eye, “you had a better appetite.”

“Not at all,—not at all!” returned the Major. “I never have had an appetite. My wife always complained of that. Nothing suited me. A little breakfast, a bite in the middle of the day, a muffin and a cup of tea at five o'clock, and a little dinner at half-past seven,—and I can do as much work as any man! I meant that you were thinner than you ought to be.”

“Hard work keeps me down,—another cup of coffee, if you please; and I will take another chop, thank you!”

This he said with a glance at Bernice, who, he saw from the look on her face, had

gone off into the land of dreams. "What a considerate girl!" he thought. "How kind of her not to try to entertain me! She's the only girl I think I could love!" He choked his chuckle in the coffee cup, and amiably permitted Maggie to give him another potato.

"Work?" asked the Major. "Raymond did not leave much, I fancy?"

"I reckon I'd work whether he left much or not,—but I hardly think I'd do my own ploughing or look after the cranberry-swamp so closely. I am a farmer when I am at home."

Conway's lip quivered a little. This announcement was so different from what Judith Mayberry would have expected him to say to the arrogant Yankee.

"Raymond left a large family?" said the Major, with a slight frostiness in his tone. It suddenly occurred to him that this young man might have come as one of a large family with designs on his pocket-book.

"There are two of us—Margaret and myself. Three, rather; for a cousin of my mother's—my mother was one of the Bradfords of Culpepper," Conway said, with a certain touch of pride, of which Judith would have approved—"lives with us. Judith Mayberry is, in fact, one of ourselves."

"I hope—that is—you will pardon me for mentioning that Raymond did not marry beneath him—" began the Major.

"Beneath him!" Conway dropped his fork, and smiled incredulously at the Major. "I think I told you that my mother was a Bradford of Culpepper!"

"Oh!" the Major said, subdued but indignant.

Bernice rose suddenly from her abstraction at this exclamation. After all, she had duties as a hostess, and she asked Maggie to bring something sweet.

"There's one thing," said the Major, "that I never permit to enter this house, and that's pie!"

Maggie's face fell at this, and she waved her tray a little uncertainly.

"Pie is an American abomination. It permeates the land; it murders patriotism; it produces insanity by corrupting the juices of the stomach, which, as we all know, affect the brain. Pie is at the root of the absurd inefficiency of our navy; it is—"

Maggie, reddening, whispered into Bernice's ear.

"We are very fond of pie in Virginia, sir," said Conway; "and we have never been accused of lack of patriotism."

"Pie," continued the Major, solemnly, "is death! I should rather see a boiled serpent on my table than that abominable American compound."

Bernice nodded, and Maggie left the room.

"Until Americans get over their appetite for pie, they will dwindle, sir,—they will dwindle!"

Maggie, with a slight flush of defiance on her face, entered, bearing a plump apple-pie.

"It's all we have, sir," she said. "Cook had no time to make anything else."

The Major's jaw fell. Conway and Bernice exchanged glances. They were friends from that moment.

"Let me give you a piece of the tart, with a little cream," Bernice said.

"I am devoted to tart," Conway replied, gravely. "And I think that the Major is probably right about pie. Henceforth I shall confine myself to tart and let pies alone. By the way, I saw a man strolling about the place this morning who looked—his back was toward me—very like my father."

"Was he a tramp,—I mean had he shabby clothes and that peculiar, aimless look that tramps have?" asked Bernice.

"He had a surly, bloated face."

"Yes: I saw him in the oaks. And, now that I think of it, he reminded *me* of somebody—why, it was papa here!"

The Major was made to arise. Conway

and Bernice, to drive away the slight unpleasantness they saw gathering on his brows, insisted that he should walk across the room, that his back might be examined and compared. He stepped out erect, in his best military manner, wishing that he was in uniform instead of in a fawn-colored dressing jacket.

"Exactly," said Conway. "People said that there was nobody in the place with so straight a back as my father's, except Colonel Payne Carter."

"The tramp reminded me of papa," said Bernice. "I couldn't think who it was at the time."

"The Conway back!" said the Major, complacently. "If any tramp has it, it's a sign of good blood."

Bernice rose at this.

"I always take a nap in my study after luncheon," the Major said. "I'll leave you in Bernice's hands for a while. Tell him whom we expect to dinner, and let him gauge his conversation to suit them. It won't take much effort," the Major concluded, opening his study door. "Oh, by the way, Bernice," he added, "did I tell you that Giles is not coming to dinner? And Maggie tells me that the Ward boy is out of danger; so there wasn't any harm done, after all. If that boy had died, you could have been as romantic as you liked. As it is, there's no tragedy at all. But as Giles won't come, you will have to. I'm too sleepy for argument. My dear boy," the Major remarked before closing the door, "your cousin is very sentimental."

Bernice was not altogether pleased to have Conway left on her hands—for an hour at least. She was inclined to like him. As to whether he liked her or not, she was altogether indifferent. She wanted to be alone with her thoughts. The epoch in her life had come, and she was anxious to treat it with due respect. Her point of view, intensified by her reading, was analytical as regarded herself. And, again, she would have to consider what she should

say to all those people who were to come to wish her happiness and to congratulate Giles. She could not coolly announce that she believed him to be as much of a coward as a man who had turned his back to the enemy in battle. A reason for the breaking of the engagement must be found, and her father must be persuaded not to blurt out the truth. Bernice sighed, as Conway lifted the curtain that divided the dining-room from the parlor. As she did so he looked at her with new interest. Why should this girl, beautiful, rich, hedged about with all care, be sad? Margaret, when she thought that only his life stood between her and want, might sigh; but this girl was different.

Bernice caught his look. It spoke his thought, as glances do much more quickly than words. Had he been a man of her own set, she would have resented it; but he was not. His accent, his movements, the cut of his coat, the frank, inartificial air about him, made a great difference. Her hoarded maxims of conventionalities did not seem to apply here. She led the way to a little conservatory off the parlor. Through the clear, wide glass the river was visible between the black, waving trees and banks patched with drifted snow. The pink and white azaleas and the Chinese primroses were the only flowers in bloom among the masses of tropical foliage.

"You may smoke here," Bernice said. "It's good for the plants, I believe. You will find cigars behind the ferns."

"Thank you," Conway answered. "And so we are cousins?"

"Papa will make out the relationship exactly when he has had his nap. He is very fond of that sort of thing."

Bernice smiled and was very gentle and deferential. She abhorred the Daisy Miller type of girl, and she had been trained carefully to avoid effusiveness. Conway made up his mind that she was bored, and he wished that she would not try to be so polite. He handed her a chair, at the

same time wishing that he could find some pretext for being alone with his cigar.

Maggie entered with the coffee-pot and cups, and put them on the little table.

"O Maggie," Bernice said, "papa tells me that Willie Ward is better!"

"It's true, ma'am," answered Maggie. "And the priest has been to see him a second time."

"Thank you! You may go, Maggie. There's a lad of whom I am very fond, and he has been ill. We have been anxious about him. He has the sweetest voice!"

"Poor boy!" Conway said, as he noted the grace with which she handled the little cups, and wondered why women and flowers in the environment of home are the only things in this world that are perfectly graceful. "Artistic temperament, I suppose? He ought to have died. These delicate and sensitive temperaments are like the porcelain vases pushed down a stream with the metal pots. Death is better for them; because, if they are good, they go at once to the glory of God, and here they have only tantalizing glimpses of it. It is so with my sister Margaret."

"Is she married?"

Conway smiled. "Oh, no! I thought I told you. We live together—the three of us—at our place."

"And you are very fond of the South?" she asked, rather absent-mindedly. "All the Southerners are."

"I am very fond of Virginia," said Conway. "I don't know much about the rest of the South. Of course when I say Virginia, I mean old Virginia,—West Virginia isn't my country."

"Isn't that rather narrow?" asked Bernice.

"Perhaps so," answered Conway, smiling again. "I am afraid we are not so anxious to be broad in Virginia as you are up here. We don't reason so much, but we feel more."

"We reason a great deal; but I don't think it makes much difference," said Ber-

nice, wearily. "I wish we reasoned less."

The humorous twinkle in Conway's eyes showed itself. Bernice, noting it, felt like asking him what he meant.

"I mean," she added, "we analyze ourselves too much. If our civilization were more rudimentary, we should be more quick to feel and to act, less critical, a trifle more—"

"Barbarous, like us of the South. Thank you, Miss Conway! You read a great deal in the North?"

"We read a great deal at Swansmere. The North is a big name."

"Isn't that rather narrow—but never mind. I opened a curious book in my room,—something about the Nirvâna and the Lotus. Do people—real people—believe in that sort of thing?"

"They do, of course. I have outgrown it. Lal Shin Fane's book, you mean? He was a mahatma,—a most fascinating personality. Theosophy is a protest against formalism, you know. But I'll send you into dinner with Miss Zenobia Winslow; she'll tell you all about it. She's written a book, you know. She has almost the mahamatic power, she thinks."

"If you don't mind, I'd rather go in with somebody else. She might get one of her inspirations at the table."

Bernice looked at him quickly. His eyes were averted, and he seemed so grave that she could not very well show that she wanted to take offence.

(To be continued.)

To arrange the things among which we have to live is to establish the relation of property and of use between them and us; it is to lay the foundation of those habits, without which man tends to the savage state. I distrust both the intellect and the morality of those people to whom disorder is of no consequence. What surrounds us reflects more or less that which is within us.—*Emile Souvestre.*

Foster-Father of Our Lord.

BY M. ELIZABETH STACE.

ST. JOSEPH, when, your heart with
rapture thrilling,

You heard from Jesus' lips in accents sweet
The name of "Father," with sweet music
filling

The happy air, how fast your pulses beat!

How oft that Sacred Heart, with love o'er-
flowing,

Beat close to yours, when, held in fond
embrace

Within your shelt'ring arms, He pressed His
glowing,

Fair infant cheek in love against your face!

St. Joseph, when those tender hands so
willing

Strove with fond zeal your daily task to aid,
With gentle words your loving protests stilling,
How light His presence all your labor made!

St. Joseph blest, beneath your roof so lowly
Jesus advanced in wisdom, age and grace;
Subject in all to you and Mary holy,—

The grand Exemplar of our fallen race.

Dearest of saints, your Foster-Child doth
teach us

To call you "Father" and to love you well;
And richest blessings through your favor
reach us,

Our patron true whilst here on earth we
dwell!

♦♦♦
Praised by a Pope.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

FROM the time when St. Patrick, in so
brief a period, converted all Ireland to
Christianity down to the days in which
we ourselves are living, our Blessed Lady
has always been able to count hosts of
devoted servants among the maidens of
that island, where her own sweet name
has ever been a favorite one for Celtic

mothers to bestow upon their daughters.
The story of one Irish namesake of hers,
who lived nearly three hundred years ago,
and whose fidelity to the teachings of her
faith was shown in so striking a manner
as to evoke eulogies from all Christian
Europe and to elicit praises from the
reigning Pope, may be recited here anew;
not because Mary O'Donnel's brave and
noble deeds would not have been done by
many another Irish girl in similar circum-
stances, but because of the fact that a
glorious opportunity came to her of prov-
ing herself a worthy wearer of Our Lady's
name, and was gladly and heroically
embraced.

In the early part of the seventeenth
century, or, to be precise, in the year 1605,
Rory O'Donnel, who succeeded to the
earldom of Tirconnel after the death of his
elder brother Hugh in Spain, was falsely
accused of conspiring against the crown,
then worn by the weak and debased James
I., and was compelled to seek safety by
flight. Owing to the circumstance that
she was soon to become a mother, his
wife, the Countess—for though he became
the head of the House of Tirconnel on
the death of his brother, her husband
retained his former title, and was still
known as Count O'Donnel—was unable
to accompany him in his exile. She
actually tried to do so, but was prevented
by the authorities, who, angry at the
escape of the Count, sent her under a
strong guard to England, where her
daughter, the heroine of this sketch, was
born and duly baptized by the name of
Mary O'Donnel.

For some reason or other—possibly
because he became aware that the charges
preferred against Count O'Donnel were
false—the English sovereign, learning of
the death of the exile at Rome, took this
child under his own protection, and
ordered that she should thenceforth be
called Mary Stuart. After some years of
enforced residence in England, Countess

O'Donnel obtained permission to return with her daughter to Ireland, where she bestowed every care upon her child's education, and took particular pains to strengthen her faith, for which her gallant husband had suffered so much and made so many sacrifices—forfeiting his estates and preferring death in exile to any act that might be interpreted as apostasy on his part.

When Mary O'Donnel (to call her by her real name) had reached her twelfth year, she received an invitation from her grandmother, the Countess of Kildare, to pay her a visit in England, in which country that relative was then sojourning; and, crossing the Channel again, our heroine was presented to the King by the Countess, who made her her heir. Mindful of the fact that the girl was under his protection, James I. dowered her so richly that, when she became of marriageable age, she had no lack of suitors; some of the foremost representatives of the English nobility entering the lists for her favor and the winning of her love.

One of these wooers, in the hope of gaining the young Irish heiress, enlisted in his behalf the good graces of her godmother, the Countess of Kildare, who sought to induce her guest to accept him. This the daughter of Tirconnel resolutely refused to do, however; her refusal being based on the fact that the suitor in question was a Protestant and an opponent of that faith for which her father had sacrificed his fortune and forsaken his native land. Her relative continuing to press the matter, and resorting to petty persecutions in the hope of succeeding, our heroine determined to return to Ireland. Before she could carry out her plans, however, something happened in the latter country which rendered her return thereto out of the question, and necessitated other means of escape.

At the very time that O'Donnel's daughter was showing herself worthy of

her Catholic ancestry by refusing to wed a Protestant nobleman in England, some of her kinsmen in Ireland were arrested and brought across the Channel, charged with having opposed the royal officials, who were then bitterly persecuting the Irish Catholics. After the arrival of the prisoners in London, two of them, near relatives of Mary O'Donnel, managed to elude the guards and escape to the Continent. Suspicion was at once directed toward her, and she soon found herself accused of having aided the refugees in their flight. Taking a cowardly advantage of her situation, the discomfited nobleman whom she had rejected caused the young Irish girl to be informed by a court official that her only hope of escape—she had in the meantime been summoned to trial—lay in her accepting a Protestant husband and renouncing the Catholic faith.

The intrepid maiden, whose faith never for an instant wavered, recognized that she was in sore straits, and would need assistance to escape from the perils that environed her on every hand. Luckily, her constant companion was a staunch Catholic lady; and to that attendant she communicated her determination to don disguise and endeavor to reach her brother, the Earl of Tirconnel, who, she thought, was in the Low Countries, then the favorite asylum of the exiled Irish Catholics. Her companion promising to assist and accompany her in her flight, the daughter of O'Donnel hastily made her preparations; and the two young women, attended by a trusty man-servant, and wearing male attire themselves, set out from London. After a series of exciting experiences, they managed to reach Bristol, whence they took boat for Rochelle, and then without delay journeyed on to Paris and Brussels, where the Earl was found, and gave his brave sister and her companion a royal welcome.

The Infanta of Spain then governed the Low Countries; and when the story of Mary

O'Donnell's fidelity to her faith reached her ears, she sent for the Earl's sister and showered honors upon her. The tale of her loyalty was soon recited at all the continental courts, and the most enthusiastic eulogies of her bravery followed each recital. The story of her intrepidity having reached Rome, where her father's memory was still venerated, the reigning Pontiff, Urban VIII., was so deeply touched by it that he sent the Princess his apostolic benediction in the following beautiful letter:

"Urban VIII., to Our dear daughter in Christ, Mary Stuart, Princess of Tirconnel, greeting, health and apostolical benediction.

"The sacrilegious tongue must at length be silenced, which has dared to affirm that the inspirations of Christianity enervate the soul and check the generous emotions of the heart. You, Our dear daughter, have given to the world a proof to the contrary, and have shown what strength and courage are imparted by the true faith—how superior to all dangers and to the very efforts of hell itself. This heroic courage is worthy the protection of Rome and the honors which fame confers. Your horror of an alliance with a Protestant has been nobly displayed, and resembles that terror which an apprehension of fire produces. The allurements of a court and menaces of its sovereign have tended only to excite your abhorrence of evil. The sea and its accompanying terrors have produced no obstacle in your flight, the honor of which is more glorious than a triumph. Even though mountains were overwhelmed and buried in the deep, your confidence in the mercies of the Lord would still be unshaken, that country being yours where religion rules triumphant. You have succeeded in escaping from the persecution of English inquisitors; and, protected by angels, you have been preserved from every accident throughout your journey. Accompanied by Our paternal regards, you

have arrived at the Court of the Infanta, where religion hath received you into its bosom. We, therefore, implore the Lord, who has been your support, to reward you as your virtues have merited. We write with a hope of dispelling the remembrance of your fatigues and sufferings, which are worthy to be envied, since they have earned for you a crown of glory. Receive Our most tender benedictions; and as you have abandoned both relatives and country in deference to a love for Jesus Christ and Us, receive also Our assurance that, instead of exile, you have found a mother who loves you tenderly—you yourself know that such is the name and character of our Holy Church,—and she will cherish you as a worthy daughter who does honor to the British Isles."

The princely and ancient House of Tirconnel, whose estates long since became the spoils of strangers, can boast of sons whose valiant deeds furnished its former bards with the theme of many a noble song; but, proud as it may well be of these, it is doubtful if its records can show a braver or more meritorious achievement than this young daughter of its line performed when, for her father's creed and Church, she undertook that perilous journey, which won her a Pope's praises, and proved her a worthy wearer of Our Lady's honored name.

THE Jews say that when Moses was keeping the sheep of Jethro, a lamb ran away and lost itself in the desert. He went after it and pursued it a long way, till the little creature fell on the ground, unable to go farther. Then Moses said to it: "Little lamb, didst thou think I sought thee to hurt thee that thou didst fly from me? Nay, it was in love that I went after thee: and now in love I shall bear thee home." And when God saw his gentleness to the lamb, He said: "This man shall rule My people Israel."

Traces of Travel.

 ALONG THE VESUVIAN SHORE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IX.—ROUNDAABOUT POSILIPPO.

HAVE you ever made a bargain in Naples? I have been eying light cassimere suits for three days past, and this morning made a purchase, the nature of which I shall never cease to marvel at. An Italian friend having volunteered to assist at the ceremony, we entered a gentlemen's furnishing establishment, the proprietor of which greeted us with fraternal warmth. What would I have? Only command him, and I should be served with the utmost expedition. I wanted a light suit, such as a fellow might wear through a hot month, and then throw out of the window. Ah, yes! he had the very article. And with that he rolled the clerk off from the counter, where he was sound asleep, and pulled down an avalanche of ready-made garments. They were not stylish, but they would do.

I selected what seemed the least objectionable of the lot, and approached that delicate subject, the price thereof. Beppo beamed upon me,—I don't know what his name was, but it might easily have been Beppo. Beppo said: "Only seventy francs for that complete and lovely outfit." It struck me that the price was reasonable; and I was about to settle the bill when my friend plucked me by the coat-sleeve with an expression of horror, and exclaimed: "You must never pay the price asked you. Make him an offer!" I wondered if he would feel insulted were I to suggest sixty-five francs as a fair bargain. Again my friend saved me from a disgraceful sacrifice. "Offer the fellow thirty," said he. I offered thirty francs, and expected to be stabbed on the spot.

But no: Beppo thought it a cruel thing for so excellent a gentleman as myself to thus rob him of "the finest suit of clothes in Naples" at that figure! He would take fifty francs, and nothing less; at which announcement he did the clothes up in a parcel. "Make it thirty-two francs, and stick there!" This was the last utterance of the monitor at my elbow; and when I obeyed orders with the calm deliberation of one who proposes to fight it out on that line, poor Beppo burst into tears and pleaded his cause. This was too much for a man with a large family and no mean stomach. He might, owing to the fact that he had secretly admired me ever since my arrival in Naples, make it forty francs; but friendship, unselfish and undying friendship, alone prompted the generous act! With that announcement, my friend took me by the shoulder and walked me out of the establishment.

We didn't go far: we tarried about the threshold for a moment; and I was once more seized and walked back again, while Beppo embraced me tenderly, and cried, with much emotion: "Take them for thirty-five francs,—take them! I am a ruined man, but I would not have you go out into the world naked and forlorn for the sake of a few *soldi*." Feeling by this time that I was quite a brute, I resolved to brass it out; and therefore put down my thirty-two francs, which Beppo received without a murmur. A tragedy in five acts could not have so worked upon my feelings as did the picture of Beppo, weeping in the midst of a numerous and starving family; and this picture haunted me as I left that unhappy spot. A moment later Beppo was at my side, begging that I would allow him the price of a glass of wine—only six *soldi*! It was conscience money, and was freely given. But as I turned the corner close at hand, Beppo was still watching me; and I saw then that there was a twinkle in his eye, that seemed to say, "After all this shopping, I have the

best of you, my boy!" Of course the cloth is pasted together and the buttons put on with starch; but time is fleeting, and perhaps I shall rise into cooler latitudes in season to save myself.

The chief novelty of Naples is the Grotto of Posilippo, and at the mouth of this grotto is the tomb of Virgil. The carriage drew up at a small door in the solid rock—out of which the grotto is hewn. A ring at this door summoned a grimy fellow from a blacksmith shop, also hewn out of the rock—the shop, not the man. I entered, and found a long flight of steps that led into a vineyard full of grapes and sunshine—a dainty spot. A narrow path wound through this Eden; and the grape-harvesters, brown, stalwart fellows, directed me from time to time, so that after many turns, that brought me deeper into the dense green grapery, I came at last to a rock overhanging the mouth of the grotto, and here I entered an ancient *columbarium* entirely overgrown with grass. A temple on an island could not be more completely separated from the turmoil and traffic of the town. The one chamber, about fifteen feet square, held many vacant recesses, which probably once contained cinerary urns; and in front of one of the unglazed windows stood a marble slab erected to the memory of the poet, and bearing a lengthy epitaph—not quite so long, however, as the *Æneid*.

It is not surprising that a tomb, even though it shelter the remains of so distinguished a personage as Virgil, should have fallen to decay in the course of nineteen centuries. Many have doubted that his dust reposes here; yet Petrarch, with the poet's easy faith, planted a laurel on the roof of the *columbarium*, which flourished until its vitals had been gashed by the knives of those who make a practice of robbing every shrine they visit.

While I stood in that secluded spot, flooded with green and amber light that sifted through the vine-screens at the windows, I thought of a long Gothic hall

filled with desks, and at every desk a young head bowed over a well-thumbed and puzzling text-book. The green and amber light of the summer's afternoon stole in there also, and through the half-open windows was heard the chant of summer birds. There was a busy silence in that last half-hour of school; and after it came the hour of deliverance, the tramp of triumphant feet and the shout of joy, into which entered all the suppressed physical vitality of the day. Then there was a silence deeper than before, while the light faded from green to brown and from amber to gray.

At the far end of the hall sat one who was at once tutor and tormentor, under whose rule we grew apace, but groaned the while we grew. Ah! many an hour, when my heart was elsewhere, have my eyes sought the fascinating pages of him who sang of wars and a hero in a tongue that then seemed to me a mistake! Through all these centuries his enchanting verse has caused the youthful heart to quicken and to quake. The chant that came to us before the Gospels is still as fresh and clear as the lark's first song in spring. What have we not to thank thee for, O Virgil! though for thy sake we have lost many a half-holiday, and borne the taskmaster's retributive stripes? I did not imagine, in those troublous days, that the time would come when, with uncovered head, I should enter the mausoleum where thy revered dust reposes; and there, with a flood of tender and half-regretful memories rushing upon me, should honestly say, in the fulness of my heart: "O Virgil, I forgive you for having sung in Latin!"

The villa of Virgil was somewhere in the vicinity of the tomb in which he desired to be interred; and he has himself recorded that it was here, on the fair slopes of Posilippo, that he composed the *Georgics* and *Æneid*. The wonderful grotto, a half mile in length, that runs under the hills of Posilippo, and connects

Naples with the village of Fuorigrotta, is supposed to have been constructed in the reign of Augustus, though in mediæval times it was attributed to the magic arts of the poet Virgil. What a reputation he must have had in those days! The grotto has at various times been broadened, deepened and renovated, and is now a roomy tunnel twenty-five or thirty feet in width, and varying in height from twenty to ninety feet. It is lit with gas night and day; and, as it is ventilated, it is by no means a disagreeable thoroughfare. Seneca speaks of it as a narrow and gloomy pass. I wonder what he would think now were he to join the throngs of vehicles and pedestrians that constantly ebb and flow through it! The Neapolitans, certain classes of them, never sleep,—or if they do they must be divided into watches; for the streets are peopled all night long. It is thought to be about the right thing to shout at the top of your voice from one end of the grotto to the other, and this popular diversion is engaged in by the entire populace. I have a faint impression that I joined the unintelligible chorus when I entered the grotto; but I shall never know for certain, as my voice was lost in the solid roar that filled the cavern from end to end.

A saint's night in Fuorigrotta drew me through the tunnel lately. The main street of the little village forks at a grass-plot they call the Piazza, and the Church of the Patron Saint stands securely in the crotch thereof. When we burst from the grotto with the flood of humanity that was just then setting strong toward the village, it seemed to me that we had been swept into fairyland. Mine host of the Hotel Washington, a capital fellow, was my companion; but to him Italian *festas* are an oft-told tale, and I was obliged to do the "wonderment" for two. The façade of the church facing the grotto was walled with a thousand lamps, that twinkled in columns and wreaths and arches from the

foundation to the very tip of the high cross. Through the large open door we saw the grand altar, ablaze with candles, and these so blended with the lights without that the illusion was magical. Down the two streets a hundred arches were hung with paper lanterns, and each bore a device—no two of them alike,—while from the centre swung chandeliers of the most fantastic description. The towers were all illuminated, and from the windows waved banners and draperies. The balconies were festooned with bright-tinted cloths, and everywhere small booths were erected for the sale of cooling drinks, fruits, cakes, toys, and sacred pictures. Fireworks flashed in the faces of the thousands of people who filled the streets to suffocation; a band blew itself black in the face, but all to no purpose; for the roar of voices was deafening. In all this commotion and confusion there was no grumbling, no fighting, no crowding even,—I mean no impatient elbowing; for this is one of the most agreeable features of an Italian mass-meeting. Everybody was as jolly as possible, and the *fiesta* lasted till morning.

Under a glowing arch, lit only by the dim lamp that hung before a picture of the Blessed Virgin, we saw the tarantella danced until we grew heartily tired of its monotonous cadences. I confess I find it, as a spectacle, a disappointment. The rapid beating of a tambourine, even in the hands of the most skilful, is not the sort of music we love to dream over. Two girls, with broad bustles and clumsily-shod feet, skipping about each other with little or no variety in their steps, can not long satisfy the eye. Even when a young man steps in—for the dancers are relieved every few moments by volunteers—there is no noticeable change in the character of the dance or the expression of the dancers. Two uncomfortable young people hopping about on a hot griddle might, with a little self-possession, cut as good a figure.

Driving home after the *fiesta*, we found the tide in the grotto setting back toward Naples; though some hundreds of night singers and howlers were working their way slowly against the current, hoping to catch the tail end of the fun. While we were flowing through the marvellous subterranean street we heard the *improvvisatori* chanting their dolorous songs. Improvisation is still common in Naples. Companies of boys or men—for you hear them singing oftener than the women—go about the streets, and in turn make each a poetic line expressing some sentiment, which is chanted in a minor key, and some notes of which are prolonged so that the composer may arrange his words fitly. I have heard men and boys at work near my hotel, singing and responding to one another by the hour. Their songs are full of pathos, so are the lives of those who sing them. They are the descendants of the inspired singers who sang when Italy was in her glorious prime; they were court favorites, the petted minstrels, who could well afford to tune their lyres and lift up their voices, while their words seemed to drop from that cloudland whence the poet's fancy and inspiration are supposed to emanate; but these poor starvelings sing on their empty stomachs, to the accompaniment of pick and shovel. They set to melancholy music the last words of a people once chief in all the arts called fine, but who lost their laurels with the vigor of their youth, and are now forced to live upon the reputation left them by those marvels of the age they glorified—their forefathers!

(To be continued.)

GRIEF is a bad habit. If it was natural, nature would be contracted in one brow of woe; for death and disaster are universal.—*G. Dunn.*

THERE are pious persons whose celestial intimacies seem not to improve their domestic manners.—*George Eliot.*

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE DAILY BREAD OF THE POOR.

A FREE cooking school has been established down town; and attached to it is a diet kitchen, where nutritious food, prepared strictly in accordance with chemical principles, can be bought for a nominal sum. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the talk at our Tea-Table has so often of late turned upon culinary subjects. There has been a wonderful unanimity in regard to the usefulness of the establishment in question, the only dissenting voice being that of our neighbor, Mrs. Dobbs.

"I wouldn't mind sending Mabel," she declared, "if they could show her how to make lemon ice and angel-food cake; but anybody with common-sense can toss up a loaf of bread."

"But all people," said a newcomer at our table—a tiny bit of a young woman, in a shabby gown and last year's bonnet,—“have not common-sense.”

Mrs. Dobbs looked at this stranger in some surprise. "Who is this poor creature," her looks seemed to say, "who speaks to a person of my importance so confidently?"

"I have," went on the little woman, "lived much among the poorer classes—"

"Your clothes show *that*," Mrs. Dobbs' toss of the head indicated.

"And I have come to believe that a great deal of all the poverty and suffering—the only thing in which they are rich—often comes from their ignorance of the simplest rules of cookery."

Here she would have stopped, seeming startled by her prominence in the conversation; but we begged her to go on.

"When I speak of the poor, I mean those utterly, wretchedly destitute; those who fight like wolves to keep body and soul together; those who herd together in

the tainted and crowded tenement houses of the large cities. Of the women, not one in fifty can make a loaf of bread; not one in a hundred knows what goes to form a palatable soup or stew. It is no use to give them the raw materials: they burn and waste them. Their husbands go, willingly enough, to the saloons to relieve the pangs of hunger which this ignorance causes; and the wives lounge about one another's squalid rooms and gossip, or go out to watch the brawls on the street. The boys follow in their fathers' footsteps as soon as possible; while the girls go into shops, and in due time marry; and, being utterly untaught by their mothers, begin anew the same wretched, hopeless, pitiful story. But," looking at a little silver watch made evidently for use, not ornament, "I must be going. I hope I have not talked too much. This is my hobby, you know."

"I wish more people had such a hobby," growled our Cynic, encouragingly.

"Who is that forward young person?" asked Mrs. Dobbs. "Where did you pick her up?"

"She is," one answered, "connected with the free cooking school."

"Oh! Washes dishes, I suppose!"

"I think she could if she tried,—not from necessity, however. She is Miss Earnest, and devotes the income from half a million dollars to her pet charities."

Mrs. Dobbs gasped, then recovered herself, and said, majestically:

"I might have guessed who she was. These rich people don't have to be fashionable. I thought there was something *distingué* about her the minute I came in. I shall have Mabel call."

Many people, like our neighbor, think, or affect to think, the subject of the preparation of food in some matter belittling; but our Tea-Table folk in general are not above making it the theme of serious reflection. Theories are advanced concerning the length of time a cup of tea should

brew, from men whose pens instruct or whose eloquence delights the multitude. And when we have exhausted the subject on one side, we take it up on another. The artistic, for instance. Why should one not be as fastidious in regard to the warm brown color of a perfect loaf of bread, or the dainty greens in a salad, as of the simulated tints of the western sky of a painting upon canvas? It is beneath no one to own this pleasant skill of mixing materials, any more than it lowers the painter to combine the colors on his palette. And the results show the artist just the same. There is a great gulf between the appetizing loaves which grace our Tea-Table and the bread Mrs. Dobbs 'tosses up.'

To be fastidious is not to be vulgar. Epicures are not gluttons. Epicurus himself was content with bread and water; and when he would feast like the gods, desired only the addition of a bit of cheese. There is no question of grossness, but the reverse. Only a true epicure has a sufficiently uncorrupted taste to be able to truly appreciate the exquisite flavor of a crust of coarse bread.

The diet has had much to do with history. Waterloo would not have been lost, one asserts, but for an unfortunate dish of which Napoleon partook. Widespread indigestion may have caused some of the rancor of the so-called Reformation, as it has been declared that the Calvinist never existed who possessed a sound liver. The good or bad digestion of a prime minister has often made or marred a nation's prosperity. Motley holds that the inordinate appetite which caused the gout of Charles V. altered the destinies of the world. "Tell me what men eat," says a distinguished French authority, "and I will tell you what they are." This nation is yet learning the primer of gastronomy as well as economics. While a Gaul will extract a dinner from a bone, and compound a salad from a dandelion stalk, we, with unthinking prodigality, throw

away raw material, which should feed those less fortunate than ourselves. "The Americans have two hundred religions and one gravy"; and while the poor starve in the garrets of the great cities, and little children hunt in the gutters for cast-off refuse, corn is burned for fuel in the teeming prairie States. While this is true, can it be beneath any man or woman's dignity to lend a hand, however feeble, to help in righting matters?

"But, dear me!" says one. "If I learn to make bread and soup, and all that sort of thing, what good is it going to do? And we keep a cook—what would *she* do if I took her place?"

Keep your cook, my dear; but if you are in earnest in your wish to devote some part of your time to helping the poor in the name of our Blessed Lord, who was Himself poor like them, you can do vastly more by imparting to the ignorant a knowledge of preparing palatable food from scant materials than if you distributed money with a lavish hand. You have not Miss Earnest's fortune, but you can dispense a wisdom without which her golden charity would be mere dross and tinsel. She, too, knows this, and puts it into practice. It would be far more pleasant, as the word goes, to stay away from the wretched and send her money; for she is but a young girl, with all a girl's fondness for the gay and beautiful. But along with her money she gives *herself*. She is a lady, not because of her wealth, or even on account of her long line of ancestors—some of whom were old citizens when the Conqueror came over,—but because she "looks after the loaves" in the way God commands, and in the way, we love to imagine, that His Blessed Mother would approve. And although Mrs. Dobbs, being intensely anti-Catholic, might hesitate to admit it, Miss Earnest is a true follower of the Blessed One, who did not disdain to provide the marriage feast, to feed the multitude in the desert.

The Holy Lance and Nails.

ANDREW OF CRETE, who flourished about the year 680, says that the Sacred Lance, or Spear, was buried with the Cross. St. Gregory of Tours in France and the Venerable Bede in England testify that in their time—that is, in the sixth and eighth centuries—it was preserved at Jerusalem. For fear of the Saracens, who threatened the Holy City, it was removed to Antioch, where it was found by the Crusaders in the year 1098. According to the testimony of a monk named Robert and of other eye-witnesses, many miracles were wrought through its instrumentality among the Soldiers of the Cross. It was carried back to Jerusalem by the victorious Crusaders, and sent soon afterward to the imperial city of Constantinople. St. Louis, King of France, became possessed of the tip or point of the Spear, and brought it to Paris, where it still remains in the Sainte Chapelle.

The larger portion of the Lance continued to be kept in Constantinople; and even after the capture of that city by the Turks, in 1453, it was providentially preserved from injury and profanation, until sent by Sultan Bajazet to Pope Innocent VIII. in the year 1492. It is now preserved among the Greater Relics in St. Peter's at Rome, and is solemnly shown to the faithful once a year, on Good-Friday evening. This exposition is one of the most solemn features of the functions of Holy Week in the Vatican, when the Sovereign Pontiff, accompanied by the prelates and officers of his court, and by detachments of the Noble and the Swiss Guards, in the midst of attendants in scarlet liveries, carrying lighted torches, descends from the Sistine Chapel, by the famous Scala Regia, into the adjoining Basilica to venerate the relics of the Passion.

Of the three Nails found with the other relics of the Passion by St. Helena, one was thrown into the Adriatic by the pious

Empress during a violent storm, which threatened imminent danger to all who were crossing this treacherous sea with her. St. Gregory of Tours says that a great calm succeeded to the sacrifice of such a treasure. St. Ambrose testifies that the Empress sent one Nail to her son, the Emperor Constantine, who caused it to be beaten out thin, and inserted around the inner circle of a diadem enriched with pearls, which he wore only on the most solemn occasions. It was left as a precious legacy to the Church in Rome; and was sent, long afterward, by Pope St. Gregory the Great as a present to Theodolinda, the pious Queen of the Lombards, who died in the year 628. It has ever since been preserved with the utmost care and jealousy in the treasury of the church of Monza. This precious relic is exposed to the veneration of the faithful on the first Sunday in September. It is the famous Iron Crown which has encircled the brows of so many sovereigns, from Agilulph, King of the Lombards, to Napoleon the First.

Another Nail was set into a costly bridle which the Empress caused to be made for her son, as a protection in his wars. After the death of Constantine, this noted relic was not used by his successors: it was placed in the imperial treasury, where it existed in the sixth century; for the blessed Pope Vigilius being in Constantinople, took an oath in the year 553, during the Fifth General Council, "By the virtue of the Holy Nails with which Our Lord was crucified, and by the four Holy Gospels, and in particular by the virtue of the Holy Bridle." This relic was stolen during the fourth Crusade, and brought to the episcopal church of Carpentras, in France. It has been venerated there ever since. Pope Nicholas V., in the year 1491, granted indulgences to those who should visit it there. It is called in English the Holy Bit of Carpentras.

A Peep into "Blackwood."

THE February number of *Blackwood* presents a dialogue entitled "Athanasia in Search of a Creed," containing, with some sound philosophy, not a few delightful bits of satire. The follies of so-called "new systems of religion" are so cleverly exposed that we can not forbear quoting a few passages of the article. The *dramatis personæ* are Algernon and Athanasia, who are discussing the various "isms" of the day. In reply to Athanasia, who, according to Algernon, is infected with "dogmatic dyspepsia," he says:

"Ours is a luxurious, pleasure-loving age; hence it has constructed for itself a milder system of retribution, in which the mind is supposed to be afflicted with remorse, but where bodily torment does not find a place. True, to arrive at this result, it has had to make liberal applications of that 'universal solvent of absurdities—the allegorical method,' as Professor Huxley has it, and to wrest certain perfectly plain and explicit passages of Scripture from their obvious meaning. But this is quite characteristic of modern theology in its latest phases. . . . Just think what a boundless field for speculation and the exercise of a lively imagination this system of private interpretation opens up! There is a convenient simplicity about it, too, as the Bible can thus be made to cater for all tastes. One would like to know, however, where the process is to stop. Protestantism, like Gaiety burlesques, is continually being brought 'up to date'; and we shall soon have symbolized the greater part of Holy Writ into a sort of pretty fairy tale."

Further on, Algernon designates much of the popular pulpit oratory of the present as "charlatanism," and says of it:

"It is everywhere rampant, feeding on the absurd craving which exists nowadays for eccentric notions of every description. It is given to few of us to possess genius, but eccentricity is a good, cheap substitute; and this species of intellectual margarine is almost as highly prized as the genuine article. . . . Suppose some smart and fairly well-educated young man, who is also endowed with the gift of speech, and has 'views' on matters dogmatic, desires to create a sensation and to earn notoriety and a competence for himself. He has but to hire a temple, or chapel, or hall, and to advertise the fact that he intends to hold forth on some new doctrine which he has recently patented. . . . He begins by informing them that the existing presentations of Christianity and the Deity are all wrong—the inference being, of course, that

he is the man born to set them right. He then proceeds to reconstruct the Almighty on some new and improved principle of his own; and, surveying his work, pronounces it very good. He scarifies the theologians, and demolishes with a few airy sarcasms the ancient fabric of the Catholic Church. . . . He probably adds a few cheap jokes on the Athanasian Creed, with perhaps a parody on a hymn or two; whereat the long-haired youths and budding female agnostics smile and whisper approvingly: "What a wonderfully clever man Mr. So-and-so is!"

Again, speaking of agnosticism, he remarks:

"For my own part, religious doubts and problems do unquestionably force themselves upon me, as upon most men; but I can not say I feel any wiser or happier on that account. Still less do I desire to obtrude those doubts upon my more fortunate fellow-creatures to whose minds they have not yet presented themselves. Why should I perturb with my agnostic mud the pure, pellucid waters of their faith? There are a large number of excellent people in the world who hold certain definite opinions on matters of dogma, and by the light of those opinions lead happy and well-ordered lives. Indeed, their religious conceptions form in many cases the very foundations of their moral nature; and I therefore fail to see what is to be gained by sapping those foundations—at any rate, until we have something better to put in their place. . . . Christianity is the established faith of our country; and as such it has the first claim on our allegiance, to say nothing of its own intrinsic merits as a religion. For, if you prefer it, we may consider the question from a sternly practical point of view. As an active principle of good amongst mankind, Christianity stands without a rival. By far the greater part of the benevolent and charitable work in the world is still done by persons who adhere to one or another form of established belief. I have yet to learn that agnosticism has produced a Father Damien."

The article, which is signed Hugh E. M. Stutfield, is remarkably able; and the only thing wanting is a true conclusion, which would show where truth is to be found. With all due respect to American scholarship, truth compels us to say that one does not often meet with well-written, solid, bright, stimulating papers like this in magazines published on this side of the water. The *Century* and all the rest suffer much in comparison with *Blackwood*, which always contains several articles of special value and interest. Of course we excel in wood-engraving, our printing is better, so we boast of having the best magazines.

Notes and Remarks.

One can not help contrasting the beautiful life that has just been closed in Spain with the career of some of the gifted men of our day, who seem to feel that their genius entitles them to be "a law unto themselves." Señor Don José Zorrilla, the greatest modern poet and dramatist of Spain in modern times, was born in 1817. He was intended for the bar, but he preferred to spend his time in wandering about among ancient ruins, dreaming dreams, or weaving fancies along the cool, lazy Tagus. The quaint legends that had for centuries been current among the peasantry, he embalmed in peerless song. His muse was at its best, however, when he sang of the glories of Mary. He was a true Bohémian, moving from place to place as fancy led him, and dying without possessions. Ten years or more of his life were spent in Mexico, where he was held in high esteem. An English contemporary says of him: "His poems were numerous, being largely the unfolding of legends, the songs of the troubadours, the tradition of folk-lore, and many beautiful poems in honor of our Blessed Lady. Zorrilla died a poor man, but his country buried him with all the honors of an illustrious one."

In presenting a reproduction of Chartrain's admirable portrait of Leo XIII., it will be worth while to quote the reference to it made recently by a French lady journalist, Madame Sénéline, in an account of her interview with the Pope:

"Pale, upright, and attenuated, hardly visible, so little remains of material substance within that wrapping of white linen, there sits the Holy Father in a large chair, behind which stands a table surmounted by a crucifix. The light strikes full on his fine face, throwing the features into relief,—the features of a face vivified, electrified, so to speak, by a mind so fresh, so enthusiastic, so valiant for good, so alive for moral misery, so compassionate to bodily suffering, that its glance fills the on-looker with wonder. It seems a miraculous dawn hovering over a sunset. The incomparable portrait of Chartrain alone can give an idea of that eagle glance; but even *it* has too worldly an effect, and all the flaming mass of purple behind the snowy cassock gives the cheeks a gleam and the eye a brilliancy in the picture which are softer in the Pontiff himself. To explain

what I mean, I shall say that I found the Pope more spiritualized, with a personal radiance more benignant, less of a king and more of an apostle. A gentle benevolence, half afraid it would seem, lurks in the curve of his lips and shows itself only in his smile; and at the same time the straight, strong nose reveals the will,—the unbending will, one that can wait. Leo XIII. resembles a saint in some cathedral window. But what attracts and rivets attention almost as much as his face is the hands,—long, delicate, transparent hands, with *contours* of unrivalled purity,—hands which seem, with their agate nails, offerings of precious ivory laid upon a shrine. His voice has a far-away sound, as if it had travelled to a distant country on the wings of prayer, and loved rather to soar toward heaven than to stoop to mortal ears."

The people of Mexico are not all as admirable as its climate, to be sure; but the harsh things that our tourists often say of them prove that we have not always approached our neighbors in the sympathetic spirit necessary to the understanding of a foreign people. One can pardon much in a nation the barefootedurchins of which always say "With your permission," in passing before one. A recent writer in the *Review of Reviews* tells some characteristic stories about discharged servants, who, instead of raising their voices in wrath, say good-bye quietly, and ask to be forgiven for their faults; of coachmen who vie with one another in courtesy; and of purchasers who begin and end their dealings by shaking hands with the salesman. "*Sombreros* are always lifted when passing church doors," he continues; "and at noon, when the cathedral bells ring, every good Mexican within hearing uncovers." Who shall say that the Mexicans are not a reverent and religious race?

In a recent number of the *Catholic Review* some good advice was given relative to the duty of summoning a priest in due time to administer the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. In this matter either of two extremes is far more generally followed than is the golden mean. The priest should be called in when there is danger of proximate death; and the summons should not be delayed until the sick person is almost, if not quite, incapable of connected thought or mental exertion. Neither should the priest be sent for when there is no danger of death. It is true that Extreme

Unction frequently effects bodily cures, but only those in danger of death are competent to receive the Sacrament. In doubtful cases, of course the proper plan is to risk nothing. But when a priest is aroused at midnight and driven a dozen miles through a blinding snowstorm (as happened to a pastor of our acquaintance), only to be admitted into the dwelling of the sick person by the sick person herself, who had "had a turn," there is evidently undue precaution on the part of the parishioner, and not sufficient consideration for the pastor.

The first plough that traced a furrow in the plains that border the Saskatchewan River, in the remote regions of Northwestern Canada, was brought there with great difficulty by the now venerable Father Lacombe, one of the most successful missionaries that have ever passed their lives among the Indians. Forty years of untiring energy and zeal spent among the Blackfeet and Crees have been exceptionally fruitful in spiritual and material benefits to these tribes; and Father Lacombe is hailed as the father of both Indians and Half-breeds throughout the Northwest. To him is the Canadian Government indebted for several grammars and dictionaries of the Cree and Occhipuay languages

M. Thureau-Dangin, the historian, lately chosen as a member of the French Academy, is said to be a fervent Catholic. Zola, who was a candidate for one of the three vacant chairs, received only six votes. The list of M. Dangin's works includes: a "*Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet*"; "*Paris Capitale Pendant la Révolution Française*"; "*Royalistes et Républicains*"; "*Le Parti Liébral sous la Restauration*"; "*Pie IX.*," in collaboration with Beslay; and "*L'Eglise et l'Etat sous la Monarchie de Juillet.*"

The *Architect*, an English publication, notes that "it is not uncommon in mediæval sculpture to find figures of two angels holding thuribles and incensing the Blessed Virgin and Child, who are standing or seated between them. But the subject is rare among seals." Archbishop Eyre said recently, before the Glasgow Archæological Society, that after

examining 2,608 seals he found only five in which there was a representation of the Divine Infant in His Mother's arms, with angels waving thuribles. One of these five is the official seal of the city of Rutherglen, the ancient church of which was dedicated to Our Lady; and it is hardly to the credit of the civic authorities that they have of late years permitted this ancient witness to the faith of their fathers to suffer mutilation at the hands of the municipal architects.

We have received the annual pamphlet which gives the results during 1892 of "Mission Work among the Negroes and the Indians." We notice that in 1887, 31 dioceses received help from the annual collection, which in that year amounted to \$81,000; and during the past year 46 dioceses received help, though the annual collection fund was only 66,000. While it is gratifying to learn that good work is being accomplished among these wards of the Church in the United States, it is to be hoped that a more pronounced generosity among the great mass of American Catholics will notably increase the material resources of those charged with the arduous negro and Indian missions.

A certain Uriel Cavagnari, whose children are named Satan, Lucifer, and Beelzebub, has quarrelled with his brother Freemasons, and publishes statistics that more than justify the apprehension expressed in a recent letter by the Holy Father. In the present Italian Cabinet, according to Cavagnari, only two members out of nine are not Freemasons, and the proportion among the under-secretaries is even smaller. We are glad to have heard about Signor Cavagnari. Heretofore we supposed that the Italian Ministry were under the sole advisement of Beelzebub himself: we are glad to learn now that it is only Beelzebub's father.

Catholics of many lands will mourn the death of Monsig. Dillon, who lately passed to his reward, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. His life was one of extraordinary activity and devotion. He was born in Cork; but, with that tendency to ubiquity that is characteristic of his race, his priestly labors were extended to Australia and other distant countries.

While sojourning in Italy in the hope of recovering his health, undermined by mission work in the colonies, he took up his residence near the miraculous shrine of Genazzano, and it was there that his tender and touching devotion to the Blessed Virgin chiefly asserted itself. In the silence of this holy retreat he wrote his masterful work on "The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel," for which the Holy Father made him a Monsignor. It was there, too, that he met death, under most consolatory circumstances; for he was preparing for the visit of the Irish pilgrims to the miraculous shrine when the last summons came. May he rest in peace!

Even in the domain of religion do we find a craving for the novel and the sensational; and, what is worse, those who should strive to counteract such pernicious tendencies rather foster them, if we may judge from the subjects chosen as themes for Sunday sermons, as advertised in a late Saturday paper of Chicago. True, the discourses may have been "orthodox," so far as each minister's tenets were concerned; but the titles suggest a straining for effect. Here are a few: "Think Twice, then Speak"; "The Lord's Reserve Corps"; "The Mt. Pisgah of Optimism"; "To People who Make Blunders"; "Jay Gould and Mary Allen West"; "Christianity as Represented by Great Fiction Writers." The singing after these sermons in some cases seemed singularly appropriate; for many of the programmes included "*Deus Misereatur.*"

The poetic nature of the Holy Father is well illustrated by a pretty story published in *Answers*, a publication in no manner attached to the faith Catholic. To those familiar with the character of Leo XIII. the extract will occasion no surprise; but all, stranger and friend alike, must surely read it with a glow of pleasure:

"In the gardens of the Vatican the Pope takes his only outing, amid orange and lemon groves, that waft their sweet perfume through roads bordered by hedges ten feet high; along paths outlined by pines and cedars of Lebanon artistically trimmed; and into unexpected nooks, where fountains trickle. Leo XIII. is an ardent lover of nature and a poet of no mean order, as well as a remarkably keen observer. It is said that having noticed a mother bird feeding

her young in their little nest on an azalea tree, he ordered the gardener not to pluck any of the flowers, lest he might disturb the tender little brood. At another time a nightingale that had fallen from its nest lay piping on the balcony outside his apartment. With infinite care the poor little disabled creature was tended; and when it was cured, the Pope ordered it to be set free to join its companions."

Commenting on the death, last month, of the venerable and eminent Bishop of Moulins, Mgr. de Dreux-Brézé, a French exchange remarks that the deceased prelate belonged to one of the most illustrious families of France. A direct descendant of Robert I., fifth son of King Louis VI., the late Bishop's ancestors have been prominent in French affairs for more than eight hundred years. What is of more importance than his noble lineage, however, is the fact that the more than fourscore years comprised in the life of Mgr. de Dreux-Brézé were replete with works of charity and zeal; and the forty-two years of his episcopate represent a career of indefatigable labor for the glory of God and the interests of His Church. The memory of his zeal and the odor of his virtues will long endure throughout the diocese that mourns his passing away. *R. I. P.*

The January number of the *South African Catholic Magazine* chronicles the death of a Presbyterian missionary in Bengal, the Rev. W. B. Dalrymple, who fell a victim to leprosy, which he contracted while serving a colony of sufferers from that dread disease. It is pleasant to record this instance of heroic devotion to suffering humanity on the part of a Presbyterian minister,—all the more so, remembering that the defamer of the apostle of the lepers of Molokai, whose brave life and glorious death edified the world, was also a minister of the same sect.

A Catholic gentleman, who has been on the staff of a leading secular journal, is desirous of taking a position on some Catholic newspaper, and will be free from present engagements about the 1st of May. He is a trained journalist, and is well known as a correspondent and editorial writer. He would be of invaluable service on a Catholic paper; and we trust he may find such a position as he seeks, and be offered a salary that he can accept. Applications, stating terms, class of work required, etc., may be addressed to us.

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 M. Flora, of St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sister M. Alphonsus (Curtis), Presentation Convent, San Francisco, Cal.; Madame O'Rourke, R. S. H., Elmhurst, Providence, R. I.; and Sister Francis Joseph, St. Vincent's Hospital, New York city, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. James Prichard, of San Francisco, Cal., whose death occurred last month.

Felicita Christiu, who lately departed this life in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. John Burke, of Cincinnati, Ohio, whose death is of recent occurrence.

Mrs. N. Dennison, who passed away on the 2d ult., in New York city.

Mr. Dana Ignatius Eastman, of Ogden, Cal., lately deceased.

Mr. Clarence S. Thompson, whose life closed peacefully on the 21st ult., at Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Margaret A. Dunne, of South Boston, Mass., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 16th ult.

Mr. Thomas Hayes, Mrs. Mary Stafford, Miss Margaret Neylon, Mr. Christopher Tormey, Miss Hannah Curry, and Mr. Owen Donohue, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Anna Hatfield, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Robert Hurley, Bridgeport, N. Y.; Miss Bridget Mohan, Medford, Mass.; Mrs. Mary G. Carroll, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. John Kelley and Margaret Kelley, Burlington, Vt.; and Mrs. Mary F. Carroll, North Adams, Mass.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at San Diego, Cal.:

A Friend, Salem, Mass., \$2; Mrs. P. J. Ri, \$1; E. D. M., 25 cts.; Two Friends, \$1; John Breslin, \$5; H., \$5; M. E. D., M. M., \$1; Mrs. Huskinson, \$7.50.

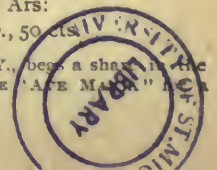
Ursuline Nuns, St. Peter's Mission, Montana:

A Friend, Watertown, Wis., \$1.

The Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

M. E. D., M. M., \$1; Mrs. M. D., 50 cts.

A Young Catholic Brooklyn, N. Y., begs a share in the prayers of the pious readers of THE "AVE MARIA" for a particular intention.





* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

Herman's Gift.

ONCE upon a time in Holland,
Near the stormy Zuyder Zee,
Dwelt a little lad named Herman,
Bright and happy as could be.
As he went to school each morning,
'Twas his wont to stop and pray,
Offering at Our Lady's altar
All his duties for the day.

And Our Lady seemed to bless him,
And the Infant sweetly smiled,
As the little Herman lingered
Near the Mother and the Child.
Once, so runs the pretty legend,
Herman had an apple red,
And he knelt before the statue
As with childish trust he said:

"Mother dear, I wish the Infant
Might this apple now enjoy,"—
And he reached it to her, saying,
"He is such a little boy!"
Lo! the image of the Virgin
Stretched its hand and softly smiled,
Taking Herman's rosy apple,
Giving it unto the Child.

So, dear children, when you gather
At our loving Mother's feet,
Grieving that you have no offering
For the little Infant meet,
Tell her to her Son you offer
All you think and do and say;
And His smile will show acceptance,
Consecrating all your day.

A Golden Deed Recalled.



SEVENTY years or more
ago a carriage was
passing along the road
between Anagni and
Carpineto. It contained
a delicate-looking boy,

showing the signs of a recent illness in his spiritual face, and his tutor. As they arrived at the foot of a hill, they noticed a poor lad clad in a shepherd's dress, who was covered with dust and crying bitterly, as if in great pain. This was not strange; for one of his bare feet was very much swollen, and the blood was slowly oozing from it. As the carriage reached him, the horses were stopped; and the youth, jumping out, begged the little shepherd to tell him the cause of all his misery. The child replied that he had been run over by a milk wagon; and that the driver, not seeing or heeding him, had hurried on, without stopping to discover what damage he had done.

"And I can go no farther," he said.
"My foot hurts so badly!"

The youth, a scion of a noble house, was moved with compassion; and, making his way through the briars which separated the road from a little stream, filled his cap with water, carried it to the wounded boy that he might drink, and then washed the poor bruised foot and wrapped

his fine cambric handkerchief around it.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

The shepherd boy pointed to a little village high up on the side of a hill.

"You can not get there without help," said the little Samaritan. "I will take you with me to Carpineto, where your foot can be properly attended to."

The wounded boy smiled his gratitude, and was helped into the carriage.

"Joachim," inquired the tutor, "what in the world are you going to do?"

"I am going to do what any Christian would do. Can we leave this poor wounded boy by the wayside?"

"But what will your parents say?"

"What *can* they say but that I have done well? Is it anything unusual to help one who suffers?"

The tutor was convinced. He gave his pupil a friendly pat on the shoulder, and the carriage proceeded on its way.

When they reached home, Joachim's mother was certainly surprised at the ragged and untidy guest her son had brought; but when she heard the story, and saw the expression of gratitude on the child's face, she sent for the family physician, who attended to the bruised foot.

Joachim's face shone with joy. "Have I not done right, mother?" he asked.

"My child, you could not have done better!" And she pressed him to her heart, the happy tears glittering in her eyes.

The lad who was so easily moved by the suffering of a stranger is now Pope Leo XIII.; and in all the record of golden deeds with which his life has been filled, this one glows like a star. The illustrious Pontiff is a worthy successor of the kind-hearted child; and now, when the Catholic world is celebrating his Golden Jubilee, it is pleasant to recall this touching story of the little Joachim. God chose him to heal the wounds of humanity as he ministered to that shepherd boy, and gave him a heart large enough to compassionate the woes of the whole world.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IX.

Our travellers had now reached a town. The driver flourished his whip and called to his horses; the guard stood on the steps and blew a tuneful blast from his horn; the older passengers sat up straighter, and assumed a stoical air with which to encounter the critical gaze of the townspeople; the younger ones became less frolicsome; and, with a clatter and dash, the coach rattled into Warwick.

Under any circumstances Warwick would be an interesting place. Its old gray, "half-timber" houses, with their pointed roofs and many gables, look as if they had been built to withstand the siege of centuries, and remind one of the saying: "Every Englishman's home is his castle." Separated from the street by a buckthorn hedge and a tiny garden, like a moat, filled in with flowers, any one of these dwellings is pretty enough to serve as an illustration for a poem. But Warwick in gala array is like a glimpse of fairyland.

"Why, the whole place looks as if it were dressed for a party!" cried Kathleen.

Along the edge of the sidewalks stood poles twined with red bunting and nearly as high as the houses. From one to another of these were strung garlands of tiny flags, and pennons of red and white, many of them adorned with armorial crests in blue and yellow, or miniature lions rampant. Similar garlands were festooned from one side of the way to the other. Banners of various colors, and the national ensign waved in the breeze; while arches decorated with flowers and green boughs, or with fluttering pennants, spanned the principal streets. Not only the thoroughfares, but the byways were thronged with people, who from all the country round had flocked

to the show. Now the music of a local band, a little farther along that of a hand-organ, and again the cheery notes of the guard's horn, added to the liveliness of the scene.

"This is a typical gala day," observed Mr. Colville. "We are fortunate to have witnessed it."

"Yes, sir. You might 'a come to Warwick a 'undred times and not 'it upon a spectacle like this," replied the guard. "I'm afraid, though, there's one thing you'll miss. The Castle is closed to visitors to-day. The Prince of Wales is expected down; and if he comes, he is to be entertained there."

As they turned into High Street, they found it all in commotion. The crowd surged to and fro; a mounted policeman galloped up and down, calling, "Clear the way!" There was an excitement and hub-bub; and they beheld approaching a handsome drag drawn by superb, high-stepping horses.

"By jingo! if here isn't the Prince's party now!" exclaimed the driver, as he drew up to one side.

The carriage came near, and they saw a stout, pleasant-looking man, who returned the salutes of the people by bowing right and left; a lady, who smiled affably as she inclined her head; and a simply dressed young girl. Then, almost before they could realize the incident, royalty had passed; and, glancing after the equipage, the young Americans could see only the broad shoulders of the two footmen in livery and full-powdered wigs, who sat up behind as immovable as statues, and looked down upon the crowd with the disdain of truly royal flunkies.

The brake now continued on its way, past the Fair Grounds and down by the river, to afford the tourists a view of the Castle. As they crossed the bridge and looked back, Claire thought she had never seen a more beautiful landscape. Beyond them stretched the green meadows;

and in the foreground lay the quiet Avon, overhung with osiers, and mirroring in its placid stream the massive gray walls of the feudal stronghold, which towers above it in a state of splendid restoration. Grand but sombre and forbidding, its splendor is of rather a dreary character.

"It makes me think of one of the grim old barons turned to stone," Claire said.

"Oh, but it is one's ideal of a castle!" began Alicia. "And the guide-book says the interior is magnificent."

"Wouldn't you like to visit there?" teased Joe.

Alicia shrugged her shoulders and said: "I had just as soon live in a splendid prison."

Recrossing the bridge, the driver took a road that led out into the country once more. Our party began to feel that they were really on their way to Stratford—the humble little village forever famed, because here was born, some hundreds of years ago, a certain Will Shakespeare, who was known among his schoolmates as a dreamy lad, and later among his townsmen as a good-natured, scribbling fellow, but whom the world recognized as its greatest poet.

"It certainly seems more like a poetic pilgrimage to take this route by way of green fields and lanes than to be rushed into Stratford by the train, to the music of the tooting whistle of the engine," said Claire.

The drive was much the same as that from Kenilworth to Warwick. Again they passed fresh pastures, with now and then a field of grain; and occasionally a glimpse of a fair demesne, the residence of some country gentleman; a park with beautiful vistas; pleasant lawns, and sheep or deer browsing under majestic elms. Then, almost without warning, they found themselves in Stratford; and the brake drew up at a low-roofed building, through the archway of which they could see a queer little courtyard.

"What place is this?" Claire inquired of the guard.

"Well, miss," he answered, apologetically, "I suppose it ought to be the Red 'Orse; leas'tways that's where Hamericans mostly want to be took. But, as I 'eard there was to be a big company of tourists there to-day, I brought you to the Golden Lion."

"But what for?" she persisted.

"Why, for luncheon, miss, of course!"

Claire sighed. How prosaic that luncheon should first claim their attention in the town where they were surrounded by memorials of Shakespeare! Joe and Kathleen found the arrangement most satisfactory, however; even romantic Alicia offered no objection; and the Flashes lost no time in making their way to the dining-room, where a substantial meal was served by the five comely daughters of the landlady.

A young villager, a lad of shreds and patches, undertook to show our party—which consisted of the Colvilles, Mr. and Mrs. Flashe and Mollie—all that is to be seen in Stratford. He was a ruddy-cheeked fellow, with a shock of flaxen hair, twinkling blue eyes, and shining white teeth, which he displayed a great deal; for he was continually laughing or smiling.

"Here's a chap I could have lots of fun with," thought Joe, as he asked: "What's your name?"

"Will," replied the boy.

"Will what?"

"See here, sirrah," interposed Mr. Flashe, with mock severity, "if you pretend its Shakespeare, I'll throttle you!"

The boy glanced up at him with a knowing leer, then fixed his eyes on the gaping toes of his shoes, and answered, meekly:

"No, sir; it's Chubbs. And I ain't mostly called Will neither, but plain Bill."

"Well then, plain Bill, we'll go with you," announced the gentleman, rewarding his honest avowal with twopence.

He grinned, pocketed the coppers, and saying, "If you'll please to follow on," led them along the winding High Street, and through many byways.

"It is a pretty village," said Claire; "although it has an air of being on exhibition. The quaint houses have the appearance of being propped up and made as presentable as possible."

"Yes," chimed in Alicia; "everything looks on its good behavior, and as if company was expected."

"Stratford has been modernized and spoiled by its annual influx of visitors," said Mr. Colville. "Its efforts to keep up with the times would be ludicrous, were it not that they take away much of the charm of the place."

Claire soon forgot this, however; for she kept saying to herself: "In these very streets the king of poets played as a boy; here he passed on his way to and from school; here he walked daily during many years of his life."

"See the little children sitting in a row on the doorstep there," said her father. "Can you imagine the immortal Bard of Avon as a toddler like one of these?"

"No indeed," she answered. "But I can picture him as a clever, bright-eyed boy, coming along and saying something pleasant to them; or as the droll-humored Mr. Shakespeare, who never seemed to be in a hurry, and would stop and tell them whimsical stories."

The children were the plumpest, sturdiest Claire had ever seen; unkempt but happy, they rocked backward and forward, stamping their small feet upon the lower step, and singing a doggerel song in chorus.

"Now," said Claire, "just imagine them breaking off and calling out gleefully, 'Here comes Mr. Shakespeare!—that funny, funny man! Ho-ho-ho!'"

It being, however, about three hundred years too late for such a contingency, they simply attuned their song to a slower

measure, and brought down their feet haltingly, at the same time fixing their round eyes upon the travellers in a stupid, wondering stare.

"Look at them!" said Joe. "They seem as if they wanted to say: 'We live in Shakespeare's town. We can go and sit on the doorstep of his house if we like; or we can get lost, and stray away to the church where he is buried, and have the town crier sent after us. But we don't care a bit; we'd rather stay here in the sun, and sing a rignarole we've made up ourselves.'"

"It is possible that they may never care any more about Shakespeare," laughed Mr. Colville.

A little farther on they came upon a group of boys playing marbles.

"Do you suppose Shakespeare could play marbles?" asked Alicia.

"Of course he could!" replied Joe, who appeared to consider that otherwise he would never have amounted to anything.

Their father stopped and spoke to one of the urchins.

"I understand that the house of one Mr. Shakespeare, a poet, is near here. Do you know of him?" he asked.

"I can't say has I do, sir," answered the boy, civilly enough, although not over-pleased to be interrupted in his game. "And yet, come to think on't, I hear folks talk of him some. He's dead now, but they say he was kin to Shakespeare the cobbler."

Mr. Colville made a grimace at Alicia and whispered: "Such is fame!"

Plain Bill led on, with a comical air of superiority.

"Don't mind them, sir; they don't understand nothin'," he said. "I'll tell you all you want to know."

Being an original genius, he adopted a method of his own in showing the sights, and took them to the church first.

"How's this?" objected Mr. Flashe. "Surely we ought to see the house where

Shakespeare was born before we visit his tomb!"

"Oh, well, sir," responded the young rogue, "it's all the same in the end!"

The churchyard is a lovely, peaceful place, surrounded by a low, ivy-covered wall, and overgrown with green grass studded with wild flowers. The party paused at the gate and looked up the avenue of interlacing limes, at the end of which rose the Gothic porch of the church.

"What a beautiful vista!" said Claire. "These overarching trees remind one of the nave of a grand cathedral; and the doorway, framed in green boughs, completes the picture."

But before approaching the spot where genius sleeps the sleep of all mortality, they turned aside to the terrace path, beneath a row of fine old elms, where, no doubt, the poet often lingered, beguiled by the loveliness of the scene; for on one side, the opening amid the foliage affords a series of views of the chancel window, the gray walls and graceful spire of the old church; on the other the mossy bank slopes down to the gleaming waters of the Avon, which—almost at one's feet,—with a rippling music, glides gently onward to seek, beyond fresh meadows and fertile valleys, the Severn and the sea.

(To be continued.)

Camels, Needles' Eyes, and St. Casimir.

Sometimes I have wondered whether any of our young folks have ever been so much troubled about a certain text of Scripture as I was once upon a time. It was a good many years ago—just *how* many it is not necessary to say, but it was before the big Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and that, you know, was held in 1876,—and I was quite a little fellow, with no thought of ever being

obliged to wear spectacles or of growing "barefooted on the top of the head." The text in question was that one which says it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich person to go to heaven. I remember that I at once jumped to the conclusion that old Mr. Somers, Colonel Bradbury, and Squire Latham, the only three really rich people in our village, were pretty sure of eventually bringing up in the bad place on account of their money, even if they were not bound to go there anyway because of being Protestants.

I had met with the text in a story-book. As far as I could see, the writer meant that the words were to be taken literally; and as I had seen camels in the circus parade, and knew from experience that the eye of a needle is a decidedly small hole, the conclusion seemed perfectly clear. In consequence, I rather startled our folks at dinner one day by exclaiming, somewhat dolefully:

"Mother, isn't it too bad that poor Squire Latham will have to go to hell when he dies?"

"Eh, sir?—what's that, you young scapegrace? What have you been reading now?"

This was from father, who looked at me with the quizzical expression he often wore when I propounded questions whose solution was beyond my powers. Mother smiled gently, and inquired:

"Are you quite sure, Austin, that he *will* have to go there?"

"Well, unless the camels the Bible speaks of are little, wee, tiny things, and the needles bigger than the mast of a ship, I don't see how he is going to keep out of it."

Of course I was told then that the text simply meant that it was very hard for rich persons to overcome all the temptations by which they are beset, and to make a good use of their wealth.

"One thing you may take for a certainty,

my boy," said father, "is that no one was ever lost simply because he was rich; and another is that no saint was ever canonized merely on account of being poor in the goods of this world."

"Yes, Austin," added mother. "And remember that the Beatitude which you told me last week you liked the best says, not simply, 'Blessed are the poor,' but, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' A millionaire may be truly poor in spirit, and a beggar may be just the opposite."

Possibly I did not fully understand the explanation of my difficulty; but I know I was much relieved at the conviction that my friend Squire Latham stood some chance of escaping the awful doom to which my story-book had seemed to condemn him.

I don't know whether or not father was thinking of my theological perplexity when my next birthday came around, but he gave me a story-book which soon convinced me that rich people *can* go to heaven if they want to do so. And I have since learned that the expression, "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle," was a figure of speech current among the ancient Hebrews to express anything difficult of accomplishment.

The book was a collection of short biographies of young saints; and one of the first I read was that of St. Casimir, whose feast is celebrated the first week of March. The opening sentence informed me that he was the son of Casimir IV., King of Poland. "Hello!" I said to myself, "here's a saint who was a prince! *He* must have been rich, I should think!" I read the sketch of his life with considerable eagerness, to find out how he managed to be wealthy and holy at the same time.

In the first place, he had an excellent mother, who took great pains to teach him to be good; and he paid her devotedness with the strictest attention to her counsels. She impressed upon him the

necessity of acquiring many virtues if he wished to become in reality what he was considered to be by birth, truly noble and royal.

As soon as he was of an age to need some other instructor than his mother, he was placed in charge of a tutor, a priest, who combined in himself knowledge, frankness, and humility. This last quality had led him to refuse the episcopal dignity which had been offered to him.

This good priest, whose name was Father John Dugloss, was not only very learned, but very lovable; and young Casimir soon became so attached to him that when they were apart for more than a few hours, the pupil grew lonesome for his teacher. As a matter of course, Casimir's affection for Father Dugloss rendered him anxious to make all the progress possible in knowledge and virtue. The boy never put on any airs on account of his rank, but was as obedient and diligent as if he were one of the poorest children in the land. And he *was* poor, too, in the best sense,—that is in the sense of the Beatitude: "poor in spirit."

As for Casimir's special virtues, they were a great love for the Blessed Virgin and unbounded charity toward the poor. All his pocket-money—and naturally he could procure a good deal—was spent in relieving the distresses of the miserable. Some courtiers one day told him that he was pushing his charity too far. He gravely replied: "It is Our Lord Himself who has given us the precept and furnished us with the example of charity. In helping the poor, we help Him. I wish for no other honor than to imitate the King of kings."

The young Prince escaped all the dangers that the royal court presented to him, and was never known to be haughty, insolent, or vainglorious. He had the good sense to see through the flattery of attendants; and if they began to praise him, would cut them short.

His biographer says that he owed his preservation from all the dangers that surrounded him to his tender devotion to Our Lady. He often recited a hymn beginning,

"Daily I sing the praises
Of the glorious Queen of Heaven."

He wrote out the words, and gave orders that when he died the paper should be placed in his tomb—a request that was faithfully carried out.

Notwithstanding the excellent use Casimir made of his riches, he evidently thought that great wealth was a danger to the soul; for he refused to become king. He died when only twenty-four years old, on March 4, 1484. His story teaches a lesson to all young people—to love and obey their teachers, to practise charity, and to confide in our Blessed Mother.

UNCLE AUSTIN.

The Statue Within.

It is related that a French sculptor had spent a long time in modelling a statue in clay. At last it was nearly done; but the artist was very poor, and, having devoted all his time and energy to its completion, found himself without food or fuel. One night it turned bitterly cold; and the man, fearing that the water would freeze in the crevices of the moist clay and ruin the work of many years, wrapped his scant bedclothes around it, and lay down to rest on his pallet of straw. In the morning he was found frozen to death; but the statue was saved, and soon afterward was reproduced in marble.

From this oft-quoted incident we should learn, says one, to care, at any risk, for the soul, which is the statue within each one of us, made more and more beautiful or endangered more and more by our acts and thoughts of good or evil.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

VOL. XXXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 11, 1893.

No. 10.

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

Before a Picture of St. Joseph.

DEAR, holy Joseph, what a boon is thine,
That little Jesus nestles on thy breast!
Ah, how I envy thee, who art caress'd
By fond embraces of the Babe Divine!
Despite unworthiness, my one design
Is, through thy patronage, to be so blest:
If thou but plead for me, at thy request
His love will gratify this heart of mine.
I dare not ask for it; yet wilt not thou—
Whose father's privilege endures the same
As when in Nazareth—entreat Him now
To cleanse my sinfulness, and sweetly claim
To kiss most tenderly His infant brow
And clasp Him lovingly, in my poor name?
T. A. M.

A Modern Esther.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

I.

FEW careers better illustrate the saying that the most striking dramas are enacted in real life, than that of Mad. de Maintenon. Few indeed for her were the joys of childhood. Born between the four walls of a prison, she never knew her father unabsorbed in the miseries of captivity, and she experienced the ineffable pleasure of a mother's kiss only twice in her life. Expatriated with her parents, she spent

two years in the tropics; and on the death of her father, her mother brought her back to France, to drink to the dregs the cup of poverty,—a draught made still more bitter by the consciousness that their pedigree had promised a less evil destiny. Accompanied by a brother of about the same age, she was often fain to beg a meal at the doors of some religious community. A few years of her childhood were passed in the *chateau* of her godmother, an avaricious though noble antiquity, who put the tender Frances to the most menial employments. Having rejoined her mother in her miserable Parisian tenement, she managed, by odds and ends of work, to make forty dollars *per annum*, saved from the wreck of their fortune, to suffice for the sustentation of the pair.

When Frances d'Aubigné was fifteen years of age, her mother died; and since her godmother fortunately had enough of the *noblesse oblige* not to condemn a young lady to the barnyard, as she had the little toddler, she conceived the not very original idea of disembarassing herself of a probably great burden by marrying her off. The person chosen as protector of the orphan was an original; an eccentric, ugly and infirm poet named Scarron, who had become acquainted with her family in the Antilles. That this union was purely nominal or platonic, however, is evident from Mad. de Maintenon's words to the pupils of Saint-Cyr, addressed to them

some years afterward, and before her marriage with the Great Monarch: "You must find it a little strange that one who has *never been married* should offer so much advice about marriage." But the union of the young Frances with Scarron was destined to be productive of great results; and as most lying of all astrologists he would have been regarded, who would have then predicted that this almost obscure Frances d'Aubigné, soon to be Widow Scarron, would in twenty years be the wife, the very wife, of the greatest civil monarch on earth; that this modest and spiritual woman would subjugate and convert him; that she would reign with him, in fact, for a quarter of a century. Scarron was, in his day, a successful poet; therefore he held his *salon*, and was waited upon by the *beaux esprits* of the day. And remember, this was the age of Louis XIV. The young bride soon became acquainted with all the members of this brilliant literary and artistic galaxy; and she charmed all by the dignity of her carriage, the distinction of her manners, and her brilliant conversation.

Mad. de Maintenon may be said to have lived on injuries to the day of her death, well remarks M. Lecoy de la Marche. And from Saint-Simon to Henri Martin, historians and romancists, philosophers and pamphleteers, have displayed a ghoulish determination to tarnish her memory. Representing as she does the old *régime* to a very great extent, the advanced thinkers of our century also do her the grossest injustice. These gentry pretend that the future spouse of Louis XIV. was so ambitious of attaining to supreme influence in court and state that she became guilty of many culpable complacencies, and sacrificed everything to her long and patiently established design. She is even accused of having enmeshed the King in a network of unintelligent devotion, and of having thus subjugated him entirely to her will. To her are

ascribed all the evils of the later days of an otherwise glorious reign. And—shame of shames!—writers have been found so unwilling to discern virtue, even when it is made manifest to them, as to confound the Widow Scarron with the Vallière, the Montespan, etc.; and to use in connection with her name the ugly word "concubine." *Apropos* of this accusation, M. de la Marche observes: "It is now impossible to give credence to that legend, originated by the jealousy of the Duchess d'Orleans, mother of the regent, and considerably embellished by a grand seignior of degraded and vindictive soul, who was a creature of the Duke d'Orleans. The story was rendered credible to the eighteenth century by the impostures of an able forger, La Baumelle, who fabricated an entire correspondence; and it was recommended to our century by party spirit, now the absolute mistress in the domain of history." The publications of M. Lavallée had already shed much light upon the career of Mad. de Maintenon, when, in 1887, M. Geoffroy placed this noble figure in the proper point of view by the issue of her correspondence.

The chief nay, the characteristic, passion of Mad. de Maintenon was a love of honor. "I wish," she once said to the young ladies of Saint-Cyr, "that I did for God what I did in the world to preserve my reputation." It was this sentiment, probably, that prevented Frances d'Aubigné from accepting the inheritance of La Vallière and Montespan. After the death of Scarron, his widow continued to frequent the higher Parisian society; and, to use the words of Mad. de Sévigné, she charmed all by her condescension and by her delightful conversation. She herself tells us that her favorite rendezvous was at Mad. de Montchevreuil's. This lady was an invalid, and it was Mad. Scarron's delight to help her in her household cares. "The children of Mad. de Montchevreuil are constantly around me," she writes. "I teach one how

to read, and the catechism to another. . . . One of them is a cripple; and she has to be bandaged in a way that I alone seem to understand. Many a time they have whispered to me, when I was entertaining, that the little one required me; and I would leave the company, attend to her wants, and then return to the guests." Among those who appreciated the grand qualities of Mad. Scarron were M. and Mad. de Montespan, the latter of whom was at the height of her favor with Louis XIV. A governess was needed for the illegitimate children whom the Montespan had borne, and the mother spoke to the royal father of the great merits of the Widow Scarron. Louis was agreeable; but it was only after long hesitation, and only upon her own conditions, that the future spouse of the monarch accepted the position. In entering upon this delicate mission, did Mad. Scarron render herself, in some sort, an accomplice of the crime of the guilty parents? So it has been said; but the Church, which is certainly sufficiently rigorous in all matters of this kind, has never counselled the moral abandonment of illegitimate children.

In the course of time the pupils of Mad. Scarron were acknowledged by their royal father, legitimated by act of Parliament, and transferred, together with their governess, to the brilliant light of the court. This change effected no alteration in the attitude of our heroine. She carefully persisted in her pedagogic and quasi-maternal mission, personally directing the instruction of the princes, and superintending the preparation of manuals for their use. But her letters of 1674, 1675 and 1676 show that her relations with the Montespan caused her many chagrins. The disagreement of the two in time became violent; nor was it caused simply by divergence of views as to plans of education. Meanwhile King Louis, being brought into daily contact with the widow of the poet, found himself frequently pausing to listen to a conversation which

was of a nature entirely new to him, and which opened up to his soul horizons hitherto unknown. In vain did Montespan seek to combat this new influence. She succeeded, however, in causing a temporary coolness between his Majesty and the governess; and the latter received a gift of a hundred thousand francs, with permission to leave the court. A month afterward the present was doubled, the estate of Maintenon was bought, and the rising star assumed from it the title by which she is generally known. The courtiers, who were prone to discern evil wherever it was possible, now began to style her "The lady of to-day,"—*La dame de maintenant*. The credit of Mad. de Maintenon with Louis was soon re-established, and the first use she made of her increased influence was to try to lead the sovereign back to the path of virtue. After many relapses, the stupefied courtiers saw the monarch frequenting the society of his long-abandoned Queen, Maria Theresa. But in three years the Queen died, her last sigh being received by her who had brought a portion of domestic happiness to her later days. When it was announced that Maria Theresa was no more, Mad. de Maintenon turned to go to her own apartments; but the Duke de La Rochefoucauld took her by the arm, and, leading her to the King's room, said: "This is no time to leave him alone: he has need of you." And indeed the great monarch, self-isolated though he was in his own grandeur, needed a companion, and such a one as could restrain, enlighten, and direct him. Such a one he could find only in her who had become his guardian angel. But what rank could he offer her? Certainly he could not and would not outrage purity itself by a tender of the position once occupied by a Montespan, etc.; and on the other hand, her deficiency of royal birth precluded the possibility of her being made queen in every sense of the

term. A morganatic marriage* afforded the only solution of the difficulty. Accordingly the contract was drawn up at Fontainebleau in September, 1683, and the religious ceremony performed soon afterward. Such was the *denouement*, without which the reign of Louis XIV. would have infallibly ended as did that of Louis XV., in debauchery and opprobrium.

From the year 1683 Mad. de Maintenon was an anonymous queen; for, although Louis gave to her no official title, she governed without reigning; most of his statecraft was evolved in her apartments, even at the risk of great inconvenience, and even pain, to her. Often by main force he would compel her to give her opinion before he ventured his own. When we reflect that the prince here spoken of was Louis XIV., he who is said to have declared himself the State, he who could not endure being "almost kept waiting," we feel like contradicting all received ideas concerning that period. The first and most considerable result of the all-powerful ascendancy of Mad. de Maintenon over the heart and will of her royal husband almost savored of the miraculous—namely, the sincere return of the prince himself to the practice of his religious duties. A change also came over the entire court and society in general; if this was not as sincere as the royal reformation, at least the faithful were not scandalized any more, or the little ones of Christ led to perdition, by vice stalking impudently in the halls of a nation's rulers, and frequently even in the

sanctuary itself. As early as September, 1683, the Countess could write to her brother: "I believe that the dead Queen has besought of God the conversion of his Majesty and of the court. That of the King is wonderful; and the ladies who used to least frequent the sanctuary now scarcely leave the churches. An ordinary Sunday is now kept as Pentecost used to be." And a few years afterward: "The King's health and piety both increase each day; piety has now become the fashion." *Apropos* of the Countess' settled resolve to devote herself to the salvation of the King, there is fortunately preserved to us a most touching prayer composed by this modern Esther, which many a Christian wife would do well to learn and recite, with application of course to her own particular Louis. "O Thou who holdest in Thy hands the hearts of kings, open that of King Louis, that I may cause to enter into it all the good thoughts which Thou lovest so much. Give me power to render him joyful, to console him, and even to sadden him when that would tend to Thy glory. May I never hide from him those things which he ought to learn from me, and which no one else would have courage to tell him. May we be saved together; may we love each other in Thee. May we progress together in all Thy ways unto the day of Thy coming!"

Among the many things with which the philosophistic historians charge Mad. de Maintenon, are the having procured the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and a persecution of heretics, so far as opportunity afforded. We intend to demonstrate, some day, that the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was not such a terrible thing, after all; but now we confine ourselves to the alleged connection between our Countess and this supposed atrocious deed. Saint-Simon insists that she was the prime instigator of the revocation; but Voltaire asks: "Why do you accuse Mad. de Maintenon of having procured the revocation?"

* Among many the idea prevails that there is something disgraceful in a morganatic marriage; that such a union is but a left-handed sort of an affair, or, in fact, no marriage whatever. Nothing can be more false than such a conception of a union which is sanctified by the Church, and is as much a sacrament, and as venerable, as though it had been solemnized under St. Peter's Dome by the Supreme Pontiff himself, and as though it entailed upon any possible issue all the prerogatives, etc., of both the contracting parties. A morganatic marriage takes place only where a difference of rank between groom and bride (*e. g.*, between sovereign and subject) prevents the transmission of the superior's dignities.

She had nothing to do with it; that is a certain fact." La Chaise and Louvois, prominent in this affair, were not friends of the Countess. While her correspondence shows no indication of her intervention in the revocation, it does show her recommending her brother and other governors to be tolerant toward the Calvinists. But it is said that the Court of Rome commissioned the wise counsellor of Louis XIV. to influence her husband in favor of the revocation. There is no proof of this; the only document which might be suspected as containing some sort of delegation, is a brief of Pope Alexander VIII. dated February 9, 1690; but this brief is a simple letter of congratulation, and begging the spouse of Louis to continue to defend the interests of the Church.

Mad. de Maintenon was of gentle temperament; but when reverses fell upon France, she showed the grandeur of her soul. She healed wounded hearts and aroused depressed energies; and after the battle of Ramillies she could write: "The King bears this evil fortune with a Christian courage which makes one melt with sympathy, and which gives pleasure to those who desire his salvation more than his earthly prosperity." Besides these outside troubles which prevented the happiness of the royal household from being too great, there were many little chagrins which the Countess found it hard to bear in her royal home. The minute laws of etiquette, and the needs, real or fancied, of a husband long habituated to the pettings of absolutism, sometimes made her suffer intensely. In one of her expansive effusions of the heart to an intimate correspondent, Mad. de Glapion, she tells us how little her lot fell short of gilded slavery. The egoism of King Louis, where his wife was concerned, was probably unconscious, but it was none the less trying. Often he would open all the immense windows of the Countess' room; for he was fond of fresh air. On the contrary,

Mad. de Maintenon dreaded cold; but she would shiver in patience. She could not even put a screen between her bed and the window; such apparatus Louis regarded as lacking in majesty. "One must die with dignity," observed the Countess,—*Il faut perir en symétrie.* All in all, however, the royal circle was a comparatively happy one. Louis XIV. truly loved the woman whom he had raised to almost the very throne, and who was now in reality his social equal. "I leave you the dearest object to me in the world," said he to the ladies of Saint-Cyr, as he confided his wife to their care when on his way to the siege of Mons.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

X.—CONVERSATION.—(Continued.)

"I HAVE always heard that you Southerners object to intellectual women," Bernice said; "and Miss Winslow is *very* intellectual, though she is a mystic. Her book has, the critics say, a wonderful chapter on the connection between the lotus of the Egyptians and the acanthus of the Greeks."

Conway shuddered ostentatiously.

"I don't think we Virginians object to intellectual women; but if Miss Winslow is likely to talk bits of her book at dinner, I wish you'd let me sit next to a woman without an oversoul. A little of Emerson is about all I can stand. Perhaps if I stayed North long enough, I might be educated up to the acanthus leaf."

Bernice looked at him; but his smile and that "about" disarmed her. There was something very taking in those Virginian vowels.

"The acanthus was not a leaf, but a

petal, Miss Winslow says. You'd better take in Alicia McGoggin. She's very devout, and nice and ascetic. She models herself on an early British saint, and I fancy you may like her."

Bernice spoke with a tinge of scorn in her voice. Whatever Giles might do, she was sure that Alicia would swing a metaphorical censer before him.

"Ah," answered Conway, "I see! She's not intellectual, so you think she'll do. Thank you! I'll do my best not to appear to know anything. I reckon it will not be hard," he added, with a mock sigh. "But as you *are* about to bestow a lady on me for the evening, might I ask for somebody like yourself, for instance,—somebody not *too* intellectual or pious?"

Bernice gave him another quick glance. Was he making fun of her?

"Miss McGoggin would, I thought, be particularly sympathetic. You're a Roman Catholic, and she's awfully high."

"I beg pardon!" he said, putting down his cap. "But what has my being a Catholic got to do with her height? Catholics are not all tall."

"Oh, you know what I mean! She is Ritualistic. When she's in New York, she goes to St. Ignatius'."

"Oh!" said Conway. "And you are a Catholic, of course,—like your father?"

Bernice turned her face away.

"I don't know what I believe. Yesterday I would have said yes,—but not like my father. He claims to be a Roman Catholic. I—"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Conway, with a shocked face, "have you given up the faith?"

Bernice was almost appalled by his earnestness. She forgot that he was a stranger, and replied, quickly:

"I am not sure I had faith,—I had opinions. I don't know what I believe now. The one in whom I trusted has—has failed me."

Her voice trembled a little. Conway

hated to speak. Anything like preaching was abhorrent to him. He put down his cigar, and stood up, looking out at the river. There was silence. Bernice bit her lip; she suddenly remembered that this guest was a stranger.

"You can not mean *that*," Conway said. "Our Lord never fails. This is a momentary cloud. It does not become me to recommend those helps which you as a Catholic must know so well. Cousin, I have never found any doubt or any grief so great that the Sacrament of Penance and the—"

"Oh, you mean confession!" said the girl, impatiently. "Giles—Mr. Carton—I mean we people here at Swansmere, were never so high as that."

Conway looked at her in amazement.

"I thought—"

"You thought that my father had brought us up Roman Catholics. Not at all! He was very broad and my mother was narrow, and of course she gained the day. None of us is a Roman Catholic, and there are six of us. I've thought a great deal for myself; but all dogmas seemed a little strained until of late. But it's all over now."

Conway's frank face became very grave; there was no humorous twinkle in his eyes now.

"My mother," he said, "was not a Catholic when my father married her,—the Culpepper Bradfords are all Church of England, you know. But it wasn't long before my father's example made her see things differently. God keep his soul!—he was a good man!" Conway added, with fervor. "I have heard him say that he wasn't happy at first. It didn't seem so bad to him when I was born (just after the war), because father knew that he'd have me of his way of thinking, at any rate; since there's always Georgetown for the boys, you know. But when Margaret came, he had nights of agony and days of torture; for he knew that a girl always

follows her mother, if she can. And especially when the mother is sweet and good, her religion is going to *count*, I reckon, more than the father's."

"Papa was different," said Bernice. "I don't think religion ever kept him awake much. Understand, he is just the loveliest man in the world, but he never has put the spiritual first. There are so many other things to be considered. And there are so many spiritual shams!" Bernice added, bitterly. "But what happened? Tell me!"

"Margaret was, of course, christened in the Catholic Church; but mother used to sigh and sigh over her, because her religion was dear to her too. When you have a sentiment in your family for years, and it has become part of your life, you don't want to give it up for something, even if people tell you it's better. But, of course, father never argued. Still, though they loved each other, they were so very unhappy. And one day, when Margaret was little, I heard mother say that she hoped that no other woman's children made her so unhappy as hers did. I got up on her knee and kissed her,—I was a bit of a chap, but I understood; and I cried too, wondering how I made her unhappy when Judith and old black mammy said I was a good boy. She put one arm about me and another about the little baby, and said: 'Oh, there will always be a difference—when you grow up! You children will not care for my old hymns or my old prayers,—the hymns and prayers your grandmother taught me. You will be apart—apart from me!' It was the first sadness that ever came upon me—forgive me, Miss Conway! This bores you—"

"No, no!" said Bernice, eagerly. "I am interested."

"I remember now how I clung to her and cried—for children notice and understand when grown people think them stupid. And I had heard Judith and even old mammy talk of the difference between

my father and mother. I clung to my mother, and asked: 'Didn't the little Jesus believe what His Mother taught Him?'—'Yes,' my mother said.—'Then,' I replied, 'I will be of your religion.' But my mother turned pale, and looked at me wistfully. 'It would break your father's heart,' she said. My father came in at that moment. My mother used to stop in her singing of the hymns of her religion when she heard my father's step. I often asked him why, in those days. I ran up to him, and, as he lifted me in his arms, I said: 'Papa, I will be of mamma's Church when I grow up, because the little Lord went with *His* Mother.' My father looked at my mother; she pretended to be busy with Margaret. He told me long afterward that he was about to answer me that the Holy Family had only one religion, but he did not. Suddenly my mother rose and went toward him, with outstretched hand. 'O Raymond!' she said, 'it is so hard to give up all the old things—to change, to go out of one's own family; but, with God's help, I will try to understand!' God *did* help her, and she understood. I never saw anybody more spiritually peaceful than my mother was when she had made the change. 'I was always a Catholic at heart,' she used to say; and it was a delight to her to find that some of her dear old Episcopalian hymns were only Catholic ones somewhat changed. And father!—it made him young again. The Bradfords had made a row when mother married an Irishman, and got over it; and, as they had always predicted that my mother would be a Papist in the end, they did not go on so dreadfully as she expected. In fact, when they considered that she might have married a carpet-bagger and been a New Adventist or something, they thought they were well off."

Conway smiled again.

"I *can* talk when I get started," he said; "can't I? Ah, the home life is so dear to me!"

Bernice had been interested. She poured another cup of coffee for him.

"You've let your coffee get cold," she said, trying to recover her conventional manner. This cousin of hers filled her with respect. "I suppose," she added, "you would die for your religion—you seem to take it so earnestly?"

"I pray that I would," answered Conway. "I hope, if necessary, God would give me the spirit of a martyr. To die is an awful thing for a weak human being. My ancestors—some of them—suffered and died for the faith. The risk of death is no doubt so fearful to one's mind that—who can say? I hope God would give me grace to face death for His sake—"

"A soldier—" she began.

"A soldier," he answered, "does not face the enemy *alone!* A Christian dying for his Lord, or going on his King's mission, meets death alone. He can not do it unless God gives him grace. I hope that, if I should be called to die for Him, He would support me."

"We are very solemn," Bernice said, aimlessly changing the cups about. "Let us talk of the dinner party. My sister, Mrs. Catherwood, is very nice. You will like Elaine; she is not a beauty, like Helen, who is now Captain Rodney's wife; she is devoted to charity. Frank Catherwood is rich, and I'm afraid he'll tell you so several times after you meet him. Helen, Mrs. Rodney, will please you; she is beautiful, but she just lets people admire her; she doesn't talk much. Ellen is in England; she married Sir Arthur Bradwood, but she's a widow now. She likes London,—so of course she can not be here. Hélaine, who married Wesleigh, the artist, is in London, too. Her book, 'A Loveless Life,' you've probably heard of. And Eleanor married the Bishop of West Eldorado, and is with him in Mexico, 'verting the natives. You'll meet General and Mrs. Lamaurice, John Van Schuyler-

Jones and his daughter; *all* the McGogins (you musn't say anything about the Scotch-Irish, if you hear them claiming all the great men that ever existed as belonging to that sect); and Colonel Carton and Aunt Ethel—I mean Mrs. Van Krupper—and one of her sons—"

Bernice paused; and Conway, looking at her inquiringly, saw that her color had risen. He followed the direction of her eyes, and saw a clergyman, young and perfectly attired, walking along the narrow path on the bank. He turned a moment, looked up at the conservatory, and, seeing Bernice, took off his hat. At the same time he caught sight of Conway standing near her.

Bernice nodded and drew back; and the Rev. Giles Carton passed on, with a new and unreasonable impression on his mind. He had intended to go in, to talk over matters with Bernice. He went around by the front of the house and homeward. Since Bernice was so well employed, not in tears or in sackcloth and ashes, why should he disturb her? Until that moment he had been apologetic in his own mind. Now he became bitter against her and against the world. The sight of Edward Conway, coffee-cup in hand, talking amiably to Bernice among the azaleas, had wrought this change. He said bitterly to himself, as he ascended the steps of his father's house:

"Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me?
to decline

On a range of lower feelings, and a narrower heart
than mine?"

He met the Colonel in the hall.

"Ho, boy!" said the Colonel, cheerily. "I have just got rid of a visitor who would have given Major Conway a turn. But you're looking blue!"

"I *am* blue," Giles said, as he went upstairs.

His father smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

Out of the Desert.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

Traces of Travel.

ALONG THE VESUVIAN SHORE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

OUT of the desert our dear Lord came,
Worn with fasting His matchless frame.

Up to the mountain with patient feet,
He led His own into stillness sweet.

There He taught them, and love divine
They saw in His eyes' pure heaven shine.

Love in His tones and loving care
In ev'ry meaning He uttered there.

Ah, in the desert, wild and grim,
Satan had been alone with Him!

All the weakness and sorrow of life
He had tested in cruel strife.

Bitter sweet sin, or its naked dart,
With infinite pity pierced His Heart.

Never a word of scorching blame,
Never a look to blind with shame;

But blessing and promise and words of balm,
Sweeter than honey and purer than psalm,

Out of the desert came with Him,
When the stars of His lonely Fast grew dim.

Into the desert our pathway leads;
Night and morning the season speeds.

What shall we bear to Our Lord in turn,
When these Lenten tapers have ceased to burn?

Oh, kindle, kindle, thou Fire Divine!
Cleanse in each bosom a spotless shrine;

Scatter the shadows of selfish care,
Glow in each penance and alms and prayer.

Bring us, Lord, through the strife with pride,
Out of the desert, love-purified.

Out of the desert with Thee, dear Lord,
To live for aye on the Bread of the Word!

X.—PÆSTUM AND SALERNO.

SALERNO turns its back on Naples, because it has a bay of its own as beautiful as a dream. It has, moreover, a long, curving beach, alive with young people, to whom even the convenient fig-leaf is unknown. Naples can not outstrip it, and yet it contains only about 20,000 inhabitants. It has a cathedral of great beauty; the crypt is a marvellous bower of the most gorgeous mosaics. It boasts the possession of the bones of St. Matthew: I saw the place where they lie, and the short marble column on which St. Matthew, it is said, was beheaded. The little streets that run parallel with the promenade by the sea are a secure shelter from the hot summer sun; for the tall houses nearly meet overhead. And in these narrow streets, scarcely ten feet broad, everyone crowds his neighbor in the most familiar manner. Whole families live out of doors in summer time; they cook, eat, sleep, and make their toilets as innocently as though there were no curious eyes in the world.

Pæstum, four and twenty level miles from Salerno, has been for many years a favorite haunt of brigands. Until quite recently it was the custom to visit the ruins under the escort of a troop of cavalry. The portly butler assured me that cavalry would be unnecessary in my case—which I thought convenient, though uncomplimentary,—and it was therefore settled that at four o'clock in the morning I should enter a light carriage drawn by a span of dashing mares, and be driven by a reliable party, capable of defending me in case of an assault. Everything was definitely settled before I slept. It is

No happiness was ever built upon a broken vow. And if duty brings pain, it is an exquisite pain, not to be bartered for happiness.

necessary to come to an understanding in the beginning, or you are at the mercy of a people who are indeed merciless.

I slept in a room with a stone floor painted red, with two gilt iron bedsteads, and some funereal chairs. The sea moaned under my window, and the place seemed awfully still after feverish, noisy Naples. I awoke before daybreak, heard the tinkle of donkey bells in the street, and the lively whip-lash that in Italian hands goes off like a pack of firecrackers. I feared my coach-and-two would fail me. Pæstum was a bore, but it must be done at all hazards. Not to see Pæstum is to have everybody, who otherwise would hold his peace, ask you what you think of Pæstum, and to endure his scorn when you acknowledge that you know it not.

I rose, looked out of the window; in the dark streets peddlers were coming to town with bushels of fragrant fruit on their heads. I slept again, with a thin coating of red paint on the soles of my feet, as I discovered at daybreak. Italian floors are a temptation and a snare. Presently a rap at my door and the voice of the butler awoke me. The carriage was waiting; the luncheon was in the box; the driver was impatient; I alone detained the caravan. Then came the last words of the butler: There was a Feast of the Madonna in the next village; every sort of conveyance was in demand, and the market had risen suddenly and unexpectedly in consequence. This argued ill for my pocket. In the dim dawn I saw my steeds, two of them; all was not lost. The next moment we dashed out of the hollow and ghostly court of the hotel, and were on the way to Pæstum.

Scores of vehicles passed us at the unseemly hour of four in the morning. Hundreds of pedestrians flocked in the ranks of the procession, all hastening to the Feast of the Madonna. The morning was charming, the air deliciously cool. We hastened out into the plains that skirt the east shore of the bay, and just at sun-

rise came into a little village that looked as if it had been up all night, where my coachman, a mere boy of the tamest quality, said one of the animals must be shod. Horseshoeing is not a novelty, nor is the odor of burnt hoof pleasant before breakfast. I repaired to a *café* close at hand, and ordered the ever-ready, ever-welcome beverage. The master was busy counting round, undeveloped watermelons, that lay in heaps of ten all over the street in front of the shop. Coffee was brought, the watermelon market wavered for a moment; I drank, called for my account; and when the trade in melons was again suspended, the master positively declined to set any price upon his coffee, as though I had been his welcome and honored guest, or perhaps because it really was a matter quite too small for him to give it a second thought. An amiable and an ingenious dodge this; it was my cue for bestowing a franc or two upon the hospitable one who had such confidence in my princely liberality. But I have learned my lessons during these last six months, and I paid him the usual price, which he received without a murmur; though the smile left his face, and he returned to his melons with the melancholy air of one who had just escaped falling heir to a small fortune.

Out in the desolate plains the sun grew hot, the miles grew long, and there was nothing to rest either the eye or the mind. Interminable rows of poplars lined a road as straight as an arrow,—a road that actually seemed to run on to a point like a needle and disappear in the horizon. An occasional villa, walled in and decorated with enormous busts, was all that broke the monotony of the drive.

Now and again we came into a bit of country where even the poplars declined to stand by us. It was at such times—with a shelterless range of miles on either hand, with no houses in sight, with low clumps of brush occasionally springing up by the wayside—that my fancy lightly

turned to thoughts of brigands. Had one healthy man challenged us in the midst of that desert, he could have taken all our treasure, including a luncheon of cold fowl and eggs. In vain I kept my weather-eye open; in vain I laid an ingenious plot to secrete my *porte-monnaie*, containing my all, in some hidden quarter of the carriage, where no brigand would dream of looking. In the end, when I began to fear that the temples had fallen, and that the road we were travelling ran on to the end of time, a little cluster of houses appeared on the horizon; and at one side of them, alone, in the midst of a low growth of trees, a long row of stately columns stood out against the sky,—columns that I thought were poplars in the hot and hazy distance, but that took shape presently; and then—with their exquisite outlines clearly defined in the bright light of noon, and the mellow stain of time upon them—I knew it all; for lo! the temples of Pæstum!

The plains over yonder, in Pæstum, are full of fever and malaria. The few people who live there look sallow and sickly. There is a bad eating-house—an *osteria* they call it in this country—quite near to the first of the three ruined temples that are the only remains of the ancient Posidonia, “City of Neptune,” founded by the Greeks from Sybaris about the year B. C. 600. Bits of the old wall are traceable; a few mounds of stone, nearly level with the earth, are guessed at; but the three temples are there—three lovely and lonely monuments, that for four and twenty centuries have withstood time and the elements, and are at this day, with the single exception of the temples at Athens, the finest specimens of ancient Greek art in existence. It is the Temple of Ceres that is seen from the *osteria*.

In the filthy public room of this barn-like house, on a wooden table smeared with wine, I took my elaborate luncheon, the crowning effort of the portly butler at

Salerno. Wine such as Pæstum can not boast; even water from Salerno, for the water of Pæstum is ancient and unsavory; all the delicacies of the butler, who is worthy to live in history for his fidelity to the solitary foreigner who inhabits his deserted hotel,—these things beguiled the Pæstumites to a degree, and I ate with much embarrassment. Meanwhile young fellows played cards with a *monte* deck (the cards one sees all over this country); and wild-looking men came in from the mountains with goatskins full of wine, which was poured out of one leg into large earthen jars the shape of an egg and at least three feet deep.

The Temple of Neptune has, on the one hand, the small and graceful Temple of Ceres, and on the other the Basilica, as it is called—a court, or rather double court, of columns; for it is divided in the centre by a row of columns. Beautiful as the fifty lofty columns of the Basilica are, and graceful as is the Temple of Ceres, they are neither of them comparable to the splendid Temple of Neptune. Two hundred feet in length and eighty in width; thirty-six columns, seven and a half feet in diameter at the base and thirty feet high, with an unbroken cornice and an inner court of columns, surmounted by an upper row, which are still perfect on one side of the court,—these are the plain facts and figures, perhaps definite enough to give an architect some idea of the proportions of the temple.

The columns stand upon a terrace of stone, in the midst of a field overgrown with weeds and brushwood. There is no charm of nature to shed lustre upon the ruins; but alone, in the midst of desolation, surrounded by the homeliest growth of a barren and untilled soil—neglected, forlorn, isolated,—the Temple of Neptune will live in my memory as a thing as perfect in its way as a chord of music. It has given me an impression, definite, delightful, all-sufficient—I can not analyze

it. I know not why I have accepted this as the most perfect architectural result under whose influence I have come; it doubtless has its influence—everything perfect has. But no arguments will unsettle my faith in the art of him who conceived this marvel of symmetry; and the thought that I shall never wholly lose the impression—wholesome, healing, elevating—that I received as I looked upon the eloquent bit of antiquity is in itself a consolation and a kind of wealth. Birds were building among those columns; the lizards darted over them with marvellously sure feet; a few vines strove to climb them, but they were mostly naked. It seemed as though Nature had made an exception in this case; and, by not throwing her mantle of beauty over these temples, she acknowledged that here, at least, Art needed no added grace.

Those old Roman poets used to sing of the "Rose Gardens of Pæstum"; but where are they now, and what are they? Clouds of dry dust blow about; the grasshopper is active, and the cricket chirps unconcernedly in his sweet, contented way; the stones are alive with lizards, green, black and brown. But the "Rose Gardens" have gone to dust with the poets who sang of them; and there is nothing left but the sunset—the one thing, barring moonlight,—that can add a touch of beauty to the columns of the Temple of Neptune. Then, indeed, they glow for a moment, as if the ancient glory of the gods still hovered over them; but the night comes—and, by the way, it is a long drive back to Salerno!

The boy who showed me where the guide was had his fee; the guide's fee was inevitable; the man at the *osteria* who was not patronized was feed, out of compliment; also the man at the stable, and one who followed about with a chair, and one who had no other virtue than that he looked poor and hungry. Then we mounted the chariot, my driver and I, and started for Salerno. Oh, that drive

back! The heat, the want of interest in everything, the wine, the dust! The party on the box amazed me by dropping off to sleep within a mile of Pæstum; not that sleep is surprising under any circumstance in Italy, but I thought of the beasts. One was harnessed to a single carriage, and he was all right; the other was merely tied on,—a supplementary animal, that had nothing to do but to waltz about the road when he grew weary of trotting by the side of the creature that did all the work. That boy lurched fearfully. Finally the horses dropped off too, and I could hardly keep my eyes open. I think we all had our nap before we returned to town; but we got back in tolerable season, and without having sighted a brigand. Moreover, there was music on the promenade by the sea, and a soft, refreshing air, and merry people walking to and fro! It seemed as though I had returned in a few hours from the days of the gods to the days of the godless, and I felt quite at home.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Nolan's Rosary.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

I.

"YOU'LL give it to her, Father?"
"If possible."

"'Tis all I have to lave her—all!" the dying woman said. "An' it belonged to my mother, an' her mother afore her."

"Yes," the priest said, holding the strange-looking rosary to the light. It was made up of large yellow beads, with five of Irish oak, each almost as big as a pigeon's egg. A cross of oak was attached.

"Have you sufficient money," the priest asked, gently, "to keep you comfortably?"

Bridget Nolan smiled faintly.

"I have, yer Riverence; an' thank ye

for axin'. But sure I didn't know what New York was like. I thought it might be as big as Strabane or Lifford maybe, an' that I'd find my girleen easily. An' now I'll die without seein' her!"

The woman covered her face with her hands for a minute, and then spoke again.

"But mind ye give her the bades, Father,—mind that!"

"I will give them certainly if I ever have the opportunity. But, my poor woman, the chance is a very slight one. You don't even know your daughter's name?"

"I don't, an' I don't want to know!" the woman replied, with a burst of indignation. "She was the first of the Nolans that ever disgraced their name. Ochone! to think of Kathleen Nolan bein' a Protestant, and the wife of one!"

"Tell me all you know of her."

"It isn't much. After Kathie went to Americky she wrote regular for a time, an' then she stopped, till one mornin' I got a letter from her, an' twenty pounds in it, an' she said she was married to a gentleman. But she didn't give her name, nor an address to write to. An' then Mrs. McGurk got a letter from her son, an' he towl how Kathleen was married to a Protestant, in a Protestant chapel! He only chanced to see her comin' out of the place, leanin' on her husband's arm; an' then they drove away."

"He may have been mistaken."

"No, no! Why didn't she write again? But I've said the bades for her fifteen times a day since I heard of her forgettin' her religion,—fifteen times every day; an' the Blessed Virgin won't let my prayers be lost."

"You may be sure of that," the priest answered.

"I am; an' that's why I give ye the bades. You'll give them to her?"

"Certainly, if I have the chance."

"But ye must find her."

"Find her! How?"

"Ye'll be preachin' often, Father, an' ye can tell my story. Tell of the poor widow who left her own country an' crossed the sea to find the daughter who had forgotten both God an' her; an' you can show the bades. She would know them at the end of forty years. Ye'll do that, Father?"

"What I can do, I will do."

"That's enough. She'll get the bades! It may be long or short till she gets them, but she'll come for them. An' then ye'll tell her how I prayed for her always. Tell her I never touched a penny of the twenty pounds. 'Twas his money—the man's who led her astray. I'll lave it with you, too, Father, to give back to her."

"But, my poor soul!" the priest said, "do you not understand? The probabilities are that I may never meet your daughter; and I can not take the money in that way."

"Oh, ye'll meet her!" the woman replied, confidently. "Ye'll meet her, sure enough. But if ye don't like to take the money in that way, ye can have Masses said for her and him."

"And for the repose of your own soul?"

"No, Father: here's a trifle for that. 'Tis part of the price for the cabin an' bit of land."

The woman's voice failed, and the young priest hastened to administer a cordial that stood on the table by the bedside. Gradually she recovered.

"Now, Mrs. Nolan, I'll bid you good-night. I'll come again to-morrow."

"Thank yer Riverence kindly! But I'm thinkin' there'll be no to-morrow for me."

"You feel worse?"

"I do, Father. But, thank God an' His Blessed Mother, I'm ready to go."

The priest lingered a few minutes longer, and then turned to the door; but the dying woman's voice recalled him.

"Ye won't forget to mention the bades when ye're preachin'? An' ye might show them, so that she may see them."

"Yes," the priest said; "but you must

understand that I may leave New York—”

“No matter, no matter! She’ll come for them, I know. Och, Father, she *must* come for them,—she must come back to the fold! I’ve prayed, an’ I will pray till I win her back,—till she—”

“Yes, yes! Now don’t excite yourself,” the priest said, soothingly; and then he called the woman who owned the lodging-house, in which poor Bridget Nolan had been stricken down a week after she landed from Ireland.

“Sit up with her to-night, Mrs. Ryan,” he whispered to the kindly landlady.

“Is she so bad as that, Father?”

“She is very ill, but she may last a few days yet. Good-night, Mrs. Ryan! I’ll call in the morning.”

When Father Parker returned next morning, he was met at the door by Mrs. Ryan.

“She’s dead, poor creature! She passed away about four o’clock, without a struggle. Her last words were about some one she called Kathleen and a rosary.”

“What wonderful faith she had,” the priest said, “to leave her home, at her age, to seek her erring daughter! I wonder if I shall ever fulfil the trust she imposed upon me?”

II.

“Dear Mrs. Golding, I really must hear Paul Royston preach! He was a neighbor of ours, you know, in Maryland.” And Miss Desborough looked appealingly at her hostess across the dainty tea-table in the latter’s elegant *boudoir*.

They were both beautiful women; and, though Mrs. Golding was ten years her guest’s senior, she did not look it. Her golden hair was coiled round her shapely head, and her eyes were of that rare hue known as Irish grey. There was no trace, however, of the Irish accent in her speech when she replied to her friend:

“Father Royston the Jesuit, you mean, Carrie, I suppose?”

“Yes, Father Royston. He is to preach in the Church of—there! Read the

announcement for yourself.” And she tossed a newspaper into her friend’s lap.

“Read what?” a man’s voice inquired; and Miss Desborough looked up.

“O Mr. Golding, I do so want to hear Father Royston preach!”

He smiled. “Yes, it is quite the fashion to go to hear him, I believe.”

“Oh, it isn’t for that exactly! I knew him ages ago.”

“Ages ago, indeed!”

“Well, a long time since, anyhow. Will you take us to-night, Mr. Golding?”

“I am very sorry, Carrie, but I have an important engagement to-night; otherwise I should be happy to accompany you.”

Miss Desborough pouted, like the spoiled child she was.

“But Kate will go with you, if you wish.”

“Will you, Mrs. Golding?” seizing the lady’s hand.

“If you wish, Carrie,” she answered; “and if Robert can not take you.”

“I’m sorry I can’t,” Mr. Golding said. “I sha’n’t be home for dinner either. I had a telegram from Wallis to meet him at his office to discuss some business, so I just ran in to tell you. Now give me a cup of tea, little woman; for I must be off.”

He drank the tea his wife handed, and hurried out of the room, turning to say:

“Now, ladies, don’t get religion!”

Ten years previously he would scarcely have jested on such a subject; for then Mrs. Golding had at times some qualms of conscience for abandoning her faith. But time works wonders, and Mrs. Nolan’s daughter had almost forgotten she ever was a Catholic.

When Robert Golding fell in love with the shy, beautiful Irish girl, there was one obstacle to his marrying her. His uncle, whose heir he expected to be, did not object to his wife being penniless, but he did object to her being a Catholic; and Robert Golding set himself to work successfully to induce her to give up her faith. He did not

ask her to do so indeed till he had wooed her and won her love—till he was all the world to her; and then he approached the matter insidiously.

"My uncle must not be defied," he whispered; "and the deception will be only for a time. Besides, you know, dear, one religion is just as good as another."

So Kathleen yielded. The months and years went by, and the elderly uncle died; and the wealthy Mrs. Golding had too many social duties to attend to to think much of religious matters. Her husband, in the first years of their married life, had employed teachers to educate her; and with the knowledge and accomplishments she thus acquired she also learned to feel contempt for people who thought only of the next world. When she took her place in society, the adulation she received was more than sufficient to turn a wiser head than hers. Only once, when she lay very near death, did she think seriously of what she had become. But the delicate baby, that might have roused the mother's heart to better things, survived its birth only a few minutes; and Mrs. Golding went back to her life of pleasure with almost the old zest. She had written once again to her mother, forwarding her address; but the letter had been returned, and she reasoned that the mother whom she had always loved was dead.

III.

Early as Mrs. Golding and Miss Desborough reached the church, they found it thronged. They managed to secure seats near the altar; and Miss Desborough had time to make remarks on her neighbors, which Mrs. Golding for a time enjoyed. But when the priest, who was to recite the Rosary, knelt at the altar steps, she felt a sudden thrill of indescribable emotion, and, sinking on her knees, she mechanically repeated the responses so long unsaid by her. She closed her eyes, and for a time she was back again in the little chapel among the hills at home; and when the

prayers were finished and she raised her head, she was almost surprised not to find around her the women in their cloaks and shawls, and the men in rough working apparel, as in her girlish days. She smiled a little at her fancy as the priest entered the pulpit. A murmur of disappointment rose from the congregation as he announced that Father Royston was ill, and that he had been asked to take his place.

"Shall we go home?" Mrs. Golding whispered, nervously; but Miss Desborough was interested in all she saw and heard, and shook her head very decidedly.

Father Parker was not a great preacher, but he spoke clearly and intelligently, and his subject was one dear to his heart. He told of the founder of the devotion of the Rosary, and of the marvellous graces and blessings bestowed on mankind by the Queen of that devotion. He urged his listeners to practise it; and toward the close of his discourse he spoke of the wonderful faith that Catholics had in Mary, and quoted some examples of how their trust had been verified.

"I remember well my first sick call in this city," he said. "A poor old woman had come from Ireland for the sole purpose of looking for her daughter, her only child, who had forsaken the Church of her baptism. She was poor, she was old, she was uneducated; but oh she had such faith in Mary! When her confession was made, and the last Sacraments administered, she told me her story. She had no idea where her daughter was. She only knew she had been married, in the city, to a Protestant gentleman, whose name was unknown to her; and she had thought to find her child as easily as she would in a small country town. Though on her death-bed, she still had hope. She gave me her rosary. 'My girl will come to you for it one day,' she said. 'I have told the beads over and over for her; and God's Holy Mother will bring her back to the faith, and save her poor soul.' I tried to reason

with her, to show her how unlikely it was I should ever meet her daughter. But she only repeated her words: 'She'll come to you, Father,—she'll come to you!' And, somehow, I began to believe her. She died that night; and, though it is almost ten years since her death, I have kept her rosary for one who, I am assured, will yet come to claim it."

He took from his pocket the yellow rosary, and held it aloft.

"It may be years till it is claimed, but I am certain the poor Irishwoman's prayers will not remain unanswered."

"She is coming!" a voice cried near him; and Mrs. Golding rose from her seat, and moved toward him with outstretched hands. He motioned her back, and Miss Desborough laid a restraining hand on her friend's arm.

The sudden exclamation had been heard only by those near, and Father Parker concluded hurriedly. Benediction was given, after which Mrs. Golding and her friend entered the sacristy, and Father Parker told more minutely the particulars of Bridget Nolan's death.

"And now her prayers are answered: you have come to claim this?" he said.

There was more in the manner of putting the question than in the words, and Mrs. Golding hesitated for a moment.

"Yes," she said at length, and took the rosary from his hand.

Mr. Golding made no very active opposition to his wife resuming the practice of her holy religion. He saw it was useless, and still believed that 'one religion was as good as another'; and he did not think an absence of faith a thing to be deplored. This is Mrs. Golding's cross; but she prays unceasingly for his conversion, as her mother once prayed for her. She is no longer a leader of fashion, but the poor and the sick and afflicted know her well; and they wonder that so grand a lady as she should always carry with her and use such an old-fashioned rosary.

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A BIT OF STEEL.

SEVERAL weeks have passed since our neighbor, Mrs. Dobbs, came over to invite us to co-operate with her in a scheme for the alleviation of human misery. Her project was no less than a benevolent society, which was, she informed us, intended to improve the social tone of the neighborhood, at the same time that it fed the hungry and clothed the naked. We did not actively co-operate with her to any great extent, having certain radical views of our own on the subject of giving, with which those of Mrs. Dobbs would be sure to conflict if brought into close relations. But we made a small offering to the cause, politely expressed our wishes for her success; and since then have been waiting for results.

We wait no longer. The benevolent society is not an experiment. Neither is it a success. It is, to come to the point at once, an unmitigated failure,—a "howling" failure, as our landlady's nephew, sadly addicted to slang, puts it. Mrs. Dobbs may tell the story of its decline and fall in her own words. These are the discouraged sentences which fell from her lips as the last tired guest strolled in last evening:

"You see, every one of us had a lot of old clothes that it wouldn't pay to make over, and that our consciences wouldn't let us throw away. So we thought we could help the poor and clear out our garrets at the same time. I, for one, had kept Mr. Dobbs' army suits till they were as full of moth holes as if he'd been a target for a shotgun; and all Mabel's party dresses were ragged around the bottom and out of fashion. The rest of the ladies [Mrs. Dobbs' word, not mine] were in the same fix. The second-hand

man wouldn't even look at the things they had on hand and wanted to get rid of. And, then, Mrs. Doolittle had a sack of flour that was made of grown wheat, and a lot of canned fruit and pickles that were spoiled. They were delighted with my idea. We agreed to meet once a week, and have the gentlemen come to tea, with a nice game of cards afterward. We had some trouble about the rules,—I, for one, saying I wouldn't have any Catholics helped. 'Let them take care of their own poor,' said I; and one of our members was so mad at this that she never came to another meeting. She said if we were going to ask a starving man his religion, we might better be Hottentots and be done with it. I told her we were better off without her if she maintained such narrow, bigoted doctrines. Everything seemed to go smoothly for a while after that, especially the social part. Our husbands all came to supper regularly, and we always had hot waffles—"

"Made from the poor flour, madam?" queried a stranger, who sat beside Miss Earnest.

Mrs. Dobbs responded with a withering glance, and resumed her recital.

"There wouldn't have been any trouble if it hadn't been for the ingratitude of the lower classes." This sentence rolled out so magnificently that she repeated it. "Yes, the ingratitude of the lower classes. For instance, that flour—which was plenty good enough for poor, shiftless people that didn't know enough to earn any—why, the woman I took it to afterward said we had made a mistake: that she didn't keep pigs! And when I handed a man Mr. Dobbs' army overcoat, he just laughed in my face, and said it was too well ventilated for a winter day. The party dresses didn't fare any better. Weren't warm enough, they said, especially about the arms and shoulders. When we tried a new method, and gave old Sally Evans five dollars outright, she went and had a progressive

euchre party with it. So we've stopped our society, and we owe seven dollars. Eggs were forty cents a dozen, and it took five for the waffles every time. Charity's played out. If there's anybody here who can tell me what the trouble was, I shall be glad to listen. I'm sure I want to be benevolent and help the suffering, ungrateful and impudent as they are."

Miss Earnest turned to her friend and asked her to explain the failure if she could.

"I hardly know where to begin," said Miss Earnest's friend, a calm-eyed young woman, in a quiet gown; "but it seems to me that Mrs. Dobbs' benevolent association was all awry from the beginning. Having feasts and playing cards with a view to feeding the starving poor seems to me like giving a ball for the purpose of purchasing a cemetery. As poverty is very often the result of ignorance, is it not a little knowledge that is needed, after the first pressing wants are cared for, instead of cast-off clothing utterly past repairing, or even doubtful flour? As a rule, destitute women, who have the home in their care and its inmates in their power, have no more practical knowledge of a needle and thread than they have of the interior of the planet Jupiter."

"I hear a hobby in the distance," broke in our Cynic. "But let it approach unhindered. A well-regulated hobby-horse is the most useful friend our crooked old civilization possesses."

"Miss Earnest's hobby and my own trot well in double harness," said the newcomer, smiling. "She would begin to set things to rights by teaching the children to cook; I would have them taught to sew as well. With average health, and habits not absolutely vicious, it would be a rare case where a family could not thrive if the mother was skilful with the needle, and taught her daughters the same use of it. It is mistaken charity to give the poor worn-out garments, if they can not reconstruct them; or even the raw materials,

if they can not make them into clothing. But a matron's clumsy fingers can not handle the little shining fairy that can do such wondrous things, unless they have been trained when small and pliable. I shall be happy to show you through my sewing school, Mrs. Dobbs. The material is furnished by a good friend"—here Miss Earnest blushed,—“and the completed garments are the property of the busy little women who make them. We have not the latest quirks in philanthropy perhaps, for we would help an Arab or a Methodist without asking any questions; but we have had enough success to make us hopeful of more.”

Here Miss Earnest's friend grew poetic, and she seemed to look afar off, beyond the cheerful teacups and the kindly faces.

“The shining little needle has darted all through the web of history and romance; carrying with it a thread upon which human joys and ills have been slipped, like beads upon a string. It gleams all through Holy Writ like a dancing sunbeam. Even when it was but a thorn, it had begun its useful mission; for in the Garden of Eden they ‘made themselves garments’; and, going on through the sacred writings, whose heart is not touched at the story of Samuel's mother, who made her consecrated boy a ‘little coat’? Queens have ever had the needle for their friend; and the Bayeux tapestry still tells the story of the Conquest, wrought in divers colors, sadly faded now, by William's Matilda and her maids. The busy hands have long been dust, but the tapestry yet lives, a heritage to us from the Middle Ages. Ah! there was in those same maligned Middle Ages, which iconoclasts would have us think so sad and bleak, the needle and the embroidery frame to flee to when the good knights were long away, redressing wrong or seeking to redeem the Holy Land from the infidel. There were always altar cloths to make with reverent touch, and pennon and shield to cover with heraldic devices.

There were sewing schools, too, in those days. It is a far cry from the medieval period to the era of electric cars and long distance telephones; but human nature was then what it is now, and the soothing power of the little needle, one of God's best gifts to womankind, has not changed. It is my belief that women will not fly far afield into uncertain and dubious paths while that shining steel implement glitters under the roof of home. It is to them as sacred and true a magnet as the bit of steel, its sister, which guides the mariner on the trackless ocean. Now let me read you a few words of a recent writer:

“‘Because most ancient and supremely useful, the needle is the type of, and gives its name to, the tiny implements of etcher, surveyor, and navigator. From being a sweetener and beautifier of human life and an aid in civilization, it was transfigured and glorified when made a magnet. Poised upon a pivot in the compass-bowl, a new soul possessed the needle. Trembling in sensitive obedience to the mystic currents of the cosmos, it became the finger of God guiding man over the consecrated deep.’”

There was a pause. Not even a teaspoon made a sound, when suddenly Mrs. Dobbs' voice broke the silence.

“Needles may do,” she said, “when you ain't in a hurry; but just give me a good Singer sewing-machine!”

What would have happened, in a linguistic way, no one knows; for there was an ominous gleam in the bright eyes of our Cynic. But our good Poet entered, just in the nick of time, as is his wont. His hands were full of yellow daffodils.

“St. Valentine's own flowers!” he cried. And Mrs. Dobbs and her sewing-machine were forgotten.

FAILURE after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be a failure.—
George Eliot.

An Antiphon of the "Little Office."

ONE of the most striking antiphons of the Office of the Blessed Virgin is that which occurs after Psalm xcv, in the third nocturn of Matins: *Gaude, Maria Virgo, cunctas hæreses sola interemisti in universo mundo*,—"Rejoice, O Virgin Mary! Thou alone hast destroyed all heresies in the whole world." To one who has never taken the trouble to understand the teaching of the Church in regard to the true character of the Blessed Virgin, and who, therefore, has no adequate conception of her position in the plan of salvation, this assertion may seem startling and incredible. Such a one will naturally ask: How is it possible that the Blessed Virgin, who, after all, is only human, should have destroyed all heresies in all the world?

In answering this question, it is important, in the first place, that the power of the intercession of the Mother of Christ should not be overlooked. Her relations with her Son are such that she has the deepest interest in the accomplishment of the great purposes for which He came into the world. As He was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, her maternal Heart is united most intimately with His. This union and sympathy are so complete that they may be said to have but one mind, one Heart, one desire and purpose—one absorbing motive. She is always with Him, and knows what is going on in this world of sin and sorrow; and her sympathies are always enlisted, especially in whatever affects the honor of her Son—the exaltation of Holy Church and the salvation of souls. Hence so powerful, so persevering and so universal are her petitions to Christ our Saviour that she is not improperly called the mediatrix of redemption; and St. Liguori, with innumerable other holy saints and doctors, declares that through her we receive all spiritual blessings.

Now, heresy is a deadly sin, and aims at the very life of the Church and the consequent destruction of souls. Therefore we can not conceive of anything that is calculated to appeal more powerfully to the Heart of the Blessed Virgin, and to enlist her earnest petitions to her Divine Son, than the destruction of heresy.

But there is another sense in which the Blessed Virgin may be said to have destroyed all heresies; and that is in her divine maternity. All heresies have reference, directly or indirectly, to the Incarnation, and are aimed at depriving Jesus of His divine prerogative. Even those heresies which have more especial reference to the Father and the Holy Ghost may be said to involve the Incarnation, since the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity hinges upon the divinity of Christ. It is not, then, merely to the petitions of the Blessed Virgin that we are indebted for the special prerogative we are claiming for her, but to the *fact* that she was the Mother of God. She is emphatically the instrument, the medium and the subordinate agent of the Incarnation. When the Council of Ephesus solemnly declared that the Blessed Virgin Mary was indeed *θεοτόκος*—Mother of God,—she may be said to have given a death-blow to all heresies, because that decree settled at once and forever the dogma of the divinity of Christ—the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the great central doctrine of Christianity, upon which all the others depend, and against which, as we have said, all heresies, directly or indirectly, are instinctively aimed.

Well might the multitude of the Catholic people attending upon the Council of Ephesus send up a great shout of joy and thanksgiving on the announcement of that glorious proclamation; and well may we, their loyal descendants, join in the triumphal song, and exclaim with Holy Church: "Rejoice, O Virgin Mary! Thou alone hast destroyed all heresies in the whole world."

Notes and Remarks.

In many quarters, especially perhaps in Spain, Freemasons are seeing the error of their ways, and forsaking the pernicious organization to which they were allured by political or other reasons, and returning to the fold from whence they strayed. A notable instance of this is seen in the recantation of Señor Roja Arias, who has acknowledged his error and become reconciled to mother Church. Another prominent member of the Order, Don Martinez, an avowed freethinker, has also abjured his errors, delivered over all his Masonic books and papers, and begged to be restored to the communion from which he separated himself. He had been most violent in his attacks upon the Church, and his recantation has caused much rejoicing.

Meanwhile in Italy the Freemasons are more than ordinarily active and unyielding. The editor of an excellent paper at Genoa, desiring to circulate pamphlets embodying the Holy Father's letter upon Freemasonry, applied, simply as a matter of form, to the Questura for permission, only to have his request instantly and indignantly refused.

A writer in *Les Annales de St. Joseph* refers appreciatively to the series of Columbus paintings that adorn the vestibule and main corridor of the University of Notre Dame; and says that if a Pantheon were needed to glorify the memory of the great Genoese, that Pantheon would be found already erected at Notre Dame.

In the latter part of the year 1692 the Belgian city of Verviers experienced an earthquake shock, which threw its citizens into the wildest terror. While chimneys were falling and houses rocking to and fro, the distracted population rushed to the church of the Récollets, the façade of which was ornamented with a statue of the Madonna and Child. Prostrate before the image of the Mother of God, the anxious thousands besought her to appease the divine anger, and put an end to the convulsive movements which threatened their destruction. The prayer of faith was heard, and an astounding miracle attested the

fact. Before the eyes of the assembled multitude, in plain view of them all, the left arm of the statue was seen to bend, and the Mother took in hers the hand of the Infant Jesus. At the same moment the subterranean rumblings immediately ceased. The number of eye-witnesses who testified under oath as to the occurrence of this singular event seemed to place it beyond cavil, and his Holiness Pope Clement XII. accorded a plenary indulgence on the anniversary of the miracle. The two hundredth anniversary of the remarkable event was the occasion recently of imposing solemnities at Verviers, chief among them being the crowning of the miraculous statue, a ceremony authorized by Pope Leo XIII.

The more interesting and inspiring pages of the history of the Church in this country are to be found not in cumbersome memorial volumes, with full-page portraits of titled ecclesiastics in full regalia, but rather in the records of those unsung heroes of the past who braved every hardship of life to spread the light of faith in benighted districts. How severe were those hardships, and how recent is our civilization, can be seen from the letters written just fifty years ago by the saintly Father Odin (afterward Bishop of New Orleans), some of which are presented in the current number of the *Catholic Historical Magazine*. The quality of these letters may be judged from a single excerpt:

"It remained for us as yet to visit the eastern part of Texas. What difficulties and obstacles did we not meet in this long journey! At one time it was necessary to cross a river by swimming; and at another we had to traverse a vast and miry marsh, where we ran the risk of losing our horses. Here we had hunger, and nothing to satisfy it; and, besides, torrents of rain and no shelter. It was thus that we advanced from Montgomery to Huntsville, from Cincinnati to San Antonio. It is true that we were recompensed for our fatigues by the eagerness which the inhabitants of the different localities manifested to hear our instructions. I have rarely seen the word of God listened to with more joy and recollection. . . . During my journeys I pass some nights in the woods in the open air; I have to dress my food myself."

Here is another vivid picture of the apostolic age of the Church in the United States:

"On the second day of my journey I felt myself attacked by a violent fever, accompanied with fre-

quent vomitings. Finding myself then alone, and without any acquaintance, in a part of the country but little inhabited, I determined, notwithstanding the fever, to make my way as far as the river Labaca, where there are some colonists who resided formerly on the Missouri. The distance was hardly fifty-five miles, yet I was three days in making the journey. You could not imagine all I had to suffer, both from the rays of a scorching sun, from the want of water, and the burning of the fever. On the second day, particularly, I thought I was approaching my last hour. I stopped at every instant to stretch myself upon the grass, and the violence of the sickness obliged me to mount again on horseback. I did not well know where I was going, when I discovered a forest two or three miles distant. The hope of finding some relief under its shade induced me to direct my course toward the first wood that caught my sight. The improvement that I promised myself was not realized. I was scarcely stretched under the tree when I felt the illness growing worse; my thirst became dreadful. I was then once more on horseback, wandering at random, when Providence showed me in the distance a column of smoke that seemed to indicate a habitation. I hastened in this direction, and had the happiness of finding, in the bosom of a family newly arrived from Michigan, all the succor that the most tender charity can suggest. I drank copiously, and passed the night under their tent. The next day, feeling myself a little relieved, I continued my journey."

Letters of invitation have been sent out by the committee of organization of the Columbian Catholic Congress to the bishops and eminent ecclesiastics and laymen throughout the world. Replies are coming in from many quarters, and include a graceful and enthusiastic letter from the Right Rev. Bishop of Zacatecas, Mexico, which shows the wide interest felt in the coming Congress.

Henry Irving, the famous English actor, has placed Catholics under many obligations; for he has, through the medium of thoughtful stage representation, set before the English people St. Thomas à Becket as he really existed, not the grotesque "thing of shreds and patches" which has, ever since the days of the Eighth Henry, done duty in the eyes of the British Protestant. By assuming the title rôle in Tennyson's play he has accomplished what the poet failed to do—torn from a niche in history a grasping, puffed-up, obstinate and insolent caricature, and substituted for it the true Becket of history, the fearless, religious, sainted Archbishop of Canterbury.

Tennyson and Irving together have done that which neither could have done alone; for the play, as a play, needed histrionic genius to cover its bald spots; and the actor would have been helpless without the kindly research which enabled Tennyson to do justice to the great martyr.

Mr. Irving's dramatic powers, somewhat in abeyance of late, have taken a new lease of life; and his *Thomas à Becket* bids fair to be the leading rôle among all those which have gained for him a well-earned reputation.

From the far-off Southern Pacific there has come to us news of a flourishing mission of the Universal Church. On the occasion of the golden jubilee of the establishment of Catholicity in the Friendly (or Tonga) Islands, Bishop Lamaze, Vicar Apostolic of Central Oceania, issued a circular letter in which he tells of the introduction and spread of the Gospel in those Islands, and the present status of the Church over which he presides.

* * *

In 1837 Mgr. Pompallier, first Vicar Apostolic of Western Oceania, reached Vavau, one of the three principal groups of the Tongas, with the intention of founding a mission. Repulsed by the natives, he sought other fields of labor, and planted the seeds of Christianity in Wallis, Futuna (the scene of Blessed Chanel's martyrdom), and New Zealand. Five years later the Marist, Father Chevron, landed in Tonga and began the work of evangelizing the natives. Many hardships and occasional persecutions have marked the progress of the mission, but its actual condition is prosperous. Twelve priests, three of them natives, with a dozen European and native Sisters, twenty-seven churches and chapels, a college, five convents, numerous schools, and a steadily increasing Catholic population,—such are the results that warrant Bishop Lamaze's gratification in the jubilee year of the Tonga mission.

The State Council of France recently gave evidence of decided ingenuity in the matter of interpreting testamentary documents. A certain M. Bernay bequeathed to each pastor of the sixty-nine parishes in Paris a legacy of 20,000 francs, with the specific designation

"for the needs of the parish." The pastors—poor, simple men—unaccountably concluded that they had a perfect right to dispose of the gift for parish purposes: for the establishment, for instance, of free parochial schools. They have been disabused of all such preposterous ideas. M. Bernay may not have known what he meant when he made the gift, but the State Council knows what he *should* have meant; hence it has decided that the gross sum, 1,380,000 francs, is to be applied, by the trustees, not the pastors, to the defrayal of the costs of public worship. Practically, therefore, M. Bernay's generosity benefits the State Treasury. Delightful country, France!

It is gratifying to learn that the church which the first Christians erected on the site of St. Veronica's house, and which was destroyed, more by the vandalism of infidels than by the ravages of time, is in a fair way of being reconstructed. M. Mallouk, Vicar-General of Greco-Catholic Patriarchate, had excavations made on the very spot where Jesus left the imprint of His adorable features on Veronica's handkerchief; and broken slabs, shafts, columns bearing Greek inscriptions, and fragments of stones sculptured in the style of early Christian art, rewarded his search. The work of rebuilding is already well advanced. M. Mallouk recently visited Rome and submitted his plans to the Prefect of the Propaganda, by whom he was cordially received. The Pope also encouraged the reconstruction of the Sixth Station on the Way of the Cross, and blessed both the Vicar-General and all contributors to the good work.

The clever Protestant lady who conducts the Women's Department of the *Toronto Mail* seems to be somewhat less bigoted than the average non-Catholic of that Canadian hotbed of Orangism has the credit of being. In a recent issue of the *Mail*, she instances a flagrant act of boorish intolerance on the part of a street-car full of Toronto "gentlemen" (save the mark!) toward two elderly Catholic Sisters. The Sisters were allowed to stand until "Kit," the writer in question, gave one of them her own seat. "At once," she continues, "three gentlemen offered me their seats, although the other Sister was still standing.

I took one; and when all had settled down again, I rose and gave the seat to the nun. No one offered me a seat after that. How delightfully charitable we are to one another, and won't heaven be a delectable place if many carsful of such men are let in?"

Until recently lay instruction—that is to say, impious and atheistical education—prevailed in the public schools of Costa Rica. But the Government, seeing the evil and fatal results produced by Godless education, has issued a decree re-establishing religious instruction. This action of the Government of Costa Rica has received most enthusiastic applause, not only in that Republic, but throughout Central America.

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. Frederick Lang, C. P., who passed away on the 18th ult. at the Monastery of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburgh, Pa. He was a twin brother of Father Charles, a well-known missionary of the same Congregation.

Sister Rose Genevieve Everett, St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, Md., who was called to her reward on the 21st ult. The deceased religious was a convert, and had been a Sister of Charity nearly half a century.

Mr. Thomas Hackett, of New York city, who died on the 10th ult.

Rachel G. Hanoway, who departed this life on the 23d ult., in Providence, R. I.

Mr. James McFerran, Sr., of Carl Junction, Mo., whose life closed peacefully on the 17th ult.

Mr. William J. Brennan, of Philadelphia, Pa., deceased on the 5th ult.

Mr. Gavan D. Hall, whose death took place on the 13th ult., at Licking, Ky.

Mr. David Trexler, of Ashville, Pa.; Mr. Christopher Coffey, W. Hartford, Conn.; Thomas Donnelly, Hyde Park, Scranton, Pa.; Miss Mary Murphy, Providence, R. I.; Mr. Albert McIntosh, Mrs. Mary Doran, and Mr. Albert McHugh, Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Hannah Donohoe, St. Augustine, Pa.; Mrs. Nora Carton, Ireland; Francis Leef and Mrs. Anna Bergin, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Hanora Callaghan, Petersboro, Ont., Canada; Jeremiah J. Coleman, Collinsville, Mass.; Miss Annie G. Corley, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. Jane Flynn, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. James Devine, Cleveland, Ohio; and James L. O'Brien, Woburn, Mass.

May they rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Giants.

©UT on the hillside, over the way,
 A dozen of merry lads at play,
 With noisy shouts and laughter gay,
 A huge white giant are making;
 Hither and thither, to and fro,
 Are rolled about the balls of snow,
 Which soon so great and heavy grow
 That the rollers' backs are aching.

Ah! ever and ever, day by day,
 When skies are cloudless or sober grey,
 In joy or grief, at work or play,
 Each boy some giant is making.
 For habits grow, like the snowballs, fast;
 And bad ones soon great shadows cast,
 Till there comes a cruel day at last
 When their strength defies all breaking.

FATHER CHEERHEART.

Two Little Protégés



ANY great musicians have had favorite pupils, some of whom have achieved success, while some have proved a disappointment, and others have died before coming to the fulness of their powers. Liszt, who was always especially fond of gypsies, took one of their number to civilize and train. He found him in a roving band of musi-

cians, and induced him to leave them. The lad, beguiled by the novelty of civilized life, readily consented; and for a while all went well. He was provided with a good teacher, and Liszt had great hopes that his experiment was going to succeed.

The playing of the child of nature was something wonderful. Although he learned the methods of trained masters of the art of music, he kept a certain wild, untutored manner, which presently became the rage. Elegant women swarmed about the dark gypsy lad, and the effect of all their praise was soon apparent. He became conceited, arrogant, and well-nigh unbearable. But his patron and friend stood sturdily by him, reiterating his belief that his *protégé* would in time lose all the wildness from his nature, and settle down into one of the greatest musicians of his age. The boy finally put a sudden stop to these transports by running away. Liszt pursued him and brought him back. Three times he escaped from the thralldom of the society he had learned to hate, and fled to the simple, savage life his ancestors had lived for numberless generations. At last Liszt gave him up, and sadly acknowledged his vaunted experiment to be a failure.

Years afterward he and the great musician met again. The gypsy was playing in one of the many roving orchestras to be found so frequently in Europe. He was only a mediocre performer. The teaching he had received had spoiled all

the natural, untutored powers of his early years; and he fell short even of the scant excellence of the child musician who was gayly scraping a poor fiddle in a gypsy camp when Liszt first found him. It is said that the master took this failure much to heart, and could never be coaxed to speak of the little dark-eyed son of the forest and the fields, from whom he had hoped so much.

Very different was the experience of the great tone-master, Chopin. His favorite and most gifted pupil was a youth by the name of Filtsch; and not only Chopin, but many of the best judges among his friends, predicted that the little fellow would in time eclipse them all. The master himself said: "The boy plays my E minor *concerto* better than I can." This *concerto* was the especial favorite of the child, then only twelve years old; but Chopin would permit him to practise only one movement at a time. The happy moment having arrived when permission was given him to go through it without stopping, he could not restrain his joyful tears.

He was invited to render the *concerto* at a private *musicale*, and immediately set to work to prepare himself for the ordeal in a characteristic way. By much practice and thumping of keys, and bowing and scraping in response to the plaudits of an imaginary audience? Oh, no! By fasting and prayer and the reading of religious books. As Fra Angelico never went to his painting without a prayer, so our little lad kept his thoughts on heaven; believing that to be the surest safeguard and the truest way to show gratitude for his gift. The looked-for occasion came swiftly around, and the aristocracy of the Parisian musical world gathered to hear a child undertake the great work of the idolized Chopin. It was played without a flaw that human ears could discover; and then Chopin, in tears and raptures, exclaimed: "Never was I so moved. The little one did

wonders. I shall never forget such playing."

"Now," said Chopin, the concert being at an end, "we will take a walk." And he led the way to a music-shop. "You have made me your debtor; you are, besides, my dear little friend. Here is the score of Beethoven's 'Fidelio.' I hope you will never grow too old to study it, or too old to remember the teacher who loved you."

The child could not answer. He kissed the hand of Chopin. And Beethoven's "Fidelio" was his constant companion during the rest of his short life.

He never grew too old to forget his friend, as that friend had feared: he died the next year, when he was but thirteen. What possibilities were laid in the grave with him only his Creator knew; but his short and pious life will ever make a shining spot on the pages of musical history.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

X.

Retracing their steps, our tourists entered the church. In the north aisle they saw several pretentious monuments, but passed them idly by; for how valueless and ostentatious appears the pride of wealth and rank contrasted with the simple majesty of Shakespeare's name!

"This way!" cried Bill. He stopped at the chancel, waited till they all came up; and then said, with a wave of the hand: "Here be's the tomb what all the strangers what comes to this town makes such an hado about."

With varying emotions they beheld, inside the railing and a few feet from the wall, the stone slab in the floor which marks the resting-place of the great poet.

Claire remained for some time with her eyes fixed upon it, reading and re-reading

the charmed name engraven there, and the familiar lines which guard the spot from desecration:

"Good frend, for Jesvs' sake forbear
To digge the dvst enclosed heare.
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

One of her dearest dreams was realized. Alicia stood beside her, with clasped hands and an abstracted air, which Joe pretended to find alarming.

"Oh, come, Ally! don't put on that far-off look! I'm afraid you'll be getting up in your sleep to-night to write blank verse,—real *blank* verse," he said, teasingly. "Don't you want to know how Shakespeare looked? Well, notice the bust on the wall opposite. Father says it is supposed to be a genuine likeness. And, see, here on the right Anne Hathaway, his wife, is buried; and on the left his daughter, Susanna Hall. Look, the inscription declares she was 'witty above her sex, but wise to salvation.' I suppose that is what we'll have to say about you."

"Do stop, you provoking boy!" she cried, giving his arm a sly pinch. "Why can't you let me alone?"

Mrs. Flashe and Mollie, after flitting about, and casting a hasty glance here and there, had finally devoted their attention to the photographs which the old woman in charge of the place displayed for sale.

Mr. Colville, who had sauntered off, now returned to say: "All of you will want to see something which is down there."

Reluctantly Claire turned away with him, and the others soon followed. He led them to the end of the church, where stood an old baptismal font.

"At this font Shakespeare was baptized," he explained; "and here in the glass case, upon the discolored parchment page of the parish register, is the record of the ceremony. The beautiful cathedral glass above is called the American window, being a tribute from those American votaries of the immortal poet who, like

ourselves, have come hither as pilgrims."

The party now passed out, amid the sunlight and shadows of the lime-tree avenue again; but, lingering behind, Claire caught Alicia by the hand and whispered:

"Let us go back a moment."

Returning to the chancel, they stood once more before the Shakespeare tomb. There was nobody around but the ubiquitous old woman, who appeared to be engrossed with her "views." Leaning over the railing, Claire cast a sprig of ivy upon the slab just over the name "William Shakespeare"; while Alicia quietly dropped her note-book squarely in the centre of the inscription. On the alert at once, the argus-eyed care-taker hobbled up, crying:

"It is not hallowed to put anything there; hotherwise the place would be littered with laurel twigs and such rubbish!"

"Oh, we did not intend to leave them!" answered Alicia, fishing them out with the end of her umbrella. Then, having recovered the treasures, to be cherished ever after as keepsakes, the two girls hastened to the churchyard.

"I suppose you would like to see where Shakespeare went to school?" said Bill.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Colville.

The boy led the way down the street, and in a few minutes pointed out a low, dingy building, with windows just under the eaves. As it was locked, they were obliged to content themselves with seeing only the outside.

"Not much of a place, is it?" said Joe.

"No," answered his father. "And you will notice that the surroundings of the poet's boyhood, and, in fact, of the greater part of his life, were disadvantageous. The genius of Shakespeare teaches no more forcible lesson than this: that one's opportunities are in himself; that whatever gifts God has bestowed upon him may be developed, even under unfavorable circumstances, if he but put his heart into his work."

The sun shed upon the old building a glory typical of the fame of the little schoolboy who once conned his lessons and dreamed wondrous day-dreams within those dreary walls.

Claire had come abroad provided not only with a sketch-book, but a kodak.

"The light is perfect for a photograph," she said, crossing the street to get the scene within the focus of the camera.

The others watched her with flattering attention, as the proceeding had still for them the fascination of novelty; and there was a general sigh of satisfaction when she announced:

"There! I have it! And it ought to be a good picture. Now if I could only get a snap shot at one of the scholars!"

"Young man, how can we manage to find somebody connected with this school?" Mr. Colville asked of their guide.

Plain Bill rubbed the back of his head reflectively.

"Perhaps you might inquire at the gate on the other street," he suggested.

Claire and her father started off. Around the corner they noticed a dark painted door in the wall. After ringing here several times, they concluded it could not be the right place. Farther down, on the opposite side of the way, was a similar wall and entrance. A jerk of the bell, another wait, and then the door was opened by a little old dame in a mob-cap, chintz dress, and white kerchief. As she stood on the walk of the miniature garden, with tall hollyhocks and other old-fashioned flowers blossoming on either side, and the red brick house adorned with yellow climbing roses for a background, the young girl thought she might be mistaken for a fairy godmother.

"How I should like to have a photograph of her!" she said to herself; but, feeling sure the fairy would vanish at such a request, she merely asked:

"Can you tell me if I can find one of the Grammar School boys near here?"

The woman was hard of hearing. After repeated efforts to make her understand, they gave up the attempt, and returned to the party.

"Don't *you* know a boy who goes to this school?" inquired Claire, turning to their shock-headed guide.

"Bless you, miss! is that what you want?" he said. "Why, I'm a Grammar—or, if you like it better, a Shakespeare—schoolboy! And to 'blige a lady I'm quite willin' to have my likeness took."

"Oh, thank you!" she cried, delighted. "How odd that I did not think of it!"

What more amusing souvenir of this day at Stratford could they have than a picture of Plain Bill? Thrusting his hands in his pockets, he stood waiting. Click went the tiny spring of the camera once more; and the counterfeit presentiment of the shrewd, good-natured little guide, in all the picturesqueness of his tattered breeches, jacket out at elbows, and brimless hat, was added to the roll of "impressions" which, in the days to come, would recall many pleasant incidents of this family holiday.

They now continued their ramble; and before long Bill stopped at a vacant plot of ground bounded by two streets.

"This 'ere's the spot where Mr. Shakespeare's house stood," he said. "The man what owned hit was worried 'most to death by folks coming from all parts to see hit; so he says to hisself: 'This may have been that play-hactor's house once, but I'll let them see that hit belongs to me now. I'll pull hit down, and then I won't be bothered no more.' So he did, sirs, and built hisself a new house yonder. But then he was pestered worse nor ever; for people made such a hue-and-cry about hit, he had to leave the town."

Our travellers gazed with interest at the site of the home (in his day the handsomest in Stratford), which the poet bought with the earnings of his great dramas, and to which he retired to spend

the last days of his life in well-won leisure. They could see a part of the old foundations and the well, protected by a wire netting.

At first Mrs. Flashe and Mollie had, as Claire would say, "gone into raptures over everything"; but now they grew restless and impatient.

"My dear," said the lady to Alicia, as they found themselves again in the vicinity of High Street, "suppose we look into some of the shops? You know I never could leave this place without getting a souvenir spoon, to add to my collection. In fact, that was the principal reason I wanted to come here. You haven't seen the Shakespeare spoons, Alicia love! They are too sweet for anything. Why, my friends would think there wasn't much use in my visiting Stratford if I didn't bring home a souvenir spoon. You'd better stop and look at them; for I'm sure you won't be able to help buying one."

"Oh, yes, I can!" laughed Alicia; "for they are probably too expensive for my purse."

"Yes, they *are* ridiculously dear," the amiable woman rattled on: "fourteen and sixteen shillings. But perhaps Claire would like to get one. As she keeps house for your father, he'll allow her a bit of extravagance now and then; although, indeed, one *must* have such things in these days of afternoon teas."

She would have called to Claire, but Alicia interposed.

"There is no use in telling her about them, Mrs. Flashe," she said; "because father made her promise not to make a collection. He says this starting out to buy a spoon almost the minute one arrives at a place is nonsensical—"

Alicia broke off suddenly, coloring at the thought that she might have given offence.

But Mrs. Flashe only laughed, and said: "That is what Mr. Flashe says. But, then, even the best of men are queer, my

love! And what can they be expected to know about what is necessary in house-keeping?"

Although Alicia had no intention of buying a statue of Shakespeare to stand in a teacup or grace a Sèvres saucer, she found the shopping mania contagious, especially as she had seen in the windows sundry ornaments of boxwood warranted to have been grown almost on the premises, and silver trinkets marked "very reasonable."

"I *would* like to get some little trifle," she admitted.

Upon reaching the corner, they accordingly separated from the others.

"Where are you going, Alicia?" called Mr. Colville, who was in advance.

"Just to a shop down here. We'll catch up to you again presently," she replied.

"Or else we'll join you at the Golden Lion," added Mrs. Flashe.

"Remember we must start for Leamington at four o'clock, in order to connect with the evening train for London," cautioned her husband.

They hurried to the shop. Mrs. Flashe and Mollie were now in their element. They examined a variety of articles, priced others, and finally purchased the spoon. After mature deliberation likewise, Alicia bought a pretty stamp box for Aunt Anna, and a friendship ring for Alma Simmes.

It took more time to make their selection than the shoppers supposed. Looking at her chatelaine watch, Mollie cried:

"Why, it is half-past three!"

They therefore made their way directly to the inn, before the door of which the coach was drawn up, and the rest of the party were awaiting them.

"O Alicia," said Claire, "I'm so sorry you were not with us! We have been to the Shakespeare house—the place where he was born, you know."

Alicia's face clouded.

"Why, I thought that was the house

which was torn down!" she exclaimed. "Shall I have to leave Stratford without seeing it?"

"You should not have lagged behind," said her father. "Fortunately, it is quite near, however. Joe, run up there with your sister."

They hurried away to Henley Street; and presently Joe stopped before a picturesque, half-timber house, of which all the cross-beams and studdings seemed to be on the outside.

"This is the place," said he.

Alicia stood and looked at it, as if to impress the picture forever on her memory. Joe waited impatiently.

"Well, now I'm satisfied!" she said at last.

"Then we'd better get back as soon as possible," he urged.

On their return, they found the party taking their places in the brake. There was still time to spare, and everybody was saying good-bye to Plain Bill, whose grin grew every moment more pronounced and comical as his store of coppers continued to increase.

At last the driver mounted the box and took the reins; the guard wound his horn, the horses started, and, with a dash, the coach rumbled out of Stratford.

They were half way to Leamington when Kathleen happened to ask:

"O Alicia! didn't you like the Shakespeare house? And to think of his having lived there when he was a little boy! Wasn't that a queer little room upstairs where he used to sleep? And, then, the kitchen, which they say was the living-room, where I suppose he played with his brothers and sisters! And the chimney-corner—or, as Claire calls it, the ingle-nook—where, at dusk perhaps, he used to hide to watch the pictures in the fire, and make stories about them, as we do at home!"

Alicia listened in surprise.

"Why—did you go—*inside* the Shake-

speare house?" she stammered, turning to the others.

"Of course," said Claire.

"Oh!" she faltered, with a reproachful glance at Joe.

"My boy, what does this mean?" asked Mr. Colville, sternly.

"I didn't know she cared to go in," protested Joe. "She said she was satisfied."

"That was because I thought there was no more to be seen," retorted Alicia, shedding a few tears of vexation.

"I wouldn't mind so much, my love," observed Mrs. Flashe, consolingly. "Mollie and I did not even get a glimpse of the house; but we saw half a dozen like it, no doubt. Now, if you had only bought a Shakespeare spoon, you would not feel half so bad."

"I don't want even to *hear* of going shopping again while I am in Europe!" replied the girl, somewhat sharply.

The good lady elevated her eyebrows, and looked deprecatingly at Claire.

"Truly, Ally, I didn't mean to!" Joe whispered, leaning toward Alicia.

But she was not to be so easily mollified. When they took the train at Leamington, she settled herself by a window of the carriage, and maintained a dignified and injured air almost all the way to London.

(To be continued.)

The Height of Impudence.

Sir William Don was a very tall man; and, when an officer in the English army, was once accosted by two insolent workmen, one of whom demanded of him: "I say, Sir William, me and my mates has been having a dispute about your height, and we've bet a quart of ale about it. Come now, give us the figures." Sir William drew himself up so that he looked taller than ever, then said: "My height is six feet seven, and yours is the height of impudence."



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 18, 1893.

No. 11.

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

The Memorare.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

NOT for his age alone was Bernard speaking,
O Virgin Mother, 'mongst all women blest!
When, thy assistance in his sore need seeking,
The *Memorare* voiced his soul's request.

He echoed but a prayer that long resounded
In fainting hearts o'er all the woful earth:
The cry for help of those whom sin hath
wounded

In every age since Christ the Saviour's birth.

The echoes of an echo, we repeat it
With all of Bernard's confidence and love;
And now as ever dost thou kindly greet it,
And grant it, Mother, in thy home above.

St. Patrick's Scattered Children.

BY THE REV. ANDREW DOOLEY.

A SIMPLE song was being sung
in simple fashion at one of our
free-and-easy weekly gatherings
in the parish schoolroom.

"O Steer My Barque to Erin's Isle!" was
the title of the song, which many, I should
think, will remember. The audience was
of that description which one would
naturally expect it to be in a mission dedi-
cated to St. Patrick in the east of London;

an audience of men and women whose
bread, in no metaphorical sense, was eaten
in the sweat of the brow. Seated right in
front of me were some half dozen women
of advanced years. We knew them well.
As portion of our pastoral care, their
history, in a general way, necessarily be-
came part of our possessions. Suffice to
tell this much of it here, that their girl-
hood was spent in Ireland, which they
had never once seen since the day when
England first received them in early
womanhood as immigrants to her shores.

The refrain of the song was repeated for
a chorus, during which, though not un-
moved myself, I could not help observing
that the women referred to were being
influenced by feelings by many degrees
deeper. One had her face hidden in
her hands; another's was drooped upon
the breast. I cared not to look more
curiously; for something, by instinct, told
me that tears were falling. Of the rest, I
noticed especially the careworn mother
of a hunchback, whose customary mood
among her neighbors was of the joyous
sort, but who must have sorrowed silently
and long, to judge by the far-away sadness
of her eyes. Though she had never been
known to attempt a note before, she was
now, with head flung back, joining ener-
getically in the chorus. The tenderest
light was reflected from her face as her
eyes looked straight toward heaven; and
I rather think, from its expression, that,

having given up hope of ever seeing her native land again, she was gathering up its beauties, and many more beside, in a vision of the land beyond the stars.

The feelings of another were manifested after an almost opposite fashion. I had often remarked how Mrs. X used to contribute her splendid treble to the chorus of our homely songs; how she used to revel in the effort, nearly always successful, to make it dominant; how her muscles would start and her bosom heave under the exercise; and how monarchically she would gaze around her, like a conqueror awaiting homage. To-night, however, her mind seems not in the song. Her lips indeed are moving, but her vacant gaze suggests that her soul has become all memory for the moment, and has taken flight far into the distant past.

I should like to be able to paint on everlasting canvas the likeness of those poor women as they sat that evening, whilst the stream of song, pouring itself into their souls, was stirring up the long-gone and dearest period of their lives. Though affected differently, their experiences no doubt were in the main similar. The scene made present by memory is rural, we will say. The corner of a narrow *boreen* is marked by a small oblong dwelling called a cabin—Thomaush's cabin, Shawnee's cabin, Mickle's cabin, as the name might be. Its walls are colored with a red wash without and a white within. The two great sources of its comfort are fine, fresh air in summer, in winter a bright turf fire on a grateless hearth. There is a pond near by, in which is floating part of the family stock in the form of ducks and geese. On the boundary bank some hens are picking their feathers in the sunshine, not a whit disturbed by the crowing of the grand old rooster, whose chivalry has shielded them from many a danger.

Then there is that goat, with her unspellable bleat. How inquiring she looks at the passer-by for a moment or two, and

then contemptuously chews her mouthful in his face! "Who cares for you, you fool?" seems to be the reading of her lazily-lighted eyes when turned upon the stranger. But this expression gives way to one of cute affection as Mary from the cabin, can in hand, approaches "Nanny" for her evening yield. Nanny and Mary (the Mrs. X aforementioned) are evidently the best of friends. No wonder. Prosperous Ned Darcy, for whom Mary's father works in the adjoining farm, to which the *boreen* leads, prizes not more his beeves and fatlings than do brave Tom Dwyer and his seven children that little whiskered pet of theirs that crops the wayside herbage. None the less, however, do the Dwyers love the lowing of the farmer's cattle and the bleating of his sheep. Heartily do they wish Ned Darcy luck, and plenty of it; for where was the want they ever knew which Ned did not relieve?

A man of proud spirit is this Tom Dwyer, despite his dependency and his seven children. His name has a history as well as that of Darcy, and he is conscious of it. Coolnamuck, his parish, has never been without "one o' the name" for centuries and odd. Small blame to him, then, for thinking much of the family; for, though "down in the world" now, there was "full and plenty" in the home of his ancestors. Nay, Ned Darcy himself is proud to admit a squeeze of Dwyer blood in his own veins, which are all the bluer for the fusion.

But where shall we stop if we pursue this train? The mind in reverie is inexhaustible, especially in reverie hypothetical. The concurrent sensation is a pleasant thing enough for the subject of it, but there is an audience to be considered; and the best of audiences nowadays does not much mind muttering "Fudge!" or "Bosh!" under even smaller provocation than I have already given. There must be not a few, however, among the readers of this magazine who are the children of

fathers of the brand Dwyer or Darcy. They, at all events, will admit that my little edifice of fancy has a foundation of realism; and they will forgive it, too, on Patrick's Day or thereabouts. The sweetnesses of their irresponsible childhood are borne home to them upon the wings of memory; and when arrived, notwithstanding that perchance they have become flavored with melancholy during transit, they draw from the most sacred chamber of the heart a holy sigh for the banks and streams and hills and vales of fond old Ireland. That childhood had its day before the rude awakening,—before the knell sounded which sent the Darcys to America and the Dwyers to England.

The causes of Irish emigration it is for others to inquire into and to chronicle. Such is the business of the statesman, and my rôle is little better than that of the dreamer. But in this harsh world the dreamer has his office; for he can feel many things which it has never entered the heart of the statesman to conceive. He can drink in, for instance, the unspeakable emotion of an Irish family which is on the eve of a separation among its members. The emigrant is the first-born, we will suppose: a young stalwart, in early manhood. The family demands have outgrown the family supplies, and how to equalize them has found a temporary solution in emigration.

Well, the packed trunk has been taken to the railway station or the quay by a younger brother, who believes himself to be the only member brave enough to keep his tears invisible. The moments creep up to the hour when the good-bye must be spoken. There has never been a parting before in that affectionate household; and so the members thereof are foolish of those little arts, acquired by experience only, by which the red soreness of grief is restrained from outward manifestation at the cost of a double martyrdom to the hidden heart. The father stands upon the kitchen floor, making a fine show

of bravery, whilst his emigrant boy is kissing the little ones, and vainly assuaging their anguish with enthusiastic promises. He controls himself with difficulty under the heart-piercing shrieks of his beloved children; but, alas for many another brave intention like his! he sobs a loud, big sob, despitefully, as the filial hand is held toward himself in mute farewell. But there is the mother yet,—the mother with the thoughtful eyes and queenly brow. "Hush, *avourneen!*" has she sweetly said to each in turn of her weeping children, but in the tone of one who feels she can give no reason why. "Hush, *avourneen!*" Yes, but she takes care to keep her eyes averted from her first-born while she says it; for she knows that otherwise she will befool her own advice. Sooner than she would does she do so; for sooner than she would does she feel the parting kiss upon her cheek, and the hot tears of mother and son mingle in one fond sacrifice. O God! how often have not Thine angels witnessed such a sacrifice in Ireland!—a sacrifice of breaking hearts offered with the form of "Welcome be the holy will of God!"

And that holy will, always its own justification, has more than justified itself also before men. The average Irish emigrant of the past might indisputably claim for his escutcheon the motto: "*Lumen ad revelationem Gentium.*" "That all men may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent," is the inspired expression of the divine will; and, I write it in all humility, the Irish people may trust the impartial judgment of the Catholic world for an assignment of pre-eminence in that glorious mission. Nor do we forget, in saying this, the unworthiness of individuals of our nation who, for greater or lesser periods of their lives, have subordinated to human respect or selfishness their prime allegiance to the Church. Despite themselves, even these are "lights," bearing in their very wreckage traces of the "Light of lights";

and recovering, perchance, their pristine brightness at the last.

Rare indeed is the Irishman, at home or abroad, who wilfully permits himself to die without the consolation of the Sacraments. Chequered his career may be, and turmoil may have been the burden of his years; but around his death-bed there will gather the saving odor of his boyhood's home, with its sanctifying associations: his parents' piety and love; the merry laughter of sisters that knew no guile; his brothers' bubbling fun; the "God save yez!" and "God save yez kindly!" of the neighbors; the Sunday parliament outside the chapel gates while waiting for the "second bell"; the Christian modesty which sweetened every intercourse; the Angelus, the Rosary; Father Michael's discourses, and the solemn stillness of the crowded church during the slaying of the Lamb in the Holy Sacrifice. Not a doubt about it, the dose of Faith which St. Patrick obtained for his children by his fast and prayer on the hill of Cruachan can never be wholly eliminated from the system of the Irishman, and it is almost sure to operate in grave necessity. Personally, I have met with but one solitary instance during six long years of a man of Irish parentage and Catholic schooling wilfully refusing the last Sacraments; and my average yearly death-bed ministrations number one hundred and eighty.

One old woman of our congregation persists in believing that there is only one Irishman in hell, and that he is privileged to have a green sod under his feet. (You see, Professor Mivart has supporters in quite unsuspected quarters.) She declines to say what county he belonged to—not hers, though,—so that I have no clue to his identification. But, contenting ourselves with just a mild doubt as to the literal accuracy of this belief, we must concede that all the tokens point to an enormously heavy percentage of elect from among the sea-divided, world-scattered Irish race.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

X.—CONVERSATION.—(Continued.)

"**B**UT do you really believe that a man may refuse to risk death for principle and still deserve our respect?" Bernice asked, abruptly.

"A sweeping question," said Conway. "Are you sure this smoke does not inconvenience you? No?—thank you! I fancy that if a member of our family—one that any of us loved a great deal—"

"But let me put the question frankly. As you have been earnest, I will be earnest. Suppose your sister Margaret were engaged to a priest, and he should fail in his duty,—that he should hesitate—"

"I can't imagine Margaret engaged to marry a priest," said Conway, smiling. "As you seem interested in this matter, let us come down to real life. Priests do not marry. Now, might I trouble you to state the case? At Georgetown I was considered very clever at this sort of thing," he added, with mock seriousness, which Bernice found to be irritating. She had begun; she must go on; and perhaps his odd point of view—at once spiritual and practical—might help her. "I am, I assure you, a remarkable casuist."

"It is a serious matter," Bernice went on; "and from what you have just said, I fancy that you can be serious enough. When I say a priest, I mean a clergyman of the Anglican Church."

"Oh, a minister of the Protestant Episcopal—"

"Well, if you will have it so. Suppose your sister were engaged to a minister, and that he failed in one of his most sacred duties,—that he hesitated to go to the bedside of a dying boy, because," Bernice said, with a note of scorn in her tone, "he was *afraid!*"

"Afraid of what?"

"Of infection."

Conway looked at Bernice in some surprise. She was deeply in earnest evidently,—so deeply in earnest that she had forgotten, in her trouble, that he was a stranger. People had often come to him in their difficulties, and forgotten him. Some whom he had advised had neither forgotten nor forgiven him. Experience had made him careful. What might not hang on his reply?

"If Margaret were engaged to such a man—which God forbid!—I think she would like—love," Conway used the word very delicately and reverently, "him too much not to hope that her influence might make him stronger."

"Then, according to *my* view," said Bernice, promptly, "she would be laying up a store of miseries for her future."

"I am afraid I am not a safe adviser; we never considered such questions at Georgetown—" he began, with that tell-tale gleam of humor in his eye.

"Well," said Bernice, a little frostily, "your sister would have a bad adviser in a man who can not keep serious for a moment at a time."

"Margaret—you will meet her some time—would be too much in love with any man to whom she gave her promise, to draw back, unless indeed his name were frightfully dishonored in some way. But we feel more in Virginia; we don't reason so much. I am afraid there are red flies on that pink azalea."

He began to blow the smoke of his cigar violently into the foliage. Bernice was persistent; she knew there were no red flies on the azalea. She waited expectantly.

"It may have been that this minister felt that he could do no good. After all, *anybody* can read the Bible to a sick man; and, of course, you don't believe in Extreme Unction. Again, perhaps he had to count the cost. He felt that he ran a risk of carrying the infection to others."

"Casuistry indeed!" said Bernice, with a curling lip. "You would not apply the same reasoning to the action of one of your own priests!"

"Certainly not," said Conway; "but a priest is a *priest*; he has power and sacramental grace such as no other man has. He deals with facts,—with facts above all others essential. Why, cousin Bernice, he only, as the minister of the living Christ, can bring that living Christ from heaven to the dying man. You can never understand what a priest is until you are a Catholic!"

"I thought I understood," said Bernice. "I am sick of shadows."

"Like the 'Lady of Shalott.' Pardon me if I am unable to give a valuable opinion. If people love each other, I fancy they will forgive much—"

"But my clergyman believed that he could do almost all that a priest does—"

"He found, no doubt, that he was following shadows, and hesitated. A doctor, a soldier, knows what he is doing. A soldier is often less brave than a doctor; for he has the intense excitement of the battle. Your clergyman doubted; and, besides, he lacked that supernatural grace which priests have, and without which their bravery could not exist. Human courage and theirs have nothing in common. I am sure that if Margaret had loved such a man as you speak of, she would love him, pity him, and cling to him. But I am taking her name in vain—and yet your question almost justified it."

Bernice sighed.

"I am sick of shadows," she said again.

"Of mahatmas and Ritualism, and that sort of thing," observed Conway. "Of trying to hold quicksilver perhaps."

"O Mr. Conway," she said, "you class them together! Is that quite Christian?"

"I am convinced that they are both inadequate. But you are right: perhaps I am uncharitable. Still, one can not have much respect for a religion which is

all formalism, which makes a travesty out of the most sacred mysteries. I know what you are going to say. You are going to hold up the example of those good men, like Mr. Makoncochie—was that his name?—who have worn out their lives among the London poor. I admire—indeed I revere their noble work; but what can one think of that man who dares, in defiance of all tradition, of all history, of all authority, to assume the office delegated by Christ to His Apostles—the office of the priest? Ah, well, Miss Conway, we must not argue,” he said, with a smile, “or we shall be throwing King Henry VIII. and Elizabeth at each other! If you are sick of shadows, you must try to find the Light.”

Bernice leaned her cheek upon her hand, and was silent. Conway went on pretending to smoke out the red flies.

“Tell me about yourself,” she said. “Since we are cousins, I have a right to know.”

Conway turned.

“I have little to tell. We were rich, of course, ‘before the war.’ My father prudently turned all his property, except the Place, into Bank of England notes, and Judith and mother buried it when the Yan—the Federals were coming. When they passed, it was gone. It had been dug up. I was a very small child then, but I have often seen the spot where that money was hidden. Judith suspected a man named Foster, who did make off with a family relic, a marble *tazza*; but we never knew. We have been poor farmers ever since. I went to Georgetown for a while, but I couldn’t stay. No money, no one to work the farm at home. If we Virginians had been wise, we should have made scholarships at Georgetown when we were prosperous, and laid up a good education for a rainy day. Well, that’s past. Margaret and I have been happy enough; but,” and he sighed, “genteel poverty is an awful thing for a girl! Our neighbors are

no better off than ourselves. If I could have left father and the farm, I might have changed things.”

Bernice looked at him with new interest. He was certainly a type she had never seen.

“And you regret that you could not have changed things?”

“Yes,” Conway said. “Money is such a power in our world of to-day. It doesn’t count—thank Heaven!—as much with us in Virginia as it does up here in the North; but it gives ease and comfort. You don’t know how clever my sister is, and how worthy of all the refinements and luxuries that women love. To be frank,” he added, “I can’t help contrasting your lot with hers. I am sure she would be happier, if she had not to worry about economy and to drudge.”

The young girl looked at him somewhat scornfully.

“Why is it that men will persist in looking on women as butterflies, or something like it?”

“The butterfly was, I believe, held by the Greeks to be a symbol of the soul; and—”

“Oh,” said Bernice, “do be serious! I hate compliments. Do you think that luxuries make women happy? Men, I admit, can not get on without them. A man without cigars! Fancy his temper!”

“Oh, *do* be serious, Miss Conway! I hate compliments. I smoke a corn-cob pipe when I am at home—but I don’t want to claim virtues superior to my sex.”

“A woman can easily do without luxuries, if she have higher things. If your sister Margaret ever shows that she is sad or melancholy, and if she be the woman you say she is, there is some deeper reason, you may be sure, than the deprivation of—pink azaleas in March and Parisian bonnets. No true woman puts luxuries above better things, and we hold them as the merest trifles compared with other things. Yesterday I would have left all the luxuries in the world for the poorest spot, because I believed—” She pause‘p

remembering. "No, Mr. Conway; if your sister is sad, it is for other reasons, not for the lack of luxuries."

Conway looked startled.

"She can have no other reasons—" he began; but Maggie entered with a note.

"It's for papa," Bernice said. "I'll give it to him as soon as he comes."

"No: it is for *you*," said Maggie, with her usual privileged assurance. "Your father is awake. I have just given him a telegram. There's that man again! He has been hanging about all the morning."

The three looked out the window. Lounging along the bank was the tramp of the morning.

"The same man!" said Bernice. "How like papa!"

Conway nodded.

The man looked up at the windows, paused, stuffed his pipe with tobacco, and went on toward the railroad.

"What *can* be the matter?" said the young girl, as a series of roars from the study reached them.

The door opened, and the Major hurled himself in, with an envelope in his hand.

"It's all your fault, Bernice! She's come! The old fiend will be here at 3.30! And there's no place for her. Who on earth will take her in to dinner? And—"

"Who has come, papa?"

"Lady Tyrrell, of course. She—"

"How sudden!" said Bernice.

"She rides on a broomstick, like any other witch; and of course she's everywhere at once."

"Perhaps I might be useful," said Conway.

"Oh, you won't do! She'd make it her business to pump out of you everything you know to the disadvantage of the family."

"I am not aware of anything of the kind, sir," Conway answered, drawing himself up.

"Oh!" said the Major, blinking at him. "Your father never told you about Tim, then? He didn't? He was sensible!"

"Here's a note from somebody. It may be a regret," Bernice said.

The Major opened the note.

"Mrs. Van Krupper hears that her dear pastor is ill. She feels that her place is at his bedside. She regrets—" he broke off.

"Thank Heaven!" he said. "The young Van Krupper can take you in, Bernice, and I'll take in the old devil. If anybody else threatens to come," he said fiercely to Maggie, "say I'm dead!"

(To be continued.)

The Vlticum in Lima.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

THE day is closing, and the old white walls
 And spires of antique Lima gleam again
 With the gay sun's *al giorno* from the west.
 The heavy shadows lengthen from the rows
 Of silent tropic trees, and linger down
 The far, quaint street, now waking into life
 And gleaming with gay colors of rich robe
 And *manta* and *mantilla*. Out beyond,
 The sea has caught a larger share of light,
 And glistens like the ancient Ganges' wave
 With liquid gold, that flames and flames again.
 The street is gay with the soft chatter of the
 throng,
 Smiling and greeting as they move.

But, hark!

The bell, so sweet and silvery, singing far
 Down the long street, grown silent as the night!
 And see! rich coaches stopped upon the road,
 When gorgeous ladies kneel upon the ground,
 Beside poor peasant and grim Indian, bowed
 In fervent prayer, while nearer comes the sound.
 And soon the gleam of lights and glistening
 arms

Of cuirassiers appear; then the sedan,
 That holds the world's Redeemer, with the
 priest.

And as they pass the people pray in thought
 For the worn soul that somewhere passes out
 Beyond its bed of sorrow, which the Friend
 Who leaves us not when others fall away
 Is seeking on the bosom of the priest.

A Modern Esther.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

AFTER the death of the aged monarch, which the Countess described as that of "a hero and a saint," Mad. de Maintenon shut herself up for life in her beloved Academy of Saint-Cyr. M. Geoffroy happily styles this institution the Countess' nuptial gift, one worthy of both donor and receiver. She had suffered, in her early days, too much not to sympathize with the daughters of genteel but grinding poverty; in this direction, therefore, she turned her natural taste for pedagogy. And there was great scope for that species of charity. Already the lesser nobility had felt want, often misery, worming into their ranks. The civil wars of the sixteenth century had ruined large numbers; and the blow had fallen especially upon the girls of these families, who had not the resources of their brothers, the army or commerce. In touching at some length upon this famous institute, the child of Mad. de Maintenon's predilection, we are actuated by a desire to penetrate further into its founder's spirit. But here we fancy ourselves interrupted by some liberal, crying out that we are wasting our time; that in the days of our Countess there was no such thing as female education worthy of the name; that not until the principles of 1789 had permeated the civilized world was woman emancipated, and therefore educated. This assertion, that to the God-given French Revolution is due whatever moderns have of good, reminds us of a story that went the rounds of European journals a few years ago. It was said that at an examination in some American public school, a scholar had declared Charlemagne and Pepin to be provinces of Austria. The same bright child had said

that Joan of Arc lived at New Orleans, and had been discovered and burnt by the English. In all probability, this is a mere tale; but if it be true, the child's idea was no more absurd than the liberal idea of the beneficently fructifying effects of the principles of 1789. Now, as to the education of women even in the Middle Age, we know by the lives and works of St. Radegonde, Roswith, Héloïse, Harrade of Hohenburg, Mary of France, Eleonora of Provence, Margaret of Duigt, Christina of Pisa, and hundreds of other literary celebrities, that women were often as refined and cultured as men.

But let us return to Mad. de Maintenon at Saint-Cyr. When laying the foundations for her institution, naturally the first thing to be provided was a suitable corps of devoted teachers. The community founded by Father Barré at once drew her attention. This zealous priest, the inspirer of Blessed La Salle, had been impressed by the need of schoolmistresses, especially in the rural districts. Therefore he established at Rouen his first training school. Such was the success of the first Sisters, that Mad. de Maintenon brought some of them to Saint-Cyr to form her original mistresses. And in what branches did these future teachers perfect themselves? The anti-clericals, the *laicizers* of all ecclesiastical and religious establishments, contend that the female education of that day—nay, that the female education given in our day in Catholic convents and schools—is practically limited to a course of Christian Doctrine. What course does Fénelon prescribe in his "Treatise on the Education of Girls"? Independently of religion and "the three R's," he would have them taught orthography, grammar, the principles of law, letters, music, painting, the elements of Latin and even of philosophy. The foundress of Saint-Cyr adopted this programme in its entirety, adding mythology and dancing, together with housekeeping down to its most menial details. As to

history, although Fénelon recommended the study of that of Rome and Greece and that of one's own country, and although Mad. de Sévigné declared that "history furnishes the subsistence of the world," Mad. de Maintenon at first felt some prejudice against its study, lest the young imaginations of her pupils might revel too much in politics. But in practice history was admitted into the course; and she herself was fond of entertaining her *protégées*, in familiar conference, with accounts of the great events of her day, and with portraits of the celebrities she had known.

Like every institute which is to succeed, Saint-Cyr had a spirit of its own. This spirit was essentially religious, but moderate, and above all practical; and such alone agreed with young imaginations, too much addicted to mystic reveries. This fact was evinced by the momentary invasion of the doctrines of Mad. Guyon among the Sisters and elder pupils. Mad. de Maintenon encouraged no flights of imagination in religious matters; she would tolerate no extravagant devotions, no mortifications practised at the expense of obedience or fraternal charity. She once wrote: "If a young wife says that nothing in the world can excuse the missing of Vespers, she will be ridiculed; and quite properly. But if she misses Vespers in order to be company for an ailing husband, all will applaud her." She used to hold up to ridicule those absurd persons who dared not ever to use the word "breeches," and those who hesitated to call marriage a sacrament. To the Sisters of her institute she forbade all hairshirts, chains, etc.; they would affect the equanimity necessary for teaching; and the special object of their institute was to be always uppermost in their minds. She constantly recommended simplicity, and was very suspicious of rhetoric and sound in the class-room; thus she said to Mad. de Gruel: "You are too eloquent. For example, you tell us that we must pronounce an eternal divorce

against sin. Very well said; but I do not believe that three of your girls know what a divorce is." Love for the pupils was specially to be cultivated; and this love was to be shown. "They must feel that you love them; that it is for their own interest that you wish them to improve. They must be handled with tact; everything must be brought into requisition, save roughness, and that never led one soul to God."

The training given at Saint-Cyr was exactly adapted to the needs of the pupils. Their attention was kept, as much as possible, away from prospects of marriage; for, humanly speaking, it was next to impossible that more than a few of them—dowerless as they were—would be ever led to the altar. Here is the picture of the future which this provident mother held to the eyes of her peculiarly situated children: "You are to be housekeepers down in the depths of the country. You are to watch the domestics, and see that their work is well done; you are to have an eye to the poultry, and not to spare your own hands in their care." Certainly they lied who said that Mad. de Maintenon ever held to the view of her charges the *ignifatuus* (for them) of court life. Foundress and manager of a noble institution, the Countess de Maintenon became herself its literary genius and directress. The rendition of "Esther" and "Athalie" on the academic stage gave the institution a European reputation. She directed the composition, for the use of her "children," of many works which have since become classical. She herself wrote, for the use of the more advanced students, dialogues which united elevation of ideas with the strictest common-sense; and in these the historical element held a large place. In fact, she seems, at Saint-Cyr, to have done everything; and in order to accomplish her task, she left the palace every morning at a very early hour, arranged everything methodically for her Sisters and "chil-

dren," and returned to her apartments before his Majesty paid his morning respects. It used to be said that the first few generations of pupils at Saint-Cyr were formed to the image of Mad. de Maintenon, so carefully did she regulate the minutest details of the establishment. In fact, the tradition of Saint-Cyr was that of Mad. de Maintenon.

M. Lecoy de la Marche narrates a touching reminiscence of this famous institution. It concerns the last survivor of those who, studying at Saint-Cyr, were trained by Sisters who had been immediately formed by the beloved foundress. This old lady, indeed of the old school, when more than a nonagenarian, died in 1869. She easily recalled to mind an old mistress whose youth had been guided by the Countess, and she herself was an incarnate type of the young ladies of Saint-Cyr; looking at her, one would seem to recognize Mad. de Maintenon. She seemed to have inherited the piety of the foundress; she "had brought from the house" that dignity of carriage which the Countess transmitted to all her charges; her very handwriting was that of her mistress. Expelled from her academic home by the Revolution when she was only thirteen years of age, she had finished her education without assistance; hence, says M. de la Marche, "nothing had changed the impress of her first training. She loved to recount everything concerning Saint-Cyr; and she spoke of its foundress with the same admiration that she would have felt had she known her personally, so powerful had remained the memory of the noble woman among her children. One of the phrases which my old friend more readily recalled was a kind of command which was constantly in the mouths of the Sisters, and which yet rang in the venerable woman's ears: 'Young ladies, stand straight!' But you should have heard the military tone with which it was pronounced. In those few words were

expressed all the spirit of Saint-Cyr and of the old *régime*. The daughters of the nobility were formed, it may be, in that establishment, in a mould as rectilinear as the *châteaux* of the great monarch; but what difference, if the mould was a good one?" In presenting this tribute of M. Lecoy de la Marche to a well-meriting subject, we too would lay our homage at the tombs of those many devoted women who, some one way, some another, have so successfully inaugurated the Catholic training of the daughters of America. There is room for more of such. They may learn much from Mad. de Maintenon.

We would much like to expand this sketch into a full biography of one of the most interesting and edifying among those uncanonized saints who form the second galaxy of Christian heroines. Circumstances do not permit of that; but, before we conclude, one word more in regard to the opinion that before the principles of 1789 had affected the civilized world, the education of girls was almost entirely neglected. While we contend that even in the Middle Age the great majority of learned men were in favor of the development of female talents, we do not deny that there was much opposition to it, not only until 1789, but even until a very few years ago. And it is a remarkable fact that this opposition was most vivid, though still in a minority, in the full light of the reign of Louis XIV., probably the most refined and cultured period the world has seen. Then it was that Molière recurred again and again to what was with him a favorite theme; saying, for instance:

"Et c'est assez pour elle, à vous en bien parler,
De savoir prier Dieu, m'aimer, coudre, et filer.
Une femme habile est de mauvais présage,
Et je sais ce qu'il coute à de certaines gens
Pour avoir pris les leurs avec trop de talents."

"Enough 'tis for her, if the truth you would know,
To pray and to love me, to spin and to sew.
From a wife who is clever the outlook is bad;
And I know of some men who are now sore at heart
From the fact that their wives are a little too smart."

This, too, in the presence of Mad. de Sévigné, the model for all lovers of literary style; and of Mad. de Maintenon, the model for all preceptresses. But this opposition came rather from a cynical school, and from men whose influence in the family and in society was not to be compared, even in the ravings of a madman, to that of the Catholic Church. Yes, it is to the Catholic Church, to what she says, to what she teaches, that, in the last analysis, one must recur whenever he wishes to understand any social question of the times when the principles of 1789 were unknown. Now, a Catholic society, and also a Protestant society, if it has preserved enough Catholic truth to have any cohesiveness left in it, must love knowledge, and hence can not neglect the education of girls. Those very persons, observes M. de la Marche, who reprove the Church for neglecting female education, are constantly accusing her of making use of the class-room, wherever she can, to obtain absolute control of the intellects of the female portion of the world, in order to thereby dominate the world.

Traces of Travel.

ALONG THE VESUVIAN SHORE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

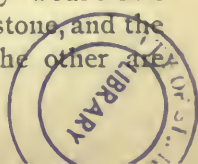
XI.—AMALFI.

DURING my last evening in Salerno I wandered out onto a stone pier, or breakwater, with a dilapidated stone house at the end of it. Crumbling stone steps led up to the stone roof of this ruin,—a flat roof surrounded by a low parapet. Out there, I saw the new moon sinking over the town, amid a thousand lamps that were gloriously reflected along the curved shore of the beautiful bay. I was not alone, of course; one seldom is in this country,

when there is anything to be enjoyed. A military school of exceedingly small boys marched onto the roof after me, as though they were about to take possession of the place. I expected to be ordered out by the demure colonel of this liliputian regiment. But, fortunately, my presence was ignored; and I remained to enjoy the twilight, and witness the astonishing fencing matches which were continually going on between these midgets. They fought desperately, with imaginary and invisible rapiers; and were applauded to the echo by their diminutive comrades.

The moon dropped behind a ragged mountain; every angle in its weird outline confessed its fearful origin. The whole country is lava-cruste; but these shores have been cool for ages, and are probably secure from any further danger of a similar nature so long as Vesuvius keeps its flue open. Under the shadow of a mountain, that seems to leap from the clouds and shatter itself into fragments before it finally sinks into the sea,—under its very cliff, sleeps charming little Amalfi, an ideal fishing village and a most delightful summer resort; though, as usual, the tourists have gone north for cool weather, and left me to enjoy the hotel in solitude.

It is a long, sunny drive to Amalfi—long for so exceptionally fine a one,—above the sea, under great cliffs that seem ready to plunge down upon you at any moment. The road winds in and out, hugging the mountains; and but for the stone parapet on the outer side, that is kept in perfect repair, it would be dangerous; for I more than once leaned from the carriage and saw the sea two hundred feet below me, and I could have dropped a stone into it from the edge of the road. We passed ruined castles above us and below us. Everywhere the slopes of the mountains were terraced and planted with lemon orchards. These terraces look as though they would last forever. The walls are all of stone, and the steps leading from one to the other are



also of stone, contrasting well with the brilliant foliage of the young lemon trees. A chain of villages lies between Salerno and Amalfi, sheltered in deep ravines. The highway skirts them with a long sweep over the roofs of the houses, and returns again to the cliff above the sea on the opposite side of the ravine; leaving each little hamlet sleeping in its nest, with the sea washing the broad beach in front of it. The beach is covered with boats, barelegged fishermen, and naked babies.

It is a fishing coast; and Salerno, Maiori, Minori, Atrani and Amalfi draw their nets in generous rivalry, thankful alike that the sea is broad and fruitful. At each of these villages, exceedingly picturesque every one of them, we hear much of the Saracens, and the wealth and importance of these ports during the early part of the Middle Ages. Somehow, it seems like a fable; though the flattened domes of stone (everything is of stone here), and the people we see working, sleeping, almost living, upon the perfectly flat roofs of some of the houses, are truly suggestive of the Orient. At Atrani we were told of the house where, in the year 1620, Masaniello was born. Nobody in the carriage said anything. I thought of the opera; and we drove up the last grade, came to a gem of a castle, ruined to perfection; and the next moment the lovely and lively beach, whereon fleets of fishing boats were stranded, lay before us; while farther up towered a pyramid of houses that actually seemed piled one upon another, with splendid mountains for a background—to keep them from toppling over on the other side. This was Amalfi.

The town may be said to have reached its second childhood; this is the case with the majority of Southern Italian towns. As early as the sixth century it enjoyed the protection of the Eastern emperors; it subsequently became an independent state, under the presidency of a doge; it was continually at war with the princes

of Salerno; it defied Naples; as a seaport, it rivalled Pisa and Genoa. But its evil day came; and Amalfi, that once numbered 50,000 inhabitants, now has less than 7,000, chiefly engaged in the manufacture of paper, soap, macaroni, and fishing nets. Not all the perfumes of Arabia can sweeten the sad story of its decline; nor have the emperors of the East left any visible legacy to their once favorite. The very bay itself has been absorbed by the sea, and Amalfi no longer affords a secure refuge for shipping; though they are building a reef up near the weather-point, which may protect their small craft in a measure.

From my hotel—the Capuccini—I get a very comprehensive view of the amphibious life of the town. There is a large square quay in front of the house. This, during the evening, is the chief promenade of the people. The sea throws a thin shower of sparkling spray above the edge of it, for it is low; but the tide in the Mediterranean is too insignificant to be measured. On each side of the quay the broad beach is thickly strewn with fishing boats of all sizes and descriptions, and here the fishermen live. Many of the larger boats are covered with canvas awnings, under which the families pass the heat of the day, coming down out of their arks in the evening to cook their supper in the sand, like so many gypsies. The beach is always an animated spectacle. Youngsters don't mind the sun, and they are busy all day long; then, the boats must be repaired, the sails mended, and the nets dried. The clatter of mallets, the smell of burning pitch and the salt odor of the sea, mingled with the joyous voices of the youngsters in the hissing surf,—this is what makes an hour at the hotel, in the shade of the veranda, with a cigar and an easy-chair, very pleasant after a long tramp through the town in the custody of a guide.

Now, this last guide of mine is deformed: he has a short arm on one side and a short leg on the other, as if that would help the

matter. He knows every soul in town; he stops you when you are in the midst of a small crowd of idlers, and begins talking to you in the loudest voice; and calling upon you to admire this and venerate that, until you would give thrice his fee to be rid of him.

I suggested entering the Cathedral as we stood at the door of it; but, no! his plan was fixed: the Cathedral came last on the list, and I must take everything in turn. I yielded with unavoidable amiability, and was led through quaint streets, that actually ran through some of the houses and came out on the other side. Not satisfied with this, the next turn took us into the side of the mountain itself; and after a short walk in a tunnel, lit by a very big lantern with a very small spark in it that hangs forever before the image of the Madonna, we came out in the midst of a *cañon* so deep, so narrow, so wild and weird, I could scarcely believe that it was not an illusion. It is unpoetically called "Mill Valley," in honor of the sixteen paper-mills that are run by the torrent we heard rushing through it before we came in sight of the lovely thing. Even the mills are picturesque; they are built like old mills in old paintings. It would be well, perhaps, to have an artist paint a landscape to suit us, and then let the contractors and landscape gardeners produce a copy on a large scale. All this country looks as if it had fashioned itself after the designs of some lover of fair landscapes.

The ravine is full of quick turns, each one of which ushers in a fresh delight in the shape of a towering peak, a stone bridge spanning the chasin, a tower with battlements, or a glimpse of a dark recess still deeper in the heart of the mountain, and darker and more weird, where a thousand perfect pictures hung in this unique gallery. Form and spirit and color are all here. It is a gem of the first water, and a treasure-house for the artist.

Small boys asked for *soldi* in small voices,

that wouldn't be still; guide reproved them with dignity, and they retreated. It was Sunday; two or three of the mills were humming away like big beehives. I asked if they usually kept them running on Sunday. "Oh, no!" he said. "They all work till they get tired, and then they stop and rest." That is quite Italian, and no doubt philosophical.

The convent of the Capuchins stands high above the town on the steep slope of the mountain. The approach to the convent is mysterious. Guide turned from the heart of the village into a narrow passage that led to a long flight of stairs. I supposed we were about entering a private house; for there were doors on each side of us, and the passage was exceedingly narrow. Guide went up one step at a time, in consideration of the brevity of one leg. I followed meekly and without question, as becomes all Christian men who are, or should be, ready and willing to be led to Paradise or the stake with equal composure. At the top of the first flight of stairs a stone hall, also extremely narrow, led on to another flight, equally long, still dimly lit with slin rays of daylight that followed us, alike mysterious to me, though the guide was well acquainted with all these winding ways; he greeted every soul we met with an air of authority, as though he were chief magistrate or one having authority. I was by no means satisfied to be thus wandering through the endless halls of people unknown to me. There were doors on every side; at some of them families were gathered, and at others I heard the deep, dejected grunt of the sow who objected to being incarcerated in the seventeenth story of any man's house. The whole exploit would have seemed like a dream but for the painfully real smell that we encountered at every turn.

Presently we emerged into the sunshine. I expected to find myself on the lookout of some frightfully high house. I was literally on the slope of the mountain,

about three hundred feet above the sea; and the singular passage we had been threading was, in fact, a public thoroughfare in the dense mass of houses that seem to have congealed into one solid stone—they are partly dug out of the mountain and partly built on the face of it, like hornets' nests. Such is the wonderful architecture of Amalfi.

A bridle-path soon brought us to the convent; thus far we have been on our way to it. Guide rang at the door. We were admitted, and shown through great, empty, desolate rooms, with half-effaced frescos, and an air of neglect that was chilling, even after our hot climb up the mountain. The chapel was a melancholy spectacle. I know of nothing more desolate than one of these monasteries that has been devastated by the new Government.

It is said a naval school was to be established here. A capital spot for a naval school—four hundred feet above the sea. With the aid of a telescope they can see what a ship looks like, and in the course of time die natural deaths and sleep with their illustrious fathers. We were shown a stone scow, sloop rigged, which is one of the present attractions of the spot. If the boys were allowed to play with butter-boats, it is just possible that their nautical knowledge would be in no greater danger of increasing. A cave in the rock (much of the monastery is hewn out of the solid rock) has still three crosses and some figures representing the sacred Passion; but they are so out of place in all that conglomeration, I was glad to escape into the vineyard, where I ate of the grapes and looked down upon the quiet little village, that seemed to be half asleep in the sun. This convent is now a fashionable summer hotel.

We returned; and on our way passed a chapel of the Madonna, where the wives and children of the fishermen were singing a litany for the dear ones at sea. It was very pretty and very long—for they were

singing when we came up, and perhaps they are not through yet, though it is evening. The Cathedral is one blaze of mosaics. Those who have seen these Italian churches know what I mean, and I don't believe I can better express it. St. Andrew's bones repose here, and the building is enriched with columns and marbles from Pæstum. But all these churches are so much alike and so small, after St. Peter's, one grows impatient among them. How easily one is surfeited!

After dinner the soft twilight comes on. Sea and sky are of a color; the earth *floats* between them. The quay before my hotel is crowded with fishermen and fishwives, citizens and idlers. Up and down they pace in the cool air till late in the night; they know how to enjoy these evenings, for their winters are sometimes bitter on this coast. Again the moon sets; but the stars are so brilliant that no one thinks of calling it dark. Some of the boats that have been high and dry all day are launched, and the fishers go to their work. All the other boats are wet down; and the beach, meanwhile, is dotted with little fires, where the suppers of the seafarers are cooking. So ends the day, as I retire with the sound of the sea for my lullaby.

This morning I awoke early and rose to see the sun rise. Lo! the quay before my door, where yesterday the populace strode, and last evening there were revels, is this morning covered with macaroni drying in the sun. This species of macaroni is of every shape, and this is what we take in our soup in America and relish so much. Of course it must be turned; it *is* turned with a vengeance. Men and maids, matrons and babies, wade into it barefooted, and stir it about with great brooms and shovels. If they were ploughing fields they could not be more careful of their furrows. Let us hope that our peck of dirt may come to us with the proper proportion of maca-

roni; for I have not yet been able to dispel the bright picture of a dense throng of pleasure-seekers taking the air in this macaroni field, smoking, chewing, etc. And yet macaroui is no worse to-day than it was yesterday or last year!

When I go hence I shall take with me a memory of these stranded ships, wherein dwell the toilers of the sea and their young; and of the murmur of the waves, such as is said to sing forever in the deep and winding chambers of the sea-shell. I shall take an album of *vignettes*, tottering mills, slow-turning waterwheels, cascades, cliffs, castles and broken bridges, enough for a lifetime. I shall take also the impression of a gentle and well-bred people, who have escaped the iniquities of Naples and the pomposities of Rome. Let no one fail to enjoy these with me—they are but four hours from Naples, and their name is Amalfi.

(To be continued.)

St. Joseph in Peril of the Sea.

A REMINISCENCE.

IT was on the Feast of St. Joseph, 1890, that our noble steamship, the *City of Paris*, sailed away from New York, amid the cheers and God-speeds of many warm friends. Who could have imagined the misery soon to follow! And who that was witness of it can ever forget the blanched countenances, the trembling lips and terrified expression of so many brave men and trustful women!

On the evening of the Feast of the Annunciation, just when our destination seemed so near; when many glad hearts had expressed in glowing terms their enjoyment of the voyage; after all had written pleasant letters to friends at home, who were filled with expectation and longing desire to hear the comforting words

“All’s well”; just when all was prepared for departure on the following morn—it was then that the awful incident took place. We had hoped to land in Queenstown early next morning; for the sea was beautiful to behold,—not calm, but majestic in the grand swell that lifted our noble ship and rocked us so gently in the cradle of the deep. We had placed unlimited confidence in her power, and at no time experienced the least alarm.

We were about two hundred and eighty miles from Queenstown. The first bell for dinner had sounded—at 5.30 p. m. Many left their circle of chatting friends to prepare for the repast; others, knowing that the time of separation was near, and that the last meal together was soon to be taken, could not lose the precious moments that warm friendship claimed. Our own little party were in the cabin, saying Matins, knowing that in the hurry of transfer, and the excitement of travel in Ireland the next day, our time would be broken up. We had just come to the psalm *Benedicite, omnia opera Domini, Domino*, when a loud, rumbling sound was heard, followed by a shock that went through the ship from stem to stern. It lasted but a minute, though it seemed like an age, so terrible was the suspense. O God, what an awful thing such suspense! How it matures one’s feelings! How it brings us nearer to Him who alone can bid the winds and waves be still, and calm the troubled waters of the deep!

On deck it seemed like a quick volley of heavy artillery in the din of battle; in the cabin the sensation was one of collapse, impossible to be described. In a moment the crash of broken, flying machinery was heard, the hoarse and hissing sound of escaping steam, and the tramp of hurrying feet, mingled with the faint shrieks of women. The starboard screw of our steamer seemed to have left its shaft, or the shaft itself was broken—we knew not which. The machinery, under tremendous power of steam, went wild. With lightning rapidity

the shaft revolved; every portion of the mighty engines seemed endowed with a new and accelerated motion. Steel bars and bolts were flying about, as if possessed of an evil spirit bent on destruction; pieces of iron weighing tons were hurled as mere straws; and the fatal piston-rod, with increasing fury, dashed down, down, through its narrow confines, through steel compartments,—down through the very sheathing of our grand “Queen of the Seas.”

Our brave engineer jumped to the valve, at the risk of life, through blinding steam and scalding water, and succeeded in opening the escape. Then was heard the awful roar of steam, through the immense funnel and pipes. On came the streams of gurgling, threatening water, through the hold of the vessel. On it rushed in swift torrents, through the escape and supply pipes; up it rose, with ever-increasing volume. Soon the compartments that held both engines were filled. On the ship plunged through the seething waters, one engine still working.

No one was killed, no one seriously injured. Only a terrible shock to all on board. None of the passengers knew what had happened. The loss of an engine—or rather an injury to the machinery—was all that was surmised that evening by even the most frightened.

All went to dinner, regretting that the bright electric light no longer shone upon them; filled with hope that in a few hours at most our second engine, yet uninjured, would bring us to our destination. It was our last meal together, and how many friendly wishes and pleasant toasts were given! A few hours' delay, and we should arrive at Queenstown at a more seasonable time for transfer; that was all we anticipated. But, O heavens! as the hours sped on, and the darkness of night crept over us, and the mighty sea began to heave its troubled bosom; and the waves, mountain high, rose around us with threatening aspect; when we heard the gurgling

waters rushing and escaping through the wide apertures; when we saw the calm but determined visage of officers and crew, their silent movements; when we witnessed life-boats made ready for the worst, equipped with compass and water, and all things necessary for abandoning our trusted ship; when every swell of ocean seemed higher still, and every blast of wind moaned and shrieked despair through the tattered rigging of our tempest-tossed steamer,—we felt we were simply at the mercy of the wind and wave. No tongue can ever describe the feelings expressed in almost every countenance. Little was said, but the very silence of passengers and the reticence of officers only added to the horrors of the awful catastrophe. Hours rolled on, and we were tossed about as a mere plaything, now on the crest of billows, now in the trough of the sea. The blanched countenances of brave men, the trembling accents of timid women, the smothered cries of children, the darkness, the roar of wind and water,—all was more than enough to appall the strongest heart.

Oh, how anxiously we looked for morning! The moments seemed hours, and every hour seemed the last. The child clung tighter to its fond mother's arm, and, in pitiful tones, asked: “Are we saved?” Strangers became friends in misery, and with one accord all looked to God alone for the rescue that no human hand could give.

The following morning only added to the horrors of the night, when we saw the quarter-deck quite low in the water, and the forward one above its proper height. No word of information from our prudent captain and his crew; we were left to our own conjectures, and these were naturally of the gloomiest nature. The storm raged with unabated fury. With every roll of our mighty vessel we saw death staring us in the face, yet it came not. When should we have to struggle with that dark blue sea? Life-boats seemed

to us useless then; life-preservers folly. It was simply death or God's helping hand to our rescue. It was now that friends spoke softly one to another of home and dear ones, that never seemed so dear. The news had already flashed across the sea that the "Greyhound" of the ocean was behind time for arrival in port. And though fathers and mothers and wives and children and friends knew not the worst, their imagination could picture the horrors of a catastrophe at sea!

It was ten o'clock on Wednesday morning. We were drifting whither we knew not, but certainly out of our course. Engines inert, no sails to move our huge vessel, rudder absolutely useless, and the storm seemingly becoming more fierce, when our superior said to us: "It seems all human hope must be abandoned. Let us renew our trust in God, and pray more fervently now." Many vows were then made in honor of our Blessed Mother, dear St. Joseph, and our blessed Father, St. Paul of the Cross. We recited the Rosary together, some of the passengers joining us. We chanted the *Ave Maris Stella*, that the Star of the Sea might guide us safely to port. We blessed with relics the winds and the waves; and then, turning to dear St. Joseph on whose feast we sailed from home, and under whose special protection we had placed ourselves, we took his little statue, and, standing under the captain's bridge, dropped it into the seething sea—when, lo! at once a calm came o'er the mighty waters; the wind died away and the angry waves were stilled. All on board exclaimed: "How good God has been to us! Blessed be God for His great mercy!" But they knew not that dear St. Joseph had been specially invoked, and had again given proof of the power of his intercession.

* * *

I relate this incident to the honor of our glorious patron. Surely nothing could be more remarkable than the sudden

abatement of the storm, or the unexpectedly pleasant weather we experienced from that hour till we landed in Queens-town, four days later. No wind, no rain, no fog—nothing that could alarm us, save the gradual sinking of our vessel and the absence of human help.

F. R., C. P.

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

WE were lingering in the pleasant fire-light of the tea room the other evening when Polly's fresh, young voice reached us from the outer world, or rather the piazza. "Come quick!" it called, in tones which spoke of frantic haste. What could be the matter? Were those suspicious-looking nomads, who had all day been selling knickknacks from door to door, trying to abduct the sunshine of the house? Or had she, in some of her venturesome climbings, fallen and maimed a fragile little limb? While we paused, overcome by the palsy of fright, the clear voice rang out again: "Come, or he'll fly away!" That was encouraging and not alarming. We hesitated no longer, but, as one man or one woman, hurried out of doors.

"A robin!" exclaimed Polly,— "yes, a real, live robin! And he will sing if you will listen."

Sure enough, as we held our breath and were quiet as the sphinx, there came to our ears Master Robin Redbreast's dear and familiar greeting.

There are so many worthy objects of commiseration in this world that it is not necessary to waste sympathy on those who do not deserve it; but a thrill of pity always surges through my heart at sight of the man, woman or child who is not moved by the song of spring's first robin.

Those of us who stood on the veranda and heard that harbinger of brighter days did not speak. We could not. We could only silently drink in that hopeful note, which had in it, to him who heard aright, peace, joy, and love; which typified the glorious melody of the Resurrection; which was, it seemed to us, a little message, Heaven-sent, to say that winter was over, that the sun was king again, and that God still reigned.

We have had a hard winter; the sort of winter for which the old settler clamors and then hastens to abuse; the winter which hides the brown earth from autumn to spring; the winter that swallows the savings of the poor; the winter when the store of coal grows low and the price of life's necessities high; when we wait, as patiently as we may, for the violets and the sweet green turf and the song of the first robin.

"The robins are God's birds, you know," said little Polly, softly.

"Well, I must say," broke in Mrs. Dobbs, whose utterances after Polly's made us think of a tin horn following an Æolian harp, "your mother does put the queerest notions into your head!"

"But they are!" persisted Polly, politely yet firmly. "The rest of the birds are God's birds too, but the robins are especially. Didn't you ever hear how they got the red feathers on their breasts?"

"No, I didn't," insisted the neighbor. "I just came over to borrow a little baking-powder, and saw you all out here. I thought maybe my chimney was afire. I don't see what you find to look at in them birds. And such mischievous things as they are! If we had a few more robin pies in the spring there'd be more cherries in the summer."

"Eat a robin!" gasped Polly, having recovered her voice. But Mrs. Dobbs had passed on; and the robin having flown off, and the darkness threatening to envelop us, we went inside to hear Polly's legend.

"Once," she began, "when robins were all of a color, one of them was feeling

rather sad about his dull dress. 'I can't sing very well either,' he said. 'I don't see why some birds have all the accomplishments and beauty too. But there is one thing I can do. I can be a good robin, and eat the worms that bother the farmer; and maybe once in a while I can help some of the kind folks who keep me supplied with crumbs.' Just then he noticed a rose and its head was drooping. 'What's the trouble?' asked the robin.—'Why,' said the rose, 'I have just heard about the souls in purgatory, who have no one to help them but their friends on earth; and I, being but a rose, can do nothing. They must stay in the flames until their release comes.'—'Flames?' inquired the robin. 'Well, I can put them out, perhaps. At least I can try. Maybe this is my chance to do some good.' So he took a drop of water in his bill and flew and flew until he came to the sad place, and then he dropped the water in the flames. And he kept on, not stopping to eat or sleep; and the flames burned the feathers on his breast, and every robin's breast has been red ever since."

"There is another legend," said our Poet. "The story runs that at the time of Our Lord's crucifixion, the heart of a little robin was moved almost to breaking at the sight; and he tried with his bill to pull out the cruel nails that pierced the sacred hands. He failed, poor bird! But a drop of blood from our Saviour's brow fell upon him, making the breasts of all robins red for evermore. Polly can take her choice of the legends."

"Then I think," mused the little one, "that I will choose—both of them."

"I'm sure I really can't see," drawled young Cecil Huntley, who had just returned from a winter in the far South, "what you find in a robin to make such a fuss over. The birds in Louisiana made such a racket I couldn't half sleep. If it were the last robin instead of the first, I could see some sense in your ecstasies. I've had birds and

flowers and fine weather until I'm sick and tired of them, and it's a dreadful bore to pretend I'm not."

This was certainly a time to think of the beautiful law of compensation, that beneficent adjuster of the wheels of the complex machinery we term civilization.

Cecil Huntley is a young man of fortune, who finds it difficult to dispose of his income; but this fact, which induces the uninitiated to envy him, is productive only of discontent. Having so much, he appreciates nothing. He has no coarse and expensive vices; but he has, on the contrary, no fine and expensive tastes. And so he continually flies about in quest of a happiness which is ever just beyond his grasp. He is a far poorer man than the intelligent young artisan at the end of the table, who is fast conquering the disabilities of poverty, and acquiring such knowledge of various branches of science which bids fair to lift him above his fellow-men; and, better than that, to bring him permanent peace of mind when poor Cecil's restless flyings about in search of happiness have ended as all such misdirected efforts must. And he is but one instance. The small maiden with a discontented frown, who trundles her Paris doll daily by our house, has no such love for it as our Polly lavishes on the rag baby which looks as if it had gone through a powder-mill explosion and barely escaped with its life. Over-indulgence in turtle soup and *pâté de foie gras* takes away the appetite for the brown loaf.

When Cecil left us so gayly, just after the first snowstorm; some of us were weak enough to sigh; yea, there were those who rebelled at the sordid tyranny of circumstances, which kept us chained to the land of zero when he was to bask in the rays of a semi-tropical sun. But now he sees no beauty in the tardy flowers which delight our weary vision, and it is not the travelled Cecil whose heart is stirred by the notes of the first robin.

The Holy Shroud, or Winding-Sheet.

THE piety of those two disciples of Our Lord, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, in undertaking the holy work of sepulture, or burial, of Jesus, has immortalized their names. The faithful long preserved the sacred linens which had been used in laying Our Lord in the tomb. In the absence of the identical ones which were sanctified by contact with His body, we have a pious memorial of them in the corporal on which the Sacred Host rests, and in the three blessed cloths which cover the altar.

A very early injunction to have the corporal of linen is that of Pope Sixtus I., in the year 132. A mediæval writer gives a mystical reason for the use of this particular material: "As linen attains to whiteness only after much labor and dressing, so the flesh of Christ by much suffering attained to the glory of the Resurrection."

At the time of the discovery of the Holy Cross by St. Helena, the sacred linens, or fragments of them, had for over three hundred years been scattered among the faithful in different parts of the world. Most of those of which we now have any record were long preserved in different churches of France. That which was, perhaps, the most authentic and interesting was presented to the church of Besançon by a noble Crusader in the year 1206. This precious relic was, unfortunately, sent to Paris, and destroyed during the Revolution. The celebrated physician Chifflet wrote a classical work on the subject, which was first published at Antwerp in 1624.

The church of Toulouse, in France, claims to have one of the original Shrouds; and its claim is admitted in fourteen papal bulls, the earliest of which is dated 1190. There is also a very famous Shroud preserved at Turin.

Notes and Remarks.

An external conformity with Catholic usage is making rapid strides among the various sects. It is significant when ministers of the "Evangelical" denominations hold meetings for the avowed purpose of arranging some special religious services for the season of Lent. A quarter of a century ago such a step would have provoked the most bitter opposition, but it appears to have been looked upon as a very desirable and proper innovation. No one rushed forward with wild denunciations of "Romish" practices; no one appeared to be alarmed lest the faith of Puritan ancestors be imperilled.

The world moves. The descendants of the Pilgrims build Gothic places of worship, decorate them at Easter and Christmas, and maintain a friendly rivalry in regard to music and flowers at those great feasts. Formerly—and not long ago either—the cross was confined to Catholic architecture: now it is no uncommon sight to see even a Congregational, Methodist or Presbyterian meeting-house surmounted by the emblem of man's redemption. May the true religion of the Cross make haste to follow these outward tokens!

The American Protective Association, bigoted, fanatical, and subversive of all true democratic principles as it undoubtedly is, can scarcely be considered absolutely indefensible so long as it serves as a target for such hot shot as Governor Stone, of Kansas City, Mo., recently poured upon it. An A. P. A. committee having requested the Governor to appoint Protestants to some civic offices and exclude Catholics therefrom, Governor Stone made it sufficiently clear to the committee that they had not correctly estimated their man. After stating that he was a Protestant, and did not believe in the chief dogmas of the Catholic Church, he continued:

"I know a great many good men and noble women who do believe these things. I know a great many splendid Americans, Catholic too, who are patriotic men, ready to bear arms in defence of the country; who contribute much to our enterprise, literature and statesmanship; who pay taxes, who bear all the burdens of citizenship. And any proposition that would exclude these people from all

participation in our civil affairs is monstrous and intolerable to me. I have no sympathy with it. . . . I think your Association is undemocratic and un-American, and I am opposed to it. I haven't a drop of Know-Nothing blood in my veins."

Whether the committee acted like other curs when they have received a whipping, and slunk away, is not stated; but 'tis safe to assert that Governor Stone will not soon be treated to another exhibition of their snarling malignity.

The annual wave of homage to the beloved Patron of Ireland has again swept triumphantly over the world. Not only in Ireland is this enthusiastic devotion to St. Patrick a general feeling; but wherever a son of Erin wandered St. Patrick's venerable image was borne aloft, and the sprig of green was once more the emblem which united all his children in a spiritual band, now encircling the whole world. America is second in the steadfast keeping of the glorious 17th of March; and everywhere the suspension of business, the sound of rolling drums, the tread of marching feet, and, more than all, the solemn services in the churches, show how firm a hold the holiday has taken upon the land where so many of the oppressed of the Green Isle have sought and found a home. The growth of this devotion to St. Patrick (born Succat or Succath), whose very name is known to so few, is one of the wonders of the age; and is of itself a proof of the divine origin of the Church. St. Patrick, pray for us!

Having learned that excellent accommodations can be secured for the purpose through the good offices of the Hon. W. J. Onahan, the *Catholic Citizen* suggests a conference of Catholic editors during the World's Fair. This seems to us a capital idea, and we heartily second the suggestion. By all means let the Catholic editors of the United States meet in Chicago, if only to smoke the cigar of reconciliation, and bury the boomerangs, which of late have been used so frequently. An acquaintance with one another would no doubt have the effect of promoting good feeling; and it would then be seen that all the energies we possess had better be expended in combating enemies than in wrangling among ourselves. If it were possible to

hold a series of conferences on matters pertaining to the progress of the Catholic press, and to secure an address from some acknowledged Catholic leader like Bishop Spalding, the occasion might be made memorable for good results. Mr. Onahan may be trusted to take an active interest in any movement calculated to promote Catholic interests; and the co-operation of the editor of the *Citizen*, and Judge Hyde, of the *New World*, would ensure the success of the convention.

Some years ago the French Government refused to pay the Curé of Malissard his salary; and as this action was plainly iniquitous, the Curé has ever since refused to pay his taxes. Every year the tax-collectors have sold him out; and his household goods, bought by his parishioners, have been returned to him. This year, however, the collectors discovered that their usual programme could scarcely be carried out. The ordinary descent was made upon the presbytery, but the furniture was rather too primitive to warrant a public sale. They found in the dining-room a table consisting of a rough box mounted upon two trestles, and that was all. The house was otherwise bare, from cellar to garret. It seems that after the sixth seizure—that of last year—the energetic ecclesiastic determined that there should be no seventh, and so refused to have his presbytery refurnished. He lives in splendid poverty, but has the satisfaction of knowing that he has outwitted injustice; and the Malissard district will henceforth possess a permanently delinquent tax-payer.

For a number of years past, as our readers are aware, the University of Notre Dame has had the custom of presenting on *Lætare* Sunday a gold medal to some Catholic among the laity of the United States notable for distinguished services to the cause of religion. This honor is known as the "Lætare Medal," and is highly prized by those on whom it has been conferred. The candidate this year was the venerable Patrick Donahoe, of Boston, known to Irishmen the world over as a champion of his faith and race; and dear to thousands of Catholics, irrespective of nationality, for his connection with *The Pilot*, which for so many years has been battling for the cause of truth,

and, though many Catholic papers now occupy the field which it once held almost alone, still ranks as one of the ablest and most influential Catholic journals in the language.

Mr. Donahoe is worthy of honor. American Catholics, and especially Irish-Americans, owe more to his energy, his piety, his devotedness, and zeal for the progress of the Church, than it is possible to tell. We are of opinion that the "Lætare Medal" has never been presented to a more deserving candidate.

On the morning of the 6th inst. the Very Rev. Philip P. Brady, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, died suddenly at his residence in that city. He was in the forty-seventh year of his age, a native of Ireland, but came to St. Louis when two years old. Father Brady was one of the most active and zealous among the devoted priests of the West. Possessed of an agreeable manner and a whole-souled, self-sacrificing spirit, his parochial work was crowned with great success. His zeal for souls, especially the young, was shown in the charitable organizations which he established, and the care which he devoted to the progress and development of parish schools. He was president of the Catholic Publishing Company of St. Louis, and brought the powerful aid of the press to subserve the interests of religion. Father Brady's career was marked by a wonderful amount of good accomplished; and the Archdiocese, by his untimely end, has lost a faithful and devoted servant. May he rest in peace!

In union there is strength, was the motto that Windthorst adopted when he moulded the Catholic members of the Reichstag into a lever that more than once dislodged Bismarck from some chosen position; and on the same motto the German Centre party are still acting. They have refused to support Caprivi's Army Bill unless the Jesuits be recalled. Notwithstanding the Chancellor's recent declaration that he would do his utmost to prevent their recall, it is not at all certain that he will not imitate Bismarck's action in similar difficult conjunctures, and choose the Jesuits as the lesser of two evils. The German Centrists seem to be Catholics "first, last, and always."

New Publications.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND POLITICAL VIEWS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON. Selected from His Works by Henry F. Brownson. Benziger Bros.

Dr. Brownson was one of the great, commanding figures in the literary world of his day, and his country's noblest representative in the domain of thought. His writings, characterized by a clearness of style and a comprehensive grasp of the subject treated, deal with all the great questions worthy the attention of the human mind—those most intimately connected with man's intellectual, moral, and social condition. His teachings are sound, and based upon principles which, as enunciated by Dr. Brownson, find their application with equal force and appositeness at the present time. These qualities, together with a directness of expression and an easy flow of language, which attract and fix the attention, make his works a treasure to be sought after by every student and man of thought.

It is well known that the gifted son of the great philosopher has rendered an inestimable service to literature and religion in collecting and publishing in book form the writings of his illustrious father. But the cost and size of the "complete works"—comprising about twenty-two octavo volumes—place them beyond the reach of a great many. It was a happy thought, therefore, of Mr. Brownson to prepare the present volume of extracts, containing his father's views on questions of practical, timely interest. The idea has been well carried out. We believe that this venture will be successful in popularizing Dr. Brownson's works, and contribute greatly toward the universal spread of sound principles in the treatment of the economic, social, and moral problems of our times.

The editor has arranged the questions, to which the extracts are related, under the headings: "Literature," "Education," "The Sciences," "The United States," "Political Economy," "Civil and Religious Liberty," "Philosophy," "Philosophy of the Supernatural." One can thus readily see the comprehensive nature of the work and its great practical utility; while the gifted mind of the editor and his close relationship with

the distinguished author are a guarantee of the fidelity and completeness with which the "views" are presented. It forms an octavo volume of about 400 pages, issued in appropriate style.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

A Concordance of the Sapiential Books. Prepared from the French. Edited by the Rev. John J. Bell. Benziger Bros.

This work presents a collection of the holy and practical maxims contained in the books of the Old Testament specially characterized as "books of precepts"—*i. e.*, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Wisdom, and Ecclesiasticus. These maxims are arranged under various heads, presenting at a glance the words of the inspired writer which relatè to the duties and virtues of man, and form a complete code of Christian life and conduct. Under the general titles of "Duties of Man toward God," "Duties of Man toward Himself," "Duties of Man toward His Neighbor," "Social Duties," each detail and circumstance of human life is classified in appropriate subdivisions, with texts from the above mentioned books of Holy Writ bearing upon the subject, and setting forth rules for the guidance of the individual. It will be readily seen that the work is of special utility to the preacher, who may thus have always at hand texts suitable for the matter of his discourse; while, in general, to all lovers of the inspired Word of God it will prove a very helpful manual of instruction. An analytical index, which supplements the work, increases its value and utility.

FREVILLE CHASE. By E. F. Dering. Leamington: Art & Book Company.

There is no lack of what are called *religious* novels, which seek to combine a story of profane love with an argument for religion. Few there are, however, which may be said to attain their end—namely, to instruct while entertaining a mixed class of readers. To most of them the words of Dr. Brownson are applicable: "They offer a certain quantity of light and sentimental reading, on condition that one consents, without a wry face, to take a certain dose of theology; which, if he is well, he does not need; and which, if he is sick, is not enough to do him any good."

In the category of successful productions of this kind of literature, "Freville Chase" merits a prominent place. It is written for a purpose—to illustrate how the higher motive of human action, the love of God, may be practically realized in the life and conduct of the Christian in the world. The story is interesting and intensely dramatic; and skilfully interwoven with its delineation are the various dogmas and teachings of the Church, set forth in their truth and beauty and practical bearing upon the different phases of human life. The work is destined to be of no little service in the cause of religion. It is sent out in attractive style by the publishers, and merits a wide circulation.

A MERE CYPHER. A Novel. By Mary Angela Dickens. New York: MacMillan & Co.

It is a received maxim that all good novelists seek, in their efforts given to the public, to "point a moral and adorn a tale." Evidently this thought was the motive impulse of the accomplished writer of "A Mere Cypher." And, with certain limitations, it may be said that she has attained the end proposed. The "adornment" of the tale is all that could be desired. The reader will find in the perusal of this work purity of diction, gracefulness of style, skilful use of imagery, enough to delight literary taste. As for the "moral," it is enough to say that it shows how a drunkard, by care and attention, may be brought to a realization of his condition; and, with a "guardian" by his side, may be kept on the right road to peace, prosperity, and happiness. In this case the "guardian" is the wife of a physician, to whose care the "hero" of the tale is committed for treatment on account of the drink habit. The reason of the title of the story is shown all through in the conduct of the medical gentleman toward his wife. She is a poor, nervous creature; terrified by her husband; never feeling any emotions of love, as the writer tells us, until she meets with the hero of the story. In "pointing the moral," the hero very properly reforms, and engages in all the "Bellamy" schemes for the amelioration of his fellow-men. But he is threatened with destruction by the aforesaid medical man, who turns out to be a villain. The

"guardian" is at hand. The timid wife poisons the brutal husband, is taken to prison, and dies there. Besides, she has been denied the little earthly pleasure that gratitude brings with it—her love has never been known, and the hero marries another!

What an incentive would be given to a Catholic writer, dealing with such circumstances of life's varying phases, to impress upon the minds of his readers the weakness of poor human nature, and the need of recourse to that supernatural help, divine grace, which is always with us in every trial and difficulty of life! The writer does speak of the Bible, but her story shows only too painfully its little practical application without an infallible guide.

The publishers, with their well-known artistic taste, have issued the book in most attractive style.

Obituary.

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

HEB., xlii, 3.

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

The Rev. James H. Maney and the Rev. M. K. Merns, both of the Diocese of Albany, and lately deceased.

Brother Edward Farrell, S. J., St. Mary's College, Kansas; and Sister M. Aquinas, of the Sisters of Charity, who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. George Windheim, who calmly breathed his last on the 27th ult., at Utica, N. Y.

Mr. John Hopkins, of Waterloo, N. Y., whose happy death took place some weeks ago.

Miss Caroline Gruber, who died a holy death on the 5th ult., at Peoria, Ill.

Mr. Patrick Gildea, of Jersey City, N. J., who passed away on the 9th ult.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, who yielded his soul to God on the 25th ult., in Boston, Mass.

Mr. Thomas Moneghen, of Rockland, Mass., who died suddenly on the 7th ult.

Mr. Thomas Roland, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Margaret Leydon, Providence, R. I.; Mr. Edward Kenney, South Boston, Mass.; Miss Sarah Bannon and Henry J. McCormick, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. J. Miller, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Thomas Duffey, Lawrenceburg, Ind.; Mr. Francis Struebbe, Ciucinnati, Ohio; Mr. William Mulherin, Augusta, Ga.; and Mrs. Hanora Callaghan, Peterborough, Canada.

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



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Hepatica.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

AH, little flower! what are you like?
 So fragile, first of early spring;
 Before the sun's rays warmly strike
 The melting earth, or robins sing,
 Your petals pale ope to the sky!

So pure, so fine, so frail, so white,
 So trusting in the love of God,
 Your petals tremble in the light
 That almost warms the frosty sod,—
 Spring's early blessing from on high.

You are most like a child's first prayer,
 And you are purer than the snow;
 You've come when March is in the air,
 St. Joseph's flower,—we call you so!
 You warm our hearts, though snowflakes fly.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XI.



LAIRE dear, I suppose you are going to the Victoria or Metropole, or else to the Savoy or Langham? You know those are *the* hotels," said Mrs. Flashe, as our tourists arrived at Euston Station, London, about ten o'clock in the evening.

"I do not know," she replied, simply. "Father telegraphed ahead for rooms at the Westminster Palace. He says that is an excellent house, and very conveniently located."

The lady shrugged her shoulders.

"To which one are *you* going, Mrs. Flashe?" asked Alicia.

"O—oh," she hesitated. "Mr. Flashe has not made up his mind yet, I believe. At least he hasn't said anything to me on the subject."

"I'll warrant it will not be any of those she mentioned," whispered Joe to Kathleen. "She is very good-natured, I admit; but she does put on an awful lot of airs sometimes."

"We shall have to bid you good-bye now," continued Mrs. Flashe, with regret. "But if we stay in London, I'll send you a card. I presume your address is Low's Exchange?"

"No: Care of Brown, Shipley & Co.," answered Claire.

Unwittingly she had "scored one," as Joe would say, with their voluble friend; for what could be better form than to have one's letters addressed to the care of these favorite bankers?

"Well, good-bye all!" continued Mollie's mother, effusively. "Come, Mollie. Mr. Flashe, are you sure you have all the hand luggage?"

Mr. Colville engaged a "four wheeler," and he and his family were soon on the way to the hotel. As the cab rattled through the

thoroughfares, the young people looked out with eager curiosity amid the shadows, illumined ever and anon by the flashing street lamps.

"I can not realize that we are indeed in London!" exclaimed Claire. "The London of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; of Milton, Goldsmith, and poets and literary men too numerous to mention."

"The London of Dickens and Thackeray," added Alicia; not that she knew so much about the works of these celebrated authors, but she felt something was expected of her.

"And of dry old English history," muttered Joe.

"And of Madame Tussaud," chimed in Kathleen.

They all laughed; and then their father said, seriously:

"The London of Edward the Confessor, of Sir Thomas More, and the English martyrs. It is of itself a world rich in associations, and full of present interest. To the traveller it is, according to that which he seeks, a treasury of historic memories, a world of literature or of trade; or it is the great metropolis, and centre of fashionable life."

"I suppose to Mrs. Flashe and Mollie it is principally the London of tailor-made gowns," said Alicia, a little resentfully.

"Each one to his taste, as the French say," replied Mr. Colville, with a smile.

Alicia's freezing manner had thawed some time before.

"I just saw on a lamp-post the sign, 'Great Russell Square,'" said Kathleen.

On one side of them was a pretty park enclosed by a high iron fence; and on the other a row of substantial houses, the sombreness of which was relieved by balconies bright with flowers, like miniature hanging gardens. Now a stately building of Grecian architecture loomed up before them.

"That is the British Museum," observed Mr. Colville.

Before long they passed through Trafalgar Square; and a few minutes afterward beheld, in bold relief against the evening sky, the grand outlines of a noble Gothic pile. In its shadowy majesty it seemed to Claire the ideal of a dream,—a cloud cathedral, whose pointed arches and graceful towers would dissolve before the rising moon.

"Is it—" she cried—"oh, it *must* be, Westminster Abbey!"

"Yes," replied her father, smiling at her enthusiasm. "Near it are the Houses of Parliament; and that other edifice in the same square is St. Margaret's Church. Taken together, they form one of the most interesting groups of buildings in the world. Beyond them are Westminster Bridge and the Thames."

While he was speaking the cab stopped at the hotel, which is situated upon a corner facing the square. The girls were given a room that looked out upon the Abbey. They could see it the first thing in the morning, the last in the evening and every night during their stay in the metropolis their sweetest dreams were attuned to the music of Westminster chimes.

The best way to see London is from the top of a bus, say old travellers. The next morning, therefore, Mr. Colville and his party climbed up on one, which had seats facing the horses like those of a carriage.

"O dear!" exclaimed Alicia, as she took a place beside Claire in the front row. "How high up we are! And the bus seems top-heavy; isn't there danger of its tipping over?"

The route lay across Parliament Square and thence to the Strand. The young Americans were surprised to find that there is nothing spacious or imposing about this great thoroughfare, lined on either side by old and dingy buildings, with pitched roofs, and all of a uniform three-story height. Nor did the shops look attractive; but Mr.

Colville explained that this is not the ladies' shopping district.

They realized, however, that they were in the midst of the world of London; for an ever-changing throng of people surged to and fro upon the sidewalks; and the street was so crowded with vehicles and drays that every other minute a collision seemed imminent.

"Dear, dear!" cried Kathleen. "We shall certainly be run into! There!—oh, my! I was sure that big wagon was going to take off the front wheel of the bus! Just think of being pitched down from this height!"

The driver looked back at her and grinned.

"Make yourself heasy, miss," said he. "The like was never known to 'appen. Hall I 'ave to do is to keep well to the left. Hit seems to me you must be a stranger in Lon'on."

The girls marvelled at the skill with which he threaded his way through the moving labyrinth, continually escaping a catastrophe by a hair-breadth, it seemed to them. Gradually they gained confidence, and began to feel the exhilaration of their exalted position, and of the fresh breeze and the sunshine. The day was perfect, and everything partook of its brightness; it was hard to believe that London was ever a dismal place, enveloped in smokiness and fog.

"It seems as if we were driving through the air," said Alicia. "And how delightful it is to sit here so calmly and be borne along above this stirring, bustling crowd; to be able to see and enjoy everything, without getting jostled or tired or flurried oneself!"

Mr. Colville pointed out the landmarks of interest as they passed.

"The Strand was so named," said he, "because it led along the bank of the Thames. Once upon a time the mansions of the nobility and hierarchy stood here, and their gardens extended down to the

river. Now, as you see, the buildings shut out all view of it. At the beginning of the Strand is Charing Cross proper. There, in the thirteenth century, was the village of Cherringe, in the market-place of which stood the village crucifix, just as may now be seen on the Continent. This large building on the right, with a space in front, separated from the street by an iron fence, is Charing Cross Railway Station. The monument in the centre is a copy of that called Eleanor's Cross, erected about 1290 by King Edward I. on the spot where the bier of his Queen was set down on the way to Westminster Abbey. The streets to the left lead to Covent Garden Market, the site of the old gardens of the monks of Westminster. To the right is Wellington Street, leading to Waterloo Bridge. That imposing granite pile is Somerset House, now a public building. This church is St. Mary's-le-Strand, called after an earlier one which was demolished by the haughty Protector Somerset to make way for his palace. These great buildings farther along are the High Courts of Justice."

"And what is that queer statue over there, in the middle of the street?" asked Kathleen.

"That is a bronze griffin," replied her father; "and marks the site of the old gateway of Temple Bar. Near by, in the Temple Churchyard, the poet Goldsmith is buried. Temple Bar was the ancient gate to the city. You know, what is properly called the *city* of London is the comparatively small area within the limits of the ancient town. The other districts, once towns or parishes of themselves, which were gradually absorbed by the metropolis, are still described by their old names, as Westminster, Bayswater, Kensington, Marylebone, and so on. It is over 'the city' only that the Lord Mayor rules. In former times, when the reigning sovereign visited it on state occasions, he was wont, according to an ancient custom,

to obtain permission of the Lord Mayor to pass Temple Bar."

"I notice that the continuation of the Strand is called Fleet Street," said Joe, remarking a sign on a building.

"Yes," returned Mr. Colville. "And now we are going up Ludgate Hill."

"Oh, see!" said Kathleen. "There is Pater Noster Row, and opposite Ave Maria Lane!"

"These names are relics of good old Catholic times," answered her father.

"That great church with a dome, just facing us, must be St. Paul's," interrupted Claire. "I know it from the photographs."

"Quite right. The statue in front of it is Queen Anne."

"How light and graceful the figure is!" said Alicia.

"We go around St. Paul's here, you observe, children; now we are in Cheap-side, and over yonder is the Church of St. Mary's-le-Bow—Bow-Bells."

Soon they came to an irregular open space at the junction of several streets, with three prominent corners occupied by imposing buildings.

"Here, on the right, is the Royal Exchange," continued Mr. Colville. "That prison-like structure opposite is the Bank of England; and diagonally across is the Mansion House, the residence of the Lord Mayor. This is, as you may suppose from the turmoil, one of the busiest places in the world."

Presently Kathleen began to laugh.

"What funny names!" she exclaimed.

"A while ago we passed Pudding Lane and Pie Corner, and if here isn't Thread and Needle Street!"

"Perhaps you do not know," said her father, "that the Bank is nicknamed the Old Lady of Thread and Needle Street?"

This amused the two younger girls very much.

At the Liverpool Street Station our party left the bus.

"Ah, opposite is a church with a cross

on it!" exclaimed Claire, in joyful tones.

"It is St. Mary's, Moorfields," said Mr. Colville; and, entering, they made a little visit to the Blessed Sacrament. On coming out, they took another bus, which went along by way of Holborn and Oxford Street to the Cumberland Gate of Hyde Park, called the Marble Arch. Here the bus turned the corner and continued down along the eastern side of the Park, affording a delightful view of its green lawns, to Piccadilly.

As the young people saw the names of the streets, they became more and more pleased and excited.

"To think that we are really driving through the places we have so often heard and read about!" exclaimed Claire.

"It all seems like a page out of an English novel," murmured Alicia, blissfully.

"Oh, see! This is Piccadilly Circus!" said Kathleen, after a few moments.

"Yes; but you need not look around for Forepaugh's tent and a menagerie," laughed Joe. "I remember having been told that in London a circus means just a round open space."

"And here is Regent Street," said Claire, as the bus now rolled along the wide thoroughfare lined with handsome shops.

"Everything here is very brilliant," said Mr. Colville; "but the most elegant shopping district for ladies is New Bond Street, which runs parallel with this. I will take you girls there some day, if you promise not to bankrupt me."

Alicia forgot her resolution never to go shopping again, and the others laughingly agreed to be moderate in their demands.

Joe interrupted the conversation by calling,

"Here we are, at Pall Mall!"

"Why is it called Pall Mall, father?" inquired Kathleen.

"From the Italian *pallo*—a ball; and *malleo*—a mallet. A game with a ball and mallet, the original of the modern croquet,

was introduced into England during the reign of Charles I. This locality, being a fashionable resort and promenade, became a favorite ground for the players, and thus came to be known by the name of the game. It is now the centre of club life, and, as you see, a street of palaces."

(To be continued.)

Burke and the Maniac.

When Edmund Burke, the famous Irish orator, was preparing his indictment of Warren Hastings, there were some links in the chain of evidence which he sought in vain. At last some one told him that an inmate of Bedlam, the well-known lunatic asylum, could give him the information he was in need of. Accordingly he betook himself to that retreat, and asked to see the person referred to. His request was at once granted; and the man proved to be the repository of valuable knowledge, having lived for many years in India in a position to become thoroughly conversant with the acts of Mr. Hastings.

Burke and the maniac had a long conversation; and the orator left not only with the facts he desired, but with a firm conviction that the man who furnished them was perfectly sane. He went to the keeper and told him that it was outrageous to confine a rational man in that awful place. The keeper, having heard the same remonstrance before, could only smile, and assure his distinguished visitor that he would some day find out his mistake. But Burke would not listen.

"It is infamous!" he cried. "I will have this man's story ringing through the United Kingdom. If necessary I will make it known in Parliament."

The keeper kept his temper. "Mr. Burke," he said, "I have told you the truth; but, in order to be convinced, will you have the kindness to step back and ask

the poor fellow what he had for breakfast?"

"I will," answered Burke; "and I believe his answer will be as sane as my question."

He returned to the cell, where his Indian informant gladly welcomed him.

"May I ask," inquired Burke, "what you had for breakfast to-day?"

Instantly the peaceful look left the man's face, and his eyes glared with excitement.

"We had hobnails for breakfast. We never have anything else. We breakfast, dine and sup on hobnails. And everything here is equally horrible."

And so he went on with a fantastic account of the cookery at the asylum, which convinced Mr. Burke at once that he had been wrong and the keeper right. He left in great haste, glad to get away; and thankful for the information, which, although it was furnished by an inmate of Bethlehem Hospital, proved to be of great value.

Things Not Generally Known.

The famous Maelström, on the west coast of Norway, the source of so many weird tales of adventure, has been reduced by investigators from a seething whirlpool, the source of destruction to every vessel approaching it, to a series of eddies; and due to the usual cross-tides of a rocky coast, dangerous only to small boats, and to these only in stormy weather.

The translation which has told generations that Hannibal used vinegar in making a way across the Alps is now declared to be incorrect. Sir George Bowen has discovered that in the Savoyard part of the Alpine route *aceto* means pickax, and not vinegar; thus explaining a question that has puzzled many scholars.

Again, Pompey's Pillar has no historical connection with Pompey; Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey; German silver was not invented in Germany, and contains no silver; and the American century plant often flowers as early as after seven years' growth, and then dies.—*St. Mary's Chimes.*



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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

Our Little Lady of the Incarnation.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

TIS faithless Art, this *Virgin* (found at Rheims),

This dark Madonna, robust, firm, mature;
A stern and elder sister of the pure
And youthful Maid of Nazareth, she seems.
Divinely young, the Mary of our dreams,—
A kneeling Girl, scarce fifteen summers old,
As slender as the crescent moon that gleams
In cloudless skies.—Her brown hair, dash'd
with gold,

Frames in its light the lovely, lifted face,
So calm, so bright, so innocent, so sweet,
That Gabriel, breathing low, "Hail, full of
grace!"

Lays down his new-blown lily at her feet
Than this white bloom of God, could truer
symbol be,

Of thy fresh, fadeless youth, *Ancilla Domini*?

Our Lady's Sorrowful Way.

I.

AT daybreak on the Thursday of the first Holy Week, Our Lord, who had spent the night in the Garden of Olives—keeping there the vigil of arms preparatory to the great combat He was to sustain,—went up to Bethany to bid good-bye to His Holy Mother. The scene, such as a Christian

fancy portrays it and as saints have described it, was inexpressibly tender and touching. Jesus, kneeling before His loving Mother, asks her benediction; while Mary, throwing herself at His feet, protests that it is His to invoke a benediction on her; and so each blesses the other.

During the Last Supper, on that same Thursday evening, the thought of His Mother lingered with Jesus; and to the filial care of John, lovingly reclining upon His bosom, He tenderly commended her. The brief injunction afterward pronounced on the Cross, "Son, behold thy Mother," was a mere reminder to the well-beloved Disciple of the fuller discourse on the same subject that had been held the previous evening in the Cenacle. During the supper, too, Jesus gave a portion of the consecrated Bread to St. Peter, charging him to carry it to Mary that she might communicate therewith. According to some pious authors, this first Sacrament of Holy Thursday remained in the Blessed Virgin, unconsumed, until after the Resurrection. It was to prove her Viaticum, to aid her in supporting the tortures which all agree she could never have borne save through miraculous help.

Before departing for the Garden of Olives, Jesus paid another farewell visit to His Mother. It was their last interview until the dolorous meeting, on the morrow, at the Fourth Station of the Way of the Cross. Yet, though she remained with the

holy women in the Cenacle throughout that eventful night, the Blessed Virgin beheld in an ecstasy the whole of that terrible drama of the Passion. She heard all that passed; and, let us add, *felt* all to the full extent of possibility.

On Good-Friday morning John came to her, recounted the heart-rending occurrences of the night, and conducted her and her companions to the scene of the morning's events. From a position where they could see without being seen, she beheld the Saviour's interview with Pilate and then with Herod; saw Him come out clothed with the white robe of a fool, and despoiled of the tunic which her own motherly hands had wrought. The pillar reddening with blood from the scourging, the head of Jesus crowned with the platted wreath of cruel thorns, the furious mob howling for the death of her cherished Son,—she saw and heard it all.

Magdalen sees that it is too much for the heart of a mother, and takes Mary back to the Cenacle. Not long afterward, however, John hurries thither to tell them that the sentence of death has been pronounced; and that, contrary to the usual custom, the execution is to take place at once.

Mary longs to look once more upon her Son. Accompanied by Mary Magdalen and escorted by St. John, she proceeds to a crossway on the route to Calvary. The funeral *cortège* approaches, heralds and centurions at its head to proclaim anew the sentence and to open a passage through the crowded streets. Here come the two thieves carrying their crosses; and here at last is Jesus, bending beneath the weight of His. Mary darts forward to embrace Him. The soldiers rudely thrust her back,—her, His Mother!

Shaken by this cruel rebuff to Mary more than by the weight of His cross, Jesus staggers and falls with the dull thud of a tree cut down. The soldiers seize Him and jerk Him to His feet, kicking Him the while with brutal malignity,—Him who

once was so tenderly carried in the arms of Mary and of Joseph! And Mary can do nothing, can not even draw near to Him, can only follow Him to Calvary. So she rises from the rock on which John had made her sit—on which, rather, she had fallen at the moment when Jesus sank beneath the cross,—and Our Lady of the Spasm continues her sorrowful way.*

Under this title of Our Lady of the Spasm, St. Helen erected a church in commemoration of the agonizing meeting between Jesus and His Mother. The rock upon which the afflicted Mother sank was placed therein, occupying the position of honor before the high altar. After the taking of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, the Church of the Sorrowful Way suffered from the profanation of the infidels. Father Bonaventure Curseti, guardian of Mount Sion, succeeded, after many solicitations and the expenditure of a considerable sum of money, in obtaining the venerated rock. He had it enclosed in a frame, and placed it above the main entrance of his monastery.

Quaresimus states that on his first visit to Jerusalem, only a portion of the Church of the Fourth Station was visible, and that at the time of his second visit it had entirely disappeared. Armenian Catholics, however, succeeded a few years ago in acquiring possession of the site of the old church, and since 1880 a chapel marks the spot where Mother and Son met at the crossway.

II.

While it is easy to realize in a general way the bitterness of Our Lady's cup of sorrow during the continuation of that last sad march to the ominous heights of Golgotha, it is impossible to sound the depths of her manifold and varied woes. How she must have envied Simon the Cyrenian, and then Veronica, whose blessed privilege it was to wipe the blood and sweat from that divine visage, which none could love as Mary loved it! What cruel

* Maynard: "Vie de la Sainte Vierge."

pangs were hers as she remembered the cowardly flight of the Apostles! She recalled all that Jesus, all that she herself, had done for them. What prayers and cares, what gentle words and loving marks of tenderness, had been lavished upon them!

Weighed down by such thoughts and such griefs, she painfully dragged herself along, striving to turn her gaze away from the traces of her loved One's blood,—blood that was trampled under the feet of the heedless, maddened crowd, but which she would fain have gathered to sprinkle therewith in most merciful love the very executioners who made it flow! What torrents of Precious Blood shed in vain! What a throng of reckless men damned because they will not be laved therein! She will enjoy, before the death of Jesus, only one consolation—the substitution of the penitent thief for the traitor Judas.

And so she reaches Calvary a little before noon. Jesus is stripped of His garments. Think of the shame of it for the Son of the Virgin, and the torture it must have been to the soul of the Virgin herself! For, as one of the Fathers of the Church expresses it, He was clothed only in His shame and His blood. Rendered desperate by this crowning indignity, Mary forces her way through the group of cruel executioners, tears her veil from her, and with it hides the nakedness of her Divine Son.

Jesus is stretched out upon the cross,—far harder bed than was the rock of Bethlehem. One arm and hand He extends; and through that merciful hand, so often raised in benediction, the ruthless nail is driven. The sickening sound, the quivering of the flesh, is re-echoed in the Heart of Mary. On her fell the blows not less than on Him.

They tell Him to stretch out the other arm, and He does so. Whether a mistake has been made in the measurements, or the muscles have contracted, or an additional cruelty has been calculated, the hand does not reach the hole prepared for the spike. The executioners pull the arm

until they dislocate it, bracing their knees the while against His body until the ribs are heard to crack. Jesus scarcely breathes a sigh, and still gazes on them with a glance of love. Then comes the turn of the legs and feet,—those sacred feet which have been so often wearied in the search for the lost sheep. They are to be bathed in their own blood, and rested in being held one over the other by a great nail driven through them both.

What excruciating tortures must have racked the Mother's soul when the cross was reared on high, and its foot settled into its socket with a shock that multiplied a hundredfold the pains of Jesus! What agony when the inscription was nailed thereon, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews!" The memory of Nazareth, with all those years of peace and happiness and adorable love, came to her with a rush that served only to intensify the poignancy of present woe.

She draws near the cross with John and the holy women. They are almost alone; for, apart from the executioners and the hardened soldiery, the crowd, panic-stricken, has scattered and disappeared. And so for three hours, each of them an eternity, does Mary gaze on her dying Son, and endure each pang that is killing Him. Mother of Sorrows, Queen of Martyrs, is she indeed; Mother afflicted as was, as will be, no other of the daughters of Eve; Mother sustained by supernatural force, or she would have died ere one of those interminable hours had lingeringly passed away.

But the end draws near. The exclamation, "I thirst!" has been mockingly answered with the presentation of vinegar; and even the brutality of the executioners has been exhausted. Two glances meet for a last, last time, in each a world of love and sanctity. Jesus drops His eyes and head, opens His lips for a final word and sigh, and remits His soul into the hands of His Father. The Redeemer's life and Mary's sorrowful way have ended.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XI.—WARD'S RESOLVE.

CONWAY found that he had some time on his hands before dinner. Bernice was called away by her father, to look after certain preparations, and to arrange a room for the other unexpected guest. Conway finished his cigar and walked out to take a look at Swansmere.

Swansmere was not specially interesting at this season of the year, when winter was not past, and spring had not yet come. The Major and the Colonel, assisted by a committee of leading residents, had built several rows of model cottages for the poorer people. But not many poorer people had come, until a glove factory had been started some distance beyond Swansmere; and then the "hands" and some of the foremen had taken the dainty little Queen Anne cottages with which the managers had dotted the green.

It was an open secret that the Swansmere project had not paid. It was very sweet and Arcadian on paper, but both the Major and the Colonel had made the mistake of fancying that the "lower classes" could be commanded to live in Swansmere. They were both martinets; and they saw no reason why, at their bequest, the ancient private and his family should not be willing to come and live under their wings on such pensions as he had.

But, to their surprise, they found that the ancient privates could not be looked on as of the lower classes; for many of them, by that process of evolution going on all the time in America, had become, at least to eyes outside the army, quite the equal of either Major Conway or Colonel Carton. And their wives and daughters had to be reckoned with. One of the old

soldiers ("A stupid private, sir, that we wanted to be kind to!") looked over Swansmere, and said, slapping the Major amiably on the back: "I wouldn't live here if you'd give me a farm. *I* was brought up in the country." The old privates who would come wanted to be supported and to have land for nothing; these were of the shiftless kind, and there was little welcome for them.

Many of the army people had come and gone. Lieutenant Watson, for instance, who came for a while, to see how he should like the place. He had dared to appear at Mrs. Van Krupper's dance adorned with aiguillettes. The Major hated such frippery, and he had stepped up to the Lieutenant and said: "Mr. Watson, go home and take those things off." The Major had the inconvenient habit of imagining that he commanded at Swansmere. It ended the Arcadia for Lieutenant Watson.

The bitterness in Ward's heart was mostly due to the social attitude of the Major and the Colonel. In the army these men had been his superiors: in social life he saw no reason why they should be. Democracy is a real thing in the United States, while aristocracy must, in the nature of things, be a sham. The social position of men and women in our country is in a great measure dependent on wealth, and consequently lacks solidity. An aristocracy can not exist unless there are people who look up as well as those who look down; and those who look up are merely measuring the distance between themselves and the people who have already mounted a pile of dollars.

Ward felt that he was better read than either of his two former superiors. He was, at least, as honorable as both, he said bitterly; for, having been born a New Englander, he prided himself on his conscience. He and his wife came of as honest people as had ever lived in the country. They did not expect to be invited to the Major's dinners, or to be made much of

by the still more exclusive Colonel. But Willie was "fit for any society; better in every way than the young 'squirts'" who came from New York very often, and were seen riding and driving about Swansmere. This same Lieutenant Watson, passing the Ward house, had called out to Mrs. Ward, who was in the garden, "Please pick up my whip, my good woman!" And when she had meekly done it, he had offered her a quarter!

Ward, though he believed himself to be an altruist, hated the Major and the Colonel. He had read himself into an Emersonian state of mind. He kept the Ten Commandments without believing in God, and he held that he was strong enough to live up to his highest ideal without other help than that scrupulous New England conscience on which he prided himself. Of late gusts of hatred had swept across his soul. Giles Carton had fascinated Willie; and Willie had come to admire, to revere, the son of "that upstart." Ward had only one great passion: to see this fragile, sensitive son of his—this "boy of genius"—on a level with those who held themselves proudest in the land.

Ward had a small income of his own, and lately he had supplemented it by acting as entry clerk in one of the departments of the glove factory; but so far Willie had done nothing but read and sing and idle on the river. This boy of his Ward resolved should fulfil all the ideals he had missed; he should not be trammelled by any sordidness; he should be guarded; he should follow whatever vocation Nature had given him; he should be happy and make others happy; he would be a great singer. There was some disappointment in this. Ward would have preferred that Willie should be a great poet. But, then, who gives more joy, or who loves to give more joy, than a musician? And Ward longed that his boy should live for the race; and then, leaving fame behind him, melt into the haze of

the autumnal day, the glory of the winter sunset,—perhaps even, since atoms are indestructible, some part of him might help an April rainbow to gladden the children of earth!

Ward had written all this in his locked diary. He did not add to this beautiful rhapsody that he hoped most of all that Willie's fame would one day make the Conways and the Cartons gnash their teeth, while they lay howling. The Major and the Colonel had no perception of the bitterness in their comrade's heart; his pretensions, had they known of them, they would have found both amazing and amusing. They took their social position very seriously. Ward's state of mind would have seemed utterly unreal to them. He was of another class; and the Colonel, who was in the Major's eyes merely a "volunteer," believed this as earnestly as the Major himself.

Conway walked past the Queen Anne cottages, at the windows of which various folk in their Sunday clothes looked interestedly out. A man in his shirt sleeves, and with a clay pipe in his mouth, had lifted one of the diamond-paned windows, and was deriding the absurdity of the little lights; and a woman was peeling potatoes in a pretty little tower, which had been added to the end house, and dropping the curling skins on the heads of a group of delighted youngsters beneath.

As Conway approached a larger house, he saw a man walk down the garden path and stoop to pick up something. It was an azalea blossom. As he straightened himself, Conway caught sight of his face; his heart warmed and he raised his hat. The man smiled, still holding the flower in his hand. Conway waited until he reached the road.

"I am sure that I have the honor to speak to a priest?" he said.

"You have," Father Haley answered. "This is a strange flower to find in our soil in this part of the year."

"Somebody has dropped it," Conway said. He noticed Ward on the steps watching them. "In the South we are not so much surprised at a blossom in this season of the year."

"No?" said the priest. "You are a stranger?"

"Yes,—Edward Conway, of Virginia, at your service. A priest belongs to everybody, you know," he added, with a smile. "And I appropriate him wherever I find him."

"And I," said the priest, smiling too, "am Walter Haley at *your* service. You are a Catholic, of course?"

"Why, 'of course!'" answered the young man. "It's the sort of thing I often say myself without exactly knowing why," he added, pleasantly.

"I can tell a Catholic, nine times out of ten, whenever I see him," said Father Haley. "Going my way? Where are you staying?"

"At Major Conway's."

"Oh!" said the priest. "You are fortunate. He is hospitable; but he can't help that,—he is Irish."

Conway laughed.

"You don't claim that as an exclusively Irish virtue, do you?"

"No; but it is a cultivated virtue with other people,—in the Irish, you know, it grows wild."

Conway walked on with the priest. A touch of homesickness, which the reminiscences of his sister Margaret had caused, disappeared. Father Haley, though sufficiently dignified, had the air of a good comrade.

"You will have Vespers?"

"Oh, yes,—at four o'clock! I have just been making one human being very happy, and two others wretched. That house from which you saw me coming contains a lad ill of the small-pox," the priest said, as if following his own thoughts, "he will live, and I have received him into the Church. His parents gave their

consent, even sent for me. But when his mother heard to-day that he will recover, she burst into tears and blurted out that she did not see how *she* could live and bear the burden of the knowledge that her son is a Romanist!"

"How queer!" said Conway.

"Queer!" said Father Haley. "I call it pathetic,—the pathos of mistaken conviction and unconscious blindness. And the father, not an unusual American type, shook my hand, said I was a hero and had saved his boy's life; but he added, with the deepest bitterness, that the boy was separated from him, and that life could never be the same."

Father Haley's voice became grave; and when he ceased to speak, he seemed lost in thought.

"It's a great problem," he said, with a sigh, "this religious question in America. How can we reach people like these Wards,—conscientious, firm of nature, constant; and yet so deep in error that it seems that they hate the truth as it appears to them? Still, there is more hope for them than for men such as—by the way, are you related to Major Conway?"

"A cousin, Father. We shall see you at his house to-night, I hope. Sundays in Lent don't count. I think that is the reason the dinner was set for to-night. I heard the Major say so."

"I shall *not* be there," the priest said. "Major Conway will perhaps invite me to his house—once. I pray that I may not be too late then. Drop in to see me."

The priest entered his house just as the Major's carriage, with a hooded head in it, passed.

"Lady Tyrrell has come," Conway said. "I reckon she must be very terrible."

Ward stood for a while on the steps of his house, watching the mired flowers he had cast away in the morning. His face took upon it a hard, set look.

"The boy will live," he thought; "but his mother will never be the same again!

Willie a Romanist! The sham thing over at Giles Carton's couldn't have lasted, and his mother knew it; but Willie is in a net that has entangled people for nearly two thousand years,—and it continues to grow stronger. God help his mother! The Romanists have got her boy, thanks to Giles Carton!"

He went upstairs to the attic and unlocked a big cedar chest. There were his uniform and his discharge, among many other things. He pulled out a little box full of papers. He carefully read them over.

"I shall be even with Conway to-night," he muttered; "and crush Carton, if I can. No scruple will make me pause now. The money is mine, if it is anybody's."

(To be continued.)

The Scala Santa.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

[During Holy Week in Rome hundreds of the faithful climb, in kneeling posture, the Scala Santa, which leads up to the portals of the Lateran. These Sacred Stairs were, it is said, built with the identical marble—trodden by the feet of Christ—that formed the approach to the vestibule of Pontius Pilate's palace at the time when the sentence of crucifixion was passed on our Saviour. The precious stones were transferred centuries ago from Judea to the Eternal City.]

RNEELING in pray'r, repentant pilgrims
climb
These well-worn steps, grown old with
age and hoar,
Yet hallowed still through centuries of time,
Because one hour their priceless marble bore
The imprint of a Saviour's sacred feet
Ere yet they scaled Mount Calvary for man:
Wherefore to-day before the Lateran
Men kiss these stones in expiation meet.

So step by step ascends the righteous soul,
By charity, by sacrifice, by prayers;
Kneeling in awe before the Great White
Throne,
Till each attains the glad celestial goal,
Where, at the summit of the Holy Stairs,
God waits to greet His chosen and His
own!

Traces of Travel.

ALONG THE VESUVIAN SHORE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XII.—ADDIO, NAPOLI!

FROM my window I look out upon the great drive of Naples, that will eventually skirt the shores of the bay for two or three miles. At sunset this street is thronged with vehicles of every possible description, from a go-cart, dragged by a donkey, to a barouche at the heels of a span of overfed mares hailing from the aristocratic quarter of the town. A dashing turnout, that attracted no end of attention, was lately pointed out to me as the property of Prince What's-his-name; and my landlord patted me on the back as he broke the joyful news that the Prince had ordered that tight little trap all the way from America. There is nothing like it in Naples; and when I heard this, I felt that, as a nation, we hadn't lived in vain!

These marvellous streets are thronged with itinerant peddlers of all descriptions. Men and women assault you with baskets of fruit, borne on their heads; for they are too large to carry in the arms. Donkeys stagger under burdens that actually scent the air with their fragrance; and they have a pretty fashion here of sheltering their wares under green boughs. Were Macbeth alive to-day, looking from his hotel window in Naples, he might easily imagine that "Birnam wood" was on the move again. Even water is sold by the glass at your door,—water with a dose of *anisette* in it, much sought after by the natives; and mineral water, in quaint earthen jugs that look as if they had been exhumed at Pompeii. There are several mineral and sulphur springs in town, thanks to the volcanic crust on which we live. This is rather fortunate; for though the water of

Naples tastes well, it is not safe for foreigners to drink much of it.

Wishes must be horses in this country. At any rate, the horses are poor enough to suggest some unnatural origin; and I have seen a beggar who rides! It was over the hills at Salerno I first saw this phenomenon: a man with awfully thin arms and legs, tied together in a double bow-knot—pardon the comparison! He looked like a human starfish, with legs and arms radiating from a hollow stomach, on which rested his unhappy head. Nothing more extraordinary in the shape of deformity can be imagined. He lay in a little cart, all his own; the donkey, who was born of a wish, was driven by a small boy, who also collected what coppers fell to the miserable lot of the unfortunate. Again I saw him at the gate of Pompeii; and now he has come to town, whereat “the dogs do bark” of course, as is writ in the rhyme-book. But the dogs of Naples are nearly barked out; and there is no noticeable difference in the perpetual clamor, though the chief of his tribe has made his triumphal entry. “Give a poor devil a single *centesimo!*” wails this forlorn traveller; a modest request surely, for a *centesimo* is but the fifth part of a cent. I noticed that he harvested much copper in many lands.

Is it any wonder that a young man's fancy lightly turns from pauperism to the grave? Passing into the edge of the town, where the Campo Santo—the burial-ground—is situated, you may drop in at the catacombs if you like. These gloomy halls were excavated by the early Christians; and here, as at Rome, they worshipped in secret while they lived and were buried after death. The chambers are lofty, and some of them broad; there are ancient frescos still extant, and many tombs uncovered, in which a handful of bones and dust are pointed out to you as the remains of the martyrs. There were originally three stories in these catacombs;

but during the plague of 1656, and even later, when the dead were buried here, many chambers were filled and walled up.

We may cross the high bridge of Naples on our way to the Campo Santo, where one of the main streets of the city crosses a deep cut which is crowded with houses. This bridge is almost as high as the church towers near it; and it is the custom of the Neapolitans who weary of this gay life to leap from this bridge onto the pavement of the street far below them, where they lie in a mangled and lifeless heap until the coroner arrives, and announces with gravity a fact patent to all: that the man came to his death by a fall from the bridge above.

I wonder if there is anything more melancholy than the aspect of an Italian cemetery? There are the dry cisterns—one for every day in the year—into which the bodies of the poor are thrown indiscriminately; the narrow and crowded graves of those whose friends seek to mark their last resting-place with some memorial, however trifling—a cross of wood, with a small lantern hanging before it, into which a fresh wick is placed whenever the grave is visited, and there it is suffered to burn slowly out. You are sure to see some of these lanterns burning whenever you enter the Campo Santo; but as they swing to and fro in the wind over a low mound, and before a cross that is weather-stained and perhaps beginning to topple over, the sight is not agreeable by day; what must it be by night? In that part of the holy ground sacred to the dust of the wealthy there are whole streets lined with splendid chapels, each having its altar, pictures, candles, and seats. A stairway at one side of the chapel leads to a vault beneath, where repose the ashes of the dead. This is literally the City of the Silent. What mockery it seems walking through those solemn streets, with their wealth of marble and bronze! When one thinks of the amount of wretchedness

in Naples, where many of the living are dying a slow death by starvation, he is apt to turn from the Campo Santo with a feeling of dissatisfaction.

Turning, I met a funeral. Six black horses, covered with black drapery embroidered with gold and sweeping to the ground, tossed their plumed heads and trotted briskly to the gate of the cemetery. The coach—for it was more like a gorgeous omnibus than a hearse—had six large lamps with glazed globes on each side. The lamps burned dimly in the daylight, but managed to smoke the chimneys. Within was the casket containing the body of the deceased; and on each side of it sat a row of priests, deacons, and acolytes, chanting the burial service. The coach was one blaze of vulgar gilding, and altogether it was an astonishing spectacle. The mourners had gone to the chapel in the cemetery some time previous, and now the priests were hastening thither to perform the concluding ceremonies. This funeral was in striking contrast to others I have witnessed in Italy, where the bodies of the poor are taken from the house within a few hours after death, prayers are said, and the bodies deposited in the receiving vault at the church, whence they are removed at midnight, in the dead-cart, without further ceremony. The family of the deceased usually quits the house in which the death has occurred, and remains away for a few weeks, so that the associations may, in a measure, be forgotten. Death has a sting in Italy that even the consolations of religion can not sweeten.

Speaking of dead cities, in the edge of Naples, and under that part of it called Resina, are situated the ruins of Herculaneum. This once prosperous city ought to be visited before Pompeii; for it seems like a feeble imitation of the latter. Only a small part of it has been excavated, and this part is highly uninteresting. The theatre is buried ninety feet below the present surface of the ground, and the

dark tunnels that lead to it are cold and clammy. The visitor comes out of the earth with a vague impression that the theatre is a big *sell*; but it is supposed to have been capable of containing anywhere from ten to thirty-five thousand spectators. There is little satisfaction in burrowing about Herculaneum; let us enter one of the modern play-houses of Naples, where the fishermen nightly assemble to witness dramas, the chief scenes of which are displayed on the outside of the building in a series of paintings of the most harrowing description.

The night was excessively warm. I had wandered down into a poor quarter of the city; and, seeing the flaming pictures in front of a house that no man in his right mind would suspect of being a temple of the Muses, and hearing a fellow, with a loud voice, entreating the public to enter and see Shakespeare's magnificent tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," I entered. For one franc and a half I secured the proscenium box, into which I was ushered with much ceremony, and not without creating a sensation in the audience,—a small sensation, to be sure, but quite as large a one as could be created in a house of such diminutive proportions. I believe I could have shaken hands with the party of five in the box opposite, but for the fact that they were packed so closely that had any one of them made an effort to move, the box might have burst. The small company engaged at this theatre doubled and trebled their parts with astonishing agility. It was, on the whole, an absurd performance; yet I seemed to have many things in the play made clear to me. The wheezing nurse, the ill-humored father, the gushing "Romeo," and the sensuous "Juliet,"—all were done naturally by Italians, who have no doubt lived to the letter the experiences on which the play is founded. The "friar" was just such a one as is seen every hour in the streets of any Italian city—a Capuchin, with

snuff-colored robe, and sandals, and a knotted cord at his waist.

The house was suffocating, and it was a relief to find the fifth act rung on at 8.30. Meanwhile the chief actor had announced from the stage the bill for the following night, consisting of tragedy, comedy, ballet and music,—a combination which seemed to fire the enthusiasm of the audience. Some of these fishermen are evidently not up in Shakespeare; for when the prompter crawled half out of his prompt-box in the centre of the footlights, like a snail from his shell, he was greeted by one in the audience anxious to know the number of acts in the play. The prompter, with the air of one who condescends to reveal a profound secret to a curious but vacant mind, held up five fingers and an arm stripped to the elbow; and the whole house received the revelation with profound and speechless joy.

I fancy it must be a bore to live in a royal palace. The stately brick structure at Naples, having a façade five hundred and fifty-four feet in length, was to me a great disappointment. I found the interior chilly where it was not gaudy, and gloomy where it was not theatrical in tint and tone. Quantities of stage furniture, a few good pictures, a few fine vases, many plaster statues, in the white, dreary halls, and one really splendid staircase, constructed in the year 1651—a part of the original building was destroyed by fire in 1837 and restored in 1841.

Our party was admitted to a private view of the great San Carlo Theatre,

closed at this season; and when we had finally found our way into one of the innumerable boxes, that are ranged in seven tiers from the floor to the ceiling, we were delighted. The place looked like a monstrous nest in the dim light. Two or three guards were asleep in one corner of the vast stage. Blue, dusty bars of light stole in amongst the disordered scenery, and the hollow silence of the place was quite impressive. Here many of the operas of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and Mercadante were first performed; and here Hans Andersen's *Improvvisatore* made his great success. The Neapolitans are very proud of this splendid theatre; and you are coolly informed that it is the largest in the world, though I believe the Opera House at Milan is quite as large, if not larger, and the Fenice of Venice compares not unfavorably with it.

Winding our way back into the palace (we had come by the private entrance of the King), the halls seemed endless; and when we were ushered into the small and beautiful private theatre, where the court amuses itself, we were ready to sink into one of the luxurious sofas, and, while we regained our breath, picture the charming comedies of life that have been played in every chamber of the palace, and, I might add, in every nook of Naples.

"*Addio, Napoli!*" I hasten northward into cooler and sweeter air; but I doubt if I find elsewhere so wistful or so wilful, so witty or so wicked a paradise. May Heaven forgive you all things for the sake of your rich and imperishable beauty!

Life's Passion.

ALL lives have their Passiontide, tardy or fleeting:
Up some Calvary's steep must we each stagger on;
Thrice blest who the while lists to Faith, still repeating,
"Beyond thy Good-Friday glows Easter's fair dawn!"

A. B. O'N.

A Story Told In Seville.*

I.

LENT was nearing its end, whilst spring was just beginning to announce its arrival in Seville by its two never-failing heralds: the blossoms of its orange-trees and the countless strangers that flock thither at this delightful season. The former gird it as with a bridal wreath; the latter take possession of it like a flock of idle sparrows. The former fill the air with perfume; the latter calumniate the city by monstrous tales of travel through a Spain of their own imagining, which exists only in the stupidity or the malice of those tourists of both sexes.

Lent was nearing its end, we repeat; and the various confraternities of the city were performing, in honor of their several patrons, those seven and nine days' devotions whose splendor and magnificence have won the name of Catholic by excellence for the ancient *sultana*, to whom the King St. Ferdinand gave the cross to be worn above her turban.

On the 1st of April had begun a five days' devotion to the Santo Cristo de la Espiracion,† which was to end on the Friday consecrated to Our Lady's Dolors. The doors of the little chapel, which was situated on the square Del Museo, were thrown wide open to the crowds of faithful, who hastened to prostrate themselves before the famous picture which so admirably represented the Agony of Our Lord. Our Saviour seemed to stand forward in relief from the canvas, which was surrounded by rich curtains of black velvet bespangled with stars. His outstretched arms offered protection to all; His eyes, nearly closed in death, had yet a look of mercy. At the foot of the Cross

was the image of Mary, the Mother of the afflicted, presenting to her children, as a model, that sorrow so calm that it restrains all sorrow, so desolate that it surpasses all woe; immense as the sea in its depth and bitterness,—*velut mare*.

Just outside the sanctuary were twelve large wax-candles, set in heavy silver candlesticks; and at the foot of each knelt a client of the Blessed Sacrament. One of these was a man of over sixty, in whose entire person might be noticed that physical and moral *inertia* that overpowers one in great sorrow. He leaned his forehead against the candle, as if the weight of some thought doubled him forward; his arms hung by his side; his eyes were closed; from his lips, at long intervals, escaped broken words, which seemed to be a petition from his heart of hearts. Yet his eyes were dry, like a fountain that had run out; his body motionless, suggesting a pain of the soul without hope and without remedy.

The devotion was almost at an end, and the choir intoned the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The old man then seemed to awake out of his lethargy; he fixed his eyes on the picture of Mary, and joined his hands on his breast. "*Ora pro nobis!*" he repeated with the people. Little by little the tears began to flow down his cheeks and to console him, and an occasional sob escaped his bosom and gave vent to his sorrow. The choir sang: "*Consolatrix Afflictorum!*" and a copious flow of tears poured from the old man's eyes. Extending his arms toward the altar, he cried out, in a voice so loud as to be heard above all others: "*Ora pro nobis! Ora pro nobis!*"

Some of the people looked around in surprise, but no one moved. Only one aged lady, who sat behind him, arose as if by an instinctive movement, and then sat down again on her little stool. It was dark when the devotion ended. The lady started to the door, and the old man also went out. The lady took a couple of steps

* From the Spanish of Padre Luis Coloma, S. J., for THE "AVE MARIA," by J. M. T.

† The Holy Christ of the Expiration—the Dying Christ.

toward him, hesitatingly; and then she stopped, restrained by that sentiment of delicacy proper to noble souls, who, when compassionating and consoling sorrow, know how to respect it. Besides, there was nothing about the old man to betray a necessity of the kind that can be remedied by prompt succor. He was dressed in mourning; and although his clothes were threadbare, they were clean and decent. His person and bearing were those of one of the middle class.

The lady, though active, seemed to be quite old. She was slim and small. One of those grave, modest, but graceful Spanish headdresses—which a whim of our ladies is changing for the bold foreign hat—covered her silvery hair, which was simply smoothed down on her forehead, except for two little ringlets that hung over her temples. There was nothing remarkable in her dress, which was black and very modest; only on a finger of her left hand might be seen the flash of a valuable ring. Hanging on her right arm she carried one of those little stools that ladies take with them to sit on in church; on her left hung a bag of black *teffeta*.

The old man moved slowly off in the direction of the street De las Armas, weighed down by his load of grief; the lady stood watching him, as if there was a struggle going on within her between charity, which urged her to stop him and question him, and discretion, which held her back for fear lest, by an imprudent question, she might offend.

On the following evening the two aged persons were again present at the devotions. The man was silent and motionless as on the previous evening, but appeared still more dejected: the weight of twenty-four hours was added to his sorrow. From time to time those broken words escaped him, which, like gusts of wind before a storm, reached the ears of the old lady without revealing to her any meaning, but making her feel all their bitterness,

because they were without doubt some urgent petition over and over again repeated,—a petition which she, without knowing what it was, made her own in the depths of her soul, strengthening it by her prayer, and quickening it by her tears. For charity is never powerless: it can always pray him with that prays, it can always weep with him that mourns.

At the end of the devotions the lady, with her mind made up, hurried out and waited at the door. The old man soon appeared; a girl of twelve, modestly dressed, approached him.

“Shall we go to Don Tomas’, grandpa?” the young girl asked.

“No, my child,” answered the old man, in a dejected tone. “Let us go home. I can not stand it. Let us go home.”

And, leaning his hand on the child’s shoulder, he took the same direction as on the preceding evening. The lady followed them at a distance.

It was now the hour when the churches begin to close, the theatres to open, and the saloons to be lighted up,—Evil extending his traitorous nets in all directions, and Good seeming to draw back with a sigh. The neighborhood of the Campana and the end of the street De las Sierpes were crowded with those groups of idlers who were merely striving to kill time in useless, perhaps sinful, conversations. There was that bustle and movement peculiar to large centres of population at that hour,—people going in all directions; some on business, others in search of pleasure. No one noticed that sad group moving solitary in the crowd,—the old man leading the child, as Experience guides Innocence; the child supporting the old man, as Youth supports weary Age. Nor did any one observe the old lady that followed them painfully, with no other motive but charity, no other hope but to wipe away a tear. The Angel Guardian alone followed, counting her steps.

By degrees they were getting away from the bustle; and, passing through almots

deserted streets, they finally came to the distant quarter of the city called De la Feria. They stopped at a modest house near the end of Z— Street; and the two entering, the old man fastened the door of the porch that opened on the street. The lady slowly examined the front of the house, and with some difficulty found the number, which was 69. She then turned to walk back; and, moving slowly and with difficulty, she at last reached the square Del Triunfo. The turreted walls of the palace—a Moorish gem, which has no other rival in the world but the Alhambra of Granada—appeared, and the lady stopped at the gate De Banderas; entering, as if at home, into the historical dwelling of the Kings of Castile. The cathedral clock was striking eleven; and the feeble lady, who was over eighty years of age, had walked about three miles that evening.

II.

The antechamber of the Governor was crowded with a multitude of petitioners of both sexes, whose ridiculous side has been so often described by satirical pens, which jest at sorrow as if one were to place a laughing-mask on the face of a corpse. The Voltairean levity of the age passes by those widows of colonels, not always problematical, with a sneer; those daughters of unknown intendants, who were perhaps more honorable than their successors whom everybody knows; those retired captains, who failed to become colonels, perhaps because they refused to turn against their king and country the rusty sword they wear. Ah! remove those ridiculous masks which you have placed on them, and you will find hidden sorrows, silent miseries, virtues unrewarded, perhaps crimes unpunished. Then you will understand how repulsive is your satire; the laugh will die out on your lips; and you will learn to observe more closely, to be less mocking in your criticisms, to be more charitable.

The offices of the Government were to

be closed in two days, until after Holy Week; and all those unfortunates were eager to have their claims considered first, fearing that they might be delayed till after this time had passed. The Captain General had been already two hours in conference with the Governor, and this made the people all the more impatient. A short and very fat porter, wearing a blue coat with gold borders on the sleeves, placed them in file as they came, answering their appeals with that rudeness which reveals in a striking manner the truth that the most intolerable of all tyrannies is that practised by subalterns.

A considerable time had passed since the arrival of the Captain General, when the aged lady, whom our readers have already met, appeared in the antechamber.

"Is the Governor in?" she asked the porter.

"He's busy," replied the latter, without raising his eyes.

"Give him this card," said the lady, taking one from her inseparable bag.

"He is engaged with the Most Excellent Captain General," returned the porter, dwelling on the words.

"No matter," persisted the old lady. "Hand him this card."

"No matter!" cried the porter, whirling around in his surprise at this audacity. And, looking at the modest mortal that was so presumptuous, he continued, in an angry tone: "Do you think that the Governor will come out and carry you in his arms to his office? What an idea! Take your place in that corner, and you may wait for a while."

The lady, far from being vexed, showed a smiling curiosity in her countenance. She must have been fond of studying types, and she found a real study in that grotesque little tyrant.

"Hand him this card," she repeated once more, but in a tone of command.

"Are you deaf, or do I speak Greek?"

"Hand in this card instantly, or—"

Here the lady lowered her voice so that only the porter heard her words. One woman declared that she had threatened him with imprisonment, another that she had given him a little purse. However that may be, this Jupiter in livery suddenly descended from Olympus, took the card, and entered the Governor's office without a word.

The surprise of all was excited to the highest pitch when they saw the latter coming out to the antechamber in person, followed by the Captain General.

"Madam," exclaimed the Governor, addressing the old lady, "why did you not send me word, and I would have gone to wait on you in person?"

The lady, smiling, reached one hand to the Governor and the other to the Captain General, and the three disappeared behind the heavy curtain of the door.

The bystanders looked at one another with open mouths, and at once began to guess. "Who can this woman be?" they all asked. Some thought that she must be a fairy; others declared that she was the old woman of the *ignis-fatuus*; most of them, however, were of opinion that she was Queen Christina, who had come to Seville to witness the ceremonies of Holy Week.

Meanwhile the crestfallen porter appeared at one of the windows of the Governor's stables, crying out:

"The Governor's coach!"

Without doubt the business of Queen Christina was easily settled; because, ten minutes after entering, she came out again, accompanied by both authorities.

"To-morrow at an early hour," said the Governor, "you shall have whatever news can be gathered. I myself will communicate it to you."

"Thank you," said the lady, deeply interested. "I shall expect you without fail."

Then the Governor informed her that his carriage awaited her at the door. The lady positively refused to accept its use.

"At least," said the Captain General,

"you will permit me to accompany you?"

"This is such an honor to me that I will not refuse it," answered the old lady. And, leaning on the General's arm, she descended with him the magnificent stairs of the ancient Convent of St. Paul, which is now used for the offices of the Government.

III.

"What news do you bring me?" asked the lady when the Governor called next day, straightening herself up in her silk-lined easy-chair.

"Much in quantity, bad in quality," answered he, taking a seat.

The old lady pushed aside a little book-stand on which a German book rested; and, placing in a work-basket a half-finished stocking on which she worked whilst reading, she removed her spectacles, and crossed her arms as if to listen better.

"Let me hear what your news is, then," she said, with great eagerness.

"Since yesterday," said the Governor, "you have had all the police in motion, and this is the result of their investigations."

Hereupon he drew from his pocket a paper full of jottings, which he began to read:

"The tenant of the house 69 Z— Street is called Don Estéban Rodriguez. He is sixty years old, and is in the greatest misery. His family consists of his wife, paralyzed these seven years; an idiotic daughter, and six grandchildren; the children of another daughter who died three months ago, the eldest of whom is twelve years, and the youngest four. No one knows what has become of the father of these children. Don Estéban Rodriguez was employed for twenty-three years in the offices of the city council, and was dismissed on the fall of the ministry. Since then he has been sinking lower and lower in misery. He owes the proprietor of the house 3,625 reals;* and the latter has threatened to seize his furniture and put

* A real is worth about five cents.

him out of the house, unless on the fifth day of this month, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he has paid his debt."

"To-morrow is the fifth!" exclaimed the lady, with terror. "To-morrow, my God,—to-morrow! Friday of the Seven Dolors!"

"Don Estéban has not wherewith to pay," the Governor continued to read; "and it has been learned that the proprietor has already given orders for the seizure. Don Estéban is an honorable man, and deserving of all confidence."

The Governor left the paper on the table, and the lady exclaimed, sadly:

"Now I understand all! He had reason to be cast down by sorrow."

As soon as she was left alone, she slowly read the statements of the police; then she reflected for a long time.

"Impossible!" she whispered at length, as if in answer to her own thoughts. "Impossible that God should not hear such prayers! Impossible that on the day of her own painful Dolors the Blessed Virgin should not remove such a great sorrow! If I were only rich! If I could do it in her name!"

She relapsed into silence and thoughtfulness; tears came to her blue eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"At three in the afternoon! My God!" she murmured, raising her eyes to a crucifix that stood on her desk. "At three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour at which Thou didst expire, those unfortunate people will be on the street, without shelter, without protection. Six children, Holy Virgin! No father, no mother, no protector but this old man; and his protection is the shelter of the grave. Poor children! O Virgin of Sorrows, Mother of the afflicted! by this hour in which thy Divine Son expired, by the devotions in which an old man appeals to His agony, come to their relief, or permit me to relieve them in thy name!"

The lady hid her face in her hands and

began to sob. She at last drew her chair over to the desk and began to write a letter, which she addressed to the "Excelentísimo Señor Marqués de X——, first Alcalde* of Seville." Beneath the address she added the words: "Most urgent."

Three hours later she received an official document from the office of the Alcalde. She opened it eagerly, and a joyful exclamation burst from her lips. There was an appointment, duly signed, to a desk in the offices of the city council, and a cordial letter from the Alcalde. The name of the appointee was left vacant; and the lady wrote in the blank space: "In favor of Don Estéban Rodriguez."

She then unlocked a little drawer in her desk in which were some gold pieces and bank bills. She counted the latter, and there were six, each of one thousand reals. "I can not get any more before June," she murmured. "What matter? My furniture will not be seized anyway." And, folding the six bills in the letter of appointment, she enclosed the whole in an envelope, addressed: "The Virgin of Sorrows to her trusting client." And beneath she wrote the name of the old man and his address.

She went in due time to the devotions; and though she saw the old man in front of her, motionless and weeping as before, she did not weep: her lips moved in prayer, and from time to time her face brightened up with a smile.

IV.

The Friday of the Seven Dolors, as we have already mentioned, was the last day of the devotions; and the lady arrived at the chapel earlier than usual. The old man's place was vacant.

"He will surely come," thought the old lady. "It is early yet."

But time passed slowly by; the devotions had already begun, and the unfortunate old man was not present.

* Mayor.

“What can have happened?” inquired the lady. “His misfortune is already repaired, his future secured. Can it be that he is one of those many that call upon God in their sorrows, and forget to thank Him in their joys?”

A noise of footsteps was heard. Curiosity impelled her to look around, and respect for the house of God restrained her. Finally two men passed her by, carrying in an arm-chair a crippled woman; six little children followed, dressed in mourning. The two men set the chair down as near the sanctuary as possible. One of them, who appeared to have been merely hired for the occasion, left the church; the other, the old man of our acquaintance, took his usual place at the foot of the candle. He seemed to have recovered his youth; and although tears flowed from his eyes, they were tears of gratitude and joy,—for joy also has its tears.

The children knelt around the paralytic woman; by a happy chance the oldest of them knelt beside the old lady, who was watching them all closely.

“Is that lady your mamma?” she asked the girl.

“She is my grandma.”

“Is she ill?”

“She is a cripple; but the Blessed Virgin has wrought a miracle in our favor to-day, and she wished that we should all come to thank her.”

The lady asked no more questions; she pulled down the veil of her headdress as far as she could, and enjoyed in secret that sweet pleasure which the angels look upon as holy; that divine instinct of charity which is intended by God to impel those that have the power to do works of benevolence, but which so many have never tasted in their lives: the pleasure of making others happy.

And yet that old lady was far from being rich. That old lady, who gave alms like a princess, owed it merely to the favor of her powerful friends that she had a home

in the palace. That lady, at one time wealthy, now lived barely on the products of her own special talent. That lady, in a word, was the one who had unconsciously portrayed herself when she wrote in one of her charming books: “Knowledge is something, genius is more; but to do good is more than both, and is the only superiority that does not excite envy.”

Who was she, you ask? The illustrious Marquesa de Arco Hermoso, Cecilia Böhl de Faber, known to all the literary world as “Fernan Caballero.”*

The “Mater Dolorosa.”

(By Carlo Dolce.)

BEFORE thy picture, Mother, sad and lone,
I kneel to-day and call myself thine own.
Thy Heart is fused with sorrow; crushing woe
Has crowned thee Queen. Ah, could I only
know

The throes I cost thee, Mother dear and sweet,
My heart would break with sorrow at thy feet!

Thy veil and mantle shadow the fair cheek,
So marble-white. Thy downcast eyes e'en
speak.

Thy drooping head, thy lovely, anguished face,
Have thrilled the ages with their tender grace.
Would that my heart were once more like a
child,

To weep e'en as I gaze, O Mother mild!

Thy Feast of Dolors—'tis the Passioutide
The Church is robed in purple; we abide
In mourning 'neath the closely shrouded Cross,
And feel our hearts grow lonely at His loss.
O Mater Dolorosa, on the Easter Day
Roll from our hearts the rock of sin away!

MERCEDES.

* The author of this truthful narration, who was honored by an intimate acquaintance with the illustrious and pious lady, gathered most of the particulars of the above account from the persons concerned; and he drew some of them from the heroine herself. We need hardly say that the name of Don Estéban Rodriguez is fictitious.—(Note by the Author.)

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

SOME THREADS UNTANGLED.

SEVERAL questions have reached the Tea-Table about matters concerning which our readers have, these kind inquirers claim, been left in doubt. "How did Mabel Dobbs get on with the type-writing?" "What new belief has Mrs. Phelps adopted?" "Did the Lenten 'slumming' of Mildred and the other girls prove all they hoped?"

It is not the intention of these modest chronicles to follow the example of the modern short story, which has a way of closing as the heroine hangs over a precipice or a riderless horse dashes into camp. The typewriting seemed to get on very well at first, except for the high-school graduate's spelling, which was unique, to say the least. Her employer, however, kindly announced himself a convert to spelling reform; and for a while longer all was serene, and the seal-skin mantle and diamond ring assured facts. Then suddenly something happened. One evening, at the hour when wage workers were ceasing their daily toil, a violent shower came up; and Mr. Dobbs, with suitable storm garments, went to escort his daughter home. As he neared the room where she was employed, curious shrieks reached him. They were intended for laughter; but, instead of suggesting innocent merriment, they only succeeded in conveying the idea that equivocal topics were under discussion. Mr. Dobbs opened the door without ceremony, to find his daughter listening, with apparent composure, to a dubious joke, and—smoking a cigarette!

"Mabel," said the old man, in tones which stopped the mirth, "come home!"

He said more. I am afraid he used profane language. At all events she answered:

"Pa, you have no right to speak so to your daughter, or any lady!"

"Lady!" replied Mr. Dobbs. "Since when have ladies smoked cigarettes in public offices? Here are your overshoes and mackintosh; and you may as well take anything else that belongs to you, for you are not coming back."

The worm had turned, and this down-trodden man had his own way for the first time in many years. He has subsided now into his usual quiet, but is easily provoked into strong language again if Mabel threatens to take another little journey in the world.

Mildred and the other girls would no sooner think of earning a dollar than they would of conducting a caravan into Africa; but they, in carrying out their intention to visit the poor during Lent, have also made wild flights from home.

"Please give us a list of poor people," Mildred said to Mr. Lilyfinger. "Rather nice and deserving ones,—not too untidy, you know; and be sure they haven't any contagious diseases."

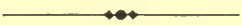
Armed with a catalogue of addresses, the maidens started. Mrs. Phelps went also as chaperon, feeling and looking the very flower of Anglican respectability. But "slumming," for some reason, proved a dismal *fiasco*. Mr. Lilyfinger's desire to save Mildred from possible contagion or unpleasant sights was the stumbling-block in the way of results; and the people whose names he gave her, or most of them, did not take kindly to the idea of being patronized from ill-concealed penitential motives. In one instance the flock was unceremoniously shown the door; at another place the woman of the house asked for the pattern of Mildred's cape; and at still another they were urged to stay to supper. The climax was capped when one stout matron came the next week, in a new gown and bonnet, to return the calls!

Mr. Lilyfinger was duly mortified. "But, really, you know," he urged in self-defence,

"I couldn't send you where there were suspicious of typhus fever. And, then, you insisted upon tidy people."

A caucus was held the next day to decide upon the object to which the Lenten savings should be devoted, now that visiting the slums had amounted to so little. It was voted to buy Mr. Lilyfinger a set of silver-backed brushes, marked "sterling" plainly, in gratitude for past favors, and in memory of his "perfectly lovely" meditation on Sincerity.

Our little Miss Earnest is as unmoved by these happenings as the lark that floats in the blue, or the Mayflower blossoming under the brown leaves of the hills. Of her Lenten work she has forbidden me to speak; but we all know that the sun of Easter morning will rise upon a world where many hearts are happier because she lives; and that, impelled alone by love to God and her neighbor, she has cheerfully spent the penitential weeks in those abodes of misery from which those who but play at holy charity shudder and turn away.



It is always a pleasant thing to have been at Mass: it sweetens and savors the whole day. It is indeed a wonderful thing, as we walk about, to think that '*we have seen the Lord,*'—seen Him with our eyes, have actually been in His company, have stood within a few feet of Him! What a privilege to enjoy over ordinary men and women whom we pass by in the streets! No one, therefore, who can do it, should miss this *seeing* of Our Lord every day. Continued day after day during life, it forms a strong habit of piety and a sure protection. It brings confidence and protection, and may be a stepping-stone to better things. We think of accidents and of sudden death with less apprehension; for we know that we are the humble friends of Almighty God,—'we have seen the Lord.'—"*The Layman's Day.*"

A Great Physician's Diplomacy.

THE celebrated Dr. Récamier was called in one day to see the Count of Malet, who from a cavalry officer had become a priest. Having prescribed for the Abbé, who was only slightly indisposed, Récamier was about to retire, when, as though he had just remembered something, he replaced his hat and cane on a table, and thrust his hand into his pocket, saying,

"There! I came near forgetting something important."

"What is it?" asked the ecclesiastic.

"I have met with a misfortune," was the reply,—"a misfortune that you can remedy, though."

"Well, let us hear it."

"It is a fracture," went on the Doctor, "that you will understand perfectly well how to reduce,—a slight operation that I beg you will perform." And the illustrious physician withdrew from his pocket—a pair of beads.

A young medical student who chanced to be visiting the Abbé Malet at the time, could not conceal his astonishment at this evidence of Récamier's piety. What! Récamier, the physician of the great and noble, of princes and kings even,—Récamier, whose reputation was European,—could it be possible that *he* said the beads like any old woman?

The Doctor noticed the young man's amazement, and, turning to him with a smile, said:

"Why, of course, I recite the Rosary! The Pope recites it. When I am uneasy about one of my cases, when I find that drugs are impotent, I address myself to Him who can cure anything and everything. Only I have recourse to diplomacy. The number of my occupations leaves me no time to pray as much as I should; so I take the Blessed Virgin for my intermediary. On the way to my patients I say a decade or two of the beads. There's noth-

ing more easy, you see. I'm seated quietly in my carriage, I slip my hand into my pocket and I begin a conversation. The beads are my interpreter. Now, as I employ this interpreter somewhat often, he is weak and worn; so I have requested the Abbé here to examine him, to diagnose his case, to perform an operation,—in a word, to cure him for me."

The priest smilingly took charge of the broken beads, and Récamier departed.

Notes and Remarks.

In the year 1820 St. Mary's Church, Moorfields, arose in the heart of London. Here Cardinal Wiseman delivered his famous doctrinal sermons, and Cardinal Manning many times uttered burning words for God and His Church. Here the present Lord Mayor of London goes to assist at Holy Mass and Vespers. A few years after Our Lady's church was built bigotry took alarm, and erected near by what was called an antidote to Roman poison. Its purpose was avowedly to check the tide of "Romanism"; and on its western wall one read the words: "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men." St. Mary's, Moorfields, still exists and prospers; while the conventicle from which anathemas have for three-quarters of a century been shrieked against it is being demolished, there being no longer a congregation to house. Happily, the spirit which prompted its building is also disappearing.

Cardinal Vaughan introduced the Lenten season with a pastoral which is enough to show that the mantle of Cardinal Manning has fallen on no unworthy shoulders. After exhorting his flock to spiritual exercises as well as corporal austerities, he announces a project that will meet with the hearty support of all good Catholics. He proposes to found a "Free Church Library Association" for the whole archdiocese, and to establish branch libraries, so far as is feasible, in every parish. The Cardinal enumerates a few of the advan-

tages to be derived from spiritual reading: "It keeps the Gospel standard constantly before our mind. It strengthens the principles of faith, which worldly literature and worldly society undermine and destroy. It peoples the mind with the society of the saints. For multitudes it is the proper substitute for formal meditation. It inspires a desire to do great things for God, and infuses an extraordinary courage and ardor, by holding up to view the lives of the only heroes worthy of admiration—the servants of the Great King."

A fund adequate for the work is to be made up of the Lenten alms; and the selection of books, the organization and management of the Association is to be intrusted to a permanent commission of experienced priests.

A somewhat singular custom has prevailed in Spain for several centuries—the pardon by the reigning sovereign, at the Adoration of the Holy Cross, of a criminal condemned to death. Up to the time of the reign of Isabella II., only one prisoner could have the advantage of this gracious pardoning power: the names being deposited upon a plate in the presence of many possible recipients, and a single one being drawn by the Queen. But Isabella changed all that. Soon after she began her reign, a royal assembly (it being Good-Friday) was gathered in the court chapel; and when the time arrived for the Queen, kneeling before the crucifix, to say, as usual, as she touched one of the names on the salver, "May God pardon me as I pardon thee!" she electrified all present when, with tears in her eyes, she stretched forth her hands and closed them over all the papers, exclaiming, "May God pardon me as I pardon you all—all!"

The more than favorable impression produced by Bishop Keane on the non-Catholic audiences whom he recently addressed in Boston has been made the occasion of many editorial paragraphs in our various exchanges. The flattering terms in which the Harvard President, Dr. Elliot, introduced the Bishop to the faculty and students at Cambridge, and the appreciative plaudits which greeted the Bishop's address, are commented upon as evidences that the age of Protestant intol-

ance is passing away, that "a more liberal and fair-minded spirit prevails, and that men are beginning to recognize the noble deeds of the Catholic Church and churchmen in the past." The Philadelphia *Catholic Times* pertinently remarks in connection with this subject:

"When we see a Catholic bishop the central figure of a galaxy of brilliant scholars and students, unfolding the truths and principles of the Catholic Church, we are reminded of the Apostle Paul on Mar's Hill, preaching to the Athenians the unknown God. While President Elliot eulogized the monks, and Bishop Keane expounded dogmatic truths, the audience manifested approval by applause. Fanatical preachers, who imagine they think it a pious obligation to attack Catholics, are becoming as scarce as buffaloes on the plains. Opposition, of course, is not dead. Men still hold conflicting religious tenets, and advocate them with perfect freedom; but the combat is less bitter, less impassioned, and more intellectual."

It may be that some of our readers have not heard of the celebrated female lecturer on Canon Law at Bologna during the time of the famous Christina of Pisa. This writer, herself one of the most learned of women, and with few equals among men, tells us in her "City of Women" that Andry, professor of law at the University of Bologna, had a beautiful and talented daughter named Novella, who was so thoroughly versed in law that when press of business rendered it inconvenient for her father to lecture, he would send her to take his place. Her great beauty was a distraction to the students, so she was wont to place a curtain before her face on these occasions. The respect of Andry for his daughter's erudition was so great that he named his new Collection of Decretals after her, "Novellæ"; and so they are called to this day.

A few weeks ago the French Minister of Public Instruction and of Worship, during the course of a reply to Mgr. d'Hulst in the Chamber of Deputies, dilated on the extent of the inquiries made, the information taken, the minute investigation ordered, before a *curé* was deprived of his *traitement*, or salary. According to his statement, the bishops are questioned and their reports registered; the general public, including the *curés* themselves, are consulted; and, on the whole, much more

circumspection is observed than is manifest in the discharge of a civil functionary. The Minister was loudly applauded by the members of the Left and the Centre. But the plaudits have turned out to be slightly premature. The Bishop of Annecy has addressed an open letter to the Minister, in which the latter's statements are clearly shown to be at variance with fact. The Bishop says that within the past ten years nineteen of his priests have been deprived of their salaries, and that in *not one* of the nineteen cases was he consulted or questioned. He had merely been informed of the Government's intention of suppressing the salary. Moreover, none of the *curés* had been examined. Briefly, the Minister stated the opposite of the truth.

Henry Labouchere, the editor of London *Truth*, has this to say of the supervision of students exercised in all Catholic colleges:

"Call it what you please, as a matter of fact it amounts to no more than the ordinary care which a commonly decent and commonly sensible father exercises in his own house. Such a man does not demean himself in any way; he is not a spy lurking round corners or peeping into rooms or over balusters. But, practically speaking, he knows all that goes on within the four walls of his house. If he does not, then he is neither a commonly decent nor a commonly sensible man, but a fool or a knave, or both."

The absence of this salutary supervision too commonly results in generating countless disorders, culminating sometimes in such samples of disgraceful rowdyism as not very long since brought some of our non-Catholic colleges into unenviable notoriety.

Apropos of the recent celebration of the Episcopal Jubilee of Leo XIII., it is interesting to recall the fact that fourteen other Popes lived to see this touching and solemn anniversary. They were: John XIV., Gregory XII., Calixtus III., Paul III., Paul IV., Innocent X., Clement X., Innocent XII., Benedict XIII., Clement XII., Benedict XIV., Pius VII., Gregory XVI., and Pius IX.

The death of Mrs. Sarah E. Brookes, of New Orleans, who is among those recommended to the prayers of our readers this week, affords an example of devotion to the Blessed Virgin

that is too remarkable to be passed over in silence. She had been an invalid for many years; and, though she suffered much, was always a model of patience and resignation to the divine will. Having received the last Sacraments with deep piety, she summoned her children around her and began to recite the Rosary, her favorite devotion. When she could no longer speak, she held her beads up toward each one at her bedside, as if to emphasize in death the admonition often repeated during her life: "Be devout to the Blessed Virgin. Have confidence in the Rosary." Then, continuing her prayers, she calmly breathed her last.

The example of such a mother is not likely to be lost on her children. Let us hope that all who read of it may be encouraged to greater devotion to the Blessed Virgin, seeing how her faithful clients die.

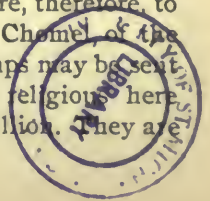
The Church is making gratifying progress in Norway, which until recent times was a stronghold of Lutheranism. Thanks to the zeal of the Vicar-Apostolic, Mgr Fallize, a considerable number of converts have been won during the last ten years. In 1875 there were only a few hundred Catholics in all Norway, whilst at present, according to the official statistics, they number over one hundred thousand. This great increase speaks eloquently for the spirit of toleration that now exists in Norway. During last year the legislators granted Catholics all the religious liberties that could be allowed under the constitution of the country. Some months ago the chambers unanimously annulled an article that excluded Catholics from certain offices. There still remained the prohibition of settling in the country against certain religious orders, especially, of course, the Jesuits. A short time ago a proposition was introduced into the chambers, with the consent of the Cabinet, which favors the removal of this prohibition. The motion will be considered in the next session of Parliament, and will, it is to be hoped, be carried.

In the course of a recent audience granted to some thirty-two superiors and procurator-generals of religious communities, the Sov-

ereign Pontiff spoke of these Orders in terms of warmest commendation, comparing them to so many brilliant stars irradiating with their virtues and learning the firmament of the Church. As an instance of the cordial interest he has ever manifested in religious communities, he recalled the fact that half a century ago, when he was Nuncio in Belgium, knowing how essential they were to the prosperity of Christianity, he addressed a report in their behalf to Pope Gregory XVI. Later on, when called to the administration of the See of Perugia, he insisted, in the course of a synod, on the necessity of assuring to religious Orders facilities for leading lives more and more active and conformable to the example of their founders, St. Benedict, St. Dominic, St. Francis, and other inspired servants of God.

Religious throughout the world will be pleased to hear of the special affection entertained for them by the Holy Father; and will, in return, redouble their prayers for his preservation to the Church he rules so wisely and so well.

The work of collecting old stamps, we learn from the *Catholic Record*, is even more important than we had supposed. They have a real value in many foreign missions, being used by the natives for ornamenting their houses; and in France and elsewhere for the manufacture of various articles, which are disposed of for the Work of Mary Immaculate, etc. In Mongolia the life of a female child even may be saved for the price of a few cancelled stamps. Children should be encouraged to make collections, and taught that they can thus contribute to the conversion of the heathen world. The Work of Mary Immaculate alone can utilize any number of these old stamps. Hitherto there has been a difficulty about forwarding them from this country, the cost of sending small lots by mail being greater than the value of the stamps; and we hear that many who took a lively interest in this good work have been discouraged by the obstacle of transmission. It is a pleasure, therefore, to state, at the suggestion of Mr. Chomel, of the *Record*, that collections of stamps may be sent to Notre Dame. One of the religious here has already collected half a million. They are



forwarded to France from time to time, in canvas bags, by express.

Stamps may be sent here from any part of the United States, in unsealed packets, for one cent per ounce. They should be neatly trimmed, and care should be taken not to mutilate the face of the stamp. We request that the names of remitters, with the number of stamps enclosed, be written on the left-hand corner of the wrappers. Those who expect an acknowledgment of their packets should send a postal card for this purpose. Later on we may see our way to acknowledge the receipt of collections in THE "AVE MARIA." Packets sent in our care should be addressed: B. Valerian, C. S. C.

The universality of the Catholic faith was gracefully proved at Madeira not long since. A French training-ship was in the harbor; and Father Smidt, of the Seminary, was invited to say Mass on board. Its commanding officer then sent an invitation to the Catholic sailors of an English man-of-war near by, who responded with joyful promptness. After the French sermon, Father Smidt addressed the English sailors in their own language. And thus the unique spectacle was presented of a German priest, on board a French ship, speaking to French, English and Irish sailors in a Portuguese port.

On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Holy Father, the Sultan of Turkey presented him, among other gifts, with the funeral inscription of St. Aberzio, which was discovered in 1882, and is of great archaeological value. The compliment is the more delicate inasmuch as several of the European Governments have attempted to procure the inscription for their museums, but always unsuccessfully.

"The acceptance of a lectureship in the Leland Stanford University by ex-President Harrison almost before he had left the White House," says the *Pilot*, "is an object lesson worth studying and admiring. An American President considers no honest work beneath his dignity, and regards his account with the United States closed when he has done his duty and received his pay."

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 V. Donohoe, of the Diocese of Buffalo, whose happy death took place on the 25th ult.

Sister Aurelia, of the Sisters of Mercy, Valley Falls, R. I.; and Sister Lucia Lutz, O. S. B., Covington, Ky., who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. John R. English, of Columbus, Ohio, who passed away on the 14th inst.

Mr. Anthony Stocke, who breathed his last on the 1st inst., in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. Elena Blossman, of Corpus Christi, Texas, whose sudden death occurred on the 9th ult.

Mr. William Corcoran, who departed this life on the 4th inst., at Dubuque, Iowa, in the ninety-third year of his age.

Mr. John Raleigh, of Albany, N. Y., whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 9th inst.

Mrs. Sarah E. Brookes, a fervent Child of Mary, whose life closed peacefully in New Orleans, La., on the 11th inst.

Mr. John Morgan, a most devoted servant of the Blessed Virgin, who died a precious death last month, in San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Hyacinth Lamarche, of Brooklyn, N. Y., lately deceased.

Mr. Owen Murray, of Westmeath, Ireland, who died on the 9th inst.

Mr. A. Dalton, of Pawtucket, R. I.; Mr. W. S. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Siefke, Mrs. Catherine Patton, Mrs. J. McBreen, and Miss Margaret Hayes,—all of Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Joseph Broadbent, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. James Keegan, New Haven, Conn.; John Farrell and Cornelius Sullivan, New Britain, Conn.; Miss Hannah M. Sheehan, New Garden, Pa.; D. J. O'Brien, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. John Cummings, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Margaret Collins, Philadelphia, Pa.; William O'Halloran, Burnchurch, Tipperary, Ireland; Frank J. Meehan, Warren, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Fort, Utica, N. Y.; Mr. James W. Clifford and Mr. James J. Flynn, Hartford, Conn.; William Cronin, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Michael McNamara and Mr. Thomas L. Flanagan, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Bella McKenzie, New Glasgow, N. S., Canada; James W. Hariford, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Mary A. McGowan, Valley Falls, N. Y.; John Mulqueen, Schaghticoke, N. Y.; Thomas Pollard, Foxrock, Ireland; Maurice J. Callahan; and Mrs. Bridget Murphy.

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



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

A Snowdrop for Our Lady.

BY ANGELOUQUE DE LANDE.

LIKE silvery chime bells, low and sweet,
 Across the winter's snow,
 Mary, thy children's lips repeat
 Gabriel's "Ave" low.

Sweet Mother, on this feast of thine,
 That comes in early spring,
 Gladly I'd beautify thy shrine,
 But I've no flowers to bring.

Roses that made the June so fair,
 Lilies that with them vied,
 Field blossoms and exotics rare
 Are sleeping side by side.

'Tis hardly time for them to rise,
 March is so cold and drear;
 Scarcely the Mayflower opes her eyes
 Till April smiles appear.

But what is this, with wistful eye,
 And heart that droopeth low,—
 So like the snow I'd pass her by,
 Were she not nodding so?

Ah! 'tis the snowdrop, waxen-white,
 Modest and pure and sweet.
 Fair flower, I cull thee with delight,
 To lay at Mary's feet.

The Story of St. Prisca.



ONE of the strangest things we meet with in reading the lives of the saints is the wonderful courage and heroism displayed by young people, boys and girls, whom we should suppose would be unable to endure the hundredth part of the torments they were made to undergo. Take, for instance, the case of a little Roman maiden named Prisca, who lived and died more than sixteen hundred years ago.

She was only thirteen when she was accused of being a Christian. That was considered a great crime in those days; Christian girls were as badly off in the third century as Salem witches were a good many centuries later. The Roman girls used to go almost daily to the Temple of Apollo to offer sacrifices to that false god, and it was noticed that Prisca never went there with her companions. The authorities began to suspect that this maiden was one of the hated followers of Christ, and finally she was brought before the Roman proconsul.

"Are you a Christian?" this officer demanded.

"I am, thank God!" mildly answered Prisca.

Then she was asked whether she would go to the Temple and offer the customary sacrifice to Apollo.

PEOPLE seldom know how to employ their time to the best advantage till they have too little left to employ.—*Bishop Spalding.*

"God forbid," she replied, "that I should be so unfaithful to Him as to sacrifice to a senseless idol!"

This answer irritated the officer, and the maiden received a number of blows for having made it. Then the proconsul ordered her to be shut up in a frightful dungeon.

Once in her prison, Prisca renewed her resolution to be true to her faith, and to endure everything for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. With all the fervor of her heart she offered this prayer to obtain courage and fortitude to remain faithful to the end.

"O my loving Redeemer, it is for Thy Holy Name that I am shut up here. I am ready to suffer everything, if in that way I can honor Thee. But Thou knowest that I am only a poor weak little girl; I can do nothing without Thy grace. Come to my assistance, so that I may remain firm and unshaken."

Now, there is the whole secret of the constancy and fortitude of the martyrs. They besought from God the strength and endurance which was not theirs naturally; and as a result the most fragile and delicate virgins bore without a murmur tortures that would make the strongest men shriek with pain.

Prisca's prayer of faith was heard and answered. When taken before the proconsul the next day, she was even more resolute than before. On her refusal to sacrifice to the false gods, she was cruelly beaten with rods; yet she never uttered a moan, did not even shed a tear.

Almost beside himself with rage and spite, the proconsul caused her whole body to be covered with boiling oil. What horrible pains such a torture must have caused! Yet the little heroine did not succumb; and when, covered from head to foot with frightful burns, she was taken back to her dungeon, she was still singing the praises of her Redeemer.

A third time she was brought to the

proconsul, who said: "Well, are you willing to sacrifice to Apollo *now?*"

"We should honor only the true God," calmly replied Prisca, "and not an imaginary and senseless being like Apollo."

This was too much for the proconsul. Boiling with rage, he ordered her to be carried to the Amphitheatre to be torn in pieces and devoured by the lions. The order is obeyed, and Prisca is left alone in the great circus ring. The keepers of the savage lions have been inciting them for the last hour, so that they may be thoroughly enraged when let loose upon the little victim in the arena. The door of the cage is opened, and, with a roar of fury, the mighty beasts bound toward Prisca as if to crunch her to death with one snap of their foaming jaws. Poor little maiden! your time has come. In another moment they will be upon you and tearing you limb from limb. But, no: the raging lions do not hurt her. Their fury has passed away, and they lie down quietly at her feet, as tame as so many great, big, good-natured Newfoundland dogs.

Yes, God protected Prisca, as long before He had protected Daniel. We often read in the lives of the saints that the most ferocious animals have been submissive and gentle toward holy men and women, just as they were before original sin, when Adam was the real master of them all, and they obeyed him much better than our pets obey us.

It seems strange that so great a prodigy did not open the proconsul's eyes to the truth of Prisca's religion; but men, even the most learned, can become so perverted that they would not believe the truth even if they saw the dead coming out of their graves to proclaim it. Even nowadays, sixteen centuries after the time of the proconsul, men far more clever than he was go to Lourdes, see there still more wonderful prodigies than the sudden taming of Prisca's lions, and yet go away without being converted.

Prisca's martyrdom was not yet complete. The proconsul concluded to starve her to death; so he condemned her to the hard labor which the convicts were forced to perform, and forbade any one to give her food or drink. But he was disappointed once more. Prisca seemed to be able to do without eating, and she exhorted the other convicts to patience and resignation. Then the baffled officer ordered that her flesh should be torn with sharp-pointed iron hooks and rakes. Prisca remained firm, and survived this frightful torture also. The proconsul was furious; and next ordered a great fire to be made, and commanded her to be thrown into it. But as soon as she touched the flames they were extinguished.

All these marvellous escapes, it is needless to remark, were meant to show that the art of man can not deprive any one of life unless God permits it.

As the faith of Prisca, however, had been sufficiently vindicated, God finally allowed her to receive her crown. Her head was cut off by order of the proconsul; and immediately afterward two great eagles alighted on her body, as if to guard it from all profanation.

The sight of Prisca's heroic endurance during all the bloody and terrifying scenes of her martyrdom converted a great many pagans to Christianity; and the reading of her story should reanimate our confidence in the mighty power of prayer. The same God who strengthened this little maid of Rome to bear unflinchingly such horrible torments will, if we ask Him to do so, make us strong to support all the trials, little or great, that may be in store for each of us.

GREAT is the facile conqueror.
 Yet happy he who, wounded sore,
 Breathless, unhorsed, all covered o'er
 With blood and sweat,
 Sinks foiled, but fighting evermore,—
 Is greater yet.

—William Watson. ?

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XII.

A funny incident occurred as our friends entered Trafalgar Square.

"What is that grand building opposite?" asked Alicia.

"We saw that just after we started out this morning," said Joe; "but I suppose you girls did not notice it, you were so-taken up with your fear of falling off the bus. I asked a man who sat near me what place it was, and he said—I think, he said—the British Museum. Isn't it, father?"

"You must cultivate your memory, my son," said Mr. Colville, smiling.

"Wait a moment, Ally: I'll find out," Joe whispered.

He turned round hastily, and inquired of a gentleman who occupied a seat behind them, but whom he had not previously observed:

"Will you be so kind as to tell me what that building is, sir?"

The gentleman was just about to get off.

"It is the National Gallery," he replied, with a laugh. "I've told you so once before this morning. It is rather odd that we should meet again."

Then, with a pleasant nod, he disappeared down the little stairway at the end of the bus.

With some confusion, Joe had recognized him as soon as he began to speak. It was the gentleman to whom he had put that very question some three hours before.

"Well, now, *isn't* it queer," said he, "that after riding round London all the morning, on different buses and among thousands of people, we should meet the same person twice?"

"At all events, you will not now be likely to forget the National Gallery," remarked his father.

"No indeed: I don't think I'll forget it in a hurry, after to-day's experience," he answered, good-naturedly, joining in the laugh against himself.

Now they also left the bus, and walked through the square, in the centre of which stands the lofty Nelson Column, with Landseer's magnificent bronze lions guarding its base. Thence their way led through Whitehall, the fine, broad street so called from the royal palace formerly situated here.

"Whitehall was originally the residence of the archbishops of York, and in this way came to be Cardinal Wolsey's palace," explained Mr. Colville. "Henry VIII. confiscated it, and lived here for some time. Here, too, he died miserably. Queen Mary and Elizabeth also dwelt at Whitehall. All that now remains of the edifice is the part called the new banqueting hall, which we see on the left. It was erected by James I., and has its own tragic as well as garish associations. You see those central windows? From an opening made in the wall between the upper and lower ones, the King, Charles I., was led out to the scaffold."

The children shuddered as they stood for a moment and gazed in silence at the forbidding windows.

"Oliver Cromwell took up his residence here, and here Charles II. held his court. The palace, with the exception of the banqueting hall, was destroyed by fire toward the end of the seventeenth century," concluded Mr. Colville, who had become deeply interested as well as his listeners.

The party looked at it from the opposite side of the street. They were sauntering by a long, massive building. Alicia and Kathleen, who were ahead of the others, suddenly stopped with a start before one of the great stone entrances. Right in the middle of the gateway stood a coal-black charger, upon which sat a knight in glittering armor. The girls had passed almost

under the nose of the horse, but neither it nor the man showed by so much as the movement of a muscle that he was alive. They looked indeed like a splendid equestrian statue.

"O dear, what a start they gave me! What in the world are they here for?" exclaimed Alicia, glancing back at the beautiful animal, and the soldier resplendent in his steel cuirass, and gilded helmet with its scarlet plume.

"This place is known as the Horse-Guards," said her father. "It is the office of the commander-in-chief of the army, and these are the sentinels. Every hour the troop of forty horse-guards on duty is relieved by another troop. The appearance of so many of these brilliantly accoutred and well-mounted soldiers together is very fine. You will notice that the European cavalry are much more showily equipped than those of our army. The mansion near Whitehall, with the trees in front of it, is Montagu House. Now we have reached the famous Downing Street. That is the Treasury on the first corner, and on the other are the Government Offices."

"Ah, from here we get a glimpse of the Abbey!" said Claire. "And I am pretty sure we have almost reached the hotel."

In the afternoon our friends embarked at Westminster Bridge for a sail down the Thames.

"What shabby boats, and how low they are! By leaning over I can almost touch the water," said Alicia, as they took places in the bow of one of the dark, tug-like transports which ply to and fro on the river.

"The Thames is one of the highways of London; and these are but common carriers from one point to another, like the trains of the Underground Railway," said Mr. Colville. "You will observe that we stop very frequently."

As the little steamer puffed along, they

forgot its ugliness in watching the panorama before them. They saw on the right bank of the stream the fine, walled avenue called the Albert Embankment, upon which border the old Lambeth Palace and St. Thomas' Hospital; and on the left, the splendid Victoria Embankment, with its stately buildings, attractive gardens, and spacious driveway.

"Those are the Whitehall gardens opposite to us," said Mr. Colville, pointing in the direction. "And now we come to Charing Cross Bridge—"

"Why, look at the smoke-stack of this little craft of ours!" interrupted Joe, suddenly. "See how crooked it is! Isn't it strange?"

As they watched, it continued to dip slowly from the middle, until one half was turned over crossways. They then perceived that this performance was necessary to permit the steamer to pass under the bridge.

"Well, if that isn't funny!" said Kathleen. "The steamer must bow politely and take off its stove-pipe hat to all the bridges it meets!"

"Yes," returned her father. "Only the new suspension bridge is sufficiently elevated to render this unnecessary. Now we come to the Savoy Hotel and Theatre. This is Waterloo Bridge—see the smoke-stack bow again! And there is Somerset House, the other side of which you saw this morning when riding up the Strand. Here are the Temple and its gardens, and yonder you see the dome of St. Paul's again. Now we are at Blackfriars and the end of the Embankment. That graceful monument is Cleopatra's Needle, the Egyptian obelisk brought from Alexandria some years ago."

From this point for a while the prospect was not so interesting, the children thought; although it afforded a good view of the docks and shipping.

Presently Mr. Colville broke the silence by remarking:

"Before you now is the famous London Bridge."

The delighted children gazed in fascination at the massive granite structure, which they had heard about ever since their nursery days.

"London Bridge is falling down, falling down!" sang the two little girls in subdued tones.

"Gracious! it looks as solid as the foundations of the earth," said Claire, as they swept under one of the great arches. "No fear of its falling down for centuries to come."

"There, on the left, is Billingsgate; and then there is nothing of interest until we come to the historic Tower of London," continued her father. "Just ahead of us you see its sombre, grey walls and the tops of the trees on Tower Hill."

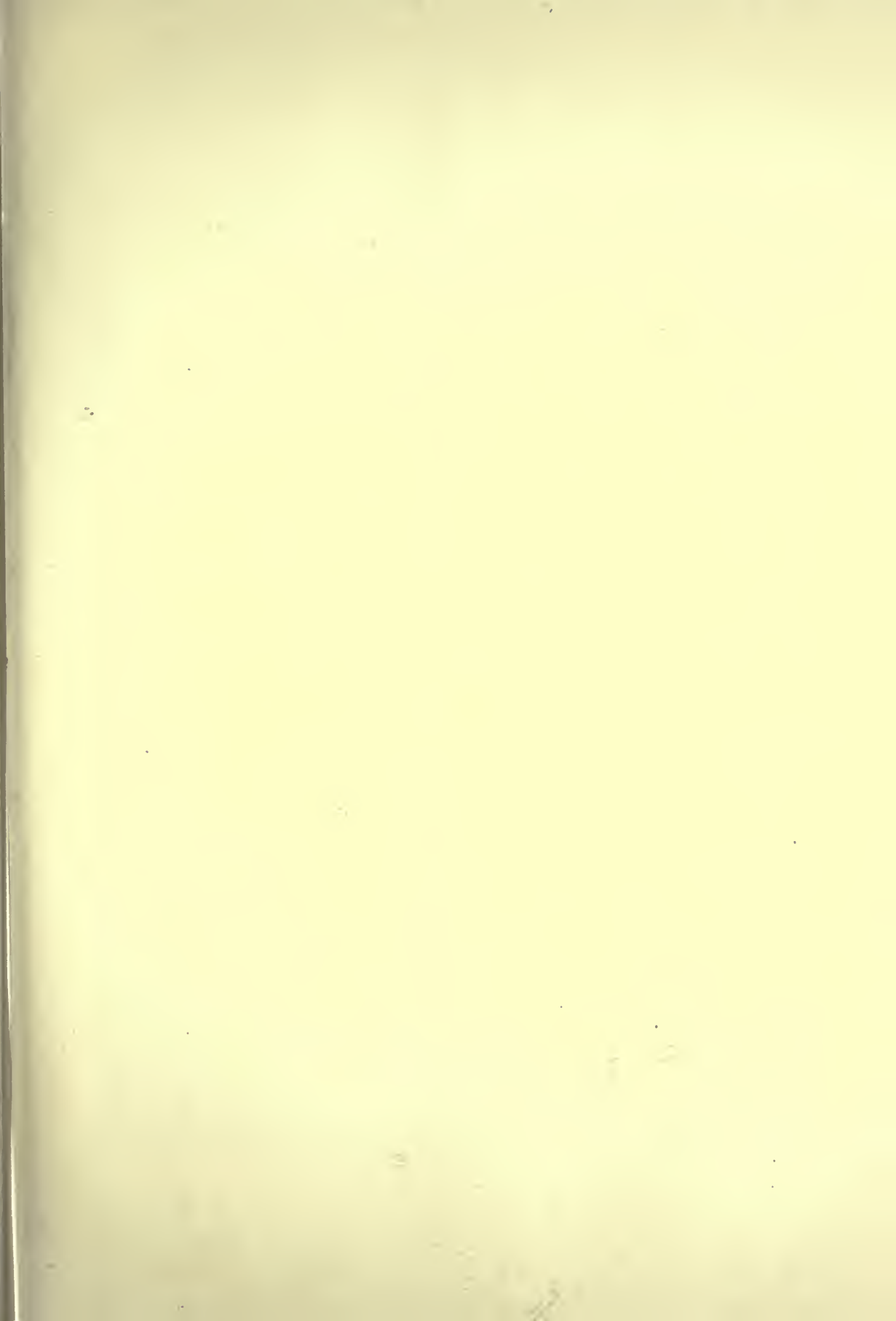
"I thought the Tower was one great round building, massive and strong as adamant," said Claire.

"You observe that it is, in fact, a walled castle, with many turrets, courtyards, and gateways," rejoined Mr. Colville. "Later we shall, of course, visit it; for it has an interest of its own."

After this, along the river highway, there was little to be seen, except the docks, the tall masts of vessels, the freight barges with their black-painted sails, and the small transport steamers. But at last our young people caught sight of a wooded park, the Marine Hospital built upon the site of a royal palace, and the tower of the Observatory of Greenwich, from the meridian of which the British time is reckoned.

(To be continued.)

THE talents granted to a single individual do not benefit himself alone, but are gifts to the world. Everyone shares them; for everyone suffers or benefits by his actions. Genius is a lighthouse, meant to give light from afar; the man who bears it is but the rock on which this lighthouse is built.—*Souvestre*.





THE THREE MARYS.

SCHÖNHERR.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 1, 1893.

No. 13.

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

The Lord is Risen!

AN EASTER CAROL.

REJOICE, rejoice, ye gladsome ones of heart,

For Christ the Lord is risen!

O haste, and bid the soul of music start
From darksome, sin-locked prison.

O Death, where is thy victory?

The Lord is risen, we are free!

Rejoice, rejoice, all ye who sorrow sore,
For Christ has fled the tomb!

Look up, poor souls: the storms of grief are
o'er,

And light has touched the gloom.

O Death, where is thy victory?

The Lord is risen, we are free!

Rejoice, rejoice,—ye heavens and earth give
praise!

The bonds of sin are riven!

O Angels, strike your harps this day of days,
And ope the gates of Heaven!

O Death, where is thy fateful sting?

The Lord is risen, He is King!

STORMS upon the lake, clouds upon the mountain,—they are our earthly lot. What matter? If we be children of the Resurrection, heaven is ours. And heaven is near; we know not how long or how soon our day may be.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The First Witnesses of the Resurrection.

I.

"Not she with trait'rous kiss her Master stung;
Not she denied Him with ungrateful tongue;
She, when Apostles fled, could danger brave,—
Last at His cross and earliest at His grave."



TO portray the conditions of true and perfect friendship, the ancients represented it under the figure of a beautiful young man, standing, his head uncovered, clad in a coarse and tattered robe, with this inscription on his brow,

"Summer and Winter." His side was open, and his finger pointed to these words written on his heart, "Far and Near." Finally, on the hem of his garment could be read, "Life and Death."

The symbolism was appropriate and easily interpreted. The youth of the figure meant simply that the love of true friends is always new and never ages; the coarse garment, that friendship is ever ready to labor for its object; and the uncovered head, that one should never blush to recognize his friend. As for the inscriptions, their meaning is equally plain. "Summer and Winter" implies that true friendship endures alike in prosperity and adversity;

“Far and Near,” that the sentiment is vivid whether one’s friend be absent or present; and “Life and Death,” that the affection of real friends baffles death itself, surviving still when one or the other of the loved ones has passed through the portal of the grave to the fuller life that lies beyond. The symbol of the ancients is but a variation of the dictum of Holy Writ: “He that is a friend loveth at all times; and a brother is proved in distress.”*

Never, perhaps, did these conditions of real friendship exist in fuller completeness than in the case of the holy women whom the Evangelists mention as the first witnesses of the Resurrection. In very truth, they loved our Saviour in prosperity and adversity, absent or present, in life and in death. They loved Him during His life, since they followed Him with perseverance; since they inseparably attached themselves to Him by heart-woven ties, by the services they performed and the ministry they proffered. To listen to His word, they accompanied Him through all the villages wherein He preached and evangelized the kingdom of God. They sat at the feet of Him who announced eternal goods; and, sharers of His zeal, they followed Him with their resources, and for Him deserted their homes. Firm and solid friendship was theirs, taking its origin not in the love of the things of this world, but in the desire for the goods of the world to come. Happy women, who consecrated to our Lord Jesus Christ, in an ardent zeal for the divine glory, not merely their temporal resources, but their wills and all the faculties of their souls! Happy, not so much in following His bodily presence, as in obeying His word and will with all their hearts! †

They loved Him and were with Him at His death. They followed Him during the Passion, when “He came out, carrying His

cross.” Whilst He bedewed the Sorrowful Way with Precious Blood, they bedewed it with tears, the blood of the heart. They wept bitterly, because they had previously learned to love sincerely. Even when He separated Himself from them in breathing His last sigh, they did not separate themselves from Him. They were standing near when His side was pierced with the lance, and the fire of compassion pierced their own hearts the while. Stronger than the Apostles, who for the most part abandoned their Master in His anguish, they followed Him through it all—the bloody scourging, the crowning with thorns, the carrying of the cross, the crucifixion.

They loved Him after His death. “Last at His cross,” they were also “earliest at His grave.” Present when He was taken down from the ignominious wood and committed to the tomb, they spent the hours that intervened before the ending of the Sabbath in all the sorrow of love bereft of its beloved object. Once the day which the law ordained should be passed in repose was over, they procured aromatic spices and hurried to the sepulchre, in order, says St. Gregory, “to serve after His death, in caring for His humanity, Him whom they had loved during His life.” The Lord could not complain of them: “I am forgotten as one dead from the heart.”* Though dead, He still lived in their hearts.

On that first Easter morning, without waiting even for the dawn, they left their homes and hastened to the sepulchre. Heedless of the darkness, and undeterred by considerations of the guard around the tomb and the great stone at its entrance, they listened only to the promptings of hearts inflamed with purest affection; and so hurried on to pay additional homage to the lifeless, bruised and mangled body of their Well-Beloved.

Nor did this fervent and persevering love

* Prov., xvii, 17.

† Marchant, “Rationale Præd.” Tract. vii.

* Ps., xxx, 13.

go unrewarded. It merited for them the apparition of the angel. It won for them the privilege of beholding the Saviour Himself, and of being greeted by Him. It secured for them the favor of being suffered to kiss the Master's feet, and of receiving from Him the mission to announce His Resurrection. As St. Bernard remarks, they who went to the sepulchre to embalm the body of their Beloved, returned therefrom themselves embalmed. Sweeter than the most aromatic odors were the knowledge of their Beloved's rising and the joy with which it filled them. Commissioned by the angel, they perform the office of evangelists; and become apostles when they hasten to announce the mercy of the Lord, saying, "We run in the odor of Thy perfumes."

It is not without significance that the holy women appear more ardent than the Apostles to honor the body of the Lord. Providence ordained it thus; so that, says St. Peter Chrysologus, "woman, who first offended in Eden, should hasten to seek faith at the sepulchre; that she should run the first for pardon, who the first had walked toward sin; that she might extract life from death, who had taken death from life." If the first woman proffered death to man, another woman is the first messenger to announce to men the tidings of the Resurrection and salvation; if the first gave a curse, another brought a blessing; if the first occasioned tears and anguish, another causes exceeding joy. The message of the second effaces the opprobrium of the first. "Woman," says St. Cyril, "who was once the instrument of death, becomes the first announcer of the mystery of the Resurrection. The feminine sex thus receives absolution for its ignominy and the pardon of its curse."

Nevertheless, it is not to be inferred that preference is given to the women over the Apostles; though the former were first to visit the sepulchre, to carry thither their perfumes, and to announce the Resurrection. "The Apostles," remarks

St. Peter Chrysologus, "are not esteemed less than the holy women, but are reserved for greater things. The women are charged with Christ's body, the Apostles with His Passion. The former carry perfumes, the latter suffer flagellations. Those enter the sepulchre, these the prison; those hasten to honor Christ and pour out sweet ointments, these fly to chains and pour out their blood. In a word, the women remain at home; the Apostles go to the combat, to prove, like devoted soldiers, their faith in adversity, their virtue in works, their patience in the midst of injuries, their calmness before wounds and death."

II.

An examination in detail as to the identity of "the holy women" and their number may prove not uninteresting, since the Evangelists speak diversely on this point. St. John mentions only one. "And on the first day of the week, Mary Magdalen cometh in the morning, it being yet dark, to the sepulchre."* St. Matthew mentions two, saying, "And in the end of the Sabbath, when it began to dawn, toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalen and the other Mary to see the sepulchre."† St. Luke adds others to these two: "And, going back from the sepulchre, they told all these things to the eleven and to all the rest. Now, it was Mary Magdalen, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and the other women that were with them, that told these things to the Apostles."‡ St. Mark names three: "Mary Magdalen, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome bought sweet spices."§

From these various accounts of the Evangelists arises the popular opinion that the visitors to the Saviour's tomb on Easter morning were the three Marys; as also the custom once prevalent of repre-

* St. John, xx, 1.

† St. Matt., xxviii, 1.

‡ St. Luke, xxiv, 9, 10.

§ St. Mark, xvi, 1.

senting these visitors, in the churches, by three young maidens who came singing to the sepulchre.

Some commentators are of the opinion that Salome was not called Mary; for, as may be seen in Josephus, Salome is a woman's name. It could not, then, be on account of her father or husband that this Mary was called Salome; and, as a matter of fact, St. Mark does not so call her: he gives her name as simply Salome. And St. Matthew, when he says, "Mary Magdalen and the other Mary"—Mary, mother of James,—came to the sepulchre, indicates that there were not three Marys, since *the other* implies only two objects. Whether Salome, however, was in reality called also Mary, or whether the giving of this name to her is merely a popular usage, matters little.

In the meanwhile it is certain, in the first place, that Mary Magdalen, mentioned by all four Evangelists, was the guide and standard-bearer of the women who went to the sepulchre. She reserved for her Beloved when dead the same precious ointment which she had lavished upon Him in life. She was more fervent and loving than the others, and hence St. John speaks of her alone. Hence, too, the first to behold the risen Lord was she who in every circumstance showed herself worthy of the eulogy which Christ had pronounced upon her, "She hath loved much."

If, indeed, we inquire why she hurried to the house of Simon, why she inconsiderately presented herself among the guests, why she drew near with her perfumes, why she washed with her tears the Saviour's feet, why she wiped them with her hair, covered them with kisses, and feared not to expose her infamy among so many,—the only answer is: "Because she loved much." For the same reason she remained at the foot of the cross, the inseparable companion of Mary the Mother of Jesus, participating in the sorrows of her Son. She loved much, and

hence hastened before the dawn to the sepulchre, and remained there when the others went away. She was burning with a holy desire, says St. Gregory, to see her loved One. When we love truly, the intensity of the sentiment multiplies our desires to see the object of our affections. Hence Magdalen, who remained to seek her Master, was rewarded with beholding Him; for perseverance is the perfection of good works.

It is certain, in the second place, that, according to the narrative of St. Mark, there went to the sepulchre besides Magdalen another Mary, she whom the Gospel styles Mary of James. This Mary was the mother of James the Less, of Simon, and of Jude Thaddeus, Apostles of Jesus Christ; and also of Joseph, surnamed the Just, who was proposed with Matthias as a candidate for the seat in the Apostolic College, made vacant by the treason of Judas. This Mary is also sometimes called Mary of Cleophas and Alpheus from the name of her husband. She is likewise spoken of as the sister of the Blessed Virgin; not that she was really her sister and the daughter of Joachim and Anne, but because she was a cousin. The Hebrew custom sanctioned this usage of the term sister; and in the same sense the sons of this Mary were styled the brothers of Jesus.

Salome was the mother of St. James the Greater and St. John the Evangelist. She was the wife of Zebedee, of whom this mention is made in Bishop Heleca's "Additions" of Lucius Dexter: "Great Britain honors the memory of many martyrs, especially that of Aristobulus, one of the seventy-two disciples; also called Zebedee, the father of James and John, and husband of Mary Salome. He went with St. Peter to Rome, where he left his family, he being sent as Bishop to England. He suffered martyrdom in the second year of the reign of Nero." Concerning Salome herself, we find in the same book: "The Spaniards

venerate the memory of Mary Salome, mother of St. James and husband of Zebedee. Having attained her eighty-ninth year, her son James of Alpheus being Bishop of Jerusalem, she died a holy death on May 24, A. D. 42, in Italy; and it is said that her body lies in Verula, celebrated after her death by numerous miracles."

In the third place, it is clear from the testimony of St. Luke that the sepulchre was visited by other women than those already mentioned. Among them it is customary to name Susanna, who followed Christ from Galilee. In the number, however, must not be placed the Blessed Virgin herself, although St. Gregory of Nyssa seems to think that she is included in the text from St. Luke quoted above. If Mary the Mother of Jesus had gone to the sepulchre on Easter morning, the Evangelists would certainly not have failed to mention the fact; giving her name first, as that of the most eminent and worthy of all the women. Besides, there was no need for her to visit the tomb, either to strengthen her faith in the Resurrection, for it was already perfect; or to enjoy the luxury of once more seeing her Divine Son, for she knew that He would come to her. And so it occurred. Ere yet He was seen of Magdalen or other mortals, Jesus presented Himself to His Blessed Mother, and dispelled the anguish which she had endured from the spectacle of Calvary by the effulgence that radiated from His glorified body. With Him, too, came the throng of the blessed whom He had delivered from Limbo—patriarchs and prophets, who gazed with joy unspeakable on her for whom they had sighed and whose glories they had sung. The other holy women went to the Resurrection; but to Mary, pre-eminent in the category of all created beings, the Resurrection came.

THERE is nothing which so truly repays itself as perseverance against weariness.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XII.—BEFORE THE STORM.

LADY TYRRELL, on her arrival, had kissed Bernice, and hastily gone to her room. She said she knew what was expected of her. She was exhausted; she felt that it was her duty to talk brilliantly during the evening; and she must have a little rest, and a stiff milk-punch made with Irish whiskey. As she made these announcements to Bernice on the landing in front of her room, she added that the news of her dear Bernice's engagement had brought her over.

"To cable my feelings, dear child," she said, "would have cost me two pounds at least; and I thought, as my maid had left me, I'd just run across to you and wait until the wedding. Don't think me extravagant, love! I assure you that the little property I intend to leave you will not be in any way diminished. On the whole, the cable would have been dearer. I should have been two pounds, or perhaps guineas, poorer. As it is, under your father's hospitable roof, I shall save rather than spend. Good old Dion! His kindness almost makes me forget that your mother might have done so much better."

The old woman looked at Bernice from under her heavy black hood—she was wrapped up as if for the Arctic Circle,—and, having kissed her again, darted into her room.

Bernice tried in vain to detain her.

"I want to explain, Aunt," she said. "I must tell you something,—I must!"

But Lady Tyrrell's door was inflexibly closed. It might have opened if she were not so deaf. And if it had opened, a great deal of sorrow would have been spared several people. Bernice knocked again. There was no answer, for Lady Tyrrell

did not hear; and if she had heard, she would not have put her new false teeth in again for anything on earth.

Bernice went downstairs rather sadly. She knew that she could not expect much sympathy from Lady Tyrrell, who looked on all forms of religion with a dispassionate eye in the light of the matter of settlements. She had the ideas of the average Irishwoman of her class about marriage. A Roman Catholic or a dissenter would have to be very rich indeed to marry into her family; but she looked on marriage as an impossibility unless there was money to back it. No poor girl in her set had a right to marry at all, or even to present herself in any society where poor, weak young men might be tempted to marry her. As to young men without land which yielded a fair rental, they ought to farm sheep in New Zealand or marry rich Americans, who, as everybody knew, were always waiting for young men to throw the handkerchief. Bernice well knew that Lady Tyrrell regarded the Reverend Giles Carton as a good match; in fact, Lady Tyrrell's coming, as she knew, was simply an excuse to take part in "bleeding" the Colonel when the wrangle over the settlement should begin.

Life must go on, whether one is saddened or perplexed or grief-stricken; and Bernice soon found that, if she were to please her father, she had much to do before the preparations for the dinner could be complete.

Giles Carton had behaved with great discretion; she admitted that he had always shown good taste. In fact, as she arranged the group of stephanotis on the white cloth of the great round table, she thought of various evidences of good taste. Alicia McGoggin had noticed the quality of taste in him, too. And Bernice recalled with dislike the fact that Alicia had so frequently remarked how trying it must be for Giles to wear a horrid purple stole when purple made him look like a fright.

"I call him a martyr to the rubrics,"

Alicia had said, pathetically. And, with some scorn in her mind, Bernice admitted that he probably thought so himself; for, strange to say, she was actually trying to think the worst of Giles. Nevertheless, he had saved explanations to Colonel Carton by taking to his bed after his walk; so that his father, in ignorance of what had happened, wrote a note full of apologies to her. She breathed freely; at least, there would be no unpleasantness at the dinner.

Conway went to his room to dress, and he was in a very pleasant state of excitement. He had found Bernice interesting; and what she had told him made him anxious to see what the people were like. His social experience had hitherto been limited to the great Christmas gathering at the Bradfords'. Bernice had forgotten nothing; there was a rosebud for his buttonhole laid near the gorgeous pin-cushion on the bureau. He smiled as he thought of the letter he would be able to write to Margaret after the dinner was over. How she and Judith would gloat over it! He was not such a stoic as not to enjoy the prospect of meeting new people; and as he pulled out the ends of his white tie, he smiled at the thought of what his conversation would be with Miss Zenobia Winslow, if he should be unhappy enough to take her into dinner.

He had a nervous fear of being too early or too late. It was half-past seven before the Major sent up for him. And as he entered the drawing-room, into which all the palms and azaleas had been moved, he found a large group assembled.

"Late, sir! Late!" said the Major. "You're the last man to come, except Colonel Carton; we're waiting for him. How do you think the cook feels about this, sir? It's no wonder cooks take to drink,—I'd take to drink if I were a cook."

"Faith, the occupation makes no difference," said a thin voice, and Conway faced Lady Tyrrell. She was a small, slight

woman, with a lace [cap on] her head, ornamented with a cairngorm buckle and a rather dingy white ostrich feather. Dingy lace seemed to drip over her black gown in all sorts of bunchy folds; and her train, which was long, was particularly rich in bits of this yellowish fabric. She had the air as of a woman who was overburdened with satin stuff and lace, which she must wear because she had no other way of bestowing them.

"My relative, Mr. Edward Conway," said the Major.

"Oh, yes!" said Lady Tyrrell, extending a hand liberally covered with rings. "I'm charmed! Your father's a great friend of mine. I may take a notion to be your step-mother some day." This was said with great archness, in a low tone. "If I ever settle down," she added, even more archly, "your father will be the man for me. You're too gallant, I'm sure, to object!"

Edward, somewhat dazed, opened his mouth to answer. But Lady Tyrrell had acquired the habit of not even pretending to listen to other people. She tapped the Major with a fan, that also dripped with the soiled white lace, and said:

"He's changed since I saw him. Bernice is not doing badly. He's well set up and well groomed."

She passed on to salute old General Lamaurice with some speech that made him color up to the roots of his hair; and the Major, fretting because Colonel Carton had not arrived, paid no attention to her words.

Conway decided that he should not like her. The critical look she gave him through the long-handled eye-glass she perpetually held before her right eye prejudiced him against her; he did not know that her manner of staring was not at all insolent, only fashionable. His impulse was to follow her and to explain that he was not somebody else, when a hand was laid on his arm, and a soft voice said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Conway! Bernice

sent me to you. Everybody is supposed to know everybody else in this delightful house. You're to take me into dinner, you know."

"Miss McGoggin?"

"Alicia. I've sisters, you know—all unmarried,—and I'm the third."

Conway looked with interest at the young woman, who was supposed to model herself on the early British saint and to be so "awfully high." She had large blue eyes, sandy hair brushed back from a rather high forehead; a large nose—but not so large or so noble as Lady Tyrrell's Grecian appendage,—and she wore a profusion of violets on a black gown, which trailed to a great distance over the floor. It shocked Conway's idea of economy,—Margaret would have made three gowns out of that. Her voice was low, and she seemed to wish to give the idea that she was in a perpetual sanctuary.

"I am glad to meet you, Miss McGoggin. My cousin spoke of you."

"She told you, I am sure, that I was very ascetic. Bernice is always reproaching me with it; but she's very conscientious herself,—just the girl to be a priest's wife in these days of materialism. I know you're wondering how I can wear flowers in Lent, after what Bernice said of me; but I assure you I asked the advice of my director before I put them on. They are only violets,—I assure you I couldn't wear any other flower so *late* in Lent. As it is, I *almost* scruple them. Shall I present you to anybody? That woman in the corner is Zenobia Winslow. She is a mine of information. But I don't see how she can live: she is a Theosophist."

"A what?" asked Conway, over whom an unaccountable shyness was creeping. Everybody looked so imposing; even Bernice, in her elaborate costume, seemed more far off and stately than she had been in the conservatory.

Miss Zenobia Winslow was tall and stout; she wore a long, yellow gown, with

sleeves that flowed from her arms; there was nothing uncommon except this gown about her. She warmly greeted the Colonel as he entered.

"I'm late, I know," he said to Bernice, who greeted him somewhat timidly. "But I waited in the hope that Giles would be well enough to come. I suppose he has made his peace with you," he added, smiling at Bernice. He paused for a moment, thinking that she looked pale and grave. "Don't worry. Mrs. Van Krupper is bathing his forehead with Florida water,—if that doesn't make him want to get well as soon as possible, nothing will."

The Major gave the signal somewhat impatiently; the curtains flew aside and dinner was announced. Lady Tyrrell loudly claimed General Lamaurice, who looked unhappy; Mrs. Lamaurice fell to the Major, and Bernice found herself at the table with young Van Krupper. Conway was relieved to see that Miss Winslow had been appropriated by a raw-boned young man, with a large nosegay in his button-hole. Miss McGoggin informed him that this was her brother, John Knox McGoggin.

"He's very low," Alicia said; "almost materialistic. There's a great deal in names. I think that the influence of John Knox has been bad for our own dear Knoxy. He's always felt obliged to live up to him, you know."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Conway, dropping his oyster fork, and looking at the sandy, raw-boned youth with interest. "You don't mean to say that any modern human creature attempts to live up to John Knox!"

"I do," said Miss Alicia, as if she were imparting a family secret. "It's a great trial to me to have him so set against the Church. We're Scotch-Irish, you know, and we feel things strongly; it's in the blood. My grandfather, on the maternal side, was a MacGhettigan, one of the earliest settlers in Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

That accounts for the strange intensity of our blood;—you know what the Scotch-Irish are!"

Conway nodded; he had heard his father on the subject. Miss McGoggin sighed, as if her family traditions were shackles that held her to earth.

"You haven't met your other cousin, Elaine Catherwood. There she is—opposite to the old man with the red face,—he's John Van Schuyler-Jones."

Conway looked, and saw a young woman, more fragile than Bernice, but more beautiful. She gave him the impression of soft golden hair, deep, gentle eyes, a faultless profile, and many diamonds. Her face was much more beautiful than Bernice's, but it lacked character.

"There's a good deal in a name," Miss McGoggin went on. "My saint is Garetha; she was an early Breton; my spiritual director, Father—Mr. Carton—discovered her. I have always thought she might be a sister of Gareth, in 'The Idyls of the King.' I have always loved to weave little wreaths about her memory. There's so little known about her. She was a saint, you know, in Britain,—a saint of the Church of the Angles before the Roman Bishop sent anybody there. You should hear Mr. Carton's panegyric on her! We couldn't find her feast-day anywhere; so we put it, by special dispensation of the Archdeacon—Giles' good friend,—on my birthday; and I've made a note of it, just after the Feast of St. Apollinaris in the Marquis of Bute's Breviary. I read that every day—though the Marquis is in error!"

"Who canonized this saint?" asked Conway, interested.

"Oh, we don't know yet! We'll find that out later, when further researches are made. Oh, you can't imagine what St. Garetha is to me! She seems so near, so British,—not Roman or foreign, at all—"

"So Scotch-Irish!" observed Conway.

"Exactly," said Miss McGoggin, her attention distracted by Lady Tyrrell's

voice. General Lamaurice's face was very red, but she went on shrilly.

"Faith, my dear boy," she was saying, "your pedigree is all wrong. My own cousin was one of the Blakes that married one of the Flanagans of Dublin,—you remember 'em, Major; they lived on the Hill of Howth? It was he that rescued the King and Queen when it's Lafayette himself that would have cut their heads off. It was very little Lafayette had to do to side with the American Republicans against his own people!"

Lady Tyrrell's history was broken in on by Alicia McGoggin, who said, softly:

"Ah, how entrancing it must be to have traditions! You suffered for the Lost Cause, Bernice tells me. Dear me," she added, with a sigh, "you must feel like an Early Tudor!"

Conway raised his eyes in amazement.

"I beg pardon!"

"Oh, I mean one of those people who clung to Charles,—was it Tudor or Stuart? We always keep his feast in our church, you know,—the martyr King, Charles II.,—oh, yes, of course, Charles II.!"

Conway never answered this speech. The champagne had been brought in. Lady Tyrrell suddenly rose, glass in hand, and spoke, in her exquisitely clear tones:

"As it's only a little family party, to celebrate a most interesting event, I feel I'll not be doing anything improper if I wish all joy to the bride and groom. I'll not let the day pass without a toast." The Major spoke to her as she raised her glass, but she did not hear. "To you, my dear," she said, smiling at Bernice. "Now to the groom," she added, fixing her eyes on the astonished Conway; "and drink with me to the girl that's to be your wife."

There was silence. The Major leaned over and said, very fiercely, to Lady Tyrrell:

"You're drinking to the wrong man, ma'am!"

Lady Tyrrell put down her glass and took up her *lorgnette*.

"Faith," she said, coolly, after she had taken another look at Conway, "she might do worse!"

Colonel Carton gazed at Bernice and at Conway. His hand trembled, as he fingered his glass.

"I must see you," he whispered to Major Conway, "after this is over. It requires some explanation."

"How awful!" said Alicia McGoggin to young Van Krupper. "There's something wrong. I heard to-day that Bernice has jilted Father Carton because she had begun to doubt about Holy Orders. But I believe she's taken a fancy to the new cousin."

"Nonsense!" said young Van Krupper. "He only came to-day!"

After this the Major hurried the courses.

(To be continued.)

The Resurrection: A Miracle-Play.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

PROLOGUE.

(Spoken by an ANGEL, before the curtain riseth. He carrieth a golden trumpet, which he soundeth betimes.)

GOOD Christian folk, rejoice this morn!
He is arisen who died forlorn.
Sing Alleluia,—sing, my horn!

Good folk, send heralds to proclaim
By market-place and square the same
Great tidings, in the Lord His name!

Let mounted heralds spur and ride
By village street and mountain side,
Proclaiming He is risen who died!

His Mother kneeling at day-dawn,
Musing that mournful death upon,
Was 'ware a great light grew and shone.

And in the midst thereof He stood,
The three-days' Dead upon the rood.
His wounds His Father hath made good.

His Mother, with great ache of love,
Leaning to touch Him, saw Him move,
Floating a little farther off.

To her with thrilling voice He spake:
"I am not risen, but come to slake
Thy bruised maternal heart's heart-ache.

"I am not dead," He said, "but live,—
Thou Mother of men and second Eve,
Through whom all men new life receive!"

Thereat the Vision 'gan to fade,
And grew the morning light instead—
The Easter world was gold-enrayed.

Tantarara! Go out and shout
The joyful news the world about,
This day the fires of hell are out!

Fling the good tidings far and near,
That sea and vale and mountain hear,
From east to western hemisphere!

The earth puts on her cloth of gold,
The sky her sapphire folds unrolled,
The spring-day world is blithe and bold.

Now hearken to our miracle-play,
How the dear Christ has risen to-day,
And Alleluia sing and say,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

SCENE I.

*(Time, early dawn. Through the garden's shadows
to the sepulchre come the holy women.)*

SALOME.

Here we bring spice and balm and myrrh,
To wrap Him in the sepulchre,—
The white death-chamber, stark and drear,
Where we have laid His head.

MAGDALENE.

My flowers will brighten in the gloom;
He is not lonely in the tomb
Forgot, while we keep warm at home,
As are the patient dead.

MARY.

And yet He said: "Three days, and I,
Who on the shameful Cross shall die,
Will rise again beneath the sky."
What if He should arise!

MAGDALENE.

Then blessed dawning that should see
The stone rolled from His Heart and me.
And if He said it, this will be,
Though all the world denies.

SALOME.

But who will roll us off the stone?
We could not, all and everyone:
The great stone weigheth nigh a ton.
How shall we entrance win?

MARY.

See, the great door is open wide!
It may be some are gone inside;
Peter and John, too tearful-eyed
To sleep while birds begin.

*(They enter the sepulchre. There are the empty
cave-cloths, and two ANGELS sitting at head and foot
of the slab where the Body hath lain.)*

MAGDALENE.

O while we slept, the foe hath come,
And rifled this most precious tomb!
Here is but linen of the loom,
Wherein He shrouded was.
Kind gentlemen, who now keep guard
Over His death-place, watch and ward,
Who were they, cold of heart and hard,
That stole my Lord? Alas!

SALOME.

We are but women come with spice,
And Eastern herbs, and nard of price,
And linen wrought with fine device,
To wrap away our Dead!
Do Caiphas and his tribe pursue
Our Master, dead and living too,
And come by stealth at night and do
Outrage where He is laid?

MARY.

Hush, Salome! And, Magdalene,
Weep not so hard. These gentlemen
Perhaps will speed us, might and main,
To where our Dead may be.

FIRST ANGEL.

Why seek ye here among the dead
Who lives? Have ye remembered
His words while yet He taught and prayed
And healed in Galilee?

He said: "The Son of Man must then
Die on a cross for sins of men,
But the third day will rise again."

See, the third dawn is dim!
Go say to His disciples, He
Hath risen as He did prophesy,
And hath departed speedily
Into Jerusalem.

SECOND ANGEL.

Blessed are ye for love and faith,
Ye, women, who have feared not death,
Nor chains nor stripes, nor mortal scathe,
Nor portals of the grave!

SCENE II.

*(A garden in the rose and gold of high dawn.
Between the flowers goeth MAGDALENE, listlessly.)*

MAGDALENE.

They said, Peter and James and John,
'Twas but in dreams we looked upon
Those angels in the faint, sweet dawn,
And heard their tidings glad.

O if a dream it were, I would
Go dreaming all my life; and good
Never to wake to daylight rude,
If such sweet dreams I had!

Yet He is gone, themselves avow;
For Peter saw them even now,
The grave-clothes that from foot to brow
Did swathe Him yesternight.
Dear Master, send your messenger!
My heart is heavy, faint with fear,
Lest the sweet tidings I did hear
I did not hear aright.

*(JESUS cometh up the path; His glory veiled,
He seemeth as a gardener.)*

MAGDALENE.

Are you the gardener of this place?
Kind sir, I can not see your face,
Because the tears so quickly race
That they have drained me blind.

Perhaps, kind sir, you know who hath
Opened the chamber-door of death
That's yonder in your garden path,
And my dear Lord hath ta'en.

(She weepeth.)

JESUS.

Woman, why dost thou weep?

MAGDALENE.

For ruth
Of my King, murdered in His youth.
They will not let Him rest in truth
Even whom they have slain.
Tell me where He is gone, that so
My feet may follow high and low,
By crags of fire and wastes of snow,
Seeking Him everywhere.

JESUS.

Mary!

MAGDALENE.

Rabboni! as they said
Come from the dead, come from the dead,
Living and bright in Thy Godhead,
And all Thy wounds so fair!

(Falleth at His feet.)

JESUS.

Touch Me not, till I shall arise
Unto My Father in the skies!
Go tell the brethren thine own eyes
Have seen My living face.

MAGDALENE.

Most blessed day and blessed hour,
All in a dawn-lit garden bower,
When Thou hast shown at last Thy power,
Thy glory and Thy grace!

*(The ANGEL of the golden trumpet speaketh, after
the falling of the curtain.)*

Our play is done; now everyone
Safe to his home by set of sun;
The Holy Week's great Acts are done.

The fasts are over that are Lent's,
But all good folk keep abstinence
From sin,—so shall you please our Prince.

Go, brethren, all in charity,
For His dear sake who died on tree,
And is arisen for all of ye.

Daughters, take note that first He came
Unto His Mother without blame,
Next to a sinner, purged of shame.

A Woman brought Him forth, a Maid,
On whose sweet lap the Babe was laid
Her foot is on the serpent's head.

Woman was last beside the cross,
And earliest in the garden was.
Well she atones for Eve's great loss.

Yet be not vain, since that would ill
 Repay His love and honor; still
 Meek and obedient to His will.

Be virtuous wives and housekeepers;
 Keeping the home as sweet as Hers,
 The first of happy home-builders!

Upon Our Lord's Ascension Day
 We give another miracle-play.
 Till then, fare all as well as may!
 Alleluia! Alleluia!

A Marquis of the Old Régime.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

I.

WHEN we speak of a Marquis of the old *régime* we are inclined to picture to ourselves a powdered, elegant, somewhat flippant dandy, more brilliant than solid, more sceptical than believing. Very different from this conventional type, so often described in comedies and novels, is the grave, saddened, pathetic figure of the Marquis Henry Costa, whose history one of his descendants has recently published.*

Of late years a large number of private histories and personal memoirs have been printed, in France especially; and, according to certain critics, there has been some abuse in the profusion with which books of this description have been written and published. On the other hand, however, how many beautiful and touching stories have thus been given to the world; stories that, instead of lying buried in family archives, have gone straight to the hearts of thousands; and whose interest is all the more vivid from the fact that their heroes and heroines have but lately passed away!

Such is the history of the Marquis Henry Costa, a noble Christian gentleman,

whose lot was cast amidst the troubles of the Revolution and the wars of the first Empire. Though he did not play a conspicuous part in the history of the times in which he lived, his character is in itself sufficiently pure, disinterested and noble to command our esteem, while his sufferings excite our sympathy. Keenly sensitive, with a loving heart and a warm imagination, he was ill fitted, perhaps from his very sensitiveness and delicacy, to cope with unusual difficulties and trials. But although the sorrows that fell to his lot wounded him to the quick, they neither hardened his heart nor impaired his firm confidence in God; and his biography gives us the picture of a naturally noble soul made nobler and more perfect by pain.

The life of Henry Costa may be divided into three parts, of unequal length and interest. In the first we read of his early youth, passed in the quiet mountain home where his ancestors had lived for generations. Then come the stormy years during which he fought for his country and his King,—years of suffering, poverty and humiliation, marked by what was certainly Henry Costa's greatest cross, the death of his oldest and favorite child Eugène. After this period of confusion and bloodshed come twenty long, quiet years of obscurity and peace. There remain but few records of this epoch, during which the old man, to whom this world had brought much sorrow, prepared himself for the world to come.

Henry Costa was born in 1752. He descended from a noble family of Savoy, whose members had for centuries been distinguished by their loyalty to the princes of the royal house. We shall see how, in days of danger and distress, our hero, like his ancestors, faithfully served his King, and sacrificed in this service all he held most dear on earth.

The home of the Costas^s was, at the time our story opens, situated in a wild

* "Un Homme d'Autrefois," par le Marquis Costa de Beauregard.

and lonely country, scantily inhabited. The Villard, a quaint manor-house far up among the mountains, was, however, in the eyes of Henry, an earthly Paradise—"our adorable home," as he calls it in his letters,—and life within its walls was his ideal of happiness. The letters written by the boy during his rare absences from this beloved spot have been happily preserved, and they give us a bright picture of the family circle.

We meet first with the Marquis Alexis Costa, Henry's father,—intelligent, highly cultivated, and devoted to his children, but somewhat timid and reserved in disposition. To the astonishment of his friends, he had elected to live in his solitary mountain home rather than at the court of Turin; and this retired life, which he at first adopted from economical motives, ended by suiting his shy and somewhat melancholy temperament.

His wife, Henriette de Murinais, Marquise Costa, was the life and soul of the old house. Warm-hearted, energetic, deeply religious, a graceful hostess and a devoted wife and mother, her influence brightened the lives of those who surrounded her. From her our hero evidently inherited his warm imagination and loving heart; while he probably owed to his father an undercurrent of melancholy, that adverse circumstances were destined to develop.

The Marquis de Murinais, father to the Marquise Costa, lived with his daughter. He had spent his youth at Versailles, and retained the courtly grace of its brilliant circles. An old friend of his, Monsieur de St. Remy; a priest, the Abbé Baret; and a notary and general factotum, Monsieur Girod, also formed part of the household.

St. Remy was much attached to his friend the Marquis, but this did not prevent the pair from indulging in perpetual discussions on every kind of subject. As for the Abbé and the notary, both had been born in the old manor-house, and had scarcely ever left it since. They were

devoted, heart and soul, to the interests of its inmates; and the Abbé, in addition to his duties as chaplain, acted as tutor to Henry and to his brother and sisters—Télémaque, Henriette, Félicité, and Clémentine. Henry, in particular, was the good Abbé's pride. He seems to have been a singularly charming child: open, intelligent, of a bright and winning disposition, apt at his studies, and particularly gifted for drawing and painting, in which arts he attained great proficiency.

The future of this oldest son and heir was the subject of many anxious thoughts and animated discussions in his mountain home. The Marquis de Murinais, his grandfather, kept a vivid recollection of the court of Versailles, where he had spent his youth; and he not unnaturally wished that the boy should, in his turn, visit those scenes of courtly splendor. The Marquis Alexis Costa, whose inherent timidity and reserve made him prefer his mountain solitude to the gay world, hesitated whether he ought to condemn his son to the same retirement. As for the Marquise, she dreaded sending her bright and innocent boy away from her; though she did not go so far as the good Abbé, who looked upon the outer world as a sink of perdition.

In the midst of these perplexities, when Henry was fourteen, one of his uncles, the Chevalier de Murinais, passed by the Villard on his way to Paris, where he had business matters to settle. He offered to take his nephew with him; and, after some hesitation, the Marquise Costa's consent was given. It was arranged that, under his uncle's guardianship, the little lad should visit Paris, and be presented at the court of Versailles. In those days boys became men early, and it was not unusual to see mere lads of fourteen and fifteen take their place at court or in the army.

It speaks well for Henry Costa that, although he was thrown so young amidst scenes very different from those where his

childhood had been spent, his rectitude of judgment and purity of heart remained unimpaired. His departure for Paris was an event of supreme importance in his quiet home. His parents, when the moment of separation came, half regretted the permission they had given; the peasants gazed with a mixture of awe and admiration upon the little master, who was going forth into the wonderful world of Paris and Versailles,—a world of which they had vaguely heard as of something very distant and rather terrible. The poor mother kissed and blessed her boy over and over again, while the good Abbé prayed God to keep his pupil safe and sound in soul and body.

The little party, consisting of the Chevalier de Murinais, Monsieur d'Orneval, one of his friends, and our Henry, reached Paris on January 12, 1767. "At last," writes the boy, "we are in Paris!" The same evening his uncle took him to an elegant assembly, where, according to his own account, the little Savoyard and his "fine velvet coat" looked rather foolish. The truth was that the good Chevalier, absorbed by his own affairs, seems to have somewhat neglected his little companion. "It must be confessed, my dear papa," writes the boy, "that I am playing a sorry part. My uncle quite forgets me. . . . I am reduced to go to sleep as a means of killing time. It maddens me!"

The home letters came to cheer the little lad, and by degrees things began to look brighter. Henry's letters to his parents, which almost daily recorded the events and impressions of his new life, have fortunately been preserved among the family papers. They reveal the boy's warm heart, his faithful remembrance of all at home, his keen enjoyment of the new objects of interest presented to him, together with observations and reflections remarkably mature for a mere lad; they are brimful of the natural joyousness of a young, buoyant spirit.

Henry's quickness, honesty, freshness, and his real talent for drawing, attracted the attention of his uncle's friends. One of these, who was tutor in the family De Gastines, took the boy to visit Greuze, the famous painter. Henry was enchanted; and, to his delight, Greuze condescended to examine and criticise his drawings. "I do not know whether it was from sheer politeness," he writes, "but nothing could equal his surprise on seeing my pictures. . . . 'If you did not tell me that they are your work, I should not believe it,' he said." These compliments, however, did not turn the lad's head, and he occasionally felt very homesick. "When I write the name of Villard, I feel such longing to return there!"

Having been to see the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. on the Place des Victoires, his national pride was deeply wounded. "I was indignant to see the proud conqueror trampling upon all the nations of Europe; and our poor Savoy, laden with chains, almost cleaning his boots. . . . My indignation made the Marquis de Gastines laugh. Decidedly M. de Gastines is an idiot!"

Monsieur l'Abbé d'Arvillard, a priest from Savoy, and distantly related to the Costas, proved a kind friend to his little countryman. He took Henry to Versailles, where Louis XV. and Marie Leckinska then held their court. Their oldest son, a prince of rare promise, had died lately, and the title of Dauphin was borne by the boy destined to be Louis XVI. Henry was lost in admiration of the magnificence of the palace, but less impressed by the royal family. "I saw the Queen on her sedan-chair on her way to Vespers. She seemed to me ugly and decrepit; her nose and chin almost touch each other. I also saw the Dauphin and his brothers; they are ordinary children, but have pretty faces."

Visits to different studios, to that of Boucher among others, seem to have pleased the lad better than a day spent at the Fair of St. Germain, from whence he came back "quite disgusted"; or even

than an evening at the opera, where "I have no wish to return," he writes home.

His uncle took him to dine with the celebrated Duke de Choiseul, then at the zenith of his influence, and whom he describes as "very ugly, very merry, and very uncivil." Another day he dined at the house of Madame Geoffrin, whose *salon* was the centre of a literary and artistic *coterie*. He was requested to bring his drawings, was praised, petted, and made much of.

At length the Chevalier de Murinais, having brought his business affairs to an end, set out on his journey home. His nephew had happily not been spoiled by the flatteries lavished upon him during the latter part of his stay in the great city, where at first he had spent such lonely hours. He looked forward with unclouded pleasure to seeing his home again, and his joy was equalled by that of his parents. When, after a fortnight's journey, the old-fashioned travelling carriage, drawn by four mules and two horses, began to ascend the steep road, news of the lad's approach spread like wildfire along the mountain side. We are told that many country neighbors turned out to welcome the boy, whose new experiences made him of importance. Unwilling to lose sight of him, they climbed onto the carriage, and insisted on escorting him to the Villard, much to the distress of his mother, who, half crying, half laughing, smothered him in her embraces, and would have liked to keep him to herself. We may imagine the running fire of questions and answers, the greetings and inquiries, exchanged in those first moments of reunion; and how the quiet old manor became brighter and happier, now that the oldest son had returned to its shelter.

The death of our hero's grandfather, the Marquis de Murinais, followed by that of his inseparable old comrade, St. Remy, were the next events of importance in the peaceful life of the Villard. The family

circle did not, however, diminish in consequence; for the Marquis Costa's brothers, who were warmly attached to her and to her husband, came to fill the vacant places.

Soon after his grandfather's death, Henry accompanied his father to Italy; and this visit to the home of art and poetry was a source of immense interest to him. Strange to say, however, the sight of the works of art of the Italian masters, far from stimulating his zeal, impressed him painfully with a sense of his own imperfection and inability. "I am angry with Raphael," he writes in his diary; "and enraged with the Titian. They are too much above other men for any one to hold a brush after them. . . . I will not pursue any longer an object that I feel I can not attain."

Henry Costa was eighteen when, with a burst of youthful exaggeration, he gave up the artistic pursuits that had hitherto delighted him. He then wished to enter the army; a military career was in harmony with the traditions of his family, and with those of a country where, as he himself expresses it, "the nobles always paid their debt of blood." Victor Amadeus II. was on the throne of Savoy; a loyal and courageous prince, who later on, in days of extraordinary peril and difficulty, proved himself hardly equal to the gigantic efforts demanded of him; but who in times of peace was a good and popular sovereign. His simplicity of manner was remarkable, and he treated the gentlemen of his court as friends rather than as courtiers.

After successfully passing through the necessary examinations, Henry obtained his officer's commission in June, 1771; and during the next five years or so he was chiefly employed in making plans and in drawing maps of the country. This obliged him to make frequent expeditions among the mountains, and the occupation satisfied alike his physical activity and his innate taste for drawing. He had little inclination, however, for a mere garrison life; and

his love of home made him wish to marry early. His parents' desires pointed in the same direction, and a marriage was arranged between the young officer and Mlle. Genevieve de Murinais, who, since her father's death, led a somewhat lonely life under the roof of her uncle, the Chevalier de Murinais.

She was not pretty, we are told, but intelligent and warm-hearted. Henry, who was just twenty-five, was remarkable for his handsome face,—so handsome indeed that, strange to say, his future bride was alarmed rather than pleased at his manly beauty. He was too good-looking, she remarked, not to have been spoiled. Her fears proved groundless; and the marriage, which was celebrated in May, 1777, was one of constant and tenderest affection.

The coming home of their eldest son and his bride was celebrated by the Marquis and Marquise Costa according to the time-honored customs of Savoy. The young married couple arrived at the Villard on horseback; the neighbors and friends filled the courtyard of the old manor-house, the gates of which were closed. Springing to the ground, the bride walked slowly up to the entrance door, and struck it three times with her fan. The door opened, and the Marquis Alexis Costa, his wife, children and servants, appeared to welcome the new daughter of the house. Then filling his glass, the Marquis emptied it three times in honor of the King, the bride, and the friends who surrounded him.

For eight days an open table was kept at the Villard. Friends and relatives came from distances of many miles to congratulate the young couple. According to a touching custom observed in the family for generations, the eighth day was the feast of the poor, to whom a large banquet was given. Henry and his wife waited on their humble guests, and bestowed upon each before parting some clothing and a sum of money.

(To be continued.)

An Easter-Egg.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

A WILD storm was beating on the Breton coast. All the candles were lighted in the Chapel of Our Lady, and fervent prayers were being offered up; for there were many lives in danger. A fleet of fishing-boats that had been away for several weeks was just returning when the storm broke. These boats were so near the land, but struggling with the angry sea, that the parish priest, in surplice and stole, attended by the peasants with torches, extended his hands toward the wreck with words of absolution and blessing.

When morning broke, the wind abated; and among the dead cast on the beach was the body of a young man still living. He was carried to the first cabin, and every effort made to restore him. He did become conscious for a few moments, but he could not speak. He pressed his mother's hand, and pointed to a small metal box fastened by a string to his neck. A sailor opened it, and there in a nest of sea-weed reposed three sea-gull's eggs. With an effort the dying man gasped, "For you, mother!" and then he expired.

Years passed away, and green grass had covered the graves of the unfortunate fishermen who had perished on that awful night. The poor mother of the one who had survived till daybreak kept the sea-weed nest with its three eggs hanging up before a statue of Our Lady in her poor cottage. Her husband and all her sons had perished at sea; Roger, who brought her the eggs, was the last. All that was left to her was her daughter Catherine, married to Leo Neck, a hardy fisherman, and her grandson Peter. At last Catherine died, and then old Annette lived on with her son-in-law and little Peter.

Soon after Catherine's death, Leo grew cross and morose, and sharp words began

to pass between him and Annette. Now, the cabin and all its furniture belonged to the latter; and one night, when Leo was more than usually rough and rude, Annette reminded him that she was in her own house. Leo grew furious at these words, and, catching up Peter in his arms, rushed out of the cottage. He never came back, but constructed a wretched wooden hut, in which he lived with his poor little boy.

Bitterly did Annette regret her hasty words; the loss of Peter, and the knowledge that the child sorely missed his loving grandmother, made her miserable. Then came the sharp pinch of poverty; storms raged perpetually; fish could not be had, the cow gave no milk, and Annette was reduced to beggary. Whenever any fish were caught by Leo, little Peter always managed to carry off a portion and lay it secretly at his grandmother's door.

At last came Holy Week, and Annette's heart beat fast with the desire of reconciliation; so on Easter Eve she set out on a visit to Leo's hut, bearing with her as a present to Peter and as Easter-eggs her cherished nest with its three eggs.

Leo received her in silence, but pointed to a seat. Peter cried out with joy at seeing her, and at her present of the dear old nest, on which he seized gladly. The wind was high and shook the hut. Peter stumbled; the nest fell against the stones of the rude fireplace, the eggs were broken, and, lo! out of each came a diamond!

Poverty was at an end; and, in the joy and gratitude of their hearts, a reunion was easily effected, and the party at once returned to Annette's cottage. That was indeed a happy Easter.

Long afterward Annette discovered that during Roger's last expedition he had rendered some great service to a wealthy traveller, who had rewarded him with the three diamonds; and the poor fellow had taken such pains that this little fortune should come safely to the hands of his old and well-beloved mother.

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A RHYME WITH REASON.

OUR little Polly, fond, like so many children, of reciting verses, has learned a new one, which runs like this:

"The centipede was happy quite
Until the toad, for fun,
Said: 'Pray which leg comes after which?'
This worked her mind to such a pitch
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run."

This seems mere doggerel at first; but our Cynic, who is responsible for teaching it to Polly, declares that a deep truth underlies the apparent nonsense; and that if one has the wit to comprehend it, he will say that no philosopher ever spoke more profoundly than the author of the jingling lines, which the little girl rattles off so glibly.

"The crawling creature," says our Cynic, "had not the slightest difficulty in proceeding until her wits were put to rout by the questions of that malicious toad. 'Which leg do you put first, Madam Centipede? And which one next?' And the centipede, who had hitherto progressed in the most satisfactory and satisfied manner, began at once to analyze and endeavor to understand the way and method of her going, and to grow as helpless as if without a leg at all. Many people are like that bewildered worm—getting on well enough until they grow conscious of themselves, and then forever afterward floundering about in a ditch of doubt and indecision, like the distracted centipede. There was a clock once, Polly—"

"Is this going to be a *truly* story?" asked Polly.

"The meaning will be 'truly,' whatever the clock may be. You may call it an allegory. There was once a clock that had such confidence in its maker that for a

long while it ran on without a halt. Then the piano called: 'I wish you'd explain how all those wheels work.'—'Why, really,' answered the clock, 'I never thought of them at all!' and at once became so confused that it stopped. And the owner bought a new timepiece, and carried the useless, distracted one off to the garret. Once in the garden some violets were growing. 'How do you get the right food from the soil?' cried a mischievous bee. 'Aren't you afraid that sometimes your roots will absorb the wrong sort of an alkali?' And so the violets began to be afraid, as the bee had said; and grew so anxious that finally they hung their pretty heads and died. I well remember the terror with which I was inspired in the physiology class. Living had been, until that time, the simplest of things; but after I was initiated into the mysteries of the microscope, and learned of the laws which govern the complex machine we call a human body, I was afraid to eat, lest I be poisoned; afraid to breathe, for fear I might take into my lungs some deadly gas; afraid to sleep, thinking that I, so fearfully and wonderfully made, might never awaken. I had less confidence in my Creator and Preserver than the tourist has in the captain of a Cunard steamship."

"Really, Mr. Cynic," broke in Mrs. Dobbs, coming in from a tiresome tramp in search of Easter bonnets for herself and Mabel, "I never would have believed it if I hadn't heard it! To think of any one being opposed to education! Now, I believe in education, and lots of it, too!"

Our Cynic may have heard this interruption, but he minded it no more than if a fly had buzzed across his path. "Self-consciousness is," he went on, "just one form of selfishness. There is too much introspection, too much questioning, too much analysis of motives. The little child is graceful until its mentors begin to instruct it as to the proper way to walk and move; then it remembers itself, begins

to pose before a critical audience of friends, and ends by becoming a little distracted biped, floundering, like the centipede, in the ditch of self-consciousness. Spiritual graces are apt to share the same fate. I wish people would think of that poor wriggler wrecked in the mud when they attempt to explain how God governs His universe, instead of forgetting themselves and the puzzling questions which human toads propound. What is the use," he added, remembering the great feast fast approaching,—“what is the use of bothering about proofs of the Resurrection of Christ? The very existence of Christianity is proof enough.”

"This isn't a very interesting story," said Polly. "Tell me again, please, how to color eggs."

At which Mrs. Dobbs, who was still concerned about her Easter bonnet, arose and left the room.

"She's so funny!" said Polly. "Why does she want an Easter bonnet, when she doesn't believe in Easter?"

"It would take a wise man to answer that," replied our Cynic, smiling.

A Pretty Custom.

DURING my sojourn in the ancient little pueblo of Tucson, Arizona, I witnessed much that was interesting, but nothing more pleasing or impressive than a pretty and, to me, novel feature of the celebration of Holy Week, which occurred during Mass on Holy Saturday.

The old cruciform cathedral of adobe (a picture in itself) was crowded to its utmost capacity,—not only its pews, but its spacious aisles, where, on the bare floor, men, women, and children half knelt, half sat, according to the Mexican fashion; whilst groups of dark-hued faces thronged the low windows from without, eagerly

following the services, to which they were unable to gain admittance.

They formed a picturesque sight, those simple children of the Western frontier; the women and maidens wearing black shawls over their raven locks, in imitation of the graceful lace mantilla worn by their more beautiful and more fortunate Spanish sisters. All were wrapt in the solemn devotions of the hour, when, as is customary on the occasion, at the singing of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, accompanied by the organ and the joyous ringing of bells, suddenly, from all parts of the sacred edifice, clouds of rose-leaves were thrown high into the air, only to descend again in fragrant showers on the heads of the worshippers. Again and again the pretty scene was repeated; hands worn and shrivelled with toil and age, as well as the plump, brown hand of childhood, joining in the graceful task; whilst glad faces were uplifted toward the altar, and glad hearts went forth in anticipation of the Resurrection morn to greet their risen Lord, as the scent of the roses and the aroma of incense floated down the aisles, mingling with the glorious sunshine that flooded the place. I had been told of the pretty custom; still, although not taken entirely by surprise, I was unprepared for the beauty of the scene, as well as for the emotions it awakened.

After Mass the blossoms lay in thick profusion on the floor, and little children gathered handfuls as they passed out, for the pleasure of toying with their delicate beauty. But as I stooped to fill my handkerchief with the sweet petals, destined for a rose-jar in my distant home, I knew I was gathering something more sacred than mere fragrance to "enrich the halls of memory."

J. F.

THE moment we begin to think somebody else has no good in him, we lose most of what was good in ourselves.

Notes and Remarks.

All American Christians, whatever be their party affiliations, must have read with pleasure the following Christian statement in the inaugural address of President Cleveland:

"Above all, I know that there is a Supreme Being who rules the affairs of men, and whose goodness and mercy have always followed the American people; and I know that He will not turn from us now, if we humbly and reverently seek His powerful aid."

This public recognition of a Divine Providence that directs the affairs of nations not less than the movements of the material universe, and this profession of faith in the efficacy of prayer, are sufficient indications that the people whose first and highest representative deems it fitting to make them, are still, despite Godless schools, sporadic theosophy, and so forth, believers in God and the wisdom of His ways. May the Providence whom our President invokes guide his steps throughout the term of office so auspiciously and Christianly begun!

It is said that no fewer than 6,366 men, of all classes, in Paris take their turn in the night watches before the Blessed Sacrament at Montmartre, where the perpetual adoration has been established for some years past. We should like to be sure that so large a number of Catholic men in any ten cities of the United States make a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

That doughty declaimer of second-hand agnostic platitudes, Colonel R. G. Ingersoll, resembles his own travesty of Moses, in that he occasionally makes mistakes. In his lecture on Abraham Lincoln he says that Lincoln's religion was the religion of Voltaire and Tom Paine. General Collis recently questioned the truth of this statement; and blasphemous Bob evaded the issue with a rejoinder altogether beside the question, and the "cheap-John" trick of offering the General \$1,000 to prove the truth of a side issue. The Colonel's antagonist rather curtly dismisses the impertinence of the financial point; and, after showing that Lincoln "professed Christianity, worshipped at a Christian

church, admitted his belief in the Divinity of Christ and boldly asserted the doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures," he thus takes leave of the blatant infidel:

"Abraham Lincoln holds too big a place in the history of the world to be affected by your accusations or helped by my defence; yet, ephemeral as is what you say of him, you have no right to take a liberty with his character simply because his illustrious example would be useful to you in making converts. The memory of the dead may be libelled just as grossly as the reputation of the living. You can not make mankind believe that Abraham Lincoln was a hypocrite; and unless you do, your assertion that his religion was the religion of Voltaire and Tom Paine is of no importance."

About a year ago we noticed in these columns the passage by Congress of a resolution authorizing the State of Wisconsin to place in the statuary hall at the Capitol a statue of Père Marquette, the noted missionary and explorer. The resolution was unanimously adopted by the Senate on the 3d ult., so that nothing now prevents the speedy execution of the design. As long ago as 1887, the Wisconsin Legislature made the needful appropriation for the statue, and the *Catholic Citizen* now urges Governor Peck to have it made at once. Few greater heroes than Father Marquette live in bronze or marble at Washington or elsewhere.

The observant Catholic who finds time to dip into the history of the early missionaries in America will hardly fail to attribute the growth of the Church here to the devotedness and self-abnegation of those brave pioneers. One of these heroes in real life was the venerable Father Fenwick, whose first visit to Ohio is thus described in the *Catholic Historical Magazine*:

"He found three Catholic families in the centre of the State. They consisted of twenty persons, who were employed in clearing the land, and who had not seen a priest for ten years. He heard at a great distance the stroke of the axe breaking in upon the silence of the forest. The joy of these poor people at seeing a priest was so great that, even after he became bishop, the missionary could never recall the circumstances without a feeling of consolation."

Eight years later, when he took up his episcopal residence in Cincinnati, he wrote:

"Having in so many instances of my life experienced the fatherly care and protection of God, the

bestower of all good gifts, I confidently hope that the same Divine Providence will continue, through the remainder of my arduous undertaking, to accompany me. It has supplied me, upon loan, with the sum precisely necessary for my voyage to this place, and no more, in order to keep me always in Its dependence. Our poor backwoods are now so miserable that I could not have a *sou* given me, neither by my brethren in the episcopacy nor by the priests of Kentucky or of my own diocese."

Catholics of to-day who find the practice of their religion difficult, would do well to familiarize themselves with the records of those heroic times.

As a rule, we let the contents of THE "AVE MARIA" speak for itself; however, it is always a source of gratification to learn that anything which it was a special satisfaction to present to our readers has been duly appreciated. The series of Talks, by our valued contributor Louisa May Dalton, are being read with great interest, and have been praised by discriminating writers in some of our leading exchanges as articles of special value—able, timely, and stimulating. We hope that no one into whose hands this number of THE "AVE MARIA" may fall will fail to read the Talk entitled "A Rhyme with Reason." It is a brilliant bit of writing. We are proud of our contributor, and happy to publish an article calculated to do so much good.

The church choir has long been one of the stock topics of American humorists; and the jealousies, flirtations, and other vagaries of its members, have furnished matter for would-be comic paragraphs that appear as periodically as the seasons. We have always been inclined to believe that whatever modicum of truth such paragraphs contained affected only non-Catholic choirs. Judging, however, from recent notes in several of our contemporaries, we are forced to believe that notable irreverence is by no means rare in our own choirs. A priest is quoted as saying "that he believed few members of our choirs ever heard Mass, because they acted as if outside the church, and were not even morally connected with the offering of the Sacrifice."

There is only one term suited to such conduct as is here commented upon—it is purely and simply scandalous. Next to those

who assist the priest at the altar, the choir is most intimately connected with the Adorable Sacrifice, and should give an example of exceptional decorum and reverence. It is, or ought to be, inconceivable that young men and women who believe in the Real Presence can so far forget themselves as to behave in that Presence like so many giddy children freed from the surveillance of a master. An irreverent member of the choir should be expelled therefrom. God's glory can not be promoted by those who ignore what is due to His majesty.

A form of social gathering which seems to be as popular as it is certainly useful is a weekly "Conversation" regularly held by the Catholic Union of Boston. One or more leaders are selected to take the prominent part in discussing some prearranged topic, while other members contribute their quota of experiences, reminiscences, and general information. The "Conversation" of last month, we learn from the *Pilot*, turned on "The Invention of Printing; Books of the Olden Times; The First Newspapers in America." Less formal and elaborate than the lecture or address, the "Conversation" is fully as instructive and far more entertaining. The idea deserves development.

A mistake was made last week in locating the Scala Santa in front of the Lateran Basilica, whereas it leads to an oratory quite close to the Lateran. It is hardly worth while to correct an error of this kind; but in doing so we shall save many persons the trouble of calling our attention to it in letters. We are always too much occupied with the next issue of the magazine to bother about what may have been amiss in the one just sent forth.

Our attention has been directed to the following appreciative notice of the late Dr. Ceccarelli, the Papal physician, which appears in the *Medical Press*:

"The death is announced of Dr. Ceccarelli, the private physician of His Holiness Leo XIII., to whom was confided the delicate and responsible task of watching over the health of the illustrious Pontiff since his elevation to the Papal Chair. A physician in the truest sense of the term, Dr. Ceccarelli pos-

sessed numerous social and diplomatic qualities, that commanded the absolute confidence of his venerable patient. Though necessarily a highly influential personage, it was well known that he could never be induced to bring his influence to bear for party purposes, though ever ready and willing to act as mediator for worthy objects. It is rumored that Dr. Ceccarelli has left voluminous memoirs; and as he enjoyed the distinction of having been in intimate relationship with two successive Pontiffs, these can not fail to be interesting. He it was who received 'the last breath' (to use the Italian locution) of Pius IX. It is related that when the ill health of the late Pope confined him to his bed, Dr. Ceccarelli took up his residence in a small room situated just above that of his patient, in order to be available at any hour of the night or day. The etiquette of the Pontifical Court forbids the entrance of the physician into the bed-chamber except in court dress; but kind old Pius IX. insisted on his wearing a specially devised uniform, warmly lined, in order to minimize the exposure of nocturnal calls."

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 McHugh, the devoted and beloved parish priest of Belturbet, Ireland, whose death took place on the 5th of February; and the Rev. Michael McCarton, of the Diocese of Hartford, who yielded his soul to God on the 14th ult.

Brother Celsus, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools; Madame Veronica, of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart; and Sister Jane, of the Little Sisters of the Poor, who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. Jeffrey Blewitt, who died suddenly on the 19th of January, at Newark, N. J.

Miss Marie H. Kentgen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who passed away on the 17th inst.

Thomas Sheridan, Esq., who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 6th inst., at Cumberland, Md.

Mr. John Foley, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Nolan, Ireland; Mrs. Elizabeth and Mary J. Flynn, Mrs. Mary J. McKenney, and Mrs. Thomas Moriarty, E. Hartford, Conn.; Miss Mary B. Conway, Eugene and Joseph Conway, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Julia O'Sullivan and Mr. James Boylan, New York, N. Y.; Mr. Michael McNierney, W. Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret O'Brien, Mr. William Desmond, Thomas McCaffrey, John Lyons, Owen Blake, John H. Devine, Andrew P. Morrissey, Mrs. Winifred Skelly, Mary Bender, Ellen H. O'Reilly, Mary E. Mahare, Mary Hoy, and Rose McGraw,—all of Albany, N. Y.

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



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UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Day of Days.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

WHAT do you tell us, Day of all gladness?
 Winds, when you whisper, winds, when
 you sing,—
 Now that you've done with your fury and
 madness,
 And softly kiss the shrubs as they spring?

You have something to tell us, breezes,—
 You have something to tell us sweet.
 Tell to the crocus that upward squeezes,
 Up from the dark beneath our feet!

Ah, it is Easter! Spring-light is gleaming.
 Ah, it is Easter, our day of love!
 Flowers are budding and skies are beaming,
 And you speak of the joy above,—

The joy in Heaven, for Christ is risen;
 The joy in our world, for man is free;
 And for us children there's no dark prison
 Away from His love and His clemency.

ONE of the first coins issued by Secretary Chase, under President Lincoln, was the two-cent piece, which bore as a motto, "*In God we trust.*" It is believed that this was the first time in the history of our land that a religious motto appeared upon any coin issued by the national mint.

Good-Night Stories.

A BAD BEGINNING FOR A SAINT.



NE need not live very long in this world to learn that there is no rule without some exceptions. I am pretty sure that I had satisfied myself of this fact even before I began to study French. Of course a dozen lessons in the grammar of that difficult, if delightful, language left me quite ready to believe that there is no rule without several hundred exceptions. In any case, boys and girls who are old enough to read and understand words of two and three syllables have probably found out by experience that there *are* exceptions to all rules. I am insisting on the point, because I want it distinctly understood that the title of this true story implies an exception and not a rule. Bad boys, as a matter of history and of fact, do not generally, or even often, become saints, but rather a very different sort of being; still, some little scamps, some "perfect young wretches," have turned out to be holy men; and St. Ephrem was one of them.

"St. Ephrem!" you say. "What! that great Saint you told us about a few weeks ago,—that holy monk, who had visions, and

learned Greek without studying it! Was *he* ever a bad boy?"

Well, he himself acknowledged that he was; and by the time you have read one of the stories he told about his youthful days, you will hardly doubt that he had a pretty strong claim to the title.

In the first place, however, it should be made clear why St. Ephrem told these stories of his early wickedness. It was simply through humility. On his way home from Cæsarea, where St. Basil had highly honored him, and ordained him priest, he began to think of the great dignity which had been conferred upon him; and reflected that a supreme honor, such as the priesthood, should be the reward of virtues heroically practised.

In consequence, while travelling back to Mesopotamia, he turned over in his mind the best way of humbling himself more than ever. As soon as he reached home, he gathered all his monks about him, and gave them a very genuine proof of his humility, by telling them the history of his life and how he came to be a monk. The story was written down afterward by those who heard it from his own lips; so our young folks may be perfectly satisfied that it is not a "made-up," but a true narrative.

"When I was young," it is thus St. Ephrem begins, "my conduct was very bad. I was hardly sixteen when I proved disobedient, stubborn, excessively fond of play, and at the same time prodigiously idle. My parents sent me one day on an errand to a town at some distance from the city in which we lived. The way was long and lonely, and led through a large forest, frequented by wild beasts and occasionally infested by robbers. I knew the road very well, as I had been over it a number of times; and I did not generally loiter in the forest, for fear of encountering some danger. Despite my usual reluctance, however, to stay in the woods any longer than was necessary, I did loiter on this occasion, and simply in order to commit a crime.

"I had not gone more than a mile through the great trees when I saw a poor, scraggy little mare grazing quietly by the roadside. I knew the animal well enough; for I had frequently seen it on the streets of Edessa, carrying on its back the bundles of fagots by the sale of which its owner, an old man, supported himself.

"I did not like the old man—who, by the way, was very feeble,—though I had not the slightest reason for disliking him, as he had never injured me, and, for that matter, appeared to be quite peaceable and inoffensive. I knew, too, that his horse was his only means of support. But all this did not prevent a wicked thought from coming into my mind; nor, unfortunately, did it prevent me from acting on it.

"The ground was covered with stones. I filled my pockets with them, and running toward the mare, began to pelt her unmercifully. To escape the stones, she made her way slowly through the trees. I followed; and, becoming more and more furious as I proceeded, chased her into a glade, where, lame and bleeding from the wounds inflicted upon her, she fell panting to the ground, and lay there unable to rise. Instead of being moved to pity, I approached nearer and struck her again and again.

"That odious scene is still engraved on my memory. I see the poor wounded brute, her pitiful eyes regarding me with a last glance of reproach and sorrow; I hear the death-rattle, and the dry 'click' with which her limbs stiffened; and I behold myself when, all being over, I turned in fear of discovery from the glade and hurried on my way.

"Night was approaching when, on my return, I reached the spot where the mare had been grazing; and there I found her owner looking for her, and calling to her in almost despairing accents. When he saw me, he drew near, and, thinking that perhaps I had met the mare on the road, asked me, with tears in his eyes, whether I had seen her. And, instead of acknowl-

edging my crime, as I should have done, instead of answering civilly at least him who in fact was my victim, and whom I had completely ruined, I began to pour upon him a flood of coarse and most brutal reproaches, thus insulting the double majesty of his grief and his grey hairs."

Now, then, did I exaggerate in saying that St. Ephrem in his youth was a bad boy? For a young fellow of sixteen was not such conduct as this abominable; and would you not think that he gave more promise of eventually coming to the gallows than to the holy quiet of a monastery? That he did abandon his evil ways and become a holy servant of God is, as I said in the beginning, an exception to the general rule that bad boys make bad men. And if any of our young folks feel that perhaps they deserve to be called bad rather than good boys, this story of St. Ephrem should encourage them to reform. Just how Ephrem's reformation was brought about is an interesting story; but it will have to be left untold for the present, because it is growing late; and, as I like to retire early, I must say "Good-night!"

UNCLE AUSTIN.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XIII.

The Colvilles spent the next morning in Westminster Abbey. When they entered the venerable pile, Claire's first impression was one of disappointment, which was no doubt reflected in her face; for her father said:

"You must not expect to take in the Abbey all at once. It is in the form of an irregular cross; but the choir, or chancel, was moved down into the nave as early as the thirteenth century, to make room for

the new shrine and tombs in the Chapel of St. Edward. The modern organ also obstructs the view, so that one does not immediately realize the vastness of this medieval church; while the great number of monuments in the aisles make the place look overcrowded. One feels almost as if the illustrious dead had hardly left elbow room for the living. Gradually, however, the beauty of the architecture makes itself felt.

"Westminster Abbey is said to have been founded by Sebert in the sixth century. After the death of that prince the people relapsed into paganism; and the church which he had built was the object of the sacrilegious fury of the times, until the reign of Edward the Confessor, who erected upon its ruins a magnificent stone structure, of which traces may still be seen. The present building dates principally from the time of Henry III. Henry VII. further adorned it; but by the robberies of Henry VIII. and the ravages of the civil wars its ancient beauty was well-nigh destroyed. Finally, Parliament voted a certain sum of money for its restoration, and the work was completed by Sir Christopher Wren.

"Let us advance into the chancel. You see we have to go up several steps. The arrangement is the same as when the monks of Westminster chanted their Office within this spacious choir; but the present richly carved stalls, and the elaborate reredos, or screen, are modern. Here, where once stood the high altar, are the remains of a curious old mosaic pavement, brought from Rome by one of the medieval abbots. Now look up at the groined roof. From here you get an impressive view of the grand nave and the transepts. What a forest of lanceolate arches! Are you satisfied, Claire?"

"Oh, yes, father!" she replied with enthusiasm. "Certainly the English-Gothic is very, very beautiful!"

They looked into the Chapel of St.

Benedict, saw the tomb of Sebert; and then went on to the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, in the centre of which rises the shrine erected by Henry III. to receive the relics of the Saint at the time of his canonization.

"Why, this is a regular house in itself!" exclaimed Kathleen, as Mr. Colville led them up a winding stairway, where they could obtain a nearer view of the ancient sarcophagus.

"Here, my children," he said, seriously, "is the treasure of the Abbey. This hallowed spot was for ages the glory of England; here rests not only one of the best kings the world has ever known, but a great Saint, whom for centuries the Church has honored on her altars. Like a spark of revivifying fire amid the blackened embers on a hearthstone, is the reverence which the English people retain for their patron Saint. His shrine is still held in great veneration. Every year also, at the Feast of St. Edward, regularly organized Catholic pilgrimages flock hither,—pilgrimages which the dean and chapter expect as a matter of course, and for which they make provision. Let us, then, pray here to St. Edward to reclaim from heresy this land over which he once ruled, as in his day he reclaimed it from paganism; and let us ask of him, who became a saint although he reigned upon a throne of state, to help us to be faithful to God, and not to forget our duties amid the glamour of the world."

"And what is this other tomb?" asked Alicia, turning to one near by when their devotions were over.

"There lies Editha, the wife and Queen of St. Edward," replied Mr. Colville. "The old chronicles tell us that she was beautiful, learned, and most gently courteous. Moreover, that she possessed rare skill in needlework, and wrought with her own dainty hands the magnificent embroidered robes which the King wore on his collar days."

This term amused Joe mightily. But his father explained that in those times the king's collar was a grand affair of gold and gems, worn principally on state or formal occasions.

"You will be interested in a description which a schoolboy of that age gives of her," continued Mr. Colville. "His name was Ingalphus. I will read the extract from this book which I brought with me. Here is what he says:

"Frequently have I seen her, when I used to visit my father who was employed about the court. And often when I met her as I was coming from school did she question me about my studies and my verses, and would catch me with the subtle threads of her arguments. She would always present me with three or four pieces of money, which were counted out to me by her handmaiden; and then send me to the royal larder to refresh myself."

"Well, well! Evidently in those days boys liked 'a slice of something nice' just as much as they do now!" said Alicia.

"Yes, and girls too, I'll bet!" said Joe.

"Of course there must have been no end of plum-cakes and all sorts of good things in the royal larder," added Kathleen. "I think she must have been a very kind Queen."

"And she understood that a fellow finds it useful to have a little silver in his pocket; didn't she, Joe?" said Claire.

"Yes. But I suspect Ingalphus—or whatever he was called—would as soon she'd omit those questions about the lessons," said Joe. "Still, they must have been easier than nowadays. There hadn't been so much history, for instance; and so of course there wasn't so much to learn. Now schoolboys have the events of six or seven hundred years more to cram into their heads."

"Oh, do be careful, Joe, or there'll be no room left for the brains!" laughed Alicia, satirically.

"Anyhow, I think Queen Editha must

have been a lovely lady," reiterated Kathleen:

"She was a consort worthy of the King and Saint," said Mr. Colville. "Near her is buried Matilda, wife of Henry I. and daughter of Malcolm, King of Scots. This Queen, every day in Lent, used to walk barefoot from her palace to the Abbey, wearing a robe of haircloth. She would wash and kiss the feet of the poorest persons, and give them alms. She founded the Hospital of St. Giles. It is thought to have been in accordance with her wishes that she was buried without inscription or monument. A fragment of an old Latin verse says of her:

"Beauty ne'er made her vain, nor sceptres proud,
Nor titles taught to scorn the meaner crowd;
Supreme humility was awful grace,
And her chief charm a bashfulness of face."

"What a sweet portrait!" exclaimed Claire.

"Such were some of the queens of the Ages of Faith, my dear," said her father. "Now we come to the tomb of Henry III.; and at his feet is that of Eleanor—for whom Eleanor's Cross is named,—wife of the warrior King, Edward I. She was a Spanish princess. See engraven here the arms of Castile and Leon, and the vines and oak leaves of Ponthieu. Next is the chantry of Henry V., the gay Prince Hal of Shakespeare and the Victor of Agincourt."

"I suppose this is a life-size figure of the King lying on the slab," observed Joe. "But how curious, father! It has lost its head!"

"It is said to have been mutilated in the time of Cromwell," replied his father. "This effigy, although now almost as hard as stone, is of carved oak, and was originally covered with silver; the head was probably wrought entirely of the precious metal. Aloft you see suspended the helmet, shield and saddle used by the King at the battle of Agincourt. Farther along are the tombs of Edward III. and his wife,

Philippa of Hainault, with their effigies in bronze; and adjoining, those of Richard II. and his Queen."

"Oh, what are these queer old seats?" asked Alicia, calling the attention of the others to the two ancient thrones at the end of the chapel. "What in the world are they doing here?"

"Those are the Coronation Chairs," answered her father. "All the sovereigns of England from the time of Edward the Confessor have been crowned in Westminster Abbey. And all of them from the time of Edward I. have sat in the chair to the left during the ceremony. The other was made for the double coronation of William and Mary. The more ancient one, you observe, incloses a large and peculiar stone. This is the Stone of Scone, about which many traditions cluster. It is the trophy brought by Edward I. after his conquests in Scotland, and offered at the shrine of St. Edward. Upon it the kings of Scotland had been crowned from remote ages, so that the taking of it to England was like carrying away the heart of the kingdom. One legend claims that it was the stony pillow upon which Jacob slept when he saw the vision of angels; that, taken to Egypt by his countrymen, it was carried off by Pharaoh's daughter when she and her husband fled to Spain, was conveyed by a son of Milo the Scot to Tara in Ireland, and thence found its way to Scotland. Irish antiquarians maintain, however, that the stone on which their kings were crowned at Tara is still to be seen in the Green Isle. There is a much greater probability in the tradition that the Stone of Scone is that upon which the head of the dying St. Columbkille was pillowed in Iona. At any rate, it is very ancient, and as treasured as the crown-jewels and the regalia. At a coronation ceremony these chairs are covered with cloth of gold and placed in the centre of the chancel, behind which they now stand, surrounded by the monarchs whose

tombs we have seen, and who seem to guard them even in death."

"Well," remarked Joe, "I never cared to learn history out of a book; but I believe I could get 100 per cent. every month if I could always study it this way. I find it very interesting."

"Yes," said Claire; "for now we fully realize that the heroes we have read about actually lived. To think of our standing before the resting-place of the Victor of Agincourt, for instance! One can scarcely realize it."

"We have not yet seen all the royal tombs," said Mr. Colville. "Now we come to the ancient Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, rebuilt and rededicated to Our Lady by Henry VII. See the heraldic emblems upon the brass gates, the portcullis and crown, and the *fleur-de-lis* of France,—you remember that for centuries the Norman kings claimed that realm also. Here, too, the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster are typified by roses entwined in a crown."

Entering the chapel, they saw in the centre the splendid tomb and effigies of Henry VII. and his Queen, and around them several others.

"Look! look!" cried Kathleen, stopping before an exquisite marble cradle, in which lay the figure of a pretty sleeping baby. "What a sweet little creature!"

"Many persons consider this the most beautiful effigy in the Abbey," said Mr. Colville. "It was placed here in memory of an infant daughter of James I. Here, too, is something which will interest you," he continued, indicating an altar-like structure against the end wall. "Here rest the two little princes murdered in the Tower; you know the tale."

"Oh, yes!" answered Kathleen. "You told it to me as the true version of the story of the Babes in the Woods, over which I used to cry myself to sleep."

"The inscription is in Latin. I should like very much to hear it. Joe, can't

you read it for us?" suggested Alicia.

The boy studied it for a moment, and, with some assistance from his father, made it out as follows:

"Here lie the relics of Edward V., King of England; and Richard, Duke of York, who, being immured in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard the Usurper. Their bones, after being hidden one hundred and ninety-one years amid the rubbish of the stairs, were finally discovered; and Charles II., pitying the sad fate of these unfortunate princes, had them laid here with their ancestors."

"What is this grand tomb in the centre of the aisle?" asked Claire. "And who is this imperious woman lying in marble state, with a proud, relentless face, an enormous ruff, and robes in which one can almost see the richness of old brocade?"

"Who but the haughty Queen Elizabeth?" replied her father.

"From the epitaph one would imagine her to have been a model of all the virtues," she continued, reading the long panegyric.

"She and her half-sister, Queen Mary, are buried in the same tomb,—a satirical arrangement, since they never got on well together during life," said Mr. Colville. "On the other side we shall see the tomb of the only being whom the mighty Elizabeth feared, the royal victim of her hatred."

Mr. Colville led the way to the south aisle, and, pointing to a monument in a corresponding position, said:

"Here at last the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots sleeps tranquilly, secure from the machinations of her enemies."

Silent and awed, the young people tarried long before the magnificent memorial which James I., although rather tardy in his duty, erected to his mother. There lies in effigy the lovely and long-suffering Queen, regal and grand, with a noble

serenity of countenance, the calm brow shaded by her coif, and the fashion of her robes such as is shown in her well-known portraits.

"How wonderful to realize that this is indeed the grave of Mary Stuart!" exclaimed Alicia.

"Yes," responded Mr. Colville. "After having been driven from her kingdom by the feuds of her fierce nobles, and deprived of liberty and finally of life by the jealousy of Elizabeth, she has been accorded her place here among the sovereigns of the realm, to which she had a claim which made her, although alone and friendless, a source of terror to her rival on the throne. Here she lies, the ancestress of the most unfortunate dynasty of England. At the end of this aisle the Kings Charles II. and William III. are buried; also Mary II. and Queen Anne; while around are royal dukes, princes and princesses almost without number."

"Kings and queens, kings and queens!" murmured Kathleen half to herself. "And they all died and were buried just like other people!"

"Ah, my little girl," said her father, "that busy brain of yours has hit upon a very wise reflection! Here we see the end of all worldly greatness. Westminster Abbey is a Temple of Fame—a grand monument to the splendor of the nation. Within its walls sleep a long and illustrious line of sovereigns; here repose mighty warriors, whose brave deeds and brilliant victories illumine the pages of history; here rest the men of genius, the pre-eminently great, who have benefited not only their country but the civilized world. All the power, the magnificence, the treasures of a great Empire, the foundations of which were laid a thousand years ago, are typified here; and yet the words which seem to ring in our ears as we wander amid these memorials are: 'This is the end of it all!'"

(To be continued.)

Moustache.

A French dog, and a poodle dog at that, was once honored for bravery on the field of battle, just as if he had been a real soldier. At Marengo and Jena he was present, appearing to understand why such extraordinary events were taking place. Once it was his privilege to detect a spy, and several times he saved a life; but it was at Austerlitz that Moustache performed his most remarkable act of valor, and his reputation rests principally on this one brave deed. He actually seized the enemy's colors and bore them in triumph to the French ranks.

"He is a hero, and he shall be rewarded like one!" exclaimed the astonished and delighted Marshal Lannes when he heard the story. And asking to have Moustache brought to him, he thanked him in the name of France, and then, with much formality, stooped and fastened about his neck that for which men have gladly risked their lives—the Cross of the Legion of Honor!

Don't you think Moustache deserves to have his name mentioned when the roll of honor is called? He was certainly a dog among dogs, the noblest poodle that ever lived.

What He was Up To.

BY L. W. REILLY.

WHEN Raymond—aged three—is one hour still,
He's up to some mischief sure;
And for his habit of cutting up pranks
There appears to be no cure.

The house was quiet for quite a while
At the close of yesterday;
So his mother called from the head of the stairs,
Saying, "What are you up to, Ray?"

Then quick from the pantry came the voice
Of the roguish little elf,
And noise of a spoon in a jar, as he said:
"I'm up to the sweetmeat shelf!"



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 8, 1893.

No. 14.

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

Stay with Us, Lord!

Our Lady of Lourdes amongst Turks.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

STAY with us, Lord; for it is growing late!
Thus the disciples to the Master said,
Before He blessed and broke for them the
Bread,
And vanished from their view the while they
ate.

The swift years lapse, nor have we long to wait
For the sure summons that will sound some
day,

And bid us hence to other spheres away,—
Stay with us, Lord; for it is growing late!

The shadows lengthen as our days abate;
And, though the path still stretches on
before,

We need Thy guidance each day more and
more,—
Stay with us, Lord; for it is growing late!

Expose us not, then, to untoward fate,
Nor leave us till, all perils safely past,
Our journey ends in Paradise at last,—
Stay with us, Lord; for it is growing late!

A MAN is not always irresponsible for his opinions; for he may hold erroneous opinions because he has not desired or sought diligently for the truth, which, with a proper exercise of his faculties, he might have found.—*Dr. Brownson.*



WITHIN the last few years the prodigies wrought by Our Lady of Lourdes, at a new shrine in Constantinople, have been mentioned in various journals. It was stated that the Blessed Virgin worked miracles not only for Catholics, but for schismatics and even for Mussulmans.

Without calling in question the good faith of the narrators, it must be confessed that this intelligence surprised us exceedingly. Our doubts upon the subject have been entirely dispelled, however, by fuller information received. The touching recital of what actually occurred could not fail to carry conviction. The facts here related were communicated to the editor of the *Messenger Canadien du Sacré Cœur*, by a venerable religious who passed many years in Constantinople, and was directly concerned in the events which we are about to relate.

The shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, situated at the extremity of Constantinople, or rather Pera, the new European part of the town, is in charge of the Georgian Fathers, so called from their native place, Georgia, a Russian province. It is well, in the first place, to give some account of

their community, so intimately connected as it is with the history of the sanctuary.

Five devout and fervent young men were in the habit of meeting frequently for common prayer and the exchange of pious sentiments and holy aspirations. They assembled in secret, because of the persecutions to which Catholics were exposed in Russia. One day they came to the conclusion that God desired them to do something toward the conversion of their country. In this they were of one mind and one heart; but how were they to proceed? They had made no studies; and before they could dream of the apostolate, they would have to become priests. Naturally they turned their thoughts toward France; for the influence of her male and female missionaries was very great in the East. They embarked for Marseilles, and proceeded to the Jesuit College, where they presented a letter of introduction which they had obtained from a bishop before leaving, and explained the apostolic object of their journey.

The superior received them kindly, and kept them a few days until he had observed them a little. Finding them modest, serious and devout, he began to believe that Providence might have special designs with regard to these young men. He gave them a letter of introduction, and directed them to the college of his Order at Montauban. They were admitted gratuitously, and, after the preliminary studies, donned the clerical dress, and were passed on to the Grand Seminary, likewise directed by the Society of Jesus.

After ten or twelve years' study, they were ordained priests, and at once began to think of returning to their own country. Before their departure they made a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Lourdes. They were so edified and so astonished by all they saw that the idea occurred to them of having a Chapel of Lourdes in their own country. The Jesuit Fathers bought them a statue of the Blessed Virgin

like that which they had venerated, and paid their passage back to Constantinople. There could be no question of going to Georgia for the time being. Arrived at Constantinople, the Jesuits enabled them to procure the property on which stands their chapel and the humble convent. These pious ecclesiastics then formed themselves into a community, built their chapel, and placed therein the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes. Soon the people began to pray before it, and signal graces were obtained there; then multitudes flocked thither from all parts. A striking manifestation of Our Lady's power, which gave great impetus to the pilgrimages, was made in favor of a Mussulman.

In Turkey the State asylums, hospitals, and orphan asylums are placed under the care of the Sisters of Charity. The greatest respect is shown there for these Catholic religious, and they are regarded almost as supernatural beings on account of their great devotedness. "They are not beings like us," say the Greeks and Mussulmans.

In one of the insane asylums was confined a maniac, a Mahometan Turk by religion. He was six feet high and of herculean strength, so that in his paroxysms, which were frequent, it was almost impossible to control him. Manacles had to be put upon his arms of such weight that an ordinary man could scarcely lift them. In their charitable compassion, the Sisters determined to try and obtain from Heaven his cure. They began to pray, and cause prayers to be said for him; to *Sitti Mariam*, the Turkish name for the Blessed Virgin. The maniac was brought to the Chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes, and made to kneel beside the Sisters, at the foot of the statue, where he was told to pray to *Sitti Mariam* and ask for his cure. After a few minutes' prayer, the man began to look at his manacles, and asked in a low voice and in Turkish: "But why am I fettered? I am not a criminal. Take off these chains."

The Sisters asked him some questions, and he answered in so rational a manner that they saw he was cured. However, being unwilling to take so grave a responsibility upon themselves, they sent for the doctor, who, in his turn, questioned him. "The man is perfectly cured," he pronounced; "you may remove his fetters."

This cure made a great stir in Constantinople; and pilgrimages to the shrine, of Catholics, schismatics, and even of Mussulmans, though private, became very numerous. The manacles of the poor maniac were hung as an *ex-voto* in the Chapel of Mary, and soon other tokens of gratitude for favors obtained were added. The Blessed Virgin dispensed her favors liberally, without regard to the religion of those who asked her help. The people seemed to have entered upon the way of conversion; and the Divine Goodness appeared inclined to dispel their prejudices by temporal blessings, and thus gradually dispose them to receive the Catholic faith.

The Greek schismatic bishops, the Protestants of those countries, took alarm at the news that their people were flocking in crowds to the Catholic church. They met in synod to devise some means of arresting this movement toward our holy religion, and they launched a decree of excommunication against all who had recourse to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. But with the quick instinct of their race, the people answered: "The Blessed Virgin of the Catholics is not, then, the same as ours, since we are forbidden to go there. And yet theirs must be the real one; for she works miracles." The bishops had nothing more to say, and they let their excommunication drop. So the people continued to flock to the sanctuary.

About this time a niece of Osman Pasha, the celebrated hero of Plevna, fell dangerously ill. Her life was despaired of, and the physicians told her uncle that there was no hope. As the prince was

deeply attached to this child, he was exceedingly grieved; and, having made the sacrifice of her life, he forbade her name to be mentioned in his presence, lest it should reawaken his sorrow.

The Sisters of Charity, hearing all this, went to the palace and asked to see the child. The esteem in which they were held by the Sultan, the princes, and the whole Turkish court, was such that the severest rules of court etiquette were relaxed in their behalf. They came and went without passport or other formality. They had only to present themselves in order to obtain an audience. They asked the child if she desired to be cured. She answered emphatically, "Yes"; and the Sisters said to her: "You must pray then to *Sitti Mariam*, the Mother of Issa [Jesus Christ]; she works miracles, and may perform one in your favor."

The sick child consented to do all that she was told. She was given some of the Water of Lourdes, and a lamp was burned constantly for her in the chapel of the Georgian Fathers. The Sisters went to see her every day and made her say the prayers. On the third or fourth day the child asked the Sisters to let her get up and eat, saying that she felt well and was hungry. The doctor was summoned, and carefully examined her. "She is, indeed, perfectly well!" he exclaimed. "Let her get up, and give her whatever she asks for." The child got up, perfectly cured.

The Sisters then asked to see Osman Pasha, and were granted an immediate audience.

"Your Excellency," said they, "we have heard how deeply you have grieved over the trial that has been sent to you."

"Yes," said His Excellency; "and having made the sacrifice of that child, I have forbidden the subject to be mentioned before me."

"We desire to respect your sorrow," said the Sisters. "But you have, no doubt, heard of *Sitti Mariam*, who works miracles

for Mussulmans as well as for Catholics?"

"Yes," answered the Pasha. "I have heard of the maniac who was cured in your chapel at Pera."

"Well," said the Sisters, "*Sitti Mariam* has been pleased to do something for your Excellency. If you will deign to follow us to the *salon*, we shall have pleasure in letting you see with your own eyes what *Sitti Mariam* has obtained for you from Issa."

The doors of the grand *salon* were thrown open as they approached; and the child, well and happy, ran to throw herself into the arms of her uncle, who embraced her, weeping for joy.

"Ask me whatever you will," cried Osman Pasha, turning to the Sisters, "and I shall grant it!"

Before formulating their demand, the Sisters consulted the Jesuit Fathers, who, in turn, communicated with the Papal Nuncio. It was decided not to ask any favors for hospitals or asylums, as the Sisters could obtain all that was required for these works from the Turkish Government. A favor was asked instead, which could be turned to the honor of our holy religion.

As Osman Pasha was Minister of War, and, since his intrepid defence of Plevna, the most influential person in Turkey, he was all-powerful, and they could ask without fear of being refused. Having assured themselves that the thing was practicable, it was resolved to ask permission for the holding of a public and solemn procession to the Chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes, in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin. The Sisters were to obtain from Osman Pasha all that was necessary for such an undertaking. They waited upon the great man with their request, adding that it would be well to have some military present, both to add to the effect of the procession, and, if necessary, to keep order.

"Very well. How many regiments will you require?" was Osman Pasha's reply.

"About fifty cavalry and as many foot."

"I can not myself join in the demonstration," continued the prince, "because of my position. But some people from the court will be there, with my niece who was cured."

On the appointed day, such a procession as that which frequently takes place at Lourdes in France, with banners, hymns, and various ceremonies, set out toward the chapel of the miraculous Virgin. A statue of Our Lady of Lourdes was carried in triumph, and deposited successively on fifteen repositories, arranged for the purpose, along the streets of Constantinople and of Pera, through which the procession passed. The Papal Nuncio claimed the honor of heading the procession. Next followed the Bishop, his clergy, all the religious communities of the town, and several carriages from the court, in one of which appeared the young girl, who had been cured by the Blessed Virgin.

The Mussulman cavalry, under arms, headed the procession, and formed a guard of honor for the statue of Mary. The infantry formed a line on either side of the cavalcade, in which were included thirty thousand persons at least, of all religions and of all shades of belief. The ceremony lasted some three hours; but everything passed off with the most perfect order, deep respect, and even piety. "There was something so touching in such a demonstration in honor of our holy religion in an infidel country," said the religious whose narration we have followed, "that we found it impossible to restrain our tears."

So merciful and full of help is our Blessed Mother! She has performed still greater miracles in that country for Catholics, but naturally they have not attracted so much attention.

THE spring came suddenly, bursting upon the world as a child bursts into a room, with a laugh and a shout, and hands full of flowers.—*Longfellow.*

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIII.—BY THE RIVER.

IT must be admitted that Miss Alicia McGoggin looked at Edward Conway with new interest. She was not displeased to suspect that he was the cause of a quarrel between the Rev. Giles Carton and Bernice. Mrs. Van Krupper had dropped into the McGoggins' in the afternoon, to borrow some Florida water, and to whisper her suspicion that there was some trouble which could not be reached by ministrations and Florida water. She had hinted at religious doubts; and Alicia, who had heard Bernice talk on the subject, jumped to the conclusion that she did not wholly accept Giles' claim to Holy Orders. But Alicia now preferred to believe that Edward Conway's appearance had something to do with Giles' absence from the dinner. Alicia knew that there was one heart, at least, which would hold to Holy Orders as long as Giles held to them and no longer. She was sure, too, that she could believe in anything Giles believed. She began to hope that the time would come when another—not Bernice Conway—might have a right to embroider vestments and adorn the Chapel of St. Genevieve-of-Paris,—the right of proprietorship in the chapel and in the chaplain.

There are those, inexperienced in the subtle workings of the human mind, who imagine that secrets must be told by the voice or the pen to be known. Now, no word had been said about the difference between Bernice and Giles, and yet half a dozen people had already begun to set their thoughts going about it.

The Major followed the English custom; so the men lingered for a time at the table, while the women went into the drawing-room. Colonel Carton was unusu-

ally silent. He eyed Conway furtively and chewed the end of his cigar. The Major told several army stories, and Frank Catherwood described a new house he was about to build, regardless of expense.

The hour dragged. Conway wished himself in his room; and he wondered why he had not confined himself to business,—why he had not been content with having his father's signature verified, instead of entering into social relations with the Major. His cheeks glowed as he thought of the episode which had occurred like a flash. And, as with most men of his age, the blunder, of which he was entirely guiltless, affected him as if it were a crime. Still, as he went over in his mind the details of it for his letter to Margaret, he could not help seeing the humor. Lady Tyrrell's calm assurance that she was doing the right thing, and her admirable coolness after the wrong thing had been done, made him smile even while he was feverish from wounded sensitiveness.

In the drawing-room, Lady Tyrrell sailed over to Bernice with amazing dignity. Bernice clung to Miss Winslow, who was seated near her on a sofa.

"Oh, do tell me more about that wonderful art chapter in your 'Blossoms of Buddhism,' on the acanthus and the lotus!" Bernice said, in desperation, taking the hand of the author, and determining not to be separated from her.

Miss Zenobia settled her long yellow gown, and murmured: "*Om mani, padme, om!* Excuse me, Bernice!" she added. "I always make that invocation when I speak of the great Lord Buddha."

Bernice, knowing that Lady Tyrrell had only stopped for a moment to jab at the already battered pedigree of the Lamaurices (poor Mrs. Lamaurice could never think of an answer when attacked), held on desperately to the conversation.

"What is the meaning of the invocation?" she asked, hoping that the mystical Miss Winslow would begin to talk. In

that case, once started, she might defy even Lady Tyrrell to interrupt the steady stream.

"I do not know," answered Miss Winslow. "Nobody knows. The invocation is occult. Some translate it, 'O jewel in the lotus!' referring to the belief that the Saint Avalokiteswara was born from a lotus."

"A what?" asked Lady Tyrrell, sitting in the chair opposite the two, and raising her eye-glass.

"A lotus, ma'am," said Miss Winslow. "I am just explaining to Miss Conway the sacred invocation, the only prayer we followers of Lord Buddha use. She was kind enough to ask some questions about my humble little volume, 'Blossoms of Buddhism,' and I was about to answer them."

"Did you write *that*?" asked Lady Tyrrell, glaring with one eye through the terrible *lorgnette*. "I dipped into it,—found it among a lot of queer books which an outrageous old hag, Madam Blavatsky, sent to a friend of mine."

"I am supposed to have inherited some of Madam Blavatsky's occult powers, ma'am," said Miss Winslow; "and I can not hear the name of that august woman spoken of thus. She is now on her way to Nirvâna."

"Umph!" Lady Tyrrell said. "I don't know where Nirvâna is, but I know"—and she pointed downward—"where it *ought* to be."

"Lady Tyrrell," exclaimed Miss Winslow, "do you thus insult the mystery of the ages—the religion of millions of people?"

"Nice people they are!" said Lady Tyrrell. "You can't whitewash Buddhism, my dear; we people who have cousins and uncles and brothers in India know too much about it. It may do for Americans, who don't know better, and whose eyes you can shut up on all matters except where the almighty dollar is concerned; but *I* know it's a sham, and *you* know it's

a sham. If you were dying, Miss Winslow, would you mutter: '*Om mani, padme, om*'? Not a bit of it! You'd howl out for some Christian to help you. Sir Edwin Arnold has varnished the nasty, worm-eaten, old fabric; and people who don't want a religion that will keep 'em from the sins they have a mind to, have taken hold of this awful jumble of lies and selfishness. Don't frown at me! I am not afraid of your Dharma or your Karma; but I've been in India with my husband, who was a soldier, and I know what degradation your Buddhism brings."

"You must excuse me," Miss Winslow said, in a trembling voice. "I can not hear such blasphemies."

Lady Tyrrell laughed.

"I'm a plain-spoken old woman, and what I know I *know*! I don't admire Bernice's Ritualism much: it isn't Protestant; and I can't tolerate Romanism; but any sort of Christianity, whether you put it in swaddling-clothes or not, is better than this vile fad, which has neither sense nor sincerity in it."

Miss Winslow rose.

"I must go," she said. She walked across to the window and looked out at the moonlight, as one forlorn and dejected.

"Now, Bernice," said Lady Tyrrell, "I want to talk to *you*."

Bernice sank into the corner of the sofa, and made a mute appeal with her eyes to old Mrs. Lamaurice, who knew better than to approach.

"What's the meaning of this? Your father writes to me of your engagement to Mr. Carton; he speaks about a dinner to be given in honor of the event. I am charmed. I am about to cable at great expense, and you know my income is small. I take a steamer; I appear, to congratulate the groom and wish the bride happiness; I take the place of your dear mother—and I find that there is no prospective groom; or, rather, that you have changed your mind and fixed your

affections on another young man, and a Romanist, Miss McGoggin tells me!"

"This is outrageous, Lady Tyrrell!" said Bernice. "You have no right to talk to me in this way. It happened that Mr. Carton could not appear at dinner; and that Mr. Conway, Raymond Conway's son, came suddenly this morning, and was asked to dinner."

Lady Tyrrell's eyes twinkled.

"I may have made a mistake," she said; "but it was only a natural one. You people in America change your minds so often after marriage, that I thought you had determined to be on the safer side, and divorce your *fiancé* for another before the ceremony. Come, Bernice," she added, as the girl stood up, disgusted and offended, "I must know the truth. Are you going to marry Giles Carton?"

Bernice was silent; she tried to edge away from Lady Tyrrell, who, however, caught her hand tightly.

"You had better see Mr. Carton himself."

"I have no right to ask Mr. Carton such a question. If there has been any jilting in this affair, the man is not the one to blame. Men in America seldom are. If you've dropped him for any silly reason, I want you to reflect on the consequences. The Major is involved. He is immensely in debt to Colonel Carton, and the Colonel loves his son too well to endure a slight from the daughter of a man who has offended him more than once. If this new young man—"

"Lady Tyrrell,—you are,—you are impertinent!" cried Bernice.

"Perhaps so; but I want to know just why Giles Carton was not here to-night."

Bernice tried to pull her hand away, but Lady Tyrrell held it fast.

"I have a right to know. Your mother is not here: I am your legitimate confidante. It is a serious matter. I know from your letters you liked him. He is in every way suitable. If you refuse to speak, I shall conclude that a sudden fancy for this

cousin of yours has induced you to send Giles away."

Bernice's face flamed; Lady Tyrrell held her hand.

"I don't want to make a scene before all these people—"

"There is no scene, Bernice. Here we are behind this absurd screen of palms, talking in a low voice; and I am as cool as a cucumber. I *must* know; if you have jilted Giles Carton, it will mean ruin to your father. If he has jilted you, it's a different matter."

"Mr. Carton is the soul of honor. He can tell you of the cause of our disagreement, if he will; I can not. It has, however, parted us forever. Mr. Conway's coming here has had nothing to do with it,—nothing!"

"I did not think it had," said Lady Tyrrell, releasing Bernice's hand. "But I knew that the best way to get at the truth was to make you angry. You are a silly girl. You must make up with Giles, if he is the soul of honor. You won't find many men of that sort who are rich enough to give you decent settlements. Faith, you won't!"

"The cause of our difference lies too deep for any words," said Bernice. "You couldn't understand my feelings about this matter even if you tried to analyze them. As for papa's being ruined, you know he is always being ruined. Why, every new gown that Elaine got was the beginning of ruin, and we were always threatened with the alms-house for the whole month of January when the bills came in. Besides, I should rather work for papa all my life than marry any man for a mere material consideration."

Lady Tyrrell smiled.

"I fancy you in the act of working your fingers to the bone to keep the Major's riding-horse and the supply of Amontillado and other little things he needs. In our class, material considerations must come first. The poor can ignore them, we can't."

Bernice held up her head, and remarked:

"I must talk to Elaine. Young Van Krupper is becoming a great bore to her."

Lady Tyrrell let her escape. "The American girl," she thought, "is badly brought up. I'll catch the Colonel and try to smooth things,—oh, here he comes!"

The men had entered the room. Lady Tyrrell made for the Colonel at once.

"Where's Major Conway?" she asked of young Van Krupper.

"He always takes a walk and a smoke after dinner. He has gone down to the river. The Major would not be himself without his half-hour walk."

Colonel Carton, who stood in front of the grate, looked up suddenly.

"I want to talk to you, Colonel," Lady Tyrrell said.

"Pardon me!" he answered, quickly.

"I must see Major Conway on business for a minute, and this is my chance."

He raised the curtain of the doorway and went out into the hall.

"A suspicious man!" thought Lady Tyrrell. "He'll have it out with the Major without knowing the circumstances, and they'll both lose their tempers. I'd insist on going with him if it wasn't for the rheumatism. Bernice!" she said aloud.

But that young lady had escaped with Mr. McGoggin.

Three-quarters of an hour later Lady Tyrrell managed to seize Bernice, as she was saying good-bye to one of the guests.

"Your father has been away long enough from his guests. Why, nearly everybody has actually gone! It's time he came back. Go look for him, Bernice. It's actually shameful!"

"Oh, people don't mind papa!" Bernice answered.

"Go!" Lady Tyrrell repeated.

"I shall be glad to go with you," said Conway, who was near.

"Very well," Bernice said, indifferently.

"But I don't mind running down to the bank alone. You Southerners are so polite!

If you will, suppose you go and bring him back? I'll have to hunt up my rubbers, which is a bore."

"I didn't remember that," said Lady Tyrrell. "It *is* damp, and an evening gown is so easily spoiled. Suppose you do go, Mr. Conway?"

Conway bowed, threw on his overcoat, and with a few steps reached the bank. The oak grove was weird in the moonlight, which seemed to make the silence more silent. He thought he heard a voice calling out. He quickened his pace, and ran against James Ward, who stood in the shadow of the outer row of oaks, panting, breathless. He had hardly turned to go forward when Colonel Carton joined him.

"Ward," he said, "he is down! I am afraid I have killed him!"

Ward made a muffled sound.

"Where is the Major, Colonel Carton?" asked Conway, to whom this had no meaning. "I am looking for him."

The Colonel, who was white and trembling, did not answer. Ward raised his eyes.

"He has fallen from the bank, I fear," he said, distinctly.

(To be continued.)

A CAREFUL observer of the manners of the day will note the besetting *vanity* that prevails in all "talk." Everyone is busy "blowing his own trumpet," as it is called, retailing or boasting how cleverly he managed this and that; how he had the advantage in the transaction; how he was at particular parties, etc. Even pious persons engaged in religious work will be heard expounding to obsequious hearers the tale of their labors, asking praise for the wonderful sagacity they have shown, etc. This is hardly the note of true piety. Nothing, too, is more repulsive in modern society than the satisfaction with oneself, the air of complacency and superiority to others, which so many persons exhibit. — "*The Layman's Day.*"

At Midnight Near the Sea.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THE nightingale sings in the bough,
 On the ragged forest edge;
 The croaking frogs in the pool
 Cry out from the osier sedge.

The pale moon sinks in a cloud,
 Behind San Marco's crest;
 The stars, through a dull gray shroud,
 Shine dim in the hazy west.

The owls in the Mission tower
 Whoop wildly round and round;
 But the bell chimes forth no hour—
 Broken it lies on the ground.

The breeze comes in from the sea,
 The midnight air is cold;
 The waves boom over the sands,
 Their voice is loud and bold.

The bird will fold its wings,
 And the peopled pool be still,
 And the moon and stars go down,
 And the dawn mount over the hill.

The day will fade as it came,
 But the haunting song of the sea
 Is ever and ever the same,
 And ever and ever will be.

A Marquis of the Old Régime.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

II.

THE next few years were calm and happy. The birth of four sons—Eugène, Victor, Camille, and Sylvain—crowned the wedded happiness of Henry Costa. But as the number of his children increased, and age and infirmities began to press heavily on the old Marquis, life in common became more difficult; and Henry, with his wife and children, finally removed to Beauregard, a property belonging to the family, near the Lake of Geneva.

Within sight of the snowy Alps, and with the blue waters of the Lake almost bathing its walls, Beauregard soon became very dear to Henry and his boys. The latter shared all their father's pursuits and interests; and even at this period there existed between our hero and his oldest son Eugène a bond of unusually tender love. Writing to his wife, who was absent, Henry describes how his boys used to greet him on his return home. "I found my little men running to meet me as fast as their legs could carry them, and their shouts of joy went to my heart. You can not realize how they miss you. You are in truth the soul of our tribe."

The four children shared their father's life completely, and he strove to give them a part in his occupations, and above all in his works of charity. A poor woman was lying ill in a solitary mill near Beauregard. Henry started off to see her, accompanied as usual by his boys. "I walked first," he writes; "and, being the least awkward of the party, it was I who carried a tureen of broth; Eugène followed with a bottle of wine; Victor came next with a big loaf on his head; then Camille with a piece of sugar."

When his children grew older, Henry and his wife removed to Geneva for part of the year. They were thus able, without completely abandoning their beloved home, to give their boys the advantages of first-rate teachers.

Although the Marquis Costa loved all his children very dearly, Eugène was more particularly his pride and his delight. We have already noticed the close intimacy that existed between father and son. Like many of those whom God calls to Himself in their youth, the lad was mature beyond his years; and his noble character and thoughtful mind excited his father's astonishment and admiration. In a letter to his wife, the Marquis relates how the boy, already full of quaint and noble fancies, asked his permission to enter the army.

Henry and his children had been reading together, with much enjoyment, how the old Chevalier Bayard had called his four sons around him, and questioned each one in particular as to the career he desired to embrace. The book delighted Eugène: he read it day and night. And one day he and his three brothers appeared, dressed in top-boots, old gauntlets, and paper helmets, before their father, who, entering into the humor of the situation, composed his countenance and listened with due gravity to Eugène's discourse. With unwonted seriousness, the boy recited the words that the Knight "without reproach and without fear" addressed to his father: "I intend, if it pleases you, my lord father, to embrace the career which you and my ancestors have followed before me; and, with the help of God, I will not disgrace you." After Eugène, Victor came forward and declared his intention of becoming a hunter; and the two little brothers respectively expressed the wish to be, the one a bishop, the other an abbot.

Their father began by treating the whole thing as a piece of childish fun; but something in Eugène's gravity and earnestness impressed him. He writes: "There was something serious about him that almost alarmed me. . . . Truly I admire how all that is noble appeals to the heart of our good child." In the sudden pang of fear that struck the poor father, there seems almost a presentiment of future troubles. The military career, to which Eugène aspired, was to cost the son his life and the father untold sorrow: But, true to his word, the boy did not disgrace his ancestors; and his youthful heroism shed fresh lustre on his ancient race.

According to his desire, Eugène immediately began his military studies. He passed his examinations successfully, and in December, 1789, his father proudly pinned his first epaulets to his uniform. Many years later, when recalling that memorable day, the Marquis thanked God

for having concealed the future from him. "Had I known it, would my courage have been up to the mark? . . . I can not now recall without a shudder the moment when with my own hands I marked my child for death."

The entrance of Eugène into the career where he was to play so brief yet so brilliant a part marked the close of his parents' happy days. The political horizon was dark and troubled; the revolutionary movement that was to convulse Europe had already begun in France; and if many generous spirits still believed in the advent of a reign of liberty and justice, more sagacious minds trembled at the evil passions that fermented under these specious appearances. To the latter class belonged Henry Costa's intimate friend, Count Joseph de Maistre, the famous historian and philosopher, one of the staunchest Christians and deepest thinkers of his age. With his keen vision, he anxiously watched the changes then impending in the political and social world; and he dreaded the advance of anarchy, disguised under the name of liberty.

Henry Costa, with his artistic temperament and generous heart, was, like many members of the old aristocracy, carried away by the seductive theories of justice, liberty, reform of abuses and abolition of privileges. He at first blamed his friend's gloomy forebodings, and eagerly hailed the changes and reforms that appeared to serve the cause of right and justice. By degrees, however, the scenes of blood that took place in Paris, the horrors and excesses of the Revolution, far more tyrannical and cruel than the so-called tyranny it professed to abolish, opened Henry's eyes, and from that day his hatred of the Revolution equalled the enthusiasm with which he had blindly hailed its approach. He felt that the reign of impiety and anarchy that was now established in Paris would inevitably, like a malignant disease, spread throughout Europe; and, in this impend-

ing overthrow of all he loved and honored, he turned with a despairing tenderness to his home affections, the sweetest and safest of any. Writing to his wife, who was absent, he says: "Come and enjoy with us the last hours that we may spend in happiness. I am still perfectly happy in you and in my little ones. . . . I live apart from the world, which is too sad; and I devote myself to keep my little companions cheerful and at work. They all make real progress; Eugène especially astonishes me. . . . He and I are inseparable."

By degrees, as was easy to foresee, the revolutionary spirit found an echo beyond the Alps; and in Savoy, as in France, the violence of its promoters was equalled only by the incomprehensible apathy of their opponents. The situation of the two countries was, however, very different. In France, the first demands for reforms in the political organization of the kingdom were, in a great measure, legitimate and reasonable; they were justified by many abuses that had, during a long course of years, crept into the government. It was not so in Savoy, where the princes of the royal house lived on almost familiar terms with their subjects; and where the poorest peasant could, merely by asking for it, obtain a long audience with his sovereign. If the government of these kind-hearted princes was sometimes deficient in energy, it was paternal and just, and the people were sincerely attached to their rulers.

But in times of grave political crises it needs more than a personal feeling of affection to defend a throne against the rising tide of revolution. Unused to the wild theories that came to them from France, neither the King nor his ministers realized the danger of the situation, and the warnings of Joseph de Maistre fell unheeded on their ears. Far from having recourse to measures of energy, they were satisfied with incomplete and ineffectual remedies, that encouraged the evil instead of checking it.

Worse was yet to come. In 1792 war broke out between France and the European powers, and the invasion of Savoy by the revolutionary armies soon followed. The King summoned his faithful subjects to the defence of their country. Although the subversive theories started in France had, in many instances, cooled the ancient loyalty of the people, in general they responded with great devotion to the appeal of their sovereign. "Our soldiers spend their last penny in having their swords sharpened," writes the Marquis Costa. He himself never hesitated to join the army, partly from patriotism, partly in order to follow Eugène, who, though only fourteen, held the rank of lieutenant in the "Légions des Campements."

The boy was full of ardor and enthusiasm; but his father judged rightly when he felt that the struggle about to begin was an unequal one, and that the forces of Savoy were no match for the overwhelming armies of the French Republic. The Legion had to be under arms on May 18, 1792, and the Marquise Costa busied herself with preparing all that was necessary for her husband and son. We are told that many times she stopped in her work and covered Eugène with tears and kisses.

Among the friends and relatives by whom he was surrounded, the lad's departure for the army was an interesting event; and when the fatal day dawned at last, the house and even the street was thronged with well-wishers, eager to bid adieu to the Marquis and his little son. The boy was slight and delicate-looking, and appeared younger than his years. He was not handsome; but his large blue eyes, so fearless and so innocent, redeemed his face from absolute plainness. Although moved by his mother's anguish and subdued by his father's gravity, he had the natural buoyancy of his fourteen years, and was very proud of his uniform, with its red facings, and white gaiters. His sword was hung to his side by a large bow of blue ribbon,

to which his poor mother had fastened a relic of St. Francis of Sales. Now that the parting had come, her passionate grief had changed into a dull, silent anguish; she held her boy in a close embrace, and the Marquis was obliged literally to tear him from her arms.

They started at last, accompanied by Comte, a faithful family servant, and followed by the good-wishes of the little group of friends assembled to bid them farewell. A few days afterward Henry writes to his wife: "I can never tell you what it cost me to leave you and to take our child from you. Your grief pursues me; but let us deem ourselves happy to suffer for God. In the troubled days in which we live, conscience is the only guide left to us. God saved Daniel from the lions' den; He can again to-day protect and reward His own."

Henry and his son were at first attached to General Lazary, whom they accompanied in various expeditions along the frontier. It was no easy task to organize the defence of Savoy against the terrible armies of France; and in his letters the Marquis lets us see that he had few illusions left as to the result of the struggle. He writes in June, 1792: "The mountains that surround us are full of passages by which the enemy, if he cares to do so, may cut off our communications, carry off our detachments, and do us all kinds of harm." And again in September: "I hear that our frontier has been violated: we are going to be attacked. . . . Our boy is admirable by his immovable calmness. Let us keep up our courage, my dearest! Soon we shall have nothing else left to us."

The dilatoriness and incapacity of the Piedmontese generals made Henry's blood boil. General Montesquion, who commanded the Republican troops, ably took advantage of their apathy, and entered Chambéry. The news of this important success spread terror and confusion throughout the country. The officers and men who remained

faithful to the King were obliged to beat a hasty retreat across the mountains, and the painful hardships of the journey were less than the sense of humiliation and defeat. "Our humiliation and sorrow have reached their farthest limit," writes the Marquis Costa to his wife. "Officers and soldiers are walking side by side in hopeless confusion; the rain falls in torrents, and the roads are almost impassable. In this hasty retreat, we have nearly all of us lost our luggage. I have, for my part, a tattered uniform, one shirt and one stocking left. . . . You have no idea, my dearest, of the sufferings we are enduring."

Henry's own sufferings were intensified by those of his son; but, at the same time, he was comforted and encouraged by the extraordinary intrepidity of the delicate-looking boy. "He is indeed a perfect creature," he writes; and the calmness, brightness and uncomplaining sweetness of his little companion made his own heart lighter as they walked together over the snowy mountain paths.

(To be continued.)

The Archbishop's Adventure.

WHILE a victim to the intrigues and calumnies of his enemies, expiating in a noble exile, one might say, the faults of others, Fénelon, regretted by all the court, but we doubt not thankful for a breathing-space, endeared himself to the people of Cambrai, among whom his lot was cast. He employed his time in instructing, consoling, and giving good example to his people, who flocked to the temple of God to hear and see him. The sound of his voice was enough to open the heart to good deeds.

Thus did he spend his profitable days,—profitable to himself, in that by the purity of his life he laid up treasures for heaven; profitable to others, because he taught

them to walk the straight and narrow way. When night came, he sought the retirement which was his due; and often, after the fatigues of a busy day, he would commune with Nature in a walk through the country or by the river-side; pausing from time to time to exchange a few words with some belated villager, and occasionally entering the cottages of the poor.

One evening, after a prolonged walk, he arrived on the confines of a small hamlet. From a hut which he knew to be inhabited by a poor family, he heard sounds of weeping. He knocked on the door with his stick. A woman opened it.

"O Heavens! it is Monseigneur himself!" she exclaimed, shrinking back.

"Why do you retire?" inquired the Archbishop. "You need have no fear of the shepherd, who seeks but to comfort his flock in affliction. I thought I heard some one weeping. What is the matter?"

So saying he entered the house, and seated himself upon a chair, which the woman first carefully wiped with her apron. The children, on whose faces he also perceived traces of tears, gathered about him fearlessly, in spite of the signs which their mother made not to approach too near.

"Do not check them," said the gentle prelate. "Let them come close. I love little children. But now, tell me, what is the matter? I shall certainly sympathize with you in your misfortune, and perhaps may be able to alleviate it."

"Pardon, Monseigneur!" replied the simple woman; "but in this case you can do nothing. We are mourning the loss of what was our all—our subsistence. Monseigneur, we had a cow—but one. Alas! she is lost. For two whole days we have not seen her—our poor Brunon!—although the children and I have searched everywhere. The wolves must have eaten her, and we perish with hunger."

"Why perish with hunger?" replied the Archbishop. "You could not have

eaten her,—she could not have been your only resource."

"Ah, Monseigneur, she was, she was indeed!" cried the children in chorus, while the mother continued:

"They speak truly, Monseigneur. When we had the milk of our good Brunon, we had something wherein to dip our bread, if we had it. When we had it not, there was still milk to drink."

The Archbishop smiled, but there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes as he said:

"Great as your misfortune is, my good people, it is not without remedy. Suppose Brunon should not be found, and I were to find you another cow equally good—one that you would prize perhaps as much as Brunon herself?"

Then the mother, planting herself sturdily in front of the Archbishop, said:

"Monseigneur, never could another cow take the place of Brunon in this household. We bought her when a young calf, with hard-earned money, saved *sou* by *sou*. She was our first cow; before that time we drank only water. Proudly did we hold up our heads the day we tasted of her rich, creamy milk for the first time. The children loved her, she loved them in her own way,—the way of animals, it is true; but she seemed almost human, the dear creature! Accustomed to us, she knew all our habits, and we hers. When we spoke to her, she would answer in her simple language—by a glance of the eye, or a turn of the foot, or a movement of her sleek brown head. On her forehead she had three small white spots; one also on the right front foot, and another on the left hind leg. She was so gentle that our little Claude, the baby, often climbed on her back. I laughed then, Monseigneur, but now I weep; for she is lost, gone! The wolves have eaten her. No, Monseigneur, no: never could another cow take the place of our poor Brunon!"

The Archbishop arose; and the family fell on their knees, asking his blessing.

"Have courage, my little ones. And you also, Claudine," he said, turning to the mother, as he took his stick from the hand of the eldest girl and prepared to depart. "To-morrow you shall hear from me. Meanwhile continue to search for Brunon. She may yet be found."

"Ah, Monseigneur!" said the little Claude, clasping his brown hands together,—"ah, Monseigneur, you have only to ask the good God, and He will return her to us!"

The Archbishop smiled. "Weep no more," he said, and departed.

As he walked along, intent on what had passed—the simplicity of the cottagers, the depth and sincerity of their grief,—he experienced a hope that the animal might be found; feeling confident that no other, however superior, would ever replace her in the hearts of those who were so bitterly deploring her loss. Twilight was passing, night beginning to fall. He had gone about a mile from the cottage when, in the gathering darkness, he perceived an object on the roadside in front of him. As he approached he saw that it was a cow, nipping the short, luxuriant grass on the edge of the meadow. Alone, without apparent aim—a wanderer, in short, did this cow appear to be; and as the good Archbishop advanced, he recognized the distinctive marks of Brunon. The sleek brown head, the white spots—all were there.

"Brunon! Brunon!" he said, caressingly. The animal responded to his kindly call by coming near, and allowing him to stroke her with his hand. "The wolves have not eaten her!" he exclaimed. "God be praised, the lost is found!"

But what to do now? He was already at some distance from the hamlet, and he saw no one in the vicinity to whom he could entrust the cow. There seemed to be but one solution of the problem. Taking the end of the rope which hung about her neck in his hand, he retraced his steps, leading the cow behind him.

When he reached the cottage, he could see through the little window, by the light of a feeble lamp which burned on the table, the whole family on their knees in the attitude of prayer. He knocked gently at the door, saying,

"Open, my children,—open the door! Here is Brunon. I have found her for you."

They all ran out. O joy! O surprise! O welcome sight! It was indeed Brunon. The children thought that God had worked a miracle. The little girl exclaimed:

"It is not Monseigneur: it is an angel from heaven, whom God has sent us under the dear form of our Father."

At these words the children all fell on their knees.

"Arise, my children," said his Grace. "What delusion is this? I am only your Archbishop, not an angel. I had the good fortune to find Brunon; and, lest she might be stolen, I brought her to you at once."

"What, Monseigneur! You have taken all that trouble for us!" said the father. "Our souls are filled with confusion."

Meanwhile the children had crowded around the cow, pressing their heads against her, and patting her with their little hands. For some moments the Archbishop watched them in admiring silence. At length he said:

"And now I must hasten to Cambrai. If not, I shall hardly reach there before morning, and my household will be alarmed."

"Ah, yes! that is true," replied the father. "Your household must not be left to weep, now that you have dried our tears. But, Monseigneur, you are fatigued, and it is late, and there is not a cart in the village. Wait: I will call some of my neighbors, and we will carry you home on our shoulders."

The Archbishop would have demurred, but already the villagers, attracted by the unusual commotion, had begun to assemble, and all with one voice echoed the suggestion of their friend and neighbor. "Monseigneur is here!"—"Oh, yes, let us

carry him to Cambrai!"—"What would we not do for one so beloved!" Each endeavored to outdo the other in his haste to serve him. In a few moments they had formed a sort of dais of the branches of trees, which they strewed plentifully with fresh grass, fragrant flowers, and sweet herbs. Then, lifting the holy prelate in their strong arms, they bore him from the village, followed by a joyful train, carrying lighted torches, and singing a rustic canticle. So they marched to Cambrai, a gala army of devoted followers, illumining the night and awaking the echoes as they passed, until they left the good Archbishop at his own portal.

A simple story, but one on which upstarts and worldlings would do well to ponder; and bearing for all a pregnant lesson.

For Our Country.

BY A. G. EWING.

Come, therefore, let us enter into a league. (GEN., xxxi, 44.)

IT is not without reason that the pious leagues and associations within the Church are numerous and various; for what appeals to one person may not at all attract another. And though it can not be said that any of these leagues and associations are necessary, each one of them has some good as its object, and they are all of them useful. As to the League of Prayer for the Conversion of America, it seems calculated, when its spirit is known and understood, to attract every Catholic American who loves his country, and "who is here so vile that will not love his country"? Undoubtedly it would be well, as some persons suggest, to pray for the conversion of the whole world; but such is not the object of this particular league. What, then? Shall we find fault with the brook because it is not the ocean?

One of the attractive features of the League of Prayer for the Conversion of America is its simplicity. The members are not required to be enrolled; there are no fees or dues exacted or expected; and the only obligation is the daily recital of the following beautiful and most appropriate little prayer, which it takes but a moment to say:

"O Holy Spirit of Truth, we beseech Thee to enlighten the minds of unbelievers in the midst of us, to incline their hearts to love Thy word, and to believe the teaching of Thy Church. Give them courage to accept the faith and openly to profess it; that they may come into union with Thee and the Father, through Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth forever and ever. Amen."

On the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 1892, the Rev. Father Lentz, the originator of the movement, had circular letters printed announcing that he would cheerfully furnish copies of the prayer to all who asked for them; and further stating that those who said the prayer daily would participate in the benefit of two Masses every month. Within the first two months there were forty thousand applications, and since then more than a hundred thousand copies of the little cards on which the prayer is printed have been disposed of. The venerable Archbishop of Boston has ordered the prayer to be distributed in his diocese. There is a Spanish version for the benefit of the Mexicans, and there is also a German and a French version.

For the organization of this League there could scarcely be a more auspicious time than the present, when the whole world is uniting to honor the Discoverer of America,—a man whose Catholicity is so conspicuous that it can not be ignored. It proclaims itself in the very name of the ship that brought him to these shores. The time is also auspicious by reason of the fact that the Church in the United

States (which, according to the latest statistics, numbers more than 8,632,000 souls) has, with the coming of the Apostolic Delegate, acquired new importance and dignity.

It is idle to expect to convert by controversy; for it is plain to the most casual observer that the usual result of argument is to confirm each man in his own opinion. So that, however useful controversy may be in strengthening the faith of Catholics, it, as a rule, helps little toward the conversion of unbelievers. And often the well-meaning but ignorant or unskilful, in their efforts to defend the Church, do more harm than good; reminding one of the Spanish proverb: "Save me from my friends, and I'll look out for my enemies."

It is vain to hope that the conversion of America will ever be effected by good example alone; for while the evil wrought by one bad example can scarcely be over-estimated, on the other hand, it is doubtful if anything short of heroic goodness attracts more than passing attention. But as we believe in the Bible, we believe in the power of prayer. Almost every miracle recorded in the Gospel was wrought in answer to prayer. And for our encouragement in regard to intercessory prayer, it is well to observe that no mention is made of the merit of the ruler whose intercession obtained the raising of his daughter to life; of the merit of the man who asked and obtained the cure of his lunatic son. And, moreover, it is said, without any restrictions or limitations, "Everyone that asketh receiveth."* As it devolves upon those who are rich in the goods of this world to help the poor, so it devolves upon those who have received the gift of faith to seek to obtain it, by earnest and persevering prayer, for those who have it not.

Most of those outside the Church profess great liberality of sentiment in regard to

religion; and, in the ordinary intercourse of life, exercise toward their Catholic friends and acquaintances all due consideration and courtesy. But when one of their number announces his intention of becoming a Catholic, then, in their efforts to save him from such a fate, their true sentiments are made known, and it becomes evident that they regard all those who profess the Catholic faith as hypocrites or dupes. And, indeed, when we consider the hideous picture, painted by Calumny, which they take to be a true likeness of the beautiful Bride of Christ, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that they are tempted to regard her with distrust and aversion.

The Sacraments of the Church are such wonderful helps to salvation that by means of them many have become glorious saints, such as no sect can boast. Yet it is a lamentable fact that many Catholics either neglect or abuse these means of grace; it, therefore, behooves us to pray that, in spite of our evil example, the "unbelievers in the midst of us" may be brought to see that we, nevertheless, possess the true religion; just as the Jews of old, before their rejection of Christ, possessed the true religion,—though "with the most of them," as St. Paul tells us, "God was not well pleased."* We also pray that they may have "courage to accept the faith and openly profess it"; for though the days of bloody persecution are past, converts have, as a rule, much to lose and nothing to gain, from a material point of view, and much to suffer from their non-Catholic relatives and acquaintances.

In the year 1838 the saintly Father Ignatius Spencer formed an association of prayers for the conversion of England; and though England is not yet Catholic, many and wonderful have been the conversions wrought in that country in the past fifty years.

* St. Matt., vii, 8.

* I. Cor., x, 5.

We can not reasonably expect that America will be suddenly and miraculously converted; but we can confidently hope that, in answer to united and persevering prayer, God will shower abundant graces upon our country, with which graces many will correspond. We know that the Catholic Church is the one true Church; we believe in the power of prayer, and we love our country: come, therefore, let us enter into a League of Prayer for the Conversion of America.

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

IN FASHION AND OUT.

WE saw nothing of Miss Earnest during Holy Week; but Mildred and her friends found the Tea-Table a most convenient place to discuss ribbons and colors and the shape of the new spring bonnets. So there has been a continual buzzing of voices and comparing of notes and ejaculations of delight, making the quiet room a place from which repose has fled dismayed. Mabel Dobbs has hung on to the skirts of the conversation rather timidly. The other girls look down upon her, and she knows it; but an equivocal and, for the present, an inferior position in the upper circles which they represent may, in the near future, be the precursor of a more stable and permanent footing; and Mabel eats her humble pie with due appetite.

"Of course, girls," Mildred had said, "we can't visit a retail grocer's daughter; but we can be nice to her, and think of it as missionary work among the lower classes." So Mildred, whose father owned a large establishment for making thrashing-machines, led the kindly crusade of patron-

age; and Mabel, understanding the situation perfectly, let herself be considered a social heathen, and bided her time. Her first step was to become a willing convert to Mr. Lilyfinger's eloquence; and as Mildred counted her as one brand snatched from the "dissenting sects," Mabel was calmly gazing at an imaginary ladder which led to the fairyland of exclusive society, and announcing to herself that her feet were now securely planted upon it.

"And don't you and pa upset everything!" she had said to Mrs. Dobbs. "Just keep yourselves in the background, and I'll manage it. If I don't have some of those swell carriages stopping at our house before the year's out, you can call me a goat. And I shall tell Mr. Lilyfinger that you're both going to leave the Methodists, and he'll send people to call right off. They'll say they're making church calls, and call you 'my good woman'; but some day they'll call because we're in the swim, and don't you forget it! And," she had added, breathlessly, "I'm going to call you 'mother' and 'father.' You know it's fashionable to be old-fashioned just now."

Mr. Dobbs went back to his molasses and candles with a sigh. How much better was this frankly-expressed yearning for "the swim" than the typewriting, cigarettes, and all! But he must not recall that episode. Mabel had forbidden it; and her regret that she had ever undertaken to be self-supporting was, although based upon different grounds, quite as sincere as his own.

As for her mother—"ma" no longer,—she went, with an enthusiasm born of hope, on a search for bonnets, which were to signalize her change of heart and cater to the demands of the nondescript thing which in a provincial American town is known as "society." In her mind Mr. Lilyfinger's religion and fresh toilets at Easter were irrevocably associated. She hardly knew why, but all things would be

made clear, no doubt, when she had cut loose from the bleak faith which now seemed sadly inadequate. She thought, with a little misgiving, of the bonnets of her mother, who had been a mill-hand in Lowell many years before. They had not even a bow, however plain. She concluded that both bonnets and religion must have plenty of trimming to be up to date. But, then, there was Miss Earnest, a Catholic! Her bonnets sometimes looked as if they had been trimmed out of the rag-bag. She could not understand it. If to keep Easter in a proper manner necessitated a large millinery bill for Mr. Lilyfinger's adherents, how much more gorgeousness one ought to look for in the "Romanists"! And Miss Earnest seemed unconscious of what propriety required of the owner of half a million dollars. Perhaps, however, her indifference was assumed, and she would surprise them with a "confection" from Paris that would put to shame the feeble attempts of the rest.

Easter morning dawned. The birds sang as if they were mad with joy, awakening Polly, who jumped out of bed to see the sun dance in the sky, as our Poet had assured her that it did on the dawn of the Resurrection. Then followed the sweet walk with her mother to early Mass, and the jubilant services which welcomed and honored the Risen Lord.

And Mildred and the rest? One by one the pretty gowns and dainty bonnets passed up the aisle at St. Bartholomew's, and Mildred did not appear; but as the last of the long train of choir boys, each with shining face and newly-laundered surplice, came singing from some mysterious place in the distance, Mildred, in her very shabbiest suit and plain hat of last year's fashion, slipped into the pew of the junior warden.

"You see, girls," she explained, as we gathered for a cup of tea at the day's close, "after I was dressed I thought of something Miss Earnest said. I had asked her

yesterday if she had her Easter preparations made. 'That is what Lent is for!' she answered. 'Oh, I meant bonnets and all that!' I explained, seeing she did not understand me. 'Easter bonnets?' she asked. 'Why, my dear, I was brought up to think them very vulgar. But I dare say I am behind the fashion.' So you see that after I was rigged out for church I felt inexpressibly vulgar myself, and so changed my clothes."

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Dobbs. "Here I've broken my neck to get things for Easter to make a splurge with, and now we ain't in fashion, after all!"

Easter Observances.

THE increased observance by the various sects of the glorious Feast of the Resurrection is often the subject of congratulation among good Catholics. The question arises, however, whether it is more desirable to have the great festival celebrated as it is by them than not to have it celebrated at all. A certain large body of religious people is surely deserving of commendation, if the manner of observance is not taken into the account; for their Easter preparations, or decorations rather, are entered into with a zeal unequalled at any other season. It is surely not for us to say that the heart is not adorned to correspond with the lavish floral display, or that the unseemly cobwebs are not swept from the recesses of the soul as well as from the chancel walls; but the fact remains, that the Easter suits, gowns, and bonnets form a large and absorbing factor in the events of the day in most of the fashionable congregations to which we have referred; that the trite newspaper joke concerning them is, like other stale allusions, founded upon the simple truth; and that the Resurrection of Our Lord is

made second to the debate about the propriety of a smilax curtain or the color of the roses which are to adorn the organ-loft.

These reflections are called forth by the spectacle of four and one-half columns of society news in one of our large metropolitan dailies, which was given the prominent place on the first page, and headed in displayed type: "Easter Bonnets." The grotesque twaddle which followed was composed of critical dissertations upon the grace with which Mrs. S—— "stepped up the aisle in her new gown"; and the "fetching droop of a spray of lilacs upon Mrs. J——'s bonnet, especially charming as she knelt at her devotions"; and similar edifying reflections. The descriptions were as minute as if the reporter had visited a ball-room instead of a temple supposed to be devoted to the worship of the Most High God. "Society" in some sections of the country has evidently not yet heard the *fiat* pronounced by its leaders in others—that "it is not good form to display new toilets in church,"—but continues from year to year to think, apparently, more of ribbons and less of the Risen Lord.

It is surely proper to wear decent raiment when going to church, either to say one's prayers in a quiet corner or to assist at some great ecclesiastical function; but if "a more general observance of Easter" means only a still more widespread attention to spring millinery, we decidedly hope for a more restricted observance.

SATAN knows well that if he can separate religion from instruction, he has cut through the roots of the Christian civilization of the world. For that reason all the art, all the wiles, all the frauds, all the false politics of this day are directed to what is called secular education, national education, imperial education—anything you like, only not Christian education.—
Cardinal Manning.

The Memory of a Mother.

THE once famous atheist, Delauro Dubez, was brought back to the faith of his childhood by the thought of the dreadful separation of the good from the bad at the last day.

As he was once walking pensively alone, his thoughts turned back to the days long past, when his beloved mother was with him as a protecting angel. He called to mind all the beautiful features of her noble character, and remorse seized upon his heart as he thought that for all eternity he might be separated from her and would be suffering everlasting pain. The thought that he should be damned, and would forever blaspheme that God whom his mother had so loved and served, was intolerable to him.

Full of these gloomy thoughts, he unconsciously drew near a church, and, almost in spite of himself, fell on his knees at the entrance and prayed aloud:

"O God of my mother! if Thou dost really exist, and if Thou art, as she so often assured me, the sovereign truth, wisdom, and goodness; if Thou hast made me for Thyself, and if Thou knowest the honest desires of a wretched heart, I pray and beseech Thee to stretch forth Thy almighty hand, to reveal Thyself to Thy miserable creature, and to be to him the Light and the Life, and to show him the way by which he may come to Thee."

He was deeply moved, and his tears flowed freely. He resolved to seek the truth honestly. He found it, embraced it with a believing heart, and thenceforth bore witness to it in his life and in his writings.

If the mere remembrance of an earthly mother is capable of awaking such a longing in the human breast, how much more should the thought of our Heavenly Mother affect us and make us long to be forever with her, the best of Mothers, who never abandons the least worthy of her children!

Notes and Remarks.

An English exchange prints a "Medley of Messages" received at the Vatican during the celebration of the Pope's Golden Jubilee, which shows vividly not only the catholicity of the Church, but the widespread sympathy with the frail old Pontiff who occupies the throne of Peter. From men who sit in the councils of states, from crowned prince and laurelled poet, from the weak and lowly, from sweltering millions toiling and distressed, there went up in every land loud pæans of thanksgiving that the Vicar of Christ still lives to be a light and a comfort to the nations. The Holy Father, despoiled of all earthly power, is even a grander figure to-day than he was in those palmier times when he held undisputed sway in the city that is his.

The Holy Father recently ratified a decree of the Congregation of Rites permitting the introduction of the Cause of the beatification of Mgr. Gault, Bishop of Marseilles. This servant of God *ipso facto* receives the title of Venerable. The next proceedings will be the discussion of the heroism of his virtues, and of the authenticity of the miracles to be proposed for his beatification.

* * *

The acts preliminary to the introduction of the beatification of Joan of Arc have been concluded. The observations or difficulties proposed by the promoter of the Faith, Mgr. Caprara, have been edited and sent to the advocate for the defence who is to answer them. This discussion will probably be concluded in July next, and then the Congregation of Rites will proceed to the canonical introduction of the Cause of the Christian heroine of Orleans.

Whatever may have been Mr. Mivart's intention in publishing his article, sensationally entitled "Happiness in Hell," it is very doubtful if it has had any other good effect than to show the rashness of entering the field of religious controversy without being thoroughly equipped, and the folly of making use of second-hand information. Mr. Mivart

frankly declared that he had no personal acquaintance with the Hebrew original of the Bible, and had only recently taken any interest in the controversies which gathered around it. *Apropos* of which a writer in the current number of the *Lyceum* remarks: "Greek scholars might doubt the wisdom of a biologist who should compose a critical study of the 'Iliad,' its authorship, authenticity and meaning, while wholly ignorant of the Greek language, and conversant with the views of only one party to the Homeric controversy; but they would inflict their grave disapproval upon the study itself."

The writer first tests Mr. Mivart's personal pretensions, and then proceeds to examine how far Catholics and non-Catholics may safely accept him as a guide where Catholic doctrines are in question. The catalogue of theological errors into which the eminent biologist has been led by his misconception of 'the natural' and of 'the supernatural' is shown to be a long one; the instances of misquotation cited are numerous; while the fallacies and inconsistencies pointed out in Mr. Mivart's original paper, and in his rejoinder to Father Clarke, S. J., of the *Month*, would seem to prove that the able Catholic biologist lacks the qualifications necessary for the calling of a Scripture commentator.

The *Catholic Watchman*, of Madras, chronicles the death of a native priest of Southern India, the Very Rev. John Koikaray Cathenar, who had attained the age of ninety-five years. What is more remarkable, his mental faculties were unimpaired to the last. He never wore spectacles. Father Cathenar was attached to the Vicariate Apostolic of Kottayam, and was widely known and highly esteemed. *R. I. P.*

One of the greatest musical successes of the season, and one which shows that Religion still inspires artists, is Tinel's beautiful *Oratorio*, as rendered in New York last week, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. That the work is intensely Catholic in spirit need hardly be said, when one remembers that Tinel is not less remarkable for his fervent piety than for his great musical genius. In the first part is illustrated the life

of the noble knight Francis, and the pomp of the court at Assisi. During the court festivities he is called by a voice from heaven to embrace the religious life and espouse Poverty. In the second part Francis sings the famous "Hymn to Poverty" before his former associates. Afterward, when peace is proclaimed over all the earth, he chants the "Hymn to the Sun." The third part describes the evening of his life; and a beautiful "Angelus," sung by the chorus, leads up to the death scene, which is said to be unsurpassed in modern music.

The parish church of the Holy Cross at Puebla, Mexico, has been undergoing repairs and improvements. While the work was in progress, numerous groups of persons were often to be seen carrying the materials from outside the city to the church. One of these processions consisted of more than three thousand persons, of both sexes, of all ages and classes. The people carried the materials on their shoulders, or in sacks, baskets, etc., adorned with flowers and ribbons. Twelve wagons, loaded with materials and gaily decked, followed them. To add to the solemnity of the occasion, a band of music marched at the head, and the rear was brought up by a number of gentlemen in gala attire. The streets along the way were decked with banners and flowers; and the chimes of the church were kept ringing, to encourage the workers, and to remind them that their toil was for the glory of God.

A Oblate missionary among the Indians in the Canadian Northwest Territory writes feelingly of the practical piety and devotion of his people. On the occasion of Bishop Pascal's first visit to the mission some time ago, his zealous flock manifested much excitement. "When he appeared in the distance, there was great rejoicing. The bell rang out a welcome, and my Indians rushed forward to greet him, to kiss his hand and to receive his blessing." The pastor remained in the confessional till midnight, and then went to the altar to return thanks to God for the fervor of his charges.

Bishop Pascal's visit and the consequent rejoicing recall an incident that occurred in

New Brunswick a few years ago. Bishop Rogers, of Chatham, is idolized by all his people, and is especially popular among the Indians. His visits to them are always signalized by a grand fusillade. On one occasion, shortly before the Bishop's expected arrival at an Indian village, a stolid redman entered a Chatham store and asked for several pounds of powder. "Why, Louis," said the merchant, "what do you want of powder now? You can't shoot geese at this season." To which the brave laconically replied: "No shootem goose: shootem Bishop."

Fearing that his heirs will not have Masses said for the repose of his soul, a person gives a certain sum of money as stipends for Masses to be offered during his life, so that he may receive the application of these Masses after his death. Is this practice laudable, and may it be counselled in a general manner? To the foregoing question, *L'Ami du Clergé*, an estimable ecclesiastical magazine, responds in the affirmative; and another French contemporary adds the following:

"As regards Masses whose fruits are to be applied to ourselves, it is better—'tis the advice of St. Leonard of Port Maurice—to have them said during our life than after our death. One Mass applied to our soul during life is of far more utility than many after death."

In view of the difficulty sometimes experienced in having legacies left for Mass purposes properly executed, the practice here mentioned appears to be commendable.

Sensational and highly imaginative journalism is not confined, it would seem, to our side of the Atlantic. An English paper recently stated that the entire congregation of St. Joseph's (Catholic) Church, at Oneida, New York, had been received into the Protestant Episcopal Church; and added some extravagant nonsense about the joy of the people at "receiving the Bread of Life from the hands of the Protestant Bishop." The statement is, of course, a falsehood pure and simple; and we notice it merely to remark once more, "What's in a name?" The lie appeared in a journal bearing the staid, venerable, conservative, anti-sensational appellation of the *Royal Cornwall Gazette*, and by it was cred-

ited to another paper which rejoices in the eminently respectable and truth-suggestive title of the *Living Church*. If journals such as these can lacerate truth in this reckless fashion, what may we not expect from papers handicapped by no such propriety-compelling cognomens as theirs?

We went to considerable trouble and a little expense last month to print the "Hail Mary" in Chinese characters, thinking our young readers would be interested to see it. The curiosity was a greater one than we supposed it would be, and the interest even of those who know Chinese was excited; they wondered, in fact (no wonder); for the printing was upside-down. If we were not literal-minded, we might lay the blame on our compositors or the pressman; but the truth is that the characters were on a stereotype block, and he of the press is a man of sober and temperate life. We might insinuate gently that the block was purposely reversed, because the Chinese are under the feet or over the heads of many of our readers; or state blandly that the magazine should always be held upside-down in reading such characters; or again that Chinese children often amuse themselves by reciting the "Hail Mary" standing on their heads. There are many excuses we might make, but it is better to own up. We do so frankly; and we beg our Chinese readers to accept this humble apology, and the assurance of our profound consideration. The learned friend who discovered our mistake has kindly sent us a copy of the "Hail Mary" in Japanese, which we promise to print right-side-up, to make amends for getting the Chinese characters upside-down.

The New York *Sun* thus editorially comments on an article appearing in its issue of the 19th ult.:

"We call the attention of Catholics, Protestants, infidels, and all other religionists, to an account, which we publish on another page this morning, of the famous miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in the Cathedral at Naples. It is written by a Catholic gentleman of high character and great learning, and we can guarantee that it will do good and not harm to whomsoever reads it."

The article merits the *Sun's* commendation,

and should at least have the effect of ruffling the placid incredulity as to the miraculous of the "Protestants, infidels, and all other religionists" or non-religionists, who peruse it. The day is coming when such people will see that to argue, "Miracles are impossible, therefore this liquefaction is a fraud," is to shirk the question; and that the real argument is, this liquefaction is genuine; hence miracles are not only possible, but actual.

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. Liberatus Bonnelly, C. P., whose happy death took place in Mexico on the 16th ult. Father Liberatus had been a member of the Congregation of the Passion for more than forty years, and was widely known in the United States.

The Rev. Andrew Eustace, rector of St. Michael's Church, St. Louis, Mo., who departed this life on the 21st ult.; and the Rev. P. H. Dinneen, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Waterbury, Conn., deceased on the 14th ult., after a short illness.

Sister M. Cornelia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who was called to the reward of her holy life on the 30th ult.

Mr. John A. Heffernan, who passed away on the Feast of the Annunciation, in Pittsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Margaret F. Martin, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose life closed peacefully on the 6th ult.

Mr. Richard L. Kane, of Patterson, N. J.; Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Dennis Dunn, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Ellen Cahill, Mr. Bernard Devine, Mr. John McIntyre, James H. Connelly, and Michael McLoughlin,—all of Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary McEvily, Helena, Mont.; Catherine O'Keefe, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Anna Gallagher and Mrs. Eliza Scadden, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Rachel R. Corcoran, Shamokin, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Hackett, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Nora Maloney, Jersey City Heights, N. J.; Miss Emma Zielinger, E. Boston, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Dolan, Woonsocket, R. I.; Miss Margaret Moran, Newport, Ky.; Mr. Thomas Finn, Stradbally, Co. Kerry, Ireland; James A. Donovan, and Patrick Niland, San Francisco, Cal.; Patrick McKeon, Key West, Fla.; Miss Annie M. Hurley, New Bedford, Mass.; Miss Mary J. Bryce and Mr. Edward Gilkerson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Andrew Meehan, Warren, Pa.

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



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UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

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Some Clever Jesters.

LONG years ago, when every well-to-do monarch kept his jester, it was the custom to make that functionary a medium for imparting unpleasant tidings to his master. Did some one wish a place at court, the fool was called upon to carry the petition; had some one just cause for grievance, the services of Sir Fool were brought into play; was there news of a terrible disaster in time of war, no one but the professional fun-maker dared to go with it to the king.

In the year 1340 the English, under Edward III., gained a great victory over the French fleet at Sluys.

"Who will tell the King?" was the whisper which passed from mouth to mouth among the French courtiers, and echoed through the wide corridors of the palace.

"I will tell him," said the court fool, much to the relief of the others, who had not dared to ask this of him, the disaster to the French arms being so overwhelming.

The fool (who was, as you may guess, foolish only in name; for, singular as it may appear, it took a wise man to perform his duties) entered the King's chamber, muttering to himself, but loud enough

to be heard, "Those cowardly English! those chicken-hearted Britons!"

"Why, what is the trouble now?" demanded the King.

"I am disgusted with those miserable cowards of Englishmen! If your Majesty will believe it, they had not the courage to jump into the sea like our own brave Frenchmen, who went overboard headlong, leaving their ships for the English, who were afraid to follow and fight them in the water."

"What are you talking about?" asked the King, amazed. And the jester told him of the disaster at Sluys, which news was received with calm dignity, owing to the introduction of the clever and kind fool, who in reality wished to spare as much as possible the feelings of his royal master.

Some unkind people have said that the Scotch can neither make nor understand a joke; indeed the witty Sydney Smith declared that it would require a surgical operation to get a jest into a Scotchman's head. But there was once a Scotch jester, by name Jamie Fleeman, who proved, if it needed any proving, that wit can flourish in the Land of the Thistle. He belonged to the household of the Laird of Udny, and is still remembered and quoted by the descendants of the Laird's retainers.

That nobleman had a neighbor who had been very kind to him, and to requite his goodness he had been in the habit of sending him baskets of game, making

Jamie the messenger. Now, Jamie was not averse to a tip now and then; but the gentleman would receive the baskets with many thanks, and forget to look in his pocket for a shilling. At last the shrewd fellow set his wits to work to devise a plan whereby to remind the recipient of his manners. A particularly nice lot of pheasants being intrusted to his care, he walked into the gentleman's house, threw them down with as much force and noise as possible, crying out, "Pheasants from Udny!" and then turned to go out.

"Wait!" called the gentleman. "Has your master taught you no better manners than that? I will show you how you should have spoken. You may imagine yourself in my place and I will be the Laird's servant. 'Good-morning, may it please you, sir! And my master begs that you will have the kindness to accept this basket of pheasants, with his compliments.'" "

The gentleman made a low bow, and while he was doing that Jamie gathered his wits. His long-looked-for opportunity had come.

"I thank your master, my good fellow," he said, in his new character. "Convey to him the assurances of my profound esteem. As for you, who have had such a long walk so many times, here is a sovereign. You have well earned it."

We certainly hope that Jamie's sly though timely rebuke was not lost on the Laird's friend.

Triboulet, the professional fun-maker of Francis I., of France, was as sensible as he was witty. On one occasion he offended a nobleman, who threatened to have him whipped; and Triboulet went with his grievance to the King.

"Don't be alarmed," said Francis. "If he punishes you, I'll have him hanged a quarter of an hour afterward."

"May it please your Majesty," said Triboulet, "I think I would rather have him hanged a quarter of an hour before."

The poets, Shakespeare in particular, have always taken great pleasure in writing of kings' jesters; and one of the saddest things that Tennyson ever put into the mouth of this character was the speech of the jester of King Arthur, who said, grovelling and sobbing at his master's feet after his downfall:

"... I am thy fool,
And I shall never make thee smile again!"

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XIII.—(Continued.)

"But where is the Poets' Corner?" inquired Alicia, who began to fidget during her father's moralizing.

"We are on the way to it now," replied Mr. Colville; adding when they came to the south transept, "Here it is. Look up! That one vast arch is said to be a relic of the Church of Edward the Confessor. Gaze around you. The place is, you see, lined with monuments and busts and tablets, ranged tier above tier; while the walls and pavement are written over with names, every one of which is famous. Here repose the laurel-crowned kings, a dynasty more splendid than even Tudor or Plantagenet; the great poets, dramatists, and literary men, whose influence is still a living power wherever the English language is spoken."

"Oh," protested Claire, "it seems as if we ought not to walk over the floor; for we can hardly avoid treading on some very grand names!"

"To inspect the monuments, we will begin at the beginning," suggested her father. "This ornate altar tomb, still beautiful although defaced by time, is that of Chaucer. Near it in the wall is Spenser's tomb. Yonder is the medallion of Ben Jonson, who lies in the north aisle."

"There is Dryden's monument," said Alicia, flitting from one to another.

"Here is Milton's," called Joe.

"And here," added Claire, "is the statue of Campbell, author of the 'Pleasures of Hope.' Above are the busts of Southey and Coleridge, and near by the memorial of Thompson—"

"Gracious! who are all those?" exclaimed her brother.

"Don't, Joe, please!" said Kathleen, nudging him. "If you stop to find out who everybody is, or was, we'll never get through."

"Here is the statue of Shakespeare," Claire continued. "And see these inscriptions on the floor."

Crowding to the spot, they read the charmed names of Samuel Johnson, Garrick, Sheridan, and Dickens. Over a door they noticed a portrait in stone of Goldsmith, and in the vicinity a fine figure of Addison, and busts of Macaulay and Thackeray. Returning to the Chaucer tomb, Claire remarked, upon a badly-set slab in the pavement, the name of Robert Browning; and at the same moment Kathleen called, in a delighted tone, from the entrance to the transept:

"Oh, come and see!—here is our own Longfellow!"

"It is a very graceful tribute to our American poet from his English admirers," said Mr. Colville, as they went over to examine it.

Leaving the Poets' Corner at last, our party lingered amid the memorials of statesmen, heroes, and scientists, where they found the monuments of Wilberforce, Fox, and Grattan; of Sir Isaac Newton, Sir John Herschel, Livingstone, and other celebrities. Then they went out into the beautiful medieval cloisters.

"How lovely it is here!" exclaimed Alicia, glancing up at the dark vaulted roof, and looking out from between the time-blackened arches at the green enclosure in the centre.

"And to think that this very floor was worn by the feet of the monks, who walked up and down here saying their prayers!" said Claire.

"Here, in the ancient pavement, you see the names of four of the Norman abbots of the eleventh and twelfth centuries," said Mr. Colville. "Those defaced stone benches along the wall are the tombs of others."

"Imagine the grandeur of the processions of priests and clerks and acolytes which traversed these corridors on the way to and from the Abbey on great festival days and other solemn occasions," added her father. "In the cloisters, too, the boys who came to school to the monastery and the young novices were taught. This was the beginning of Westminster School, which still has a large attendance. The old dormitory of the monks is used for the principal classes. It is in the irregular court, now called the Dean's yard. The tables in the dining-hall are said to be made from timbers of the Armada."

They strolled to the entrance of the yard, had a glimpse of a pleasant bit of sward and of waving trees at the end. They also heard a hubbub of youthful voices in one of the buildings, but saw no one. As they turned away, however, there was a sound of footsteps, and two lads came out of the yard, walking briskly and discussing some subject with boyish ardor.

"Do look at the dudes!" cried Joe, falling back against the wall as if overcome by the spectacle. "Look at them, with their high silk hats, and their canes! I'll wager they are not as old as I am. The idea of fellows as big as they are wearing deep collars, like little chaps in kilts, and roundabout jackets! But what an air they have! They do not seem to think there is anything extraordinary in their appearance."

"Nor is there to English eyes," replied Mr. Colville, with a smile. "This is

simply the uniform of the Westminster schoolboys."

Meanwhile the two lads, who appeared frank, manly fellows, had passed on, swinging their canes, and arguing good-naturedly with the peculiar English intonation, natural, of course, to them, but which seemed ludicrously affected to our young Americans.

"Well, that eclipses anything I've seen yet!" continued Joe, bracing up again.

"You will be amused to find that in London all the well-dressed boys wear hats like those on Sundays and holidays," said his father.

"Then, why don't you get one for Joe?" asked Kathleen, mischievously.

"By George! I wonder what Frank Bartlett would say if he saw me sporting a tall silk hat?" exclaimed Joe. "I must practise for it." And, taking a few fantastic paces, like a dancing-master, he doffed his brown derby to the girls with exaggerated politeness.

XIV.

"When we get home, I think I shall write a book. To describe all we have seen in London would make a volume by itself," so wrote Alicia a fortnight later to her dearest friend, Alma Simmes.

The Colvilles certainly made good use of their time during their stay in the metropolis. The Flashes had called on them promptly, and Mrs. Flashe and Mollie were with them the day they visited the House of Commons.

"Where is Mr. Gladstone's place?" asked Claire; for the Grand Old Man is one of her heroes.

The policeman in attendance kindly pointed it out.

"And where is the Earl of Salisbury's?" asked Mrs. Flashe, with a lofty air; for she prided herself upon her aristocratic tendencies.

Joe chuckled, and the man could not repress a smile as he answered civilly:

"I suppose you mean the Marquis of

Salisbury, mum? He sits in the House of Lords, which you will see presently."

"Oh, to be sure! I might have known it was not in the *Commons!*" she said, with a shade of embarrassment.

Mr. Colville and Claire were too polite to appear to notice her little absurdities; Alicia was loyal, and never laughed at her friend; but Joe and Kathleen snickered until checked by a glance from their father; and the Bobby grinned still more.

The good lady's curiosity was gratified when they reached the other House, where the chief object of attraction to Joe was the celebrated woolsack of the Lord Chancellor, which he found to be a cushioned ottoman that stands in front of the throne. He was also interested in the great bell of Westminster, familiarly known as "Big Ben." Then they went on to the Hall of William Rufus.

"A portion of the original walls of this edifice founded by the son of the conqueror are still standing," said Mr. Colville. "It was built upon the site of the palace of the Anglo-Saxon Kings. Here were held some of the earliest Parliaments. This was for centuries the scene of the coronation festivals; and here Edward III. entertained the captive Kings of France and Scotland. Here Charles I. was condemned to death, and Cromwell named Protector. Here, at the trial of Warren Hastings, re-echoed the eloquence of Edmund Burke."

On another occasion our friends went to the British Museum, where they saw the Elgin marbles, the celebrated Rosetta stone, the key to the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt, and the long hall of mummies, which Joe acknowledged to surpass the display of swathed figures on board the *City of New York*. They peered into the spacious Reading Room; and Claire and her father lingered among the magnificent illuminated manuscripts, one of the finest collections in the world.

From the Museum they drove to St.

Paul's Cathedral, built upon the spot where stood the ancient church of that name. Joe's enthusiasm was aroused by the sight of the monuments to the many military and naval heroes buried here. He felt that even a young American, who was, as Alicia maintained, "an animated Declaration of Independence," might justly pause in homage before the tombs of Nelson and Wellington and the heroes of the Crimea. The party then went up into the renowned Whispering Gallery, which extends around the cupola of the dome.

"Joe," said Mr. Colville, "you and I will go to the opposite side, and leave the girls to chat by themselves. You had better not tell any secrets, young ladies; because, even though you speak in a very low tone, we shall hear every word you say."

"He is only teasing us," said Kathleen, as they went off. "How could we be heard across this great space, unless there is a telephone concealed somewhere?"

"Father says it is simply a curious echo," explained Claire.

"Look at Joe standing over there with his ear to the wall!" laughed Alicia. "Well, listeners seldom hear any good of themselves." Turning her back on him and facing the inner side of the Gallery, she said in a whisper to Kathleen: "Joe considers himself a mighty clever young fellow, but he's not half so bright as he thinks he is!"

"Huh!" came back a scornful whisper from the other side of the Gallery. "I'm smart enough to know what you are saying, anyhow!"

The younger girls looked at each other in astonishment. Claire, too, was surprised at the distinctness of the reply.

"Now say something more amiable, and notice how much better it sounds," came the murmured advice from Mr. Colville.

"I think Joe is the best boy in the world," confided Kathleen to the wall, which, like a genuine gossip, promptly reported every word.

Joe looked pleased. The childish admiration and trust of his little sister always brought out the best that was in him.

"And I think you are a dear little pussy," he responded, playfully.

After spending some time in this whispered interchange of compliments and sportive bantering, which the echo invariably repeated with startling accuracy, they descended again to the church.

"See," said Kathleen joyfully, pointing to a beautiful figure in one of the niches of the elaborate reredos or chancel screen, "there is a statue of the Blessed Virgin!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Colville. "The placing of it there caused an excitement in Church of England circles. But the instinctive turning of the people to the Madonna and the saints having found expression in the portrayal of them in the fine stained-glass windows which adorn the 'restored' temples, the statues naturally follow. And so the lovely image of Our Lady continues to look down upon the worshippers assembled here. Let us hope that its presence may bring a blessing to them and to St. Paul's."

Leaving the building, the Colvilles took a bus, which brought them to the Bank of England.

"There is a fabulous amount of money waiting to be burned," said the official who showed them through the room where the old bank-notes were stacked in bundles. "A note paid in to the Bank is never re-issued, but is cancelled at once, even if it happens to have been printed that very day."

"But is this money?" inquired Claire, as they went on. "It looks like so many bits of white paper. A person might easily tear one up and throw it away without thinking."

"That *does* occur sometimes," he replied. "Now, if you were to tear up this one, for instance, you would be destroying a fortune, which it would take a lifetime to count in pennies." As he spoke he put

into her hand the £1,000,000 bank-note often exhibited to visitors.

"A million pounds that is. Let me count. Why, father, is not that nearly five million dollars?" she exclaimed, finding it difficult to realize the extent of the wealth it signified.

Mr. Colville nodded.

"Let me take it," said Joe. "It ought to be pleasant to remember that I once held a fortune in my hands, if only for half a minute."

"That is what most of the people to whom I show it say," answered the official.

"Pshaw! it does not make me feel any different," said the boy. "I'm neither hotter nor colder nor happier nor better than before. In fact, I should not know what to do with it. I'd rather have a pocketful of sixpences. Here, Alicia, I'll give it to you."

"How very generous!" she exclaimed, laughing.

The note, having been passed from one to the other, was returned to the man. Before leaving they were shown also the Bank Note Autograph Book, which contains the signatures of royal and distinguished personages; and the machines for weighing gold sovereigns.

(To be continued.)

The Little Mail-Carrier.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS CASSILY, S. J.

The other day a bright little colored boy, aged thirteen years, asked me to indulge his beads. He was particular to have the highest indulgence I could bestow; so I gave him the Apostolic, Dominican, and Briggittine indulgences; informing him at the same time that he could not gain both the Dominican and Briggittine indulgences by the same recital, but that he would have to choose between

them. Then he wished to know which indulgence was the greater. I explained to him that there was a Dominican * indulgence of one hundred days for each grain; and, besides, an indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines, once a day, if said in company of others; whereas the Briggittine beads, in addition to the one hundred days, had an indulgence of only seven years and seven quarantines. There was this important difference, though: that the ten years of the Dominican beads could be gained only once a day, whereas the seven years of the Briggittine could be gained as often as the beads were said, and even in private.

"Then I shall say the Dominican beads the first time in the morning, and the Briggittine beads the other times," promptly replied Edwin.

"Why, how often do you say the beads during the day?" I inquired, marvelling that so young a boy should say his beads more than once a day.

"Nine times a day, Father," was his candid, modest reply; "but on Friday I say them twelve times."

My breath was fairly taken away. No wonder my little Rosarian was so particular to know the exact indulgences!

"But how in the world do you get the time?" I asked, knowing that his day was fairly occupied by his duties about the college, where he worked as a servant.

"After breakfast my cousins and I say a pair of beads for the League of the Sacred Heart; most of the others I say going to and from the post-office with the college mail-bag."

What do the young readers of THE "AVE MARIA" think of that? If they have not the fervor and devotion of little Edwin, the colored mail-boy, surely they can say at least *one* pair of beads a day to our dear Mother.

* This of course does not include the indulgences of the Confraternity.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

Vol. XXXVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 15, 1893.

No. 15.

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

To One in Doubt.

BY A. BARRY.

WHAT though the shadows crowd thick
and fast
On the road thou fain wouldst follow,
What though the storm-wind's furious blast
Sweeps fiercely o'er hill and hollow,
Be faith and hopeful courage thine,
Nor let thy purpose vary:
Thro' gloom and tempest the stars still shine
For the fervent child of Mary.

The shadows that gather the long night thro'
Are scattered when dawns the morning;
The tempest sweeps by, and the heavens blue
Are aglow with the sun's adorning.
Though lowering doubts obscure thy way,
Fear not that woe shall betide thee:
In darkest gloom as in lightsome day
Thy Mother blest will guide thee!

What Should be Our Gratitude toward
"Modern" Education?

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

ONE need not be endowed with
an extra amount of cynicism
to find himself involuntarily
shrugging his shoulders when
he is pressed to worship unreasonably
everything that is old. This inconven-

ience, however, we seldom suffer: the
nineteenth century is too complacent in
regard to its own merits to distract the
attention of its children from an almost
steady contemplation of them. There is
an attraction shining out from among the
cycles of time, which holds nearly all civil-
ized mankind in an apparently irresistible
thrall; and that is the idea that the nine-
teenth century is so pre-eminently queen
of its predecessors, that the very name of
the system of instruction now in vogue
among its votaries is that of "modern"
education. Hearing these gentry descant-
ing upon this system, one would be led to
suppose that in the olden time the sole
object of education was to render easy the
lot of the governing powers: religious,
political, and domestic. It is thought that,
in order to effect this object, the reasoning
faculties were designedly neglected; in
the days before the halcyon period of that
world-illuminator, the French Revolution
of 1789, the memory—too easily enslaved
—alone was cultivated. Few theories have
been so readily accepted merely upon the
word of a sect as this one upon the word
of the freethinking school. And yet but
little historical investigation is required
to produce the conviction that in the
days of our great-grandfathers, and many
centuries before them, during the pre-
sumed "darkness" of the Middle Age, the
reasoning faculty of youth was cultivated,
perhaps, to excess; while the mechanical

labor of recitation, which too often renders the pupil a parrot, held a very secondary place.*

Reflect a little on the *disputatio*—the “dispute,”—the supreme form of instruction given in all the great universities down to the end of the fifteenth century. What was it but the very art of reasoning? Undoubtedly, the passion for syllogisms was often carried to excess; and many distinguished writers noted this tendency. But it was excellent intellectual gymnastics; it was, as Cardinal Wiseman remarked, the whetstone of the intellect. What other human device than the syllogism developed the philosophy of St. Thomas, and the various systems of the glorious Doctors of his age? When the art of constructing a syllogism, which Leibnitz deemed the finest effort of the intellect, yielded place to the building of a Latin verse, men ceased to be thinkers, though they became fine talkers.

But the cultivation of the reasoning faculty did not cease with the Middle Age: it remained in the schools; and a contemporary author of fine critical acumen† has described for us the radical revolution operated on it by the Renaissance, in the study of the classics. Much of the time hitherto devoted to logic was now given to literature, and the classes of Humanity nearly supplanted those of Divinity. Such was the origin of our actual system of

Catholic instruction. The Renaissance, then, even in its excesses, did not crush the reason for the benefit of the memory; the reason might survive, provided the forms of antiquity were preserved in language; as a certain poet said, one could “speak his own language, if he did so in Greek or Latin.”* Even in some Protestant colleges the syllogistic form continued to be cultivated to the end of the eighteenth century. The statutes of the University of Paris for 1598 say: “The scholars who study philosophy either in the Rue du Fuare or in the particular colleges shall be trained in both private and public disputes, according to the ancient statutes.” The College of Navarre at Paris was the most celebrated among these “particular” ones, and here it was that Bossuet won his laurels as dialectician and theologian. What judgment did the Eagle of Meaux pass upon the system of reasoning followed by our literary ancestors? Simply that they who have not been indoctrinated with it from the beginning of their studies, are apt to wander sadly when they enter upon theological investigations.† But besides this particular form of reasoning used in the schools of our great-grandparents, most interesting was the attention paid to the development of the critical faculties of their progeny. The Abbé Fleury, one of the most celebrated of the pedagogues of the eighteenth century, laid it down as a rule that “no child should be told what he could not understand—that is, what he could not have a distinct idea of, and what he could not distinguish exactly from other things.” Fénelon, among all pedagogues one of the most violent of the

* Robert de Sorbon, founder of the school of Paris which yet bears his name, assigned scarcely one maxim or thought per day for *memorization*. But he laid down six rules for his students: A specified hour should be devoted to a predetermined reading (lecture). What was read should be meditated; St. Bernard used to say that between reading and study there was the same difference as between a host and a friend, or as between a salute given in the street and a solid affection. The student ought to engrave some truth from his daily lecture in his mind; he ought to write out a synopsis of the matter; he ought to “dispute” on it with his companions; and, above all, he should raise his soul to God by prayer.

† L'Abbé Sicard: “L'Etudes Classiques avant la Révolution.” Paris, 1887.

* “*Dont la Muse en Français parlait Grec et Latin.*” To note the affectations in Latin, it is enough to remember that it was bad form, under the Renaissance, to say *amare*, but the height of elegance to say *amore prosequi* or *benevolentia complecti*.

† Such were the sentiments of the Oratorians. In their colleges at Nantes, the professors devoted a part of each lecture to the “dispute,” and the whole of Saturday was given up to that exercise.

partisans for exercises of memory, fears that this faculty is too easily developed; that too much exercise may weaken it, and hence he calls upon a united work of the other intellectual powers to preserve it.

According to many of our modern free-thinkers, the eighteenth century should have the lion's share of the credit of having given very nearly the death-blow to scholasticism. And they are right. While thousands of Catholic teachers were keeping up the teaching of the Middle Age, and were perpetuating the scholastic system, an arrogant school was waging a savage war against the art of reason, which was the base of scholasticism. This school was that of the Encyclopedists and the philosophists, whose brightest luminaries were D'Alembert and Voltaire; and whose most distinguished ornaments were the votaries of Terpsichore and Bacchus, who loaned an easy grace with which to follow the descent of the Revolution. By ridiculing the scholastic method of instruction, which was the literary escutcheon of the Middle Age, the Encyclopedistic school brought both method and school into discredit. And why, it may be asked, should the ancient dialectic, and its Catholic successor of the Middle Age, have been brought into animosity with the free-thinking school of our day? The answer is easily given. The two principles are absolutely incompatible. The dialectic system, when disentangled from its abuses, is the regimen of authority, and of the most despotic of all authorities—that of reason. Free-thought, as its slaves understand and practise it, is pure anarchy transported into the domain of metaphysics. Dialectics are the human spirit following fixed principles; freethinking is the human mind in a vagabond condition.

Our educational reformers of this century would fain have us believe that it is to them we owe so many useful additions to the programme of the modern school: the physical sciences, history, the living

languages, etc.; all substituted, they say, by their school for useless Greek and Latin. How incredulous the poor innocents appear when they are informed that this "modern" education is of quite a venerable age! The arguments urged by the members of the "liberal" school were pressed against the clerical educators of the days of Louis XIII. Yes: much that our freethinking friends are respecting as a gift of the nineteenth century was in full vigor three centuries ago; nearly all that they admire is more than a century old. Nor can our opponents retort that this modern progress in the way of educational reform was only a forework of the Great Revolution; that all such ideas and works belong to that glorious movement. For the reformers to whom we have alluded did not come from the philosophistic camp; not one of them would recognize our freethinkers as his progeny. First and foremost among them, in influence though not in time, was Armand du Plessis, Cardinal de Richelieu, whom certainly no one will rank among the revolutionary gentry. Now, in 1640 this prelate drew up, and caused to be approved, for the college in the town from which he assumed his name, a plan of studies which was useful in the extreme. It comprised (1) a profound study of the French language; (2) a study of all subject-matter in the vernacular, since at this time all the ordinarily educated no longer understood Latin as a matter of course; (3) the study of Latin and Greek; (4) a combined study of the sciences and letters; (5) a comparison of the ancient languages with the French, Italian, and Spanish, which was no less than the elements of philology, at present so greatly in honor; (6) the study of chronology, history, and geography. And why did His Eminence introduce this method of instruction? Hearing his reasons, we almost imagine that one of our contemporaries is advocating the "modern" system, be it understood, with its objectionable

features removed. "Because of the many difficulties to surmount, and because of the long time consumed in acquiring the dead languages, as well as the great delay ere attacking the sciences, it follows that many young gentlemen hasten to join their regiments before they have been sufficiently well grounded in the *belles-lettres*." For the military reason alleged by the Cardinal Minister, substitute a desire to enter upon a business career, to learn a trade, to become familiar with a profession, and you have the exact reason of the modern *paterfamilias* which he fancies to be actuating him when he lauds the modern educational idea.

The Abbé Fleury was by no means an anti-clerical; still less, in the educational line, a precursor of Paul Bert. Nevertheless, in the very height of the reign of Louis XIV., this most conservative of pedagogues called for a simplification of grammatical studies, an abbreviation of written exercises, and for almost an entire suppression of Latin versification. As to Greek, he was wont to say that the majority of college graduates knew enough of it to be able, during the rest of their lives, to declare conscientiously that Greek is easily forgotten. But Malebranche was more of a Vandal than Fleury; he would not have studied Greek at all, while he would have had men know sufficient Latin merely to catch the meaning of St. Augustine's works.* If, then, it was a merit to diminish the study of the classics, that merit must not be ascribed to modern education or to the freethinking

* If the reader is surprised on hearing such men as Richelieu, Fleury and Malebranche condemning the excessive devotion to classicism, and pleading the cause of the sciences, what will he think when he hears Louis XIV., who is generally regarded as the very incarnation of the old *régime*, thus addressing, in 1675, the representatives of the University of Paris: "There is much room for improvement in the instruction given to youth in our colleges. The scholars acquire a knowledge, great or small, of Latin; but they are ignorant in history and in those sciences which are the most useful in life"

school. And it is a remarkable fact that while Voltaire, D'Alembert, and their followers, fulminated energetically against the classicists, they did not attempt anything better than the work of their opponents. Rousseau was one of their chief instructors; but he could cure the evils against which he inveighed only as does the ignorant surgeon who chops off the arm to cure a simple bruise. He demanded *the total suppression of public instruction*; and his "Emile" is simply a negative plan of education. And no wonder, when he said: "I hate books; they only make a man talk of what he knows nothing."

And now, if the reader has been tainted with the Encyclopedistic poison of the day—and how few have not!—he must prepare to draw upon his stock of pity for the evil state of our mental balance; for we are about to utter an assertion as audacious to his mind as it is self-evident to our own. We have said that all the philosophistic onslaughts against the exaggerations of the Renaissance were purely negative; now we declare that all serious efforts at reform in educational methods, just as at reform in all other social matters, have come from the hierarchical order—from the priesthood. At first consideration, an objection would seem to rise from the attitude of the powerful Society of Jesus in favor of the system inaugurated by the Renaissance. The teachers in this Congregation certainly remained obstinate classicists, even applying the figures of mythology to Christian themes.* But we must remember that it is scarcely fair to the Jesuits to ignore the fact that they were suppressed in several countries before

* M. Lecoy de la Marche, very friendly to the Society, says: "I have read some verses written by a pupil of the Jesuits for a college entertainment; and the composition reproduces a recitation of the Passion in Virgilian language, with all the metaphors and flourishes of the most ornate pagan poets. The verses were excellent, but I must admit that the general effect was revolting."

the anti-Humanist movement was fully in action, and that they had no time to introduce into their programmes those improvements which a return of normal conditions enabled them to effect.

Since we have touched the subject of the Jesuits, let us enjoy the puzzled expression which perforce must creep over the features of him who hears for the first time the accusation of excessive literary culture bearing upon that Society, which has had nearly always to sustain the charge of "obscurantism." But if the disciples of Loyola were prevented by circumstances from joining in the anti-Renaissance movement, another Congregation—the Oratory,—then at the height of its influence, and cherishing in its bosom some of the most learned men in the Church, gave in each one of its colleges special and full courses of history. The study of the history of France alone occupied the student three years; and we may judge of the courage it required to undertake this reform, if we reflect that the reign of the Renaissance had produced in the historical student a love for only the stories of antiquity. The Oratorians were among the first in Europe to give their proper place to the exact and natural sciences. The College of Juilly alone brought forth professors whose names are immortal among scientists: Poisson, De la Mare and Duhamel in physics; Prestet, Lelong and Maziere among mathematicians. Programmes preserved in this establishment since 1759 show that the mathematical course comprised conic sections, optics, fortifications, trigonometry, differential and integral calculus, and their applications to geometry. Anti-clericals will be astonished on learning that at these colleges of the Fathers of the Oratory, what may be called the fancy arts were not ignored. Thus design, music, riding, fencing, and even dancing—principally for the cultivation of graceful manners,—were carefully taught. With no less zeal than the Oratorians did the Benedictines aid

in inaugurating the presumed "modern" education. It was not enough for that glorious Order to have furnished the schools with the Higher Historical and Literary Criticism: those halls which had re-echoed with the applause attendant upon the efforts of Mabillon, Montfaucon and Bouquet were also to show what the cowed sons of St. Benedict could do for secondary education. The most brilliant officers in the French army of the eighteenth century received their mathematical and literary training at the Benedictine establishment of Sorèze.

And now we would direct, *en passant*, the attention of the modern parent to a point which should considerably interest him. In the schools of the freethinkers—that is, where the "modern" system is most practised,—no complaint is so frequently heard as that of overcrowding the brain of the student. Such laments were not heard in the ecclesiastical colleges of the olden time, nor are they heard now in the institutions under clerical supervision. The art of filling the brain of the student without fatiguing it can be attained only in an establishment where are cultivated two principles which render pedagogy easy to both master and pupil—faith in God and a real love of knowledge. But we must not become prolix; we have sufficiently shown, we trust, that the idea of reforming the method of instruction, in the two epochs initiated by the early Middle Age and, in time, by the Renaissance, was due to the priesthood; and that for whatever of good there is in our present system of instruction we owe little gratitude to the philosophists of the eighteenth century, and much less to their imitators of the nineteenth.

I THINK it must be somewhere written that the virtues of the mothers shall be visited on the children, as well as the sins of the fathers.—*Dickens*.

Chance or Providence? *

I.

HER name was Thecla. She was tall, slender, and rich. She needed no petting. "She is intolerably proud and cold," said the ladies; although there were some individuals amongst them who thought differently; but they were insignificant people, and nobody minded them: they had no weight in society. And the gentlemen? They paid their court to her; for Thecla was beautiful, and she was the only child of the wealthy merchant Santova, and consequently the most desirable match in the whole city. But up to the present time all the attempts of the young gallants to win her affections were vain.

Then the young Doctor Ernest Klicpera made his appearance in the city. He had spent some years in the hospital at B——, and now he came home to settle down. The season opened that year with a party at the house of Alderman Janda. The ladies were delighted to learn that the brilliant and handsome Doctor, who was the principal subject of conversation amongst them, had accepted an invitation. Everyone was anxious to see the young man; all the more as he was quite a hero, having saved the life of the president of the council by stopping his runaway horse.

At seven in the evening the reception hall of Alderman Janda began to fill with guests.

"He is sure to come pretty late," whispered Miss Lindova to her bosom-friend, Miss Verdove; "and that is all the better. Although he has been here only a short time, he has already a large practice. I saw him on the street yesterday, and he is just charming: tall, slim—perhaps too slim,—with curly brown hair, brown whiskers,

and grey eyes, which have a peculiarly interesting, melancholy look. I feel sure that I shall like him," she added, partially closing her eyes in a whimsical manner. "But here he is in person!"

The eyes of all the company turned at once to the young Doctor at his entrance, but he seemed not to notice it. With perfect self-possession, he offered his respects to the lady of the house, and then was introduced to the company.

Thecla also noticed him, and had to acknowledge that he was a fine-looking man, and that he dressed well.

"He will, of course, pay court to me, because I am the richest girl in town," she said, with a bitter smile, to Miss Hotova, her aged aunt, who since her mother's death ruled the house.

At that moment the Doctor stood before her, and was presented in due form. Her cold, proud look was met by a flash from a pair of eyes that seemed to read her through and through. She was confused, a thing quite unusual with her.

Had he overheard her words? And if so, could he have known that they referred to him? One thing was certain: he did not pay court to her. Whilst he treated the other young ladies with due deference and politeness, he acted toward her with a coldness and restraint that humbled her; if she in return treated him in the same way, it was but natural.

The mothers of marriageable daughters were delighted to see how little Doctor Klicpera noticed the distinguished heiress. They were loud in their praises of him: here at least was one that did not seek merely riches and beauty, but refinement and a good heart.

Poor Thecla! The mothers in making those remarks were thinking of the chances of their own darlings. Thecla had no refinement, according to them. Her father simply worshipped her; and with her good old aunt, who loved her tenderly, she did just as she pleased.

* F. J. K. Pasecky, in the *Czechoslovakian*. Translated for THE "AVE MARIA" by J. M. T.

II.

Doctor Klicpera was returning from his sick calls in the poor quarter of the town. He had much to do there to-day; he was tired, and was hurrying to get out of those close and narrow streets. As he moved rapidly along Paul Street, he ran against a boy who was crying bitterly. On being questioned, the boy told him that his mother was very ill; that he went for the doctor who attended poor people, but he was not at home; and now his mother was going to die because there was no one to help her.

How the eyes of the little boy brightened when he heard that the gentleman to whom he had told his sorrowful tale was the Doctor, who was ready to go with him to his mother! They stopped at a gloomy house, climbed a flight of dark, half-rotten stairs, and entered a dismal room. And what a sight met their gaze! The Doctor had already seen a good deal of misery, but the sight always stirred his heart. And what added to his grief was the fact of his poverty. The little that he could do for the poor, he did with a good will; but it seemed to him so little.

He found a woman lying in great pain on a miserable bed; beside her a little weeping creature; and in the room were five other little ones, the oldest of whom was a boy of hardly more than seven. It was the old, old story, constantly repeated in manufacturing towns: the miserable wages of the father was not enough to support his large family; the mother went out to wash and add a little to the revenue; and meanwhile the children were neglected, and she herself was worn out. Now she lay on her bed, weak and suffering, hardly able to move her limbs.

"If I die, O my God! what will become of these poor children?" she moaned.

Klicpera tried to comfort her. Her condition was not critical; but she must have quiet, and nourishing food. Quiet, and nourishing food! The words sounded like

mockery when one looked around the two gloomy rooms in which the family lived.

The sick woman's eyes met the Doctor's, and a sudden blush covered her pale face.

"O sir, do not think that things are always in such disorder! Even when I work out, I always find time to keep my children and my home clean and in proper shape; but now that I am sick—"

Here the woman's voice broke down.

"Do you not know of some one that could give you a little help?" asked the Doctor.

She shook her head mournfully.

"Mother," spoke up little John, "a kind lady lives close by, who asked me a while ago how you were, and who said that she would like to come and see you."

The Doctor sent Johnny at once to the neighbor; and in a few minutes a woman, plainly but cleanly dressed, entered the room. When she saw the state of affairs, she said to the invalid:

"Oh, if I had only been here sooner! I have four children of my own, it is true, but I will gladly look after these little angels. And when Miss Thecla comes, I will tell her how things are, and she will help you."

"Miss Thecla!—who is she?" asked the Doctor and the sick woman together.

"I only know that she is called Miss Thecla; and she is beautiful and good, and always ready to help the poor and the suffering. She is well known here on Paul Street. I do not know what would have become of us without her when my husband was down with inflammation of the lungs last winter."

When on the afternoon of the following day Klicpera again visited the patient, he found her lying on a comfortable bed, and the whole surroundings were as neat as in a Sisters' hospital.

"The lady you call Miss Thecla has been here, I see," said the Doctor, in a musing tone.

The sick woman assented feebly.

"An angel was here. I declare to you,

that noble young lady took my poor child on her lap, washed her with her own delicate hands, and put clean clothes on her; she and the neighbor whom you met here made up my bed. O Doctor, she did me more good with her loving words than with the wine and meat that she brought me! God bless her ever!"

Who could *this* Thecla be? Whenever Klicpera heard that name, he knitted his brows; for he saw a tall, proud figure before him, with a cold, dark look. And yet that look would be charming—could it only be kind. He again heard in imagination those scornful words: "He will, of course, pay court to me, because I am the richest girl in town." There were, therefore, two beautiful young ladies with the same Christian name; but how different!

Doctor Klicpera was annoyed at the fact that his thoughts were ever returning to that proud girl, who had wounded him so deeply. And from other poor patients he heard that name which he knew too well. He wondered that he had never met the second Miss Thecla. But she had her own hours for visiting the sick poor.

One morning the Doctor came early to visit his new patient.

"Hm! the children seem to be having a good time to-day!" he thought, as he heard their merry laughter.

He knocked, but was not heard. After a moment he opened the door gently, looked in, and stood as if petrified. He could hardly believe his eyes. On a low stool sat a plainly dressed girl, surrounded by the whole troop of children; the youngest, a pale, sickly child, she held in her lap. Was it possible—was that sweet countenance, which with angelical kindness smiled gently on those poor little creatures, who clung to her,—was that the countenance which a few days before he had seen at the party with so cold and proud a look? There she was said to be unfeeling, unapproachable; and here she sat with the arms of those poor children wound about

her neck! If she had looked up at this moment she would have seen him, and perhaps that sweet countenance would have resumed its proud, stern expression. No, he thought; that would be intolerable now. He closed the door softly, then knocked again.

Doctor Klicpera knocked louder this time. He heard chairs pushed back, the door was opened for him, and when he entered Miss Thecla was no longer to be seen. It seemed to him that the room was brighter and more inviting a moment ago.

The woman was so much improved that the Doctor might discontinue his visits; but he had promised to look after little Antonia, who, in spite of all the care bestowed on her, was not gaining strength.

And Thecla? She sat in the next room, and listened to the voice which she knew so well, and which was yet so strange to her. Those kind, gentle tones—were they never to sound for her? How should they? For her Doctor Klicpera had no kind word; it could not be otherwise: it was her own fault. When he looked at her, all his features expressed scorn; and she must bear it. But her pride revolted; for in spite of herself she could not but esteem him. It was not only from this sick woman, but from many others, that she had heard his praises. Had she only suspected that he was there, and heard all her words when the noise of the children prevented his knock from being heard, and he looked upon her amidst that little troop!

III.

It was a most unpleasant day: dark, cold, damp. It was hardly four o'clock, and it was already nearly dark. The husband of the sick woman appeared, almost breathless, at the Doctor's office, begging him to come at once to little Antonia, who was dying. The Doctor started immediately. He found the child in spasms; the mother knelt by the little bed weeping. Thecla stood by, the fingers of the child wound about her hand. This time she did

not flee from the Doctor; but, breathing aloud the words, "Thank God!" she waited to hear his opinion.

"Convulsions!" he declared.

The mother, being yet very weak, was so frightened that she could not be of any help to the Doctor. He therefore gave his instructions to Thecla, who quietly carried out his orders. It was like a dream to him to see this rich and refined young lady able to make herself so useful in the sick-room. Where was that proud beauty, Thecla Santova? Her anxiety for the dying child banished every thought of self.

The little one began to be somewhat quieter. Thecla now held her in her lap. It looked as if she were going to fall asleep. Thecla pressed her tenderly to her bosom, tears glittering in her eyes. How did she come to feel such love for the poor child?

"Will she escape this danger, do you think, Doctor?" she asked.

"If the fit returns, hardly; she is too weak."

She bent down over the child to hide her tears. But was it possible? Did she hear aright? That sob was from the kind-hearted physician; and, glancing up, she saw tears in his own eyes.

The blood rushed to her cheeks. At the same moment the child began to groan and wail. The attention of both was devoted solely to the little one. Her former condition returned, but even in an aggravated form. The little body stretched out convulsively, the eyes became glazed, the lips purple.

Notwithstanding all the persuasions of the Doctor, Thecla continued to hold the lifeless form in her arms. Tenderly, at last, she laid the little one down on the bed, in order to attend to the weeping mother. Her gentle words succeeded in partially calming the poor woman.

It was now growing dark. Thecla, in alarm, looked at her watch.

"How late it is!" she exclaimed. "They will be alarmed about me at home."

"Did you come alone?"

"I met Johnny on the street. When he told me that Antonia was dying, I came immediately, without seeing any one."

"Then you must permit me to accompany you home."

These words were so gently spoken that Thecla did not trust herself to reply. She went once more to the little bed and stooped down over the corpse.

Peaceful and charming the little angel looked, even though her pale face was still drawn by the past sufferings. At sight of that corpse the last remnants of her pride broke down. Looking up, her eyes met those of the Doctor, who regarded her gently, sadly, almost reproachfully. She dropped her eyes before his gaze. She felt how unworthily she had thought of him; how her words must have wounded him; for that he had heard them she did not now doubt.

"Forgive me!" she whispered.

His answer was a silent pressure of the hand.

From that time forth Miss Lindova would seek in vain for that look of interesting melancholy which she had formerly observed in the Doctor's countenance.

The world was astonished. The engagement was too sudden, too unexpected. But all, even the disappointed, hastened to congratulate the happy couple.

"A royal pair!" whispered Miss Hotova to Mrs. Janda.

"But tell me, my dear, how it all came about. It seemed as if those two had nothing whatever in common."

Miss Hotova told all she knew about the matter.

"What a fortunate affair!" replied she, with emotion.

"Chance?" whispered the Doctor, who happened to overhear those words, looking inquiringly at his bride-elect.

"Providence," replied the latter, smiling tenderly and happily.

The Tapestry of Life.

'TIS said that old Time is a shuttle
 Swift weaving the web of our days,
 In and out fly the fast-speeding moments
 Thro' the warp and the woof of earth's maze.

At times all the colors seem sombre,
 Again there are dashes of bright;
 Anon all life's threads knot and tangle,
 And only defects meet our sight.

Full often we stand and in wonder
 We gaze at the unresting loom,
 Which hides the design of the fabric
 Until we have reached the dark tomb.

Only this do we know: that the groundwork,
 Thro' which the bright colors are twined,
 Is woven of charity's fibres,
 Which serve the threads closely to bind.

And when the last thread has been broken,
 And the loom is forever at rest,
 We shall see that our life's great Designer
 Knew what for His children was best.

A Marquis of the Old Régime.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

III.

EUGÈNE'S fortitude was soon put to another trial. He was dangerously wounded in the face by an explosion of gunpowder; and, in his utter destitution, the Marquis could not give his boy even a roof to shelter him. Happily, he was able to borrow a small sum of money to procure the first things necessary for the wounded lad; but it was difficult to take proper care of him in the mountain solitudes where the army was then encamped, and it was decided that he should be removed to a Capuchin convent down in the valley. The soldiers, who worshipped the brave lad, made a litter with boughs

of trees; Eugène was laid upon it, and, with much difficulty, carried safely to the convent. Henry could not accompany his boy: his military duties kept him at his post; but Comte, the faithful servant, walked by his little master's side, and occasionally picked up handfuls of snow from the roadside to rub the poor boy's burning head and hands. A few days later the Marquis, who was all anxiety as to the condition of his son, obtained leave to make him a brief visit. He found Eugène disfigured by his terrible wound, but much petted and spoiled by the good religious.

Hardly was our hero reassured on the subject of his boy, when anxious tidings reached him from Geneva. The approach of the French armies had obliged the royalist *émigrés* to retreat; and Lausanne, being farther from the frontier, was considered a safer refuge. The Marquise Costa and her children followed the rest; but on leaving the little house where she had bid adieu to her husband and child, the pain of separation seemed to revive with new force. "Eugène has left treasures here that I am going to take with me," she writes. "You know what those treasures are: they form my *chapelle de souvenirs*. . . It is a sacrifice to leave behind me the figures that he drew on the walls of his room, but what can I do? It seems to me that in these sad times one leaves part of one's heart and life everywhere. . . To-morrow I start, and shall ascend the second station of my Calvary."

At Lausanne, the Marquise found a large assembly of French *émigrés*; some enduring poverty and exile in dignified silence; others still full of delusions, and inclined to consider the Revolution as a passing storm, after which things would naturally return to their former state. The Marquise seemed at first anxious to keep aloof from the other refugees. She was in a critical state: worn out by mental anxiety and by physical fatigue,

tortured by fears for her husband and son, and at the same time pursued by a thousand petty worries, brought on by the pressure of poverty. The Abbé Baret and her faithful maid Chagnot, both of whom had followed her to Lausanne, endeavored to rouse her; but she obstinately refused to accept either the remedies or the distractions that were offered to her; her mournful apathy thoroughly frightened the faithful souls who watched over her welfare with unceasing devotion, and who were now in great perplexity as to what measures should be taken.

At last, after having endeavored in vain by every means in their power to divert their mistress's mind from her own cares, they devised a touching stratagem. They decided that the only possible way to rouse the Marquise would be to draw her attention to some fellow sufferer more afflicted than she herself was, and they set forth resolutely to look for an *émigré* whose sorrows were great enough to serve their purpose. After some trouble, they discovered, among the French refugees who were then at Lausanne, an old lady named Madame du Roseray. Her husband had been killed in the American war many years before; and her only son, Louis du Roseray, had just fallen on the field of battle. She was very poor, in ill health, and sustained only by her sweet submission to the will of God.

By dint of much diplomacy, Chagnot obtained access to the childless widow, who was singularly dignified and reserved in spite of her poverty. She then spoke about her to the Marquise, and, to her delight, succeeded in awaking her mistress's interest in her new friend. The anxious mother's heart went out to the woman who had lost all. Her own anxieties were great; but her husband and son, though in danger, were living, and her other children surrounded her; whereas Madame du Roseray, bereft of husband, son, fortune and health, had, as she herself

expressed it, "nothing left but the daily providence of God."

The care which the Marquise lavished on her unhappy neighbor brought a blessing to both. Madame du Roseray's refinement and intelligence were as charming as her Christian resignation was admirable; she had many acquaintances among the refugees, and by degrees her friends became those of Madame Costa. All of them were victims of the Revolution, and they watched its different phases with intense anxiety, and also, sad to say, with many illusions. They could not bring themselves to believe that the terrible storm that had driven them from their homes and country must necessarily cause a radical change in the state of France; many of them looked upon it merely as a passing tempest, and absolutely refused to believe in the eventual success of the Republican armies.

The Marquise Costa was inevitably influenced by the judgment of those around her; and Henry, who was struggling with the stern realities of war, confesses himself amazed at the sanguine anticipations contained in his wife's letters. "It is possible," he says, "that peace may not be far distant; but, believe me, it is Revolutionary France that will impose peace." He had no illusions left as to the final act of the bloody drama; the whole of Savoy had surrendered, almost without resistance, to the Republican armies; and the handful of brave men shut up amidst the Alpine solitudes alone represented the honor and fidelity of the country.

However, the very hopelessness of the cause for which he fought seemed to attach our hero more strongly to his post. He was one to cling to a falling house, and his self-sacrifice was all the more heroic from the complete absence of all vain hopes or delusions. His wife having begged him to abandon the army and to return to her, he answers: "Believe me, if I could leave honorably, I would do so; but after having

cared so much for Eugène's education, how can I crown it by a dishonorable act? Remember, our lives are precious because they are useful to our children; and we have not the right to induce them to act in a manner that, later on, might make them blush." He goes on to speak of his boy's courage and nobleness, and strives to comfort the poor mother by the thought that her son's character had developed in strength among the hardships of a soldier's life.

The news of the execution of Louis XVI., on the 21st of January, 1793, ought, it seems, to have cured the *émigrés* of their last illusions, and opened their eyes to the full meaning and horror of the Revolution. But so strongly did they cling to the idea that the King's person must and ought to be inviolate, that at Lausanne the news was received with doubt; and, incredible as it may appear, we find the Marquise Costa writing to her husband: "No, I shall never believe that in all this there is anything but a trick that has been played upon the Jacobins. Louis XVI. ought not—can not be dead: he has been carried off or he has escaped. I have the certainty, which all sensible persons here share, that we shall soon see him, at the head of the allied armies, inflict a crushing defeat on the Republic and Republicans."

The refugees at Lausanne had retained the ideas that they had brought from France some years before; and the terrible progress of the Revolution, its fearful strength and power, were things that they could never understand or admit. But Henry Costa, whose early illusions had long since been swept away, and who measured men and things by the hard, clear light of truth, replies somewhat impatiently to his wife's letter: "I do not care if your friends are mad, but let me, at any rate, beg you not to take their dreams for realities. . . . Alas! Louis XVI. is dead, and will not come to life again. . . . A fearful war is preparing; its result will

decide important questions; but, so far as we are concerned, its success is anything but certain."

In the following month of February, the regiment to which our hero and his son belonged was sent to occupy a post on the Little St. Bernard, with orders to guard the mountain passes leading from Savoy to Piedmont through the valley of Aosta. The cold was intense, and the sufferings of the soldiers terrible. Both the Marquis and his son bore them bravely. "Our boy has not grown," writes Henry to his wife, who was hungry for details, "but he is much stronger. I must say he has gone off in looks: his accident last year thickened his features and spoilt his skin. . . . His voice has become hoarse and broken. But everyone loves him; he is looked upon as a good officer, is happy everywhere, and finds ways and means of obliging his comrades without ostentation. . . . He has an admirable nature; and if he errs, it will be by excess on the right side."

Eugène was, in truth, his father's sunshine among the trials and sorrows of that long, sad winter. The lad's devotion to his military duties, his uncomplaining sweetness, his bright, happy temper, supported his father's courage. If the present seemed dark and dreary, Henry hoped that the future held brighter days in store for his boy, and the thought made him patient. But no earthly future was waiting for Eugène. The soldier lad of sixteen had completed his career; and, from her exile at Lausanne, his mother seems to have felt that her darling's course was nearly run. In His mercy, God thus prepared her for the coming sacrifice. "My Eugène," she writes, "my poor child, whom I shall never see again! Why do I feel so oppressed with fear?"

The very day that his mother's hand wrote these prophetic lines—the 27th of April, 1794,—Eugène and his father were engaged in an encounter with the French troops among the snowy passes of the Alps.

The poor father was gazing in admiration at the boy, who stood his ground manfully, while bullets flew around him, when suddenly the lad fell down in the snow, wounded in the leg. The Marquis raised him in his arms, and, having carried him out of reach of the firing, entrusted his treasure to the care of two soldiers who were passing by. Keeping his anguish at bay, he returned to the post where duty and honor bound him to remain.

At nightfall only was he free to join the boy, whose wound had been dressed, and who now lay in a wooden barrack that served as a hospital. Too much moved to speak, the Marquis knelt down by his son's side. Eugène raised himself, and the two, who loved each other so deeply, met in a long, silent embrace. The soldier of sixteen, so brave under fire, leaned his head on his father's breast like a little child, and soon fell asleep. Henry remained in the same position until morning, fearing to awake his beloved one; while the faithful Comte, close at hand, watched over both his masters during the long hours of the night.

Next day the patient was more feverish; his mind began to wander, and it was decided to remove him to Turin, where his aunt, Henriette Costa, Marquise de Faverges, could receive him. It was impossible for the Marquis Costa to accompany his son; though the boy, in his delirium, clung to him wildly and refused to let him go. But at any moment a fresh encounter with the enemy was likely to take place; and, under these circumstances, his strict sense of duty bound our hero to his post. The parting was agonizing. Henry at last tore himself away from the poor boy's embrace; and, climbing a high rock, he watched, with streaming eyes, the mournful procession wending its way down the mountain side.

The soldiers, who loved and admired the wounded lad, bore him as gently as they could over the rugged path. Comte

followed on foot; his faithful heart was torn to pieces between his anxiety for the master whom he followed and his pity for the one whom he left behind. Madame de Faverges received her nephew with the utmost tenderness. Her two sons were also fighting for the King, and this circumstance increased, if possible, her motherly feeling for the young Lieutenant.

(To be continued.)

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIV.—AMONG THE ROCKS.

CONWAY sprang forward into the grove. "The bank?" he asked. "What do you mean by the bank?"

"Look!" Ward said.

Below him, in the moonlight, Conway saw a sheer descent of rock. Here there was a snowdrift. The base was lost in gloom.

"Below is the railroad track along the river," Ward said, in a cool, passionless tone. "It will take us an hour to get to him. We shall have to make a long *détour*."

"Then, in Heaven's name, let us start!" Conway said.

Ward turned back. Colonel Carton stood with his back against a tree. His tall hat was pushed back; his face was ghastly in the moonlight. Ward shook him roughly.

"Wake up, man!" he said; "wake up! We must go down to the river!"

"I can't! I can't!" the Colonel murmured through his teeth. "It's no use, Ward,—I can't!"

"Then you will be found out," Ward whispered, coolly.

Colonel Carton reached out nervously as if to grasp his arm. Ward drew back.

"Don't touch me! I have just come from the pestilent air of my son's room,"

Ward said, grimly, and with evident enjoyment of the Colonel's agony. "Mr. Conway," he said, more loudly, "I shall be glad to go to the river with you, if you will allow me. But I must say frankly that I am a dangerous man,—a man whom all this village has avoided like the plague. You may not know that there is small-pox in my house."

Conway looked at the man in amazement. There was something in his tone that appalled him. He could not see Ward's face so well as Colonel Carton's. There was a mystery here.

"We can think of ourselves later," Conway said: "now we must help Major Conway. You had better go and calm Miss Conway's fears about her father,—she will begin to be anxious if none of us return."

"I can't! I can't!" said the Colonel, helplessly. "Don't ask me! I must go home—home."

There seemed to be a pang in the word. Conway looked from man to man.

"Go at once, Colonel Carton!" he said, peremptorily. "Tell the ladies *something* until we find the Major. Mr. Ward, if you will lead the way, I'll follow. I'm afraid nobody could get down that wall of rock."

Ward laughed.

"We are losing time," Conway said.

"This way, then," Ward answered, carelessly. "We pass the Catholic church and turn into the lane by the new houses; then there's a nasty winding path, that will bring us to the river in—say three-quarters of an hour. We may find him alive; but there's about as much chance of that as if he had fallen from the highest point of the palisades."

"We are losing time," Conway said again. "Is there no other road?"

"None. These beautiful landscapes always have their dangers. A high point of rock may be fine for the passing tourist, but it is different in the eyes of the falling man."

Conway was irritated. There was a half-concealed feeling, or lack of feeling, in Ward's tone. Colonel Carton had gone slowly toward the Major's house.

"As we pass the priest's house, I shall stop a moment," said Conway.

"He also is dangerous," said Ward, in the same cold, sneering tone. "He is the only one in this civilized community who has dared to come near us. Well, stop! I shall hurry on, so that no time will be lost. I hope the priest will be able to do the Major some good, but—"

They ran on in silence until they reached Father Haley's house. Ward kept up his pace; Conway went onto the little wooden porch and rang. There was no reply. He rang again desperately. The door slowly opened and a voice asked:

"Who's there?"

"I want to see Father Haley."

The door moved slightly farther.

"He can't be disturbed," said the voice, decisively. "It's ten o'clock, and he's in the woodshed taking off his small-pox clothes. He's been visiting the Ward boy, and he's that tired out he ought to go to his bed. If you're a sick call, you'll have to wait till the morning,—that's all!"

Conway put his hand against the door and gently held it. The woman, who stood before him with a candle, shaded by her hand, did not move: she was determined not to give an inch to the intruder. He saw that she was old, wrinkled, and very determined.

"If you're a sick call," she repeated, "you ought to have had your name down on the slate after the first Mass. You've no right to be disturbing *him* at this time of night. And if you've come from Rose O'Leary, you can just go back. She's sent for him three times this month, and it was only a sinking at the heart. What is she frightened about?" demanded the old woman, raising her voice and talking very rapidly. "She's always been a good-living woman. Rose O'Leary's no friend of

mine, but I must say I think she's in a state of grace."

Conway stopped her by throwing the door wide open and attempting to pass her.

"It's a matter of life and death. I *must* see Father Haley!"

"What's the matter, Susanna?" asked the priest's voice, from the back of the house. Before Susanna could answer, Father Haley himself appeared, in the act of buttoning his collar.

Conway saw that he was not recognized.

"Father Haley," he said, "Major Conway is dying or perhaps dead. I am on my way to him; he has fallen from the rocks."

"Glory be to God!" cried Susanna.

Father Haley took the candle and flashed it into Conway's face.

"It's you!" he said, briefly. "Where did he fall?"

"From the oak grove, just beyond—"

"I know," the priest answered. "Go on! I'll make the necessary preparations, telephone to the doctor, and join you at once."

Conway bounded from the stoop, and he heard the door shut viciously by the amiable Susanna. He made his way rapidly to the lane. Near the new houses he had noticed in the morning, Ward was waiting for him.

"You are in no hurry," he could not help remarking.

Ward made no answer. They walked on in silence, until they reached the edge of the rocky plateau through which the path meandered. Ward struck a match. It flashed, burned for a minute, and went out. Conway saw a narrow path marking a steep descent, the path indented and jig-jogging.

"It looks bad, doesn't it?" Ward asked.

"I wish we had a lantern."

"We'll have some trouble getting him up," Conway said.

"It will not make much difference *how* he comes up, I am thinking. There's a decent road which goes down by easy

descent, but it is seven miles away. We can bring him up that way. If he is alive now, the next train will probably kill him."

Ward was in front, Conway following him.

"What do you mean?" Conway asked, curtly. He felt a growing dislike for this man, who seemed to have so little humanity about him.

"I mean that if the Major was not caught in the dry vines or bushes on his way down, that he struck either the narrow strip of ground beside the railroad track or the track itself. If he struck the track, the 10 20 train will finish him, unless his fall left him in unusually good condition."

"O God!" Conway murmured,—"*O my God!*"

The wind had risen. This exclamation, borne forward to Ward, seemed to startle him for an instant.

Conway hastened his pace, and forced Ward to do so too. What a life—what a life! he thought. An hour ago the Major had sat among lights and luxury, healthy, secure—if any man can be secure,—and seemingly far from real adversity. An hour had passed—not much more,—and he lay awaiting a horrible death! Three hours ago, and all his thoughts had been about trifles: How would the dinner-table look? Who would take Lady Tyrrell in? How could the unpleasant position threatened by Bernice's unreasonableness be averted? There had been no thought of God, no fear of judgment. He himself had been in the agony of embarrassment over Lady Tyrrell's stupidity; he had asked himself whether anything so annoying had ever occurred to any other man. He had said to himself that he was a fool to have accepted the Major's hospitality and put himself into such a wretched case. He had felt—as all young people do when their vanity or self-respect is wounded—as if the world for him had come to an end. Now he almost smiled at the triviality of his mood. As he slowly followed Ward—

it was impossible to walk fast now, as the moon had gone beneath the clouds and the way was narrow,—he seemed to have grown older. He was face to face with the awful mystery of transition. Luxury, conventionality, over-civilization, artificial aims and wants, one hour; cold, agony, helplessness, all the horrors of a horrible death—and judgment, the next.

As he walked along, his thoughts became so dark that he felt he must speak.

"Your boy is better?" he asked, when there was a lull in the wind.

"Yes, I hope so," Ward replied. "That priest did him more good than the doctors. I hate your priest!" Ward added, passionately. "I am grateful to him, but I hate him. I know what Voltaire meant when he said that he would strangle the last king with the entrails of the last priest. Kings take the bodies of men for their wars, priests steal the souls of our children for their Church. That boy will never be mine or his mother's again. Your priest has saved his life,—but he is ours no longer!"

It was a relief to hear this strange man speak so bitterly; his coldness and hardness had irritated Conway, and added to the terror of a situation which had terrors enough of its own.

"You will think differently by and by. Your boy will be happier. If you only knew it, he is nearer to you. And I tell you, Mr. Ward, that if he is the sort of boy I believe him to be, he will never rest till your heart is as peaceful as his."

"Not after to-night," Ward said. "I have gone near to the mouth of hell—if there is one—to-night; and I am not sorry. Who spoke of my boy to you?"

"Miss Conway."

Ward stopped and turned, saying angrily:

"What right had she to speak of him? She played the Lady Bountiful, I suppose, out of an English novel, and patronized—"

"Go on!" Conway said, sternly. "Don't be a fool! There are few more sincere

or unpretentious women in the world than Miss Conway. But this is no time for singing her praises, and I certainly shall not discuss her with *you*."

They had reached a narrow platform, strewn with dry leaves. The moon had come out again; and the winding way before them was flooded with such radiance that the snowdrifts sparkled, and the river sparkled, and where it was stillest even glowed; the sky seemed, as some poet has said, as if an opal had been warmed into life. Conway now stood abreast of Ward; they paused—Ward for breath, Conway because he did not know how to go on. The wind blew open his light overcoat, showing the flower in the buttonhole of his evening coat and a glittering stud.

Ward frowned.

"You are well dressed for a death-bed," he said. "*My* son is loathsome in the sight of Major Conway; yet in a few minutes it will be all the same to him which of you is near him. I know by the reverberations in these rocks that the train is coming."

"For Heaven's sake, let us hurry!"

"Fast enough, boy, — fast enough! There are slippery holes here. And I suppose a man of society like you wears dancing-shoes? They're not the things for this work. So you will not discuss Miss Conway with *me*,—so you're an aristocrat, too, like the other Swansmere upstarts!"

"I am only a man," said Conway, as gently as he could,—“only a man, hoping to help another creature.”

"The train is coming!"

"Move on!" said Conway.

Ward turned toward him, with a smile which horrified Conway. He had heard and read of such a look on a man's face—Poe had described it somewhere,—and somewhere he had heard or read of that devilish voice.

"Move on? I shall wait till the train passes. Move on? Heads!" He drew a coin from his pocket and tossed it up

into the air. "Heads! the train crushes him; tails—"

"Move on!" repeated Conway.

Ward laughed.

"When I am ready. Give the locomotive its chance. I was near the mouth of hell, I told you,—I am in hell now, and I am enjoying it! After to-night a thousand worlds separate me from my boy and his mother."

"Move on!"

Conway raised his right arm; Ward did not budge from his place.

"Move on!" Conway insisted.

There was a dull murmur from below, growing louder and louder, and a flash of light. Ward moved aside, with a low laugh. The train had passed.

(To be continued.)

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE DOWN-TRODDEN SEX.

WE have had a call from an "advanced" woman. She was armed with a letter of introduction to our landlady, who was thereby forced to listen to the expounding of ideas and to receive an invitation to help in a great cause. At least the advanced caller pronounced it great.

"I do not go about for pleasure," she declared, gloomily. "Were I to consult my own preferences, I should take my ease like the careless and unthinking. But the cause drives me on. It pursues me sleeping and waking; it haunts me in scenes of gayety and pursues me in the banquet-hall. In wildest scenes of mirth it is prominent as the skeleton at the feast; in a word—"

"Pardon me!" broke in our landlady. "But I really don't know what you are talking about. Kindly be more explicit.

What is your cause? African exploration, the detection of adulteration in food, homes for stray dogs—"

"Madam," sternly interrupted the caller, "my cause has nothing to do with those unimportant matters. It is the amelioration of the condition and the higher education of the down-trodden sex."

"Which sex, please?"

The visitor looked about as if to say, "Is this woman mad?" then answered: "I refer to women."

"Are they down-trodden?" asked our landlady, with an air of surprise. "I'm sure I didn't know it."

"Madam," retorted the caller, with a glare like the Ancient Mariner's, "you are evidently disinclined to interest yourself in my cause. I thought that the introduction by Mrs. Jenkins-Jobson would be a sufficient guarantee of my sincerity. She assured me of your co-operation. She intimated also that you were under excessive obligations to her; that her patronage had rescued you from grave financial distress."

The color came and went in our landlady's kind face.

"I could have dispensed with the patronage of Mrs. Jenkins-Jobson, who was so immersed in various causes that she forgot a board bill of long standing. She has continued to forget it. However, I shall be happy to present it to you, receipted, to apply to the furtherance of your aims."

"You are, I see, utterly unsympathetic," retorted the caller, not in the least abashed. "May I ask if these persons gathered at your board share your antiquated views?"

There was a chorus of "They do!" those in the minority keeping silence.

"Then allow me to say good-morning!" and she betook herself and her cause elsewhere.

"I have ignored the first rule of good manners," said our landlady, who was evidently much disturbed.

"I know Mrs. Jenkins-Jobson," remarked our Cynic, soothingly; "and I say that courtesy toward one of her emissaries would be thrown away."

"But that unpaid bill—I never referred to it before."

"Heroic treatment was the only remedy, dear landlady. But will you not tell our friends what you think of the 'cause' of our late visitor, and why you think it?"

First looking around to see that no cup needed refilling, our landlady made this little speech: "It is the men, in my opinion, whose condition needs ameliorating. It is they who bid fair to be defrauded of their rights. I do not say this to make you laugh. [Mrs. Dobbs and young Cecil were smiling, as if our landlady were presiding over a 'Punch and Judy' pantomime.] I am in earnest. At the rate things are going, men will soon have no rights or privileges at all—social, financial or educational. Even their political prerogatives are in danger. Girls are taking the places of boys in offices, behind counters—everywhere. The friend across the table will testify that in a week of persistent tramping about the town, his son, a fairly educated and perfectly trustworthy young fellow, has failed to find employment, because young women, who board at home and live at less expense, are ready to do the same work at a reduced stipend."

The friend across the table sadly nodded his affirmation.

"Even the professions are so crowded with women that there is danger that the most brilliant acquirements and painstaking zeal will be of no use to the young man who has his living to earn. The day threatens to come when the industries which require merely a strong arm will be all that will be left the sex termed the sterner.

"Some years ago a poem called, I think, 'Hannah Jane,' went the rounds of the newspapers. It is yet a favorite with unsophisticated provincial elocutionists.

It narrated the woes of a woman, the type then of a large class, who was so distanced by her husband on the dusty racetrack of life that her state was as pitiable as hopeless. He, a rising politician, whose duties called him from home, where he was courted by the giddy throng which besets the successful, soon learned to be ashamed of the wife who was necessarily so absorbed in her domestic concerns that she ceased to understand him. Hannah Janes were legion, and women wept over this poem and committed it to memory. But now—it is John Henry who deserves to have verses written about him. It is the women who are ashamed. They lacking in culture? They ignorant in social usages? Not they! They prepare papers for literary societies; they go about on journeys in the interest of science; they are versed in Egyptology; they chatter glibly of ancient monumental inscriptions; they criticise pictures; they report lectures; they head committees; they decipher ancient manuscripts; while their husbands delve in offices, and, for lack of time, confine their literary researches to the market reports and newspaper headlines.

"Even from purely social functions men bid fair to be excluded. There are feminine teas and receptions, and even card parties galore, so numerous and general that the old-time gatherings which were at once the relaxation and refiners of men are threatened with extinction."

At this moment two of our neighbors, looking very worn and tired, entered. "Our wives are at a coffee," said one. "Can you give us a cup of tea?"

THROUGH your whole life everything that you do according to the will of God, being in a state of grace, has in the Book of Remembrance a record, and in the Sacred Heart of our Divine Master a promise of reward, which shall be satisfied at His coming.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Notes and Remarks.

In the current number of *The New Review*, Lloyd Storr-Best has a paper termed "The Common Sense of Hypnotism," in which he strives to explain the intimate connection between bodily and mental states. Many of his arguments are tenable, and are clearly set forth; however, we can not but question his assertion "that the bleeding from the hands and the feet which occurred in the case of St. Francis d'Assisi was undoubtedly the result of the determination of the blood to those parts, by the rapt imagination of them as bearing the same marks as the Crucified Christ." The life of St. Francis was marked by deeds which were the result of divine love; and while his soul was lifted above the things of earth, the wings were not of imagination, but were of that which would-be scientists will seek in vain to destroy. They were not Icarian wings, and will not melt in the glare of modern science.

To the score of Columbus portraits now extant is to be added another, alleged, with we know not how much of truth, to be the work of Titian. It is said that it has been recently discovered at Naples, and that its authenticity is vouched for by Signor Caunavina, the antiquarian. The portrait is the life-size representation of a middle-aged man, with blue eyes, finely cut mouth, and a pointed blonde beard and mustache. Visitors to Chicago will have an opportunity of seeing it, as it will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

The judge of an Illinois court has rendered a notable decision. For some time past a band of women, following the example of the "crusaders" of some fifteen or twenty years ago, have been in the habit of visiting, unmasked, the saloons of the town of Effingham, and there holding prayer-meetings and "exhorting bees." Finally, the wife and daughters of one of the liquor sellers thus favored captured a pair of enthusiasts, and gave them what the reporters call a "good thrashing." The women who were given so equivocal a

welcome appealed to the law for redress, and failed to obtain it; the judge considering them trespassers, and deciding accordingly.

There is surely but one conclusion to which the fair-minded can come in such a case, and that is that if women forsake their womanhood and the canons of common-sense and public decency, they must pay the same penalty that men should pay under like circumstances. If a crowd of men persisted in habitually entering a butcher-shop and interfering with business, who could blame the proprietors if they at length resorted to extreme measures to rid themselves of the inconvenient intruders? Women must learn the great truth that when they claim extraordinary rights, they forfeit extraordinary privileges. It is perhaps unkind to say that those women deserved the castigation they received; but, so far as heard from, no one has murmured at the decision of the judge. The liquor traffic is bad enough of itself without the addition of such objectionable efforts for its extirpation.

In the course of a communication to the Rev. Joseph J. Keenan, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, General A. G. Weissert, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, on behalf of the 500,000 members of that organization, thanks the Wisconsin priest for a recent tribute paid to the G. A. R.; and incidentally cites a letter in which General W. S. Rosecrans testifies that in 1885 Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, and other bishops and theologians, assured him that the Grand Army of the Republic is not a "secret society" in the ecclesiastical sense of that term. Good Catholics may consequently be G. A. R. members; and the better Catholics they are, the better will the organization become.

In the course of an article showing the importance of collections of cancelled stamps for missionary purposes, the *Catholic Record* observes:

"These stamps are sold, and the proceeds applied to the training of women, who are sent as missionaries to heathen lands. In many countries native women are prisoners in their homes. They are not permitted to speak to a man, or to appear in public, even to attend religious services. The missionaries can convert only the men. The object of the Association

of Mary Immaculate is to send women who can enter heathen homes, and thus reach the family. The importance of this work is self-evident: it supplements the Society of the Propagation of the Faith."

Following the vigorous article in which, three months ago, Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, pleaded so forcibly for the exclusion of indecent art exhibits from the World's Fair, comes a protest against indecent pictures, addressed by Brother Maurelian, on behalf of many persons, to Halsey C. Ives, Chairman of the Committee of Fine Arts for the Columbian Exposition. The protest is concurred in by very many Americans eminent in religious, governmental, and commercial circles, and represents the feeling of twenty-five millions at least of our countrymen. It is aimed at the introduction, into the Art Gallery of the World's Fair, of such disgracefully obscene pictures and paintings as shocked the moral sense of thousands of visitors to the Paris Exposition. Chairman Ives, in concluding a letter to Brother Maurelian in answer to the protest, says: "I have never lost an opportunity to draw the distinction between art which introduces the naked figure and that which legitimately makes use of a nude figure." The "legitimate nude in art" is a phrase which means very different things to different minds, and it is to be hoped that the Fine Arts Committee will understand it in its most restricted sense.

Those who had seen in Bourke Cockran, the Tammany orator, merely a partisan politician, must have modified their opinion on reading the report of his magnificent address on "Church and State," delivered last month in Boston. It was a discourse that settled once for all Mr. Cockran's claims to the title of real orator, and he falls at once into the position left vacant by the death of Daniel Dougherty. The following paragraphs we quote, one from the beginning, the other from the end of his address:

"I know that the last fifty years have been crowded with events of momentous importance, and that they followed each other with startling rapidity. I know that dynasties have been razed and thrones subverted and the boundaries of nations changed; that on this continent we have seen the stain of slavery

wiped from our constitutional system of the States, and an indestructible Union established. But, nevertheless, of all these momentous and important events, all these changes by armies—the advance of the Russian troops to the gates of Constantinople, the creation of new empires in the East, the change in the map of France, the burning question between countries which threatens to plunge Europe yet into war,—I repeat the assertion with which I opened: that the Jubilee of the Pope is the most important event, and that which far transcends them all in political as well as in religious importance.

"Every Catholic who obeys the rules and discipline of the Church makes a good citizen. As Catholics carry out the motto of their Church and work to the greater glory of God everywhere, they will be found to work for the spread of civilization, for the good of humanity, for the solution of these problems, these puzzling questions which must be solved by the wisdom of the Almighty working through the instruments which He has chosen, and through which He has worked for nineteen centuries, and by which He will abide to the end of time."

Prominent among the native races of Southern India is the Telegu, numbering upward of fourteen millions. In 1888 Catholic missionaries among them established a Literature Association for the purpose of disseminating Catholic books, pamphlets, tracts, etc., published in the Telegu language. A monthly magazine, *Niti Darpanum*, is beginning its twelfth year of existence; and its editor makes an urgent appeal to Catholics the world over for contributions to defray the cost of a supply of new type (sadly needed, as we can testify) for the continuation of the publishing work. Contributions should be sent to the Manager of the Catholic Mission Press, Nellore, Southern India.

Count Ballestrem, the present leader of the Ultramontane party of the Centre in the Reichstag, served during the Franco-German war as an officer of cuirassiers. One day, when in Burgundy, quarters were assigned to him at the country-house of a lady of rank. Soon after his arrival, the Count, as a matter of courtesy, sent his card to the owner of the mansion, asking when it would be agreeable for him to pay his respects to her. The lady declined to receive one who was the enemy of her country, and whom the vicissitudes of war alone compelled her to admit under her roof. A day or two later, however, a circumstance trifling in itself was the means of

obtaining for the Prussian officer admission to the presence of his unwilling hostess. It happened that the Scapular which the Count, like the good, practical Catholic he has always been, was in the habit of wearing, got torn. He gave it to his orderly, with directions to mend it; and the man, whose fingers proved too clumsy for the task, took it to the lady's maid, with whom he was on friendly terms, begging the assistance of her skill. When the Scapular was brought back, it was accompanied with a message from her mistress. The man was to tell the Count, she said, that Madame no longer refused to receive one in whom she recognized a pious Catholic and devout servant of Mary.

Thus the sign of a common faith and devotion triumphed over the natural repulsion felt by a patriotic French lady toward the invader of her country, and led to an exchange of courtesies which served to render their mutual relations less unpleasant than they must otherwise have been.

The fruit-growers of Riverside, Cal., have reason to be proud of their famous seedless oranges, car-loads of which are now sent to all the large cities in less favored States. This variety of the fruit is naturally preferred to all others, being more delicious, juicier and less pulpy, besides seedless. It is a marvel of horticulture. Who could taste this "fruit of gold" without wishing it, were in his power to send a box of it to every hospital and orphan asylum in the country? The Riverside lemons are hardly less famous. Both fruits were awarded gold and silver medals at the World's Industrial Exposition at New Orleans.

There is a good lesson for parents in this little story related by one of our German exchanges:

A married couple had resolved to cultivate a little kitchen-garden together. One bed was yet empty; and the man, wishing to give his wife a pleasant surprise, secretly sows the bed with lettuce. Next day the wife goes with the same secrecy and plants beans in the same bed, which she thinks is empty. Afterward husband and wife continue to go alternately to the bed to weed it. The woman

thinks the young lettuce is a weed, and plucks it up; and the man treats the beans in the same way; so that in the end they have neither beans nor lettuce. And both are surprised and provoked.

Even so it is in the training of children, when the mother permits what the father forbids, and the father by word or example destroys what the mother has planted.

One of the scenes to be represented at the Mackaye Spectatorium, in Chicago, during the World's Fair, will be the landing of Columbus at San Salvador. An entire shipload of selections from the flora of that island will be required to give reality to this scene alone. The cargo of greenery has already arrived in Chicago, and is being put into position. It is said that other events of the great navigator's life will be represented with the same fidelity.

Suicide and divorce are twin evils of our modern society. Both are outward manifestations of a low grade of religion and morality.—*The Republic*.

Another manifestation of a low grade of religion and morality is the existence and spread of organizations like the A. P. A.

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. James W. Hartford, of Newark, N. J., who departed this life not long since at Johnsville, N. Y.

Mr. P. D. Feley, who died suddenly at Chillicothe, Ohio, on the Feast of St. Joseph.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Haenn, of Tanguy, Pa., who passed away on the 27th ult.

Mr. William T. Mockler, of Clontarf, Minn.; Mrs. Annie Workmann, Jersey City Heights, N. J.; Mrs. Mary Service and Mr. James Higgins, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Catherine Shields, Wilmington, Del.; Miss Elizabeth Donahoe and Mr. James Hayes, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. T. H. Noone, Holbrook, Iowa; William Leahy, Tipperary, Ireland; Edward Carroll, Washington, D. C.; Michael Leonard, Millville, Minn.; and Mrs. P. Ronan, Albany, N. Y.

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



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Precepts in Rhyme.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

LINGER not till to-morrow
The wounded heart to heal;
Who knows what added sorrow
Thy waiting may reveal?

Give to thy needy brother,
Whate'er his record be;
"As ye unto each other,
So have ye done to Me."

Give freely of thy treasure;
And when thy days are old,
The scales of God will measure
Thy portion manifold.

A Queer Title.



NE of the proudest noble-
men of Spain bears among
his other titles that of "Lord
of Rags and Tatters." The
story concerning the way his
family came by that strange
honor has been told in verse
many times, and is among those pretty
tales or legends which cluster so thickly
about the history of the time when the
Spaniards, after many long and bloody
wars, finally drove the persistent Moors
from their fair country.

Somebody is always sure to say, if the story-teller is too explicit, "Oh, that never could have happened in the world!" So we will only put it that a certain King of Spain was bravely leading an assault against the Moorish army on the field, when an arrow of the enemy struck his faithful charger and killed him. Even at that critical time the King paused a moment to lament his poor four-footed friend; almost wishing, so much did he love his horse, that the fatal arrow had struck him instead. But there was scant time even for sorrow; and the King hurried along on foot, calling on his men to follow,—for this, of course, happened in the very old days, when kings and generals fought in person at the head of their armies, instead of staying by their tents and giving orders.

Just then a young trooper, seeing what had happened, hastily dismounted.

"Take my horse, my liege!" he called out to the King.

"No," replied his sovereign. "It would be the act of a coward to leave you to struggle along on foot."

"Then," said the trooper, "my horse shall go without a rider; for I vow that if you do not take him, no one else shall ride him. And if you go on foot, I go on foot too. Shall I ride while the King walks?"

"I am conquered," answered the King. "Not for myself do I accept your noble offer, but for Spain; and if we win the day, you shall hear more of this."

The soldier stooped down and pressed his lips to the hem of the robe of the King, at the same time tearing off a shred, which he concealed in the bosom of his doublet.

The Spaniards were victorious; and, after the shouts of victory were stilled a little, the King thought of the brave fellow who had parted with his horse and risked his life for his sovereign and his country. So he sent criers out far and near with a royal proclamation, calling upon the trooper whose horse the King rode to go at once to court and claim his property and a due reward.

Such a crowd was never seen in those parts as surged through that courtyard. "The King rode my horse!" "I am the man!" said the hundreds who swarmed about the palace; and they even came to blows in their eagerness to be thought heroes, and to receive the token of the King's gratitude.

"What under the sun am I to do?" asked the Court Chamberlain to himself. "Surely the King could not have used the horses of so many, but I have no way of deciding which is the rightful claimant."

At last a young soldier presented himself at the foot of the throne, and held out a piece of the very cloak that had floated from the shoulders of the King as he rode against the infidel. He said no word; he made no plea, for there was no need. The King recognized him, embraced him as a faithful knight, and gave him his insignia.

"Rise," he said, "my Lord of Rags and Tatters!" And by that name has the head of the house of Jiron been known down to this present time.

"So shrewd a fellow will know how to take care of wealth," said the wise monarch; and so to the title he added many rich gifts of land and gems.

The King was truly wise. The soldier proved worthy; and the first Lord of Rags and Tatters was the founder of a noble house which has never known a stain.

FRANCESCA.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XV.

It was the next day that Alicia and Joe were run away with by a hansom.

"A hansom," wrote the former to Alma Simmes, "is an open, two-wheeled cab, which looks something like a buggy; but the driver's place is high up at the back, so that he drives over the heads of his passengers. When you are driving in one, it seems as if the horse, having been told where you want to go, has set off of himself to take you there. I dare say you have seen them in New York, but in London they are as much of an institution as the Houses of Parliament."

The Colvilles were going down to the Victoria Hotel, having received word that the Bartons were there. Mr. Colville, Claire and Kathleen started off in one cab, and Joe and Alicia were to follow in another. Joe felt very important at being left to look out for himself and his sister; so when the hansom came up he helped Alicia in with a good deal of style, and took his place beside her, after saying to the driver, in an off-hand tone:

"To the Victoria!"

The other cab was already out of sight; but they bowled along pleasantly, enjoying the novel experience of riding through the streets by themselves. Other hansoms continually passed them. In these they caught glimpses of aristocratic old gentlemen, young English swells, elegantly-dressed ladies, and travellers laden with traps and hurrying to catch a train. Absorbed in what was going on around them, they drove on past the Army and Navy stores.

"Why," exclaimed Alicia, suddenly, "this is not the way! We should have gone toward the Strand."

"By George, you are right!" said her brother. "But how in creation are we going to tell the man?"

He hailed the driver, but without avail; he tried to poke his head out at the side, and called loudly to him, but the cab kept steadily on. A gentleman in a hansom coming from the opposite direction, noticing his dilemma, smiled and pointed upward.

"Hang it! I know the driver's up there," muttered Joe; "but he might as well not be, since he's taking us all astray."

He pulled at the reins, but the driver jerked them away. The noise of the street prevented him from hearing Joe's call; and having been told that American boys are fond of practical jokes, he thought our hero was trying to play one on him.

Now they found themselves amid a throng of buses and drays; there was a sound of tooting engines, a ringing of bells, the commotion of incoming and outgoing trains, and the hansom drew up before the Victoria Railway Station. Tumping off, the driver came around to the front, saying,

"Here you are, sir!"

"Yes, here we are!" retorted the boy, savagely; "but this is not where we wanted to come."

"Why, you hordered me to bring you to Victoria, sir," replied the man; "and this is the place. If you and the young lady are bound for the Crystal Palace, you'll get the train on the left."

"I told you to drive us to the Victoria—the hotel; don't you understand?" exclaimed Joe, in desperation.

"If you meant the 'otel, you should a said the 'otel," grumbled the driver, doggedly.

"Why should I say the hotel any more than the station?" argued Joe.

"Because 'to Victoria,' or 'to the Victoria,' halways means the station," was the response. "But when you found you were going wrong, sir, why didn't you call to me?"

"Call to you!" repeated Joe, with a despairing glance at his sister. "Haven't I been bawling to you with all the force of my lungs for the last ten minutes?"

"Look a 'ere, sir!" said the cabby. "Hall you need to a done was this." Springing to his place, he opened a little arrangement like a trap-door in the top of the hansom, and gazed down upon them. "You see, hit's quite convenient and heasy. I thought, of course, you knew, sir."

Joe was completely disconcerted.

"Oh, I suppose that was what the gentleman meant by pointing upward!" he muttered.

Alicia laughed merrily.

"To think of that little door being just over our heads, and you making such frantic efforts to attract the attention of the driver!" she said.

"I'll not drive in any queer kind of vehicle again without examining it thoroughly, inside and out," declared her brother. "Well, driver, take us to the hotel now, at any rate."

"I'm sorry, sir, but hit will cost you double fare, since hit was your mistake," said the man.

"I don't care what it costs!" rejoined Joe with the air of a nabob.

Alicia opened her eyes wide and made a little face to herself; for Joe was a spendthrift, and seldom had a second shilling in his pocket.

Without further adventure, they reached their destination; and found Mr. Colville on the steps of the hotel, awaiting them with some anxiety, and wondering how they could have been delayed. He gave Joe the money to pay the man the extra charge; and, having discovered that the Bartons had gone away the day before, they all went back to Westminster together in a four-wheeler.

The young people liked to drive about on the buses. Often, as they read the signboards over the shops along the route, Alicia's concern lest they might have to

learn English over again seemed not without foundation.

"Swan & Edgar, Haberdashers," read Joe one day. "What kind of an establishment is that?"

"Judging from the display in the windows," said Claire, "haberdasher must mean a dealer in dry-goods and fancy articles like Denning's in New York."

"Then mercers sell pretty much the same things," continued her brother, pursuing his observations.

"Originally a mercer dealt in silks and woollens, a haberdasher in fancy wares, and a draper in cloth; but nowadays, when these various kinds of goods are sold in the same establishment, the terms are almost synonymous," said Mr. Colville.

"I notice that dressmakers and bonnet-makers are alike called milliners here," remarked Alicia.

"Yesterday," interrupted Joe, "when I asked the Boots at the hotel where I could get a new key for our trunk, he said at the ironmongers. At first I did not understand that was a hardware store."

"And when Claire wanted to buy some cologne, the maid said she could get it at the chemist's, meaning the apothecary's," said Kathleen.

"For vegetables you would have to go to the green-grocers, and to the fruiterers for fruit," said Mr. Colville, amused.

"And how odd that all the stores are called shops!" began Claire.

"All but the Army and Navy co-operative establishments," replied her father. "When an Englishman speaks of a store, he usually means a storage warehouse."

"Isn't it all delightfully quaint!" exclaimed Alicia. "All the droll names out of Mother Hubbard and the old nursery rhymes and story-books seem to be still in common use over here."

In the afternoons Mr. Colville sometimes engaged a landau and took his family to drive through Belgravia and Mayfair, and in the beautiful parks for which the

metropolis is noted. It was the height of the London season. All the people of fashion, "the smart [stylish] set," were in town; and of a fine afternoon, between five and seven o'clock, the representatives of the aristocracy, wealth and beauty of England were to be met driving in Hyde Park, on the broad Southern Avenue, past the Albert Gate, or along the Ladies' Mile.

This was a scene which especially delighted the Colville girls. They never tired of watching the long procession of fine equipages, drawn by high-stepping horses, presided over by liveried coachmen and powdered lackeys, and occupied by beautiful and exquisitely dressed women and distinguished-looking men. And then, when they turned from this brilliant panorama, there were the riders in Rotten Row, trotting their high-bred, handsome steeds up and down; and the gay throngs of pleasure-seekers promenading upon the walks.

Joe enjoyed seeing the horses. He also liked to look at the boys sailing their boats on the Serpentine, the pretty artificial river which winds through Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, and adds to the beauty of the landscape, noted for its magnificent trees and expanse of velvet turf.

In St. James' Park they were amused to find Bird Cage Walk, so called from an aviary which was kept here as early as the time of the Stuarts.

"At the end of this walk you see Buckingham Palace, the residence of the Queen when she is in London," said Mr. Colville. "The building is not always open to the public, but some day we will visit the mews."

"Is that where the Queen keeps her cats?" inquired Kathleen, innocently.

"Ha-ha-ha! that is a good one!" laughed Joe. "No, pussy: the mews are the stables; and I read somewhere that they were called so from the mews, or coops, of the royal falcons which were once kept there."

Another day our friends sailed up the Thames to Richmond and the Botanic Gardens at Kew. Above the towers of Westminster, which make a beautiful picture from the river, the course of the stream lies amid green meadows and luxuriant groves, past charming villas and picturesque villages. At Putney, the starting-point for the annual boat-race between the crews of Oxford and Cambridge, they saw some of the University men in shells rowing over the course. At Kew they went through the great conservatories called the Palm and Tropical Houses; and saw in the latter the *Victoria Regia*, the giant water-lily, with leaves so large and strong that a three-year-old child can stand on one of them. Then they strolled through the blooming gardens.

"How pleasant it is in all these London parks!" said Joe. "The people can roam about under the trees and across the lawns as they choose, and there are no signs anywhere warning them to 'keep off the grass.'"

"No," replied Mr. Colville. "The turf is so thick that it is not injured even by being trodden by many feet."

For another jaunt they took a train from Wapping and went through the Thames Tunnel. It was a strange experience to know that they were actually passing under the river, that its broad stream was flowing onward, the steamers and countless barges plying to and fro, and the life of the great water highway all going on far above them. But afterward the girls declared that, on the whole, it was a very smoky and very sooty excursion. Sometimes they went from place to place by way of the wonderful Underground Railway, which extends for miles under the foundations of the world of London. They thought it grand sport to ride on the swift trains, which run, as if through the heart of the earth, far below the busy thoroughfares, the multitude of houses, the palaces and the slums of the great metropolis.

On their first trip they had a funny adventure. They were going to Hammer-smith, and, having settled themselves comfortably in a coach, entered into an animated conversation. Time passed.

"Surely we ought to be nearly there!" said Claire finally.

They began to notice the names of the stations more closely. Gloucester Road, Kensington, Notting-Hill Gate.

"Why, we've passed that before!" said Joe. "I remember the name."

"You must be mistaken," answered Mr. Colville, who had been reading a newspaper.

"Praed Street, Edgeware Road, Baker Street," continued Joe.

"I'm sure we passed Baker Street!" exclaimed Kathleen. "I recognized it as the station we got off at the day we went to Madame Tussaud's!"

Convinced that something was wrong, at the next stop their father called the guard and inquired:

"How long before we get to Hammersmith?"

The man stared.

"If you keep travelling in this train you'll never get there!" he said. "Don't you know that the Hunderground runs in circles? You've taken a train of the hinner circle, and 'Ammersmith is houtside. See!"

"To be sure!" ejaculated Mr. Colville. "I ought to have known better! So we have been riding round and round in a ring, without getting any nearer to our destination."

"That's habout hit, sir," responded the man. "Hit's a common mistake with folks as isn't used to journeying by the Hunderground. You'd best get out here, and your train will be along soon."

Laughing heartily over their predicament, they complied with his advice. The occurrence was a standing joke of the children against their father for many a day.

They of course visited the famous Zoölogical Gardens, popularly known as the Zoö, where Joe and Kathleen were

particularly delighted with the animals. And the day before they left London, Mr. Colville took them to the Tower. They found the entrance guarded by sturdy, quaintly attired soldiers in doublet and knee-breeches, and with queer, soft-crowned, wide-brimmed hats.

"Why, the hats that are so stylish for ladies this summer must have been imitated from those!" exclaimed Alicia.

"Isn't it amusing to trace the origin of fashions?" added Claire.

"These warders are the yeomen of the guard," said Mr. Colville. "They are also called Beef-eaters, perhaps a mispronunciation of the Norman word *Buffetiers*, meaning the attendants at the royal buffet, or table; but more probably a nickname given to the ancient guard, because rations of beef were regularly served to them when they were on duty. The Tower is perhaps, historically, the most interesting spot in England. The White Tower or Keep, the most ancient part, was built by William the Conqueror on the remains of a fortress thought by some antiquarians to have been founded by Julius Cæsar. Among the many celebrated personages held in captivity here were the Kings John of France, Baliol and David Bruce of Scotland, and Wallace, the great Scottish chief."

"It is a regular Castle of Horrors!" said Claire, with a shudder, as she read the long list of princes and nobles for whom release from imprisonment had come only by means of the block and executioner. They saw the room in which that gallant knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, was immured, and which he left to go to his death at Westminster; the Garden Tower, where the poor little princes were so foully dealt with; the place where Lady Jane Grey, the victim of the ambition of her father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, was beheaded; and were told that here also the frivolous Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard met the same fate.

"The greatest interest of the Tower for us, however," said Mr. Colville, "is that it was the scene of the sufferings of some of the English Martyrs—that noble company of men and women who, despite the mandate of tyranny, openly professed and practised their religion, and were put to death by Henry VIII. and his daughter, the cruel Elizabeth, for their adherence to faith and principle. Of these the most illustrious example was Sir Thomas More, the gentle, courteous friend, the tender father, the brilliant scholar, the great statesman, the ideal Catholic gentleman. You remember many of the others also from your study of English history: the glorious list of priests and laymen and courageous women who won the martyr's palm because they would not conform to the religion of the State, nor perjure themselves by an oath of allegiance, which declared that might was right. Many of these suffered at Tyburn; but More, the aged Countess of Salisbury, the Duke of Norfolk and others, laid down their lives on Tower Hill."

In one of the rooms of the Beauchamp Tower they saw carved on the wall a large cross, with the crest and name of Peverel, 1570, supposed to have been cut there by one of these brave confessors. Over the fireplace they read the inscription: "The more suffering for Christ in this world, the more glory with Christ in the next. Arundel. June 22, 1587."

"This was the Philip Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk, mentioned in that beautiful story 'Constance Sherwood,'" said Mr. Colville. "He spent ten years here, and finally died by poison, secretly administered. He was offered release on condition that he would attend Queen Elizabeth at the services of the new religion, bearing the sword of State; but he indignantly rejected the proposal."

In one of the windows they noticed a curious rebus, or monogram—a bell with the letter A engraved upon it.

"This was carved by Thomas Abel, chaplain of Katharine of Aragon, who was condemned and cruelly executed for denying the supremacy of the infamous Henry," said Mr. Colville.

"These are the real heroes and heroines!" cried Claire, with enthusiasm.

"But, father," urged Kathleen, "this Tower is a dreadful place! Don't stay here any longer."

"Oh, we must wait to see the crown-jewels!" said Alicia.

"And the splendid collection of armor," added her brother.

"I don't care for any of those things!" sighed the little girl, as she followed the others unwillingly. "I only want to get out into the sunshine again."

(To be continued.)

The Artistic Touch.

In the old classic days, Apelles the Grecian, and Protogenes the Roman, were friendly rivals in the great and noble art of painting. The Greek called one day upon the Roman; and, not finding him in, drew a thin colored line, and left it instead of a card with his name, such as an artist of New York would take from his card-case if a friend in London were out when he called.

"No one but Apelles could have drawn so fine a line! exclaimed Protogenes,— "that is, no one but me." And, seizing another crayon of a different color, he drew a line upon the line which Apelles had left, so attenuated that it could easily be distinguished from the other.

"Ah, he thinks he can outdo me," does he?" said Apelles, who, the next day, found his friend absent for a second time; and, so saying, he drew another line upon the line of Protogenes, so fairy-like that it was hard to believe it the work of human hands.

The two artists afterward had a great laugh about their efforts to outdo each other; and the panel upon which those marvellous lines were drawn was looked upon by critics as one of the greatest works of art in the world.

The Way of the World.

In March, 1815, it was noised throughout France that Napoleon, "the spectre from Elba," as his enemies called him, had started for French soil, and was determined to make an effort to recover all that he had lost. One of the leading papers of Paris was very bold at first in its expressions regarding the Little Corporal; but its sentiments underwent a striking change as he neared the Capital. These announcements show the gradual modification of its tone:

"The cannibal has left his den."

"The Corsican wolf has landed in the bay of San Juan."

"The tiger has arrived at Gay."

"The wretch spent the night at Grenoble."

"The tyrant has arrived at Lyons."

"The usurper has been seen within fifty miles of Paris."

"Bonaparte is advancing with great rapidity, but he will not set his foot inside the walls of Paris."

"To-morrow Napoleon will be at our gates."

"The Emperor has arrived at Fontainebleau."

"His Imperial Majesty entered Paris yesterday, surrounded by his loyal subjects."

Our young folks may learn a good lesson from this little story. They can judge what the expressions of Napoleon's enemies would have been had he been on the way to St. Helena—retreating instead of advancing, generally unpopular instead of the hero of the hour.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 22, 1893.

No. 16.

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

Judge Not.

BY B. R. S.

BE not alert to sound the cry of shame
Shouldst thou behold a brother falling low.
His battle's ebb thou seest; but its flow—
The brave repulse that heroes' praise might
claim

Of banded foes who fierce against him came,
His prowess long sustained, his yielding slow:
Till this thou knowest, as thou canst not know,
Haste not to brand with obloquy his fame.

"Judge not!" hath said the Sovereign Judge
of all,

Whose eye alone not purblind is nor dim.
Perchance a swifter than thy brother's fall
Hadst *thou* received from those who van-
quished him;

He coped, it may be, with unequal odds,—
Be thine to pity; but to judge him, God's.

Shrines of Our Lady in England.

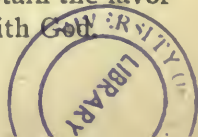
BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.



ISTORIANS specially notice the devotion of the citizens of London toward the Holy Mother of God in Saxon times. To her a large proportion of the churches erected within the precincts of the city were dedicated, and on one signal occasion the

town was preserved from destruction through her gracious protection. It was in the year 994, when Aulaf, King of Norway, and Sweyn, King of Denmark, sailing up the Thames with ninety-four vessels, attacked the city, and set fire to it in several places. It was the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, a day kept as a high festival; and the Londoners were in the churches, paying their homage to the Queen of Heaven, when the assault was made. Surprised but not panic-stricken, they hurried to the walls; and with such marvellous ease did they succeed in extinguishing the flames and repelling the enemy, that they hesitated not to ascribe their victory to the assistance of the Virgin Mother of God.

In somewhat later times, too, London could vie with any city in the world in practical devotion to our Blessed Lady. A volume would not suffice to enumerate all the foundations and pious acts of the citizens of old in her honor. The charities, guilds, hospitals, shrines, the votive offerings and munificent bequests, of which record remains, show that they sought above all the glory of God and His Immaculate Mother, and their own salvation. They acquired riches, not for the sake of living in luxury, but in order to make the poor of Christ partakers of their wealth; and, by the erection of churches or images of Our Lady, to obtain the favor of her who is omnipotent with God.



In the city and immediate neighborhood of London were several sanctuaries of Our Lady. Dugdale, in his "History of St. Paul's Cathedral," gives the following particulars regarding devotion to the Blessed Virgin in that church:

The Bishop of London, shortly after the commencement of the reign of Henry III. (1215), assigned lands for the maintenance of poor clerks frequenting the choir and celebrating the holy Office of Our Lady; so that six clerks should be chosen every day, with one priest, to be by turns at the celebration of the Mary-Mass, and also to say the canonical hours at her altar. This altar was in the Lady-Chapel; and in 1317 the executors of one Hugh de Pourte gave a yearly rent to maintain one taper, of three pounds weight, burning before it every day during the celebration of Mass.

But the celebrated image known as Our Lady of Grace, and described as "the glorious image," stood in the body of the church, fixed to a pillar. Before it a lamp was kept burning all night, through the proceeds of a grant of land to the Dean and Chapter by one John Barnet, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who appointed that after Matins an anthem of Our Lady—*e. g.*, *Nesciens Mater*,* or some other suitable to the time,—should be sung before the said image, with a versicle; which being performed, the person of highest dignity then present was to say a collect of the Blessed Virgin, with the *De Profundis* for the souls of the faithful departed.

The oblations made to this image by devout people and pilgrims were so many and so great, that the Archbishop of Can-

terbury had, in 1411, to arbitrate on the disposal of them. There was another altar of Our Lady in what was called the New Work above the choir, and also an image; but this was not so much a favorite with the people as the image of Our Lady at the Pillar in the nave. An indulgence of forty days was granted to all who, being truly penitent and having confessed their sins, should come thither and say a *Pater* and an *Ave*, or make offerings.

Another famous sanctuary was the Church of All Hallows, still in existence at the east end of Thames Street, adjoining the Tower. It was called "of Barking," as being dependent on the Benedictine monastery of St. Ethelburga at Barking, in Essex. Richard Cœur de Lion had, in 1190, built a fair chapel of Our Lady adjoining this church. This chapel became celebrated on account of a famous image placed in it by King Edward I. The story of the image is related in a document preserved among the archives of the Bishop of London, and which is translated as follows:

"We have been given to understand that the chapel in the cemetery at Barking Church, London, was wonderfully founded by the brave Richard, formerly King of England. Also how the Welsh invaded England in the reign of King Henry II., and laid the country waste on all sides; slew men and women, and killed with their swords children lying in their cradles; how they took the Isle of Ely and kept it with an armed force for a year, afterward returning unharmed to Wales. Edward, son of King Henry, at that time a youth, at the sight of so many disasters, wrongs and insults, tending to the dishonor of his father and the injury of the realm, wept bitterly, and gave way to such grief and anguish of heart as to cause sickness to his body; so that, lying half dead upon his couch, he despaired of recovery. But one night, after he had devoutly implored the clemency and help of the Mother of God, beseeching her to teach him by some

* The anthem *Nesciens Mater* has disappeared from our modern prayer-books. It is as follows:

*Nesciens Mater Virgo virum peperit sine dolore Salvatorem
sæculorum,
Ipsam Regem Angelorum sola Virgo lactabat ubere de cœlo
pleno.*

A Maiden Mother pure, who never man did know,
The Saviour of all times with painless travail bare.
The Angels' King Himself, from breasts which Heaven made
flow,
Alone a Virgin fed, His Maiden Mother fair.

dream or vision how the English might be quickly avenged on the Welsh, it happened that whilst he slept a most beautiful Virgin, adorned with the flower of all virtues, the glorious Mother of God, by whose prayers Christian people are helped in their perplexities, and who, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, brought forth the unfading and eternal Flower, Jesus Christ, appeared to him, and addressed him as follows:

“Edward, friend of God, why dost thou lament? Know that during the lifetime of thy father, the Welsh can not be entirely checked or conquered by the English; and this on account of the sins of thy father. But do thou go early on the morrow to a certain Jew named Marlibrun, the most cunning limner, who lives at Billingsgate, and engage him to make for thee a portrait of me as thou seest me now. By divine guidance he shall make two countenances: one resembling my Son Jesus, and the other resembling me, so that no one shall be able to point out any defect in them. When the picture is finished, cause it to be sent to the chapel in the cemetery of Barking church, and framed on the north side; and then greater wonders will be seen. For as soon as the said Marlibrun shall have looked on these faces in the chapel, his heart will be so drawn to the love of heavenly things, that he, with his wife, will be converted to the Catholic faith. And do thou, on beholding this miracle, make a vow to Almighty God that as long as thou livest and art in England, thou wilt, five times every year, visit this said picture in honor of the Mother of Christ; and that thou wilt keep the chapel in repair and maintain it, for it is a place to be honored. And when thou shalt have made this vow, on thy bended knees, thou shalt become victorious and invincible; and at thy father's death thou shalt be King of England, and conqueror over the Welsh, and the Lord of Scotland.’

“When the Blessed Virgin had said this

she disappeared. The prince awoke; and, remembering the dream with wonder, fulfilled everything as he had been told. And in later years he made oath, in presence of many nobles, that he had found everything come true as had been foretold him.

“We, therefore, wishing the said chapel should be duly honored and frequented by the faithful, grant to all who are truly penitent and have confessed their sins, who shall go thither for devotion and prayer, and who shall contribute to the lights, ornaments or repairs, a relaxation of forty days of the penance enjoined on them,” etc.

Whatever may be the truth about this document, the authenticity of which is an open question, there is no doubt that the chapel was a royal foundation and a resort of pilgrims. In the privy-purse expenses of Henry VII. there is an entry, on the Feast of the Purification, 1503, of six shillings and eight pence as an offering to Our Lady of Barking. That the image was truly a beautiful work of art appears from an allusion made to it by the Blessed Thomas More, who, speaking of the affability of Henry VIII when young, compares him to the image of Our Lady near the Tower, which the citizens' wives could fancy to smile upon them as they prayed before it.

Another London sanctuary was at Muswell Hill, where stood the celebrated shrine of Our Lady of Muswell, to which flocked a constant stream of pilgrims. It was situated between Hornsey and Finchley Common, and took its name from “a spring of fair water” on the hill. Its celebrity arose from the great cure performed by this water upon a King of Scotland, who, being afflicted by a strange and obstinate disease, was told, in some supernatural manner, that he would be healed by the waters of a well in England, called Muswell. After long inquiry the place was found, and the cure, in fact,

effected. Many other cures were wrought there; but it is nowhere stated that the waters had a medicinal virtue, nor do any vestiges remain of the well or the sanctuary.

The Chapel of Our Lady of the Pewe, or Pue, was on the south side of that of St. Stephen in the royal palace of Westminster. The date of the origin of this sanctuary is not known, and concerning the title given to it there has been much conjecture. Some allege that it is derived from the four wells (*puits*) which were near it. Others, that it is connected with Our Lady of Puy, in France, since there was in London a famous confraternity called by this name. Or it is said that the title has reference to the seated attitude of Mary, and comes from the word *podium*, which meant in the Latin of the Middle Ages anything on which we lean. Hence the French *pieu*, a stake, and the English *pew*. However this may be, the image was a *pietà*—Our Lady of Pity, representing her seated, holding her Divine Son across her knees, as He was taken down from the Cross. This celebrated image was probably a copy of an old image called Our Lady of Pewe, which from early times stood in a side chapel of Westminster Abbey.

In 1383 Richard II. went to pray in this chapel before setting out to encounter the rebels under Wat Tyler at Smithfield. On the Saturday after Corpus Christi, Froissart tells us in his account of the rebellion, the King visited Westminster Abbey, where he and all the lords heard Mass. Beside the church there was a chapel, with "a statue of Our Lady that did great miracles, in whom the Kings of England ever had great trust and confidence." The King paid his devotions before this image, and made his offerings to the shrine; then he mounted his horse and rode toward London. In 1393 "some enemies of God, members of the devil and thieves," as they are quaintly termed in the chronicle, broke into the Chapel of Blessed Mary

de la Pewe, and carried off many jewels and treasures. Shortly after some of them were captured; and the plunder being recovered, was restored to the chapel by the King, to whom, as stolen goods, it was forfeited.

In 1411 we find mention of a foundation of five shillings yearly to be applied for the maintenance of a silver lamp before the image of St. Mary in Pewe, every day in the year, from the first opening of the chapel in the morning to its closing late in the evening. In February, 1452, the chapel, with all its ornaments, was burned down. From the accounts of this disaster we learn that the scholars of Westminster, had the charge of serving it; since the fire originated in the carelessness of a scholar appointed by his schoolmaster to extinguish the lights. The image of our Blessed Lady is said to have been richly decked with jewels, precious stones, pearls and rings. The chapel was rebuilt, after several years, by Earl Rivers, who obtained for it the indulgences of the Scala Cœli at Rome. The unfortunate Earl, when a prisoner in Pontefract Castle, awaiting his untimely death, bequeathed his heart "to be carried to Our Lady of Pewe, adjoining St. Stephen's College at Westminster, there to be buried by the advice of the dean and his brethren." He also desired that his body should be interred before an image of our Blessed Lady Mary; and that a portion of the sum of five hundred marks, set apart for sundry purposes, should be devoted to the maintenance of a priest for one year at Our Lady of Pewe, to pray for his soul and those of his brothers.

Our Lady of Pewe was a most favorite chapel for the celebration of Requiem Masses. In a deed for the foundation of anniversary Masses for one Richard Green and his parents (1480), it is stated as a reason for choosing that sanctuary, that it was a spot of great devotion, by the frequent attestation of miracles, abounding in

indulgences as well for the benefit of the living as for the relief of the dead; particularly the indulgence called *Scala Cœli*.

The Church of St. Maria de Scala, at Rome, was so called because one day when St. Bernard was celebrating Mass in it, he beheld a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, by which were ascending to eternal glory the souls of those for whom he was offering the Holy Sacrifice.

From the regulations of King Henry VIII., it appears that a visit to Our Lady of Pewe, with officers and servants in their liveries, was included in the ceremonies attendant on the creation of sergeants-at-law. Our Lady of Pity of the Pewe was afterward destroyed by order of Henry VIII.; but even in the reign of his successor, Edward VI., Catholics continued to visit her chapel.

Not only in connection with Our Lady of Pewe, but with most other shrines, mention is made of a lamp burning before the image and of offerings made for lights. To burn wax-tapers or lamps before her image was perhaps the oldest and most universal method of testifying veneration for our Blessed Lady. This pious custom was most common in England. In the annals of the different sanctuaries there is a constant record of candles and lamps kept burning before the principal statues. At Evesham, before the altar of St. Mary in the crypt, it was the rule to have one lamp burning by day, and one cresset, or torch, by night; and at the celebration of the Mary-Mass in the church twenty-four wax-lights were to burn every day, and thirty-three lamps were to be lighted. At Lincoln, in addition to the lights burning in the chapel of Our Lady, St. Hugh, for the glory of the Virgin Mother of the True Light, endowed the treasury of the Cathedral with revenues to provide a host of others; so that, as the historian records, "the lustre of the tapers with which the Cathedral was illuminated during the offices of the night might vie with that

of the rays of the sun, with which it was lit by day."

All the numerous images of our Blessed Lady in Norwich Cathedral, and in the other churches of the city, had lights constantly burning before them. Details of this kind might be multiplied, not only in regard to the famous sanctuaries, but almost all the churches of the land. Foundations and bequests for the maintenance of lights were most frequent. In many chapels the Lady-light was supported by one of the guilds, some of these being founded for this express object. The barbers of Oxford, for instance, at their first incorporation, agreed that they would keep and maintain a light before Our Lady in St. Frideswide's Priory, toward which every man and woman of the same profession who kept a shop was to pay twopence every quarter, and two journeymen a penny. Henry VIII., in the days of his piety, used to keep candles, called the King's Candles, before Our Lady of Walsingham and of Doncaster; and the Earl of Northumberland maintained candles at the same sanctuaries all the year round.

Wealthy persons who gave an image to a church generally made provision at the same time for a light to be kept burning before it. Offerings made by pilgrims often consisted of a sum of money to keep a candle burning for a fixed time, or for tapers to be lighted on Our Lady's altar on festal days. Lands, too, were given for the same object; these were called lamp-lands and light-lands. Legacies of this nature occur at an early date, and on no niggardly scale. The Earl of Pembroke granted to the canons the tithes of all his mills and fisheries at Caversham in Buckinghamshire, together with the annual sum of twelve shillings for the maintenance of two lamps to burn continually before Our Lady for his intention.

A mercer of London, in 1353, left the rents of certain tenements for "one priest and five tapers" before the image of Our

Lady. The Vicar of Wells in his will (1311) leaves to his brother his tenement in Wells, on condition that he should maintain two wax-torches to be lighted at the Consecration at the high altar of the church, and forty pence for the light of Blessed Mary. Another legacy gives half an acre of land to have yearly evermore five *gawdes* (candles burnt in honor of the Five Joys of Mary) burning before Our Lady when the Mass is said and the antiphon sung on festivals. In some places lands were held by the service of providing lights to burn before Our Lady, as at East Herling and Plympton. Cattle, too, were sometimes bequeathed for this object. "For the light of the Blessed Mary, three ewe sheep." "A cow for the support of a taper to burn before the image," are not infrequent items in wills; though "a messuage of land," "a dozen candles," so many pounds of wax, and legacies of money (five shillings or six shillings and eight pence being the usual sum for commoners), are of more frequent occurrence.

The pious founders little thought that their legacies would be perverted to ends of a very different nature. In the constitutions of the College of Ottery St. Mary, a special regulation is made in regard to the due fulfilment of such bequests. It runs as follows:

"Let not the lights which we have ordained in honor of God and of the Mother of Eternal Light at any time be withdrawn by the negligence or malice or for the convenience of those who, as sons of darkness, seek more after their own affairs than those of God. But if some, inspired by God and prevented by His grace, may augment the lights, may God grant them light here and for eternity, and may perpetual light shine on them. But may those who withdraw them incur exterior darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, unless they speedily repent."

That the maintenance of these lights is

most pleasing to Our Lady, the following anecdote will prove:

William, Earl of Salisbury, surnamed Longsword, was, while returning to England, nearly lost at sea in a violent storm. After having tossed about for several days and nights, when all seemed desperate, suddenly a large wax-taper, burning with a brilliant light, was seen at the masthead by all who were thus in danger on board the ship. By the side of it they beheld a Lady of wondrous beauty, standing, who protected the light of the candle from the fury of the winds and heavy downpour of rain. Whereupon, in consequence of this vision, the Earl and all the crew, feeling assured of their safety, acknowledged that divine assistance was with them. But while all the rest did not understand what this vision portended, Earl William attributed the favor to the Blessed Virgin Mary; for from the day when he first put on the belt of knighthood, he had maintained a taper before the altar of the Mother of God, which was to burn every day during the Mass that was said in her honor, and when the canonical hours were recited.

England was reached in safety, but the following year the Earl died. Feeling his end approach, he retired to his castle at Salisbury, and, sending for the bishop, received the last Sacraments and died an edifying death. It happened that whilst his remains were being carried from the castle to the church (about a mile distant) for burial, the lighted candles which, according to custom, were borne with the cross and thurible, burned steadily all the way, amid violent gusts of wind and heavy rain; so as to make it clearly evident that the Earl belonged to the Sons of Light, and for the temporal light had received in exchange the Light Eternal.

ALL good things perverted to evil purposes are worse than those which are naturally bad.—*Dickens*.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XV.—RETROSPECTIVE.

JAMES WARD had studied Major Conway's habits. He knew that the Major, with that military precision which had become second nature, would take his walk after dinner in the oak grove as usual. He found that he had not made a miscalculation. The Major was entering the little plantation of oaks as he neared the place. The moon was bright, and Ward could see the Major's light overcoat and the outline of his head.

Ward had always been a man of theories; he had lived on theories,—many of them wrong, because the premises from which he drew them were the half-considered thoughts of some *dilettante* reformer, like Emerson. He had educated himself in the rarefied atmosphere of his early New England home. He might have lived, as Emerson lived, upright and well satisfied with himself, had no temptations come in his way. Before he went into the army, and while in the army, he had led what he called the "higher life." With Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and Emerson, to guide him, he had often declared that he needed no better light. He felt that the air in which he lived was finer than that of his fellows. And his pride in his power to live above people who were merely human had been intensified by the fact that he had resisted what he held to be the one great temptation of his life.

A great sum of money had come accidentally into his possession during the war. In the excitement of the time, an effective search for the owners was impossible. He had never touched this money nor the interest of it, but handed it over into the hands of Major Conway and

Colonel Carton for safe-keeping. The three had often talked of a kind of Brook Farm experiment, but from different points of view. The Major had imagined a sort of feudal demesne, of which he should be the grand seignior; the Colonel, a great real-estate operation; and Ward a Utopia, in which all the dreams of the Brook Farmers should be realized.

Ward knew that the money was not his. It was to him a great fortune; and, as things were, it probably should have been turned over to the Government; but Ward had no respect for the claims of the Government in such matters. He had the firmest trust in the honesty of his two superior officers, and he determined to leave the money in their hands; taking Major Conway's notes—Colonel Carton's were not worth much at this time—for the amount.

The money had been easily handled. Lady Tyrrell's banker in London had changed the notes into equivalents; and if he learned to whom the money belonged, he had kept discreetly silent. But the possibilities are that, though Bank of England notes are carefully numbered and easily traced, he could have discovered nothing, had he tried,—as the owner, Raymond Conway, was lost in the thick of the Confederate army, and his wife had taken refuge in the far South. At any rate, Raymond Conway's Bank of England notes had been converted into such securities as Major Conway's agent approved of. And, after the war, Ward had made such attempts as limited opportunities and means permitted to find the owners of the money. The Major and the Colonel were supposed to have made strenuous efforts. As time went on, the whole sum fell into Major Conway's hands; and he found himself indebted both to Ward and to Colonel Carton.

As the Colonel had prospered, and as the Major's name was useful to him in a business way, he had not said much about

it. He knew, too, that the Major was involved; and that, unless the Swansmere operation should succeed, there was small hope of the money ever reaching Ward or Ward's heirs. Ward still held the notes; but, as he had always refused the interest, the Major and the Colonel had concluded that he was an exalted fool, and had really forgotten that he was a factor in the matter at all.

Ward had proof that the Colonel had received part of the money, and he thought a great deal about his own self-abnegation in giving it up. He dreamed of a time when the owner would appear, and he should have the pleasure of knowing himself as one of the few honest men in the world capable of such a sacrifice. It would be said that he had never touched the money, that he had given it into good hands for a good purpose—the establishment of an ideal community at Swansmere; and he felt that Marcus Aurelius and Emerson would not be ashamed of him. In a naughty world, his was the one candle that shone with the pure, white light of idealism over a corrupt Christianity and an unregenerate worldliness.

Ward had always been a silent man. What his wife suspected, no one knew; she, too, was silent; and, though he loved her, he did not deem that she could sympathize with his ideals. "She is a Christian," he often said to some one of those long-haired enthusiasts who stopped at his house on the road to some Mecca of their cult, "but a good woman."

The Major thought he was a fool; the Colonel believed him to be crazy; so they humored him. As time went by, they looked on the money invested in Swansmere as their own; and if restitution should have been demanded, they would have found it hard to separate the original sum from its various ramifications.

Ward, however, had not done a great act in refusing to use the money he had found. Money was no temptation to him.

He was a bachelor when he had transferred the money to the officers. Long after the close of the war he had married a woman who had the simplest tastes and the most frugal habits. She fulfilled all the old-fashioned New England ideas of plain living and high thinking. Her thought was not in the line of intellectual culture; her husband regretted this. She found more pleasure in a badly-metred Sunday-school hymn than in the sublimest poem of Wordsworth or Emerson. Nevertheless, she permitted him to live his life, to work for what was needed, to idle in the woods when he liked, and to entertain his long-haired guests.

When Willie came, things had not changed. Ward believed that his boy should be brought up among books—a few books,—among flowers, and all natural sights and sounds. This had hitherto been easy. When he went to Swansmere, he thought he had found the one perfect atmosphere, where his son could live beautifully. But he was soon undeceived. Fashion and caste were evident from the first. Wealth made itself felt, not in simplicity, but in ostentation. Now, Ward felt that wealth could afford to be simple; he did not admit that it had a right to be otherwise, but he found that at Swansmere carriages and rich surroundings were the standards by which people were judged.

He cared nothing for social recognition himself. He could afford to smile at the Major's magnificent air of patronage. But when Willie was patronized—when Ward saw that the young "swells" who visited the Conways and the Cartons ignored his son,—his anger rose. Was this the community of his dreams,—a community in which only goodness and genius were to entitle a man to recognition, and where wealth was a mere appendage? Was this the community for which he had sacrificed the unknown's money? He knew now that Major Conway, who had appeared to understand his ideals in this respect, had

played him false. But it was the Major's attitude to Willie which had infuriated Ward. Willie had been asked to sing after one of the Major's dinner parties,—not as a guest, but as a performer; and the Major had actually asked Willie if he might pay him for his music!

Bernice's kindness had been even more irritating. Patronage was very far from her thoughts; but what could induce Ward to believe that the young woman who treated his son as if he were a child did not intend to accentuate the social difference between the son of a poor man and herself, the daughter of one who passed for a person of great importance and riches?

He put Giles Carton's refusal to go to Willie's bedside at her door. He held her responsible for his child's conversion to the Catholic Church. Ward despised Protestantism, but he *hated* the Catholic Church. His hatred of it was ingrained and lifelong: it was in his blood. And, though he assumed a tolerance as part of his Emersonian creed, he could not endure the thought that this only son of his was in the grasp of the most baleful power on earth. He cursed his weakness in going for the priest; he cursed the cowardice of Giles, and the pride and power of Bernice—but he did not curse the priest. He was even grateful to him; yet it was like gall and wormwood to know that this priest had fulfilled the ideal of bravery and humility which he held to be possible only to the highest minds.

Wild with rage against the world, he had determined to find either Major Conway or Colonel Carton, and pour it out upon him. He had turned his steps toward Cartons', and then remembered the Major's dinner. He knew that at this hour he could find the Major in the oak grove, and there he did find him.

Ward advanced, and his step aroused the Major from his reverie; he looked up; but, as Ward was in shadow, saw nothing.

Another step sounded among the leaves

on the ground. Ward paused behind a thick oak, as he heard Colonel Carton's voice.

"Major," Carton said, "I have come out here for an explanation. What does this thing mean,—this scene of to-night? Has your daughter dared to jilt my son? And have you conspired to insult me?"

The Major's temper had been tried during the day. It was not good at the best of times.

"You are a fool, Carton!" he said, briefly.

Too much champagne did not help the Colonel to control himself. He seized the Major by the collar; the Major responded by a blow dealt with a will. Ward saw that the men, well matched in size and strength, were struggling on the brink of the bank. He saw that one or both might go over. He hoped with all his heart that it might be both. He had only to step forward and pull them back. In a little while it would be too late. He watched the scuffle with absorbing interest. The Major fell backward, with a cry. Ward saw that he was over the bank. He went forward then, and saw, with delight, the horror on the Colonel's face.

"You, Ward—I—I—I—"

"I heard all," said Ward. "It was very short,—you did the job neatly."

"You don't believe that I intended to murder him!"

Ward laughed. At that moment Conway came up.

"I killed him!" Ward said to himself. "His death is at my door, and I am glad of it!"

This was the disciple of altruism!

(To be continued.)

CHARACTER is not a gift, but a formation. Judas had the same chances of better things which his brother Apostles had. Character grows from habits, and he adopted bad ones.

A Petition.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

OUR Lady of Good Counsel named,
 'To-day shall any leave thee shamed
 By prayer unanswered, hope denied,
 Or love confiding cast aside?

No, Mother: no! I—even I—
 Know that thou dost not pass me by.
 Turn, then, on me thy holy face,
 Mirror of Heaven's every grace!

O Mother, whither shall I go?
 My steps lead still from woe to woe.
 O Mother, tell me what to do!
 For all are phantoms I pursue.

What shall I gather up to bind
 Full sheaves for God, what leave behind?
 Where can I go for Christ to-day,
 That Love may come to Him alway?

The days speed fast, and I have still
 So much to do! Is it His will
 That I should bear while others strive?
 That I should fail where others thrive?

O Counsellor, most pure, most wise!
 Behold, I wait on thy replies.
 Thine arms enfold the Babe Divine,
 But I, too, am a child of thine.

A Marquis of the Old Régime.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

IV.

EUGÈNE'S first letters to his father were hopeful; his sunny temper breathes throughout. "I am cared for as I should be at home; my aunt is good enough to remain with me all day," he writes. And then he goes on to say how he is able to draw and even to play the violin. But the ball seems to have been difficult to extract; the operation was put off, and the boy's feverishness increased daily. Comte's letters to his master are full of anxiety.

"*Le petit*," he says in one of them, "is more anxious about you than about himself; his anxiety does him harm, and the doctors wish you were here. . . . The fever comes back continually; one can not touch the ball on account of the swelling, which is of a bad color. I am very anxious about the little one."

To Comte, who had seen him from his babyhood, the soldier of sixteen was still the "little one," to be petted, scolded, admired, and now, alas! wept over. But in that boyish heart were depths of courage and self-sacrifice. Eugène thought little of himself: his one idea was his father, whom the stern laws of honor kept away from him. The Piedmontese forces were at that moment experiencing a series of disasters; and, under these circumstances, the Marquis could not desert his post. As his state grew more critical, the lad frequently became delirious; but even in his ravings his father never left his thoughts. "Give me my sword. Papa is in danger: I must defend him!" he would cry out.

On the 14th of May an abscess formed on the wounded leg, and the doctors no longer concealed their fears. They communicated them at once to Madame de Faverges, who, taking advantage of a lucid interval, began to speak to her nephew gravely and gently of God and of heaven. Her earnestness almost irritated Comte, who, while suspecting his little master's danger, had the prejudice common to his class, that the last Sacraments must inevitably hasten the patient's death. Taking the Marquise aside, "Surely," he said, "we have plenty of time before us." The servant's words reached Eugène. "Why should we not do as my aunt wishes?" he said. "It will not make me die any the sooner. Comte, my good friend, go and ask the Abbé Frainier to come and see me, if he has time."

The Abbé Frainier was a holy priest from Besançon, whom the Revolution had driven into exile. He had already been

several times to see Eugène; and, like all those who came into contact with the boy, he was struck by his pure and noble character. "It seems that the doctors are not pleased with me," said Eugène when he entered. "If I must die, I shall be very sorry for the sake of my father, who will not be here." And then the lad, who had never shed a tear over his own sufferings, sobbed aloud at the thought of his father's sorrow. "If I could only see him once more," he added, "and give him my messages for mamma and my little brothers!" He made his confession with perfect peace and serenity, and the Abbé Frainier assured Madame de Faverges that never had he known a soul so innocent as that of the little lad who was dying like a hero for God and his country.

It was Eugène himself who instructed Comte how to arrange an altar near his bed to receive the Blessed Sacrament; and, with a feeling half childish, half chivalrous, he insisted that his epaulets should be taken off his blood-stained uniform and placed near the lighted tapers on the altar. According to the custom of the country, the priest who carried the Holy Viaticum was attended by two soldiers from the neighboring barracks. Eugène made them enter his room, and kneel on each side of his bed. He endeavored, in spite of his weakness, to raise himself as the priest drew near; but his aunt, perceiving that the effort was too great for his strength, took him in her arms, and he received Holy Communion with his head leaning on her breast.

He remained for some time silent, his eyes closed; then he began to speak of his absent father and mother, and tears gathered in his eyes. The Abbé Frainier, who re-entered the room at the same moment, strove to console him by the assurance that God would unite him in heaven to those whose love was the one tie that bound him to this world. The boy listened attentively. "They shall be with me in

Paradise!" he said, earnestly. Then, taking the priest's hands, he pressed them and repeated: "You have promised me, Monsieur l'Abbé, have you not, that they shall be with me in Paradise?"

Two days later the abscess was opened and the ball extracted; but great loss of blood ensued, and soon all hope was over of saving the young patient. Delirium set in; the boy sang the songs of his native mountains, or else he gave orders to his soldiers. Even then the thought of his father haunted him, and his father's name made his voice tremble. His sword was hanging in a corner of the room; he asked for it, seized it eagerly, kissed it, and then let it drop on his bed; but his dying hand closed over the hilt, and held it tightly till the end.

When the last agony began, the priest and the old servant, kneeling on each side of the bed, repeated the prayers for the dying. Madame de Faverges, clasping the little lad in her arms, strove by her loving tenderness to atone for the absence of those who loved him so well. At last he gasped for breath, then his head fell forward, and his pure spirit took its flight to heaven. At that moment his aunt's heart went out from the dead boy, whose troubles were over, to the lonely man waiting in anxious expectation for news of his eldest born. "Let us pray for my poor brother," she said aloud; while Comte, beside himself with grief, covered his little master with tears and kisses.

The next day Madame de Faverges sent the faithful servant to her brother, whose regiment was then stationed at Coni. Comte's heart failed him as he drew near to the house where the Marquis lodged, and he stood for some moments at the door, not venturing to enter. At last he summoned up sufficient courage. Henry was sitting at a table writing; he looked up and said but one word: "Eugène?" Comte's look answered him; and, understanding all that his servant had

to tell, the father remained silent, like one stunned by an overwhelming blow.

Comte had expected a violent outburst of grief: this death-like stupor terrified him. "Monsieur Henry! Monsieur Henry!" he exclaimed. "My good Monsieur Henry! my good master!" And, kneeling down, the old man kissed his master's hand, endeavoring to rouse him from his torpor. He succeeded at last.

The Marquis seemed to awake from a heavy sleep; then the sense of his loss overwhelmed him; his tears flowed fast, and he became eager to hear all that Comte had to tell. The barrier that, under ordinary circumstances, existed between master and servant was broken down for the moment; and in the eyes of the desolate father Comte was only the faithful friend, who, happier than himself, had received Eugène's last sigh. With the tact and delicacy that are born of great love, Comte related the details of his little master's death, dwelling chiefly on his resignation and courage, on his trust in God, and his love for his dear ones.

Two days of anguish passed before the Marquis ventured to write to his wife. He did so at last; and in the midst of his deep sorrow, his heroic resignation to the will of God breaks forth at every word. "Arm yourself with courage, my dearest!" he says. "I need all mine in order to tell you that our child is in heaven. He has given back to God his pure and valiant soul. After living for sixteen years without reproach, he has died like a Christian soldier. . . . I am beside myself with grief, but it is over myself and over you that I weep. Remember that you alone can now attach me to this miserable life."

The Marquis had begged his faithful friend, Joseph de Maistre, to break the news as gently as possible to the poor mother. He fulfilled the mission with the tenderest charity and tact. "I will not try to describe your wife's grief," he writes. "Her grief is very deep, but

very religious: it is not despair." And, further on, the great philosopher and writer adds: "Except the loss of my own son or of my brothers, I could not have received a deeper wound than that inflicted by the death of your boy, so good and so beloved."

In the first hours of sorrow, the Marquise Costa offered her sacrifice to God with admirable resignation; and, like her husband, the thought of her boy's happiness made her almost forget her own loss. After a time, however, a reaction set in: poor human nature sank under the weight, and she went through that phase of sorrow when God and heaven seem veiled and obscured. Henry, from the depths of his own loneliness, strives to encourage her, and his letters breathe a beautiful spirit of submission. "Weakness and despair," he says, "would make us less worthy of the angel whose life and death ought to honor and console us. . . . When He tries us, God detaches us from a world where there is so much to suffer. He does all for the best."

The remembrance of his boy, instead of bringing him bitterness, was a source of consolation and gratitude. "Our poor child enjoyed more happiness than falls to the lot of many a long life. No reproach ever troubled his conscience, no breath of passion ever altered his serenity. I never saw him anxious, ill-tempered or sad. . . . He was loved and cared for by all who knew him; he made a glorious and Christian death, convinced that he was going to heaven. Believe me, dearest, God has called our boy to Himself for his good. If He has left us in this world, it is that, by our patience and resignation, we may atone for faults that might exclude us from the land where Eugène now dwells."

The Marquis wished that Victor, his second son, should now join him. It was the boy's own desire; and, with his mother's consent, he started to take Eugène's place. After having waited for his son's arrival with impatience, Henry suddenly seemed to dread it; and when Comte came to tell

him that the boy was there, he at first refused to receive him.

Under the pressure of sorrow, isolation, physical and mental strain, Henry's strength of mind had at last given way; he seemed, by some strange aberration, to imagine that the tenderness he might show Victor was an injury to the memory of Eugène. Here again Comte was his master's good *genius*. He waited two days for permission to bring the boy to his father's room; and, as the Marquis said nothing, he one day opened the door and literally pushed the child in. Henry caught him in his arms; all his morbid, unhealthy notions fled before the reality of the boy's living presence.

Nevertheless, with his keen sensitiveness, it was impossible that the Marquis should not from time to time feel that Victor unconsciously revived his sorrow. His poverty was such that he was obliged to dress the boy in his dead brother's uniforms; he gave him the same lessons and used the same books and pencils that Eugène had used.

Comte, who worshipped Victor as he had worshipped his brother, was pained to see how the child unwittingly opened old wounds and revived painful memories. He was afraid that the Marquis might resent what was no fault on the boy's part; and, in his simple way, he strove to bring father and son together. He devoted himself to training Victor into Eugène's habits, and used even to take him through the camp in order to point out to him the officers and soldiers who had been his brother's friends. In their long evening chats by their solitary fireside, Victor was thus able to talk to his father of things and persons that he had been accustomed to discuss with Eugène. The Marquis was touched at the boy's evident wish to please and comfort him, and deeply grateful for the watchful fidelity that sought to make his path smoother and his burden lighter.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Favor of the Holy Ghost.

THE fame that attaches to even the most extraordinary event depends in a great measure upon such purely accidental circumstances as the time at which or the place where it occurred, and the character of the persons witnessing its occurrence. For instance, the exposition last year of a relic of St. Ann in a New York church, and the several cures consequent thereon, occupied public attention immeasurably more than did far greater miracles occurring at Lourdes during the same period; simply because the space-filling American reporter was present in the metropolis and absent from the French village.

Similarly, we fancy, should a fourteen-year-old New York boy, afflicted with a spinal disease which the most eminent physician of the city pronounced incurable, be suddenly restored to health as a result of receiving Confirmation from the hands of Archbishop Corrigan, we should have a lengthy narrative in the metropolitan papers, recounting the origin and progress of the disease, with brief biographies of the boy and his parents, and illustrations representing the scene of the cure and the actors therein.

Now, such an event is none the less remarkable for having occurred in the little village of St. Césaire, P. Q., with Dr. Hingston,* of Montreal, in the place of the hypothetical New York physician; and Mgr. Moreau, of St. Hyacinthe, in that of the New York prelate; so, possibly, the following brief narrative may interest our readers. We give it in the words of the boy himself, Alphonse Leclerc, a student of the Commercial College of St. Césaire, who, at the request of the Very Rev. C. Lefebvre, C. S. C., of Memramcook, N. B.,

* Dr. Hingston is a physician whose ability has been recognized by the highest medical authorities of England.

wrote it for publication in our esteemed Canadian contemporary, *Le Moniteur Acadien*. We shall endeavor, in our translation, to preserve the *naïveté* which characterizes the original:

* * *

I was in the recreation hall of the College, when two big fellows caught hold of me, lifted me up, and put me on their shoulders. I slipped off and fell on my back; and then I felt so much pain in my loins that I could not get up without help, or walk alone when they raised me to my feet. I could neither lie down nor sit up without having my back supported.

It was in November, 1890, that I got this fall. Dr. Bernard, of St. Césaire, treated me for some days, to no purpose; and then father took me to St. Hyacinthe to consult Dr. E. St. Jacques, who said I had inflammation of the spinal cord, and would be obliged to remain perfectly still.

As I did not get any better, my parents took me, on January 7, 1891, to the Hôtel-Dieu, Montreal. It was the famous Dr. Hingston who attended me. He made me lie on a board for sixteen days running, and then put on me a plaster jacket, which I wore for three months. He wanted also to put weights on my feet to prevent my legs from shortening.

I asked Dr. Hingston to tell me frankly whether he thought that all this would cure me. He then informed me that my disease was incurable; that it was inflammation of the spinal cord, which had begun at the loins and would advance till it reached the brain. I had already often felt a burning pain in the back of the neck, and had cloths dipped in cold water applied there to relieve me. Once, after feeling this burning, I became so weak that the priest was sent for to administer the last Sacraments.

When we left the Hôtel-Dieu, my father received certificates attesting that I was incurable; and after that I didn't want to take any medicine, and ate whatever I

liked best, without troubling myself as to whether it suited my stomach or not. My parents, having no hope that I would live, let me do as I pleased, and refused me nothing, saying that I had enough to suffer; and they were right.

The Brothers of Holy Cross, the Sisters of the Presentation and those of the Holy Family, came to see me quite often, and made no bones of telling me that I was certainly going to die. I listened to them quietly enough, but within myself I would not believe that they were right. I said to myself: "God is all-powerful; when He sees my patience, and thinks that I have suffered enough, it will be as easy for Him to cure me as it was to make me in the first place."

Still, it scarcely seemed possible. My left leg was shortened, wasted, and without movement; and on my right thigh there was a big lump about four inches long and two inches through, that looked like a displaced bone. My two big toes had actually decayed, and there appeared thick scabs, which my mother had to remove daily; and they emitted an intolerable odor.

Moreover, from May, 1891, till June 5, 1892, I suffered in other ways, and had to use a machine that caused me horrible pains. Frightened by my cries, mother used to tell me to offer all my sufferings to the good God, so as to have the merit of them; and every time I had to use the machine, she made me repeat these words: "My God, I offer Thee all the pain I am going to endure in union with the sufferings of Jesus Christ my Saviour, and as a penance for my faults." I never forgot them, and said them as a matter of course as often as I used the instrument.

I often made novenas in honor of the Precious Blood, Our Lady of Lourdes, St. Joseph, St. Francis Xavier, St. Anthony of Padua, and St. Ann; and I always asked the Brothers at the College to join their prayers with mine. They did so, and

often had all the students do the same. But, nevertheless, I kept on growing worse; so much so, that I once jokingly told one of the Brothers that I guessed I wouldn't make any more novenas, because I believed they were asking for my death instead of my cure, since I suffered more and more after each one.

One of the Fathers of the College told me that if I wished to perform the devotion of the Nine Fridays of the Sacred Heart, he would come regularly to hear my confession and give me Holy Communion every first Friday of each month. He explained the advantages of this pious practice; and I began on the first Friday of November, 1891, continuing until the 3d of June, 1892.

When I heard that Mgr. Moreau was coming to St. Césaire to give Confirmation, I was glad; and I asked Rev. Father Leonard, superior of the College, if I could be confirmed at home. He said he would ask the Bishop, and I at once determined to request Mgr. Moreau to cure me. I began another novena, and waited impatiently for Confirmation day, always hoping for my cure.

On June 3, 1892, Father Leonard brought me Holy Communion, and told me that the Bishop would come to our house to confirm me about five o'clock in the evening, and that he himself would accompany his Lordship. About four o'clock I began my preparations. I asked for the machine, and suffered more than ever while using it; and I kept saying, "I am in a hurry for the Bishop to come and end my sufferings." Father and mother expected my death much more than my recovery. When I heard the College band playing at the head of the procession which accompanied the Bishop, I became very weak, but said to myself: "No matter: I'm going to ask for my cure, anyway."

The Bishop came into the room, and said very kindly that the Holy Ghost was come to cure me. While he was Confirming

me, I straightened out my left leg, and, looking at mother, I made a joyful sign that my leg had moved. After the Confirmation, the Bishop gave me a nice instruction; but I wasn't satisfied with that. I told him that I wanted him to cure me. He let me kiss his cross and his ring; and then, holding the cross in his hand, said: "I am willing, my child, to ask this favor for you from God, if you will promise Him to try very hard always to be His faithful servant." Then he added: "After all, you must resign yourself to the holy will of God. If He thinks well to take you to your true home while you are so well prepared, you must still thank Him."

He went out with the superior of the College, who told me that he would return to me as soon as he escorted Mgr. Moreau to the presbytery. From that moment I didn't feel the least bit of pain. When Father Leonard came back, he said: "Alphonse, do you want to get up?"—"Yes!" I answered joyfully; and, throwing off the coverings, he gave me his hand. I was able to go out and sit on the gallery! All the boys were in the College yard (just across the road from our house), and they began to shout: "It's a miracle—he's cured! He's sitting outside! Let's go and see him!"

I was barefooted, and the blood descended with such force that my legs and feet grew black; and the blood came out copiously at my decayed toes. I stayed outside until seven o'clock, and then went to bed. I slept like a top all night, without disturbing any one, and without needing to use the machine at all. The next day I was weak, but could sit up in a chair.

Two months after my cure I made a pilgrimage to St. Ann of Beaupré, and in September I went back to College to continue my studies. I am perfectly cured, except my toes, which still run a little, and I have to wear soft shoes. I told Mgr. Moreau that my feet were not altogether well yet, and he replied: "Let us hope

that the Holy Ghost will finish His work, and that the feet also will be quite healed in His good time."

I was sick for eighteen months, without being able to move. My cure made a great sensation in our village; a large number of persons have come to see me; and even the Protestants say that my recovery is a real miracle.

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A PERVERTED APHORISM.

THIS conversation, word for word, took place between our Polly and a neighbor's child the other morning:

"I hate her! She tells lies,—real wicked ones!"

"I'm afraid she does," answered Polly; "but you mustn't hate her."

"I can't help it. She puts the blame on me whenever she can. She tells the other girls that we are poor and that my father is not a good man; and she pinches me when no one is looking, and mocks my lame brother! I do hate her. I want to hurt her—to make her suffer."

"Hush!" said Polly. "If you talk that way, you are bad too."

"It doesn't hurt her if I just talk."

"No, but it hurts you."

"Well, what would you do if she were so mean to you, and pinched you and walked like your lame brother?"

"I'll tell you," replied Polly. "I'd be just as good as good as ever I could to her. Then I'd try and like her; and she would get good too, and stop pinching."

"How would you begin? It's pretty easy to talk when it isn't *your* brother that's mocked or *your* arm that's pinched."

Polly did not mind the sarcasm.

"I'll tell you. I'd take ten cents and

buy her a rose. I have five in my bank, and you may have them." (Poor Polly! That unfortunate bank was continually being impoverished in behalf of something or somebody.) "Our Poet says if folks are disagreeable, we must try to like them the best, and by and by it will get easy."

A gust of wind came careering through the house, closing the door, and we heard no more. But as Polly came in and gently abstracted the coins from her little tin bank, and as two tiny maids were soon seen, hand in hand, walking briskly toward the florist's, we surmised that Polly's somewhat peculiar receipt for improving disagreeable people was about to have a fair trial. In a little while they were back again, Helen with them, a rose pinned over her repentant heart, and the arms of the other two about her. Polly told her mother all about it afterward.

"We got the rose," she said; "and she cried when we gave it to her. She said nobody had ever given her a rose before; and her mother is dead, and her father beats her when he drinks too much. She said she didn't see how we could forgive her. And I just said that folks without mothers ought to be forgiven for everything, and we love her now."

There are many sayings, believed simply because they have been reiterated so often, which ought to be forever banished from the society of respectable epigrams. Among them one hydra-headed one is pre-eminent. It masquerades under many forms and in divers languages, but its import is this: Those who bestow favors do so at a great risk; for they who receive them forever afterward bear a grudge toward the giver.

"I don't see why he abuses me!" a great statesman, alive but the other day, was wont to say. "I never did him a favor." This man was the unconscious victim of a falsehood that people think is truth because alleged philosophers are so fond of screeching it.

"It takes a great nature to bear the burden of a great gratitude." "If you would be hated, bestow a kindness." So it goes on—the same dangerous idea, the same hollow, false, perverted aphorism. The reverse is true. Just so surely as the helper grows fond of those to whom he hastens with love or aid, so does the unhappy or despondent find his own heart warming. Were it otherwise, the laws of God would be as hollow reeds. If the sun withheld its warmth, would the buds unfold? If the clouds, anxious to maintain their dignity, swept churlishly by, denying their moisture to the thirsty earth, would the seeds swell and burst? There is much ingratitude, that hyena of sins; but, compared with the fruitful responses which Christian love engenders, it is as the bit of weed tossed on the boundless ocean.

Many people, like our Polly's rose-bought captive, are disagreeable just for lack of the affection without which the child can not thrive, any more than a robin's newly-fledged nestlings can grow without the food the old birds bring.

"Dear Tea-Table," says one, "you are preaching! We should prefer to hear something further of Mrs. Dobbs. She is awful, but she is interesting."

"Kindly eliminate Mrs. Dobbs," says another. "She is the single unpleasant guest at your mild and innocent banquets."

We must, perforce, preach now and then, and we can not eliminate Mrs. Dobbs. Perhaps our friend has, when a youth, taken a superfluous cat to the outskirts of the town, and found her snugly purring upon his hearth-rug when he returned. If we should exile Mrs. Dobbs never so far, her place would be filled by another, closely related to her; for her name is Legion. It is better to bear the Mrs. Dobbs we have than to fly to others we know not of. And she is not without use. A gentle servant was accustomed to say of a most irritating and constant trial: "Take it as a pinance, mum."

Perhaps if we accept Mrs. Dobbs as a poultice instead of a blister, she will be changed, as was Polly's Helen. And if she isn't, we will think that she exists for some wise purpose. Without her, life might be so smooth that we should trip. Where the way is rugged the journey may not be so agreeable, but the footing is more secure. And, whatever happens, we can be patient with her foibles; and then there may be repeated again the miracle of love's transforming power which lay folded in the petals of Polly's wondrous rose.

The Point of View.

BY ELLA LORAINÉ DORSEY.

"If you will consider the matter from my point of view, you will change your opinion altogether. (*Extract from a letter.*)

THE Point of View! So much depends upon it that, although the subject seems at first thought to be as elusive as the shadow of a birch tree cast in running water, it is worth meditating upon for a few minutes, for the sake of the great lesson taught, and of the vital danger shown forth for avoidance.

The Point of View is to the fact what the prism is to the ray of light. It presents the same subject in such radically different colors, each so sharply defined, that I have heard three of the most honest, truthful people I have ever known relate the same occurrence so differently that a fourth would scarcely recognize it.

It is the mightiest lens in our individual universe. Seen through one side, our heroes are Titans, our Utopia is within our grasp, our hopes fill space with their rainbow arches. But let another take the glass, and, by his mental attitude, reverse it as he looks at the field just swept by our exultant vision. Lo! our

heroes are pigmies; the Land of Promise is a dim outline on the boundary of the world; our hopes are vanishing flashes of iridescence; ourselves liars—or if we be loved, we are called dreamers of dreams, and our judgment is mocked.

It is a tyrant, this Point of View,—a tyrant more absolute than the Pharaohs. It snatches the halo from the head of the martyr, and puts in its stead the straw crown of the madman. It strips the laurels from the brow of the hero, and substitutes the cap and bells of the fool. It declares personal vengeance to be just retribution. It announces that Nature is the only God, and that Realism is its prophet; and that we must see and touch and experience the corruption of irreligious humanity before we can understand life. It mistakes morbid curiosity for interest, and leaves nothing sacred in the life of man or woman. If they happen to be famous—or infamous,—they must eat in public, live in public; unlock the door of the closet in which the family skeleton has been decently stowed, and let the public count its ribs and number its bones; they must even die in public, with the world reckoning the tears of their family and tallying the clods as they fall on the coffin. It makes the patriotism of one man the treason of another. It declares, by a lying standard, that the base metal of cruelty and bigotry is religious enthusiasm. It takes the sword to preach the Cross. It holds—oh, supremest folly!—the candle of individual knowledge before the ball of the eye and cries: "Lo, the sun of truth, and I am its creator!"

It plays a thousand scurvy tricks; and when we are ready to cry "Despair!" in the market-places, and to wish there were no lenses, no prisms, no spectrum, Faith takes back the glass, and, setting it at its true focus, shows us that the "fool" who died for his brother is no more crowned with straw, but with the effulgence of that blessing prepared for the

unselfish; that the hero's deed survives, and deathless laurels spring from his dust; that flowers of patience and repentance can bloom on the field red with oppression and vengeance; that the blind *muetzins* who, grovelling in the mud, call sin and sorrow and endless darkness, can not stop the sun from shining, the sky from arching blue above the earth, nor the whole sad race of us from resting in the hollow of our Father's hand, with Christ for advocate and propitiator. The defence of home life will arise from the need of and demand for it; the consciences of patriot and traitor will become the pledge of their intent and the standard of judgment; cruelty and bigotry grow hideously apparent in the great alembic of God's judgment; the Cross convicts the wretch who murders in its holy name; and the candle-blinded eyes see "the light that is not on land or sea."

Education, religious as well as mental, is the only key to the secret of how properly to adjust the shifting focus of the Point of View. The great practical danger that lurks in every portion of its vast field is—rash judgment; and the great, practical remedy against it consists in applying to every event in its colossal range the words that were spoken so long ago to a rent and war-riven world: "Faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of these is charity."

It is the fate of those who play with their consciences that they diminish the reserve moral forces of their nature. We need not only moral power for the ordinary temptations of daily life: we need reserves of moral strength for the hours of exceptional trial. The habit of moral integrity and spiritual exercise provide these reserves. Those who possess them may stumble, but they will not fall; or if they fall, they may arise, because they have not let go of the hand of Heaven.—*Bishop Carpenter.*

Notes and Remarks.

A certain "evangelical" society, which we have no desire to advertise, has issued a "Life of Columbus," in which it is lamented that the New World was discovered by "Romanists," and regret is expressed that the "true faith" and "a simpler and purer worship" could not have been established in America. This is very funny. As Protestants did not exist when Columbus set sail, it is difficult to see how any one could have been selected who would have carried a religion across the ocean which would have pleased our evangelical friends. The "Reformation" might have set in a century earlier; but as it did not, the author of this work has placed himself in an awkward position by his wail.

We have already noted the fact that the inscription on the tomb of St. Aberzio, which the Sultan lately presented to the Holy Father, had great archæological value. That it is also of considerable theological importance will be seen from the words of the inscription itself:

"Faith has followed me everywhere. Faith it is that has placed before me, as my food, the Fish from the spring; the Fish that is great and pure, caught by the chaste Virgin, who gave it to her friends to eat, with bread and wine. Whosoever understands these words, he is a believer. Let him pray for me."

For this, as for so many other great discoveries in archæological fields, we are indebted to the genius and energy of De Rossi.

A recent and a more than usually authoritative work on Buddhism, by Dr. Copleston, Bishop of Colombo, will probably have the effect of lessening the admiration for that religious system affected by not a few thousands in Europe and this country. While the theoretical system of Buddhist ethics contains much that is praiseworthy, it is patent to all who speak with knowledge of the subject that the actual effect of the system on daily life and character is the reverse of admirable. Dr. Copleston attributes this "less to the want of exemplary religious characters than to the lack of any idea that

religiousness is to be tested by conduct in ordinary life. . . . I have found a low standard of conduct acquiesced in as proper to Buddhists as compared to Christians. I have often heard something like this: 'What can you expect of me? I am only a Buddhist.' . . . I am painfully aware, as I write this, how little Christian conduct corresponds to Christian standard; but, at any rate, 'Christian behavior' means—on all lips—good behavior. I suppose no one ever heard a Singhalese use 'Buddhist conduct' as a synonym for 'good conduct.'"

To the foregoing testimony of an impartial critic, writing from an experience gained by a long residence in a typical Buddhist country, may be added the following statement of the Inspector of Police for Ceylon: "It is remarkable that the Buddhists, whilst they profess to abhor the taking of life, are the most homicidal people, not only in Ceylon, but perhaps in the world." On the whole, the problem of effecting the highest civilization of humanity will hardly be committed to Buddhism. The system alone competent to accomplish that work is the system founded by the God and Man in one, Jesus Christ—Christianity.

We recently commended the plan of publishing short biographical sketches of the "escaped nuns" and "converted priests"; and we herewith contribute our share to the good work by quoting this authentic statement of an English nun, *in re* Mrs. Margaret Shepard: "Of course, she was never a nun. Neither was she ever in the convent—only an inmate of the Refuge of the Good Shepherd." The Refuge evidently did not change the character of Mrs. Shepard, who made the mistake of her life when she ceased to be its inmate. "Converted priests" are invariably suspended ones,—converted in the sense of needing conversion, and needing it sadly. In almost every instance they will be found to be drunkards.

The career of Sister Celestina, a member of the Congregation of Mercy, who died lately in Seez, France, was certainly a remarkable one. She spent thirty-three years amongst patients sick of contagious diseases, for whom

she seemed to have a predilection. Having recovered for the first time from typhus fever, she remarked, with a smile: "Now that I have had the disease, my superiors may send me anywhere, because I am in no danger of catching it again." And she returned to the bedside of her beloved sick. The same malady attacked her, however, a second time; and she once more recovered. This made her only the more courageous in meeting any contagious disease; and her conduct in waiting on the sick, especially during the epidemic that ravaged the municipality of Marmonille some years ago, was truly admirable.

Such a life deserved to be crowned by a glorious death. Some poor families, as a consequence of the misery in which they lived, were attacked by a malignant fever; and a Sister from the Hospital of Mercy, who had been waiting on them, caught the malady, and went to her reward. Sister Celestina, although only convalescing herself, cheerfully offered her services for the work, and a third time fell a victim to her charity. Excessive labor and watching had exhausted her vitality, and her beautiful soul has gone to meet her Heavenly Spouse.

For several years the Confraternity of St. Gabriel has been in successful operation in Philadelphia. Its object is simple and direct: the consolation and spiritual help of invalids in their own homes. There has long been a secular organization of this sort among non-Catholics, in which the members, calling themselves "Shut-ins," exchange friendly letters, kind messages, books, embroidery patterns, etc. It is a pleasure to know that Catholics have taken note of a crying need, and found a way to supplement this attention to material wants by a concerted effort to minister to souls lonely in the sacred seclusion of suffering. Especial attention is given to those members to whom the distance from Church privileges is an added trial. The Confraternity is under the patronage of St. Gabriel, on account of the consolation he afforded our Blessed Lord; and its motto is, appropriately enough, "Sursum Corda." That it was needed is evidenced by the grateful letters from invalids in all parts of the country. This has been

called the age of sentiment, but surely a sentiment which creates such a society as this is worthy of all commendation and all help.

Probably by the time this reaches the eye of the reader, the Mohammedan propaganda of Mr. Alexander Russell Webb will be in full force. Mr. Webb is a native of New York, and our late Consul to Manila, resigning his position to become a missionary of the faith of the Prophet. About eleven years ago he undertook the study of the Oriental languages, and came to consider the system of Mohammed the only remedy for the ills which afflict Christianity. He believes that the time is near when Islam will once more be the glory of the world and the teacher and example of mankind.

It can not be denied that there is a revival of interest among the more spiritual division of Mohammedans, but we have no idea that this renegade Christian is to work any very notable change in the prejudices or beliefs of his native land. He may, however, serve to strengthen the faith of the weak and cement the bonds which bind the followers of the Cross together. God has often used the false enthusiasm of Islam as a scourge to rebuke indifference.

The death is announced of M. Alfred Mame, the well-known Catholic publisher. He was born at Tours, France, in 1811. The great publishing house of which he was the head was founded by his father, but its development was due to him. He employed several hundred workmen; and printed, illustrated, and bound many thousand volumes every month. In 1873 he received a prize of 10,000 francs as the conductor of one of the establishments where the greatest social harmony and comfort prevailed among the employees. He was decorated with the Order of the Legion of Honor in 1849; in 1863 was promoted to the rank of Officer, and in 1874 to that of Commander. M. Mame had lately celebrated his "diamond wedding." On the day of the celebration 200,000 francs were distributed among the employees of his establishment, in sums varying according to their length of service.



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

The Death of Winter.

OLD Winter was tired and fell asleep,
 Tucked under a blanket of snow;
 His reign had been long, and everyone thought
 He never, no never, would go.
 He scarcely had closed his piercing, cold eyes,
 When a wonderful change took place:
 Young April stole up with a smile on her lips,
 As she saw old Winter's grim face.

She whispered a word to a wandering breeze
 That March had forgotten to take:
 A message it was to the sunbeams to come
 Before the old ruler would wake.
 And bidding him stop on his way from the sun,
 To order a few fresh showers,
 Fair April sent upward the willing March
 wind,
 And turned all her thoughts to the flowers.

The breeze soon returned with the sun and
 the rain,
 And greeted sweet April as Queen,
 Who bade them at once to garnish her court
 And carpet her floors with soft green.
 The days flew by, and still the King slept,
 Though his blanket got worn and gray;
 And April thought, in her beautiful court,
 Old Winter was much in the way.

The Hours, beholding their Queen's distress,
 Examined the laws of the years,
 And questioned the owl, the lawyer of birds,—
 In order to quiet their fears—
 If they would do wrong by killing the King,
 Who slept in their dear Queen's bowers.
 "We'll do it gently," the Hours explained:
 "We'll smother the King in flowers."

They gathered hepaticas from the dale,
 And crocuses white and blue,
 With tender anemones pearly tinged,
 And violets wet with dew.
 And throwing them lightly upon the King,
 They wove him a shroud of soft green;
 And sleeping, he passed from the earth away,
 And Spring was enthroned as a Queen.

Each year we behold the return of the spring,
 With flowers and birds we rejoice;
 And if we but listen, each petal and leaf
 Will be to our hearts a sweet voice,
 That whispers of Him who is Ruler of all,
 Whom raindrops and sunbeams obey,—
 The Father who sends us the showers of spring
 To open the blossoms of May.

The Bridge Medal.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.



HE large schoolroom was
 very still; but it was "the
 calm of infinite motion, like
 the sleep of the spinning
 top." Fifty pupils sat at
 their desks, paper and ink
 before them, pens in hand,
 books discarded, intent upon the solution
 of a list of problems spread out upon the
 blackboard. It was the fifth and final day
 of the examinations of the school year.
 Although all the scholars were work-

ing faithfully, it was plain to see, by following the fugitive glances that sped hither and thither across the room, where the interest of the class centred. On one of the front seats was a tall, burly fellow of sixteen, auburn-haired and freckle-faced. The firm set of his square jaws showed the grim determination with which he wrestled with a problem. A few rows behind him sat a younger boy, with bright, intelligent features, figuring rapidly, writing out his answers in a firm, legible hand.

These two lads were David Briggs and Theodore Walker, rival contestants for the Bridge Medal. These medals are annually offered to the pupils graduating with the highest records from the grammar schools of San Francisco, being provided by the interest of a fund presented to the city by the generous citizen after whom they are named. They are of solid gold, and are very costly and beautiful; but the boys and girls who win them care even less for the substance of which they are made than for the credit and honor that go with them.

The bell tinkled for the noon intermission. Many of the scholars arose with a look of great relief. Walker laid his papers in his desk in an orderly, precise fashion, nodded to some of his friends with an air of smiling confidence, and joined the procession as it filed out of the room and descended the stairs. Briggs remained seated, his papers spread around him in disorderly array, his forehead knotted.

"It's No. 9!" said Walker to himself, with a quiet smile. "I thought that would pose him."

While he stood chatting pleasantly with the boys, Briggs came down, some slips of paper and a pencil in his hand. He seized his hat and went out into the schoolyard, to work there until the afternoon session. Walker looked after him with a feeling of discomfort that he could not have explained. Briggs had always been distasteful to him, to put the case mildly. He was alien in character, habits, and

manners. Where he lived, or under what conditions, the boy had never troubled himself to ask. Until this last year he had always been identified with a class of pupils who were disreputable in the eyes of boys like Theodore Walker,—a class whose chief aim in life seems to be to enjoy rough-and-tumble scuffles on the playground, and to badger and torment the teacher in the schoolroom. Twice he had failed to receive promotion in the lower grades; and this was the reason that, at the age of sixteen, he had got no further than the upper grade of the grammar school.

But this year there had been a change—no one knew why, and no one had taken pains to inquire; but Briggs had settled down to work. He was a fellow of slow perceptions, but he had developed an industry and tenacity of purpose that had surprised his mates. He had been perfect in deportment, and had been an "honorary" all the year. In scholarship he had ranked almost evenly with Walker; so that the silver medal, the class badge of distinction worn during each month by the pupil whose standing is the highest, had passed back and forth from one to the other with such regularity that the boys had jestingly asserted that Briggs and Walker played battledore and shuttlecock with it.

The latter was walking briskly up the street when a firm, quick step overtook him, and a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Well, Theo, how goes the examination?"

Hand and voice belonged to the master of the school. He spoke with the familiarity of old acquaintance.

"Swimmingly, sir!" replied the boy, his face glowing with confidence.

They dropped into a slower pace; for their ways lay together only for a block.

"And Victory is making ready to perch on your banner?" the master went on.

"She's welcome to, if she chooses,"

said Theo, gayly. "But that No. 9 was a tough one, Mr. Wainwright."

The master's face clouded.

"It is a sort of 'catch' question. I can't say that I quite approve of such questions myself. A boy may work like a beaver the whole year, and have a very thorough knowledge of a study, and flounder hopelessly on just such a problem."

Theo colored. He had not worked like a beaver, by any means. Knowledge came easily to him, with his quick intuitions and retentive memory. And there was Briggs!

The boys had always said that there was something downright uncanny in the way Mr. Wainwright often seemed to read their thoughts. He turned his bright, penetrating eyes on Walker at this moment, saying gravely:

"It will be a little hard on Briggs, won't it?"

"You mean my getting the medal—but, O Mr. Wainwright, I oughtn't to say it! Upon my honor, I never owned to myself before that there was any certainty!" said the boy, aghast at his own presumption in claiming an honor that he had no evidence he had won.

"Oh, as to that, I suppose it is a foregone conclusion!" said Mr. Wainwright, speaking in a tone of the most perfect indifference. "It's the fortune of life, Theo; a man can rarely rise without stepping on somebody's else body. And sometimes it does more good to the fellow who is under than the one who gets his feet on him. I'm a little sorry for Briggs. He's made a gallant effort this year, and sometimes a little success is the turning-point of life for a fellow like him."

They had come to the point where their paths separated, and master and pupil raised their hats to each other in the courtly way the former had taught his boys. Theodore pursued his way alone, his head singularly clear, but with something thumping in his breast that almost stifled him.

"As if I would rise by stepping on anybody's else body!" he indignantly reasoned. "It isn't right or kind or fair for Mr. Wainwright to suggest such a thing. It sounded exactly as if I had planned to poison Briggs, or take some mean advantage of him. And it's been an honest, even fight right along."

Now, there was no one within a block of him on the street, but at this moment Walker seemed to hear a Voice whispering in his ear:

"What makes Briggs wear such coarse clothes and patched boots, and use second-hand books? And what sort of training has he had at home, judging by his manners and his language?"

"Well, if I've got a good home and kind parents and advantages that he hasn't, don't I owe it to my father and mother to make the most of these?" demanded Theo, indignantly.

The Voice was quieted for a time, and the boy thought on:

"I've denied myself pleasures without number to be punctual in attendance. And I guess it's no joke for a fellow to stick to his studies when there's any number of new magazines and books lying around, fairly screaming temptation at him. And there's the horse father promised me if I won the Bridge Medal! I'm sure to get it; and I can ride over to the high school every day, instead of going on a tiresome, roundabout journey on the street-cars."

The argument of the horse seemed unanswerable, and the Voice was effectually silenced. The boy sprang up the steps leading to his home, and answered his mother's loving inquiries with a happy face. "As if it would be worth while to disappoint her for Briggs or anyone else!" he thought to himself.

Yet he was very absent-minded as he ate his luncheon. He refused the fresh brook trout, a delicacy of which he was very fond; and dipped the leaves of his artichoke in his glass of milk instead of in

the salad-dressing. And he finally excused himself, without having touched his dessert, something that no boy in his sober senses could possibly do.

"I dread these examinations. They fairly turn a boy's head," said his mother.

The trade-winds were beginning to blow, and a heavy bank of fog was drifting in the Golden Gate as Theo went slowly down the street. The Voice was again whispering in his ear. He remonstrated with it:

"It would be foolishness to do such a thing. It would be worse than foolishness: it wouldn't be honorable. To do an example wrong when I knew perfectly well how to do it right! It would be regular cheating—after a fashion. It is ridiculous to think of such a thing."

"But there is such a thing as self-sacrifice," reminded the Voice.

And then he seemed to hear over and over the schoolmaster's speech:

"Sometimes a little success is the turning-point of life for a fellow like Briggs."

And suppose Briggs should turn hoodlum or cut-throat, who would there be to blame for it but the stupid fellow's own depraved self? He, Theodore Walker, could scarcely be held accountable if another fellow hadn't nerve enough to bear a little disappointment. And just as he had pronounced this decision, he came into the schoolyard; and there, on a rough bench, bareheaded in the chill fog, was Briggs, perplexed and downcast, trying to scrawl some algebraic symbols and hold down his papers as the gusts of wind threatened to tear them from his hands.

Walker's hands were in his pockets and his eyes on the ground as he took his place in line when the bell rang. He worked by fits and starts all the afternoon, while Briggs plodded steadily on. But when the class disbanded, everyone noted the contrast in the faces of the two boys. Briggs looked anxious and downcast, and handed

in his papers with an air of resignation. Walker's face was shining with triumph; in his pocket was the answer to No. 9, and two other problems on his list were unanswered.

There was an exhibition at the school-house the following week, and a crowded attendance of parents and relatives. Theodore Walker took part, with a clever impersonation that brought down the house.

"That is the boy who has earned the Bridge Medal," some one of his school-mates explained; and the rumor spread through the room. David Briggs heard it, and his eyes rested on Theo with an expression that might have been sullen envy, or merely the dull hopelessness of failure.

At the close of the entertainment the president of the school board, a very august personage, ascended the platform; and people caught their breath as they saw in his hand a shining, golden thing. He made a very inspiring little address, to which few, however, listened. Almost every eye in the house was bent on the handsome, black-eyed boy, who stood, the centre of a group on the floor beside the stage, proudly awaiting the announcement.

"The year's records have been carefully kept," concluded the president. "Two boys in this school have run so nearly abreast that the question of the winner has been one of unusual interest. The final examinations determined this. For the highest record in deportment and scholarship in the Spring Valley School this year, the Bridge Medal is awarded to—David Briggs."

There was a rustle and a flutter in the audience. Almost everyone was asking about David Briggs. Where was he? Why did he not come forward and receive the medal? A few, more thoughtful, turned toward the boy whom his friends had declared certain to win the dearly-prized honor, and whose face, but the moment before, had certainly been beaming with

glad expectancy. Theo's face had not changed in the least: it wore the same joyous look, while his eyes eagerly searched the house.

David Briggs was slow to comprehend. Then he struggled to his feet, and awkwardly made his way to the platform. Theo watched him with secret anxiety. If he should take the medal with a swagger, or turn back to make a boast of it among the boys, it really seemed to Theo as if he could not stand it.

But Briggs stood, sober and voiceless, while the president said a few kind words to him, and handed him the prize. Then he did the queerest and most unexpected thing—for Briggs. He bolted through the group of boys standing beside the platform, stumbled through the door; and when some of them, a moment later, followed him, they found him sitting on a stool in the entry, with his face buried in his hands.

"You see, it means so much to me!" he clumsily explained, when Mr. Wainwright and the boys formed a screen about him, that the people, passing out, might not see the sorry break-down of the winner of the honors of the school. "My father died last year. That woke me up to how I'd thrown away all my time. My uncle said he'd give me one more chance; and if I could show up with the medal at the end of the year, he'd see me through the Polytechnic. But I was swamped on the algebra. I can't understand yet how I left Walker behind. I'd given it all up, you see. And it means the difference between getting fitted out for a good trade and going to work on the streets. And it came on me so—so—"

But no one asked him to finish the sentence.

"Theodore," said Mr. Wainwright, throwing his arm around the lad's shoulder—a man's act of comradeship—as they passed out into the street,—“Theodore, there were three problems in the algebra

examination that were entirely omitted from your paper, and algebra has been your especial forte.”

The boy made no reply. A tinge of crimson covered his face, from his chin to his eyes, which flashed a merry defiance.

“Are you sorry, Theo?”

“Sorry! It was worth twenty medals, sir, to see Briggs—”

At that moment a young fellow dashed by on a spirited horse, and Theo would not have been a genuine boy if he had not caught his breath with something very like a sigh. But a smile of self-satisfaction quickly replaced it; and he walked on with head erect, the happiest boy in San Francisco.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XVI.

The next evening our friends set out for Paris. A short trip by rail brought them to Newhaven, where they were to take the steamer. A steady rain was falling. Beyond the lurid light of the lanterns on the wharf, the small vessel loomed up amid the darkness, like the ghost of some ship gone down at sea. As they approached, it lost its shadowy character; and they saw a trig little craft, which lay low down in the water. Crossing the gangboard and the wet deck, they made their way below, where Mr. Colville put the girls in charge of the stewardess; and, slipping a silver half-crown into her hand, asked her to look out for them during the voyage.

“To be sure!” she said, obsequiously. “Come with me, dears, and I'll show you to your berths.”

Claire and her sisters followed to the ladies' cabin, where they found that the berths were simply plush-covered couches,

or divans, arranged in two tiers, one above the other, around the saloon.

"You will not want to retire, but just to rest a bit; and you have your travelling rugs to wrap up in," said the woman, cheerily. "The passage is only a matter of a few hours."

"I expect it will be awfully rough; aren't you afraid of being ill?" inquired a nervous-looking lady, who was engaged in undoing a shawl strap, and beginning to be miserable before the vessel left the dock.

"No, indeed," answered Alicia, to whom the remark was addressed. "We are from America, and proved good sailors in crossing the ocean; so I suppose we shall hardly mind a little voyage like this."

"That is all very well," sighed the lady. "I've been all round the world, and sailed on all sorts of seas; but, for tossing one about, the English Channel surpasses them all."

With a whistle that was half a moan, the steamer started, and began to plough her way through the waves in a lumbering manner. Soon she was rolling and pitching at a lively rate.

"Father said he and Joe would stay on deck a while. I wish we could go up there," said Kathleen.

"Let us try it," urged Alicia.

Claire assented; and, putting on their cloaks, and drawing the pointed hoods over their heads, they stumbled up the gangway, looking, as Kathleen remarked, like a picture of three witches in a story-book she had at home.

"Oh, this is so nice!" she added, as they went out into the cool night air, which was refreshing, though heavy with moisture. A few of the passengers, shrouded in macintoshes, and with their travelling caps pulled down to their eyes, were standing about, in sheltered places.

"I do not see father," said Claire, peering amid the semi-darkness. "We shall have to go below again."

Just then a queer figure, in a rubber coat and slouch hat, approached them. It was Joe; and soon Mr. Colville appeared from the shadow of the wheel-house.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "It is rather rough for you up here. However, you will not wish to stay long. Joe, take care of Claire; Alicia and Kathleen, you had better cling to me."

For about a minute the girls stood it admirably; but the rain beat against them, and flowed in rills over the deck. The sky was shut out by a murky gloom. All they could see was the seething, surging water, almost on a level with the railing. All was dizziness and confusion: the sound of the dashing waves, the wind, the ship plunging wildly forward, the waters leaping upon it and then rushing past in a contrary direction,—motion, motion everywhere.

"It seems as if the end of the world had come when you look out on that foaming blackness!" said Kathleen.

Forced to retreat to the cabin, they tottered to their berths; for it was hard to keep one's footing with the floor apparently striving to change places with the ceiling.

"Lie down and be perfectly quiet; it is the best way," said the voice of Alicia's neighbor from beneath a pile of shawls.

"Try to say your beads, and perhaps you will get used to the rolling," Claire advised her sisters.

The stewardess declared this was nothing at all. If they wanted to know what the Channel was like, they ought to cross when it was really rough. The pitching and tossing, the swish of the waves against the sides of the ship, and the jarring of the machinery, continued; yet the girls must have fallen asleep; for they remembered nothing more until, in what seemed an incredibly short time, they heard her voice again—but this time as a far-off sound—announcing that the steamer would soon be at the pier.

"O dear!" said Kathleen, rubbing her eyes. "I dreamed an ugly old fairy had popped me into a churn; and, with the dasher for a wand, was going to change me into a lump of fresh dairy butter!"

"What a dreadful buffeting we have had!" exclaimed the nervous lady, emerging from her shawls.

"Now, Stewardess, don't you honestly think it *was* bad?" asked Alicia, as the girls bathed their faces and smoothed their hair.

"Well," admitted the woman, with a sly wink at Claire, "I grant the sea was a bit ruffled. But what else can you expect of the Channel?"

"Why, it is still night!" grumbled Kathleen, sleepily peeping through a port-hole.

"Half after three in the morning, Miss," said the stewardess. "You'd best make haste above, and get a whiff of fresh air."

Mr. Colville and Joe were waiting for them at the top of the stairs.

"Halloo, pussy! How did you like it?" asked the latter, as he gave his little sister's arm an affectionate pinch.

"O Joe," she replied, "I 'most believe this boat turned a regular somersault once last night!"

He laughed and said:

"That song, 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,' may be very fine; but when a fellow is actually being rocked in it, he doesn't feel much like singing, I'll warrant!"

They all went out on deck. The waters were now calm; the rain had ceased; and in the gray light of dawn were to be seen, rising out of the sea, the cliffs and the old half Gothic, half Moorish Castle of Dieppe. As the steamer drew nearer, the walls and battlements, turrets and gables of this rugged Castle, and the quaint medieval town at its base, came more plainly into view; and in the summer sky, just above the frowning fortress, the stone dwellings and red-tiled roofs, a band

of golden light announced the breaking of a fair morning.

"Everybody is still asleep here," said Joe. "Suppose we were a hostile army, what a fine chance we should have to take the place unawares!"

"Do not be too sure of that," returned his father. "An enemy would hardly get so near without encountering a sharp fire from the batteries yonder."

When they arrived at the dock, it was evident there were at least a score of the inhabitants astir; and these greeted them with such a jargon and gesticulating that one might have thought the natives had mustered in full force to repel an invasion.

"It seems as if all the builders of the Tower of Babel were suddenly let loose!" cried Alicia.

"I feel for the first time that we are indeed in a strange land!" sighed Claire, as, confused by this hubbub in a foreign tongue, chilled and hungry, they waited on the wharf for the inevitable custom-house examination of the luggage.

Half an hour later, having "braced up," as Joe said, on coffee and crusty rolls, which he insisted must have been intended for baseballs, they took their places in one of the railway carriages marked "*à Paris*," and in a few moments the train started.

It was now nearly five o'clock. The zone of amber at the horizon had broadened; the sun had slowly appeared amid a splendor of golden and purple clouds. The violet shadows upon the landscape fled before it, and now its rays began to shine upon the quaint farm-houses, with their peaked roofs, the Gothic villages and the old church towers, upon the pleasant hills and lovely valleys of picturesque, fertile and beautiful Normandy.

Now, too, it began to seem less like a region under a spell of enchantment. The music of the Angelus bells was borne in through the open windows of the carriage, and the Colvilles caught glimpses of many

interesting bits of rural life,—of stout farmers, about the thatched barns and granaries; rustics in blouses, broad-brimmed hats, and *sabots* (wooden shoes), going to their toil in the fields; and sturdy peasant women, in short skirts, queer bodices, and fantastic caps, driving the cows to pasture.

"Oh, see!" cried Alicia, calling the attention of the others to a young girl minding cattle on a hillside, and knitting industriously, while her charges browsed near by.

"There is a boy tending geese in the meadow," said Joe.

"Did you see the yoke of oxen and the dog jumping up at them?" interrupted Kathleen. "And, oh, there is a cat!"

"Where? Has it got on a Norman bonnet?" asked her brother.

"No; but I suppose it mews in French," she replied, so sadly that they all laughed. "Dear me, I'm so sleepy!" she added presently.

"Here is my little down pillow; make yourself comfortable and take a nap," suggested Claire.

"A nap!" repeated the little girl. "No, indeed! If you see me nodding, please shake me."

The others were quite as determined not to miss anything.

"What is this city we are coming to now?" inquired Joe.

"It must be Rouen," responded Mr. Colville. "Yes, there is the grand Cathedral. The older portion of it was built during the Middle Ages. It contains the tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion."

"What!" exclaimed Claire. "Of Richard the Lion-Hearted, the brave Crusader, the noble King and warrior, the hero of the troubadours! Stop the cars: I want to get out."

"It was at Rouen, too, that poor Joan of Arc was put to death by the English, who accused her of sorcery," continued her father.

"Then we will go on," she decided, as if the management of the train was at her disposal; "for I never could endure being led around and told, 'Here the Maid of Orleans was imprisoned,' 'Here she was burned at the stake.'"

Now the valleys widened into open plains, rich in harvests of corn and flax, with scarlet poppies growing amid the grain.

"Why is it that the fields are divided by rows of those trees, the branches of which grow upward as if they were tied in a bundle?" asked Joe.

"Those are the Normandy poplars," said Mr. Colville. "They are planted thus to form a barrier against the force of the cold winds and storms, and thus protect the cattle and the crops."

Soon they passed a bright, clear river.

"This is the Seine," said Mr. Colville. "We cross it several times. You see it now blue and sparkling, but at Paris it is a yellow, muddy stream."

At last they came upon the trim little market gardens which give the country, for miles around the French Capital, the appearance of a vast patchwork quilt; and after a while Mr. Colville said:

"Now, children, you can get a glimpse of the city."

Then, looking down the plain, they beheld gleaming in the sunlight the domes and towers, the splendid buildings and historic edifices of Paris, which they had been told was the gayest, most brilliant, most beautiful city of the world.

When the train arrived at the station, Mr. Colville engaged a fiacre, and they drove to the Windsor Hotel, on the Rue de Rivoli.

(To be continued.)

In Secret.

©FT-TIMES within your very heart
Where only God can see,
Just whisper low to Him these words:
"My heart I give to Thee!"



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

Vol. XXXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 29, 1893.

No. 17.

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

Mother and Maid.

BY E. BECK.

MOTHER and Maid combined in one,—
 A Virgin, yet a God thy Son,
 Since Gabriel bore triumphantly
 God's wondrous message unto thee,
 When man's redemption was begun.
 A Woman clothéd with the sun,
 Mystical Rose of Judah's tree,
 The portal by which heav'n is won—
 Mother and Maid.

Refuge of Sinners, to whom none
 Have ever vainly bent the knee;
 The Queen who sits by God's white throne,
 Whom heav'nly choirs praise constantly;
 Best of these titles still to me—
 Mother and Maid.

A Marquis of the Old Régime.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONCLUSION.)



ALTHOUGH Henry Costa had never sought to attract his sovereign's attention, his sacrifices in the royal cause, his courage and devotion, were generally admired; and General Colli having brought them to the notice of the King, Victor Amadeus bestowed upon the Marquis an

important military command. He accepted it without enthusiasm, from a pure sense of duty. He had no illusions as to the final result of the struggle between the armies of Savoy and those of the French Republic. Although the fall of Robespierre had brought the Reign of Terror to an end, the principles and policy of the Revolution were as strong and as active as ever, and its armies as formidable on the frontier. The internal divisions of the Piedmontese Government, and its want of energy, rendered the conquest of the country an easy undertaking. "Bitterness and quarrels compromise the success of our unfortunate army," writes Henry. In another letter, written in 1796, he alludes to the arrival of a new commander-in-chief of the French forces,—a man of twenty-seven years, comparatively unknown. "He is called Bonaparte. . . . He is said to be full of genius and of grand ideas."

The arrival of this hitherto unknown soldier, who in a few short years was to change the face of Europe, infused new life into the French troops. After experiencing a series of defeats, the Piedmontese forces were compelled to ask for a suspension of arms; and the Marquis Costa was commissioned to negotiate, and to sign, in his sovereign's name, the armistice of Cherasco.

This mission brought him into immediate contact with Bonaparte, and his letters give some curious details respecting

the future conqueror of Europe. In their frequent interviews, Henry was struck by the extraordinary genius of the young commander; and he easily foresaw that the obscure Corsican General was destined to be a great leader of men. At the same time, although dazzled by his talents, he felt repulsed by his hardness and despotism; and realized that principle and generosity, without which there is no real heroism, were wanting in his character.

The few months that followed were anxious and painful. The French were now the real masters of Piedmont; and, equally irritated by the insolence of the conquerors and by the weakness and want of dignity of the vanquished, the Marquis often felt that God had given to his son the better part. At last, his military duties ended with the termination of the war, he felt free to join his wife, whose imploring letters made his heart bleed.

The friends who had surrounded her at Lausanne were now gone; they had taken advantage of the comparative tranquillity that reigned in France since the fall of Robespierre to return to their country. "I am alone," she writes. "I remain far from you,—far from the only heart that belongs to me now." The bereaved mother had indeed passed through four years of cruel anxiety. Her husband was in daily danger of death, her eldest son was taken from her, her nearest relatives in France and Savoy were in exile or in prison; and, in addition to these trials, she was involved in financial difficulties of every kind.

By dint of heroic efforts, she contrived to provide food for her servants and children; but she could not do more, and it was impossible to think of giving the younger boys the education suited to their rank. "I have been able to do nothing for these poor little ones," she writes, "except to entrust them to God, who has given them both excellent hearts. I tried to make them better by teaching them to believe in Him and love Him; I was too

ill to teach them anything else. I could not think of a school: money is too scarce."

But now at last a ray of happiness was to brighten the poor wife's loneliness. In 1796 Henry started to join her at Lausanne, accompanied by Victor and by Comte. The journey lasted twelve days. As they drew near to the town, the faithful servant went on first, in order to announce his master's arrival. Immediately the Marquise, accompanied by M. de Maistre, set out on foot to join her husband on the road. When at last they met face to face, both for an instant seemed paralyzed. The thought of him who ought to have been there—of the bright, idolized boy, their pride and joy—seemed to deaden the happiness of their meeting. Then, with a cry, "Henry, my Henry!" the Marquise threw herself into her husband's arms. From that moment the spell was broken; and if the remembrance of their lost one never left them, it served but to bring them closer together.

They returned to Lausanne side by side. These four years had left their mark on both. She seemed now an old woman, with her white hair and drawn features; while Henry's manly beauty, once so conspicuous, had been marred and wasted by physical and mental suffering.

On arriving at Lausanne, he was welcomed by the two younger boys, who clung to his hands, covering them with kisses; by Abbé Baret, his former tutor; then by Chagnot, the old servant, both of whom had been his wife's faithful companions in her exile. He visited the little oratory, where all that remained of Eugène had been lovingly collected. In this *chapelle des souvenirs*, where she spent long hours in prayer, the Marquise had placed her son's portrait, his letters, his drawings, his sword, and the fatal bullet that had caused his death.

The months that he spent at Lausanne mark a time of peace and comparative happiness in Henry Costa's checkered life.

In spite of their poverty, in spite, too, of the blank that Eugène had left in his home, the husband and wife found consolation in their perfect union. In their past days of happiness, God had not been absent from their lives; but now, in their bereavement, His presence seemed closer and dearer than ever. "We pray together," writes the Marquise. "In moments of happiness prayer seems almost a luxury. . . . Now prayer is our daily companion, and has an intimate place at our hearth."

God rewarded His servants' submission by sending them unexpected assistance in their temporal necessities, which at that moment were most urgent. It was in vain that the Marquis Costa endeavored by giving drawing-lessons to increase the resources of his family: poverty pressed heavily on the little circle, when, by a series of fortunate and unexpected circumstances, certain sums of money owing in Bavaria to Barthélemi Costa, one of our hero's great-uncles, were paid over to him as to the next heir. This providential piece of luck delivered him from the worst pangs of poverty, and enabled him to leave his family with a more tranquil heart when the death of King Victor Amadeus obliged him, in 1799, to return to Turin.

The invasion of his kingdom, and the humiliations he had endured at the hands of the French, had embittered the declining years of the aged sovereign, whose son, Charles Emmanuel IV., ascended the throne under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. The new King was of a retiring and melancholy disposition; he keenly felt the danger of his position, and the humiliation of being a mere puppet in the hands of the French conquerors. His wife was the holy Queen Clotilde, of France, sister of Louis XVI.,—"an adorable Princess," writes the Marquis Costa, and one to whom her earthly crown proved in truth a thorny diadem.

When, as became his position, our hero hastened to pay his respects to the new

sovereign, Charles Emmanuel received him like an old friend. But Henry was painfully impressed by the precarious position of the King, and by the deplorable condition of the country, where the French were the real masters, and the royal power an empty show. He foresaw what was to take place a few months later. The King resolved to abandon a position which was a source of perpetual difficulties and humiliations. In 1802 he abdicated, and retired to the island of Sardinia. The invasion of Piedmont by the Russian General Sowarop, its subsequent annexation to France, speedily followed; and it was not until the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, that the Piedmontese monarchy was finally restored, under Victor Emmanuel I., brother to the late King.

The object of our sketch is not to trace the history of Piedmont through its varied phases; but merely to follow, through the lights and shades of his checkered career, the noble-hearted man whose character we have endeavored to portray.

The eventful portion of that career came to an end with the fall of the Piedmontese monarchy. Henry Costa was a soldier and a politician by duty rather than by inclination. When his country was attacked, he sacrificed all things in its defence; when his sovereign bade him negotiate with Bonaparte, he obeyed to the best of his ability. But his sensitive nature was little fitted to cope with the stern realities of life; and, having recovered his freedom, he gladly retired to the obscurity of his home.

Those who have followed him with interest through the vicissitudes of his military career will be, perhaps, inclined to regret the comparatively scanty details that his biographer gives us touching the last twenty years of his life; but this very scantiness of events marks these twenty years as a period of rest and calm after the struggles of middle life. First at Marlieux, in Dauphiné, among his wife's

relatives; then at Beauregard, his own dear home on the Lake of Geneva, our hero lived in tranquillity, in the midst of those sweet home affections he ever prized above all earthly joys. He had come out of the furnace, where God had tried him, purified and saddened; but, as he himself says, "with a boundless submission to the will of God."

When his oldest son married, and his grandchildren grew up around him, new interests awoke in the old man's heart. For the sake of his grandsons, he consented to take up his pen and to record, in many valuable notes and souvenirs, some of the stirring scenes in which he had played a part. He also produced a series of memoirs of the royal house of Savoy. But better still than these written memoirs were the long conversations in which the aged soldier went over the past. He loved above all things to speak to his grandchildren of Eugène, whose memory up to his dying day remained enshrined in his heart, surrounded by a halo of reverent love.

In 1811 the Marquise Costa died, and her husband thus records the event in his prayer-book: "My poor wife closed her sad and saintly life to-day. . . . Her soul has gone to heaven, whence she will guide and protect her family as she did on earth. This sorrowful day marks the end of a cloudless union that has lasted thirty-four years; it marks also the end of my life's happiness." A little lower down the page, he added: "My God, Thou seest my white hair and my broken heart!"

He survived his wife thirteen years. During his last days a stroke of paralysis clouded his mind and deprived him of the power of speech. We are told that the faithful Comte continued to serve his old master; it was he who led him about; and, without exchanging a word, the two seemed to understand each other. Comte often used to take the Marquis to visit the poor and infirm who lived around the château; and he always asserted that the

old man's eye grew brighter and that his intelligence seemed to awaken when, guided by his devoted attendant, he distributed alms to his poor neighbors.

At length the end came; and as he lay on his death-bed, on the 24th of May, 1824, Henry Costa seemed to shake off the burden of mental and physical infirmity that had so long weighed him down. His eyes were full of life and feeling as they gazed on some object visible to himself alone; and those who surrounded his bed fondly believed that Eugène had come to take his father home.

Of the father it may be said as of the son that he gave back to God a "pure and valiant soul"; that, patient in suffering, strong in faith, he died as he had lived,—a knight without fear and without reproach.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVI.—AFTERWARD.

COLONEL CARTON had undergone a strange transformation. He was, of all the men of his circle, the one who seemed to spread about him the influence of good health and spirits. He always appeared admirably satisfied with himself. From the red carnation he invariably wore in the lapel of his dark blue coat to his patent leather shoes, the Colonel was bright and cheery; and the head that rose above this was the head of a prosperous man. The Colonel feared no earthly evil. Things had always gone well with him. He seldom thought of God; in fact, the Colonel had done so well for himself that a Supreme Being was, in the depths of his thoughts, an unnecessary appendage to the world; and death was to him a possibility, not a probability. One often felt as if the Colonel believed that death, though

inexorable for other people, had given him a dispensation.

Giles was smoking on the lawn when his father came up the walk. He expected that the Colonel would ask for an explanation of his non-appearance at the dinner. He braced himself for it. He supposed the Colonel to be angry, and he had not the slightest idea of what he should say. He resolved to make out the best possible case for Bernice.

A look at his father's face startled him. The Colonel had aged: his lips were drawn, his cheeks seemed sunken, and all the ruddy color had left them; his usually upright figure seemed shrunken and bent.

Giles caught him by the arm.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Father, what is the matter?"

"You must tell her, Giles—I can't—you must tell her," he gasped.

"Tell what? Come into the house,—come! You are not well."

"I will, I will, Giles!" he said, clasping both hands about his son's arm. "*You* will never turn against me,—you will always believe—" The Colonel paused and loosened his clasp. He felt dizzy; he had been on the verge of a confession. "Yes—I will go into the house. I hate this moonlight,—I hate the night! But you must go to Bernice,—you must tell her that the Major has fallen off the bank."

Giles stood still. A suspicion that his father had taken too much of Major Conway's wine passed through his mind. Another look at his father's face dispelled the thought. Something had evidently happened.

"Ward"—the Colonel could not repress a shiver as he uttered the name—"and that young man have gone to look for him. Do you think he can be alive?" he asked, eagerly.

"Major Conway has fallen from the bank? Where?—at the oaks?"

"Yes."

"This is horrible!" said Giles. "When

did it happen? He must have been crushed to death!"

"Don't say that, Giles!—don't say that! Old Heinrich Verbosen fell over ten years ago, and he lived afterward. But you must tell Bernice."

Giles led his father into the house. The big hall-lantern showed an opaline light from out its stained glass and black Italian tracery work. The light fell on the armor and shields in the hall, of which the Colonel had been so proud. He sank into a big chair by the deep fireplace. The log was glowing within it. The flame flashed fitfully on the bright brass andirons. Somehow, all these things which the Colonel noticed now, and in which he had taken so much pleasure, added to his sense of the gulf that had suddenly divided the present from the past. They were unchanged; but he had suddenly plunged into an abyss, the darkness of which left him without hope.

"Now, father," Giles said, soothingly, "tell me all you know. It may not be too late for me to be of use."

"I don't know,—I don't know!" the Colonel said, vaguely. He gripped Giles' hand hard, as his son bent over him. There was some comfort in feeling that his son was near him. He was a murderer in the eyes of the world; but, for all that, Giles must always be his son,—there were things done by God that no power could undo. This thought flashed over his mind, and gave him a moment of comfort.

Giles was appalled by the attitude of this father who had hitherto been so strong, so self-sufficient. The position of father and son seemed to be reversed. The hall-door was open, and the lantern swung in the air, casting a sudden light on the large picture of Giles' mother which hung over the fireplace. The Colonel raised his eyes, and the face seemed alive.

"What does she think of me?" he asked, half aloud. "Does *she* know?"

"What are you thinking of, father?" asked Giles, startled.

"Bernice is waiting," the Colonel went on, rapidly. "We both went out,—he for his walk, I after him. He fell over the bank—somehow. I saw it too late; she does not know it. They are searching for him now. *You* must tell her!"

"I can't," said Giles. "I—that is—we are not the same as we were."

"Oh, I know!" said the Colonel, impatiently. "A lover's quarrel. Somebody must tell her. You see that I can't. I am ill,—the shock has been too great. Giles, you must see her. It is your place—you her future husband and her pastor."

Giles winced.

"Come with me, father,—you the Major's oldest friend."

"I can't, I tell you,—I can't!" said the Colonel, in a voice of horror. "Why, he might be brought in dead while we were there! Don't you understand? It is cruel to keep her in suspense. You can say that there is some hope—I'm sure there is some hope,—there *must* be some hope. Go, Giles. It will look suspicious if you don't go; so you must!"

Giles looked into his father's face, puzzled, frightened. He questioned him closely again, and got disjointed answers. What could it mean? It was certain that some accident had happened to Major Conway. His heart bounded at the thought of seeing Bernice and of comforting her. He rang for a servant and ordered strong coffee for his father. Then he took his hat and went toward Major Conway's house. The drawing-room windows glowed with light; and as he neared the house, a carriage rolled away.

Giles' heart failed. How could he console Bernice, if her father were indeed dead? She had ceased to regard him as a worthy minister of the Gospel. She would not regard his voice as that of God. In her eyes, he had betrayed her trust. And yet at such a time she might, perhaps, forget everything except that he loved her. She might not expect any message

from God; she might ask for no consolation from Heaven; she might be content with his sympathy, his affection. He suddenly asked himself whether this ought to satisfy him as a priest; and then the fatal doubt intruded itself—was he a priest or not? It was enough, he said to himself, that she could find comfort in his love. If his failure had caused her to disbelieve in the dogmas he had taught her, let dogmas go. She would forgive him, if she really loved him,—and they could live without dogmas.

He paused on the opposite side of the road and watched the house. It was evident that she had not begun to grow anxious yet. He heard the sound of one of Chopin's Mazurkas—his favorite. A thrill of tenderness shot through his heart. If the Major were gone, she would need him to stand between her and the world. Giles had never looked on Bernice as dependent before this: she had always seemed his equal in every way. He had often compared her to one of those lilies which are set so firmly on their thick green stems. It needed only this added grace of dependence to make him feel that she was more to him than she had ever been.

But he did not cross the street; he stood still and listened to the Mazurka. He knew every note of it by heart. She had played it on the night he had first spoken to her at Sorrento. And when the notes died away, and she began the quaint, old-fashioned Amaryllis, he still stood at the side of the road. He had suddenly awakened from his dream; it dawned upon him that the only consolation which Bernice would receive he could not give. He had shown the night before that he lacked confidence in himself as the divinely-appointed messenger of God; and he knew Bernice well enough to believe that if her love for him had been shocked by his failure to act up to his vocation as a consoler when there was risk of life, it would not revive if he assumed the work of

consolation at a time when she, who at heart was spiritual, would expect some authoritative spiritual assurance.

He hesitated. Love urged him on, reason withheld him. He could understand that Bernice felt no alarm. The Major and his father often walked and disputed far into the night; and Bernice would probably go to bed quietly, feeling that her father would let himself in with the latch-key, and that she would see him at breakfast in the morning as usual. Judging from what his father had said, the body of Major Conway might be borne along at any moment. Bernice must be prepared; but how?

It was easy enough to dramatize his thoughts and feelings. He had a quick imagination. But that road, cold and white in the moonlight, lay between him and the realization of his desire to be the consoler and protector. Oh, if he had gone at once to Willie Ward's bedside, how different everything would have been! He need not hesitate as he was hesitating. He would have the right to be more than father or mother to this woman, who now needed his sympathy so much.

He saw two figures, followed by a third, come down the path. He saw that Lady Tyrrell was strolling down to the gate with two guests. She had a square of white lace thrown over her head; he heard her saying in a loud voice that she wasn't afraid of the night air, because there was no other air at night. The two guests laughed, lingered at the gate a moment, and went their way. Giles could not make out who they were. He crossed the road rapidly; he remembered Lady Tyrrell very well.

"Pardon me, Lady Tyrrell," he said, opening the gate. "Let me present myself. I am Giles Carton."

"Ah, indeed!" said Lady Tyrrell. "I don't suppose I should know you even if the moonlight were brighter. I made a great mistake, in which you were con-

cerned, to-night. Come in, and explain this ridiculous muss. You and Bernice are a pair of fools!"

"I have something important to say, and I am afraid I must say it here," Giles whispered, holding the gate. "I can't come in,—I'll have to go to the bank, to see if I can be useful. An accident has happened to Major Conway."

Lady Tyrrell raised her *lorgnette* by mere force of habit.

"Well?" she said, shortly. "Well?"

"I am afraid that Major Conway is in heaven," Giles said, somewhat disconcerted; "but we may hope for the best."

"You are afraid Major Conway is in heaven!" said Lady Tyrrell, tartly. "This beats everything! You Americans have a queer way of expressing yourselves, I must say. Dion Conway in heaven! It's perfectly ridiculous! There must be some mistake."

(To be continued.)

St. Joseph's Lilies.

BY JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.

THEIR springtime fragrance fills the air
 And sets my heart adreaming,
 So sweetly pure, so freshly fair,
 Angelic is their seeming;
 While blossom fingers mutely plead,
 Heaven's benediction bringing,
 The lily-bells Love's bourgeon lead,
 A springtime carol ringing.

They stand about the altar throne
 Like kingly courtiers bending,
 Or like white knights to holy shrine
 Whose pilgrim steps are tending.
 They glorify the holy place,
 And tell of Love and Duty;
 But ne'er was knight's or courtier's grace
 To match their royal beauty.

Again their fragrance fills the air—
 St. Joseph's royal flowers,

As meek and pale, yet wondrous fair,
 Our earth their beauty dowers.
 Beside the pallet of the poor,
 Nor vile infection flying,
 Those lilies blossom evermore,
 For evermore undying.

Their fragile blooming ecstasies
 The cloister and the home;
 This sceptre sways o'er all the seas,
 From India to Rome.
 The Arab's tent, the Indian's nest,
 The palace and the plain,
 Alike are beautified and blessed
 Beneath this peaceful reign.

Oh, springtime fragrance, fill the air
 And set our hearts adreaming!
 For noble deeds are heavenly fair,
 And royal is their seeming.
 These virgin hands uplifted, plead—
 Heaven's benediction showers;
 Ah, where St. Joseph's lilies lead
 Are found God's fairest flowers!

A Scottish Catholic Novelist and
 Poetess.

BY P. GOLDIE WILSON.

WE have not many popular Catholic writers of repute in Scotland,—in truth, the number might be counted easily on the fingers of one hand; and in this respect, therefore, we are behind England and Ireland. Amongst the clergy there are some able and brilliant pens; but their labors are known only to a few, and do not appeal to the "million-footed mob." And as for the laity, they are few whose ability is recognized beyond their immediate local circles. Why it is that the "Land o' Cakes" is uncongenial soil to Catholic literary genius the writer is at a loss to understand, unless it be that until recently "Papists" dared not attempt anything beyond the hewing of wood or the drawing of water in the country. And even when genius has

occasionally manifested itself, it was powerless to resist being drawn into that great literary vortex, the English metropolis.

If there be a scarcity among us of well-known authors, we have one at least whose reputation is not confined to the country of Wallace, though it may not have crossed the "herring pond." And yet Mary Cross, the subject of this article, is Scotch in a limited degree—to the extent only that she has lived the better part of her life in Scotland. She hails from that proud county of English Catholicity, Lancashire; but was only in her teens when she sought a home in the northern island.

It was only the other day that I met Mary Cross for the first time in the flesh. We had long known each other through the medium of her writings, of which I was an admirer; but personal acquaintance was denied me till a recent afternoon, when, over the teacups, we had a long and interesting chat, a portion of which she has kindly permitted me to reproduce for the benefit of the readers of THE "AVE MARIA." Of the author herself, more anon.

In one of the most fashionable suburbs of Scotland's chief centre of commerce, the "dark sea-born city" of Glasgow, whither merchant princes and city men flee from the turmoil of the busy streets and the oppressive weariness of stuffy offices, lives our subject. Above the average height, slenderly built, a pair of large, lustrous eyes redeem a plain face, whose look has something sad and wistful about it, such as one might see in a person who has suffered silently, or whose soul has shared the miseries of others.

Passionately attached to her work is Mary Cross; yet she can always spare a few hours each day to religious and social effort of a very earnest character. She is extremely anxious to make good Catholics, thereby making good citizens; and once having qualified for admission into the inner ranks, she urges them to enter public

life and aspire to positions of trust, of which in Scotland we have not too ample a share, and not in the least likely to obtain it until we bring zeal and determination into line with our fitness.

On the afternoon of my visit I found the popular novelist in a communicative mood. We talked on a variety of topics—on Dante, Tennyson, Browning, Marion Crawford, the Church, the Catholic press, and the modern newspaper. Yes, she knew of *THE "AVE MARIA,"* and for long had been one of its delighted readers. "If only we had such a magazine in this country, what a vast amount of good it would achieve!" she added, and then went on: "You would even think the Blessed Virgin had done Scotch Presbyterians some great wrong, so furiously do they fulminate against the Mother of God. With another such periodical as *THE 'AVE MARIA'* made accessible to intelligent Protestants in these parts, the mist would be cleared from their eyes, and the Blessed Mother presented in a new light."

Questioned on the position of the Church in Scotland, she answered that, judged by the numerical strides made in a comparatively brief space of time, the prospect was gratifying. But there were more kinds of advancement than one, and we should sometimes stop and consider whether we were also increasing in charity and holy living, in zeal and endeavor. Example, sympathy, and kindness would do more to win over Protestants than years of argument and controversy; that Protestant friends and acquaintances remained outside the Church was too often the fault of ourselves.

"It might be to our advantage," continued the amiable lady, "to know a little more about them, to cultivate a sympathy with the Universal Father, and even imitate their efforts on behalf of the poor and outcast. In this latter connection we sometimes stand still, and follow where we should have led. 'Salvation is

of the Jews,' but that belief does not entitle us to condemn those still in darkness; and contempt and mockery will not spread the light. The shrewd Scot judges the tree by its fruits; and when he sees those fruits in the police courts, the prison, and most liberally supporting drinking, he might be pardoned if he wondered what would be his spiritual gain if he changed his heresy for a faith so lightly esteemed. The greatest obstacle to the progress of the Church is the bad example of many of her own children. Integrity of purpose and blamelessness of life would do more for the cause of Christ than all the floods of oratory poured on an already half-drowned world."

Cardinal Manning's beautiful words express her view exactly: "It is not by loud expressions of faith, nor eager controversies against error, but by a silent, even life of purity, a constant imitation of Christ, that we shall bear testimony of Him. I sometimes think that the laity do not know their own power or responsibility."

Proceeding, she said that, while the outlook for the future was bright indeed, it might be only too easily darkened by Catholics themselves leading careless or vicious lives, or by the cheap abuse of those who differ from them. Considering the disadvantages the faith had to contend with in Scotland, its progress had been marvellous; and we should take care that our future progression was such in the highest sense of the word.

But the novelist's great hope was in the conversion of our people to temperance. She told me that while on a visit to Glasgow Prison recently, the matron told her there were three hundred Catholic women incarcerated, all of whose offences could be traced to strong drink; and, what was the most saddening feature, that year by year the women were being imprisoned at an earlier age. With these painful facts before me, I was not surprised at the vehement attitude of Miss Cross on the drink

question. She also anticipates much valuable assistance from the newly-formed Scottish Catholic Truth Society, of which she was one of the inceptors, and continues an active member.

Of the Catholic press in these countries she had some very definite opinions to offer. She deplored—and who does not?—the indifference Catholics manifest toward their own newspapers. While journals of the lowest class, seldom free from some imputation or slander on the Church, circulate in their thousands among our people, Catholic editors and publishers find it the most difficult of tasks to make ends meet. This neglect and apathy contributed to our impotency as a body, rendered our organization less perfect, made us unable to adequately meet the attacks directed against us, and really played into the hands of the enemy. Miss Cross could not free some of our Catholic editors from blame in the matter, since many of them failed to put an appreciable value on Catholic talent; the result being that Catholic pens were compelled to seek for work in another direction.

By and by we drifted into other courses of conversation. She informed me that she began writing when at school, and that ever since literary work had been her one pleasure. Her most successful book was rejected thirteen times,—had it been returned a fourteenth time it was to find a resting-place in the fire. Of contemporary authors, she “adored” Tennyson, loved Browning; and in the realm of fiction, was an admirer of F. Marion Crawford. Dante, she thinks, makes one realize the realities of eternal punishment in a way that no writer has ever done. The power of a good novel in her opinion could not be overestimated.

She detests the modern newspaper that revels in details of murders, divorces, etc.; declaring that its usefulness is sadly marred by placing before the young such undesirable information. Indeed, she

added, Zola's evil influence wasn't to be compared to that of some journals. On the whole, the press was a potent factor in the community; though Catholics lacked that sympathy for their organs that their Protestant neighbors so eagerly evinced.

With regard to her literary work, she said she declined to write “to order.” She preferred to choose her own plot—which, by the way, always arose from some current incident,—and work out her ideas in her own way. She writes only when she feels in the mood; and always carefully outlines her stories, finding thereby a saving of labor and more perfect workmanship. She is emphatic in the opinion that where authors are limited to the treatment of their subject literature suffers, and so also the reputation of the writer.

It can not be said of Miss Cross that she stands in the front of living British writers of fiction. How much her love for her faith has hindered her advancement only herself can tell; but in one instance I know of her welcomed contributions being rejected by a leading magazine immediately on the discovery that she “belonged to Rome.” Although not among the “Immortals,” she is a writer who commands a wide and varied circle of readers. She does not so much aspire to fame as to perfect workmanship; and I think, could she be induced to acknowledge it, great though her love for her work, she would rather carry a gleam of sunshine into some dark life, rescue some soul trembling on the brink of the precipice, than write herself into eminence. Notwithstanding, her pen is facile and forceful; and her characters are always strongly drawn, and with a literary skill that has earned the commendation of the critics. No page of her books lacks grace of style or some human interest. She contributes to a number of the leading British magazines.

A word about Mary Cross as a poetess. Her verses, though sweet and tuneful, are

not equal to her prose. There is a predominating note of sadness in her poetry, but the writer is the least despairing of human beings. It is her keen sympathy for the suffering, the force with which wrong appeals to her sensitive nature, that has impregnated her lines. She is not void of passion, but the minor key of her song is the more marked because of this. Ease of expression, lofty and beautiful sentiment, elegant language, she possesses in no limited degree; but in almost everyone of her poems the reader detects the lower chord, the wail of an earnest soul over the sins of the world. In every line she appeals for a better race of men and women; points out the evil and danger in the life around us, and the need for a glimpse of sunlight on "the darker track."

Though of opinion that the novel lends itself to "sermonizing," Mary Cross preaches better in her poetry than in her prose. In the former she has the merit of being intensely practical, and of leading the way where she would have others follow. The darker side of life, however, has not wholly enchained her muse; for the eye that sees God's image in "faded women, haggard men," reproduces in melodious rhythm and sweetest song the green spots of nature. That excellent judge, Ruskin, has said of her recently issued poems that they are "charming"; and few will challenge his opinion. Here are a few random cullings:

He who on the Cross did bleed,
Left these little ones in trust.

Have pity on the little ones!
Let some human thought lead back
Even to the darker track,
Where the city children pine.

So kindness to a lonely heart shall give
The blessed light that bids it hope and live.

No more you need my earthly care, but others still
remain,—
Others with human hearts to soothe and sinking
steps to cheer.

In thy hand is thine own fate,—
Waken ere it be too late.

Amid the poorest of poor earth
He, by example, taught this creed:
No words, how sweet, how grand, are worth
One noble act, one loving deed.

Oh, to have touched his hand and said, "Forgive!"
And been forgiven, tho' love were mine no longer;
How easier then for me my lot to live
And to endure!

So love would power unfold
In me to dare and do for you; love makes the
weakest bold.

One closing word. I should have wished to quote my friend as a sonneteer, but space forbids. And though I have written of Mary Cross, dear reader, let me tell you, in confidence, that years ago she joined her lot with that of another, and to the outside world she is known as Mrs. Lynch.

The Call to the Counsels.

BY L. W. R.

"EVERYONE hath his proper gift from God," declares St. Paul. This means, according to Cornelius à Lapide, that every person receives from on high a vocation to a state of life wherein to be saved. Some are chosen to remain single in the world, others are destined for marriage, still others are intended for the religious life. Some are best adapted for an active career, while others are drawn toward contemplation. The few are called to the counsels.

Be one's vocation what it may, it should not be trifled with, neglected or spurned. The man who was created for matrimony should not dare to receive Holy Orders; the woman who is summoned to the cloister should not presume to remain in the world. In the eyes of the Lord, "obedience is better than sacrifice"; and they who reject His inspirations may expect to hear His denunciation: "Woe to you, apostate children, that you would take counsel, and not of Me; and would begin a web, and not by My Spirit!"

To reject a vocation is to jeopard one's salvation. Because to do so necessarily implies the choice of a state of life outside of the divine will, and inevitably cuts off from the disobedient soul the special graces that would have been received in the appointed place. "Worldly men," says St. Alphonsus, "do not scruple to tell young people that God can be served in one state of life as well as in another." But that is not true in the case of a person called to one state of life and bent on living in another. Of him the theologian Habert says: "He will remain in the body of the Church like a dislocated member in the human body; which may, indeed, serve its purpose, yet painfully and awkwardly. Therefore, though indeed such a one may be saved, he will with difficulty enter on the ways and make use of the means of salvation."

Even to delay corresponding with a vocation is hazardous; for he who does so may lose it altogether, or, at best, is apt to follow it later with difficulty. Especially in the case of a call to the counsels is it perilous to defer responding, and much more so to answer not at all.

"As soon as Our Lord calls any one to a higher state," says St. Alphonsus, "unless he wishes to put his salvation in jeopardy, obey he must, and do so promptly; otherwise he will hear from Christ's lips that same reproof which was given to the young man who, being called by Jesus to follow Him, asked leave first to go home to look after his worldly affairs: 'Jesus said to him: No man putting his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God.' The lights which God sends us are transitory in their nature: they do not remain with us permanently. This is what made St. Thomas say that the divine call to a more perfect life must be followed without delay. Surely it is a matter for astonishment that when there is question of entering religion in order to lead a more perfect and safer life,

people of the world say that before taking such a resolution there is need of long deliberation; and that we should be in no haste, so as to make sure that this vocation comes really from God and not from the Evil One. But they do not speak in this fashion when there is question of accepting some honorable position, in which they will run so many risks of losing their souls; then we do not find them saying that there is need of much investigation to ascertain the will of God. Very different is the language of the saints."

The call to the counsels should not be slighted; because, as it is an invitation to a higher life than is led by the majority of mankind, it is a special grace and a mark of God's peculiar favor. If, therefore, it be unheeded, the faithless soul may expect to meet with the greater wrath, as it has cast aside the greater love.

The value of that call may be estimated by the truth that so meritorious is the act of entering the religious state, that it effects the remission of all one's sins. So St. Thomas teaches. "It can truly be said," he observes, "that by embracing the religious life we obtain full forgiveness of all our sins. For, indeed, if that is the reward promised to those who give alms to the poor, as it is written—'Redeem thou thy sins with alms, and thy iniquities with works of mercy to the poor,'—with far greater reason will it be enough to satisfy the Divine Justice to give ourselves entirely to God by entering the religious state. According to the Decretals, this action rises high above any other form of satisfaction, higher than public penance even, as the holocaust is more agreeable than any other form of sacrifice. So much so, that the ancient Fathers did not hesitate to say that on becoming a religious, the same grace is obtained as in Holy Baptism."

St. Alphonsus is of the same opinion. "The holy Apostle," so he writes, "assures us that the Eternal Father does not predestinate for heaven any but those who

conform their lives to that of the Eternal Word. 'Those whom He foreknew He predestinated to be made conformable to the image of His Son.' How great, then, will be the happiness of religious and their certainty of life everlasting, called as they are to a state which, more than any other, makes them conformable to the image of the Son of God!"

St. Chrysostom, therefore, says: "When the grace of the Holy Ghost spurs a man to enter religion, he must not wait to depend on human advice, but follow at once the impulse of the Holy Spirit." He should balk at no obstacle, and be dissuaded by no false friend.

The persons most likely to advise against following the call to the counsels are parents. Some of them are lacking in the spirit of faith and deficient in the fear of the Lord. They thus put difficulties in the way of their son or their daughter when called to the religious life; incurring a grave responsibility by interfering between a soul and its God. They may readily commit mortal sin even when, without a just motive, they oppose a vocation to the evangelical vows. St. Alphonsus will teach them their duty. "If they try," he says, "to turn their children away from religion unjustly, by threats, force, or deception, no one excuses them from mortal sin. We ought, moreover, to hold it as certain, since it is the common opinion of theologians, that these parents are guilty of grievous sin who dissuade their children from the religious life, whether by deceit, or violence, or entreaties, or promises, or in any other way.

"Many approved writers," he continues, "give this decision not only with regard to parents, but also with regard to any other persons who commit the same error. And the reason they allege for this is, that such conduct must cause great danger to those who are thus turned aside from their religious vocation. And this reason regards strangers just as well as parents. The only difference is that, in my opinion,

parents in this case commit a double sin; because in addition to the sin against the *charity* they owe their neighbor, they commit another sin against the virtue of *piety*, by which they are bound under pain of mortal sin to work for the spiritual advantage of their offspring."

They may not even succeed in blocking the path of their child, but their guilt is actual when they make a deliberate effort to do so.

When parents sinfully oppose the vocation of their son or their daughter to the life of the counsels, they become the enemies of their child. They try to hinder the salvation of a soul. The Lord Himself gives warning against them, saying that "a man's enemies shall be they of his own household," and that he should rather cut off his hand or pluck out his eye than forfeit his chance of eternal life. In that case fathers and mothers are not to be obeyed, because their demand is contrary to the call of God. Hence St. Jerome writes in his epistle to Heliodorus: "Even though your mother, with dishevelled hair and torn garments, should beseech you by the love with which she suckled you; though your father should throw himself before you in the doorway, step over him, and fly, with unmoistened eye, to the standard of the Cross."

Heroic fidelity to the call to the counsels has been practised by many saints, including St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Alphonsus, and St. Stanislaus Kostka. It is related of St. Jane Frances de Chantal that her son opposed her entrance into religion; and that when she sought to leave her home for the convent, he tried to bar her exit by lying down across the threshold of her apartment; but that she, not diverted from her purpose, stepped over his prostrate body and proceeded on her way.

The call to the counsels is one of the greatest of graces. "To-day, to-day, if you should hear His voice, harden not your heart!"

Suzette.

A FAMILY in Paris, in moderate circumstances, had a servant—a maid-of-all-work—named Suzette, who was deeply attached to all its members. The husband, who had formerly been wealthy, was now, through reverses of fortune, obliged to be very economical; and while his family lived in comfort, they often made up a dinner of odds and ends, to which they certainly would not have cared to invite a stranger.

About this time a distant cousin from the island of Martinique, supposed to be rich, arrived in Paris, and at once made himself known to his relatives. He became a frequent visitor, and they soon saw that economy was one of his predominant virtues. He would even go so far, at the expiration of a visit, as to take a couple of the wax-candle ends that burned low in their sockets, and put them in his pocket, saying as he did so, "These will serve to light me to bed for two or three nights, while they can be of no value to you."

Finally, he acquired the habit of coming to dinner every day. Besides being fastidious in his tastes, he was somewhat of a glutton, and ate as much at one sitting as any three members of the family. Furthermore, the evening hour, which was wont to be the time when parents and children enjoyed one another's society, was now given over to entertaining M. Aubigne. Still, he had many pleasant ways of passing time. He loved to play piquet, and insisted on a game every night.

Suzette was not long in discovering the increase this perpetual visitor made in the household expenses, although she never dared to say a word. The children complained to her of the crusty old bachelor, who deprived them of the society of their father and mother, and forced them, by his constant presence, either to spend their

evenings with her in the kitchen or to go early to bed.

Still Suzette dared say nothing. One night, however, after their guest had departed, she overheard a conversation between her master and mistress, which gave her to understand that they also were tired of the daily visit; but, as they knew no way of putting an end to it, it seemed to them something that must be endured; and they decided to be patient and make the best of it.

The following morning, while engaged in her household avocations, Suzette broke the ice by saying,

"I have heard time and again from the neighbors, Madame, that M. Aubigne is very rich."

"So it is reported, Suzette," was the reply. "For myself, I do not know."

"*Eh bien, Madame!* It is not, then, that Madame has expectations from her cousin?"

"No, indeed," said her mistress; "on the contrary, he has assured us that whatever little he may die possessed of will go to the Church; for you must know, Suzette, that he is very pious, and has a brother who is a priest."

Suzette made no further remark, but laid her plans accordingly, when she found they would not conflict with the interests of the family to whom she was so faithful and devoted.

The following day, when the obnoxious relative appeared at his usual hour, she politely informed him that the family were not at home.

"Not at home!" exclaimed the visitor. "That is something unusual. But they will doubtless return in time for dinner, so I will go in and play with the little dog until they come."

So saying, he passed into the house; and Suzette, disappointed, went back to her work. To his surprise, he found the family in the drawing-room; but, thinking it a mistake of the servant, who had

perhaps seen them go out, but had not been aware of their return, he made no comment on the matter.

The next day, at the same hour, he called again, and was greeted by Suzette, who once more informed him that the family had gone for a walk.

"Very well," he replied; "I will await their return, and shall amuse myself with the little dog until they come in."

"The little dog has gone along to-day, Monsieur," said the unblushing Suzette.

"It does not matter," replied M. Aubigne.

"The parrot and I will have a chat while I am waiting."

Casting upon him as withering a glance as she dared, Suzette retired to the kitchen; and the visitor pursued his way to the parlor, where he found the family assembled. They appeared glad to see him, so he made no remark.

On the following day he again made his appearance, and was greeted by Suzette with the same information.

"But the dog and the parrot are here," he replied. "Besides, you, in your kitchen, do not hear the family when they return; for I have found them at home every day this week; although if I had gone away I should have been deprived of the pleasure of dining with them, and tasting the good dishes you know so well how to prepare."

This flattery had no effect on Suzette. She answered, sturdily:

"They are out to-day, Monsieur, for a certainty. The dog went with them; and the parrot is ill,—she will not talk to you to-day."

"Very well," said M. Aubigne. "I will just go in to set my watch by that excellent clock of yours which stands in the hall."

With these words he made his way into the passage; and Suzette retired, discomfited. He found the family at home, partook of a good dinner as usual, and made no remark on the strange conduct of the servant.

The next day, nothing daunted, he made his appearance as usual. Suzette met him this time with fire in her eye.

"Are the family at home?" he inquired.

"No, Monsieur: they have gone to the country."

"Ah, well! I will play with the dog until they return."

"The dog accompanied them."

"Then the parrot and I will have a little conversation."

"The parrot is ill."

"Ah, that is too bad! But I can at least set my watch; it seems to have gone wrong again."

"The clock is stopped."

"Ah, what a series of misfortunes! However, I will pass away the time with a book until they come back, and dinner is ready."

"My master and mistress will pass the night in the country; and, as I do not feel well, I have not prepared any dinner."

"I am sorry to hear that you are not well," began the visitor, when he was interrupted by the voice of the master of the house, requesting him to come at once into the dining-room, where the dinner was growing cold.

Convinced at last that Suzette had some spite against him, M. Aubigne related the story of his recent encounters, much to the chagrin of his host and hostess. After his departure Suzette was called, and severely reproved by her master for her conduct. She said nothing, but stood twisting her apron around her fingers during the lecture. Her master thus concluded:

"Never again, Suzette, while you are in my house, let me hear of your trying to close the door against any one who honors us with a visit."

"But, Monsieur, to come every day, and to eat of our best, while we have to save and save to make both ends meet!"

"Not another word, Suzette!" indignantly replied her master. "The virtue of hospitality shall never be forgotten in this

household while we have a crust of bread in the cupboard."

After which Suzette silently left the room.

The following afternoon M. Aubigne wended his way to the house of his relatives, curious to know what reception he should meet with from Suzette. Repeated rings on the bell brought no response. At last he turned somewhat ruefully away, surprised and not at all pleased at the turn affairs had taken. As he did so the window was thrown open, and Suzette appeared within, her face very red and her eyes very bright, but the ring of just indignation in her voice.

"Monsieur," she cried, in no inaudible tones, "my master has forbidden me ever to close the door in a visitor's face; and I have not done it, for I have not opened it. The family are at home, the dog also; the parrot is not ill, the clock is running, and I am very well myself. There is a very good dinner on the stove; but I think that when people like this family, so good, so generous, have to scrape and save to provide for a guest who comes daily, uninvited, and never so much as brings a box of *bombons* to the children, it is time for some one to interfere. It is true that yesterday my master said that he would not fail in hospitality toward you though he had only a crust of bread; but, on the other hand, I am sure you would very soon give us the cold shoulder were nothing but a crust forthcoming. That, Monsieur, is all I have to say."

Closing the window as abruptly as she had opened it, Suzette disappeared, and M. Aubigne walked quietly away. He did not return for several days; but when he again appeared—taking care to meet his relative on the way from his office, so as to insure admittance to the house—he carried in his hand a box of choice *bombons* for the children. He made it a practice thereafter when he came—twice or three times a week—to dinner, to slip, with a sly wink,

a five-franc piece into the hand of Suzette, who, good soul that she was, instantly deposited it in the purse for household expenses, which was entrusted to her care.

Sundry cases of wine and luxuries also found their way at intervals to the *cuisine*,—gifts, M. Aubigne would say, presented by a friend, and which he would not know how to use unshared by his kind relatives. These unsuspecting people, not aware of what had occurred, fancied that the severe lecture given to Suzette had had a wholesome effect, by causing her to change her conduct toward their cousin.

The truth was revealed only at the expiration of three years, when M. Aubigne departed this life, leaving all his possessions to his hospitable relatives, with a bequest to the faithful Suzette, whom he characterized as "that rare creature, a servant to whom her master's interests were of more importance than her own." And it was then that, with radiant face and shining eyes, in which glittered two furtive tears, honest Suzette told all.

♦♦♦

St. Francis.

THE Umbrian heavens flush with warmest hue;

Bathed in its glow, the earth in slumber lies;

Her flowing tresses, that restraint denies,
Are glistening with the diamond drops of dew.
Now blushing roses, robed in colors new,
Lift up their queenly heads in glad surprise,
As fervid sun gilds fair Italia's skies,
And beams on Seraph Saint from arch of blue.

When wrapped in prayer on old Alvernia's height,
Ere autumn moon looked down, fair and serene,

Love overflowed from wounds in crimson tide,
As lustrous light illumed the face of Night,—
Assisi's Saint in ecstasy was seen
A living image of the Crucified.

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE OLD STORY.

"IT'S no wonder you all look so gay and smiling!" said Mrs. Dobbs the other evening. "You haven't been cleaning house all day. I could look amiable too, if I didn't have to do any more than you do. Now, there's Mr. Cynic, who will drop in presently, grinning like a Cheshire cat,—though why cats grin more in Cheshire than anywhere else I never could see, and I don't believe they do. I'll warrant that he hasn't done anything this livelong day but just sit still in a nice easy-chair and write."

"Then you think writing easy?" inquired one. "True, the mere mechanical part may be; but I doubt if any of us would change places with our Cynic if we had to undertake his mental labors."

"Mental labors!" ejaculated Mrs. Dobbs. "What are they compared with washing windows! Anybody can just sit down and write things on a nice clean sheet of paper. As soon as our carpets are down and the pantry cleaned, I'm going to try it myself. All you have to do is to put down what you think; and first thing you know you have a book or an article or a story, whichever you want."

"But did it ever occur to you that all are not equally gifted as thinkers; and that, even if the thinking is easy, it requires some skill and training to learn how to put the thoughts into words which will be acceptable to the public?"

"Nonsense! Just let me get them fly-screens fitted and my spring sewing done, and I'll show you. I'm going to write a book. It ain't training the public's after. They like a sort of careless style. You'll see my book flying off the counters when some folks' ain't asked for once a week."

"Permit me," said our Cynic, ignoring

this mild stab, "to subscribe in advance for a dozen copies of your work. But I fear that you hardly realize what you are undertaking."

"Oh, I'll show you!" said Mrs. Dobbs.

The days flew by, bringing the wanted quiet to our neighbor's disordered domicile, but of the book we heard no word. At last our Poet, with some preliminary skirmishing, approached the subject.

"Your book, Mrs. Dobbs? When are we to have the pleasure of hearing that it is in progress?"

"Oh, I've concluded not to write it!" she answered. "I *could* just as well as anybody, only when I sat down I couldn't think of anything to say. So I've given it up. I'm going to write poetry instead. That isn't so monotonous, and it's easier. All you have to do is to write a line, then write another that matches it."

"Yes," said our Poet, thoughtfully; "that is all!"

"I never could see," broke in young Cecil, "why people make such a fuss about poetry writing. When I'm fishing, and the fish are rather slow, I can grind out verses by the yard. There's my dog, and there's a log and a frog on it. Dog—log—frog—a line about each, and there's my poetry! But you'd all get grayheaded if you had my property to look after. That's what I call work! Sometimes I wish I hadn't been my uncle's favorite nephew."

Mrs. Dobbs, who looks upon him as an eligible *fiancé* for Mabel, has evidently no such wish; and bore him off at this juncture to taste some dainty of her daughter's decocting.

"It is the same old story," said our Cynic. "Each man is trying to get rid of his load by exchanging it for another. The fact is, that work is pretty much the same thing to all. It is the task we happen to have to do. When no one would print what I would write, I would have given untold gold, if I had had it, for the high privilege of being considered an author.

Now that there is a steady and fair demand for my humble intellectual creations, they have become but an irksome duty. I refuse to believe that writing is positively easy to any one. Easy writing is notoriously hard reading; and those sentences which seem to have gaily tripped over one another in their haste to get from the crowded brain of our favorite writer, have been wrought with prolonged effort, often with tears and agony. The reader devours the romance in an hour, but the author's hair turned white in the writing. Gray's 'Elegy' was constantly polished for twenty years; Sheridan took nineteen years to write one play; Charles Lamb spent weeks over one sportive, frisky little essay; Tennyson (who, by the way, used a rhyming dictionary) wrote 'Come into the Garden, Maud,' over fifty times before it suited him; Buffon's 'Studies of Nature' consumed fifty years, and was copied eighteen times; La Rochefoucauld spent fifteen industrious years in preparing his little book of Maxims. There is no end to this list. And other sorts of workers have no more royal road to excellence. Giardini, when asked how long one must practise to be a violinist, said: 'Twelve hours a day for twenty years.' Titian used months in perfecting a hand or arm; Edmund Kean shut himself into his room for two days to rehearse a sentence of five words; Cicero once practised a speech so often that he almost failed in the physical strength to deliver it; and Burke was accustomed to correct the manuscript of his addresses so assiduously that the original speech vanished."

This truth is no less true of us to-day. Writing is to our Cynic the irksome task, because human nature is perverse. Our Poet gets a headache over his charming sonnets. Mildred grows fatigued with society's demands, and her father is in despair lest his men go on a strike. Our landlady thinks life would be an idyl if her guests were not so thirsty. Young Cecil is weary of

cutting off *coupons* and collecting rents. Polly is consumed with anxiety about her dolls' bonnets; while Mrs. Dobbs just now fancies all these responsibilities light as air compared with the annual household upheaval. And amid all these complaints one hears the calm voice of dear old À Kempis: "If thou cast away one cross, without doubt thou wilt find another, and perhaps a heavier."

A Significant New Departure.

FROM the time of the Pilgrim Fathers, the day set apart by the chief magistrate of Massachusetts as a suitable one in which to pray, humiliate oneself and fast, has been as much a part of that old commonwealth as its State House or the memory of its heroes. Of late years, however, the occasion has degenerated into a mere secular holiday. Enforced suspension of business has given opportunity for baseball matches; the theatres have had Fast Day *matinées*, with special bills; the cars to the suburbs have been crowded; and family dinners, beneath which the proverbial tables have "groaned," have been formidable rivals of the annual Thanksgiving feast. In fact, about the only thing which people have studiously refrained from doing has been the assembling of themselves together in their respective meeting-houses, and the fasting which the proclamation enjoined.

Young Governor Russell purposes to change all this, and his proclamation this year stirred the prejudices of Puritan Boston to their foundations. In the most frank and manly way he referred to the inconsistency of appointing a Fast Day in which not one person intended to fast, and which would be, like its predecessors, a mere burlesque upon the original intention. Translated into rough English, his call to prayer would be: "I set apart a Fast Day

because custom requires me to do so; but I know you don't intend to keep it, and my proclamation is manifestly absurd; and I would be ashamed of myself if I didn't say so."

Some of the Boston ministers commended this new departure; others saw in it but a tendency to anarchism and similar ills, and assured small congregations that those who would not fast when the Governor said so should be made to fast; and that the Governor's intimation that Good-Friday was the suitable day for such observance was a move toward "Romanism."

But the mass of the people gave the proclamation no thought one way or the other, but hoed their garden beds or attended the base-ball matches or went visiting, as it suited their fancy; and it may not be amiss to state that one Fast Day sermon preached by a conservative was addressed to a congregation of six people.

A careful inquiry also brought forth the fact that 3,072 persons (in an area which included all Boston's large suburbs) went to houses of worship, while 32,000 attended the various theatres.

MICHAEL ANGELO professed a special dedication to the thought of death. "This thought," he said, "is the only one which makes us know our proper selves, holds us together in the bond of our own nature; which saves us from being stolen away by kinsmen, friends, great men of parts, by avarice, ambition, and those other faults and vices which filch one from himself, keep him distraught and dispersed, without permitting him to retire into himself and to reunite his scattered parts." Such, then, are the uses of what the world calls melancholy—"sweet, dainty melancholy." Thanksgivings to the places where moods like these are nobly, beautifully nurtured, and where their very presence in the soul is the purgation of its baser passions!—
John Addington Symonds.

Notes and Remarks.

Commenting on the constantly increasing imitation of Catholic rites and ceremonies practised by non-Catholic religious bodies, notably the Anglican Ritualists, the *New York Sun* says:

"It seems that the doctrinal scepticism and theological doubt and denial of the Protestantism of this period have generated a desire for more impressive forms of worship. The religious sentiment is as strong as ever, apparently; but it finds its expression in devotional ceremonies appealing to the æsthetic sense, rather than in settled conviction as to the standards of faith."

Any religious sentiment that can find adequate expression in even the most æsthetically satisfying ceremonies, that regards "settled convictions as to the standards of faith" as of minor importance, must be a most unsatisfactory support in the harder trials of life, and practically a worthless one at the supreme moment of death. The apparent proximity of Ritualism to Catholicity is one of the deceptions of the day.

A noble whom even the most *ultra* of Americans must admire is the Duke of Norfolk. Despite the distractions that go with great wealth and high rank, he still finds time to lead large pilgrimages to Rome, to look after even the details of the journey, and to take an active part in any movement that promises to further the interests of the Church. Occasionally, as in the recent case of Colonel Saunderson, he "calls down" a ranting bigot; and his consistent Christian life not less than his exalted dignity lends power to his words.

The editor of a French Catholic paper, who spent some weeks last summer at Plombières, a popular watering-place, relates a touching anecdote of an old beggar woman he met with. About eight o'clock every morning she was accustomed to make her way, hobbling along, to the fashionable walk, where she took up her quarters for the day. Of her two eyes, her two arms and her two legs, she possesses only one of each—being blind of an eye, and two of her members paralyzed,—yet she

managed to carry a basket, which she placed beside her, containing her provisions for the day as well as her beads.

"Happening to pass that way almost every morning," writes the penman, "I munificently let a cent drop into her hand each time. On one occasion I observed that she picked up a pebble and threw it into her basket, and I asked her to explain why she did this. 'It is for the beads, sir,' she answered. — 'For the beads?' — 'Yes.' — 'I don't understand you.' — 'Every time an alms is given to me, I say my beads for the donor. I can not say them all at once, particularly when many persons are charitable toward me; so I number with pebbles, that I keep in my basket, all the beads I owe my benefactors. I sometimes say them in the evenings, and sometimes I continue them through the winter.' — 'Through the winter?' — 'In winter, you know, I stay at home; nobody ever passes this way. Last year I had still more than a hundred whole rosaries to say, and I said them every one while the snow was on the ground. Indeed, sir, I did not miss a single one.' Poor old creature!—grateful, generous beggar! Fifty *Ave Marias* for one cent! Fifty per cent.! It is certainly a cheap bargain. From that time, you may be sure, I treated myself more bountifully to the luxury of the good soul's charitable rosaries."

An incident similar to that related in a recent sketch of ours, "St. Joseph in Peril of the Sea," is told by D. P. K., in the *Cork Examiner*. In the course of a voyage to Australia, in 1845, a sailing ship, on which a Protestant clergyman and his family were passengers, was overtaken by a hurricane, that threatened instant destruction to the vessel and its inmates. "Amongst the crew was a young Irish sailor, a native of the County Louth, named John McAuliffe, who, opening his smock, took from his neck a pair of Scapulars given him by a pious mother, waved them in the form of a cross, and then threw them into the ocean. This action was witnessed only by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, his wife and children. Immediately the waters abated their fury, and the howling tempest calmed, as it were, to a zephyr; but a wavelet washed over the side of the boat, and cast near the

sailor-boy the Scapulars he had thrown into the sea some minutes before."

Mr. Fisher apparently had no doubt as to the miraculous character of the sudden calm; for on learning from McAuliffe the name and purpose of the Scapular, he vowed to embrace the faith of Her who thus powerfully protected Her children. He did so with his family on their arrival at Sydney; and, says D. P. K., who heard the story from the ex-clergyman's son, "no more devoted and practical members of our holy faith at the antipodes can be found than the Fisher family of the Blue Mountains, N. S. W."

A somewhat remarkable speech was made recently in the Roumanian Chamber of Deputies by ex-Minister Stolojan, a member of the Schismatic Greek Church. Addressing the assembly on a proposed measure for the reorganization of the Church, M. Stolojan paid several warm tributes to Catholic ecclesiasticism, and deprecated any tendency to reform on the lines of the Russian Church. We quote one paragraph of his speech:

"You wish to regenerate the national Church by means of civil society. I tell you this: do not commit the Church, bound hand and foot, to the civil power; do not seek in Russia the model of a sound ecclesiastical organization. If our priest is ignorant, he is moral and preserves the fear of God; do not make of him a mere functionary, an electoral agent. I am of the opinion that nothing will be remedied by the interference of the administration; for your Russian innovations are not at all to the liking or conformable to the spirit of Roumania. Organize the seminaries solidly, make of them good schools for the levites; so that, if it please God, we may one day have priests of the moral and intellectual grandeur of a Manning."

In a recent issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Edward W. Bok has some pungent paragraphs on the ultra-glorification, so prevalent nowadays, of the woman in business. With exceptional advantages for first-hand knowledge of his subject, Mr. Bok states that a great deal of what is written about business as an eligible career for woman, and about her almost invariable success therein, is pure fancy. Of every thousand women in business to-day, nine hundred and ninety-nine are there not from choice but from necessity; and not one of them would be there to-

morrow if they could help it. The young woman or girl who seeks a business career merely that she may be "independent," have a little more "pin-money," and "dress a little better," makes a mistake. "It is all that strong men can do to withstand the wear and tear of business life; and women, never meant by the Creator to engage in business, and constitutionally unfit for it, had best give it a wide berth unless it is absolutely necessary. . . . The home has ever been woman's truest sphere, and it will ever remain so."

The Anglican Bishop Baldwin, of London, Ontario, has been travelling in the Old World, and writing his impressions thereof for publication in some of the Canadian papers. In one of his letters he says: "C. J. H. once said that a visit to Rome would make a doubtful man a good Protestant. I quite agree with him. I have seen Rome—in all her fallen grandeur, and Rome in all her Papal glory." And yet our estimable contemporary the *Catholic Record* does not scruple to disagree with the Anglican prelate,—nay, is wicked enough to discount the said prelate's statement in this wise: "Evidently Bishop Baldwin has not discovered the actual effect of an intelligent visit to this scene of the labors of Christ's Apostles."

From the mission-house of the Ursuline nuns at Pryor Creek, Montana, comes a touching plea for help. A brave little band of these religious, now with nothing but their trust in God between them and the throes of starvation, have toiled indefatigably for the spread of God's kingdom amid the wilds of the West. While they were strong and healthy they bore their sufferings cheerily and in silence; but now sickness—the result of privations and exposure—has invaded the little flock, and reluctantly they call for assistance. One of the Sisters is critically ill; but she can have no medicine, for "there is not so much money in the house as would buy a biscuit."

Here is a case in which to give speedily is to give twice; and we are confident that our charitable readers will respond generously to the plaint of these heroic souls, being assured that their gift will be treasured up in the

Sacred Heart of Jesus. We shall be glad to receive and forward contributions; or they may be sent direct to Mother St. Thomas, Pryor Creek, Montana.

Miss Mary Redmond, of Dublin, the youngest sculptor in all Ireland to have the honor of receiving commissions for public monuments, has recently had a lesson which might prove disheartening to less enthusiastic philanthropists. In 1889 she received a commission to make a statue of Father Mathew, and at once set to work. It was not until 1891 that her clay model was finished; and meanwhile she had rescued a little *gamin* from starvation, and permitted him to pose or make himself otherwise useful in her studio. The clay model, representing the great temperance apostle with hand upheld as if in blessing, was awaiting the decision of the committee, when the charity boy turned rebellious and had to be discharged. In revenge for this he visited Miss Redmond's apartments by stealth, and, when she returned from a walk, announced that he had "done for" her statue. The labor of years had been destroyed in a moment; but the brave girl set to work again, and in May, 1892, another model was placed before the committee, who accepted it with much acclaim. It has been reproduced in Carrara marble, and critics are unanimous in their praise. The poor little wretch who destroyed the first clay model was given a sentence of seven years' penal servitude.

M. Louis-Eugène Louvet, who is contributing an interesting series of papers on "Catholic Missions in the Nineteenth Century" to *Les Missions Catholiques*, states, in a recent issue of that journal, that in Western Africa the number of missions has grown from two in 1850 to fourteen in 1890; and the number of Catholics during the same period, from 1,700 to 38,610.

The protest against the secularization of church-music has been growing stronger and more persistent ever since Pius IX. insisted on the banishment from religious services of all music foreign to the spirit and liturgy of

the Church. It is unquestionable that the operatic style is still prevalent in a great many of our churches; but the action already taken by the present Pontiff, and the further action which it is said he contemplates taking with regard to this subject, will presumably bring about in time a cessation of the theatrical, sensuous, or merely *pretty* singing that is assuredly not in accord with the purpose of legitimate liturgical song.

The practice, noticeable in the works of many modern composers, of using the text as a mere *libretto* upon which to build an operatic structure, and the utterly ridiculous repetitions, transpositions, and curtailings of the sacred words of the liturgy, which sometimes tempt one to believe that the composer did not even know the meaning of the words, have become abuses that should be no longer tolerated. Gregorian Chant, more or less modified or harmonized, is the true church-music; the nearer our choirs keep to it, the surer they will be of achieving the result that forms the *raison d'être* of music in church at all—the increase of devotional effect.

Our readers are doubtless tired enough of the brilliant explanations of the "eternal fire" that have been running riot in the press during the past few months. One of the best things we have seen touching the controversy is this short but expressive paragraph from *Church Progress*: "Strange that Hell-fire should be so repugnant to the minimizers, and the loss of God give them so little concern!"

Mr. Rufus R. Wilson has contributed to the New Orleans *Picayune* a sketch of the "Trappist Monks of America," which is interesting, and, for the work of a non-Catholic, very appreciative. That Mr. Wilson is a non-Catholic, however, is evident from his using one epithet in this the closing paragraph of his article:

"Such is the story of the Trappists in America, the strangest, weirdest, gloomiest band of ascetics ever known to the world; a people apart, who make no converts, have no propaganda, and find their chief occupation in life in the contemplation of, and preparation for, the ever-open grave that stands waiting to welcome them at last."

Strange and weird the monks of La Trappe may legitimately be styled; but if they

appeared at all gloomy to their visitor, Mr. Wilson may rest quite assured that theirs is a case in which appearances are deceptive. Religious are probably the least gloomy people on the planet; and the more austere their rule of life, and the more strictly they keep it, the greater is their serenity and cheerfulness.

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. Benjamin Grom, M. S. H., whose apostolic life was crowned with a precious death on the 8th inst.; and the Rev. Father McNulty, of the Diocese of Albany, recently deceased.

Sister Mary Josephine, Ursuline; and Sister Mary Francis, of the Order of Mercy, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. William Vanderheide, whose happy death took place on the 7th inst., at Covington, Ky.

Mr. C. D. Smith, of Austin, Texas, who met with a sudden though not unprovided death on the 29th ult.

Mrs. D. A. Leonard, who died at Hyde Park, Mass., on the 20th ult.

Miss Mary M. Newman, of New Haven, Conn., who passed away on the Feast of the Annunciation.

Mr. Adam J. Rettig, who peacefully departed this life on the 2d inst., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. James Corr, of the same city, who expired on the 4th inst.

Mrs. Susan Smith, who piously breathed her last on the 19th inst., in Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Veronica Stiegler, of Chillicothe, Ohio, who yielded her soul to God on the 7th inst.

Mr. Charles Duffy, who died suddenly on the 20th of February, at Williamsport, Pa.

Mrs. Hannah Cotter, whose life closed peacefully on the 10th inst., at Charlestown, Mass.

Mr. Charles McDonald, Mrs. Margaret Clarke, and Mr. Matthew McNamara, of San Francisco, Cal.; John Gore and John Callan, Vallejo, Cal.; Mr. James Lennan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Mary E. Watson, Newtonville, Mass.; Michael McGonigle, Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. John Weber, Mrs. Emma Culver, and Mr. H. Nemanu, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Annie R. and Mr. John P. Mullin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Martin Dugan, Elizabethtown, Ohio; Miss Annie McKenna, Briley Brook, N. S., Canada; Miss Annie R. O'Connell, Youngstown, Ohio; Miss Bridget Gunning, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Thomas Ryan, and Mr. Andrew Doherty, Chicago, Ill.; Daniel Murphy, Augusta, Ga.; Mrs. Margaret Hurley, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. Philip A. Dempsey, Detroit, Mich.; and A. Roche, Ireland.

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



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Grandmamma's Schooldays.

BY HELEN ATTERIDGE.



GRANDMAMMA wears a lace cap, and fastens up three or four silvery curls with a little comb at each side of her forehead. She remembers a long way back.

Grandmamma danced at Queen Victoria's Coronation Ball, so you may know what a long time ago it is since she was at school.

It was a country boarding-school (sometimes she tells us about it), and it was kept by a Miss Primrose. We picture grandmamma as a little girl, going to school at the beginning of each half year in the family coach, with her buckled shoes swinging below the seat, and the tears running down her cheeks under her beaver bonnet. It is so queer to imagine the dear old lady twelve or thirteen years old, with rosy cheeks, and hair in two pigtailed tied with ribbon, and short sleeves, and dresses that always showed a little piece of her neck, with a lace tucker all round the top!

Great-grandmamma, who wore a big white beaver bonnet, with a straight feather standing up on top, said to Miss Jane Primrose:

"Now, please take care of my little

daughter, because she sometimes walks in her sleep."

"I will see to her safety, madam," Miss Primrose answered, with a bow. "And I promise you, madam, that a daily use of the backboard for two hours will give her that elegant deportment without which no young lady can enter society. She will also learn the use of globes, ancient and modern history, dancing and Berlin-wool work."

They were all Miss This and Miss That in those old-fashioned days. Grandmamma, with the buckled shoes, the lace tucker, and the pigtailed, was Miss Peggy Brown. There were no Ethels and Violets in the world then, you know.

Peggy long ago was just as fond of fun as any of the girls now. Little "Miss Brown" soon began to walk in her sleep with a persistency that made the school-mistresses hold a meeting and shake their wise heads. Miss Brown got up at night to dance the polka; Miss Brown had even been known to come in her sleep with a fearful stare, and take Miss Jane Primrose's keys, and go downstairs and eat jam with a spoon,—home-made jam, for which Miss Primrose was famous.

Miss Jane would pursue the dancing young lady with a flat candlestick, and try to prove the young lady was awake by holding the candle in front of the staring eyes to make her blink. Miss Peggy Brown shut her eyes and began to laugh. After that Miss Peggy Brown had to make

an apology before the whole school. The whole school consisted of nine boarders. Miss Primrose pardoned her unladylike conduct, and grandmamma made so deep a curtesy that she nearly sat down on the floor.

The dancing-master taught them to make those curtesies. He came with a squeaky fiddle once a week. Grandmamma can never understand why girls learn the violin now. She has never forgotten that squeaky fiddle. Her chances of cultivating musical taste were very slight in those days, you see. There was a piano like a magnified hurdygurdy, with a very high back of rose-color silk; and the scholars learned the last new piece, which was an imitation of a battle, with the bass roaring for cannon, and thin notes for cries of the wounded, and joy-bells and a waltz to finish up.

They worked samplers with the alphabet on them in Berlin-wool. They also learned "the use of globes"; but as they never had any globes in after-life, grandmamma never used them since. Once she showed us a Berlin-wool work-cushion that she made just before she left school; and she said:

"You see, if I had looked much at real roses then, I could not have been guilty of caricaturing them like this—all hard colors, all little squares. They are just as like flowers, my dears, as bits of cut-out silver paper are like the stars in heaven."

But then grandmamma stroked one corner of the black wool groundwork lovingly with her hand, and began to nod her dear old head, as if she were thinking of something sad. One of the little ones then asked:

"What is the matter, grandmamma? Are you sorry that corner is not as flat as the others?"

"No, my dear," said grandmamma. "I like that corner best. Cherry Hayes worked it. Poor Cherry! Ah, dear me! What a happy girl she was then!"

Now, we often heard about Cherry Hayes in the school stories. It was she who played that terrible trick with the two teapots. Perhaps we had better tell that before saying any more about Cherry.

Well, you must know that in those good, old-fashioned days every girl was supposed to know all about housekeeping; and that was no doubt more important than the wool work, the globes, the rattling piano, and the curtesies, all put together. But they had more leisure in those times, and they did what we can not do now: they were taught something of housekeeping at school. Whether or not it was the right time and place, it is not for us to decide. Miss Primrose considered it *was* the right time and place, and that was enough. Next to the use of the globes, Miss Primrose thought it necessary for a young lady to have a practical knowledge of how to make tea.

Miss This and Miss That were sent down in turn to the kitchen at five o'clock every evening, "to wet the tea" for the drawing-room and for the schoolroom. The two teapots were exactly alike, except that one was old and the other new; the new one was meant for three people in the drawing-room, and the other for nine in the schoolroom. The nerves of the "young ladies" were never disturbed by strong tea. It was the gay little Cherry Hayes who hit upon the bright idea of getting it strong for once when it was her tea-making week.

"First the schoolroom teapot, if you please," said Miss Jane.

Cherry held out the teapot for its scant spoonfuls, and then said: "Thank you, ma'am!" (They all said "ma'am" at Miss Primrose's.)

"Now the drawing-room teapot, if you please, my dear."

The mischievous Cherry held out the same schoolroom teapot again, received the heaped spoonfuls on top of the others, and said: "Thank you, ma'am!"

"Perhaps the doctor will come to-night," said Miss Jane. The doctor often came to tea in the drawing-room. Miss Jane thought he admired herself, but the girls believed he came to see one of her assistants. So Miss Jane put in two more heaped spoons in honor of the doctor, and one "for the pot."

"Thank you, ma'am!" said Cherry again, in great glee. And then the maid was called to pour the boiling water into the two teapots.

There was a feast in the schoolroom that night. Tea was three times as dear in those days, and the schoolgirls had never tasted anything so strong. But the doctor came to the drawing-room, and Miss Primrose was shocked to find herself filling the cups with pure hot water. It was like a conjuring trick, a mystery to Miss Jane. Cherry Hayes was never allowed to make tea again.

Now, why was it that grandmamma seemed so sad when she stroked with her thin old fingers the corner of the cushion that Cherry Hayes worked? And why was it that her voice trembled even after she told us stories about the old, old schooldays, and why did she always finish with a sigh?

Ah! it was because she and Cherry had a silly little quarrel one day about a blot on a book; and that night Cherry went home suddenly, and never came back again, because her father was dead. And when grandmamma wrote to her, poor Cherry had gone to France to learn French and earn her living; and they never met again in all those years—never, never!

"Ah, it is so long ago, my dears!" grandmamma would say,—“so very long ago! When I think of the girls, the tears come into my old eyes. They are all dead and gone. There was Nellie Johnson. She died soon after she left us; and I saw her gravestone last year, all mossy, with the letters worn away. And the girl I

cared for least of all—she was Belinda something or other, and I hardly knew her. But I met her since, after long years, when we both had changed our names; and you don't know how glad we were to see each other, and to talk of the dear ones we had known and loved."

Grandmamma would always finish her story rather sadly, saying that we never know till we grow older how dear our school companions should have been. Then the happy days of school-life lie far back in the past like a dream; and there may come a time when we would give the world to see again the friends we began by loving so faithfully, and parted from, alas! so lightly.

"Ah!" says grandmamma, looking at the corner of the old cushion once more, "poor Cherry! I wonder what became of her? But it was all so long ago—so very long ago!"

If they could only see back into the old times, perhaps girls now would appreciate the school-life they enjoy, especially the bright and happy convent days that most of us associate with the thought of school. Let those who have listened to grandmamma's story realize that the years which seem so slow will be over all too soon. Let them cherish in time the companions of every day, who are so soon to be scattered, and who have so much unknown sorrow and suffering before them. You see, grandmamma kept that ugly cushion all those years, because it was worked at school, and Cherry helped her with one corner; and yet they had a little quarrel over a wretched blot, not knowing that they were never to meet again. It was sixty years ago, but the tears in her eyes tell how grandmamma loves Cherry Hayes even yet; and how the worker of the corner of the cushion has been always a child in her memory,—always the merry girl, who played tricks with the tea, and who disappeared young and rosy, and never grew old.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

—
 BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.
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XVI.—(Continued.)

After resting a few hours at the hotel, and taking some refreshments, our tourists went out for a stroll.

"These are the Jardins des Tuileries," observed Mr. Colville, as they entered the charming gardens, where fountains played and flowers bloomed, where pleasure-seekers like themselves loitered upon the broad terraces and amid the green alleys; and gaily-dressed children, in charge of white-capped *bonnes* (nursemaids), frolicked upon the walks, and played games of hide-and-seek behind the many statues or among the orange and horse-chestnut trees.

"The south terrace was the playground of the various little princes who lived in the Tuileries," said Mr. Colville.

"Oh, it all seems like fairy-land!" exclaimed Claire.

"Father," interposed Kathleen, "what is that grand arch with the prancing horses on top of it?"

"That is the Arc du Carrousel," was the reply. "Where it stands was once the courtyard of the Imperial Palace of the Tuileries, which was destroyed by the Communists in 1871. The Tuileries was at the head of these gardens, and formed the fourth side of the quadrangle of the Louvre, that stately pile of buildings you see just beyond. The Louvre was the palace of the old Kings of France, and was founded by Philip Augustus in the thirteenth century. Its gallery of paintings and sculpture contains not only that famous legacy of the ancient Greeks, the Venus of Milo, but those treasures of Christian art, Da Vinci's 'Holy Family'; the 'Belle Jardinière,' one of the loveliest of Raphael's

Madonnas; and Murillo's 'Immaculate Conception.'

"We have now reached the end of the gardens, and the Place de la Concorde, the finest of all the fine squares in Paris. The lofty monument in the centre, between the two great fountains, is the Obelisk of Luxor, which was brought from Egypt, where it stood in front of the celebrated Temple of Thebes for more than three thousand years, as the hieroglyphics upon it testify that it was erected by Ramases II. Let us pause here a moment. You might travel through all the splendid cities of the world without finding so grand a prospect. Before us you see another park, adorned with groves of handsome trees. This is the renowned Champs-Élysées. Look down the central avenue: we can see nearly two miles in a straight line. That beautiful arch at the end, standing upon a height, with the blue sky for a background, is the Arc de Triomphe. And now look back upon the Gardens of the Tuileries, terminating with the Louvre and the Arc du Carrousel; and to the right and left, where you see imposing buildings, and broad streets leading off in every direction.

"Yet the Place de la Concorde, although the centre of all this beauty, is the most tragic spot in Paris. You behold it now flooded with sunshine, but its pavement was once dyed with the noblest blood of France. In those days it was called the Place de la Révolution. Here the guillotine was set up in the Reign of Terror; here Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Mme. de Lambelle, and hundreds of men and women, whose only crime was, in the eyes of the lawless populace, their rank or their piety, were put to death by the fury of the godless mob, who wreaked against these innocent victims a terrible vengeance for evils which were the growth of centuries."

Our friends went on to the Champs-Élysées, where all was festivity and

brightness. People strolled up and down, meeting acquaintances, chatting and gesticulating in the vivacious French manner. Others sat upon benches under the trees, reading newspapers or watching the passers-by. Here were children and nursemaids again, and goat carts for hire, in one of which Kathleen had a ride. Here, too, flourished whirligigs, "Punch and Judy" shows, and shooting galleries; and spinning along the driveway were handsome equipages, returning from the Bois de Boulogne.

The Colvilles were so interested in all that they saw and heard, that, without realizing the distance, they sauntered on to the Rond Point de l'Etoile.

"The Round Point of the Star," said Alicia, translating literally.

"It is thus named," explained her father, "because, you will observe, from this circular space twelve grand avenues radiate like the point of a star. And now, children, you stand before the majestic Triumphal Arch, which the great Napoleon built to commemorate his victories and the military glory he won for France. It was to have been the chief of four such monuments; but this and the Arc du Carrousel were the only ones completed."

"Yes," responded Claire, absently. Her attention had wandered; for she saw sauntering up from an avenue close by two persons whom she knew. One was a sweet-looking young lady; the other a youth, with curly hair and of a lithe figure, which denoted considerable gymnasium practice. The next moment they recognized her also, and the young lady hastened forward, exclaiming:

"Why, you dear girl! How glad I am to see you again!"

Who should it be but Louise Barton! And beside her stood her brother Jack, looking very pleased and smiling, as if he would like to say precisely the same thing. At least, Alicia thought so; but Alicia was a little romantic.

"Whom do you think we met yesterday?" said Louise, when the first greetings were over. "Well, it was Adelaide Stevens. She has been here a fortnight, and has divided her time between shopping and visits to *le grand couturier* [the dress-maker]."

"Oh, yes! She is to have a gown from Worth and another from Félix; and is going to dazzle the natives when she makes her *début* in New York next winter," added Jack.

"Adelaide says she knows Paris as well as if she had lived here all her life, and is just in love with it," said Louise.

"But the people do not speak French as well as she expected!" added her brother. "It is not at all like the French she learned at Madame Thingum-bob's or Humbug's, or whatever she calls the fashionable school in New York where she graduated."

"Do stop, Jack!" said his sister. "If you are so severe, Claire will think Miss Stevens snubbed you.—But she was very pleasant, Claire; and only a little bit patronizing, having the advantage of us by nearly two weeks, you know. She gave me useful advice about the shops; and told Jack where he could buy twelve-button gloves for six francs, so he ought to feel very much obliged to her."

"I think of purchasing a pair as a matter of economy, and then I can cut them down as they wear out at the ends of the fingers," Jack rattled on,— "although, as they are all ladies' gloves, it may be difficult to get my size." And he held out a large but not unshapely hand, pretending to examine it critically.

Louise was now talking to Mr. Colville.

"We called on you in London too, but you were out," she said. "Father and mother will be pleased to know you are here. We are staying at a *pension* down the street; will you not come back with us and see them?"

Mr. Colville decided that it was too late

in the afternoon. The next day Mr. Barton called upon him. Rob came too.

"Hie, messmate! how are you?" cried Joe, heartily, when he saw the companion of his seafaring days, as he styled the voyage on the *City of New York*.

Rob was primed with information as to what a boy would find most interesting in Paris.

"There's the Eiffel Tower, and the Hippodrome," said he; "and the Gingerbread Fair—that is a regular lark! Everything you see is made of ginger-bread—ships, houses, and every kind of beasts, birds, and gimcracks. There's a balloon, and music, and a clown. Oh, it's lots of fun! A boy in our *pension* was telling me about it. This isn't the season for that, though. But any day you can go on a trip up the Seine. Take one of the little steamboats; they call them *mouches et hirondelles*—flies and swallows. You can ride on one for twenty-five *centimes*, or about five American cents."

"Pshaw!" said Joe. "I've just learned to reckon English shillings and pence, and now I'll have to puzzle over another kind of money."

"Oh, it is easy enough!" answered Rob, encouragingly. Diving down into his pockets, he brought out some large copper coins and one or two bits of silver, and proceeded to explain the mysteries of *centimes*, *sous*, and half-franc pieces.

In a few moments Joe's father called him, however; and they took leave, after it had been arranged that the two families would go sight-seeing together the following afternoon.

(To be continued.)

The King and the Miller.

A mill once stood in the way of the plans of Frederick the Great, of Prussia. He was building his famous palace of Sans Souci (without care), and was greatly hampered by that inconvenient edifice, which was exactly where he wished to have a part of his grand mansion. So he simply sent word to the miller that he wished to buy the mill, and asked him how much he would take for it.

The miller, a blunt and honest fellow, replied to the messenger that it was not for sale—that there was not money enough in Prussia to buy it. Thereupon the King sent him word that, besides paying him any sum he demanded, he would build him a fine new mill in a better situation. But the owner was obdurate.

At last the King, very angry, concluded to see what a personal interview and skilful words could do, and ordered the miller into his presence. Attempting to conceal his irritation, he demanded to know why his visitor had refused so fair an offer for the sake of keeping a tumble-down old ruin. Again the miller enumerated his reasons.

"Are you aware," asked the Great Frederick, "that I could take away your old mill without giving you a penny?"

"Yes," answered the miller, quietly. "I know you could; but I am sure you will not. You have too much respect for the laws of the Chamber of Justice."

Frederick was so pleased with the man's faith in his sense of justice that he only said: "Keep your mill. I will have my grounds laid out after another plan."

In the Springtime.

STURDY grassblades swift upspringing, robin redbreasts gaily singing,
Sunbeams dancing, brooklets glancing, life and beauty everywhere;
With all nature thus inviting boys and girls from books or writing,
Minds grow hazy, bodies lazy—there's spring fever in the air.

FATHER CHEERHEART.





QUEEN OF MAY.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 6, 1893.

No. 18.

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

How Glorious this Month!

HOW glorious this month of praise and prayer!

When fluttering wings of angels stir the air,
As swift they speed from hallowed shrine to shrine,

Where clustering tapers round our Mother shine;

And gathering up the *Aves* whispered there,
To Mary's throne the garnered gifts they bear.

What secrets do those tender *Aves* tell,
As loud our Blessed Mother's praises swell!
All griefs and joys are borne to Heaven above
Upon Our Lady's prayer of faith and love.
And in the precious rosary-circlet dwell
Our heart-songs, as the sea sings in the shell.

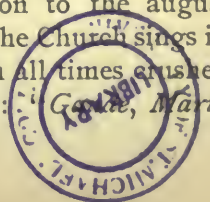
In Our Lady's Month.



AN incontestable fact stands forth prominently in the religious history of the past half century, one that challenges the attentive consideration of all sectarians, and fills with inexpressible consolation the faithful children of the Church—namely, the vigorous and constant development of devotion to the Mother of God, the ever-blessed Virgin

Mary. Dating back as to its origin to apostolic times, and flourishing as it has ever been during all the centuries intervening between Peter and Leo XIII., this devotion has of late years manifested extraordinary growth; and never did it so well merit the epithet universal as now. Earth's hymn of praise and love to the Virgin-Mother of the world's Redeemer, though never interrupted, had echoed down the ages with varying force and volume,—now rising a clear and penetrating solo from the enamored heart of some special saint, now swelling in the thunder-like diapason of a whole people jubilant at their preservation from disaster and death. But since the definition of the Immaculate Conception in 1854, and the apparition, four years later, of Our Lady of Lourdes, the hymn has become an unceasing chorus, chanted not by one people only, but by the multitudinous voices of "all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues,"—chanted with ever-increasing energy as the years roll by, and sung with especial fervor during each successive month of May.

No sign of the times in this our troublous age is so reassuring to the Christian philosopher and historical student, no phase of religious expression is so pregnant with hope for the future, as this widespread devotion to the august Mother of God, who, as the Church sings in her Divine Office, has in all times crushed all errors and heresies:



Virgo, cunctas hæreses sola interemisti in universo mundo." Of far greater import to our own Republic than its material resources and its astounding advance in scientific progress and commercial prosperity, is the fact that Mary, the Mother of Jesus, has been chosen the patroness of this country, and that the number of her fervent children within its confines is daily growing larger.

From this point of view, the advent of the Virgin's special month is a cause of general rejoicing—is a national festival, whose celebration, prolonged throughout the Maytime, can not but be beneficial to our present welfare and conducive to our future safety as a people; and those who take an active part in that celebration are effectively performing what in the truest sense of the word is a patriotic work. Reverence for woman is even now a notable characteristic of the American; but not till our typical citizen fosters a reverential love for the one peerless model of maiden, wife, and mother, will his manhood flower into perfect bloom. And each anthem sung in Our Lady's honor, each dewy garland that decks her shrine, each bead that slips through aged fingers, each throb of love from youthful hearts, as old and young throng round her May-shrines, is hastening that happy day.

In the more restricted sphere of each individual life, Our Lady's Month is a season of mingled petition and thanksgiving, of proffered requests and granted favors. Now, if ever during the liturgical year, the fervent servant of Mary may count on her powerful assistance in the acquisition of some needed virtue or the eradication of some obstinate vice; now, if ever, the manifold graces of which she is God's appointed treasurer are lavished with munificent hand on whomsoever raises a pleading cry for mercy or for help. Those among us, then, who manifest our devotion to the Heavenly Queen of the May by daily attending the special

exercises that mark this favored month, should not only sing Mary's praises, but implore her favors. And to do this constantly and earnestly (as we must do it to make our imploring effective) supposes that we have unbounded confidence in her affection for us.

Why should we possess this confidence? Why should we feel perfectly certain that no matter how often or on what matters we ask the Help of Christians to assist us, she will give a ready and loving response to our call? In the first place, because she is our Mother. God Himself has given her to us as such. Now, where is the child who does not know, who does not feel, who does not, every day of his life, and every hour of the day, act on the truth that a mother is one in whom to confide! No one that has ever been clasped to the loving bosom of that being who in his eyes is the most beautiful, the kindest, and the best of all earth's women,—no one that has had his childish tears kissed away by a mother's soothing lips, his boyish cares dispelled by a mother's gentle sympathy, his youthful woes assuaged by a mother's tender embrace, can doubt that a mother's kindness to her children is without measure, her desire to relieve them from all distress unbounded, and her efforts to procure them all good restricted only by her power. Who does not know that when a mother refuses to gratify a rightful wish of her child, it is simply because she can not do so?

This is what we all understand by that sweet word, mother; and this is what God desired us to understand of the Blessed Virgin, else Jesus had never said to St. John and to Mary standing together at the foot of the Cross: "Son, behold thy Mother. Woman, behold thy son." But if Mary is our Mother, she must be as perfect in that capacity as she is in every other; and since she is without exception the most richly endowed of all created beings that ever blessed earth or graced heaven

with their presence, she must likewise be the most loving, the kindest, gentlest, sweetest mother ever looked up to and cherished and trusted by earthly child.

If, then, we each fully believe in the goodness toward us of our natural mother; if we feel that in every trial and trouble and mortification and hardship we can turn to her with a surety of being cousoled and sympathized with, how boundless should be our loving trust in this Heavenly Mother, whose affection for each one of us surpasses the combined loves of all other mothers for their children as the ocean surpasses a lakelet, the mountain a pebble, or the blazing effulgence of the noonday sun the fitful glimmer of a tiny taper!

Mary is the flawless mirror of God's perfections; and among these none shines upon us more brightly than His love. She is the very image of God's mercy, and that mercy is "over all His works." Her love for us is proportioned to the price for which she purchased us—the beholding of her Divine Son nailed to the Cross for our sins. Will she have us lost, if she can help it, when Jesus has poured out for us the thrice-blessed, ever-blessed currents of His Most Precious Blood? Our confidence in Mary is rational indeed only when it is as boundless as is her love for us, and her power to render that love effective. Supposing that our natural mothers were all-powerful, can we conceive of any situation in which we would *not* confide in them?

Wherever prayer is needed, there is Mary ready to pray; and her petitions are certain of being heard, since she is the Mother of God Himself. Our privilege, then, and our duty as well, is to fly to her for succor as often as we need it. We can always ask her aid; and we need not fear that the world is so wide, and the entreaties rising from it to Mary's feet so numerous, that our own petitions will not be heard. "The devil," the Scripture tells us, "is continually going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." But

there is another created being, incomparably more perfect than ever Satan was even before his fall, who stands next to the throne of God in heaven, and who is immeasurably more eager and inconceivably more able to save us than is the devil to injure or destroy. She is the Woman who of old crushed the serpent's head, and who still defeats, overthrows, and routs the enemy of our salvation.

Mary's power under God is unlimited, as her love for each of us is beyond all telling. She is called "omnipotent when she intercedes." Why, then, should we not practically regard her as our Mother, gracious, kind, and true; and besiege her throne during this her month with daily supplications? Why do we not turn to her in every necessity; and when temptation, like a huge, black thundercloud, overshadows our heart, beg of Mary to send the strong wind of grace to dispel the darkness and let the sunshine of peace beam smilingly upon us? Have we ever asked of her a favor in the order of our salvation that we did not obtain; ever begged her to help us break through the meshes of an unholy habit, and not been strengthened? Never.

St. Bernard spoke for his own and all previous ages when he cried out in the *Memorare*: "Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary! that never was it known that any one who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, and besought thy intercession, was left unaided." And untold thousands since Bernard's time have tested his dictum and found it true. Countless saints who now share with Mary the glory of paradise owe their presence in that blest abode to Mary's prayers. Nay, there is not one saint of all the multitudes who cluster around the throne of the Most High but owes to her a lasting debt of grateful love. Myriad thousands who still tread earth's devious ways have known and know what it is to ask confidently of Mary, Heaven's Queen.

And have not all of us who call ourselves her children proved that she is ever and always ready to comfort and to bless those who seek her aid? What one of us but has to thank her for special favors! What one of us but has strong and powerful reasons for gathering round her shrine during this favored month, and testifying the gratitude we owe her and shall ever owe! Be it ours to secure new cause for gratitude by constantly soliciting the graces and favors which we need and she will bestow. Be it ours to confide in her ever; she will supply us with weapons that will make life's conflict easy, and render certain that struggle's issue,—an issue glorious beyond the heart of man to conceive.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVI.—(Continued.)

GILES had an uneasy consciousness of something grotesque in his meeting with Lady Tyrrell. He knew he had not said the right thing, and he knew that she was not sympathetic. It needed more tact than he possessed to right himself, and to regain his position as spiritual director.

"The Major may be dead," he said. "I don't know that he is."

Lady Tyrrell looked at him steadily.

"Well—suppose we walk slowly up the path? You can tell me all about it. It won't do to startle Bernice. I confess I'm not much alarmed. You Americans are nothing if not sensational."

"All I know is this," Giles answered, as she took his arm. "My father just came home, pale and unnerved. He said that the Major had fallen from the bank—at the oak grove, you know."

"I don't," said Lady Tyrrell; "but go on."

"He said that a lot of people were looking the Major up; that he was ill—and I never saw a man so horrified as my father was,—and that I should break the news."

Lady Tyrrell did not answer at once. She drew her light shawl about her.

"Now, Mr. Carton," she said, "tell me just what happened. And I don't want any cant, if you please. I'm a woman of the world, and there's no use of talking to me about Major Conway and heaven, and that sort of thing. I won't have it. It's lucky he's a Romanist and has his Purgatory to go to; for, I assure you, he'd not have much chance with *us*,—though I'm not saying anything against him."

Giles, subdued and relieved—for he felt that his clerical manner was too new to stand the test of crises,—repeated what his father had said.

Lady Tyrrell's eyes sparkled.

"There must have been a row," she thought. "Dion Conway had not guzzled so much as he usually does at dinner. There must have been a row."

It was remarkable that Lady Tyrrell had such control of her feelings, Giles thought; and he said so when he had again repeated his story.

"Feelings?" she said. "I am nearly sixty, and I've controlled myself since I was a child. Once, when mother and I had a house on the Hill of Howth, there was a burglar who got into the buttery window—but I'll tell you about that another time. There's no use in alarming Bernice. I'll let her think that the Major is over with your father. And in the morning—"

"But if he is dead, the body may be brought here to-night."

Lady Tyrrell shivered.

"I won't stay in the house with a corpse, that's all about it! I don't believe

the Major is killed,—perhaps your father imagined it; the champagne in this country is vile.”

“You forget that you are talking to Colonel Carton’s son,” Giles said, coldly.

“Well, you’re not a baby. One can’t be talking milk and water at my age. I call a spade a spade. Will you come in and see Bernice?”

“I can’t lie to her,” Giles said.

“A nice, useful clergyman you’ll make in cases of this sort,” said Lady Tyrrell, scornfully. “I’d like to know how you are going to console her, if you tell her the truth? Besides, I think you ought to see her.”

“I think not,” Giles said, nervously. “I’ll come to-morrow—or later,—when something is settled.”

“Very well. Perhaps you’d do more harm than good. Be sure to send a message every hour. I’ll leave the kitchen door open, and make myself as comfortable there as I can, with a novel or two, until something is certain. Bernice shall go to bed at once.”

“I wish I could make her understand how anxious I am,” he stammered,—“how willingly I would—”

“If you want a woman to understand anything,” said Lady Tyrrell, abruptly, “you’d better tell her yourself.”

“I can’t,” Giles answered.

“Then she probably won’t understand,” said Lady Tyrrell. “You go and find out what you can, and send word to me at the kitchen. I’ll keep up a fire there, and be as comfortable as I can till the worst is over.”

Giles said good-night. He was wretchedly dissatisfied with himself. What a position his was! His clerical assumptions forced on him the necessity of being more than a man; and here, at an epoch in the life of one he loved better than anything on earth, he was less than a man. If he could only have gone to Bernice, as another man could have gone, and told her that he

was the only one who could stand between her and the blasts of the world,—if he could have spoken as a man to a woman in words of pure and high love and comfort, he would have been content. But no: he was barred from that. If he approached her, he must go in his capacity as a minister. He must speak for God, and he realized at this moment that God had given him no certain message. A clergyman who had hesitated for fear of risk at a moment more solemn than this, had forfeited his right to speak with conviction and authority. He told himself that he was morbid. Nevertheless, he dared not turn his steps toward Bernice, though his heart was with her. To Giles, the world was on that night a most unhappy place. His father’s condition alarmed him; his own conscience was unsettled; and she whom to console was to be consoled himself was separated from him by a gulf more impassable than what we call space.

He went down to the river, and stayed with the group that sought for the body of Major Conway. Many from the village had joined the priest, Conway, and Ward. Every hour Giles sent a message to Lady Tyrrell, who sat all night in a cushioned chair near the great kitchen range, divided between a box of *bonbons* and a new French novel. Bernice had gone to bed, unsuspecting; for Lady Tyrrell had in perfection the art of exerting an authority she did not possess.

In the morning, at nine o’clock, the men who had worked on Conway’s hypothesis found something. The Major’s battered hat lay on the narrow bit of ground that separated the railway track from the edge of the river. There was a dark stain near it,—a stain which was unmistakable, though it had oozed through the gravel and disappeared somewhat. These things had already been discovered by the help of the powerful reflectors which had been brought to the search. At dawn the group—now reinforced by some experts telegraphed

for—had listened to Conway's theory. He held that the body had been struck by the engine and hurled into the river. He calculated as well as he could the distance an engine would be likely to fling a man of the Major's weight, and pointed out the spot in the river where he might have sunk.

At once the men began to drag the river from that spot toward the bank, and about nine o'clock they drew up a figure with a mangled face. The coat was gone, the shirt collar torn off, the head unrecognizable; but the Major's ring was on his finger, and the dress left no mistake to be made, as Ward caught sight of the inert, sodden mass. There was the pearl stud in the limp shirt front, and the slight silver chain dangling from the pocket. The hands were swollen and reddened, and Conway noticed that the Major had changed his ring from the third finger of the left hand to the little finger.

There could be no mistake,—there was no room for theories now: Conway had been right. The searchers could only call the proper authorities to complete their work; and so, with a white cloth over the awesome face, the body was carried to Swansmere.

The three men were ghastly in the morning light. Ward's face had a hard look upon it, which Conway could not help noticing.

"Miss Conway must not be allowed to see her father," Father Haley said. "One of you must see her." He looked at Giles.

Giles would have refused point-blank; but he remembered that it would not do for him to strike his colors as an Anglican before this Romanist priest.

"Yes—thank you, Father Haley," he said; and then, recalling the difficulty of the task, he added, rather weakly: "Will you go with me, Father Haley? I should like it. The Major was a Roman Catholic; and you might perhaps be able to say something consoling about him."

"Not much, I am afraid," said Father

Haley. "But if you wish it, I will go with you."

Father Haley knew Bernice slightly. He was indebted to her for many little things for his poor, and the church was richer in ornaments through her unobtrusive kindness. He had not much faith in Giles' power as a pastor; and he felt that if ever a young girl needed a friend, it was at that moment.

The four trudged on in silence.

Lady Tyrrell had gone upstairs; but she had given Bernice a hint. To Conway's surprise (the other two did not seem to notice it), Ward entered the hall with them. They had preceded the body.

Bernice was waiting there. She was pale, but composed. She feared everything, but she still hoped. Giles and Father Haley entered first. She rose from her chair, saying nothing. Ward, with the strange, hard look in his eyes which Conway had noticed, pushed his way toward her, bending forward.

"Your father is dead," he whispered—"killed,—and Colonel Carton did it."

The others did not hear him; they knew that he had whispered, and Conway felt the blood boiling in him at the man's impertinence. He took him by the sleeve and pulled him back. Ward turned toward him, a wild look of exultation in his eyes.

Bernice clasped her hands on her heart.

"What?" she gasped. "What?"

She made a movement toward Giles, drew back, and turned to Father Haley.

Giles stood silent, hating himself, ashamed, sad at heart, flaming with the wish to help her.

Father Haley held out both his hands.

"My child," he said, "you are alone. Henceforth you can look to the One Father. Your earthly father is—in God's hands."

Bernice seized the priest's hands in a tight grasp.

"O Father," she said,—"O Father Haley, is it true?"

The priest gently forced her into the chair. He had been up all night. He was haggard, unshaven, worn-looking, in the searching morning light; at best he was neither imposing nor distinguished in appearance, and his speech and manner had always a rustic homeliness. But at this moment everybody in that room—even Lady Tyrrell, who was entering silently—acknowledged that he had a mystical dignity, which gave him the sole right to speak to the living of the mystery of death,

(To be continued.)



A Recent Marvel at Lourdes.

M^{LLE}. MARIE-ANNE TEYSSIEU, the subject of a wondrous cure at Lourdes on the 28th of October, 1892, is a member of one of the oldest and most esteemed families in Périgord. Twenty years ago she joined the Congregation of St. Martha, her name in religion being Sister Dosithea; and although her health was always delicate, it did not at any time incapacitate her from taking an active part in the various good works of the community. For a period of eight years she had the management of a home for destitute children, which she herself had founded. This home contained a hundred inmates, all of whom were as dear to her as if they had been her own children; and she watched over them with a mother's loving care.

In 1888 this institution was laicized; Sister Dosithea was obliged to leave it, and remove to the hospital. The hospital was in an adjoining building; and the children, whenever they caught sight of the Sister, used to run up to her and caress her. This gave umbrage to the authorities, and Sister Dosithea was not allowed to remain at the hospital. Accordingly she took up her abode in a boarding-house in

the vicinity, where, at any rate, she could hear the shouts of her dearly-loved children at their play, and even distinguish the familiar voices. But she had left her heart behind her; the compulsory separation was a sore trial to her,—she could not reconcile herself to it. She had gathered the children together, she had taught them their first prayers: who would now, she asked herself, take charge of their moral and religious training?

Before long Sister Dosithea's health began to give way. She lost her appetite, she could not sleep. The real cause of her illness was not, as she herself said, undue exertion in past years; it was not that teaching had overtaxed her strength: she could bear that and more too; but she could not bear the cruel sacrifice that an arbitrary decree imposed on her. In the spring of 1891 she became so ill as to be unable to leave her bed. The whole of her left side was so painful that the slightest pressure occasioned acute suffering. The doctor declared that part to be congested. Blisters were applied and tincture of iodine used, but not the least relief was experienced. Fever alternated with fits of shivering, and there was every sign of inflammation of the interior organs. The summer came and went, and Sister Dosithea was no better. She lost her strength; she grew pale and gradually wasted away; she had difficulty in standing upright, and could scarcely bear to put her left foot to the ground.

In August it was agreed that she should leave the community and return home, to see what her native air would do for her. She little anticipated that she was to remain there for a year and two months. Change of air produced no beneficial result. On the contrary, soon the Sister was quite confined to her bed. Her debility increased daily; she could take no solid food, and the only nourishment she swallowed without extreme repugnance was milk. The pain in her side did not abate; peritonitis set in, and other complications

were apprehended. It was feared that her chest would be attacked; in fact, any one who observed how altered Sister Dosithea was—her pinched features, her extreme emaciation,—could not fail to see in her the very subject for tuberculosis. Fever and lack of nourishment had reduced her to a very hopeless state.

Her parents' house was situated in a lonely part of the country, on a high table-land, abounding in large woods, which consisted chiefly of chestnut-trees, whose dark and thick foliage gave a sombre aspect to the landscape. The houses were few and scattered; the nearest church was at a considerable distance. Thus the sufferer was deprived of the consolations of religion; not unfrequently many weeks passed without any opportunity of receiving the Sacraments, and she herself felt too weak and ill to struggle against the difficulties that presented themselves on every side.

The superioress of the community of which she was a member was much concerned on Sister Dosithea's behalf; she consulted Doctor Boissarie as to the possibility of removing her to one of the houses of the Congregation of St. Martha. That experienced physician accordingly visited the invalid; and, after an examination, entirely concurred in the opinion of the medical man who was in the habit of attending her, as to the nature of the disease: a deep-seated inflammation of some organic part, which it was impossible to reach, or even to determine with accuracy, and which caused chronic congestion of the surrounding region, as might a thorn imbedded in the tissues of the body.

Doctor Boissarie thought that there would be no danger in removing the patient, if every precaution was taken; but the local doctor would not hear of the proposal. He, together with another doctor whom he met in consultation, expressed himself most strongly on this point. He declared that it would be an act of homicide to which he would never give

his consent; and wrote to the superioress to the effect that since she had taken steps to induce Sister Dosithea to return to the convent at Périgueux, he considered it his duty, as her medical adviser, to state that not only would it be sheer cruelty to expose one in so feeble a condition to the fatigue of even a short journey, but that it could not be done without seriously endangering her life. He added that two other physicians who had watched the progress of the disease were of the same opinion as himself. Madame Teyssieu, besides, who rejoiced to have her daughter once more under her roof, would not be persuaded to relinquish again her maternal rights; she obstinately refused to listen to a single argument in favor of the removal.

The superioress was silenced for a time, but not defeated. She, too, stood in the place of a mother toward this religious, who was her daughter. She had consented, on the advice of the doctors, to a temporary separation, but it was not to be a lifelong one. When the poor Sister had been more than a year in exile, she felt it was high time to bring her back once more to community life and the society of her Sisters in religion. On every side she met with difficulties: the sufferer herself, her parents, her physicians,—all seemed determined to oppose the idea of removal. But the superioress was firm in her resolution; she was convinced that while the patient remained under the influence of her present surroundings, nothing could be done for her; her return must be effected one way or another.

Prayers were ordered to be offered in all the houses of the Congregation for the recovery of Sister Dosithea, and her return to the convent. The religious visited her more frequently; a good priest, well able to soothe and comfort souls tried in the furnace of suffering, ministered to her spiritual needs; finally, a Sister to whom she was much attached was installed by her side as sick nurse. Novenas to our Blessed

Lady were multiplied; and the Water of Lourdes was substituted for the doses of morphia that had been prescribed. After some time not merely the return to the community was spoken of as practicable, but even a journey to Lourdes was hinted at. A gleam of hope penetrated into the sick-chamber, and dispelled the gloomy shadows produced by continual and protracted suffering.

True it is that faith can remove all obstacles. On the last day of September, 1892, Mlle. de Teyssieu returned to the hospital, accompanied by her mother and by her doctor,—the very same who two or three months previously had emphatically declared that to attempt to move her would be inhuman cruelty, and could be accomplished only at the risk of her life. A slight amelioration had taken place in her condition, but still how little hope there appeared to be of a cure! Her side was just as sensitive as ever: the least pressure causing her to scream with pain, although the skin seemed to have lost all feeling. She could only with difficulty drag herself a few steps, supported on each side by a friendly arm; she had lost all use of the left foot, and was terribly emaciated, as she could take nothing but a little milk.

During the four weeks she remained at Périgueux there was no material change in her condition. Sometimes she was a little better, then again a little worse; on the whole, she seemed to grow weaker. Her one idea was to go to Lourdes. "We must take her there," the superior of the hospital said to the doctor. "I feel confident she will be cured." The doctor himself was far from sharing the confidence of the good religious. He did not, however, oppose the project. "Do as you please," he said to the patient; "only do not ask my advice. I neither give nor withhold my consent."

This was enough. It was decided to start on the next day, the 27th of October.

The Sister had to be lifted into the carriage, and carried to her compartment in the train. The shaking of the railway car was torture to her; but the desire to reach Lourdes, the firm belief that she would be cured, sustained the sufferer, and enabled her to endure the pain.

The same evening Sister Dosithea arrived at Lourdes. Early on the morrow she was drawn in a little carriage to the church, and heard Mass in the Crypt. To receive Holy Communion she was raised and held up: she could neither kneel nor stand upright. From the church she was taken to the Grotto, about half-past nine o'clock, and carried down to the baths. Undressing her was a difficult process; for she was as helpless as an infant, and had to be held in the arms of an attendant. When placed in the water, a sensation of faintness came over her; she remained motionless as if paralyzed, and unable to draw her breath. When consciousness returned, she murmured three times: "Our Lady of Lourdes, cure me for the sake of my community." "As I pronounced the words," she relates, "an acute spasm ran through my side; my bones felt as if they were being dislocated, and I looked at my foot to see whether it had not been wrenched from the ankle. All this occurred like a flash of light. I rose up, began to walk, and found myself entirely cured! I dressed without assistance, dismissed the carriage that was waiting to convey me to the hotel, went to pray at the Grotto, and walked back to breakfast! At dinner-time I took my place at the *table d'hôte*, and partook with relish of the dishes that were provided for the guests,—I who for months past had been unable to swallow anything but milk! The cure was not gradual: it was instantaneous, and the restoration effected was complete. I could with perfect ease go up and down stairs and climb a steep acclivity. All pain had left me; the expression of my countenance was changed. I did not feel like the same person: new

life, new vigor animated my frame. Many months of convalescence could not have brought about a like result."

The next day Sister Dosithea was subjected to a careful medical examination. The doctor certified that forcible pressure on the seat of the disease and the surrounding parts caused no pain, and that every trace of congestion had disappeared. Every organ appeared to be in a healthy and normal condition; the patient was able to walk easily and naturally.

The tidings of this cure were received with joy in all the houses of the Congregation. On the following Sunday Sister Dosithea attended the High Mass in the parish church, where the *curé* offered a solemn thanksgiving for the mercies she had received from our Immaculate Queen. In the evening there was a procession in the convent, and the *Magnificat* was sung by the religious. The bishop of the diocese came in person to see the Sister, and hear from her own lips the narrative of the wonders that had been worked by the intercession of Mary.

Since the moment of her cure, Sister Dosithea has never experienced the slightest return of her malady. When she started on the journey she had no doubt that her prayer would be granted. Her confidence in Our Lady was absolute. Two months previously she had despaired of recovery—nay, more: she saw no hope of alleviation or respite from the pain which was wearing away her life. There was no prospect of rejoining her community. The sufferings of her soul equalled those of her body. The courage and determination of her superior, the prayers of her Sisters in religion, the counsels and exhortations of the priest, roused her from despondency. Where natural means failed, the supernatural must be resorted to. The obstacles vanished from her path; the impossible became possible, and the faith which we are told can remove mountains obtained a speedy and ample reward.

The Baptism of Jesus.

A TRANSLATION BY M. E. M.

A MAN of serious mien, grave, not austere,
With brow unruffled, eyes serene and clear;
A tender light illumining His face,
As though His thoughts in heaven found
resting-place.

To Him all hearts went forth with one accord,
And every tongue seemed eager with its
"Lord!"

The little children to His mantle blue
Clung, peeping the thick fringes through and
through;

And on His bronze-gold locks the happy
birds,

Resting their flight, seemed listening to His
words.

He paused—John was baptizing where He
stood,

And the birds sought the stream, a twittering
brood.

He bent His head, and, lo! the Baptist turned
Confronting Him, with deep-set eyes that
yearned

To pierce the unknown. "Master and Lord,"
he said,

"'Tis even Thou who on my unworthy head
Shouldst pour the saving flood." But Jesus
then,

"Do as thou wouldst unto thy fellowmen,
God saith it." And the saving stream was
poured

Upon His brow. He spake no other word.
A pause, a silence, and the heavens part,
A dove descends, and lightning flashes dart
Athwart the expectant air; and a deep voice
Cries out, as bidding all the world rejoice
To heaven: "This is My well-beloved Son,
In whom I am well pleased,"—and all was
done.

Once more the happy birds around Him sing,
And still the little ones about Him cling;
But grave men whisper, wondering, 'neath
their breath:

"Jesus His name; He comes from Nazareth."

ONE must be poor to know the luxury
of giving.—*Abbé Roux.*

The Message of a Bell.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

I.

ALL was gay and brilliant in one of the most magnificent mansions on the Boulevard St. Germain, in Paris, on a cold December evening some years ago. Before the house, whose ponderous doors had not yet been thrown open, stood a large group of street commissioners, opening carriage doors, or holding up fair ladies' trains for such impatient guests as might not care to wait the turn of their equipage to pass under the great *porte-cochère*.

Much excitement was aroused in the quarter—where balls are no rare event—by this reopening of Judge Grevener's superb mansion. Since the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war its doors had been closed. Notwithstanding the Judge's immense fortune, his exceptionally brilliant position in the Parisian magistracy; Madame Grevener's beauty, talent and distinction; their perfect courteousness and affability; the universal feeling of esteem and affection with which they were regarded,—everything, in a word, combining to make them the ideal host and hostess,—they refused to "receive," in the worldly acceptation of the term, except the few privileged friends who regularly each week gathered round their board.

The truth was, Judge Grevener had buried all his dearest hopes and aspirations on the ill-fated field of Sedan; for ever since Napoleon's time, his family, each and all, had been ardent Bonapartists. He had followed in their traces; and even when all his hopes were shattered, the old, deep-rooted affection remained unshaken in his heart. The Empire was gone, and he scarcely believed in its restoration. Then came the Emperor's

death; later on, the dire catastrophe of the Zululand. To Judge Grevener, the Prince Imperial's death was the end of all his political hopes. From that day he became, so to speak, neutral—laying aside all personal wishes and preferences; thinking only of France and her interests; asking only that whatever form of government was destined to insure prosperity to his country at home, and secure her respect abroad, might be firmly established.

Madame Grevener, a perfect type of the really accomplished Frenchwoman, came of an old royalist family. As Mademoiselle de la B——, her beauty was her only fortune. Judge Grevener—then *Substitut de l'Empire*—saw her, fell in love with her, and, contrary to all Parisian rules and regulations, proposed for the portionless beauty. Young Grevener's wealth was tempting, but he did not possess the many *quartiers de noblesse* usually required for entering a family of the old French nobility; neither was he a royalist, but a staunch supporter of the descendants of that "upstart" Bonaparte. However, yielding to the eloquent pleadings of their daughter, who on her side was equally in love with her young suitor, the old Marquis de la B—— and his wife finally consented.

All the grand folk of the noble *faubourg* were greatly incensed against the happy *fiancée's* parents. It was a shame to allow such a marriage. A plebeian admitted into their circle! Surely it was the first time such a scandal had been witnessed; it was an unwarranted precedent. The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders, simply saying his daughter's happiness depended on the marriage; and that, so far as personal worth counted for anything, M. Grevener possessed every quality desirable in a son-in-law. However, one very majestic Duchess came to make a last appeal to the Marquis, only to find him more determined than before; and at the close of the interview, as a parting

shaft, she declared, in the name of all the *faubourg*, that not one amongst them would ever set foot inside the young couple's door. Again the Marquis simply shrugged his shoulders. "Very well, dear Duchess; do as you please. You will all sulk at home, while my daughter will be enjoying her new happiness."

The marriage took place; and the young couple did indeed enjoy perfect happiness, so far as it can be found here below. First a son, René, was born to them; later on a girl, Laurence. At the opening of the war the former was six, the latter two years old. Their father's position advanced steadily, and in 1880 he became Judge. Madame Greverer devoted herself unceasingly to her daughter, to whom she was not only a tender mother, but the dearest and most trusted of friends. To her mother alone had Laurence spoken of her ardent hopes and wishes. Often, in their loving *tête-à-tête*, her holy aspirations formed the one subject of conversation. They were only softly murmured between the mother and daughter, neither daring yet to face the reality frankly and courageously; neither daring yet to dream of what the consequences might be when Judge Greverer learned his daughter's wishes. To him the revelation would come as a thunderbolt.

When our tale opens, René is still at Saint-Cyr. His father would have preferred the young man to follow his own profession; but, seeing that such was not his vocation, he in no way opposed his choice. Laurence was now eighteen, a tall, fair and elegant girl. If she did not inherit her mother's perfect beauty, she at least vied with her in distinction of manner and loveliness of disposition.

On this particular evening the young girl was to make her first appearance in society, the great ball being given on occasion of her eighteenth birthday. Eighteen years! Who can ever say what wonderful visions rise before a French girl at these magic words? For who could be

vain enough to imagine himself endowed with the gift of fathoming the complex mind of a *Française*? At eighteen, to a French girl, it is childhood left behind; for, in truth, her free girlhood dawns only at that age. Hitherto the captive has been under schoolroom restraint, deriving a fair share of knowledge from the various professors by whom her careful parents have surrounded her from her early years. At eighteen, all this is changed. Henceforth opens before her, in the near future, the prospect of a husband, not as a possibility or probability, but as a certainty. The question of her *établissement* leaves a French girl in no doubt whatever; and all the preliminaries are most pleasant to contemplate. First, the betrothal; and after that the daily bouquet or basket of choicest white flowers sent by the happy *fiancé*,—the first received by the young girl being generally offered before one of Our Lady's altars; then the fruit basket, with all its delightful surprises, filling the bride-elect with joy, her fair acquaintances with envy. Finally the crowning ceremony: the young girl is now "Madame"; she can wear diamonds,—there is nothing more to be desired. It is with all these hopes lying lovingly at her heart that a French girl makes her *début* in society.

The solemn clock in the courtyard has struck ten; the two great doors at either side of the mansion—one for the entrance of the carriages, the other for their egress—have been opened, and the guests are arriving in large numbers. The majestic old Duchess, who had pleaded in vain the cause of the noble *faubourg*, had long since reaped the reward of her rigid virtues; and her descendants, taught by time and by the democratic manners and customs of the Third Republic, were only too delighted to accept Judge and Madame Greverer's invitation, feeling, with practical French common-sense, that it was much more intelligent to honor the ball by their presence than to remain at home and sulk,

as the old Marquis de la B—— had predicted. Many other ancient families did in a like manner, and never repented of their action.

Following their footsteps, we entered the splendid ball-room; having ascended by the grand staircase, with its magnificent marble balustrade. The walls, on each side, were hung with tapestry of inestimable value. The ceiling of this entrance hall was of rich stained glass, and the hall was lighted exteriorly; the colors chosen for the stained glass being such as in no way to impair the effect of the lighting. A profusion of costly white flowers lay on every side. Truly that ball-room was a brilliant scene, in which the fair Laurence was the "observed of all observers." Her dress was simplicity itself,—all of white *tulle illusion*. Neither flowers nor ribbons were to be seen, but round her neck were two rows of exquisite pearls, perfect in beauty and size, her parents' gift on that happy day. How many a mother's heart beat high with hope, looking at her, and wondering who would carry off this enviable prize!

Laurence had a busy time aiding her mother to do the honors of the house, receiving congratulations, trying to satisfy her impatient *danseurs* whose names followed in such quick succession in her *carnet*, and seeing that all her fair acquaintances never missed a dance. Still, for one who observed her in the midst of these many occupations, it was easy to discern that, though the busiest in this busy scene, her heart was far away.

It is needless to dwell longer on the ball; it proved a great success, as an entertainment always must in which every element is united to bring about the happy result; and when a grand cotillon and sumptuous supper closed the festivity, all, hosts and guests alike, were delighted with the evening thus happily ended.

Some days had passed quietly away after the ball, when one morning Judge

Grevener send word to Laurence that he wished to speak with her in the library, his favorite resort in free moments. The young girl went at once, surprised at the unusual summons. There she found her father and mother. The former was standing up as his daughter entered; coming toward her, he kissed the young girl, and then sat down, with Laurence on a low seat by his side.

"Tell me, my dear," he said, after a moment, "did any one of your *danseurs* run away with your heart the other evening?"

"Surely no!" exclaimed Laurence, in much surprise at the unexpected question.

"You seem astonished," returned her father. "Still it would be nothing very wonderful if such had been the case."

"To me," answered the young girl, "it would seem very strange."

"It must come one day or another," continued the Judge. "For us, the later the better, *ma petite!* Your mother and I will be lonely when our Laurence is gone."

Madame Grevener moved uneasily on her chair, and the young girl felt as if some trouble were coming. Could her mother have spoken of her hopes and wishes? No: it was not possible.

"Why do you speak thus to me this morning?" she inquired, after a moment.

"Because, my darling," her father answered,—"because *you* have stolen a heart—involuntarily, it appears; and," after a moment's pause, "I had hoped it had been an exchange, and not a robbery."

"I have stolen a heart!" exclaimed Laurence, as if such a possibility had never before occurred to her mind. "You are joking, father."

"Far from it," returned the Judge. "Nothing is more serious. Yesterday we received a visit from the widowed Comtesse de M——. She came to make a formal proposal of marriage in her son's name. Naturally, neither your mother nor myself have engaged ourselves in any

way. You are free to accept or refuse. However, as the marriage would offer every guarantee of happiness for you, our earnest hope is that you will accept. Raoul de M—— is not a stranger to you; and, although some years older than your brother, he is one of his best and truest friends. You have time to reflect on the matter. Marriage is too important a step for either your mother or myself to wish in any way to hasten your decision. We leave you entirely free, my child. It is your happiness which is at stake, therefore you alone will decide. Take counsel with your mother; you can find no better adviser—but,” looking at Laurence, who had become deadly pale, “you appear frightened, my little one!”

And so she was; Laurence felt the decisive moment of her life had come, and wondered if she had courage to face it. Well she knew her father's firm religious feelings; still she felt all too keenly that for her cherished hopes it would be almost impossible to obtain his consent.

“Oh, Laurence is not frightened!” said Madame Grevener, standing up; coming to her daughter's side, she laid her hand on her shoulder. “Only a little surprised and perhaps annoyed, as other thoughts had lain more deeply and fondly in her heart than marriage.”

Laurence looked up gratefully at her mother, who had thus opened a path in which she could follow more easily.

“Other thoughts!” exclaimed the Judge. “What other thoughts, pray? Not thinking of staying with your mother and myself always! That would never do.”

“No,” replied the young girl, gently, “I have not been thinking of that.”

“And what, then?” asked her father.

“Speak, Laurence,” said Madame Grevener, seeing her daughter hesitate. “Your father is too good and loves you too well not to listen to all you have to say.”

“Certainly,” said the Judge. “But what can this wonderful secret be?”

“*Mon père,*” Laurence began, laying her clasped hands on her father's knee, “say you will not refuse me.”

“Refuse you what, my child?” asked the Judge, tenderly.

“I want your consent, father, to become a nun.”

“A nun?” exclaimed her father, rising to his feet. “A Sister of Charity?”

“No,” returned the young girl softly, as she too stood up. “A Carmelite.”

“A Carmelite!” repeated the Judge. “A Carmelite! Do you think that your mother and I have brought you up to give you over to an Order whose rule is like a living death,—which forbids you even to see your own father and mother, as a daughter should see her parents, to sacrifice your youth, your beauty,—just as your young life is opening up, a bright and happy future before you! No, Laurence: that is a dream you must banish.”

“But, father,” argued the young girl, grown bolder and braver by the opposition, as timid natures often do, “only a few moments ago you said my happiness was your only wish. And if I find it otherwise than you had hoped, it is still my happiness which is at stake; therefore, why refuse your consent?”

“Because what you consider as likely to constitute your happiness,” returned her father, “is all a mistake. How can you suppose that, with your warm, joyous nature, the frigid rule of the Carmelites could satisfy you? You know my religious feelings,—you know how I have stood up publicly in support of religion on every occasion; but you must never ask me to approve of that rule. It is cruel and inhuman, crushing out those natural affections which are almost divine; for God Himself has implanted them, in all their purity, in our heart.”

“I do not fear that any rule, however severe, will ever crush out our child's affection for us,” said Madame Grevener. “There is no danger of that.”

"Oh, surely not, father!" exclaimed Laurence, earnestly.

"God knows," continued Madame Grevener, "what a sacrifice I make; but if it be His will that Laurence should be amongst His own chosen servants, I give her to Him with all my heart."

"You see, father," said the young girl, "there is nothing wanting now but your consent. Surely you will not refuse to speak the word for which I will bless you all my life. When René wished to be an officer rather than a barrister, as you had hoped, you left him free: why not leave me free also?"

"In the career your brother has chosen," said the Judge, "he is not lost to me, as you would be."

"But I *shall not* be lost to you, father!" exclaimed Laurence.

"I told you before the life you wish to lead is no better than a living death," returned the Judge.

"Well, in the midst of my living death, dear father," replied the young girl, "you will be ever present to me; for how could I forget you? Would my heart ever change in its loving affection toward you? *Never!* Your name would be first in my prayers and supplications before the altar; and, though absent, you will feel I am still near you. Say," she pleaded, throwing herself on her knees beside her father, who had again seated himself,— "say, dear father, you will not refuse my request!"

Judge Grevener did not speak; for some moments he remained buried in thought; moments which to his daughter seemed like years, so fully did she realize that all her happiness depended on the words for which she waited so anxiously. At last he spoke.

"Well, Laurence," he said, in his gravest manner, "I have reflected; and, as on principle, I disapprove of thwarting vocations, whether religious or profane, you have my consent—"

"O dear father, how can I thank you!" interrupted the girl.

"Let me finish," pursued the Judge. "You must know my conditions. For one year you will go out into society, see the world, and learn to know your own mind better than an inexperienced girl of eighteen can possibly know it. At the end of that year you are free to enter any Carmelite convent you wish in France, if your vocation remains unchanged. The sacrifice, however, must be complete on both sides. I make a sacrifice for you, I require another from you: from the day you leave my house for the convent you will never see me again."

"O father," exclaimed the poor girl, "you can not mean it!"

"It is my final and irrevocable decision," said the Judge.

"Time changes many decisions," said Madame Grevener, gently. "I can not believe you capable of thus afflicting our darling child."

"Time will not change mine," said the Judge, sternly. "I make the greatest sacrifice that could be asked of me, and put my conditions,—*voilà tout*. And now, Laurence," turning to his daughter, "let us live as before. Let no word of all that we have said to-day pass into the outer world, not even to your best and dearest friends. You have my consent, and, at the expiration of a year, are free to act as your heart and piety prompt you."

So speaking, Judge Grevener left the library.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

THE favor of this world is no sign of the saints. The Cross is their portion. The voice of the many is no test of truth, nor warrant of right, nor rule of duty. Truth and right and a pure conscience have been ever with the few. "Many are called, but few are chosen."—*Cardinal Manning*.

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

OUR LADY OF THE DISTAFF.

IN a certain corner of our landlady's little dwelling an old spinning-wheel stands. The polish upon it is only that which long handling by busy fingers has given; and it would be called rudely constructed by those whose eyes are wont to gaze upon modern achievements of the cabinet-maker's art.

"I don't see what she finds in that cheap-looking old thing," Mrs. Dobbs remarked. "I'm going to get one of the new ones at the ninety-nine cent store. They're ever so much prettier. I shall take a red one with black trimmings, and Mabel can paint a few hollyhocks on it."

But, strange as it seems to our neighbor, the owner of the plain little wheel would not part with it for many times the value of the gaudy, machine-made horrors. In daydreams, in her few idle moments, she sees upon its smooth treadle the busy feet of gentle ancestors; and from the distaff, empty now, she watches the flax stretch out into fairy strands. Above, on the wall, a tiny picture hangs. Strangers come and go, glancing askance at the old wheel with curious and interested eyes; but failing, most of them, to notice the poor and somewhat shabby engraving, wherein the Blessed Virgin sits and spins at a wheel of which the one below is an enlarged and exact copy.

Those who know our landlady's history can readily understand why that little print has been a help to the kind woman, whose life has had but little sunshine save that which her own sweet spirit has evolved from very scant material. She has had a hard life—a toilsome existence, in which hand and brain have worked at fearful odds; but the picture of Our Lady

toiling too, providing for the needs of her household patiently and cheerfully, has "made the sunshine in a shady place," has sweetened life for our good friend until it is joyful as a song of triumph. She has met the foe, and is conqueror. Henceforth there can be for her nothing but gladness. She is poor, as the word goes; she is a toiler, with no hope of rest this side the Blessed Country; she is not strong, but she is happy, and to Our Lady she gladly gives the praise. It would not become me to rehearse the fiery trials through which she has passed to reach this peace, although there is in them for her no shadow of blame; but she will be glad to know that the Tea-Table folk—most of them toilers too—talk of her sad story, and have, partly for her sake, grown to love the picture of Our Lady at the spinning-wheel; finding in it, more than one of them, some of that freely-given help which has been so much to her. So toil is once more crowned and made holy.

She has a fancy, this friend who pours the daily tea for us, that if the exiled spinning-wheels could be brought out of the garrets and set to whirling, they would rejuvenate and purify this uncertain thing we have called society. She believes that not only thrift and industry, but all sorts of virtues, cling to their slender spindles; and that the old-fashioned graces of character, now so rare, would come back with the bunch of flax and the spinning song. For one must, she says, be a superior person to be a good spinner. There must be a trained eye and an ear which can detect a flaw in the music of the wheel. The hand must never forget itself, and the foot must tread as evenly as a pendulum and as daintily as a kitten. And, above all, the spinner must be serene; for an irritable temper is productive of uneven thread. She rejoices to hear that a school of spinning has been opened in London, and bids fair to be "the rage" next winter. One has to confess that among the advantages set forth

by the prospectus, its effect on character is not mentioned; but the advertisements duly dwell upon the grace and ease of manner sure to be developed, and declare that, as a feminine accomplishment, spinning outranks harp-playing; while as a soother of *fin de siècle* nerves, it has no equal. What sentiment and remonstrance have failed to do, fashion may accomplish.

And there are many (far removed from the gay throng that would spin, or walk a tight-rope, or climb a church steeple, if fashion commanded) who would, for widely different reasons, welcome the sweet, old industry, whose charms and worth are embalmed in Holy Writ and classic lore. Some years ago an English squire, a friend and neighbor of Mr. Ruskin, made all the old women in a certain village happy by starting anew the wheels and hand-looms which machinery had sternly and pitilessly silenced. Many poor creatures, paupers otherwise, became self-supporting and self-respecting, and a dead town awoke to a cheery life; for its textile fabrics, bleached on the grass as in the days of Homer and well-nigh imperishable, were in immediate demand by those who welcomed the linen, which was as different from the dubious stuff of the factories as is the true heart of a faithful friend from the scheming falseness of a traitor.

What one has done others can do if they will; and so it is not a wild dream which bids us believe that some day we shall see the return of a gentle art, which was practised by Our Lady in the Holy Home at Nazareth.

THE Catholic Church possesses the Eucharist, the most complete and perfect gift of God to man; the Catholic Church produces virginity, the most complete and perfect gift of man to God. I think perfect truth must be where there is perfect love.
—*Harriet Shilleto.*

Notes and Remarks.

No properly patriotic person could object to the honors that were paid to the old Liberty Bell during its transfer from Philadelphia to Chicago; for it is a precious memento of the nation's infancy. One reads with surprise, however, that at several points where the Liberty Bell special train stopped, parents handed their children over the rails in order that they might kiss the treasured metal, while others entreated the reserve policemen to touch medals or trinkets to the bell. Here you have an authentic example of Protestant veneration for relics; and none will be found to rebuke it, even among those who are so ready to accuse Catholics of idolatry.

Since his elevation, in 1878, to the Pontifical Throne, the more important "acts" issued by Leo XIII. number no fewer than a hundred and forty. These comprise encyclicals, allocutions, epistles, apostolical letters, constitutions, conventions, etc. Twelve of these documents were written in Italian, three in French, and the remainder in Latin. As the Sovereign Pontiff delegates very little of his work to secretaries, and as each of these papers represents the outcome of studied examination and anxious thought, it is evident that Leo XIII. is far more liable to wear out than to rust out.

The Centennial celebration of the Archdiocese of New Orleans was an occasion of much interest and magnificence. The historic old Cathedral of St. Louis put on its gala garb, and ecclesiastical dignitaries from every part of the country assembled to honor the day which marked the beginning of another century in its annals. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Janssens, at which the French sermon was preached by the eminent Dominican, Father Hage; the English by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. At the banquet at the Hotel Royal his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons responded to the toast, "The Holy Father." There were processions in the daytime and illuminations at night; and all concerned are to be congrat-

ulated upon the success which attended the rather complicated carrying out of the arrangements for the celebration.

* * *

The Diocese of New Orleans is the second oldest see in America, that of Baltimore being the first. Louisiana was not admitted into the Union until 1812; but the united diocese of Louisiana and the Floridas had been created in 1793, while still under Spanish domination. All the territory between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, with the belt which stretched eastward and included the Floridas, was under the jurisdiction of the first Bishop, familiarly known as Dr. Peñalver. On account of the successive wars which have so often changed the rulers of Louisiana, the history of its Church is the most eventful, as well as the most picturesque, of any existing in America to-day.

We heartily congratulate Archbishop Janssens and the clergy and laity of Louisiana upon this auspicious occasion.

Our readers are doubtless aware of the effort made to have the celebrated Blarney Stone put on exhibition at the World's Fair. Envious New Yorkers have already declared that the old Stone is sadly needed in the West. That it is utterly superfluous in Ireland, at any rate, may be seen from a paragraph in the *Madras Catholic Watchman*:

"A true Celt does not need to kiss the Blarney Stone in order to gain a flattering tongue: it is part of his birthright. A little eight-year-old Irish boy in one of our public schools was reproved by his teacher for some mischief. He was about to deny his fault, when she said: 'I saw you, Jerry.'—'Yes,' he replied as quick as a flash. 'I tells thim there ain't much yous don't see wid thim purty black eyes of yourn.'"

The teacher's wrath, of course, was turned away, and Jerry began at once to be famous.

Eminent members of the hierarchy, the clergy and the laity have united in presenting to Miss Eliza Allen Starr a testimonial of their appreciation of her efforts in behalf of Religion and her promotion and cultivation of Christian Art. The gift took the form of a generous bank cheque, and was accompanied by a most appreciative and well-merited letter, in which these kind words have place:

"They [the other donors] unite with me in tending to you this tribute of their admiration for your labors; appreciation for your zeal and devotion; earnest thanks for the valuable services you have rendered to Religion and to Christian Art; a deep sense of the obligations we, as well as the rising generation, feel for the instruction received from your pen, pencil and voice; sincere respect for the many virtues and graces which have adorned your life, and for your many good deeds; and personal friendship for yourself."

It is needless to say that Miss Starr received this remarkable tribute with as much delight as surprise. The expressions of kindly feeling would alone, she declares, have been ample recognition of all her labors.

A circular from Warren E. Mosher, secretary of the General Council of the Catholic Summer School, informs us that the board of trustees visited Plattsburg, N. Y., last month for the purpose of inspecting the site recently acquired for the permanent home of the School, and to investigate the facilities for the coming session at Plattsburg, July 15 to August 5. "The accommodations were found to be ample and most desirable for all who may attend the School this summer. The trustees made careful inspection of the new site, with the object of determining the best manner of utilizing the four hundred and fifty acres for the uses of the School. Expert engineers will be employed at once to survey the land, and an effort will be made to provide the necessary improvements."

If the results achieved last summer be accepted as an earnest of the work to be accomplished during the coming season, Catholics attending the Plattsburg School may rely on enjoying excellent lectures, congenial social intercourse, and a delightful outing as well.

Not the least important of the questions for the thorough discussion of which the World's Columbian Exposition offers peculiar advantages, is the subject of intemperance, and the various methods of effectively counteracting its baneful evils. Profiting by the circumstance of the simultaneous presence in Chicago of so many Catholics eminent for their work in the field of total abstinence,

a Catholic Temperance Congress will be held in that city on June 8, 9, and 10. In a circular issued by the manager, the Rev. James M. Scanlan, the composition of the Congress is detailed at length. Other than delegates from the various temperance organizations, members of the Congress may be all Catholic clergymen, delegates from dioceses and parishes in which no local temperance society exists, and representatives of Catholic universities, colleges, and seminaries. The movement is an especially worthy one, and we cordially wish it all possible success.

It is well known that the Marquis of Worcester, an English Catholic, had a practical steam-engine in his castle before the use of steam as a motive power was "discovered." It is no less true, according to the *London Electrical Review*, that Procopius Diwšch, a Catholic priest, invented the lightning-rod in the early part of the eighteenth century. Father Diwšch was a Bohemian, a professor of philosophy at the Lyceum of Luka, and was a practical electrician at the time when Franklin was beginning his investigations. The death of a fellow-scientist by a stroke of lightning led him to experiment with a conductor of the subtle fluid; and on June 15, 1754, he erected the first lightning-rod. The ignorance and fear of the people prevented him from continuing his attempts in this direction, although the Viennese authorities and the Austrian Emperor himself were quick to recognize his invention and its value. The discoveries of Franklin and Diwšch were entirely independent of each other, and it is unlikely that either of these wise men knew that the other existed.

We have received from the London Catholic Truth Society a leaflet, that has been issued as a retort to a similar sheet in which some non-Catholic admirer of charlatanical methods offers ten thousand pounds reward on conditions such as this: "A thousand pounds reward to any Roman Catholic who shall produce one text of Scripture proving that we ought to pray to the Virgin Mary." Nine other paragraphs ask in similar terms for texts to prove the Catholic doctrine on Communion in one kind, the celibacy of the

clergy, prayer for the dead, the invocation of saints, and so on.

It does not seem to have occurred to this controversial financier that Catholics do not hold that the Scripture is the sole rule of faith. That the Scripture *is* the sole rule of faith, however, is a fundamental principle of Protestantism; and hence their unwisdom in laying themselves open to such retorts as this of the Catholic Truth Society. "There are plenty of points of the ordinary Protestant religion," observes the writer, "for which no Scripture can be produced; and if any one pleases he may safely offer as many thousand pounds as he likes to any one who will produce a text in point. I will set down ten of them." Among other points, he mentions the authority of the Bible, its component parts, and any command to Christians to read it; the keeping of the Sunday holy; the Baptism of infants, etc. This offering of rewards for the production of texts which no Catholic claims *can* be produced is not only a rather silly piece of business, but in the hands of the Protestant has the effect of a boomerang.

Noting the purpose of the "solid Presbyterians" of Edinburgh, Scotland, to erect a statue to John Knox, the *True Witness*, of Montreal, cites the not generally known fact that the only lineal descendant of this ancient enemy of the Church is a Catholic and a religious. He is a member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. His name is Brother Philip, and he has labored for upward of thirty years in the East, where he was engaged in educational work. He is now in Ceylon.—*The Pilot*.

Our esteemed friend, the *True Witness*, has not correctly remembered a note published in our columns last year. Brother Philip labored in the Eastern States (of America), and is at present, not in Ceylon, but at Notre Dame, Indiana.

A fact not generally known, we think, is that Archbishop Seghers, whose assassination a few years ago evoked such general sorrow, contemplated entering the Society of Jesus. Father Barnum, S. J., writes: "His resolution was that, just as soon as the work [of Alaska missions] was firmly established, he would resign his high office and enter the Society, to labor as a simple *operarius* in the mission which, as an archbishop, he had founded."

New Publications.

AS THE BISHOP SAW IT. Letters of the Right Rev. C. H. Borgess, D. D., Late Bishop of Detroit, Describing His Trip to Rome in 1877. Edited by the Very Rev. Frank A. O'Brien. Detroit, Mich.: Panly, Fuchs & Co.

In this work, entitled as above, will be found the interesting itinerary of the late Bishop Borgess, when, in 1877, he left America to pay his visit *ad limina*. The narrative is taken from a collection of personal letters, in which the prelate recorded, in an entertaining and familiar style, the impressions produced by visits to the great cities and numerous places of religious and historical interest in Europe, on his journey to and from the Eternal City. His sojourn in Rome and his attendance upon the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Holy Father Pius IX., of happy memory, provide material for particularly instructive descriptions. But what, perhaps more than all else, will edify and delight the reader is the account of the visit of Bishop Borgess to the stigmatist, Louise Lateau, in the village of Bois d'Haine, Belgium. As a prelate of the Church, he was privileged to witness the "agony," and see the blood flowing from the hands of Louise Lateau, and her wonderful ecstasy; all of which occurred on each Friday, and baffled all scientific explanation. The prelate saw and judged for himself, and relates minutely the many circumstances attending the miracle.

The book is published in neat and attractive style for the benefit of the Borgess Hospital, at Kalamazoo, Mich.

A LITTLE MAID OF ARCADY. By Christian Reid. Reprinted from THE "AVE MARIA." H. L. Kliner & Co.

In reading the works of favorite authors, we are apt to form a mental photograph of the writers, investing them with all the graces and good qualities most conspicuous in the heroes and heroines of their stories. In some such manner is Christian Reid enshrined in our mental photographic gallery; at all events, we feel that an author whose imagination is peopled with beings of so much worth and beauty of character must possess

a personality eminently worthy of esteem.

With this feeling we lay aside "A Little Maid of Arcady," now reprinted in book form, from these columns. The chief characters in the story are strongly marked. The Scotch miller Cameron and his wife are the very embodiment of the homely Highland virtues: each simple, sturdy, the soul of integrity, the faith being entwined with their very heart-strings. They seem to carry with them the fresh, breezy atmosphere of their native hills and glens, until we feel that we should not only like to make their acquaintance in the flesh, but even to number them among our friends.

Of those who form the background of the picture—Mr. Ridgeley, Mrs. Chesselton, Randolph, and Mrs. Ellis—though in shadow, their outlines are sufficiently well defined for the artist's purpose; and they are all drawn with a dainty and skilful touch. What we see of them gives the impression that were they to emerge from their shadowy background, they would reveal traits that would attract the reader on their own account. Fay Chesselton, like the butterfly that she is, gives a dash of bright color to the picture; while her languidly-haughty brother, Ridgeley, displays his fine scorn for all not born to the purple and fine linen of rank and wealth.

But Bernadette and Alan Cameron have been drawn with a nicety of detail that proves the work to have been a labor of love. The former, winsome, high-spirited and beautiful, clings to the faith despite temptations the most seductive; and, to our mind, her loyalty to the Cameron family, the guardians of her childhood, is one of her most endearing traits. In the character of Alan there is the ring of the true metal. Strong, self-reliant, of sterling integrity, it is a foregone conclusion that he leads the heart of Bernadette a willing captive. He, with the humility of true worth, deems himself undeserving; and is, perforce, content to worship from afar, until destiny awards him the prize.

Unquestionably, the forest fire is the climax of the story. The reader's interest and sympathy are wrought up to a high pitch, and he breathes a sigh of relief only after the rural party has passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal. Here again Alan shows himself fearless in danger, of remarkable presence of

mind, and a man of resource. But the crowning touch to his high character is given in his return "to the jaws of death, the mouth of hell," to rescue a man who a few hours before had heaped insults upon him. We are glad that this act, which shows Alan a consummate Christian hero, is not lost upon Chesselton, who for the first time gives us a glimpse of his better nature; and we rejoice in the poetical justice that awards Bernadette to Alan, since none but the brave deserve the fair.

A DREAM OF LILIES. By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: Cupples' Publishing Co.

All the modern resources of the publisher's art have been devoted to this volume. Scrupulous attention to details makes it one of the most beautiful books of the season. And the enclosed poems are worthy of their casket. Miss Conway's place in American literature is fixed. Without the slightest sacrifice to prevailing sentiments among non-Catholics, she has become one of the few essentially Catholic writers that command an audience of Protestants as well as of her own people. "A Dream of Lilies" explains this. The poems are wrought in the saddest sincerity, by a skilful hand whose art is subordinated to the spirit of faith. There are many new and strong pieces in this collection; but one lingers longest over "Lotus and Lily" and "An Altar Lamp." "This woman," an eminent non-Catholic said of Miss Conway, "is one of the few who have not sacrificed inspiration to technique or technique to inspiration." Art and feeling go hand in hand. Miss Conway has conquered, not only by genius, but by faith.

SHORT SERMONS ON THE EPISTLES FOR EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR. By the Very Rev. N. M. Redmond, V. F. F. Pustet & Co.

These Short Sermons form a companion work to the "Short Sermons on the Gospels," by the same author, published some time ago. They supplement and perfect a course of moral instructions upon the practical life and conduct of a Christian in the world. At the same time they are of such a nature that, while the heart can not fail to be moved by the thoughts suggested, the truths and dogmas of religion are clearly and forcibly nculcated; thereby providing that which

constitutes the only true, solid foundation of all devotion—the knowledge of the motives upon which it is based. For those who, because obliged to live at a distance from a church or priest, or for other reasons, are deprived of the advantages of hearing a sermon or instruction save at very great intervals, a work such as this must prove a rich treasure, wherefrom the soul may derive much food for reflection, and sentiments of piety and devotion to God and religion. The reverend and pious author has incorporated in his work the valuable material acquired through his long experience as a zealous and devoted missionary. In this way he has rendered it well adapted to satisfy the spiritual wants of devout people of all classes. It commends itself also to a large circle of Christian readers as an excellent book of spiritual reading. The work bears the *imprimatur* of the Right Rev. Bishop Marty, and is issued in neat style by the publishers.

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 Agatha, O. S. D., and Sister M. Laurinda, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who were called to their reward last month.

Mr. Alfred B. Costello, who peacefully departed this life on the 17th ult., at Jersey City, N. J.

Mrs. Caroline Schneider, of Hartford, Conn., whose happy death took place on the 13th ult.

Mrs. Mary McComb, who died a holy death on the same day, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Helen Chabot, of Baltimore, Md., deceased on the 6th ult.

Mr. Martin Reynolds, Mrs. A. J. Walker, and Mrs. T. J. Williams, of New Haven, Conn.; Mr. James McManus, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Ellen McGuire, Waterford, N. Y.; Mrs. Rebecca Mulholland and Miss Rose Deary, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Margaret Haigh and Mrs. Margaret McDermott, Newport, Ky.; Mr. William Reilly, Miss Rose Kelly, and Mrs. M. Clements, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Matthew Maher, Iowa City, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. James McCauley, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Peter Spillane, Cohoes, N. Y.; and Mrs. Catherine Moylan, Newburyport, Mass.

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



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The May.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

THE streams are laughing,
 The May is here;
 The trees are budding,
 The skies are clear;
 The birdlings sing:
 "'Tis spring! 'tis spring!"

Come to the woodland
 And gaily dance,
 For joy is beaming
 In every glance;
 Laugh, sing and play:
 'Tis May! 'tis May!

Pink and white blossoms
 On every tree,—
 Peach blooms for Edith,
 Apples for me.
 And the bells ring:
 "'Tis spring! 'tis spring!"

We are so happy!
 In yon green shade
 A shrine for Mary
 This morn we made,
 Where the winds say:
 "'Tis May! 'tis May!"

Here are wood violets
 We've brought our Queen,
 And lilies shining
 'Mid sheathes of green.
 O happy day,—
 'Tis May! 'tis May!

Good-Night Stories.

A REAL LITTLE LADY.



O doubt most of the girls who read the "Young Folks'" department of THE "AVE MARIA," and whom, in consequence, I suppose I am privileged to consider my nieces, imagine the lot of *real* ladies to be a wholly enjoyable one. They fancy perhaps that were they only daughters of nobles, earls, dukes, marquises, princes, kings, or emperors, life would be a continued round of pleasure, with no tedious work to interfere with the gratification of their passing desires; but with fine clothes and gorgeous spectacles and delightful excursions and unlimited *bonbons*, all combining to give them a "perfectly lovely time."

They probably won't believe me when I tell them that they are much better off as they are, and are enjoying far more happiness than the average little princess or countess or queen manages to extract from her girlhood; but 'tis true, for all that. Even supposing that happiness consisted—as it certainly does not, but as some girls just as certainly think it does—in being allowed to have one's own way, 'tis pretty certain that there are few of my young readers who do not have more

of their own way than do the girls who belong to royal or noble families.

Goodness is essential to happiness in all conditions of life; and the good little girl who lives in a log-hut and wears calico is more to be envied than the naughty maiden who dwells in a palace and is dressed to look "as pretty as a picture." Of course I don't mean that the poor girl is always good,—in fact, I am afraid that quite often she is *not*; and still less that the rich one is always naughty,—though quite often, too, she undoubtedly *is*. I simply mean that the happiness of my esteemed nieces depends a great deal more on the state of their conscience than on the condition or rank of their parents.

And now, after this prosy preamble, let me introduce you to one little girl, who, although of high rank, had to live very much as do other maidens; but who must have been very happy, because she was very good, and deserved, if ever a maiden did, to be called "a real little lady."

* * *

Marguerite was the daughter of Maximilian II., Emperor of Austria, and was born in Vienna in 1567. Her mother, the Empress Maria, was the daughter of the celebrated Charles V., of whom history has a great deal to say, as our young folks will discover in time, if they have not already done so.

It seems that Marguerite's mother had a presentiment that this particular daughter was destined to be a saint; for she took more than usual care to instil into the child's mind the great lessons of Christianity, and herself taught her how best to pray, how to attend Mass with the most advantage, and what thoughts should occupy her mind during the Holy Sacrifice.

When Marguerite grew old enough to understand the loveliness of virtue, she was especially pleased with one custom then in vogue at the court of Austria. Whenever the birthday of any of the imperial children came around, as many poor children were

invited to the palace as the little prince or princess numbered years, with one child extra to thank God for the years that had passed, and to invoke His benediction on the new year just beginning. Thus, on Marguerite's seventh birthday eight poor children were invited. They all received a handsome outfit of clothes, and were entertained at a splendid banquet, Marguerite herself, according to the custom, waiting upon the table.

Our little lady's ordinary day was not all fun by any means. She got up quite early, and her first act was, what the first act of every one professing to be a Christian ought to be, to raise her heart to God. As soon as she was dressed, she went to the chapel, where, with her mother, she said her morning prayers and the beads, and then recited the Office of the Blessed Virgin. That was certainly a good deal of praying for a little girl, but Marguerite did not think it too much. "The angels," said she, "pray *all* the time; so if I want to be like them, I must pray a great deal too." After these prayers came attendance at Holy Mass. Then there was breakfast, and the young people of the imperial family were allowed to give to the poor whatever they reserved of their own liberal portion; a privilege of which we may be sure Marguerite always availed herself.

The time between breakfast and dinner was given up to study, the pious Empress herself directing her daughters' lessons. After dinner there was an hour or two of recreation; and then the girls worked until supper time at sewing, knitting, and embroidery, just like other people of their sex. In the evening there was the recitation of night prayer in common, followed by an examination of conscience. Before going to bed the young princesses were obliged to make a short meditation; for the Empress very properly thought that without meditation of some kind it is difficult, if not impossible, to lead a perfect Christian life.

Marguerite took great pleasure in all these spiritual exercises, and especially in being present at Mass. She was always recollected during the Holy Sacrifice, and never took her eyes off the altar while it was being celebrated. She could not understand how any one could be distracted, and much less how one could possibly be dissipated, during Mass.

While still very young, she wanted to practise great mortifications; but this her mother would not allow, so she contented herself with performing, with great humility, whatever little acts of penance she saw the ladies of the court practising. Having one day followed a very pious lady of honor into the chapel, she saw her prostrate herself before the Blessed Sacrament and kiss the pavement as a mark of profound adoration. This pleased the youthful Archduchess so much that she at once followed the lady's example, and kept up the practice all her life.

She was a model of obedience and punctuality; none of her mistresses ever had occasion to complain of her in any respect. Once when she had a sore foot on which it was necessary to perform an operation, her father desired that the most painful way of operating should be followed, because it was the surest. Marguerite consented, and did not utter a cry while the operation was proceeding. When she was asked how she had been able to keep so calm, she replied: "My parents desired it, and God wishes me to obey them. Obedience is a balm that quiets the greatest suffering."

With all her piety and devotedness, however, Marguerite was a maiden of winning frankness and full of innocent gaiety. Far from wearing a long face and playing the rôle of monitress toward her sisters, scolding them for their little faults, or censuring their games and pastimes, she was always joyous and amiable, played and chatted with them, and reproved them only when they were really offending God.

Marguerite was extremely indulgent, too, toward the servants. Whenever a quarrel arose among the numerous domestics engaged in the palace, she would ask permission to intervene, and would then beseech the disputants to preserve peace for the sake of Our Lord. None could resist her sweet entreaty, and she soon became known as the "angel of peace."

Her happiest days were the festivals of Our Lord and those of His Blessed Mother. She chose them as her special periods for diffusing around her the joy and gladness that animated herself, and on those days distributed her alms and friendly gifts.

Even in playing, Marguerite gave signs of the vocation that was to be hers. When the choice of the game was left to her, she invariably chose to play "convent"; and organized with her companions choirs, processions, and religious ceremonies, with appropriate costumes. She esteemed it a treat to visit a real community, and always remained with the Sisters as long as she was allowed to do so.

The desire to become a nun herself took possession of her heart while she was still very young, and with each passing year it grew stronger and more intense. After the death of her father, she was permitted to realize her dream. In 1581 she entered the convent of the Penitential Sisters of St. Francis, at Madrid. Although only fourteen years old, she edified all the nuns by the solidity of her piety, by her angelic disposition, and the perfection with which she practised every virtue. She was often overheard exclaiming, "O my Guardian Angel! how beautiful you are!" which proves that she enjoyed a privilege granted to several other saints, that of seeing her Angel Guardian with the eyes of the body. After a most saintly life, Marguerite died a holy death in the year 1633.

While it is not probable that all the girls who read this little sketch have a vocation to the religious life, it is quite certain that all should practise three virtues which

characterized Marguerite: devotion to the Holy Mass and as frequent attendance as possible at that greatest of Sacrifices, devotion to the Help of Christians, and the peacemaker's disposition to promote charity and prevent quarrelling.

Even the tiniest of our young folks, whether rich or poor, can, if she will, deserve to be called an "angel of peace"; and she ought to merit too the title of "a real little lady," which, all will acknowledge, is rightly given to Marguerite of Austria,—or, as she is called nowadays, Blessed Margaret of the Cross.

UNCLE AUSTIN.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XVII.

"Come, young folk," said Mr. Colville. "You have had a peep at the pictures in the Louvre this morning; get your hats and let us go for a drive."

At the door of the hotel he engaged a *voiture* (carriage), saying to the driver "*À l'heure*" (By the hour), and showing the time by his watch. Having received from the man a little ticket with the latter's number upon it, he took his place in the carriage with the girls, while Joe mounted the box beside the *cocher* (coachman).

"The streets are so clean, and the light stone of the buildings makes everything look so bright!" said Claire.

"Oh, Paris seems just full of light and gayety and splendor!" exclaimed Alicia.

They now entered a wooded park.

"This is the famous Bois de Boulogne, where all Paris drives in the afternoon," said Mr. Colville.

"I suppose you mean everybody who is in the swin?" said Joe, in expressive American slang.

His father nodded.

Past them bowled handsome carriages, occupied by the *grande dames* of the Faubourg St. Germain, the princesses and ladies of the resident foreign nobility, the wives and daughters of the ministers of the Republic, fair Americans, Spaniards, cosmopolitans,—all arrayed in toilets distractingly *chic* and of the loveliest summer tints. There were the turn-outs of ambassadors, club men, adventurers,—of everybody who sought or had won recognition in the social whirl of the French capital; and those who, like our friends, had come to witness the spectacle.

They made the tour of the lakes, viewed the cascades, and then, leaving the *voiture*, roamed through the Jardin d'Acclimatation,—gardens where foreign plants and animals are cared for until they become accustomed to the climate, after which many are sold. Here, too, they saw the animals trained for the amusement and service of visitors. Joe and Kathleen each had a ride on an elephant; and afterward Alicia condescended to join them in a drive in a gilded chariot drawn by a pair of fine ostriches, which started off with the strut of gigantic chickens.

On their way back from the Bois, the driver took them round by the Boulevard des Italiens.

"This is the centre of the world of Paris," explained Mr. Colville.

They saw a spacious avenue crowded with carriages and clumsy omnibuses; broad sidewalks shaded by fine trees and lined with shops, the windows of which contained a gorgeous display of gowns and millinery; and here and there brightly painted booths for the sale of fruits and periodicals.

"Now we come to the fine *cafés*," said Joe, reading the names over the entrances. "See the little round tables right out on the sidewalk, and the men loitering at them, smoking, reading the newspapers or chatting; and sipping coffee, or that

queer, greenish-looking stuff, out of those tall glasses!"

"The people of the Continent like to live in public and in the open air," replied his father. "The average Parisian will idle away hours in this manner. In the evenings it is quite usual to see ladies also, accompanied by their fathers, husbands, or brothers, taking ices at these little sidewalk tables."

The following day the Colvilles and Bartons visited the Trocadéro, which stands on an eminence above the Seine. They walked through the grounds to the vast, Oriental-looking building, with a central dome, and two turrets connected by marble-columned corridors in the shape of a crescent.

"It was here, and in the Champ-de-Mars opposite, that the great Paris Exposition of 1878 was held, a bridge having been built across the river to connect the two parks," said Jack Barton, who undertook to act as guide.

"And that is the Eiffel Tower over there!" exclaimed Joe.

"You will get an idea of its height from one of these turrets," replied Jack, leading the way along the tiled gallery to the elevator, which soon brought them to the top. From a little balcony they saw that they were only on a level with the centre of the Tower, which soared aloft, straight, graceful, and almost magically light in appearance; but strong as tempered iron, welded brace and bolt, and the engineer's skill could make it.

Descending, they made their way to the aquarium.

"If this isn't the queerest place!" said Kathleen. "First we go up into the air, and then we burrow under the earth."

They were indeed in a subterranean hall, which extends under the flower beds and fountains of the park, but receives light and air from above.

"Look around you!" called Joe.

"It is like the enchanted hill that my

story-books tell about," continued the little girl, "where the fairies have wonderful palaces and grottos underground; and can hear there the sound of the waves along the sea-shore, although really hundreds of miles from it."

"Well, here is the sea itself," said her brother.

Glancing about, she noticed that the walls were all of glass; and through them there was nothing to be seen but depths of green water, in which fish of many kinds were swimming about, and paying no heed to the strangers who had, as it were, invaded their element.

"It is just as if we were looking out of the windows of a house that had been let down in the middle of the ocean!" she exclaimed.

From the Trocadéro the party went over to the Champ-de-Mars (the Field of Mars).

"This is a parade ground of the French troops," said Jack. "Here, in 1804, Napoleon distributed the standards of the eagles, the new imperial ensign of the army; and here Louis Philippe, in 1830, presented the banners of the National Guard."

Having reached the wonderful Eiffel Tower, they purchased tickets and took their places in the elevator.

"Gracious!" cried Alicia, as it started. "It seems as if we were setting out for a trip to the moon."

"Yes, it is like going up in a balloon," said Joe.

As they rose slowly in the air, they looked back upon the grass, and walks, and drives of the Champ-de-Mars, the Seine and its bridges, the stately Trocadéro opposite; upon the multitude of buildings, domes, and spires of Paris. Up, up they went; and the fair scene receded from them, until it became like a painted panorama beneath their feet.

"I believe we have stopped only just short of the clouds," said Claire, as the lift came to a standstill at last, and they stepped out upon a railed platform, in

midair it appeared, being more than nine hundred feet from the ground.

"O dear, my head seems as if it were spinning round like a top!" said Kathleen.

"What if the whole structure should give way?" suggested Claire.

"It is estimated that ten thousand persons might safely be on the different landings of the Tower at the same time, so there is no necessity for concern," replied Jack Barton, reassuringly.

"I feel as if I wanted to hurl myself down to the ground," said Alicia.

"The railings render such an accident impossible," answered Louise.

"What a magnificent view!" said Mr. Colville. "The purple hills at the horizon, in the distance the forests of Versailles, St. Germain, and Fontainebleau; and, nearer to us, the heights of Montmartre, the Dome of the Invalids, and the towers of Notre Dame."

When the young people became accustomed to their elevated situation, they grew lively and voluble.

"One would think a flight of piping swallows had alighted under these lofty eaves," cried Mr. Barton, pleasantly.

After admiring the scene, and trying to distinguish the various points of especial interest, they bought postal-cards engraved with pictures of the Eiffel, and wrote greetings to their friends at home.

Claire gave a bright and amusing turn to her description. She scribbled:

"DEAR AUNT ANNA:—I am actually writing to you from the Field of Mars. Perhaps you did not know we intended journeying to another sphere. We left the earth more than an hour ago, and are now quite among the stars. This planet resembles that from which we have come more than astronomers would lead one to think. The Field of Mars is not red, as it appears from the earth, but green and beautiful. There is evidently plenty of water, too; for I see many fountains, 'or playing waters,' as they are called in Paris,

from which place my last letter was dated. You may tell the astronomers also that Mars is inhabited; for we see crowds of people walking about, and have noted several buildings. Through the clouds, and across the rippling river, we can look back upon our earth. We bought excursion tickets, and are to return directly. I must close now, to catch the train.

"Your affectionate niece,

"CLAIRE."

Alicia required two closely-written cards to describe the adventure to Alma Simmes.

Joe wrote to Frank Bartlett:

"DEAR OLD CHAP:—We are up nearly sky-high on the Eiffel. Although I now occupy so exalted a position in the world, I have not become so proud as to forget my friends, and am

"Your same old chum,

"JOE."

Little Kathleen's note was but a line, and was addressed to one of the nuns at the convent day-school which the girls attended. It only said:

"DEAR MOTHER LÉONIE:—We are at the top of the Eiffel Tower, almost among the clouds. If people could only go up to heaven in an elevator, how nice it would be!

"K. COLVILLE."

Having finished their missives, and mailed them at the post-office up there in the air, they descended to *terra firma* once more. It was after six o'clock; and, recrossing the river, the two families dined together at a restaurant.

In driving back to the hotel, the Colville young people had a glimpse of Paris by night.

"The Champs-Élysées are really magnificent in the evening!" exclaimed Claire, as the carriage passed down the grand central avenue, lined with the tall columns of the electric lamps, like torches, from the top of which gleamed so many stars; but stars which shed a radiance as of moonlight upon the stately buildings that stood out in silhouette against the sky;

the throng of equipages; the people strolling leisurely about, enjoying the beauty of the surroundings and the balmy summer air.

They went on, past many sumptuous restaurants and music halls, from which came the sounds of popular melodies, to the Boulevard, also ablaze with light. Here they stopped at one of the *cafés*. Mr. Colville secured two of the little out-door tables for his party, bought a rosebud for each of the children from a flower-girl who flitted to and fro selling her wares, and had a *garçon* bring ices.

"Pshaw! it is nothing but water-ice, and not half so good as we get at home!" grumbled Joe.

The girls, however, declared he must not make comparisons: they were not at home now, but in Paris. And what could be more delightful of a summer evening than to loiter thus at these little sidewalk tables, toying with the daintiest of confections, with the brightly-lighted dining-hall for a background to the scene; while around them, promenading by, or rolling onward in elegant equipages or hackney coaches to the opera or the Comédie Française, was the animated, thoughtless throng of the most pleasure-loving city in the world!

(To be continued.)

The "Hail Mary" in Japanese.

Our young readers will be interested to know that their little brothers and sisters in far-off Japan think it great amusement to sing the "Hail Mary" at the very top of their voices. Their favorite prayer to our Blessed Mother, however, takes them a good deal longer to say than ours takes us; for in English we have forty-two words, which make altogether fifty-three syllables; whilst they have sixty words and one hundred and twenty syllables.

Consequently, if it takes us about ten minutes to say our Rosary, they require more than twenty.

The Japanese think our language very cold and formal, while their own is picturesque to a degree, and has many expressions of endearment. The Queen of Heaven must be pleased to hear her simple, warm-hearted children in Japan addressing her in what is acknowledged to be one of the most polite of languages; and Japanese Catholics no doubt feel a peculiar satisfaction in saying such sweet things to Our Lady, especially as it takes *such a nice long time* to say them. To our brethren in Japan the Rosary is literally "linkèd sweetness long drawn out," as Milton says:

| | | | | |
|---|--|--|--|--|
| 爲 小 今 も 最 期 の 時 も 曠 じ 玉 へ | 在 屯 天 主 の 御 母 聖 マ リ ヤ 聖 人 ふ ろ 我 等 の | 於 て 導 く 在 屯 又 御 胎 内 の 御 子 耶 蘇 も 導 く | ろ 御 主 御 身 と 俱 に 在 屯 御 身 ハ 女 人 の 中 よ | 聖 寵 充 満 給 ふ マ リ ヤ 御 身 ハ 御 禮 を な し 奉 |
|---|--|--|--|--|



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 13, 1893.

No. 19.

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

Love in Disguise.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

HOW often we mourn as a grievous
misfortune
An event that in time proves a benison true,
How often forget that behind the black
cloudbanks
The sun still is shining, the skies are still blue!
Short-sighted and hasty, we judge swift and
rashly
Whatsoe'er in God's plans for the moment
brings pain;
All unmindful that sorrow may die with the
morrow,
And gladness succeed it as suunshine the rain.
No blow that e'er fell on our hopes and
destroyed them,
No tempest that shattered our fair ships at sea,
Wrought its havoc unknown or unwilling of
Our Father;
And surely none love us more truly than He.
The blow was a kindness, the tempest a
blessing,
Though it seemed at the time other features
to wear;
No ill comes unbidden, but in it lie hidden
The mercy and love of God's provident care.

—♦♦♦—
THERE are some triumphant defeats of
which Victory herself might be jealous.—
Montaigne.

May in the Olden Time.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.



ANYTIME! The very name
brings to the mind suggestions
of beauty and fragrance,—of
Rosalinds wandering beneath
the trees with no vain hope of meeting
Orlandos; of primroses weeping like
“sweet babes,” as Robert Herrick found
them, in the May-dew the night has
poured upon them; of “daisies pied and
violets blue”; of young lambs bleating
in the meadows; of the “dew-delighted
skylark,” singing “clear as though the
dewdrops had their voice in him”; and
of warm breezes laden with the scent
of hawthorn.

The spring fever stirs the blood of
youth with the vague, yearning joy of the
season,—a thrill which, though it warm
the heart at sixty, Thoreau says proves
youth still in possession. The impulse to
get out into the heart of things, to share
with bird and beast the exuberant joy of
woods and fields, our forefathers provided
with an outlet on May-day. And even
the unimaginative Roman kept the
Floralia (Festival of Flora) during the
last days of April and first of May, when
that goddess decked the fields with the
blossoms of the spring.

In England, during the Middle Ages, on the eve of May-day, all the simple folk and quality went out in the night to meadow and forest, returning at dawn, with singing, dancing, and rejoicing, "bringing in the May." These spoils of tree and shrub they wove into garlands, and with them decorated windows, doors and gables of every house in the village; thus embowering all England with the blithe blossoms of her glades.

Once, when Henry VIII. was still young, and, if not innocent, at least less wicked—for he of all mortals might well have anticipated poor Tom Hood's lament that he was nearer Heaven when he was a boy,—once Henry VIII. and ill-fated Catherine of Aragon, with their court, went Maying in Kent, attended by those grave and reverend seigniors, the heads of the London corporations; and Chaucer speaks of all the court going forth, "bothe most and least."

Herrick, who felt the beauty of the earth and her children, animate and inanimate, called upon a fair Corinna to go a-Maying in one of his sweetest poems, and in words that bring to us the feeling of the old English May-day through the lapse of years. He says:

"Get up! get up! For shame! The blooming morne
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.

See how Aurora throwes her faire
Fresh-quilted colors through the aire!
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herbe and tree.

Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east
Above an houre since; yet you not drest,—

Nay, not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have Mattens sey'd,
And sung their thankful hymnes, 'tis sin—
Nay, profanation to keep in;

When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

"Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seene
To come forth like the springtime, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gowne or haire.
Feare not: the leaves will strew
Gemms in abundance upon you.

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept
Against you come, some Orient pearls unwept;
Come and receive them while the light

Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himselfe, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Washe, dresse, be briefe in praying:
Few beads are best when once we goe a-Maying!"

Gathering the May was but a preliminary to the merrymaking throughout the day. The May-pole first of all suggests itself among the observances peculiar to this season. Every village had its May-pole, as much a fixed feature as the church steeple. This pole was as high as the mast of a ship, painted in colors, and in a manner suggestive to a prosaic mind of a barber's pole. The solemn, monotonous life of this pole was pleasantly diversified on May-day, when pretty, laughing faces gathered around it, and soft hands decked its bare sides with fragrant garlands, and strong lads affixed to its top-pennons and flags that fluttered in the breeze for all England to see and admire; when all day long—aye, and the greater part of the night—youths and maidens danced gaily around the delighted pole; and once a year it felt in its stout oaken heart that it was the central pole of the universe.

The Puritan stalks into the May-day song and dance, as into all other merry-making of the olden time, with frowning looks of disapproval, ripening into absolute prohibition when, under the Commonwealth, he obtained power to put an end to these "sinful mummings." At this time May-poles were cut down all over England; but at the Restoration they, too, were restored with the picturesque fashions of the Cavaliers.

When Charlie came from "over the water" the famous old May-pole of the Strand was erected,—the tallest of poles, raised by jolly tars sent by the Duke of York; cheered in their work by bands of music and the mad capers of the delighted crowd, symbolizing in this giant pole all the good times they believed brought back by the Stuarts. This historic old pole was immortalized by a line from Pope, and came to an honorable end on its cutting

down in comparatively recent times; for it was bought by Sir Isaac Newton, and used to support the great telescope presented by the French astronomer, M. Hagon, to the Royal Society. Scattered through England, one may still see an occasional May-pole serving a prosaic utilitarian purpose, as support to the village weather-vane, standing erect and melancholy,—a spar from the wreck of the Merry England in the waves of manufacture and greed for gain.

The May-Queen was probably a survival of the days when Mary, Our Lady, was Queen in England. The custom was so recognized in France long after her island neighbor had forgotten its meaning, while she still retained the pretty play. The fairest maiden was selected as Queen of the May; but she did not join in the boisterous revelry of her subjects: rather sat apart in a floral bower prepared for her, crowned and sceptred, impersonating in her fair youth the soft beauty of the May. In France the May-Queen still reigns; but in England her throne is abolished by the revolution that has made the young peasant maidens of England laborers at loom and machine instead of the irresponsible, happy beings of an earlier age.

Maytime games still linger in traces of what was once universal,—mumming not unlike that of Yule-tide and Twelfth Night. The Morris dances and Robin Hood games were the best known and most interesting of these May merrymakings, wherein the characters of Robin Hood and his men, Maide Marian, Friar Tuck, Little John, the Fool, Tom the Piper, and above all the Hobby-Horse, were assumed by those having a special gift for masking and mumming. Their antics, especially those of the Hobby-Horse, who seems to have been the most popular of the queer crew, were greatly enjoyed as the most exquisite wit by our Elizabethan forebears, whose humor, even

that of her Majesty, was none of the finest.

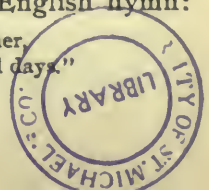
As recently as within the present century the Milkmaid's Dance was still observed. First came a milch cow, garlanded in a way to disturb even her placidity; followed by a wreathed and adorned band of milkmaids, dancing around the animal to the sound of the fiddle. In earlier years this curious troop was accompanied by a man so hung with dishes and flagons that only his legs were visible, which members, dancing actively to and fro, increased unspeakably the rustic mirth of these jocund Audreys.

The efficacy of May-dew to increase and preserve beauty is still credited by many damsels; and still the gathering of this cosmetic—perhaps of all the only one meriting the guarantee of being “harmless”—goes on, particularly in Edinburgh, where, early on the morn of May, the lassies go out to Arthur's Seat, and doubtless do gather a preservative of their rosy cheeks in the sweet spring air and newly-risen sun's shine.

Of all the pretty customs of “bringing in the May” this only is left; and a generation ago the youthful daughters of New England, unconsciously perpetuating a faint tradition of their mothers' land and joys, left to them after the passage of years, cold seas, cold clime, and colder Puritan training, made little May-baskets of the few brave blossoms out on May-day, and hung them on the grave door-knobs of the homes of their best-loved mates. This was all the Maying that they knew, and even that has ceased within a few years past.

Now only to Catholic churches the May-bloom is brought in; in them alone the Queen of May is throned in fragrance; and the only echo of the joyous May songs of the Middle Ages is heard in the fresh, young voices of school-children, singing the words of the childlike English hymn:

“Tis the month of our Mother,
The blessed and beautiful days.”



Ah, well! children are the true poets; and as the world outgrows her childhood, she forgets or is too heavy-hearted for the poetry of her youth. There is no time for Maying now: all the race is overwhelmed with the serious problems of its own end and well-being, and amusement has no place in the theories that beset mankind. Even novels are big with the important truths they have to teach, and all our sweetmeats are sugar-coated iron pills of tonic qualities.

"'Tis a mad world, my masters,"—doubtless more mad than when it was less serious. Even poor Herrick seems to feel long in advance the rough winds of nineteenth-century chill that should shake his darling buds of May, and to shiver with the cold he could ill have borne; for he ends his appeal to Corinna to come a-Maying with something that may be construed as a prophetic lament for Corinna's great-great-greatest-granddaughters, who should never share her joys:

"Come let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless frolic of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the sunne.
And as a vapor or a drop of raine
Once lost can ne'er be found againe,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowné with us in endlesse night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come let's goe a-Maying!"

May-day, the May-day of the olden time, has gone forever,—gathered to that lumber-room of time where the ghosts of beruffled, doubleted gallants hand powdered, patched and crinolined dames into shadowy sedan-chairs; where May-poles rear their white eerie shapes into gloom; and milkmaids sing in faint, dim voices the refrain of old snatches; and chimney-sweeps, white at last, as befits ghosts, vainly forever strive to brush away the dust of ages.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVII.—LADY TYRRELL'S IDEA.

THE details of the Major's funeral were admirably arranged; and it was the general opinion that the officials of the law had managed the identification and the inquest very delicately. It was whispered that the Major had taken too much wine, and that the accident was the result of it. But everybody was careful that this bit of gossip should not come to Bernice's ears.

What complication might have arisen had James Ward been called to testify as to what he knew! But, fortunately for Colonel Carton, Willie Ward had a relapse, and no power on earth could drag Ward from his house. The testimony of Colonel Carton and Conway—carefully brought out, for fear any word would compromise the reputation of the founder of Swansmere—was considered sufficient. A subscription was at once begun to put an iron railing on the bank at the oaks, with an inscription commemorative of the virtues of the founder of Swansmere.

Mrs. Van Krupper and Lady Tyrrell had quarrelled over some of the details of the funeral; but as Lady Tyrrell had all the newest English authorities on her side, and Bernice was indifferent, she triumphed. Mrs. Van Krupper said bitterly that "if Lady Tyrrell wasn't afraid of American lynch law, she'd have had Dion Conway buried in the Union Jack."

Father Haley was induced to stretch a point. Major Conway, at Lady Tyrrell's request, was buried in a corner of the little Catholic cemetery. Bernice was indifferent to this also.

"Dion Conway was not a religious man," Lady Tyrrell said; "but he always tried to defend his Church. His language

was sometimes so frightful against Protestants, that I don't think even the Romish doctrine of Purgatory can save him. I have often blushed, old as I am, at his language about Queen Elizabeth; so I really think he ought to have every chance he can among his own people. I am sure that, in his state, he can't be in heaven; and if he goes into our graveyard, we'll always have to think of him as in the other place,—which isn't comfortable, you know."

Bernice said that if her father believed in anything, it was in the Catholic Church; and so the glittering cavalcade, with shining bayonets wreathed in crape, and the blare of military music, went to the little graveyard. Colonel Carton bore a prominent part in the ceremonies, which were as elaborate as possible. He acted, everybody said, as became the dearest friend of the departed. Giles made a touching panegyric at the even-song service, which he had not yet dared to call Vespers; and Miss McGoggin said, in a vague but enthusiastic way, that it reminded her of St. Chrysostom.

These were sad days for Giles. Bernice had declared to Edward Conway on the day after the funeral that everything seemed to have gone from her: her belief, her father,—everything. And, in spite of herself, she brooded over the words that Ward had whispered to her.

Giles and she had met for a few brief moments. He had come to see Lady Tyrrell on that day, and had found Bernice alone in the drawing-room. The young girl was without comfort, and she showed it in her face and attitude. If he had compared her to a lily, stately and self-poised, she now seemed very sad and white in her black frock,—a broken and drooping lily.

Seeing him, her heart rose and she made a step forward. His eyes lighted up, and he held out both his hands. For an instant it seemed to him as if all had come

right again. But Ward's whisper came between him and her; there was a mystery; and this sudden thought checked an impulse which would not, at any rate, have endured the analysis of her reason, and Bernice flattered herself that all her feelings and thoughts were chastened by reason. The impulse passed, and Giles felt the chill in the air. Lady Tyrrell came in, and related several instances of the valor and prowess of her ancestors—which to Giles' ears sounded like a chapter from one of Lever's novels,—and Bernice, as soon as she could decently do so, slipped away.

It was then that she had spoken to Edward Conway, whom she found in the conservatory. He had picked up a book she had dropped—a volume of Amiel's "Journal."

Conway had been obliged to remain. After all, he was a near relative of the family; and Lady Tyrrell, who had taken a fancy to him, insisted that propriety required that he should stay at least a week. And her desire to keep him became, in a few days, not entirely disinterested. She made work for him. He wrote a good hand, he was quick at figures; it was his duty, therefore, to look over the Major's accounts.

His own business was not pressing. The Major could not now identify his father's signature; Edward would have to find some other means of satisfying the lawyers. He was heartily sorry for Bernice. He was keen enough to understand Lady Tyrrell's character, and he felt that it was well for Bernice to have a human heart somewhere near her. Lady Tyrrell had probably had a heart when she was young, but years of artificial life had made it shrink until it must have become a mere bundle of fibres. Life to her had become an easy thing, provided one understood how to pull the strings that caused it to be easy. She had one passion—that of economy; she had one belief—that if she did not get all

she wanted, Providence had treated her unjustly. She had suspected that the Major's affairs were not prosperous, and on the very day after his death she had begun to arrange plans for Bernice's settlement in life. Lady Tyrrell liked Bernice, but she was determined that the girl should not be a burden on her. And it was necessary for her dignity, too, that Bernice should be well placed. No sooner was the Major out of the way than she began to consider what was to be done with his daughter.

She had insisted that every military honor possible should be paid to the Major, and had driven both the regular army people and the G. A. R. veterans almost wild by her stipulations about salutes and music. That was off her mind now. She had not yet had time to see the executors of the Major's will, but she felt sure that he had left his estate very much embarrassed.

It occurred to her that it would be wise to heal the breach between Giles Carton and Bernice; but she had keenness enough to see that it would need time and diplomacy. She thought, if this should fail, of taking Bernice back to Dublin with her, and of trying to arrange something there. She dismissed this plan, because she concluded that a girl without a dowry would have no chance of marrying anybody worth marrying. She knew that everybody was aware of the amount of her income, and that Bernice as her heiress would have no additional opportunities. When she was left alone with Giles Carton, she confined herself to an eulogium on the beauties of Bernice's character.

"You can't tell me anything more of her goodness than I know myself," he answered, with a sigh. "She has changed toward me; and," he added, with that lack of dignity which he was always tempted to show in Lady Tyrrell's presence, "I fancy that she has found consolation for

her disappointment in me in the society of her cousin, Mr. Conway."

Lady Tyrrell smiled.

"Affection is unreasonable," she said, amiably. "Bernice scarcely knows Mr. Conway."

"They are together a great deal," Giles said, bitterly. "Even now they are in the conservatory."

Lady Tyrrell turned her head. The curtains had been pushed aside; she could see that they were there. A new thought occurred to her. She had made up her mind not to care much for Giles: he was a High Churchman. In her eyes all High Churchmen were prigs. Worse than all, he was an American High Churchman,—an abnormal creature, who was as much out of place in the creation as Mr. Gladstone or any other Radical. Besides, she had her superstitions; and it had become a fixed idea with her that there had been some kind of a quarrel between the Major and Colonel Carton. Dion Conway had often taken too much wine, and never fallen from the bank before. In fact, the more she thought of it, the stranger it became that the son of a man who in his day had been equal to a good many bottles of port should have come to so untimely an end through the drinking of a few glasses of sherry, claret, and champagne.

Lady Tyrrell was a veteran diplomatist; and, until she could discover whether Colonel Carton and the Major had quarrelled, and whether the Colonel had accelerated the Major's death, she determined to keep Giles well in hand. Of course, if the Colonel's agitation meant that he had, even inadvertently, assisted the Major over the bank, a marriage between Giles and Bernice was out of the question. She felt that, in the meantime, a little jealous agitation would do Giles no harm.

"There is such a thing as love at first sight," she said, noticing the earnestness with which the two in the conservatory

were talking. "I fancy America is a great place for hasty marriages. You have no chaperons, you know; and really the whole social arrangement is different from ours at home. I can honestly say," added Lady Tyrrell, with pride, "that I was never permitted to see my husband alone until we eloped. People are much more careful on the other side. Now, at home we shouldn't allow two young people to be together in the conservatory that way. There would be somebody around to interrupt him every time he tried to say anything. But I suppose that if I went in there and interrupted Bernice, she'd stare at me and think me very rude. I'm sure of this, at any rate," Lady Tyrrell added, with exquisite art, "he'll not propose so soon after the sad event,—that sort of thing wouldn't be considered proper even in America."

Giles frowned; the arrow had gone home. He was silent for a moment, then took up his hat.

"I merely called to see if I could be of use," he said.

"You are *too* kind! There's nothing I can think of now—oh, if you would please telegraph for a few pots of Scotch marmalade! I really can't endure your gross American breakfasts. I feel as if I were at a farmer's dinner at home. And if you should meet that odious McGoggin girl coming here, just tell her that I'm too ill to see anybody,—that my mind's not *quite* right after the shock. Good-bye, Mr. Carton!"

Giles bowed and went out.

(To be continued.)

Charity in the Middle Age: Hospitals.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

SO vivid was the spirit of religion in the Middle Age that music, architecture, and all the arts were brought into requisition to *externate* this noblest sentiment that can fill the heart of man; and the choicest flowers of language were culled and made to join in the general homage to the Creator. Most of the beautiful expressions which so impress us in our devotional and ascetic works were then coined. Nowhere more than in the service of charity were the tender capabilities of language, the poetry of which it is capable, adapted to Christian use. Thus when speaking of those who were in dire want, our ancestors in the faith styled them *pauperes nostri*—our poor; and the establishments in which their necessities were supplied were called Houses of God. The necessitous were theirs, because these were especially dear to God; they were theirs to love and succor; and when they entered on their errands of mercy into the refuges of the needy, they felt that only when before the Tabernacle were they nearer to God. Animated by such a spirit, it is no wonder that scarcely had they emerged from the Catacombs, when the early Christians founded on every side asylums destined to every category of misery: *brephotrophia*, *gerontocomia*, *xenodochia*, *ptocheia*, *orphanotrophia*,—for children, the aged, the stranger, the hungry, the orphan. St. Jerome tells us that in the time of Fabiola, one of the founders of such institutions—that noble woman, whose fame Cardinal Wiseman has so beautifully perpetuated,—the healthy poor used to envy the "lot of the sick." From the eighth century the most famous hospitals were those devoted to lepers; and in the thirteenth century, says Matthew

FIDELITY to conviction, to truth, to honor, interferes sadly with worldly prospects. Conscience is a troublesome fellow-voyager. Nothing, alas! is more common than to see men jeopardizing the growth of their moral nature for the sake of worldly interests.

of Paris, these amounted to nineteen hundred; but by the fifteenth this scourge had yielded to Catholic heroism.

The Catholics of the Middle Age really loved the poor; for they saw in them the members of the suffering Jesus Christ. Our love is more platonic; for too often it has its source in a vague philanthropy rather than in the ardor of faith. Hence it is that we erect immense, grandiose establishments, uniform monuments to the vanity, probably, of their founders, and fill them with as many sufferers as we can—the more the better for the reputation of the managers, etc. But it is certain that until very lately—and not even now in most cases—the comfort of every individual patient has been less studied in modern hospitals than have deceitful and unprofitable appearances. Modern philanthropists, in their zeal to claim for the nineteenth century every advance in the realms not only of science and of physical comfort for the masses, but in that of consideration for the afflicted, confidently point to the introduction of the pavilion system (and in how many institutions has that been adopted!); ignoring the fact that said system was used in the Middle Age, and on a vastly greater scale, as well as with more comforting adjuncts, than moderns have yet attempted. Where the pavilion system was not in use, something very nearly approaching it was in vogue. The sick were encouraged in the illusion that they were not in a public asylum—an object of horror to so many,—but still at their own hearth-stones. Each one had a room to himself, or at least the appearance of one.

A judicious author—one, by the way, not suspected of clericalism—speaking of the prejudice of the common people against hospital treatment, says:* “In the few hospitals of the Middle Age which are still extant we find a spirit of charity well

understood and delicate. Without being richly ornate, the buildings present a monumental aspect. The sick have air, space, and light. They are separated one from the other; their individuality is respected; and certainly if there is one thing which is abominated by the unfortunate who take refuge in these establishments, in spite of the intelligent care now accorded them, it is their dwelling together in vast wards. . . . The separate system has a great advantage from a moral point of view, and it emanated from a noble sentiment of charity on the part of the numerous founders of the ancient ‘Maisons-Dieu.’” One of the most interesting illustrations of this olden respect for the individuality of the patient is furnished us by M. Lecoq de La Marche in an excellent article on this subject. It is the grand Hospital of Tonnerre, founded by a sister-in-law of St. Louis IX. The great hall, or ward, was divided by sufficiently high partitions, and a little above these a gallery ran around the entire enclosure. From this, attendants could always observe the inmates without disturbing their equanimity. The circulation of good air was perfect.

A very interesting book was published in 1887 by M. Leo Legrand, of the Ecole des Chartes at Paris, descriptive of the hospital or asylum founded by St. Louis, under the name of the *Quinze-Vingts*—the “*Twenty Times Fifteen*,”—from the fact that it accommodated three hundred patients.* It was situated just outside of the Capital, and was destined for the poor who were blind. It is specially worthy of attention, as being an example of that system of separation—and even of family life, though in the confines of a hospital,—which we have indicated as so advantageous. No great, massive structure frightened the visitor as he approached: he

* Viollet le Duc: “Dictionnaire d’Architecture.” Art. “Hôtel-Dieu.”

* “*Les Quinze-Vingts depuis Leur Fondation*,” etc., in the Collection of the Society of History of Paris, 1887.

saw a collection of residences, apparently inhabited by people of the middle class. Some of these were occupied by a family, others by one individual. The blind formed a confraternity—albeit not restricted to a religious rule,—and as an independent body, they governed the establishment. Marriages were celebrated in the community, but never between two blind persons: one of the spouses should be capable of managing the little household. Those who were not blind were relatives or friends of the afflicted; they formed part of the society, and served as a kind of lay-brethren to the wants of the blind. Both parties wore a uniform of substantial material, with a lily on the left breast. Each household did its own cooking, ate by itself; and “the mother,” as the community was called, supplied the food. All the members met at stated times for pious exercises. The children were apprenticed to trades, or were sent to school; while the blind themselves were generally taught music, that being in the Middle Age a profession specially followed by the so afflicted. The governing body of this miniature republic was a chapter, composed of women as well as men; the sovereign being represented by his grand almoner as presiding officer. One must not suppose that the Hospital of Quinze-Vingts was unique in its care for the blind: from the first days of Christian freedom, there were similar institutions, although not on the same plan, in Syria and in many parts of Europe.

But it was not in well-organized hospitals alone that the poor of the Middle Age found relief from their physical woes. A multitude of local congregations were dedicated to their consolation; St. Vincent de Paul and his heroic Sisters of Charity had their forerunners in those Ages of Faith. There were thousands of Brothers and Sisters aggregated to the service of the sick outside the precincts of organized establishments. These did not form a united congregation, depend-

ing from one head; but, considering the circumstances of the time, the general spirit of decentralization then prevalent in every order, political and ecclesiastical, the system worked very well.* Perhaps, however, this separatist tendency was the cause of the disappearance of these “fraternities” in the sixteenth century; and certainly St. Vincent de Paul was divinely inspired when he resuscitated them, giving them all the prestige and influence which result from unity. In the Middle Age these societies, just like the Conferences of St. Vincent nowadays, carried aid and consolation into the homes of the afflicted; governed, remarks M. de La Marche, “by the idea that the unfortunate should continue to enjoy the family life, the associations of the domestic hearth.” This practice of extending domiciliary relief was common even during the persecutions of the first Christian centuries; to do so was one of the chief duties of the deacons; and owing to this touching office the members of the modern Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul are often styled “lay-deacons.” When the great abbeys came into existence, each one had, very soon, its infirmary for the poor; and to these was joined a subsidiary service extended by men and women living in the world, who made regular domiciliary visits to the sick.

* “When we reflect,” remarks M. de La Marche, “on the extreme divisions of the society of that day, on the differences in customs and language subsisting between the different provinces, and on the difficulties of travelling, we may ask ourselves whether distinct organizations—the separatist system, in fine—was not a hundred times preferable in the circumstances. Just in proportion as distances are lessened, as kingdoms agglomerate, as the larger countries absorb the smaller, centralization becomes a political and social necessity. But in the olden time the contrary system insinuated itself [into national and social polity], and it worked as much good then as it would now effect harm. And remember that an identity of spirit and of sentiment united these charitable communities in very close bonds: all these Brothers and Sisters were equally animated by a love for suffering humanity, and all met in that Divine Heart where this supernatural love originates.”

The latest biographer of St. Margaret of Cortona* believes that the Poverelle, founded by her in her native city, are the earliest example of Sisters of Charity known in the Middle Age. Indisputable documents show that such devoted women were at their beneficent work centuries before the time of St. Margaret; nevertheless, the Poverelle were a most interesting community. Led by a spirit of penance and reparation for a scandalous early life,† Margaret joined the Third Order of St. Francis, placing before herself two great objects—the maintenance of peace among the feudal nobles and between the city factions, and the alleviation of human misery. She became, in fine, an angel of peace and an apostle of mercy. She founded at Cortona a refuge for pilgrims and other travellers, and a hospital for the sick poor. This latter establishment she herself served, assisted by a number of zealous women whom her fervor had drawn around her. A local sisterhood was soon formed, and the people denominated it the Congregation of the Poverelle, or Little Poor Ones. St. Margaret soon joined to these Tertiaries a number of independent confraternities, who should spread the benefits of her work among the Cortonese in their own homes. This latter association extended a special care to the bashful but really needy, of whom there are so many in every large city. The director was a prior elected for six months from among the secular clergy, and he was assisted by six counsellors, a treasurer, a secretary, and a standard-bearer. Besides its directly beneficent visits to the poor, this forerunner of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul exercised a social and political rôle. Let not any hypercritical worshipper of the State, like his friends

the ultra-advocates of the separation of the Church and State in Europe, affect to be scandalized at this presumed clerical interference in political matters. A momentary reflection on the nature of this interference will show that it was for the good of society; and that, far from retarding, it advanced progress and civilization. When civil war was imminent, or when any disorder threatened the peace of the community, the *gonfaloniere*, or standard-bearer, seized the banner of the Confraternity, rushed to the principal square, and, summoning his brethren around him, explained the state of affairs, and dispatched them in every direction to preach union, concord, and patriotism.

Carmen Mariana.

A SEQUENCE OF ADAM OF SAINT VICTOR,
TRANSLATED BY 'A.'

I.

MOTHER of our Great Salvation,
 Excellent in exaltation
 Over every constellation,
 Station-keeping Star of Sea;
 While, in this life's rolling surges,
 Many a wreck the storm submerges,
 Where Salvation's love-wind urges
 With our prayer our ship would flee.

II.

Here the wind and sea are raging,
 Here are billows doom presaging,
 Here are foemen warfare waging
 With their fierce occurrent power;
 Here, with whirlpool-veiling measure,
 Sirens chant the song of pleasure,
 Pirates wait to spoil of treasure
 Monsters hunger to devour.

III.

Now into the deep descending,
 Now, on wave-crest, skyward tending,
 Flaps the veil; the mast is bending,
 Ceases seamanship to be;

* Leopold de Cherance: "Vie de Ste. Marguerite de Cortone." Paris, 1887.

† This Saint, who is well styled the Mary Magdalen of Italy, had passed nine years of her youth in a sinful alliance.

Hearts of men for fear are failing,
 Ills so terrible assailing;
 In the ghostly war prevailing,
 Us from perils, Mother, free.

IV.

Vitalized with sacred shower,
 Wearing chastity's white flower,
 Newest Bud from newest Bower,
 Thou hast brought to earthly gloom;
 Equal to the Sire Supernal,
 Yet, indwelling House Maternal,
 God is Flesh, the Word Eternal
 Seeks the covert of thy womb.

V.

He, the universe directing,
 Thee foreseeing, fore-electing,
 Never stain thy white affecting,
 Found in Virgin-flesh a shrine;
 Never pang, like Eve's, oppressed thee,
 Ere the midnight heaven confessed thee,
 And the generations blessed thee,
 Mother of the Child Divine.

VI.

Far above the ninefold stations,
 Musical with adorations,
 Without peer in exaltation's
 Excellence, sublimely throned,
 On thy day of throning, Mary,
 Sweet the risen luminary,
 Sweet the vision angel-starry
 So thy sons be blessed and owned.

VII.

Holy and immortal Mother,
 Root, who barest God, our Brother,
 Flow'r, Vine, Olive, whom not other
 Graft of time made fructify;
 Lamp of earth and empyrean
 Lit in mountains Galilean,
 When the saints wake time's last pæan,
 Mercy sweet the Judge be nigh.

VIII.

Thou the little flock forget not,
 Sinfulness their souls indebt not,
 In the Great King's presence let not
 Hope of pardon hopeless be;
 He, the Judge benign and tender,
 Worthy ceaseless self-surrender,
 Is the promise's true Sender
 From the Cross of Calvary.

IX.

Offspring of the womb unspotted,
 O'er the water shipwreck-dotted,
 To the gladness love-allotted,
 Way and Guide and Sign and Pass;
 Grasp the helm, the vessel sway thou,
 Each terrific tempest lay thou,
 Through each breaker souls convey thou
 To the silent Sea of Glass.

 The Message of a Bell.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

DURING the year which followed, the home life of Laurence was one of joy and gladness. Every means that love and wealth could devise to add to her happiness was resorted to. Her father was unchanged. He, idolizing his daughter as he had ever done, was delighted at her brilliant success in society, and proud as each new proposal came for her fair hand. Never for a moment did he dare to contemplate the fact that in a few short months this joy of his life might be gone forever; it was too cruel to think of. As the Grand Prix race-day came round, marking the close of the Parisian season, society was surprised beyond measure that the Judge's daughter still remained Mademoiselle Grevener; for all were aware that more than one ducal coronet had been laid at the feet of the young heiress.

So it was. Laurence had remained firm in her resolution. Supported on the one side by her mother, and on the other by her confessor, who encouraged her to persevere at any cost if she felt God really called her to His service—as he firmly believed He did,—Laurence let the time glide by, trying to forget the thought that soon the realization of her heart's desire would cast a lifelong shadow over the home she loved so well.

After the Grand Prix, Madame Grevenner refused to go to the seaside, as was her custom; preferring to remain in Paris until her husband's vacation came round. She did not wish that in this their last year together there should be any unnecessary separation. René too was home from his regiment, as he had left Saint-Cyr by this time. All his gay military friends came frequently to the house, making everything bright and pleasant. When at length the Judge was free, the Grevenners set out for Touraine, where they owned a splendid *château*. Fewer guests were invited to the house this year, and thus the summer holidays were passed almost *en famille*.

December had again come, and with it the moment so longed for and so dreaded by Laurence. She had tried to speak with her father, but he had refused to listen; his consent was given, his child free to act as she judged best for time and for eternity.

"Your mother is a heroine, Laurence," he had said to his daughter. "She is a noble woman,—tearing the heart out of her breast, abandoning all her cherished wishes, in order to yield to your desire. She has courage to speak to you on our approaching separation, I have not. May God give me grace to bear as I ought, both as a man and a Christian, the sorrow you bring on me! Remember, you carry away all the joy of my life; but I love you too dearly not to bless you as a father should bless his child."

A week later Mademoiselle Grevenner, the heiress, the belle of that brief and brilliant Parisian season, was enclosed within the sombre walls of the Carmelite Convent at N—, four hours' ride from the French Capital.

The time passed peacefully and joyously for the postulant and novice in her new home, and at last the day of her profession was approaching. Never once had Judge Grevenner visited the Convent: he remained steadfast in his resolve; his absence being

the only pain that marred the happiness of his daughter's life. Still, as the moment when she was to pronounce her final vows drew near, filling the young nun with an ever-increasing flood of heavenly delight, she almost hoped that her father's resolution would give way. But no! The Judge remained deaf to the earnest solicitations of his wife and son; their entreaties fell on a heart hard as adamant, on a will determined to resist. Thus, when the eve of the great day arrived, Madame Grevenner went off sadly to N—, accompanied by René, who sought by every loving attention to console his mother for the absence of her husband. As the ceremony would take place in the morning, they were obliged to be at N— on the previous day.

When morning dawned Judge Grevenner arose. The night had been a sleepless one. He tried to read, it was impossible; to write, it was a failure also. He paced his study to and fro, then went into the library—that room fraught with memories, in which his darling child had first told him of her holy aspirations. Every word of the interview came to his mind. Were he to go over it again, would he, he asked himself, act in like manner? Yes, precisely the same. He was as firm in his resolve, as unflinching in its accomplishment, as ever. Laurence took her joy where she found it, and he made her sacrifice complete—*voilà tout*. So he reasoned, and withal he felt dissatisfied. Do what he could, his thoughts were with his child. He tried to picture what the Convent chapel might be like. How lovely Laurence must look arrayed for her heavenly espousals! He reflected on her happiness this bright morning, and on the mingled joy and sorrow with which his wife and son would witness the imposing ceremony of her profession. And as each thought flitted through his mind, the poor father grew more and more unhappy.

He opened the window and looked out on the beautiful garden of his mansion.

All nature was smiling on this sweet spring morning, as if mocking him for his folly. The lilacs sent up their balmy odors, like nature's incense; the birds sang, the flowers shook the early dew from their many-colored heads; everything was joyful, chanting, as it were, a hymn of praise for the new-born day.

Long had he remained buried deep in thought, when, about eight o'clock, his servant Baptiste came in with the mail.

"I am going out," said the Judge, brusquely, as the servant was about to leave the library. "You had better order breakfast for twelve o'clock."

"As you please, Monsieur," said Baptiste. "At what hour do you wish the carriage?"

"I do not want the carriage this morning."

"Very well," answered the servant, wondering where his master could be going on foot. In all his long years of service it was the first time he had known him to set out in that manner.

Having read his correspondence, Judge Grevener paced the library for some time; then, like a man who has taken a sudden resolve, he rang, called for his hat and coat, and went out. Aimlessly he wandered up the Rue du Bac, down the Rue Bonaparte, into the Rue de Buci, and along the Rue St. André des Arts, where many poor students are starving in their attics, striving for the diploma which to a few opens the road to fame and fortune, whilst to many it leads only to misery and despair. Then the Judge came upon the Boulevard St. Michel; and he thought of the time when he himself was studying law, and of all the gay parties he and his friends enjoyed along this same vast thoroughfare. Mechanically, he pursued his way, turning off into the Boulevard St. Germain, bending his steps unconsciously in the direction of his own home.

Suddenly the musical sound of a bell fell upon his ears. One—two—three tolls, then a pause; again three tolls, again a

pause; again three tolls, yet again a pause, followed by a pleasant chime; telling the close of Mary's sweet prayer in one of the many convents near by.

"The Angelus!" exclaimed the Judge, brought back to the reality of life. "Twelve o'clock! And at this hour my daughter, my loved Laurence, is lost to me forever. What misery can be greater than mine!"

Scarce were the words uttered when from the Church of St. Thomas of Aquin, near by, came the solemn toll of a funeral bell. The Judge, ever punctuality itself, ought to be home at twelve; but what did it matter—what did anything matter to-day? He felt a mysterious impulse to go to the church; and, turning up the short street leading to the front entrance, saw the great porch all draped in white, telling of a young life cut short by death; of a pure soul that had taken flight to the eternal dwelling, in which there is no more sorrow, no more parting. Ever and anon the bell tolled its solemn knell, thrilling the listener with a sudden awe.

The two stately *Suisses*, in rich sable uniform, stood leaning on their halberds at the door, waiting to receive the *cortège*. As Judge Grevener approached, an elegant closed carriage, with lamps shrouded in crape, stopped before the church. From it alighted two ladies in deep mourning. One of the *Suisses* accompanied them into the edifice; of the other the Judge made inquiries regarding the mourners.

"The mother and aunt of the young girl whose service is to take place," was the answer.

"A young girl!" exclaimed the Judge.

"An angel rather," returned the *Suisse*. "An only daughter, worshipped by her parents, loved by everyone, idolized by her *fiancé*—for she was to be married next month. Little we thought we should be burying her to-day. She was one of our own, a child of the parish. I remember her coming here for her first catechism lessons,

when she was only eight. All is over now at eighteen."

"An only child?" inquired the Judge, more moved than he cared to show.

"No," said the *Suisse*. "there is a son; but he has joined the Dominicans, so the parents are alone. It is great grief, Monsieur," he added, advancing a step; for now the sad procession came in sight.

Judge Grevenner drew aside, in order to observe all unobserved. First came the father, the chief mourner, weighed down with sorrow; by his side walked the white-robed Dominican novice, calm and recollected; immediately behind them came an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young officer in the elegant uniform of the Chasseurs. From his grief it was evident that he must be the *fiancé*, whose heart lay buried with his lost bride; but French etiquette, coldly intruding, forbade him to wear any exterior sign of mourning. Then followed a large number of friends and acquaintances.

When the coffin, with its white pall hidden beneath the wealth of immaculate flowers, was carried to the catafalque before the altar, there sounded in Judge Grevenner's ears, like the burden of some song, his own words of but a few minutes before: "What misery can be greater than mine!" He had not waited long for the answer: God had sent it to him speedily. And this earthly Judge, accustomed to deal out justice as nobly and impartially as his human judgment permitted, took the Heaven-sent reply, interpreting it as Providence had intended. "Surely my grief can not be compared to the sorrow before me," he thought. "That, in truth, is *losing* a daughter—she is gone forever; whereas my Laurence is but given to God." And, accustomed as he was to weigh the merits and demerits of all who passed before his tribunal, he applied the rule of justice to himself; and found that, far from grieving, he still had reason to bless the great Giver of all blessings.

Judge Grevenner was a man of quick resolve. He hastily knelt down, said a short prayer, left the church, and five minutes later entered his mansion. In truth, he felt like a new man. The terrible past—all the grief he had inflicted on those so dear to him—could not be undone; but it could yet be atoned for, in a measure.

Breakfast was rapidly disposed of, and Baptiste had been ordered to have the carriage in waiting immediately after. At half-past one the Judge took the train for N—. As it sped along, the happy traveller counted the minutes until he should reach his journey's end. It was a long ride; and when he arrived at the station, it seemed impossible to find a conveyance. At last he espied a rickety old coach; hailing the driver, he gave the address of the Carmelite Convent.

"The Convent at this hour!" exclaimed the man. "Why, we can't reach it before a quarter to six! It will be too late: the nuns will not admit you."

"Go on, please!" replied the Judge. "Get there as quick as you can. I'll pay you any price you like."

Thus encouraged, the man drove on rapidly; and before many minutes the Convent, standing on a slight elevation, came in view. It was surrounded by a pretty park and large shade trees, all enclosed by a high, grey stone-wall. Many were the thoughts which ran through the Judge's mind ere he reached the gate: Would it be too late to see his daughter? Would his wife and son be still there? Would there be once again a happy meeting, all together, or should he see his child alone?

Having gained the entrance, Judge Grevenner alighted, rang the bell, and the great door having been mysteriously opened from within, he passed into an interior court, the Convent standing in the background. Here all was peace and calm; tranquillity reigned supreme.

Seeing the unexpected visitor advance

toward the Convent, the *concierge* appeared and asked:

"Monsieur, what do you wish?"

"To see the newly professed Sister," replied the Judge.

"It is quite impossible at this hour," answered the *concierge*, astonished at such a demand.

"I must see her," said the visitor, with the air of a man accustomed to command and be obeyed. "My business is urgent."

The woman insisted no more, but directed him to a door at the right.

Judge Grevener rang the bell; and, on seeing the Sister Portress, said briefly:

"I come at a late hour, *ma Sœur*. Please hand my card to the Prioress; tell her I wish to see my daughter."

The Sister gave a quick glance at the visitor; with rapid intuition she understood all.

"Will Monsieur be good enough to wait here?" she said pleasantly, ushering him into a room which was the picture of conventual neatness and simplicity. Its floor shone like a mirror; its only adornment consisted of two old engravings—one of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the other of St. Teresa. At the end of the room Judge Grevener perceived at once the dreaded grating and its baize curtain. He was chilled at the thought that behind the prison-like bars he should henceforth see his beloved child. He was aware that many relatives and friends had come from Paris to be present at the profession; but it was evident that whatever mundane element had that day invaded the peaceful dwelling of God's elect had already taken flight back to the gay Capital. He rejoiced that he was alone—that no stranger's eyes should witness the emotion of this first meeting.

Sooner than he expected his suspense came to an end. The door opened, and there appeared the Prioress, majestic and calm.

"You have come to see our dear Sister Teresa Joseph?" she said, advancing

toward Judge Grevener. "Your visit will bring her great joy. As this is an exceptional day in our Convent, your daughter will be permitted to come to you here. Your meeting will be all the pleasanter, though it can not be long—only a quarter of an hour,—until six o'clock. Make the most of it."

And before the Judge had time to recover from his surprise at the joy thus announced, the Prioress left the room, returning a moment later, accompanied by the young nun. Well she understood that such a meeting should be unrestrained—should have no witness but God, whose goodness had brought it about.

"*La voilà, Monsieur!*" were her only words, as, closing the door, she left father and daughter alone.

"Laurence, my darling child!"

"Dearest father!"

That was all they could say at first; for emotion too deep for utterance filled both hearts. In their long, loving embrace all the sorrow of the past years seemed to melt away forever, giving place to a joy that knew no bounds.

"Can you forgive me, Laurence?" asked the Judge, when, with a great effort, he had been able to control his feelings.

"Forgive you, *cher père!*" said the young nun. "I have nought to forgive, but so much for which to bless you. Could anything on earth equal the bliss of such a meeting as ours? Could any words have ever told how dear we were to each other? We feel it and we understand it now."

A description of the ceremony had to be given, Laurence assuring her father that René could detail it far better than she could. Then they spoke of Madame Grevener's delight and René's joy when they would learn the happy closing of that blessed day. So much had to be said that the quarter of an hour winged its flight all too rapidly. Suddenly a mellow sound fell on the evening air. The nun listened.

"It is the Angelus Bell, father," she said. "Shall we say the prayer together?"

Only too gladly did Judge Greverer kneel by his loved daughter's side and offer up the prayer in fervent thanksgiving. In truth, was it not the blessed Angelus Bell which had brought him there? And, when the softly murmured prayer was ended, Laurence held out her fair hands toward her father.

"*Cher père,*" she said, as if asking forgiveness, "I can remain no longer,—I must leave you now. Do you not remember how I told you that, though far away, you would be always present to me? But from this day, so happy for us both, let us name our daily trysting-place at Mary's feet, when the Angelus is ringing. May her sweet prayer be our watchword; and may our love be henceforth all the purer and all the deeper, since we love in God!"

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE DECAY OF COURTESY.

WE were discussing the fact, which no one ventured to dispute, that the old-fashioned courtesy was in danger of extinction. To be sure there is now and then to be seen, left over from a former generation, one of those gentlemen of the old school, whom the waves of progress have left stranded high and dry upon the barren beach of to-day. And there are many gracious younger men, of whom our Poet is a fine type; but they are growing so scarce as to be sadly noticeable, like the buffalo of the Western plains. Too much civilization, or its modern substitute, has killed both courtesies and buffaloes. It was only the other day that our Poet, as he lifted his hat and bade a shop-keeper good-morning, was greeted with

suppressed mirth by the youthful barbarians who officiated as salesmen.

Of the ancient type of chivalry is Mr. Courtenay, who does us the honor (he spells it *honour*, and would declare that it was he who was honoured), to enjoy, at intervals, a chat at our Tea-Table. Mrs. Dobbs thinks him very funny, and young Cecil is not at all chary of the opinion that he is a "blooming old fossil"; but the rest of us find a certain quaint charm in this specimen of a class which must soon be relegated to the museum of social antiquities. The very garb which Mrs. Dobbs considers so peculiar is to us as restful as picturesque. A "stock" about his slim old throat helps to accentuate his military bearing, and above it the high points of his collar rise like sentinels. It has been but a few years since he laid aside, with much gentle regret, his coat of blue, with its "swallow-tails" and buttons of scrupulously polished brass; and Mrs. Phelps, our landlady's mother, has an indistinct recollection of dancing the minuet with him when he was resplendent in a court suit with voluminous ruffles. But, however that may be, in discarding or modifying the garb of another period, he never put away the courteous manner which was a part of himself,—not only the heritage from a long line of ancestors as punctilious as he, but the outward sign of the inner grace which goes with a kindly heart; for courtesy is but another name for kindness, written in large letters.

And so, as we began by saying, we were talking of the sad obscurity into which the beautiful thing we term "manners" threatens to fall, especially of that portion of it which consists of deference paid by men toward that sex they are wont to term the gentle; and speculating as to the cause of this *fin de siècle* lapse from a high standard.

"It's foreigners that does it," said Mrs. Dobbs. "I read in a newspaper the other day that it's only native Americans

that know enough to be polite to ladies."

"True," answered our Cynic. "The grace with which an Apache Indian tips his feathers to Mrs. Lo is well known."

"I said Americans," answered Mrs. Dobbs, evidently disconcerted.

"The Indians are the true Americans," he answered. "If you are going to draw the line at foreigners, there will be no one but the redmen left. 'Foreigner' is rather a misleading term, anyway. Our Poet is no more a foreigner than I; although his people were behind mine a few generations, not having their trunks quite packed when my forefathers boarded the *Mayflower*."

Little Miss Earnest laughed, then said:

"The subject of deference to women is one upon which I am inclined to say too much, because I feel so strongly. Women themselves are to blame for the universal decadence in manners. Why should a man bare his head out of respect to me, if I have been down to the voting precinct to deposit my ballot for my favorite candidate? Why should he give me his seat in a crowded car, if I have withdrawn myself from the seclusion which is the native atmosphere of a refined woman, and am returning from a day's work in my shop or office? If we insist upon having our 'rights,' we must expect to forfeit our privileges. Not that we should claim to be 'enskyed and sainted,' as one has gallantly claimed for us; but we can be womanly. Mr. Courtenay, whose deference toward our sex seems to the youth of to-day to be an excess of zeal, is but a product of his especial part of the country. There are many like him left in the staid old State of his birth; and it is equally true that into that commonwealth the advanced woman of these parts has yet to step. This proves my theory in the space of a nutshell."

"Did you ever think," asked the old Doctor, "that there is such a thing as Catholic manners? I can tell the religion

or irreligion of a newsboy or a chimney-sweep by the amount of thought he bestows upon the proper removal of his hat in the presence of a woman or an old fellow like me."

Such praise from this stubborn free-thinker was praise indeed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dobbs: "that's so. Catholics generally do seem to take naturally to manners; but too much bowing and scraping takes the mind of young folks off their studies. Education's what's going to tell. 'There'll be time enough for dancing-master bows,' says I to Mabel. 'You just want to waltz through the high school.' And she did, and look at her!"

"It is fortunate that Washington is beyond the reach of your strictures, Mrs. Dobbs," observed our Cynic; "for although, in order not to be outdone in politeness by a negro, he invariably returned the salutation of his slaves, his orthography was, it must be confessed, widely different from high-school standards. And yet even you must admit that the Father of his Country was a gentleman."

"Yes, I suppose he was," answered our neighbor; "although he was such an awful old fogey. I believe in progress!"

Our Lady of Bradstow.

BY E. W. BECK, F. S. A.; SCOT.

ON the coast of the Isle of Thanet, nestling in the cliffs about half-way between Margate and Ramsgate, is the little town of Broadstairs, a fashionable but quiet watering-place, and a "member," or "limb," of the Cinque Port of Dover. This was known as a fishing village in Saxon times, and was then called by the name of Bradstow—that is, the broad place, or wide entrance to the sea; an entrance which in later times was defended

by a gate to keep the town safe from marauding privateers. This gate still exists,—now, however, devoid of its portcullis; and not far from it is the site of the once famous shrine of Our Lady of Bradstow. This was so venerated by sailors that, as they passed it in their ships, they were accustomed to dip their topsails as a salute to their Queen. It is easy, indeed, to understand how in the days of faith sailors would look to Our Lady for help on this dangerous coast, sailing as they were between cliffs on the one hand and the terrible Goodwin Sands, which have wrecked so many a noble ship, on the other.

But the devotion to Our Lady of Bradstow was not confined to seamen: it spread inland; and one instance, a melancholy one it is true, has been preserved to us by a Canterbury Dominican.

In the fifteenth century Sir Geoffrey St. Clare, the last of his line, married a lady of rare beauty and learning, the noble Margaret de Boys. They were not blessed with an heir, but two daughters, Frances and Isabel, were the fruit of the marriage; and these daughters were religiously and carefully nurtured by their pious parents. While they were yet young their mother, the Lady Margaret, was carried off by an untimely death; and a year later their father, worn out with grief at the loss of his wife, followed her to the grave, leaving his two children to the care of his brother John, abbot of the great Benedictine monastery of St. Augustine in Canterbury. Frances, the elder, became a Benedictine nun at Faversham, of which house she was eventually abbess. Her sister Isabel wished to join her; but, for some reason or another, did not immediately do so. She married Sir Henry de Belville, who was slain at Bosworth; and then she returned to her first idea, and became a nun at Faversham.

For fourteen years all went on peaceably, but then the Abbess Frances fell ill of a marsh fever. She made a vow that if she recovered she would go on a

pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Bradstow,—for in those days nuns were not strictly enclosed as they are now. Her prayer was heard; and on the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross she set out by boat, accompanied by her sister Isabel. Some hours after the start a terrible storm arose; and the sailors, not knowing what to do, determined to run ashore. They missed the point they had made for, and ran on a sandbank off Reculver, the place to which St. Ethelbert retired after giving up his royal palace at Canterbury to St. Augustine. The ship was wrecked. The captain forced the Abbess into a boat, but overlooked poor Isabel, who was left in the cabin, half dead with fright and up to her waist in water, till the morning, when she was only rescued to die in her sister's arms.

Sad and solitary, Frances wended her way on foot to the shrine; and then, having performed her vow, returned to Faversham. As a memorial to her sister, she restored the old church of Reculver, and erected for it two twin towers, which are still called "The Sisters." They form a conspicuous mark for sailors, by whom they are so highly prized that of late years they have been restored by the Brethren of the Trinity House.

At present on the site of the shrine of Our Lady of Bradstow stands a Congregationalist chapel, built in 1601, parts of the old building having been incorporated. There it stands, a memorial to the apostasy of that fair land which was known as Mary's Dowry, and, as it were, a parable in stone of the present state of religion in England,—a little of the old and beautiful mixed up with a mass of what is new and ugly and false.

ONE man can not be described as more selfish than another. What is true is that one man curbs the selfishness less than his neighbor does.—*Thirlwall*.

A Wondrous Spectacle.—The "Santa Maria."

ALL things considered, the naval display in Hampton Roads was the most picturesque spectacle of modern times. The sight of those great cruisers, gathered together to honor the memory of Columbus and the land he discovered, would of itself have been enough to thrill the heart of the coldest; but it was not until the Spanish squadron came in, towing the little caravels, that enthusiasm arose to a height which can not be called feverish, for it was sublime. The great war-ships of Spain were in strange contrast to the grotesque and tiny wooden vessels of four centuries ago; and as they paraded up and down, side by side, serenaded by the hoarse booming of the great guns of powerful nations, there was such a living panorama as was probably never before seen on earth.

The people on shore, dazed with delight and emotion, clapped their hands and screamed until they were hoarse. It was almost impossible to realize that ships of which those little grotesque caravels were accurate reproductions, ever started out upon an unknown sea to find what lay upon its farther border. But there were the pigmy craft, looking, as compared with the men-of-war, like the painted ships of a comic opera. And there was, upon the larger, the little lookout whence the great discoverer viewed the beacon light. And if, meeting this queer vessel, one had hailed her and asked her name, the answer would have come ringing over the water: "The *Santa Maria* from Palos!"

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The *Santa Maria* is the gift of Spain to the United States; and is built, manned, and rigged as nearly as possible after the flag-ship of Columbus. Accurate descriptions of the old caravel were difficult to procure. And there was another obstacle

in the fact that the *Santa Maria*, instead of returning triumphantly to Spain, was wrecked on Christmas Eve off the coast of Hayti. But the gay little bark towed into Hampton Roads was doubtless very nearly like the original. As to the anchor and gun that help to form its outfit, they are the same which crossed the ocean with the great discoverer, unearthed on the island where the flag-ship met its fate.

The hull of the new *Santa Maria* is the body of an old smack; the sails are yellow and weather-stained; and on the stern is an oil-painting of the Blessed Virgin and the Divine Infant, with the name *Santa Maria* underneath. In the cabin may be seen the identical hour-glass that the Admiral used; an exact imitation of his candlestick, inkstand, and quadrant; also a canvas-covered *fac-simile* of his log-book. At the right of the little apartment is a reproduction of the bed of Columbus; it is little larger than a cradle, has broad sides that reach almost to the floor, carved posts, and very short carved legs. There is also a reproduction of the flag that Columbus held in his hand when he leaped ashore; it is made of crimson silk with golden fringe, and bears a picture of the Madonna and Child. His tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin is shown further by his compass, a reproduction of which is also exhibited. It swings in a polished wooden bowl on two short carved posts. The points of the compass are gayly painted, and in the centre there is a picture of Our Lady.

Thirty-four ships of eight great nations rode proudly in that hospitable harbor, but the eyes of the spectators turned from them to gaze upon this little shallop; and their thoughts were with Columbus, who gave Castile and Leon a new world.

AT a gathering of lawyers were toasted "The Bench and the Bar.—If it were not for the *bar* there would be little use for the *bench*."

Notes and Remarks.

Dr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, New York, whose original method of dealing with the drink question has subjected him to not a little sharp criticism in the metropolitan press, has an article in the current *North American Review*, in which he briefly defines his theory, and invites the public at large to forward him questions and criticisms regarding it. In the next issue of the *Review* he will answer the most pertinent of the letters or suggestions which the present article may elicit. Dr. Rainsford believes that amusement, variety, aroused interest, are the true and deadliest foes to the drink habit; and he contends that what the people need is a public-house that will be no mere dram-shop, but will be in effect a club-house, providing food of various kinds, amusement such as music; and making the sale of milk, coffee and tea its staple trade instead of beer, wines, etc. He proposes that groups of people in our large cities establish such public-houses, which would be effective rivals of the saloons by cheering the sadly monotonous lives of a large part of our city population.

Discussion of the plan can do no harm, and may result in the adoption of some improved method of meeting the demand for alcoholic stimulants that too certainly exists in cities large and small. Any movement looking to the eradication of the evils almost necessarily attendant upon the saloon system should awaken sympathetic interest, and deserves hearty encouragement.

The confident ease with which the intelligent reporter for our metropolitan dailies describes elaborate ecclesiastical functions has long been the subject of criticism. We have all read of ceremonies in which the officiating priests have been said to wear maniples around their necks; when the thurifers were suspended from the ceiling, and the altar boys bore lighted mitres. It has remained, however, for the callow news-gatherers of Chicago to outdo in this respect all former achievements. The Duke of Veragua and his suite, being good Catholics, naturally went to

church; and this extraordinary event was the motive of a more extraordinary description. The Ducal party positively, one report has it, "conducted themselves with devotion"; they even "inclined their knees with reverence"; and the young daughter of the Duke "seemed familiar with the exercises, and had no difficulty, as she carefully watched the audience, in knowing when to stand up." It is indeed worthy of note that a Spanish Catholic aged eighteen should be able to hear Mass properly in Chicago!

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Even the poor President, as he wended his way to a Protestant place of worship, had a crowd of newsmongers at his heels; and the description of his behavior and attitudes forms a most nauseating bit of writing. At what angle he leaned, that his left hand grasped a coat button, that his left shoulder arose above the right, that he stroked his moustache, and that he deposited a two-dollar bill upon the plate,—all this is given to the public with tiresome variation. The contemptible court journals of Europe are distanced in a city that is nothing if not Democratic.

"There are no more loyal subjects of the Crown, no better citizens, and, on the whole, no body of persons more cultivated, intelligent and respectable, than the English Catholics. They include many able and distinguished men in various walks of literature and science, and their social prestige is particularly high. We have got so far from the penal laws and even the Papal titles agitation, that the idea of imposing any disability upon a man because he is a Roman Catholic would be received with abhorrence."

All of which comments of the *St. James's Gazette* on the London Lord Mayor's entertaining English Catholic prelates, we respectfully submit to the un-American Americans who form the A. P. A. aggregation of nineteenth-century monstrosities, with the incidental assurance of our heartiest contempt.

There is nothing too untruthful, injurious, or contemptible for the average anti-Catholic lecturer. His stock in trade is calumny and lies, and he succeeds only with the bigoted and black-hearted. A "converted priest," it would seem, can sink lower than even an "escaped nun." One of these unfortunates, lecturing last month in Indianapolis, accused

the Sisters of Charity of discriminating against the poor in their ministrations to the sick. The religious, of course, took no notice of the calumny, save to pray for the author of it; but an ex-railroad clerk, who has lately been a free patient at St. Vincent's Infirmary in that city, writes to the *Catholic Record* that, being too poor to pay anything, he received medical treatment, etc., free for forty-eight days, and at his departure from the institution a supply of much-needed clothing. The care he received was all the more tender because of his friendliness and poverty. The calumny of the fallen priest certainly did the Sisters no harm, while the gratitude of their poor patient is rather to his honor than to that of his benefactors, who are honored by all the world.

That the ends of justice are sometimes defeated by a false sympathy is well known, and attention has more than once been called by the press to the perverted sentiment which surrounds the murderer in his cell with flowers and delicacies, gifts from those who are strangely obtuse when justice demands atonement. This weakness of weak minds is the subject of a strong article entitled "Poor Abel," by Ouida, in the current *Fortnightly Review* (which, by the way, is published monthly). With unerring attack has Ouida exposed and denounced the maudlin sentiment displayed in the case of Ferdinand de Lesseps,—one of many instances, which serves to prove that in this world of ours Abel is forgotten and Cain is pitied. Such trenchant lines lead one to forget much that has come from the same pen.

Brother Maurelian, Secretary and Manager of the Catholic Educational Exhibit of the World's Columbian Exposition, has abundantly justified the reliance placed in his administrative abilities and business methods. If the Exhibit proves a success, as it undoubtedly will, much of the honor thereof will accrue to the capable Manager, whose thorough understanding of the scope and difficulties of the project have enabled him to foresee and provide for all contingencies. That he has been warmly seconded by members of the hierarchy need not be said.

Bishop Spalding has thrown himself into the work with characteristic energy; and his brother Right Reverend prelates have given to it their cordial sanction and support. The following paragraph, from a letter of Bishop Ryan, of Alton, to Brother Maurelian, crystallizes the sentiment of all Catholics relative to our Educational Exhibit:

"The tradition of all our Councils and of all our years since the days of Carroll, the innumerable toils and sacrifices of the most devoted men and women, are behind thorough Catholic education; and it is not too much to say that in the existence and continued growth of this best product of our faith depends the weal or woe, not only of the Church here, but of the Republic itself. From the depth of every true Catholic heart, therefore, will spring the prayer that the Catholic Educational Exhibit may be emphatically a worthy success."

A considerable sensation has been produced among members of the Catholic press in France by the action of Messrs. Roussel and Loth, two editors of *L'Univers*. Unwilling to promote the democratic ideas of Leo XIII. to the full extent of the loyalty manifested by the editor-in-chief, Eugene Veillot, they have severed their connection with his paper, and will establish a new one, to be called *La Vérité*. The recalcitrant editors are fighting against the manifest trend of the times in France; and Mr. Veillot has chosen the better part.

The Columbian Exposition is rich in relics as no World's Fair ever was before; and among them will be the old bell of the Indian Mission of Kaskaskia, which was cast in 1741 and sent to the church of the Illinois by Louis XV. This is said to be the first bell ever rung in the Mississippi valley, and its tones are to-day as clear and vibrant as when they first greeted the ears of the gentle band of French missionaries.

There is at present in Chicago a band of Zulus. We suggest that, at the termination of their engagement in the World's Fair city, they might profitably visit the Ohio Wesleyan University, for the purpose of instructing the "young gentlemen" savages of that seat of learning and civilization in the latest approved code of legitimate barbarity. We question whether among the most barbarous tribes in

Africa or elsewhere, the torturers inflict upon their victims any outrage quite so shocking and peculiarly brutal as the branding of the face with nitrate of silver, as was recently done by a band of young miscreants in the Ohio Wesleyan University. To designate such conduct by any other name than the merest savagery is to prostitute language; and to suffer the dozen cowardly, cruel young ruffians who were guilty of it to remain any longer absent from their proper sphere—the state-prison—is to frustrate justice.

In a thoughtful editorial dealing with the mission and services of the Catholic press, our able contemporary the *Catholic Universe* has these suggestive paragraphs:

"It is by no means a part of that mission to lavish upon and bedaub with indiscriminate praise every production of the hands and of the intellects of Catholics.

"To champion and defend Catholic principles and interests rationally and intelligently, to expose anti-Catholic misrepresentation, to refute calumnies and correct errors concerning the teachings of our religion and the faith, and spirit and religious practices of those who acknowledge the authority of the true Church, is one of the highest duties devolving upon the Catholic journalist.

"One phase of this subject commonly overlooked by Catholics themselves is the effect which the existence of able, fearless and well-conducted Catholic newspapers exert upon the tone and spirit of the secular press in its treatment of Catholic affairs."

All of which is quite true. The attitude of the great secular newspapers toward Catholicity and Catholics has notably changed within the past two or three decades; and the change is largely due to the modification in their views brought about by the perusal of Catholic journals ably edited.

A drummer who was leading a Salvation Army procession in London the other day, was taken before the proper authorities and fined soundly and appropriately for cruelty to an animal. A little dog barked at his drum, and he beat it to death with a drumstick. If these grotesque "soldiers" are to exhibit their enthusiasm for the cause they profess by actions which it is base flattery to term brutal, they will only add to the widespread prejudice which already exists against their peculiar methods.

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. William Mackin, rector of St. Cecilia's Church, Louisville, Ky., who was found dead upon his knees on the morning of the 3d inst.

Sister M. of Mt. Carmel, religious of the Good Shepherd, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Sister Mary Philip, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Holmesburg, Pa., who died happily last month.

The Hon. John Roche, of the Province of Quebec, who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 18th ult.

Mr. John J. Kiernan, who departed this life on the 24th of March, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Joanna Casey, of Sandy Hill, N. Y., whose happy death took place on the 6th ult.

Mr. George Dippold, Mrs. W. A. T. Smith, Mrs. Peter Clyn, Mr. James Keheley, Patrick and John Mangan, and Mrs. Ellen Smyser,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Patrick Murphy, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Bernard Jordan, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. James Y. del Valle, Miss Ersedina del Valle, and Mr. W. F. Cummings, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. William Flanagan and Mr. Michael Kerwick, Cincinnati, Ohio.

May they rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Ursuline nuns at Pryor Creek, Montana: George J. Gross, \$5; two friends, \$5; a priest, \$10; Mary and Catherine Mooney, \$2; J. L., 50 cts.; Mrs. Russell, \$1; a reader, 50 cts.; in honor of the B. V. M., \$1; the Rev. J. G., \$2; F. H. Bueter, \$2; a friend, Bellevue, Del., \$1; a subscriber, Ottawa, \$1; Mrs. Margaret Keating, \$6.50; A. C. M. V., \$1; N. S., \$1; Mrs. J. E. G., \$6; J. P. J. McEvoy, \$5; Julia White, 50 cts.; M. E. M., \$1.25; Mrs. David Ryan, \$1; Nellie F. Toomey, \$2; B. T. Galvin, \$1; "a widow's mite," \$1; "a thank-offering," \$2.50; a friend, Fort Logan, Colo., \$1; Teresa M. Gibbons, \$2; P. M. and A. M., \$1; Julia O'Brien, \$3; John O'Neill, \$1; T. Mangan, \$5; W. F. Murphy, \$1; S. M. M., \$12; a friend, Providence, R. I., \$5.

For the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at San Diego, Cal.:

Mary C. Hughes, \$1; "a thank-offering," \$1; M. J. C., \$1.

For the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

A friend, \$5.

For the lepers in the Archdiocese of Mgr. Osouf:
A. T. L., \$5.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Come up, Little Flowers.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

COME up, little flowers: do not be afraid.
 Mary's Month is with us; and, though
 the winds be wild,
 In the South the jasmine is in its gold
 arrayed;
 Up a little higher buds are blooming wild.

We're a little higher, so the spring is late;
 But come up, little violet: there is warmth
 enough
 In the smile of Mary. Come, and do not
 wait,
 Though the rain be falling and the wind is
 rough.

April is deceptive, March a dreadful bear,
 But we can trust the Maytime, sweetened
 by her smile.
 Though to-day be dreary, you'll see that
 everywhere
 Her sweet glance is brightening earth for
 many a mile.

Come up, little flowers: do not have a doubt;
 Mary's Month will warm you and let you
 grow in peace;
 For the winter's over, and the sun is out,—
 Come up, little flowers,—all wild winds
 must cease!

IF the crowns of all the kingdoms of
 the world were laid down at my feet in
 exchange for my books and my love of
 reading, I would spurn them all.—*Fénelon.*

A Good Boy of Bingen.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

QUITE a number of years
 ago—twenty or twenty-five
 perhaps—among the favorite
 declamation-pieces of the boys
 and girls who then went to
 school was the poem that begins,

"A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,"
 and that in every stanza has a reference to
 "Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine."

In one school of which the writer knows
 something there did not seem to be any
 fixed way of pronouncing the name of this
 noted locality on the Rhine; and, as the
 teacher was not a student of German, the
 scholars were allowed to exercise their
 own judgment as to what the name should
 really be. In consequence, although by
 frequent repetition the story of the poem
 became uninteresting, each new declaimer
 was pretty sure to introduce one element of
 novelty, by pronouncing "Bingen" a little
 differently from any of his predecessors.
 Provided the accent was given to the first
 syllable of the word, other considerations
 were mere matters of taste; and so Mrs.
 Norton's soldier came variously from
Bineghin, Binejin, and Binjen; while
 Tom Flaharty stoutly bellowed:

"For I was born at *Benjun*—at *Benjun* on the Rhine."

The good boy from Bingen, however,
 of whom this story is to tell was not the

soldier of the Legion, nor has he any other connection with that famous character than the fact of being born in the same village. I have mentioned the poem because the German name is associated in my mind with old schoolday reminiscences; and I suppose that if I live to be a hundred (as I probably sha'n't) I'll never meet with the name Bingen without my seeing some bashful lad or nervous, blushing maiden facing a crowd of not always sympathetic listeners, and my hearing the monotonous sing-song of

"I dreamed I stood with her and saw the *yellow*
sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of *Benjun*—fair *Benjun* on
the Rhine."

Well, to come at last to our story. In Bingen, about the beginning of the ninth century, a Christian lady, Bertha, married a valiant warrior, Duke Robolans, who was a pagan. One son, Rupert, was born to them, and was a sturdy little fellow of three years when his father fell in battle.

Bertha, now a widow, gave much of her time to the education of the young Duke; and, as she was truly pious and devoted, she took especial care to train her son to virtuous ways. The boy was one of excellent dispositions, and readily responded to his mother's efforts, growing up in the fear and love of God, and practising all the virtues that befitted his age and condition.

Rupert was still a mere youth when, having completed his course of studies, he expressed a desire to make a pilgrimage to the tombs of SS. Peter and Paul in Rome. Bertha saw him depart with much anxiety; for in those days such a journey was about as formidable an undertaking as is in our time a voyage to the interior of Africa. Rupert made it in safety, however; and though he found very much to delight him in Rome, he loved his mother so well that, rather than cause her continued anxiety by a prolonged absence, he cut his visit short and returned to Bingen.

Rupert, says an old German chronicler,

though wielding the ducal sceptre, preferred the sweet joys of religion to the false and lying pleasures of the world. Gold and precious gems had no attraction for him; he prized far more than these the tears of joy which he saw glistening in the eyes of the unfortunate, whom it was his delight to assist.

Like St. Martin, he one day took off his cloak and gave it to a poor child who was shivering and crying from the bitter cold. Oftentimes he would bring a crowd of poor children to the palace, present them to Bertha, and implore for them her tender pity. "My darling mother," he would say, "these are your children; treat them as such; for Our Lord has said: 'Whatsoever you do to them, it is to Myself that you do it.' Don't be displeased, mother, if your Rupert, to obey Our Lord, shares his bread with the poor."

His mother, we may be sure, was anything but displeased at these manifestations of Rupert's charity; and the more tenderness he showed toward the poor and the distressed, the more she blessed God for having given her so excellent a son.

One evening Rupert was strolling along the bank of the Rhine, whose placid murmur seemed an invitation to slumber. He threw himself down on the greensward, and in a little while fell asleep. During his slumber he had a beautiful dream, or rather a vision. All nature seemed in perfect peace. The sun shone with unusual splendor, its rays lighting up the surface of the Rhine, which appeared to glow in billows of diamonds. On the bank of the river stood an old man, tall, handsome, and with a mien of heavenly serenity. Troops of joyous children were jumping into the river; the old man bathed them in the limpid water, and they came out all beautiful and radiant.

Then, all at once, a lovely island rose up from the bottom of the river. It was covered with magnificent trees, on whose great branches splendid bunches of vari-

colored flowers half hid golden fruit. Birds, whose plumage rivalled the dainty hues of the rainbow, filled the air with charming melody as they flitted from bough to bough; and sweeter perfumes than ever scented the odorous gardens of Araby were wafted on the breeze.

The old man called all the children to this enchanting island, clothed them in snow-white garments, and, pointing to the fruit and flowers, told them to gather all they wished. When Rupert saw this, he cried out: "O good old man, take me, too, on your island with these happy children!" The old man replied: "Rupert, your dwelling is not on earth. Soon you will enter the realm of light and joy. Earth, flower-clad and laughing, is full of pleasure for a heart that preserves its white robe of innocence; but heaven has other more ineffable delights. The good which you do to the poor will win you a recompense: your kind actions will prove a bridge to heaven, and there you will reap the golden harvest which you are sowing here."

Rupert raised his eyes and saw a luminous bridge above the island trees. Angels with shining wings came and went upon it. Above them, on a cloud sparkling with purest light, was seated the Infant Jesus, pressing to His bosom a lamb as white as snow. St. John was kneeling at His feet. Two angels approached the Divine Infant bearing the cloak which Rupert had given to the half-frozen little boy. The Child Jesus let the angels put the cloak upon Himself, and said to them: "Rupert has given Me this; and in return I will bring him to heaven and clothe him with light and glory."

At these words Rupert was transported with joy. But the vision disappeared. He awoke, and saw standing near him the same poor boy to whom he had given the cloak. He never forgot this wonderful experience, and it incited him to renewed good works. He built a great many churches, gave abundant alms, grew daily

more and more holy, and died when twenty years old. He was deeply lamented by all his subjects for long years afterward; and all lovers of the Rhineland were filled with delight when the Church declared that, on account of his eminent piety and holiness, the good boy from Bingen should thereafter be known as St. Rupert.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XVII.—(Continued.)

The next day, in their drive, the Colvilles saw a different phase of Parisian life. From the quays of the Seine they watched many interesting tableaux, or living pictures: boatmen on the barges; women washing at the river's edge—dipping the linen into the water and then beating it with flat bats; ragamuffins playing on the strand; fruit-venders; men plying their various trades and avocations. Queerest and drollest of all, they saw a dog-barber—one of the many people in Paris who make a business of shaving and clipping the hair of the French poodles, those curled canine darlings of the Parisian ladies.

Then they went to the doll dressmakers.

"Hundreds of persons support themselves by working on these gewgaws," said Mr. Colville; "so, Kathleen, if you wish to order an outfit for your doll, Miss Nancy, I have no objection."

"Oh, you are the dearest father in the world!" she cried, squeezing his arm.

Their shopping over, our friends went round by the Boulevards. It was too early for the fashionable world to be abroad; but they saw artisans in blouses; and working women, young and old, going to and fro, bareheaded and dressed in black, as the custom is.

"Even in winter, they seldom veil their heads except in church," said Mr. Colville;

"and although their gowns are so plain, many of the girls have a prim and stylish air. You see, they have their share of the taste in dress which seems to be a sixth sense with the Parisian; and, by avoiding tawdry finery and cultivating neatness, always present an attractive appearance."

At this moment a crowd of school-children scampered across the street.

"Oh, look at the big boys in pinafores, —black alpaca pinafores! I suppose they have to wear them to keep their shirts and knickerbockers clean," said Kathleen.

"There is one that will get his torn to shreds. Just see those two boys pummel each other," said Alicia.

"How funny they look! Yet they do not seem to think there is anything queer in boys' wearing pinafores," added Claire.

"Joe, perhaps father will be ordering a supply for you," suggested Alicia, slyly.

"Pshaw!" said her brother. In a moment, however, he chuckled and added: "Suppose I should go home wearing one of those things, and with a high hat, round collar, and a cane like the Westminster school-boys? Wouldn't I cut a figure! And if Frank Bartlett and the rest should guy and ask: 'How's this?' I'd say: 'Fellows, it is easily seen you have not travelled. These are the latest styles for young gentlemen of my age, which I selected with much care during my late European tour.'"

Now the *cocher* stopped before the entrance to the Hôtel des Invalides, the fine military hospital. They went in, and saw the tomb of the great Napoleon, and the chapel of the veterans hung around with the old battle-flags which represent some of the proudest victories of France.

Our party next visited the beautiful Cathedral of Notre Dame, and then the Sainte Chapelle, that gem of Gothic architecture, which St. Louis built as a shrine for the precious relic he brought home from his crusade in the Holy Land —our Saviour's Crown of Thorns.

Another day they went to the Church of St. Genevieve, the patroness of Paris.

"Although the French Government secularized this edifice a few years ago," said Mr. Colville, "it spared the pictures on the wall, which tell the life of the Saint, and at the same time the early history of the city."

He then related to them the story of the little shepherdess of Nanterre, of whom the holy Bishop St. Germain predicted great things, which all came to pass. Providence led her to Paris, and twice by her prayers and exhortations she saved the city—when it was besieged by the Huns, and again by the Franks. On the latter occasion she escaped to Champagne to obtain relief for the beleaguered capital; and, in answer to her petition, twelve barges filled with provisions were set afloat down the river, and, protected by the prayers of the Saint, floated past the sentries of the enemy during a storm, and reached Paris in safety.

From St. Genevieve's our friends made a pilgrimage to the church which is the votive offering of France to the Sacred Heart,—the grand temple that, upon the height of Montmartre, uplifts its walls in supplication to the Most High, as the prophet of old knelt upon the mountain top with upraised hands, pleading with God to spare his people and forgive them their transgressions.

As the Colville young people clamored to see the interior of a real palace, their father also took them out to Versailles, that splendid residence of the Bourbon Kings, upon the adornment of which Louis XIV., in particular, lavished fabulous sums of money. They wandered through hall after hall, decorated with paintings, the doors overlaid with gold.

"Just look at the walls!" said Kathleen.

"They are all either lined with rare marbles or hung with silken damasks," remarked Claire.

"Now I know where the idea of wall-

paper came from," began Alicia. "It is only an imitation of these satin and velvet-flowered brocades, and spread over the walls in just the same way."

"Is not the furniture superb?" continued her elder sister. "See, here are chairs and sofas of tortoise-shell and gilded bronze, upholstered in rich stuffs. And look at that canopied bedstead, with a coverlet of cloth of gold."

"This was the sleeping-room of Louis XIV.," said Mr. Colville. "When he died, the first chamberlain publicly announced the fact by stepping out on the little balcony yonder and crying out to the people, '*Le Roi est mort!*' (The King is dead!), at the same time breaking his wand of office. Then, taking another, he added, '*Vive le Roi!*' (Long live the King!), thus hailing the successor; and signifying that the monarchy could never die, as its representatives in their pride believed."

They went on to the dazzling *Gallerie des Glaces*, a vast ball-room, with chandeliers of rock-crystal, and walls formed entirely of mirrors set in gilded frames.

"If these mirrors could but show forth from their clear depths the scenes they once reflected, what a brilliant and gorgeously apparelled assemblage of beautiful ladies and proud courtiers they would reveal to us!" exclaimed Claire.

From the windows the young people looked out upon the famous gardens, with their long, smooth lawn, called *Le Tapis Vert* (the green, or emerald, carpet), their quaintly clipped trees, graceful statues, and lovely lake. From here, too, they watched the playing of the *Grande Eaux* (great waters), the world-renowned fountains; a spectacle which is afforded once a month during summer, at a cost of 10,000 francs (\$2,000) for each exhibition, and attracts crowds of people from the metropolis.

Through the sumptuous state apartments of the royal consorts, which were occupied successively by Maria Theresa, Maria Leszcinska, and Marie Antoinette,

they proceeded to a series of dainty and diminutive rooms called "the little apartments of the Queen," consisting of a *boudoir*, library, drawing-room, etc., all beautifully furnished.

"To these Her Majesty withdrew, with the most favored of her ladies, when weary of the formality of the court," said Mr. Colville.

"How delightful such a life must have been!" cried Claire,— "to dwell in the grand suite we have just left; to receive the homage of courtiers in the Throne Room or the Hall of Mirrors; to walk in the charming gardens; and then when needing rest to retire to this lovely little retreat, so exquisitely pretty that I can only compare it to a Watteau jewel-box. Surely any Queen who lived here must have been as happy as the day is long."

"Ah," said her father, "the gilded doors that separate this secluded nook from the ostentatious splendor beyond could not always shut out sorrow; for that is a gem to be found in many a golden casket. It was this Royal Palace of Versailles which was attacked by the Parisian mob at the breaking out of the French Revolution. From it the unfortunate King Louis XVI. fled for his life. The infuriated populace penetrated even to the threshold of the Queen's sleeping-room. In that gorgeous hall yonder, three faithful sentries were slain while guarding the entrance; and it was down this narrow stairway that poor Marie Antoinette escaped, with her hastily-awakened children—a brave young daughter and the little dauphin,—just as the rabble broke in the door."

From Paris our travellers took the night train for Turin. In the early morning the route began to wind in and out among the passes of the Jura mountains, and crossed the rivers Rhone and Isere. The scenery became every moment grander and more picturesque, revealing little hamlets nestling among the hills, now and then an old castle upon the summit

of an eyry crag; and fair valleys, amid which gleamed many streams, covering the landscape as with a network of silver. They were impressed also by the sight of the great stone crosses by the wayside,—those symbolic voices of the solitudes, that bid the weary wayfarer pause and lay down his burden, and raise his heart to God.

The Colvilles had already noticed that in France women are employed to flag the trains at the cross-roads. Along this route they observed that these feminine employees were clad in grey uniforms, with dome-shaped hats like those of a United States postman; and signalled to the engineer by means of a *bâton*, resembling a baseball bat. Joe pretended he thought these officials were a girls' ball nine stationed along the way.

The primitive postal arrangements of these remote districts amused them also. A woman would be seen running along a country road, waving her hand to attract the attention of the train men. Presently the train would stop; the woman would come up, out of breath, and hand a letter to the guard; then the engine would give its little toot, and off it would start again.

"This shows," said Mr. Colville, "we are approaching the Mount Cenis Tunnel, the triumph of modern engineering, which pierces the Alps,—that unbroken wall of mountains which separates French Savoy from Italy. That this was for centuries a well-nigh impassable barrier you know from history. Two hundred years before Christ, when Hannibal led the Roman legions over the Little St. Bernard, the exploit was regarded with wonder. Napoleon's crossing of the Alps with his army was one of his most brilliant achievements. They entered Italy at the cost of many hardships; while nowadays, thanks to nineteenth-century science and skill, one may be borne thither swiftly and securely by way of the wonderful subterranean pass through the heart of the Col de Frégus."

At Modena the Italian custom-house officers appeared. After leaving this station, the train described a wide curve round the village, passed the hamlet of Fourneaux, and entered the Tunnel.

"Eight miles long, isn't it?" said Joe. "The longest in the world?"

"Yes," answered Claire, taking out her watch to note the time occupied in traversing it.

They were silent; for there was something solemn and awe-inspiring in the thought that above them towered the giant mountain peaks, the summits of which were veiled in clouds. The train crept along cautiously.

"An American train would not take so long," said Alicia.

"But in Europe railway accidents are rare," added her father.

After a considerable time they began to see daylight again.

"It has taken just half an hour to go through," said Claire, as they emerged upon the charming valley of the Dora. "At last we are in Italy," she continued, "the land of the citron, the vine and the olive; of the old Romans and the early Christians. I shall be so impatient now until we reach the Eternal City."

"We are indeed journeying under Italian skies," replied Mr. Colville; "although we see nothing as yet to suggest either the beauty of the Campagna or the tropical splendor of the southern portion of the peninsula."

The scenery was indescribably grand, however; for they were surrounded by lofty peaks of the Alps, many of which were crowned with snow. And high up on the barren slopes were patches of green and little dwellings, humble homes, where no doubt there were young people of their own age, who would grow old in toil and contentment without ever having seen anything of the world beyond that battle-ment of mountains.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

VOL. XXXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 20, 1893.

No. 20.

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

A Complaint.

① MOTHER mine! when gayly I can sing
Of happy birds, and the sweet breath of
flowers,
And laughing streams, and balmy woods,
and showers
Quickening the meadows, and of many a thing
Akin to human hearts,—of legends old,
Or valiant deeds that down the ages ring,
Why do the tender thoughts of thee that spring
Aye from my soul, for aye remain untold?

It must be that in some forgotten time
My love grew languid, so be mine the blame;
Though I can not remember when my rhyme
Grew not more fond at mention of thy name.
Mary! the sweetest name on land or sea,
The one bright crown that life has given me.

MARY,

A Confraternity's May Celebration.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

AMONG the almost countless number of Roman congregations whose especial aim is to honor the Immaculate Mother of God, one of the earliest to come into existence, as well as one of the most celebrated, owes its foundation to St. Bonaventure, who established it in the

Eternal City in the year 1263, at which time the Seraphic Doctor was Inquisitor-General of the Holy Office.

To the original members of this Marian confraternity, who were only thirteen in number, but whose ranks rapidly increased, Pope Clement IV., who approved the foundation of the association in 1265, gave the name of "Raccomandati della Santissima Vergine"; and for their station he assigned the Basilica of St. Mary Major, confiding to them the especial care of St. Luke's miraculous Madonna, which constitutes one of the chiefest treasures of that church. In the following century, during the residence of the Sovereign Pontiffs at Avignon, the association espoused the cause of the people against the exacting barons; and by its doughty championship of the rights of the Holy See, it merited the title, the Archconfraternity del Gonfalone, by which it was subsequently known. Moreover, the notable services which its members rendered to the Holy See in the fourteenth century, so commended the Archconfraternity to the incumbents thereof that several of the Pontiffs of that and the following centuries enriched it with special privileges and numerous indulgences. Thus Gregory XIII., who raised the association to the dignity of an archconfraternity, entrusted it with the duty of ransoming all ecclesiastics who were taken captive by infidels; and his successor, Sixtus V., set apart certain

ecclesiastical revenues, in order that it might be able to acquit itself the better of that obligation. The title of the Archconfraternity arose from the fact that the banners which its members carried in their processions showed the distinctive insignia of the associates, a red and blue cross, emblazoned on their fields.

One of the first Roman churches assigned to the Archconfraternity of the Gonfalon, in order that its revenues might enable the members to execute more readily their pious and charitable designs, was the old Church of St. Albert, that formerly stood on the Esquiline Hill. When this edifice disappeared, to make room for the improvements inaugurated by Sixtus IV., the successor of that Pontiff, Innocent VIII., toward the close of the fifteenth century, assigned to the Archconfraternity in its stead the Church of St. Lucia; and that shrine henceforth became known as Sta. Lucia del Gonfalone. According to the best authorities, this church—which, by the way, the Italian Government seized and closed a year or two ago—dates from the thirteenth century, and originally belonged to the Abbey of St. Biagio. In the archives of the Archconfraternity there are records of the church that go back to the middle of the fourteenth century, when the edifice was known as Sta. Lucia della Chiavica, because of its proximity to a large sewer, which was closed during the pontificate of Pius IX.

The Church of St. Lucy of the Gonfalon remained in the condition it was when Innocent VIII. intrusted it to this Marian Confraternity up to the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it underwent extensive renovations. Late in the following century the Archconfraternity tore down the old church and built a new one on its site, to commemorate the Jubilee of 1775. Leo XII. made it one of the parish churches of Rome; and during the administration of Pius IX. it underwent restoration, and its interior was superbly

decorated by a number of eminent artists. It suffered somewhat two years ago by the explosion of a magazine; and about the same time it was closed by the Government, in contravention of the so-called guarantees; the Archconfraternity being then forbidden to receive any further revenues on its account. St. Lucia's was formerly a favorite shrine with those who were troubled with diseases of the eye; and the famous Benvenuto Cellini presented it with a golden eye, in gratitude for the recovery of his sight, injured by an accident, through the intercession of its saintly patroness.

To this Archconfraternity of the Gonfalon Rome was indebted for the institution of a pilgrimage, which was one of the most popular of the many processional visits that are made in Maytime to the Marian shrines in which the Eternal City and its environs abound.

About three miles outside the Gate of St. Sebastian stands a little church that is dedicated to the Annunciation of our Blessed Lady, and which, because of the smallness of the edifice, is generally called by Italians the Annunziatella. This church, patronal rights of which are vested in the Archconfraternity, is of very ancient origin, some authorities claiming that it dates back to the earliest Christian ages; and it stands on a spot where a miraculous apparition of the Virgin is said to have taken place. Its site was originally occupied by a hospital, built for the accommodation of pilgrims who went to Rome for the purpose of praying at the sacred shrines of the city; and now it is itself recognized as one of Rome's noted sanctuaries. It owes its present form to the cardinal-nephew of Urban VIII., his Eminence Francesco Barberini, who was the protector in his day of the Archconfraternity, and who rebuilt the church in 1640. An inscription on the edifice recites the fact that the former shrine was consecrated early in the thir-

teenth century—though many archæologists hold that this date is too modern—in honor of Our Lady Queen of All Saints; but the name that it bears at present is the one by which it has been designated for several centuries past.

To this ancient suburban shrine, from time almost immemorial up to the period when the Italian Government inaugurated its present unwarranted occupation of the Papal City, the confraternity which the Seraphic Doctor founded annually led a pilgrimage on the first Sunday of Our Lady's Month. One of the obligations which the members assumed when their confraternity accepted the patronage of the Annunziatella was to distribute annually, on this day, four hundred loaves of bread (weighing not less than a pound each) to the poor in the neighborhood of the church; and for that purpose they went in procession, clad in the regalia of the association, to the shrine, where, after attending a Solemn Mass—sung by the parish priest of St. Lucia's, who always accompanied them—they distributed their alms. The occupation of Rome put an end to the processions and the pilgrimages; but the pious confraternity continued its charity, distributing the value of the bread in lieu of the bread itself up to the closing of St. Lucia's, about two years ago, and the confiscation of the funds which enabled it to perpetuate the ancient custom.

The compulsory abandonment of the pilgrimages which the Archconfraternity of the Gonfalon led every May to the Church of the Annunziatella is regarded by those who delighted to participate in that devotion as one of the greatest grievances of the present Roman situation; and when it was announced that, in consequence of the closing of St. Lucia's, the usual distribution of charity at the suburban shrine would have to be omitted, the disappointment of the poor was so great that another Roman association, whose funds had not been seized, took upon itself the

Archconfraternity's obligations for the time being, and had the annual Mass sung and the distribution of alms made.

But the charm of the former festivities is in large measure gone, even though commendable efforts are made to keep up the old customs. No long procession now leaves Rome in the dewy morn, to wend its way silently and prayerfully to the little church. And if perchance the annual Mass be said, the church is closed after its celebration, instead of remaining open, as formerly, till nightfall, in order that late-arriving pilgrims might pay their homage to its blessed Patroness. No longer do the visitors to the shrine linger anear it the whole day long, as they were wont to do in the days when Papal authority was respected in Rome; and return from their day's outing, laden with flowers and singing joyous songs, in the cool of the delightful May evening. And not until the Pope comes to his own again, and religious liberty and freedom of worship return to Rome, will the renewal of the ancient ceremonies in the entirety of their beauty be possible.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVIII.—THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

CONWAY glanced at a page or two of the "Journal" of Amiel, which, he observed, was translated by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Bernice watched him, saying nothing. Conway had an unconventional way of losing himself in a book, and becoming oblivious of everything else.

"I don't know Amiel," he said, looking up suddenly; "but I know Mrs. Humphrey Ward's work. I reckon Mrs. Ward must be in sympathy with Amiel, to translate his work."

"She is," answered Bernice; "very much so."

"Then Amiel is an agnostic—or *was* an agnostic, since he is dead. He knows everything now. Do you remember the story of the German student who a few moments before his death said: 'In a little while I shall know everything'? Amiel knows *now*,—I have read of him."

"Not exactly an agnostic," Bernice said,—"oh, no! but approaching it. I thought I should find him very stimulating; but I don't. I think a taste for Amiel, like the taste for Emerson, goes when one grows older."

"I have not read as much as I ought," Conway answered. "At home we had not many books. And sometimes I am glad of it. This sort of thing seems to me to be very thin. Amiel's maxims, as I see them at a glance, are like the trunk of the almond tree against which Eugénie de Guérin's brother used to rest, to find no real consolation from contact with nature, though he loved the almond tree—or was it the white lilac?"

Bernice's face brightened.

"You know Eugénie de Guérin's 'Journal,' then?"

"My sister Margaret looks on it with devotion. I believe that she has read Maurice's letters too. But they were a little too thin for me. I am afraid I have no sympathy with hysterics."

Bernice frowned slightly,—she had a bad habit of frowning.

"Hysterics? Do you call self-analysis hysterics?"

"When a man thinks too much of himself, and keeps himself always in the foreground of everything, he is as likely to become as hysterical as a woman."

"Thank you!" Bernice said. "For my part, I think the hysterical woman is as much out of fashion as the fainting woman. And she went out with the novels of 1828. You men ought to revise your history. Theoretically, your types seem to be Mrs. Caudle and the heroines of Mrs. Gore or Lady Blessington—"

"I don't know either of them," said Conway, promptly. "But I think you are right. To be honest, I have never known an hysterical woman; but there are traditions of the sex, which men, being conservative, hold on to, no matter how they are contradicted by experience."

Bernice laughed. Then, remembering the grief that lay at her heart, she checked herself. And Conway was silent. He would have liked to see her brighten again; but he was afraid that if he attempted to say anything that would lead her thoughts from the reality of her sorrow, she would think him heartless. He handed her a chair, and sat on the bench in a group of daffodils. He thrashed his mind for something consolatory. Thus far he had not alluded to the Major. He had showed his sympathy as gently as possible, but not in words.

Looking at Bernice, he was struck with her beauty; she had not seemed to him to be beautiful before, though he was aware that she was graceful. Her look was troubled: it lacked Margaret's serenity; but there was an air of sincerity about the face, of suffering too, that touched Conway deeply. He was not a man to be attracted by mere prettiness of complexion or feature, but expression was to him beauty; and as Bernice sat there, with her long eyelashes against her faintly-tinted cheek, and the suspicion of a tear under them, Conway felt that he could die for her. As a Virginian and a descendant of a long line of Celts, this was natural enough. And, as he recognized this feeling of chivalry, he wondered what Margaret would have said; for she had announced that he would fall in love with the first Yankee girl he met.

And if Lady Tyrrell, old diplomatist as she was, had planned this little meeting among the azaleas, she could not have proved herself more mistressly. Conway had not the usual habit of the two races from which he had sprung, of falling

temporarily in love with any agreeable woman who happened to be near him. In fact, his thoughts had been always otherwise occupied. The farm, the cranberry swamp, Margaret, Judith, and occasional letters from some of his chums at Georgetown, had made his world. And, as he looked at Bernice, he never thought of asking himself whether he was on the fatal brink of love or not. He was not given to self-analysis.

It seemed to him that Bernice was very much alone. As he saw Giles Carton passing, he felt like going out and demanding an explanation. If anybody had treated Margaret as that brute had evidently treated Bernice, he would have pommelled some of the meanness out of him. He knew little of the cause of the break between Giles and Bernice. He had learned sufficient, however, to believe that Giles was in the wrong—as, according to his code, a man must always be in such circumstances. He was sure of one thing: that Giles Carton's place was beside Bernice at the present time.

"Good Heavens!" he said to himself, as he picked up Amiel again and ran his eyes over the pages, "I'd have come from the end of the earth at such a time,—I'd have sacrificed everything in the world! No wonder mother said that she hoped Margaret would never marry a Yankee! Cold-hearted is no name for them."

Mrs. Catherwood had taken to her room, inconsolable, with her pet dog. The other relatives had done the proper thing, and gone away. Lady Tyrrell, Conway firmly believed, was hollow where her heart ought to have been; so here he was growing more and more anxious to take up those duties of consolation which the others had neglected.

Bernice raised her eyes.

"It is kind of you to stay, Mr. Conway," she said. "You must find it dull."

"Kind?" said Conway. "I would like to be kind, but I am so stupid I don't know

where to begin. I wish I could be of use."

"You can't," said Bernice,—"nobody can. There is no consolation for death. People may say what they will, there is *no* consolation for a death like this. Elaine and the rest don't feel it as I do. They have their husbands and homes. But I—" her voice broke, and she turned away for an instant,—"but I—I had nothing but him. Nobody knows how I loved him. I'm sure I didn't know it myself until now. If he would only come back a moment, so that I could tell him. But he can't! he can't! I shall never see him again! People talk of ghosts: I wish there *were* ghosts! If I could only see his ghost and feel that I could speak to it, I should be almost happy." Her voice broke again. "O Mr. Conway, it is *so* hard to live! I was not always good to him. When he was a little cross about things, I was saucy; and I know he must have felt it. I shall never see him again,—never! never! Do you really, with all your heart, believe that he is *alive* somewhere?"

"I do with all my heart," said Conway.

Bernice fixed her eyes on Conway's face.

"I think that you are in earnest. You have no doubt—not the slightest?"

"Not the slightest! I could swear to it," Conway answered.

Bernice sighed.

"After all, it is something to hear a man like you—a man who is earnest—say that. It is something, it is something! Now tell me this: do you think that my father is happy?"

Conway closed the book.

"Cousin," he said, "how can I know the secrets of God? He alone knows whether your father had the grace, the will, and the time, to make an act of perfect sorrow for all his sins."

"Sins!" said Bernice, with a start.

"Father was so good to me, and he is gone! He may have erred, but what child can in cold blood think that a father has sinned?" Bernice shuddered. "Do you

think that my father could be cast out into an eternity of punishment? God could not do it. My father—" Her voice broke again. "I know, Mr. Conway, that he was not perfect: I know that he was perhaps worldly at times, and I have heard Lady Tyrrell hint things; but I never believed them. But nobody knows what a good heart papa had,—nobody but me!"

She could speak no further. She sank back among the branches of the azaleas, and sobbed like a little child. Conway rose to go; his own eyes were moist.

"Don't go," she said. "Whether you are right or wrong, at least you believe with all your heart. It's a great comfort to me. I don't think papa was ready to go to heaven, because he had never thought much about his soul or the spiritual life; but I'm sure he would have been ready if he had time. But, Mr. Conway, how am I to judge? I don't know what I believe. There must be a hereafter, because I am sure God would never have made me love my father with this intense pain and longing if he were really gone forever. If he were dead, like the withered branch of a tree, I should not care for him. They may say what they please, but I know *that*. If he is only comfortable and content *somewhere*, I don't care what happens to me—only God *must* let me see him again! Surely you Catholics must think that he is not lost, since he was laid in the little cemetery."

"Lost? Who is lost?" replied Conway. "No sin is too great for forgiveness, and no sin too small not to deserve punishment. Father Haley will tell you that God gives us the chance of satisfying His justice even after death. It is not heaven or hell; for who of us deserves heaven, and who will the All-merciful doom to eternal exile from Himself? For most souls it is purgation. And we can help them. As Thackeray said, they 'have gone into the next room.' They can hear our voices through their walls; they can pray for us, and

each prayer of ours helps them upward."

"You believe that—that we can help them?" Bernice's hands were clasped on her knees; her whole soul seemed to be in her questioning eyes.

"I believe it."

"Can I help my father?"

"Why not?"

"But how do I know that you are right? Why hasn't God told me?"

"He has told you; He has told the whole world. But your world does not listen."

"Oh, people say different things! Giles—Mr. Carton spoke of this place of probation. He said some High Church people held to it, but he never seemed certain. It is such a new doctrine!"

Conway smiled.

"It is as old as the Catholic Church. Your father believed in it, and his father back, back into dim time."

Bernice rose and stood looking upon the lawn.

"The clump of hawthorn he planted is budding," she said, "and everything is just the same. That grape-vine arbor—made of dead wood—is there; it will be there where he had it put; but he, a man so fine, so precious above these things, is gone! Mr. Conway," she said, turning quickly, "I believe you. God has not blotted him out, as we blot out a worm; and if He has not, he must be alive; and if he is alive and God is just and merciful, he must be waiting in the vestibule for help. Show me how I can help him."

"There is one man that can show you: Father Haley."

"Will he come if I ask him?"

"Certainly. Shall I go for him?"

"No," Bernice said. "Stay. I shall ask Maggie to go. You must tell me more of your belief. I thought that Giles—I thought that one I trusted would have taught it all to me later. But if what you say be not true, there is no God!"

She rang the bell, and Maggie entered.

A New Anthology of Our Lady.*

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

IN this noble volume, which will shortly be issued to subscribers, is to be found by far the largest anthology of poems in Mary's praise that the world has yet seen. The remarkable thing is that it has not been done earlier,—that it has been left to the fervor of an English convert of the latter half of the nineteenth century to make us an exclusive hymn-book of her who is Mother and Queen of all mankind. Mr. Orby Shipley has had much sifting to do. I suppose he has had to reject an immense deal. However, his chief materials would be of a time after printing was known. I imagine that somewhere, in portfolios and yellowed MS. books, must be a myriad of Marian poems; for when all the painters were painting Madonnas, surely their poet-brothers were singing songs for the Mother and Child. However, he has rescued for us many old poems, and some of these are among the most beautiful songs in the book; as, for example, that wailing thing which I first heard of in THE "AVE MARIA"—"The Wreck of Walsingham."

Of the old English poets who wrote of Our Lady and are represented here are Geoffrey Chaucer, with his "Prayer to Our Lady"; Crashaw, Donne, Sir John Beaumont, Southwell, and others. Their poems are to my mind the most pleasing features of the book, perhaps because they are else inaccessible to us.

Crashaw's contributions are as burning as one would expect from the most ardent of all English poets. His symbol might

* "Carmina Mariana." An English Anthology in Verse, in Honor of or in Relation to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Collected and arranged by Orby Shipley, M.A., editor of "Annus Sanctus: Hymns of the Church for the Ecclesiastical Year." London. Printed for the editor by Spottiswoode & Co., New-Street Square, E. C. 1893.

be indeed a heart on fire. Fire and snow, ardor and purity, blended with a great simplicity, were in this burning bush among the forest-trees of Elizabethan poetry. What unction is in this meditation on the *Stabat Mater!*

What kind of marble then is that cold man
Who can look on and see,
Nor keep such noble sorrows company?

Sure, e'en from you

(My flints) some drops are due,

To see so many unkind swords contest

So fast for one soft breast;

While, with a faithful, mutual flood,

Her eyes bleed tears, His Wounds weep blood.

Oh, costly intercourse of deaths, and worse—

Divided loves! While Son and Mother

Discourse alternate wounds to one another,

Quick deaths that grow

And gather as they come and go.

His nails write swords in her, which soon her heart

Pays back with more than their own smart.

Her swords, still growing with His pain

Turn spears, and straight come home again.

O Mother, Turtle-dove, soft Source of Love,

That these dry lids might borrow

Something from thy full seas of sorrow!

Oh, in that breast

Of thine—the noblest nest

Both of love's fires and floods—might I recline

This hard, cold heart of mine!

The chill lump would relent, and prove

Soft subject for the siege of love.

O you, your own best darts, dear, doleful hearts,

Hail, and strike home and make me see

That wounded bosoms their own weapons be.

Come, wounds; come, darts;

Nailed hands and pierced hearts;

Come, your whole selves, Sorrow's great Son and

Mother;

Nor grudge a younger brother

Of griefs his portion, who (had all their due)

One single wound should not have left for you.

Among others of the old English poets Henry Constable and William Dunbar are here represented. To William Byrd, the admirable compiler of the sweetest of Elizabethan song-books, is credited a delightful, quaint lullaby to the Infant Saviour. Its refrain runs:

Lulla, la lulla! lulla lullaby!

My sweet little Baby, what meanest Thou to cry?

The names of later English poets who praised Our Lady are often surprising enough. Byron, Shelley, Mrs. Browning,

Mrs. Hemans, George Eliot, Robert Browning, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Charles and Mary Lamb, Tennyson, and Archbishop Trench. Among those less generally known are Alfred Austin, Lewis Morris, Edwin Arnold, Michael Field, Sir Theodore Martin, Dora Greenwell, David Gray, Heber, Keble, and a host of others. I am not including people who have the best of rights to be here, such as Coventry Patmore, Aubrey de Vere, Father Faber, Alice Meynell, and even Dante Rossetti, who ought to have been a Catholic. Mr. Shipley was wise to include Rossetti's "Ave," wanting which any volume of poems of Mary would be immeasurably poorer. And who would look for Goethe and Schiller in such an anthology? Yet here they are.

Coventry Patmore's ode is full of a great and stately magnificence, which in its grandeur of imagery sets him in the line of succession to Crashaw though the passion of his verse be less. Poetry like this belongs by royal right to the great age of Elizabethan poetry. He prays her aid in his song:

... Grant me the steady heat
Of thought wise, splendid, sweet;
Urged by the great, rejoicing wind that rings
With draught of unseen wings;
Making each phrase, for love and for delight
Twinkle like Sirius on a frosty night.
Aid thou thine own dear frame, thou only Fair,
At whose petition meek
The heavens themselves decree that, as it were,
They will be weak.

Thou Speaker of all wisdom in a Word
Thy Lord;
Speaker, who thus couldst well afford
Thence to be silent—ah, what silence that
Which had for prologue thy *Magnificat!*
O silence full of wonders,
More than by Moses in the Mount were heard,
More than were uttered by the Seven Thunders;
Silence that crowns, unnoted like the voiceless blue,
The loud world's varying view,
And in its holy heart the sense of all things
ponders,—
That acceptably I may speak of thee,
Ora pro me!

Keystone and Stop
Of the thunder-going chorus of sky-powers;

Essential Drop

Distilled from worlds of sweetest-savored flowers
To anoint with nuptial praise
The Head which for thy beauty doffed its rays,
And thee, in His exceeding glad descending, meant,
And man's new days
Made of His deed the adorning accident;
Vast nothingness of self, fair female Twin
Of fulness, sucking all God's glory in,
(Ah, Mistress mine!
To nothing I have only added sin,
And yet would shine),
Ora pro me!

In such a thunderous ode as this, with its long roll and reverberation, Patmore is the "organ-voice" of the nineteenth century in England. What diversity, that the man who could have written the exquisite and rounded subtleties of the "Angel in the House" could be also wielder of this tremendous measure!

Some of the old poems translated from foreign tongues into English are full also of innocent beauty. Of these are the "Colloquy between Christ, Our Lady and the Angel," of Jacopone, the Provençal ballad of the Gipsies, who tell the Infant Christ's fortune from His palm; the "Dialogue between the Child Jesus and His Mother," of Sarbiewski, notably; but there are many others. "Our Lady's Lullaby," of Richard Verstegan, a Catholic of Elizabethan days, but the friend of Chideock Tichburne, and other martyrs for the faith, is very tender. I give a verse or two:

Upon my lap my Sovereigne sits,
And sucks upon my brest;
Meanwhyle His love sustaines my lyfe,
And gives my body rest.
Sing lullaby, my little Boy;
Sing lullaby, my lyfé's Joy!

When Thou hast taken Thy repast,
Repose, my Babe, on mee;
So may Thy Mother and Thy Nurse,
Thy cradle also bee.
Sing lullaby!

My Babe, my Bliss, my Chyld, my Choyce,
My fruit, my flower and Bud,
My Jesus and my only joy,
The somme of all my good!
Sing lullaby!

My sweetnesse and the sweeteste moste
That heaven could earth deliver,

Soule of my love, Spirit of my lyfe
 Abyde with mee forever.
 Sing lullaby!

Old Ireland, as is to be expected, is largely represented in this anthology:— Davis, D'Arcy McGee, Callanan, Father Prout, Gerald Griffin, Dr. Madden, Denis Florence McCarthy and his daughter, John O'Hagan, T. D. Sullivan, Rosa Mulholland, Richard Dalton Williams, Count S. N. Plunkett, Father Russell, and many others. Contemporary England, besides those already named, gives Francis Thompson, E. H. Hickey, Alfred Gurney, Archdeacon Lee and his wife, Miss E. M. Clerke, C. N. Brame, H. N. Oxenham, R. E. E. Warburton, and others, with a whole host of Jesuit Fathers. The priesthood is largely represented here— Jesuits, Dominicans, Passionists, Oblates, Redemptorists, Oratorians, Benedictines. America is represented by Longfellow, Edgar Allan Poe, John Boyle O'Reilly, Maurice F. Egan, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Agnes Repplier, and others. The *Catholic World* has a little section to itself; so also, naturally, has THE "AVE MARIA," with poems from Mary Catherine Crowley, R. Howley, W. D. Kelly, Angelique de Lande, the Rev. W. H. Kent, O. S. C., T. J. Kernan, Mary E. Mannix, E. P. Ryder, and Charles Warren Stoddard.

I am glad Mr. Shipley has rescued from the scarce pages of *The Gems*, James Collinson's "Mary's Dream." Early Syriac and Armenian hymns make another section of the book. Cayley's translation of Petrarch's Ode is also given; and of course we have Dante, Camoens, Manzoni, Vittoria Colonna, among Southern of old and new time. There are two sonnets of Pope Leo XIII., of which original and translation are given. Erasmus, curiously enough, is another contributor, with a little ode hung up at Walsingham. Among contemporary English writers I should have mentioned Francis Turner, W. Gifford Palgrave, and Madame Belloc. Among

Americans, B. D. Hill (Father Edmund, C. P.), whose sonnets are exceedingly beautiful. I am glad Mr. Shipley has found it within his scope to include Cowley's ode on Crashaw's death, with its exquisite and memorable praise.

Southey, by the way, is one of the unexpected English poets one finds here. R. S. Hawker, the Vicar of Morwenstow, and his wife, are among the contributors I should not forget to mention. On the whole, this is an admirably comprehensive work, and is sure to be a standard of its kind. I hope it will be supplemented some day by a second volume of "Carmina." A few names I miss here: Miss May Probyn, Miss Una Taylor, whose appeal for the famine-stricken in Donegal was another Protestant tribute to Our Lady; Herrick, too, of the ancients, has some very exquisite bits about Our Lady; and has Miss Rossetti nothing available? These suggestions, however, but prove the book's comprehensiveness. There is only one thing in it I would wish away. That is an extraordinary piece of turgidity called "Talitha Cumi," by J. Brande Morris. It is indeed a splendid work in Our Lady's honor, and Mr. Orby Shipley deserves all praise. It is to be hoped it will have an enormous circulation. I can not conclude better than with this very exquisite snatch of song to a dead astronomer, by one of the youngest of our English poets, Francis Thompson:

Starry Amorist, standard gone,
 Thou art,—what thou didst gaze upon:
 Passed through thy golden garden's bars
 Thou seest the Gardener of the stars.
 She about whose moonèd brows
 Seven stars make seven glows,
 Seven lights for seven woes;
 She, like thine own galaxy,
 All lustrous in one purity.
 What saidst thou, astronomer,
 When thou didst discover her?
 When thy hand its tube let fall
 Thou foundst the fairest Star of all:

THE desire to conquer is itself a sort of subjection.—*George Eliot.*

The Curé's Sacrifice.

BY C. O'CONNOR ECCLES.

I.

ONE Saturday morning, in the month of August, and the year of grace eighteen hundred and seventy, the sun shone brightly on the wet, red kitchen tiles in the house of Monsieur le Curé of St. Sevrans. Marie, his housekeeper and general servant, stood in the middle of the apartment, chairs and tables packed out of her way, her feet encased in huge *sabots*. The lappets of her muslin cap were pinned on the top of her head; and a coarse bib-apron kept her dress from stain, as, with a wet rag twisted round a broom, she vigorously mopped the floor till she and it were equally red and shiny. Outside a drowsy radiance lay over field and fallow, orchard and farmyard. The clucking and crowing of the poultry, and the self-asserting hum of a great bee, were the only sounds that mingled with the soft ripple of the little stream hard by and the monotonous swish of the impromptu mop, till a sudden clatter of wooden shoes sounded in the *basse-cour*. Marie raised her head to listen.

"'Tis Jacques at last," she muttered. "How late he is!"

Clack, clack went the *sabots* outside, their wearer evidently making for the kitchen; and before the priest's housekeeper could utter a cry of dismay at the tracks on her spotless floor, Jacques, round-eyed and breathless, stood before her.

"O Marie, such news!" he exclaimed.

If the lanky peasant lad, who acted for Monsieur le Curé in the double capacity of sacristan and servant, had been a born diplomatist he could not have hit on a better expedient for arresting the scolding that rushed to the housekeeper's lips.

Jacques was late; Jacques in his dusty *sabots* had dared to walk in; Jacques had even forgotten that morning to wait for the parcel Marie meant to send by him to Mlle. Poiret, the seamstress! Yet she only leaned on her broom-handle and said, eagerly:

"*Eh, mon gars! mais qu'est ce que c'est donc?*"

"It was Monsieur Devos told me," began Jacques. "We met near the mill; and I was for passing, but he stopped me—you know he loves a chat. '*Bon jour, mon gars!*'" said he. '*Bon jours, M'sieu!*'" said I. 'Has Monsieur le Curé been to see old Nanette?' asked he. 'Yes,' said I: 'he went yesterday.' 'That's well,' said he; 'for she died in the night. They found her stiff and cold in bed this morning.'"

"So that's your wonderful news!" cried Marie, angry and disappointed. "An old creature who has been dying any time these ten years!"

"No, no: it's not that! I'm coming to it, if you'd only give me time."

"Then will you hurry on? And leave out all your 'said I's' and 'said he's.' Trust a man for making a bungle of a story."

Jacques had no retort ready; so he went on, placidly:

"Well, Marie, M'sieu Devos told me that three Ulans were sent out from the Prussian headquarters at Deauville this morning, and rode straight down to St. Sevrans. You know everyone hoped they would not come near us, as we had escaped thus far. They rode round by the mill, and up by Les Beaux Sapins. When close to M'sieu Distinguin's orchard a shot was fired at their backs. The nearest fell dead. The others sprang from their horses, cleared the wall, and gave chase to the assassin; but he dodged them amongst the trees, disappearing as if the ground opened and swallowed him. The Ulans came back at last, exhausted and unsuccessful, picked up their comrade's body, and carried it off. It was then that M'sieu

Devos met them. But the worst is still to come—" Here Jacques paused to intensify the interest. "The Prussian General Von Leuchtenberg has issued a manifesto from the headquarters at Deauville, declaring that if the murderer is not found and delivered up to him by five o'clock this afternoon, he will take the names of the principal men in the village, and lots are to be drawn to decide which of them is to forfeit his life in punishment of the crime. The General and his staff are coming over to St. Sevrans at once to hold a court-martial. I wanted to hear more," concluded Jacques; "but Jean Gaudin came up, and M'sieu Devos stopped him to tell the story all over again. I could not wait, so came away."

"*Mon Dieu*, how dreadful!" exclaimed Marie, who had listened with breathless attention. "I do hope they may catch whoever did it. How shocking it would be if some poor innocent man had to die in his place!"

"Better die innocent than guilty," said Jacques, philosophically. He could afford to be philosophical, since there was not the remotest chance of his being considered one of the notabilities of St. Sevrans.

"It is not just to kill one for another. It is horrible. Think, Jacques! If the man is not found, they may shoot M. Faure or M. Gaudin or young M. Distinguin. Those are all rich and notable men."

"Unjust, of course!" cried Jacques, with unusual energy. "*Mais que voulez-vous?* It is Prussians who give the order. Fancy such a fuss about a great, ugly, beer-drinking Ulan! What brought him here spying anyway?"

While Jacques was speaking, Marie finished her kitchen floor with half a dozen hasty dabs, cast off her coarse apron, let down her skirt, and began to unpin the long ends of her cap. She burned to tell the story to Monsieur le Curé, "who would never know what goes on, good man, but for me," she mentally added.

Then, with a pat or two to the front of her gown, she opened a side door and walked up the dark corridor to the little *salon* where Yvon Delavigne, Curé of St. Sevrans, sat reading his Office.

Her brisk tap was answered by an "*Entrez*" from within. The room was very bare and simple, but spotlessly clean. A high oak dado, dark with age, and owing its brilliant polish to bees'-wax and vigorous rubbing, ran all round. Above it the wall was washed a dull pink. A high porcelain stove stood in one corner. Six rush-bottomed chairs, an angular wooden construction ironically called an easy-chair, and a hard sofa with a small table before it, standing on a square of carpet, constituted the furniture. The floor was worn uneven in places, but was as slippery as glass; so that habit alone enabled one to avoid coming to grief. Just opposite the door there hung from the ceiling to the top of the dado, on which it rested, a large crucifix. Two brackets supported plaster statues of saints; these were the only ornaments, except the glowing scarlet geraniums that made vivid masses of color on the grey sills of the three open windows, with their often washed and somewhat "skimped" white curtains tied stiffly back.

The Curé sat sideways near the flowers, his breviary in hand, his long soutane drawn closely about his sinewy frame; the broad-brimmed hat lying on his knees seemed to indicate that he had either just come in or meant soon to go out. He was a man about eight and thirty, tall, with a student's slight stoop. His thin cheek was olive brown, his eyes dark and deep-set, with well-formed brows; the nostrils fine and sensitive; the mouth tender, with lurking curves at the corners, showing sense of humor; the chin and jaw remarkably firm. No ordinary, placid village *curé* this, with his broad brow and determined air; a man rather of strong but suppressed passions,—one whose life had been a struggle,

who had suffered much withal, if faces may be read, and the lines about the forehead, eyes, and mouth speak truly.

"What is it, *ma bonne*? A sick call?"

"Ah, no, Monsieur le Curé! You get enough of them, goodness knows. It is only some news I thought you'd like to hear."

The Curé smiled resignedly, knowing that his gossiping housekeeper came rather to relieve herself than to benefit him. Thus encouraged, Marie told word for word the story of the Ulans as related by Jacques, to which Monsieur Delavigne listened with more interest than he had anticipated. In quiet St. Sevrans they had heard with aching hearts the distant thunder of war; from their midst men had gone to join in the hopeless struggle; their interest in it all was keen, but none dreamed that the storm would visit the obscure little village, whose insignificance seemed its safeguard. Now the clouds had gathered and were about to burst.

"I must see the General," said the priest. "Perhaps I may be able to obtain a promise that, even if the assassin escapes, the innocent shall not suffer."

Jacques was called, and told his master he had heard that Von Leuchtenberg and his staff were to arrive at noon.

"They'll try the prisoner at once, M'sieu le Curé, if he is already caught, and shoot him at sundown. If not, there will be a delay till five o'clock. Should there not then be some apparent chance of finding him, the principal villagers will be obliged to draw lots, that one of their number may suffer in his stead."

"And are they seeking the criminal now?"

"M'sieu Devos says men are out in every direction, M. le Curé. But unless he gives himself up, which is not likely, he will hardly be found. The Prussians scarcely saw him, as he shot at their backs and ran like the wind. Though they say they'd know him again, I don't believe them."

The Curé rose and put on his hat.

"At what hour will your reverence be back? The *déjeuner* will soon be ready."

"I do not know, my good Marie; that depends on circumstances. Do not wait for me."

"But, *mon Dieu*, M'sieu!" cried Marie, excited out of her usual respect. "What a man you are! You'd live on air but for me. The lovely fowl I meant to roast for you won't keep till to-morrow in this hot weather. *Do* think of it!"

Monsieur Delavigne smiled.

"I can't help that, my good Marie. Roast it by all means. If I am not back by one o'clock, you and Jacques must do justice to it."

"And, pray, what are you to have?"

"Oh, anything! You can toss up one of your famous omelets for me when I come."

"M'sieu le Curé, you'd provoke a saint; Lord forgive me for saying so! No wonder you are only skin and bone. What must the neighbors think? You look as if you were starved at home, or had a housekeeper that couldn't cook."

Before the indignant tirade had half ended, the priest was out of hearing, striding rapidly down the village street, his loose soutane fluttering in the breeze; so, with an angry sniff, Marie slowly returned to the kitchen to vent her ill-humor on Jacques.

Everyone in St. Sevrans knew why the Curé had grown so grave and sad of late. He was born and bred there, and for once a prophet had honor in his own country. They loved him as one of themselves. His father and mother had been friends to many; and, as far as memory reached, one generation of Delavignes had succeeded another in their simple, prosperous, rural life. His college course "had done honor to the village," said the schoolmaster, his earliest instructor; and yet he preferred, instead of taking up a professorship or otherwise displaying his talents at a distance, to settle down amongst his own,—

first as a simple *vicaire* at Verrier, a neighboring village, and for the last four years as Curé at St. Sevrans.

How merry was his laugh at first, how seldom was it heard of late! If one asked the reason, any old woman could tell that Yvon Delavigne became a different man in the last three months, through grieving for his brother Edmé. There was thirteen years' difference in their ages, the children who came between having died young; and Yvon joined the protecting love of a father to his fraternal affection for the younger boy. When the latter was opposed by everybody in his declaration that he would be nothing but an artist, the elder helped to obtain their parents' reluctant consent; and when those parents died, the priest made over all their little property to Edmé, that he might live in Paris and study at his ease. The young man had great talent, a brilliant future seemed to open before him. Meissonier had praised him publicly; a small picture of his had been well hung in the *salon*; the art journals criticised him approvingly; and, though only four and twenty, he was looked on as a rising star.

Very proud of him was his brother when he came to spend some months with him at the quiet presbytery,—very proud and very fond; for the young man had passed through the furnace unscathed; and, if he knew the world better, his heart was as fresh as when, years ago, he and his school-fellow, Jean Distinguin, flung pebbles in the mill-dam, or rivalled each other leaping ditches.

For himself, Yvon had no ambition: he had renounced it at his ordination. A priest heart and soul, he sought only to aid the poor and comfort the afflicted. But for Edmé he hoped great things. They had no secrets from each other; and the elder was father, brother, and comrade to the younger; his authority being founded on ardent affection and increased by his sacred character. Yet this deep love was

quiet, placid, "as waters stilled at even"; though he often accused himself, as of a fault, that his love for Edmé was too natural, and that the lad's doings and concerns sometimes filled his mind to the exclusion of higher things.

That this dear brother would one day marry, of course he knew; but it seemed a very vague and remote contingency, so that he seldom dwelt on it. That visit, however, was to decide Edmé's fate.

St. Sevrans is situated in the heart of a delightful country. The village is embowered in trees; all the quiet white roads that lead to it are canopied by chestnuts and sycamores. Trees fringe the brawling rivulet that used to turn Jean Distinguin's mill, and still dashes merrily over pebbles and boulders. They shade all the quaint gabled farm-houses with their red-tiled roofs and pointed dormer-windows. This, too, is a country of orchards. Who so poor as to own no gnarled, moss-grown apple-tree,—a mass of delicate, foamy blossom in spring, and propped in autumn with stout stakes, that its branches may the better support their goodly load of fruit?

For a landscape-painter the place is full of charms. Edmé Delavigne, whose forte was "the human form divine," declared his backgrounds were defective, and this was the place of all others to remedy them. To this end he spent morning after morning of that warm spring in the woods, studying the play of light and shade among the trees, and sketching "bits" that took his fancy. He loved to lie at full-length, hearing bees buzz and beetles whirl drowsily; listening to the hum and twitter of a thousand winged things—the song of birds, and the soft, distant, monotonous tap, tap of the woodpecker, like the steady click of the fairy shoemaker's hammer in the Irish legend.

His brother gladly noted a healthy brown replacing the city pallor of his cheeks, and often suggested visits to this old *château*, that ruined abbey, or reminded

him of bends of the river where the best views were obtainable. It was on one of these excursions he met a lovely girl, Estelle Rey, who lived with her widowed mother at Verrier, a village about five miles from St. Sevrans. Her dark beauty first caught the artist's eye; he contrived to make her acquaintance, and her pretty, winning ways completed the conquest begun by her good looks. Yvon, of course, was Edmé's first confidant; he knew nothing against her, though she was not the wife he would have chosen for his brother; so he stifled his misgivings, and tried to share in Edmé's enthusiasm, while praying daily that the young couple might be happy. Rumor said Estelle was vain and selfish. Edmé declared that other girls, jealous of her beauty, invented unkind stories about her; and Yvon was glad to believe him.

Though the young artist was not wanting in courage, he was as timid in Estelle's presence as a child; and while the girl could not, and did not, fail to know his feelings, he hardly dared to speak words of love; while on her part she showed him by a thousand mute indications that she held him dear. His timid wooing prospered; Estelle consented to be his wife, and the future seemed to wear for him the most glowing colors, when one memorable Sunday afternoon he brought his friend, Jean Distinguin, with him to Verrier.

It was the old story—a false love and a false friend. Not that Jean meant to be false, but at first he did not know how Edmé regarded Estelle, nor how far matters had gone between them; and afterward it was too late: no earthly power could induce him to forego trying his fate. A reserved, silent young man, Edmé's antitype, he joined in none of the village gayeties, and had until then never noticed any woman; but now the tide of a great passion swept all barriers before it, even

those of right and friendship. He felt this to be a struggle for life, in which, like some half-drowned wretch, he strained every nerve to drag a plank from a comrade. Estelle began coquetting with Distinguin, partly to tease Edmé, partly to test her power by forcing the wealthy and somewhat surly young miller to admire her. She succeeded but too well. Then, astonished at her triumph, ambitious views crept in, which her mother was not slow to develop.

The girl was but half educated, and, like most pretty, brainless women, had little nobility of soul; yet she had some real affection for her handsome, talented lover, and could not decide to give him up without a pang. She began to quarrel with Edmé, put on provoking airs, and hint how much better she might do for herself if she liked. He was hot-tempered, but easily appeased; and so she kept him on and off until she had decided definitely how to act. She could not hold out against the promptings of selfishness; and so, false to her love and false to her better self, she threw over the man of her choice and promised to marry Jean Distinguin. It was looked on as a great match for a penniless girl, for she had no *dot*; and of course everyone speculated what Edmé would do. He disappeared the day of her betrothal; it was said there had been a dreadful scene between himself and Jean, and that, but for the tearful intervention of Estelle, blood might have been shed; but the real facts no one knew except those who would not tell them.

Yvon passed a fortnight in agonizing pain; he could not discover what had become of his brother, till at last a letter came to say he had enlisted in a cavalry regiment under orders for the front. He fell in the first encounter with the enemy, a bullet through his heart; and the morning our story opens was that fixed for the marriage of Estelle and Jean Distinguin.

To Christopher Columbus.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

I.

GOD chose thee out, O man of faith and prayer,

And sent thee o'er the deep—if truth be told.
Neither ambition's greed nor lust of gold
Could make thy heart so confidently dare.

"The boldest steer," the poet saith, "but where .

Their ports invite." Yet thou, divinely bold,
Didst little reck what wrathful billows roll'd
'Twi'x't thee and shores imagined—havens fair
Which seem'd to lesser minds the veriest
"stuff"

That "dreams are made of."

Into the vast unknown

Thou wentest forth—in steadfast hope, alone.
But God was with thee: for thy peace enough.
His breezes serv'd thee; and when seas were
dark,

His stars more surely led thy destined bark.

II.

Ay, and for thee a Star shone all the way
Which others would not see—the Queen of
stars.

Brighter than Venus, Jupiter, and Mars
In one; and clearest 'mid the blaze of day.
The Ocean Star, whose sweetly constant ray
Smiled calmness on a brow no petty jars
Could vex—a brow where pain had printed
scars

Which told of vanquish'd self through years
of fray.

Thy soul, uplifted ever to the light
Of that true guide whose name thy vessel
bore,

Took Her for pilot. Morning, noon, and night,
To Her thine "Aves" rose: and more and
more

Thy trust increased, the sullen crew despite—
Their menace deadlier than the tempest's
roar.

III.

But thou, Christ-Bringer to the new half-
world,

Christ-Bearer too, didst, with the Christ,
His Cross

Thy portion find. Thy glory's earthly gloss
Scarce lasted till the home-bound sails were
furl'd.

Ingratitude and envy swiftly hurl'd
Their torches at thy fame. But was it loss
They wrought thee? Nay, a merit purged
of dross.

For this those lurid flames so fiercely curl'd.

And when had past the years that seem'd so
long,

And came Our Lady with a call to rest,
She led thy spirit through the sainted throng
To where Her Son reigns Monarch of the
Blest;

And He bestow'd, in meed of suffer'd wrong,
A richer realm than thy discover'd West.

The Physical Beauty of Mary.*

ALTHOUGH the Scripture declares,
and daily experience witnesses, that
physical beauty is short-lived and often
dangerous to its possessors, it is neverthe-
less a gift of God, which He bestows on
some and denies to others, as seems best to
Him. When we behold virtue united to
beauty, virtue itself seems to be all the more
beautiful, commendable, and attractive.
But as greatness of soul and comeliness of
person do not often go together, because,
as Ovid writes, there is a perpetual war
between them, our admiration is unbounded
when we see a human being in whom the
highest virtue is united to the most perfect
physical beauty.

Beyond all question this is the case
with Mary. When St. Thomas says that
in her is to be found all that goes to
constitute perfection, we may unhesitat-
ingly declare her to be a paragon of
physical beauty; and we may consider the
words of the Cantic of Canticles, which
the Church applies to her on the Feast of
her Immaculate Conception, as referring

* P. B., in the *Monat-Rosen*. Translated for THE
"AVE MARIA" by J. M. T.

not only to her soul, but to her external appearance also: "Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is not a spot in thee!"* And that other passage wherein she is called the "most beautiful among women."†

The holy Fathers and Doctors of the Church agree herein also; not only singing the praises of the beauty of Mary's lofty soul, but also exalting in the highest terms her corporal beauty. From the beauty of Jesus St. Antoninus infers that of His Mother, premising that the beauty of her body corresponded to that of her soul. He says: "Since the soul of the Blessed Virgin was the noblest after that of her Son, her body also must have been the most perfect and most beautiful next to His. For the body of her Son, being united to the Divinity, was the perfection of beauty; hence also the body that was so closely and intimately united to His must have been most beautiful: and this was His Mother's."

Again says St. Antoninus: "When nature is not thwarted, the child will always resemble the father or the mother. Hence the Son that sprang from a mother alone without a father necessarily resembles His Mother, and consequently the Mother also resembles the Son. But the latter is 'beautiful above the sons of men,'‡ therefore His Mother is the most beautiful after Him."

In the Holy Scriptures the beauty of Rachel, Esther, and Judith is most highly extolled. Of Esther it is said: "She was exceeding fair, and her incredible beauty made her appear agreeable and amiable in the eyes of all."§ And of Judith it is related that "she appeared to all men's eyes incomparably lovely." And when "Ozias and the ancients of the city... saw her, they were astonished, and admired her beauty exceedingly."|| And the servants of Holofernes said one to another: "There is not such another woman upon earth in look, in beauty, and in sense of words."¶

Did these women surpass the Blessed Virgin in beauty? By no means. St. Antoninus draws this conclusion: "The sign and type must resemble what it foreshadows, but the reality surpasses its image. Hence Mary, who is foreshadowed by those women, was much more beautiful than they."

Nicephorus Callistus gives us a description of the appearance and carriage of our Blessed Lady, referring to St. Epiphanius as his authority. These are his words: "The manners, the appearance, and the figure of the Blessed Virgin were as follows: She was in all things decorous and serious: she spoke but little, and to the point, and rather preferred to listen; she was always kind, and gave to everyone the respect and honor that were due. She was of medium height, although some say she was a little above the medium. She addressed everyone with dignified freedom, without laughing, without embarrassment, and especially without excitement. Her complexion was of the color of wheat, her hair brown, her eyes piercing, and the pupils brownish, almost of the color of the olive. The brows were arched and dark, the nose somewhat long, the lips reddish, and amiable dignity sat upon them. Her face was neither round nor sharp, but somewhat long, as were her hands and fingers. She was far removed from all haughtiness, very simple, did not distort her features, showed no signs of weakness, but was remarkable for her humility."

Hence it is not hard to believe what we read of Dionysius the Areopagite. Being admitted into the presence of Our Lady, he was so filled with holy terror at sight of the exceeding brilliancy of her countenance that for a while he remained speechless. On recovering himself he exclaimed: "Did I not, at the preaching of Paul, believe in thy Son, I should cast myself at thy feet to adore thee as the very image of the Divine Majesty. And did not faith teach me better, I could never believe that

* Cant., iv, 7. † *Ib.*, v, 9. ‡ Ps., xliv, 3.

§ Esther, ii, 15. || Judith, x, 4, 6, 7. ¶ *Ib.*, xi, 19.

God, the Creator of the world, is more beautiful than thou. But I know that He dwells in light inaccessible, and that thou hast been given to us as a ray to enlighten us, whom the First Woman brought forth in blindness."

All who beheld this surpassing beauty felt a pleasing compulsion drawing them to love and to preserve their innocence and purity, as St. Thomas and other holy Doctors declare. St. Ambrose expresses himself thus: "Such an abundance of grace did Mary possess that she not only retained the gift of virginity herself, but she also communicated purity to those that looked upon her."

Now, if Mary was so beautiful and amiable whilst she was living here on earth, who shall attempt to describe the beauty of her glorified body? Since the bodies of the ordinary just in heaven shine like the sun, what must be the brilliancy of the body of her who is the Queen of All Saints!

St. Epiphanius tells of a youth who had an ardent desire to behold the beauty of Christ's Mother. Morning and evening he prayed most earnestly for this favor. At last Mary did appear to him and said: "Dost thou desire to behold my beauty?"—"Ah!" he cried out, "although I am unworthy of it, I desire it from the very depths of my soul."—"Look upon me, then," said she. He did so and exclaimed: "Alas! if I were now to be deprived of this favor of seeing thee, my life would be a burden to me." And so great were his joy, love and desire, that his heart broke, and Mary took his soul with her into heaven.

The same thing would happen to us if we beheld Mary in her present glory: we should die of joy. According to St. Bridget of Sweden, no Christian in this dark world could look on Mary without being thereby wonderfully comforted. And this joy, this comfort, increased beyond measure, will be ours when we come to share the happiness

of beholding Jesus Christ, the King of glory, and Mary, who in beauty and heavenly glory comes nearest to Him.

Meanwhile, with childlike love and veneration, let us ever keep before the eyes of our soul the fairest, the gentlest Virgin, Mother of Christ and our Mother; remembering that the beauty of the soul, which is bestowed upon us by sanctifying grace, is far more precious before God than the symmetry and beauty of the most perfect body.

Talks at the Tea-Table.

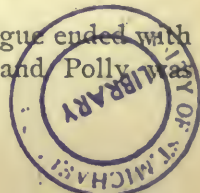
BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

"MAKING PRETEND."

OUR Polly was poring over her arithmetic lesson the other evening when one of our number, thinking that the child was too engrossed to hear, commented upon the faithfulness with which she pursued her studies. "She is one of the few children," it was observed, "who really love to get their lessons." Then a strange change came over the face of our landlady's little daughter, who had heard the remark.

"Please, Mrs. Ellis," she said, "I don't love my lessons one bit. I don't care whether three times four is twelve or fifteen. If the Mississippi River wanted to empty into Lake Michigan, I'd let it. I don't like to study, and I don't like keeping my clothes clean either. Sometimes I think I'd like to be a pig, without any 'rithmetics and any clean aprons. I'd like to tear my dress, and climb up on the barn, and throw my geography out of the window. I was afraid to say so, for fear anybody wouldn't like me; but I've just been making pretend."

This unexpected monologue ended with a frantic burst of tears, and Polly



carried off by her mother to be comforted and calmed.

"That child will have nervous prostration in a week if she isn't taken away from those confounded books!" growled an old doctor at the end of the table, following the absentees. He returned in a few minutes. Polly had gone to sleep, he said; and we were to help ourselves to tea. But no one wished for another cup. Like a tempest tearing along beneath blue skies had come this revelation of Polly's mental state.

"I've freed my mind," said the doctor; "and that little innocent is going to be turned out of doors with the bees and the birds to-morrow. Her mother is not to blame; she is as much surprised as we are. It is society that is at fault. The child was imbued with the pushing, cast-iron spirit of the age. She supposed she had to learn a lot of things because everybody else did. At six so much spelling; at ten so much arithmetic and geography; and so on. And she 'made pretend' until there was this fortunate little rebellious earthquake in her heart and brain. Education? Stuff and nonsense! If this thing had kept up a few months longer, there might have been a little more book-learning in the world, but there wouldn't have been any Polly."

"It strikes me," said our Cynic, after the old physician had angrily stumped out, "that we all 'make pretend' in one way or another; and I, for one, am going to own up. If there's anything I particularly dislike it is violin playing; and I have been pursuing squeaky old fiddles all winter, for fear somebody would think me lacking in true musical taste. When I hear a violin I want to scream, to stuff my ears with cotton, to assault whatever virtuoso happens to be making it squeal; and I sit at the symphony concerts and smile rapturously at the solos. Come, Mr. Poet, it is your turn."

"Strange as it may seem," said our Poet,

putting a fresh daffodil in his button-hole, "I have a particular aversion for most poetry. Young people come to me for an opinion concerning somebody or other's sonnets or triolets or odes; and I have to look wise and critical, and point out the beauties and grow enthusiastic about something I don't fancy in the least. With Shakspeare, Tennyson's Idyls, and my scrap-book of fugitive verses, I think I could manage to exist if I never saw another line of poetry. Now, there's Walt Whitman, for instance. I have spoken at banquets given in his honor, I have compared his various productions before effusive and admiring audiences, and I never saw one line of his that appealed to the poetic sense with which I am said to be blessed. Toward other authors whom it is the fashion to praise I have the same feeling; and I go on in my mad career of adulation, because I haven't the courage to tell the truth, lest people call me a pretender; while it is only when I 'make pretend,' like Polly, that they think me sincere."

"You inspire me with courage," said Miss Earnest; "although you claim to be lacking in that attribute. Let me confess, then, that I am utterly incapable of admiring much of the work of the painters we call the old masters. I can esteem their motive, and trace their progress as the world advanced; but as to positive enjoyment, I would rather have a picture of our very modern Bouguereau, or even a speaking photograph of our little Polly, than the best representation of expressionless faces and wooden limbs that Giotto and his contemporaries ever painted."

"Well, really," observed young Cecil Huntley, "I suppose I'll have to keep up with this truth-telling procession! I simply detest driving, and I pretend that life would be but an empty dream if I did not crack the whip over my four-in-hand. I hate dancing above all things, and I

tire myself out leading the german every time I get a chance, for fear people will suspect that I lived on an Indiana farm till uncle left me his money. But it's when I'm hunting—chasing a poor little animal over some farmer's potato patches—that I'm most miserable. I am a regular crank about killing things,—I ought to be president of a humane society; but I have to be a butcher of birds and dear little animals just like the other fellows, because I'm in the swim. That's the kind of a humbug *I am!*"

"Come, Mr. Lilyfinger," said our Cynic, "can you not add your contribution to these frank avowals? Do you never 'make pretend'?"

"I think sometimes," answered the young rector, sadly, "that I never do anything else."

But his further admission, if there was to be any, was prevented by the clock striking seven.

"My Confirmation class meets at this hour," he added, rising.

"And I," said our Cynic, "have promised to take Mildred and the other girls to hear the new violinist."

"There is a collection of paintings of the Byzantine school," interposed Miss Earnest, "that I was to inspect at seven o'clock."

Our Poet laughed. "I am to read a paper upon the poems of Walt Whitman, and must be going."

"And, by George!" exclaimed young Cecil, "I promised to drop in at the club and make arrangements for the hunting trip next week."

And so it comes about that Polly is the most consistent member of the Tea-Table circle, and that the rest of us bid fair to keep on "making pretend."

ABSORBING devotion to Him who alone is the true centre of life consolidates and invigorates the character.

The New Poet Laureate.

THE appointment of John Ruskin to the place of late filled most worthily by Lord Tennyson, is no less a delight than a surprise to the large circle of admirers who have hoped, seemingly almost against hope, that this good man might receive, in the brief span of life yet remaining to him, some official recognition of his immense services to English literature and the English people. It is the unexpected which happens; and in this instance the unexpected reflects great credit upon the judgment of the Premier, who has passed by the throng of eager rhymesters, and placed the laurel upon the worthiest brow in England. Catholics would have been glad, no doubt, if Aubrey de Vere or Coventry Patmore had met with this recognition; but they can not withhold their sincere congratulation from one whose only rival as a writer of English was the beloved Cardinal Newman, and who for many years has been a loving, earnest friend of the Church.

It will be news to the world at large that Ruskin is a poet; and so there will be many who will consider his appointment as a huge joke, and who will find pleasure in hurling verbal and would-be witty missiles at the venerable recluse of Brantwood. But those better informed are aware that, as a writer of poetry pure and simple, Ruskin has taken high rank ever since the youthful days when he won the Newdigate prize at Oxford. Even if these declarations were not true, it is not too much to say that in his writings there is no such rubbish as was poured forth at Tennyson's death from the verse-makers of England who wished to succeed him.

Mr. Gladstone has betrayed unerring taste in his selection, and the wide gulf between the politics of the two great men makes still more creditable the friendliness and courtesy of him who has crossed it.

Notes and Remarks.

The evil effects of the so-called "higher criticism" in its application to the Sacred Scriptures are daily becoming more marked in characterizing the spirit of the age. A Protestant minister in New York recently called attention to this fact, and said: "The higher criticism, undermining though it does much of the word of God, may furnish a platform on which illogical people may unite to-day; but the next generation will repudiate it and take refuge in utter disbelief."

So far as man's religious life is concerned, there can be no medium between belief and disbelief. If professors of Christianity are content to discredit the Scriptures as the Revelation of God's word, what respect can their hearers have for a religious system which rests on the Bible as its authority? The logical outcome must be either infidelity or affiliation with that Church which claims to be the sole divine channel of the revelation of God, and the infallible witness and teacher of the truths therein proclaimed. Human reason can not be the critic of revelation, and all scientific processes intruding upon the domain of Faith, go beyond their sphere and have no force or value. The fundamental fact to be realized before all else is that there is a perpetual Divine Teacher in the midst of us, through whom we know what we should believe and what we should reject.

In this Columbian year, when so much is said about the genius and heroism of the "world-seeking Genoese," we can not be too often reminded of the enthusiastic piety of the man, or the religious motive that inspired his work. In the letter to Sanchez written after his first voyage, a new translation of which has just appeared, Columbus thus expresses himself:

"Truly great and wonderful is this; and not corresponding to our merits, but to the holy Christian faith, and to the piety and religion of our sovereigns. Because what the human understanding could not attain, that the divine will has granted to human efforts. For God is wont to listen to His servants who love His precepts, even in impossibilities; as has happened to us on the present occasion, who have

attained that which hitherto mortal men have never reached. For if any one has written or said anything about these islands, it was all with obscurities and conjectures. No one claims that he had seen them; from which they seemed like fables. Therefore let the King and Queen, the princes and their most fortunate kingdoms, and all other countries of Christendom, give thanks to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who has bestowed upon us so great a victory and gift. Let religious processions be solemnized. Let sacred festivals be held. Let the churches be covered with festive garlands. Let Christ rejoice on earth as He rejoices in heaven, when He foresees coming to salvation so many souls of people hitherto lost. Let us be glad also, as well on account of the exaltation of our faith, as on account of the increase of our temporal weal, of which not only Spain but universal Christendom will be partakers."

Modern explorers no longer write in this strain; Protestantism has "changed all that."

The fondness of the Holy Father for flowers and birds is well known; and the Roman correspondent of the Paris *Figaro* relates how he met him coming from his daily walk in the Vatican garden, a kind smile upon his venerable face, and a large bunch of violets in his hand. The correspondent was told, in response to his inquiries, that Leo XIII. never fails to stop for a chat with the gardener, who has always a nosegay for him,—violets when it is possible, for of them the Holy Father is especially fond. As soon as he returns to the Vatican, his first action is to place the flowers before a statue of the Blessed Virgin in his private chapel. And so Our Lady is never without a blooming and fragrant tribute from the hands of her faithful servant, the Ruler of Christendom.

Even to the mature and experienced a visit to Chicago at this season will be attended with much inconvenience and some risk. To the young there will be in addition much danger from extortioners, and those whose profession it is to decoy into questionable localities. Realizing the pressing need of a place where Catholics can be certain to find reliable information in regard to everything which can possibly concern their comfort and well-being, a Bureau of Information and Accommodation has been established at the De La Salle Institute. Furthermore, the rooms of this beautiful and spacious building

are open for the accommodation of Catholic young men who may desire to avail themselves of the opportunity. The managers have also a number of private houses and hotels on their register, where families may be entertained, and women who are unaccompanied may find the shelter of a home. The situation of the De La Salle Institute makes it especially convenient for World's Fair visitors; and there are a number of other advantages which can not be enumerated here, but which will be made known by an application to M. R. Healy, De La Salle Institute, Corner of Wabash Avenue and 35th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Writing in the *Forum* of Mgr. Satolli's mission to America, in an article entitled "The Pope in Washington," the Methodist Bishop Vincent says: "Careful students of history usually find themselves on the alert when Rome makes a new move or adopts a new policy. Is alertness the fit attitude in this case?"

Most indubitably, bishop. You must be wary, watchful, vigilant, and circumspect; you must "hustle," too, as the saying is, if you would prevent these United States from being made over to the Pope of Rome as a compensation for the loss of his temporal power in Italy. In the meantime you are doubtless aware that the proposed residence for Mgr. Satolli in Washington is really intended to be the home, the American Vatican, of the next Pope, Pius X.

In his eloquent sermon on the occasion of the recent centenary celebration in New Orleans, the Dominican, Father Hage, recalled the battle of Chalmette in 1815, and the visit of the conqueror, General Jackson, to the New Orleans Cathedral. "That day," said the preacher, "General Jackson was great and illustrious among all men, because he was humble in the sight of God; and when the stranger visiting our city leaves the Cathedral and contemplates the statue which is situated opposite to it, he is sensible of the connection which recalls the only two forces of the world, the courage of the great and the prayers of the lowly."

On the same occasion Archbishop Ryan,

in the course of his sermon, related this incident: "During our Civil War two Sisters of Charity, walking together through the streets of Boston, were insulted by a wretched man through hatred of the religious garb they wore. Subsequently this man went into the army as a substitute for some one who had been drafted. He was wounded in one of the battles in Missouri, and brought to a temporary hospital in charge of Sisters; and, of course, was most kindly treated. When about to die, the Sister in attendance on him begged him to ask pardon of God for the sins of his life, and to prepare to meet his Judge. 'Sister,' replied the dying soldier, 'I have been a bad man, but there is one act of my life that weighs more heavily upon me than any other. I once insulted a member of the Order which has treated me so kindly; and, sick as I am, were she here, I could fall at her feet, beg her pardon, and die in peace.'—'You have her pardon,' replied the Sister. 'I knew you by that mark on your forehead the moment you were brought here; and I pardoned you from my heart long before then.'—'And why,' rejoined the soldier, 'have you been more kind to me than to the others?'—'Because you insulted me, and for His sake,' she said, kissing her crucifix.—'Send for your priest,' said the dying man. 'The religion that inspires such fortitude must be from God.' And the priest and the Sister knelt together as the soul of the dying soldier passed to the God of Christianity—glorious Christianity!"

Mgr. Livinhac, Superior-General of the Pères Blancs (White Fathers), missionaries in Algeria, writes, under date of April 7, to *Les Missions Catholiques* regarding the state of affairs in Uganda. Several paragraphs of his letter are suggestive. "To enhance the value of its services, the East African English Company poses before the eyes of Europe as a liberator of the slaves. Here is a fact that shows how the agents seek to realize this programme." The fact mentioned was the capture of four hundred women of Sésé by the Protestant chief Mlamba, acting under orders from the English agent. The women were "liberated" from freedom into slavery.

Commenting on this and kindred instances, Mgr. Livinhac writes: "We trust that despite the ill-will of the actual agents, our holy religion will continue to spread, and that England will send hither representatives more tolerant and more solicitous for the true interests of their country."

In pleasing contrast to this is the following reference, in the same letter, to another European power with agents in Africa: "I am happy to add that throughout the whole sphere of German influence, the European officers show themselves favorable to our works, and recognize their importance as factors of civilization."

A movement is on foot among certain of the friends and admirers of Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey to present this venerable author, to whom American Catholics owe so large a debt of gratitude, with a testimonial of esteem and appreciation. As Mrs. Dorsey has been the recipient of the Lætare Medal from the University of Notre Dame, it is proposed to have the testimonial take the form of a signed address, which will be presented with a purse. Among the thousands who have been benefited and entertained by the writings of this eminent American Catholic woman there must be many who would feel aggrieved not to be allowed to share in any public tribute to her. They are invited to communicate with the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, or with us.

Although advanced in years and in somewhat feeble health, it is hoped that Mrs. Dorsey may be spared to write other books; however, her admirers do well not to wait for her last production, or for her passing away, to testify their appreciation of her distinguished services to Catholic literature. No sooner was the suggestion made than the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland, with characteristic heartiness, wrote to have his name included among the promoters of the testimonial, sending a check for \$100. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane has subscribed a like sum, and we learn that several other eminent prelates have expressed their desire to be associated with this tribute to the work and worth of our favorite Catholic novelist.

Their names and those of the other associates in the testimonial will be published, in due time, with the address.

At the ripe age of seventy-one, the Rev. Henry James Coleridge, an eminent member of the Society of Jesus, has entered the Church Triumphant. The name of Coleridge has ever been an honored and illustrious one on the page of England's history; and when this earnest young convert came out from that religious body into which he was born, and found his heart's true home in the Catholic Church, he brought with him the promise of which his successful career has been the glorious fulfilment. His learning, his literary gifts, and his boundless energy were equalled only by the steadfast devotion which was the true inspirer of his life. Many volumes well known to Catholic readers, and a long career as editor of the *Month*, testify to the scholarly attainments which were a part of Father Coleridge's heritage; and the closing years of his life exhibited the resigned piety without which the most distinguished gifts are valueless. The deceased was a son of Sir John Taylor Coleridge, and a brother of the present Lord Chief Justice. May he rest in peace!

The best reply to such an attack as was made on THE "AVE MARIA" last week by the *Northwestern Chronicle* would be to pass it over in silence, as one disregards the barking of an ill-natured cur in the streets, were it not that the writer, in the course of his tirade, makes this mischievous and mendacious statement:

"Since the first announcement was made of the coming of Mgr. Satolli to America in the name of the Holy Father, THE 'AVE MARIA' has afflicted its readers week after week with its sneers, more or less covert, against the Delegate's mission, his supposed means of obtaining information, his position on the School Question," etc., etc.

Such an accusation as this calls for a prompt denial. We need not employ many words, and we shall not mince them. Every reader of THE "AVE MARIA" knows that the *Chronicle's* charges are so many deliberate falsehoods. We have no hesitancy in thus characterizing them; and their author, whoever he may be, deserves contempt.



A Maytime Incident.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

EARLY one morning in the month of May, little Mary went into the garden. She wore a white frock; her sash was blue, her eyes the same beautiful color. She was a lovely child, the pride and hope of her parents, who had lost five others, and who at her birth had dedicated her to the Blessed Virgin. On this account she always wore blue and white; her mother having promised Our Lady to have her thus attired until the time of her First Communion.

The garden was full of all kinds of beautiful early flowers; and Mary sat on the lowest step of the piazza, waiting for Natalie, her kind old French nurse, to come and gather her morning bouquet for the little altar in her mother's room.

Presently Natalie came. In her hand she carried a freshly baked tart, which Teresa, the cook, had sent out to the darling of the household.

"Oh, thank you, Natalie!" said the child, as she took it from her nurse's hand. "And now shall we gather the flowers?"

"Not just yet," was the reply. "Teresa has asked me to beat up some eggs for her. It will not take me more than ten minutes to do it; and then we shall have plenty of time to arrange our flowers before your

manma is ready to take you for a drive. Meanwhile, sit here and eat your tartine until I come."

So saying she went back to the house.

The child obeyed her: divided the tart in half, laid one piece beside her on the step, spread her little handkerchief on her lap, and was about to begin to bite daintily the crust of the other, intending, like most children, unless the greediest, to leave the central tidbit of fruit for the final morsel.

Suddenly her attention was attracted by a pair of black eyes peeping through the palings of the garden fence; and at the same time she heard a voice saying, in a sing-song tone:

*"Mignonne rose et blanche,
Je suis pauvre, et j'ai faim:
Donnez-moi de ta tartine.
Oh, j'ai faim, j'ai faim!"*

Now, little Mary was not a stranger to the French language; for her nurse spoke to her quite as often in French as in English.

"Oh, he is singing a song!" she said, jumping up and hurrying to the fence. "Maybe he is a little music-boy; and what if he should have a monkey!"

As she came closer, she saw that the voice proceeded from a very small and thin boy indeed, whose pleading, soft black eyes seemed to be the largest part of his peaked, dark face. He was dressed in a ragged velveteen suit, that still showed traces of former smart braiding and gilt ornament, in the shape of sundry "frogs" and tarnished buttons, clinging here and

there at random to the better portion of his garments. In his hand he held a bunch of violets, fresh, dewy, fragrant,—with the tears of the morning and the breath of the woods still upon their richly colored petals. Stretching one hand through the paling, he offered them to her, eagerly eying the tart which she still held, and repeating his song, which, for the benefit of those who do not understand French, I will here render into English prose:

“Little pink and white darling, I am poor and hungry: give me some of your tart. Oh, I am so hungry!”

For a moment she stood shyly listening, longing to take the violets and give him the tart in exchange. Yet great as would have been her pleasure to take the flowers, her pain was greater that he should be hungry: such a little boy, perhaps not ten, still older than herself she knew,—older than seven. Then she made an heroic effort and said:

“Come in, poor little boy! Come inside the gate, and I will give you all my tart: this and the other half, lying on the piazza step.”

He lost no time in doing her bidding, and was soon seated beside her, devouring the half she had held in her hand, while his eyes eagerly sought the remainder. While he had been eating, the violets had fallen to the ground: Mary being occupied in coming to the conclusion that he must be very hungry indeed to have eaten the tart in four bites, and that perhaps she had better go into the house and get him another. She had serious doubts, however, as to the wisdom of this, not being sure that Teresa would be willing; and, besides, his manner did not seem to indicate that he desired or expected any more. She was stooping to pick up the flowers, therefore, when the boy gallantly lifted them from the gravel, and, bowing low, presented them to her with the air of a gentleman; while he improvised thus:

“The tart is made from wheat
And fruit, and both are good.
They grow in field and garden green,
The violet in the wood.
The tart is fine, the violet sweet—
This to smell and that to eat.
That which God to you has given,
Little one, beloved of Heaven,
Dressed in Mary’s colors fair,
You have given me. Gold hair,
Take the flowers, you love them best!
Little one, by Mary blest,
Happy I, and happy you.
Now I must be off,—adieu!”

With a touch of the hand to his ragged cap, he flew through the gate, and Mary saw him no more, though she could hear him singing far down the street:

“Mignonne rose et blanche,
Je suis pauvre, et j’avais faim;
Mignonne rose et blanche,
Maintenant je n’ai pas faim.”

“Little pink and white darling,
I am poor and I was hungry;
Little pink and white darling,
Now I am hungry no longer.”

When Mary told her story to her mamma and nurse, they both thought she had fallen asleep on the piazza while waiting for Natalie, until they saw the lovely little bouquet of violets in her hand. She could not remember the words of the pretty rhyme very well, but was able to recite some of them. They lingered in her ear for many a day; and the violets spent their sweet, short life on Our Lady’s altar, where Mary did not forget to offer a fervent prayer for the strange little visitor. Her papa thought it probable that he might have been one of those bright little Savoyards who sometimes speak French as well as their own tongue; and who have the gift of improvisation, which means being able to speak one’s thoughts in verse. I think he was right in his surmise; and Mary was convinced of it after she had spent a winter in that part of Italy where those *improvisatori* live. But this was later—after she had grown to be a tall girl of seventeen, with a kind memory still in her heart for the poor little vagabond, whom she never saw again.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XVIII.—FIRST GLIMPSES OF ITALY.

Travelling onward amid these Alpine scenes the Colvilles at last reached Turin.

In the afternoon they drove about the city, passed the imposing allegorical monument which commemorates the completion of the Great Tunnel; and visited the Castle, and the palace of the ancient Dukes of Savoy. They also saw in one of the squares the granite column, surmounted by a statue of the Blessed Virgin, erected in 1835 in thanksgiving for the cessation of the cholera; and from the banks of the river viewed the heights of the Superga and the Mount of the Capuchins, points famous in the military history of the place.

"The latter is the site of a monastery," said Mr. Colville. "Upon the other hill you see an imposing church edifice which has an interesting story. In 1706 the French army advanced upon Turin; and the Duke, Amadeus II., prepared to defend his dominions. A battle was fought on the 7th of September. This being the eve of Our Lady's birthday, the pious prince vowed that if he succeeded in repelling the invaders, he would erect a shrine in her honor. Victory attended his arms: the city was saved; and, in fulfilment of his promise, he built this church, in which is still held every year, on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, a special service of thanksgiving."

Our friends went also to the Cathedral; and saw, in the chapel behind the high altar, the golden and jewelled urn in which is preserved a part of the linen winding-sheet in which the body of Our Lord was wrapped when it was taken down from the Cross.

"It was brought from Palestine by Crusaders," said Mr. Colville; "and is

exposed for the veneration of the faithful only on great occasions."

In the evening, as they were taking a walk, they entered a church from which came the sound of music. It was a medieval structure, a type of the minor churches of Italy. The walls were adorned with hangings of red velvet that had not been removed since the recent celebration of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. In the depths of the side chapel they caught glimpses of time-darkened paintings; among which might probably be found some gem of art; and the carving upon the dark, polished wood of the choir and confessionals was very rich. The altar beamed with lights, in the midst of which they beheld the monstrance with the Blessed Sacrament.

They found places where they could, a friendly *contadina* (peasant girl) making room for Claire on the *prie-dieu* upon which she knelt. The priest was reciting certain prayers, to which the congregation readily responded in Latin, which is indeed to the Italian but a mother-tongue.

And what a congregation it was! There were olive-skinned, flashing-eyed men, ill-kempt but picturesque, with wavy black hair, and such heads and faces as artists love to paint; each with a handkerchief of red, yellow, or blue knotted about his swarthy throat. Pretty children and women were there, wearing upon their heads graceful lace veils resembling the Spanish mantillas, —some of the younger ones with Madonna-like countenances; the older, stout, with lined features. But what impressed Claire most was that all these people seemed to have left their work at the call of the bell for Benediction. There was the woman who had a little fruit stand at the corner, from whom Mr. Colville had bought some plums a while ago; a vegetable merchant from the *piazza* (square); a girl who had sold them roses, etc.

Now the priest intoned the *O Salutaris*, and the people took up the strain and sang as only the Italians can sing. The Colvilles

listened entranced, there was something so exquisitely rich and sweet in the quality of the voices. Claire distinguished one, grand as the tones of a 'cello, following the hymn in a subdued alto. It was that of a sturdy woman who knelt in front of her,—a fishwife evidently; for the odor of her merchandise lingered about her garments.

The *Tantum Ergo* followed, and then the Benediction; after which, one by one, the worshippers departed, the candles were extinguished; the only light left was that before the altar, and from the tiny votive lamps before the various shrines. Our party remained for a time alone amid the shadows; then they too withdrew, feeling that they would never forget their first evening in Italy.

The next morning they were off for Genoa, which was reached in a few hours.

"At last we have come to the birthplace of Columbus!" exclaimed Claire, with enthusiasm, as they walked from the station.

"And what a beautiful old place it is!" added Alicia.

"Yes," answered her father. "The situation of this city of the Apennines—which rises out of the sea in a wide semi-circle, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills,—and its numerous marble palaces, churches and blooming gardens, justly entitle it to the name of *La Superba* (The Magnificent)."

When they arrived at their hotel, the girls were shown to two connecting rooms on the third story.

"Oh, how sweet!" cried Kathleen.

"How tasty!" said Alicia.

The rooms, though low-studded and plainly furnished, were nevertheless almost ideally pretty. The little beds were hung with the freshest, daintiest of sheer white muslin curtains, and covered with snowy counterpanes. At the windows were similar curtains, looped back with woven cords. The board floors were painted light

blue, with a neat rug before each of the old-fashioned dressing-tables.

Claire glanced around approvingly, then she went over to the window. The casement extended to the floor, and, as is usual on the Continent, opened inward like a small double door. When it was ajar, a railing across the outside formed of the embrasure a kind of balcony. Here she lingered. Opposite was a low building of a Grecian style of architecture, with four statues upon the roof; and beyond it stretched the magnificent harbor, bounded on one side by the crescent-shaped shore, and extending afar to the horizon and the sea.

"Can you realize it, girls?" she cried as they stood beside her, and gazed at the fair expanse of blue waters sparkling in the sunshine. "This is the bay upon which Columbus looked out as a boy. He saw this curving strand, that bold cliff yonder; and many and many a time, from those quays down there, he watched the bright waters as we are doing now. He saw the sky and sea meet at this horizon; and the question that haunted his dreams at night and his imagination by day, that which in fancy he put to wave and sky, to incoming and outgoing ships, was: 'What is there beyond?'"

"The Mediterranean, of course. I should think he would have known that," said practical Kathleen, who had been studying the map during the journey.

"And so he did; for the Genoese were bold mariners," interposed Alicia. "But beyond that?"

"Why, the Straits of Gibraltar," replied her little sister.

"And then the Atlantic," continued Claire. "And farther and farther beyond? But it is a mystery no longer. We know that our home lies thousands of miles west of that sunset horizon, in the beautiful land of which Columbus dreamed,—the land which but for this steadfast boy of Genoa might never have been discovered."

"How pleasant it is to have come to *his* home in this Centennial year!" added Alicia. "Father says many of the people here live in the same simple way as they did in those days; and that some of the houses in the old part of the town were built long before the time of Columbus."

They now rejoined Mr. Colville and Joe, and the party went out on a tour of exploration.

"Genoa is Our Lady's own city," said Mr. Colville. "You know, for hundreds of years it had, like Venice, its Doges and an independent government, which owed tribute or allegiance to none of the great powers of Europe, much less to any of the neighboring dukedoms or principalities. Still sometimes it entered into treaties with them; but as these allies frequently proved unworthy of trust, the people determined finally to elect for themselves a sovereign who would protect them against all their enemies. And whom do you think they selected to rule over them? They chose the Blessed Virgin. On the 25th of March, 1636, the Senate, by a solemn decree, proclaimed the Madonna as the lawful Sovereign of the proud Republic which had never acknowledged any earthly monarch. On that day the city was gay with flags, processions, and brilliant costumes; and over the tower of the palace and from the mainmasts of the fleet in the harbor floated the banner of the Republic, on which was depicted the Madonna wearing a regal crown. In the Cathedral the Cardinal Giovanni Domenico Spinola celebrated a grand High Mass, at which all of the populace who could crowd into the spacious edifice assisted. At its close the Doge Francesco Brinole stepped forth, and, in a golden basin, presented the jewelled sceptre, the crown, the keys and every symbol of full dominion to His Eminence, who placed them upon the altar, above which was a statue of Our Lady surrounded by angels. The public Chancellor then formally announced the solemnization of

the gift, and the air resounded with *vivas*, hailing the lovely and incomparable Queen of Genoa.

"Genoa and Venice were for centuries the two great rivals for the supremacy of the Mediterranean; and the wealth and magnificence of the two cities were gained by the conquests of the seas. The young Genoese accordingly regarded the sea as the highroad to fortune; and therefore it is not singular that so brave and spirited a lad as Columbus chose the life of a sailor, in order to follow his dreams beyond the horizon yonder. That they were not of great riches and possessions for himself, however, was evident from the beginning of his career."

"What a queer old city!" exclaimed Kathleen. "It is all up and down hill; and the streets are so narrow, and have no sidewalks!"

"Do you notice, the people going one way walk on one side of the street, and those coming in the contrary direction on the other side?" said Alicia.

"These are the main thoroughfares, but look down the other streets as we pass," suggested Mr. Colville.

"Some of them are not more than three feet broad, and they seem to go up and down stairs as they please," laughed Claire.

"Well," said Joe, "the people have every opportunity of being sociable; for by leaning out of one of those windows, a fellow could easily shake hands with his neighbor across the way."

They strolled to the Piazza Acquaverde, one of the principal squares; and saw the fine marble statue of Columbus, erected in response to the enthusiasm of Pius IX., which represents the great discoverer standing on a pedestal adorned with ship's prows, and resting against an anchor. At his feet kneels the figure of America; and the monument is surrounded by other allegorical figures representing Religion, Geography, Strength, and Wisdom. As they wandered on, Claire said:

"How beautiful! In Genoa the walls and street corners, instead of being plastered over with advertisements and play-bills, are adorned with pictures of sacred subjects. See, there is a Crucifixion; and a while ago I saw a painting of the Madonna."

"All this shows the faith and devotion of the people," replied her father; "and is an evidence of the religious atmosphere in which the boy Columbus grew up, and which had so marked an effect upon his character."

"Look at that house over there with a niche above the door!" said Kathleen. "There is a statue in the niche, and—why yes, it is Columbus! O father, is this where he was born?"

"Some authorities claim that Cogoleto, a little town in the suburbs, was his birthplace," replied Mr. Colville; "and a house in which he is said to have been born is still shown there. However that may be, it is certain his childhood was passed in the city itself, and that the family lived not far from the Porta San Andrea. There is good reason to believe this is indeed the house; that here as a boy he worked at his father's trade of wool-combing, and from here went away to sea."

"What is the inscription over the entrance?" asked Joe.

"They are words supposed to have been spoken by Columbus himself," continued Mr. Colville, "and may be translated: 'I predicted, I wished, I believed it. Behold, arising out of the waves a new, unknown world!'"

By a happy coincidence, as the Colvilles were traversing one of the steep lanes or alleys but a stone's-throw from this ancient house, they noticed an old man seated in a doorway, working industriously.

"What is he doing?" inquired Alicia, curiously.

As they advanced, they saw that he held between his knees an implement like a very large brush or curry-comb, with the

teeth turned upward. Upon this he piled a little heap of something soft and white and fluffy; and then bringing a similar comb down upon it so that the teeth came together, combed it out into a long, smooth skein. A little boy, presumably his grandchild, stood beside him, and from time to time pulled the refuse off the combs.

"Ah!" said Mr. Colville, "here is a wool-comber at work. It will soon cease to be a surprise to you that many of the people here pursue the same avocations, and in the same primitive manner, as in the days of Columbus."

"And is that the way his father earned a living?" asked Alicia, incredulously.

"It may be that he did so on a more ambitious scale, and employed a number of men," was the reply; "but even so, tradition says he worked at his trade himself. And you can picture the young Christopher standing beside him and tending the combs, like this bright-eyed little fellow here."

"How picturesque the costumes of the people are!" said Claire, as they went on. "See that soldier with the broad-brimmed hat like a spanish *sombrero*, and its drooping plume of cock's feathers! And how graceful the women appear, with their long white veils!"

"This headdress is called the *mezzaro*, and was adopted in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the Queen of the city. It is seen now only on rare occasions; this must be some local *festa*, I think," remarked Mr. Colville.

(To be continued.)

A Case of Discipline.

Willie D. was given the word "gone," which he had missed in spelling, to write fifty times upon his slate. Before he had finished doing this his mother was called away. When she returned she found the slate awaiting her, with fifty "gones" on one side, and on the other, "I'm gorn over to Tom's."
—*Harper's Young People.*



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

VOL. XXXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 27, 1893.

NO. 21.

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

A Land Unseen.

THE realm of Science guards her precious lore
 From those who idly drift along the tide
 Of life's wide stream; and Art, too, fain would hide
 From all whom Pleasure leads unto her shore.

But each flings wide her barred and bolted door
 To him who comes with Genius as his guide,—
 To him who, casting anchor, would abide
 Fast-moored in Learning's harbor evermore.

But nearer to the source of life's great stream
 There lies a wondrous kingdom rich and fair,
 Whose ramparts are the word of God; none see
 This land, whose beauty passeth earthly dream,
 Save those who unto Faith's bright portals bear
 The password, "Trust"; the key, "Humility."

The Golden Jubilee of the Holy Childhood.

BY L. W. REILLY.

ASIA and Africa, teeming with population, have for centuries been the chosen field for missionaries from the centre of Christendom. The natives have been hard to convert. They have watered their fields with the blood of martyrs, yet the seed of the Church is still, seem-

ingly so at least, surpassed by the tares.

The missionaries who went to those continents from Europe benefited the land they left as well as the land they sought. To the latter they brought the light of the Gospel and the arts of civilization; to the former they made valuable contributions of knowledge concerning the geography, fauna, flora, languages, religions and customs of the people, etc., of the regions they explored.

Among the subjects of which they wrote in the reports that they sent home was the treatment of children. Throughout the Flowery Kingdom and the Dark Continent they announced that the little ones had no rights which their elders were bound to respect. In China this was only too true. There fathers have the right of life or death over their offspring, and frequently kill their infants at the time of birth. If the parents be poor or have a large family, if the babe be deformed or puny, if it be a girl and homely, or if other motives influence them, the fathers and mothers do not shrink from the crime of infanticide. They do not commit the murder furtively, for they have no scruples in their own mind to deter them from it; they have not to fear public opinion, for that is on their side in the affair; they do not dread punishment to be inflicted by the civil authorities, for the attempts of the Government to put a stop to the slaughter of the innocents have proved abortive.

The Rev. Father Betard wrote in 1836: "Infanticide is very frequent in China. Very often unnatural mothers kill their children with their own hands. The custom of exposing children in the streets has prevailed to such a degree that the measures taken by the Government to suppress this monstrous evil have been without effect."

The common belief in metempsychosis tended to increase the number of child-murders. Poor parents fancied, so Father Ricci testified, "that they rendered a service to those unfortunate children by procuring them the opportunity of being born again in a better fortune."

The author of "Philosophical Reflections on the Chinese" tells how the babes were usually put out of the way. He writes: "Either the midwives drown the new-born infants in a basin of hot water, and require a fee for this execution; or they are thrown into rivers, having a hollow gourd tied to their backs, so that they float a long while before expiring. Their piteous cries in this situation would make men elsewhere shudder. The third manner of getting rid of them is by exposing them in the streets. Every morning, particularly at Pekin, there is a cart driven around to convey these unfortunate infants to a pit, into which they are cast, without the earth being thrown upon them, in hopes that the Mahometans may appropriate some of them. But before these carts can arrive in the morning, it often happens that the dogs, and above all the swine which infest the streets in all Chinese cities, devour the infants alive."

The Rev. Father Bruyère wrote from the island of Hay-men in Kiang-Nan: "The administrator of a Christian community situated among pagans told me that, while taking his tea in a neighboring city in the company of pagans, he had frequently heard them speak of murdering their children, with an indifference that made him shudder. They quietly discussed the differ-

ent means of disposing of them, either by drowning them in water, by filling their mouths with a ball of cotton, or other means. But the conclusion was that they must absolutely get rid of the surplus population in some way or other."

Writing from Kiang-Si, the Rev. Father Anot gives the following testimony: "Those whom we rescue are the unhappy little beings, who send forth their heart-rending cries often for two whole days and nights in the open air; and when found are sometimes already half devoured by animals, and sometimes festering with disease. Those whom we would gladly rescue are the children whose lot, in one respect, is still more deplorable than that of those just mentioned,—namely, those whom their fathers and mothers with murderous hands consign to death at their birth, before they can utter a cry of wailing, and whom it is impossible for us to gain to eternal life." In another letter, this same missionary wrote: "Piercing cries ascend day and night from the whole surface of this immense province."

M. Gabet, a Frenchman who spent several years in China, tells us: "It would be a work of supererogation for me to speak of the Foundling Hospital at Pekin, as several missionaries have already done so. Every morning a cart, employed by the Government, goes round the town and visits every street and quarter. Men commissioned for this office take the children whom they see exposed and place them in the cart. They often find the children either dead, half eaten by dogs, or crushed by the wheels of vehicles or the feet of pedestrians. In winter, owing to the severity of the weather at Pekin, the greater number of all these children perish from cold before the hospital cart reaches them. Those that are alive are taken to the Foundling Hospital. This establishment is supplied with wet-nurses and servants paid by the Government; but in these pagan lands, where morality is in a state of

degeneracy, and where nothing is done conscientiously, these children are thoroughly neglected, so that the majority of them expire shortly after their entrance. . . .

"The children who live are kept in the establishment until they have attained their thirteenth year. Arrived at that age, the little girls are sold,—occasionally for a lawful marriage, but often to perpetuate the licentiousness which was the cause of their birth. The boys, as soon as they reach that age, are turned out of doors and live as they can. Some of them obtain a good situation and live honestly; but the majority, abandoned to a life of vagabondism and initiated in every kind of vice, increase the number of scoundrels and rogues with which the city is inundated. . . . While crossing the province of Fo-Kien on my way to the north of China, I daily saw a number of these young girls publicly exposed for sale in the market, with ducks, geese, pigs, and other articles of merchandise."

Similar letters came from many missionaries. They touched the heart of a French Bishop into whose hands they fell, and made him resolve to do something for the salvation of those wretched castaways.

This prelate was Mgr. de Forbin-Janson. He was born in Paris in 1785, was ordained priest in 1811, and was for time superior of the seminary at Chambéry. In 1814 he returned to France, and spent some years in mission work. Next he visited the Holy Land. In 1821 he was consecrated Bishop of Nancy and Toul and made Primate of Lorraine. After some years spent in episcopal labors, he went to Rome, resigned his see, and requested the Pope to send him as a missionary to Asia. The Holy Father let him have his way; but obstacles arose and prevented him from carrying out his project of going to China. Accordingly he returned to France and set himself to establishing homes for infirm and aged priests. Finally he came to America. He traversed the

United States, was present at a National Council assembled at Baltimore, visited Canada, and afterward proceeded to New York, where he built a church for the French residents of the metropolis. Then he had what we must believe was an inspiration from Heaven. He had never closed his ears to the cries of the abandoned children of Asia: he would get the children of Christendom to do the work he longed to do—to save the children of heathendom.

He started his Association at Paris in the year 1843. Then he visited various other cities in France, explained the object and means of the new society, established branches, and enrolled members. Later he went to Belgium to spread the work there; and having been received in audience by the King and Queen, he so interested them in his undertaking that they had the princes and princesses enrolled among its supporters. After setting the ball in motion in that kingdom, he returned to France to direct the development of his enterprise there. He still cherished hopes of being able to go in person to the heathen, but Heaven took the will for the deed. He died near Marseilles, July 11, 1844.

The Association of the Holy Childhood, as he called his league, soon spread throughout France, Belgium, and adjacent countries. In May, 1843, it was represented by a Central Council, of which the then Archbishop of Paris was Honorary President, and the ex-Bishop of Strasburg and the Bishop of Versailles Honorary Vice-Presidents. In all parts of Europe bishops recommended it to the faithful, and in a few years its ramifications extended to all Christian lands. Archbishop Spalding, Archbishop Purcell, Archbishop Hughes, and Mgr. Rosati were among the first to welcome it to these shores, and to give it their approbation and assistance. It even extended into Asia and Africa. Some of the little pagans whom it had saved from death afterward joined it themselves;

and some of them even denied themselves necessities of life in order to contribute to the rescue of others, as they themselves had been rescued. There is now no part of the Christian world in which the admirable Association is unknown.

"The object of this Institute," declared Pope Pius IX. in 1856, "is to rescue the unfortunate children of idolatrous parents, whether in China or other heathen countries, who have been consigned by unnatural cruelty to a miserable death; and, in thus saving their lives, to wash them in the waters of regeneration. For this holy end it has stirred up and continues to stir up all the Catholic children throughout the world to come forward and contribute their slender offerings for the temporal and spiritual salvation of these little ones; thus discharging a noble act of charity, and gratefully acknowledging that precious grace of God to themselves in that He has called them to His admirable Light."

In 1844 the receipts of the Association amounted to 22,900 francs; in 1845, to 30,000; in 1850, to 150,000; in 1859, to 1,391,240; in 1876, to 2,487,966; in 1891, to 3,537,115 francs.

The good done by the Association is inestimable. It has given Baptism to millions of children at the point of death; it has established orphan asylums; it has founded industrial schools; it has supported native Christian women and men catechists while they gave themselves up to the task of hunting for babes about to die, to whom they could administer the first of all Sacraments; it has maintained Sisters and kept up asylums; it has supplied all the expenditures of missionaries; it has even taken children from the streets, reared them, educated them, and paid their way until they themselves became catechists and even priests; and it has aided the cause of the missions by calling the attention of the pagans to the religion which could carry on such a charity.

The purpose of the organization being to unite all Christian children in a bond of love around the Child Jesus, by giving them a share in His work—the salvation of men,—all baptized boys and girls may belong to it. Pope Leo XIII. has expressed the wish that every Catholic child should be enrolled in it. Even infants may be admitted to membership, provided that some competent person shall say for them the daily prayers and pay the dues required. They can all continue in it until they reach the age of twenty-one. Then, in order to gain its indulgences, they must also belong to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The obligations of membership are twofold—prayer and alms. Every associate should recite daily one "Hail Mary" with the ejaculations: "O Divine Child Jesus, save us and all other poor children, especially those of pagan parents! O Virgin Mary and St. Joseph, pray for us and for them!" Every member must give one cent a month to the funds of the organization.

The members share in all the prayers and good works that are performed in the Association, in the Masses and labors of its missionaries, in the graces obtained by the legion of souls sent by it to heaven through Baptism.

Fifty years have passed since the Association was founded,—a fruitful half century, the full harvest of which only God knows. Bishop Forbin-Janson could not have foreseen its immense development, for he died the year after it was started; but from his mansion in our Heavenly Father's Kingdom he has watched with joy its marvellous progress, and in spirit he will be present this month wherever its Golden Jubilee shall be celebrated.

WORLDLY policy, however much it may be commended on earth, is scorned in heaven.

The Curé's Sacrifice.

BY C. O'CONNOR ECCLES.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

MARRYING and giving in marriage! That went on when France was in the throes of her struggle, just as in the days when Noah's warning fell unheeded on the ears of the children of men. The wedding of Estelle and Jean Distinguin had been postponed, owing to Madame Rey's almost sudden death; but for the past two months the young miller had been urging his *fiancée* to fix a date for their union. The times were troubled, he said, for a girl to live alone with one old servant; he was anxious to give her a husband's care and protection. The wedding, of course, would have to be very quiet, on account of the state of the country and her recent bereavement.

These were the reasons openly assigned by Jean, but at heart he was more influenced by the thought that theirs would not be a popular marriage. Everyone knew that Edmé had been badly treated; and later, when his sad fate was announced, they blamed openly or secretly those who brought it about. The young miller's conscience told him he had done wrong. He should have gone away, far away, at the beginning; and stifled as best he could that new, strange, passionate love which had wrought the mischief. When poor Edmé, torn by jealousy, accused him of having stolen Estelle's affections, he had brazened it out, and urged his freedom to woo and win her if he could; knowing all the time he was not free: that the memory of a long friendship, of his life saved from the rapid rushing of the mill-dam, should have held him back in honor, and forbade him to seek the love of this woman his

friend had chosen. Like many men of his mould, he was superstitious. A great fear hung over him that, in punishment for his treachery to Edmé, his union with Estelle would never come to pass. Her mother's death, and the consequent postponement, confirmed this fear; and now that it was fixed a second time, he looked forward to the end of August with indescribable hope and anxiety.

Estelle was faultless in his eyes. Vain, flighty Estelle!—how frail a vessel to hold a man's happiness! A friend could only hope he might remain blind to her imperfections all his life. She was much disappointed at his resolution to have as little fuss as possible; and, with a narrow-minded woman's self-concentration, failed to enter into his feelings or appreciate his motives. It was too bad, she said in confidence to her cousins. People were married, as a rule, only once; and they ought to make a great affair of it, especially when the bridegroom was a man of M. Distinguin's wealth. Marie, Julie, and Sophie, having little more heart than herself, consoled with her, and so showed her more than ever that she was injured. It was too hard, she thought, to give up the man she loved, and take the man she barely liked, without finding consolation in a splendid wedding,—a *fête* that would make every girl in Verrier and St. Sevrans jealous, and every man envious of the bridegroom. She gave in, however, apparently with pretty good grace; for, to tell the truth, Jean frightened her a little: he was passionate at times, and always so dreadfully in earnest. He had none of poor Edmé's light, playful ways; nor was he to be moved by pleading and coaxing—she dared not openly oppose him.

The appointed Saturday dawned gloriously: not a cloud in the sky, not a ripple on the woodland pools and lakelets, not a murmur amongst the trees. They were married in the little church at Verrier, but the wedding breakfast was to be at

St. Sevrans, where Les Beaux Sapins had been put in order to receive the invited guests. This unusual arrangement was accounted for by Estelle's being an orphan, and not having even an aunt living to take her mother's place. The abundance and simple luxury to which Jean had always been accustomed was almost unknown in her poor home; nor could she, with the aid of her one old servant and the scanty materials at her command, entertain the bridegroom's relations as he would wish, so he decided that the feast should be given by him.

The great oak-panelled *salon*, its long table covered with snowy damask and quaint hereditary silver, such as is sometimes seen in the families of wealthy French farmers, groaned beneath the weight of good things. Jean had an immense connection; and, though only his nearest relatives and Estelle's few friends were invited, the room was well filled. The Curé and the Vicaire of Verrier sat in a place of honor. The Curé of St. Sevrans, who should have been beside them, was absent; for Jean felt it impossible to follow the usual etiquette and ask M. Delavigne; while, sweet as was Yvon's nature, he could hardly have accepted such an invitation. As for Estelle, she did not wish to see him; not because of any shame, awkwardness, or self-reproach her shallow nature might feel in his presence; but simply because she rather disliked him, and knew he did not care for her.

The story of the Ulan was talked of, and the anxiety of the guests to know what would be done if the assassin was not found could scarcely be disguised. They discussed the subject, and expressed their suspicions in low tones. It was not a cheerful subject for a wedding: the fatal lot might fall on any man there. Jean's cousin, the Mayor, was unavoidably absent from the somewhat gloomy festivity; he had too much on his hands to come, between organizing fruitless expeditions in

search of the Ulan's assassin, and hurried consultations alternately with Von Leuchtenberg and his own people. The only one present in buoyant spirits was the bridegroom. The grave, self-contained young man of everyday life was scarcely recognizable. After all, his fears had proved idle dreams: he was married at last to his first and only love. Estelle was his own, his very own; no other had a claim to her now. What mattered all else? He could hardly listen with patience to what was told him, and certainly felt no inquietude.

Meanwhile a Prussian regiment was marched down from Deauville. Jacques the sacristan was misinformed when he told Marie that only the principal men of St. Sevrans were in danger. Notice had been formally given in the village that a trumpet would sound at five o'clock, when all the male inhabitants over seventeen years of age were to assemble in the great courtyard of the Trois Etoiles, where General Von Leuchtenberg would address them. The rumor had been that only those possessed of a certain amount of property would be called on to appear; and many, rejoicing for the first time in their poverty, hoped consequently to be exempted. Jean Distinguin loudly declared he would not go,—he would not leave his pretty Estelle on their wedding-day for one half hour to please all the Prussians in creation. It was difficult to persuade him of the folly of this resolution, and to assure him that if he resisted he would be taken by force.

Somewhat slowly the time dragged on. The guests could not settle to the amusements and good cheer provided. Every few minutes one or two went out to inquire if the culprit had been taken; always the same answer—no trace of him. At five exactly the blare of trumpets sounded through the village streets and made the lindens quiver. Men of all ages poured forth in a stream, hurrying to the courtyard. How haggard and anxious

they looked! At every door and window was a woman's face, pale and tear-stained. Some followed their husbands, sons, or brothers to the place of meeting; and, not being allowed to enter, hung around weeping; for who could tell but that one dear to them might never return?

The *Trois Etoiles* was a great, rambling building, taking up three sides of a square, and much too large for the amount of its custom; so part of it was used as a mayor's office, where the few civil marriages that took place in that very Catholic neighborhood were celebrated, and other municipal business of the district was transacted. A veranda ran all round, supported by pillars, and having at each end a flight of steps. When the square was crowded, there was dead silence; every eye was fixed on the long row of windows of the assembly-rooms. At the open side of the square was stationed a double file of Prussian soldiers, fully armed; while others, in groups of four, were placed in different commanding positions. A sentry was pacing backward and forward on the veranda, and a few servants of the inn stood here and there conversing in whispers.

They had not very long to wait. A window opened, and a gentleman in a brilliant uniform, a row of medals on his breast, stepped out, followed by two others, who took their places beside him. The first held a paper, which he consulted from time to time. The crowd pressed breathlessly forward, their attention fixed on the newcomer, who spoke for a few minutes in an undertone to his companions. The Mayor of St. Sevran was then summoned, and ordered to read a roll-call of all the male inhabitants over seventeen years of age. Each had to respond to his name, stepping forward as he did so. There was some delay, while those at the back made their way to the front, laggards hurried in late, and absentees were sought and somewhat roughly escorted to the courtyard, despite struggles and protestations,

by two sturdy dragoons. That over, General Von Leuchtenberg addressed the villagers in a loud, distinct voice, and in excellent French, though with a strong German accent:

"Messieurs, a crime was committed in your midst this morning, which is contrary to all the rules and traditions of honorable warfare. A Prussian officer, while riding peacefully through your village, was shot in the back by a coward from behind a hedge. When the news was reported to me, it became my stern duty to avenge his death; for bad example is contagious; and this assassination, if left unpunished, might be followed by others. Prussians use force only when opposed by force; hence the fact of three *Ulans* appearing at St. Sevran had in it nothing to alarm the most timid, or to palliate the crime. Had a generous effort been made by you to secure the criminal, I am assured that the painful alternative named in my manifesto would not be forced on me. As it is, things must take their course; an example must be made. Every man here will therefore advance as his name is called out and draw a billet from the urn. The sentence will be carried out on whomsoever the lot falls. We have no desire to be harsh. From now to sunset there remain more than three hours; if the criminal, who doubtless is listening to me, is discovered before then, or has sufficient sense of honor to surrender to justice, well and good; if not, his substitute must die at that hour."

While the General was speaking, one of his companions had noiselessly placed before him a small table, and deposited thereon a wide-mouthed metal vase. Again the names were read out according to their alphabetical sequence; and as each man heard his, he was obliged to mount the flight of steps to the right, advance to the table and draw from the ballot-box. His billet was examined; if it proved a blank he descended the flight to the left with an unmistakable air of relief, and was allowed

to pass from the enclosure. Numbers had gone up and down without incident; the affair was getting mechanical, when there was a pause. A sudden excitement, an electric shock, seemed to run through the crowd still waiting, as General Von Leuchtenberg, holding in his hand something they could scarcely discern, announced in an audible, ringing voice:

"The name of the man on whom the lot has fallen is Jean Distinguin. You may now disperse."

There was a deep, confused murmur of horror and relief (many had feared for their own safety); and mingling with it a hoarse, broken cry:

"Just God!—upon my wedding-day!"

Two soldiers, each with one hand on Jean's shoulder, and the other grasping a musket, marched him off in a sort of stupor to a little room, chosen by the General because its window was small and secured by iron bars; then they mounted guard at the door.

Père Delavigne had had a fruitless interview with the Prussian officers, and vainly tried to persuade them rather to exact a fine than to take a life if they failed to discover the assassin. They listened to him courteously, but with an evident predetermination not to grant his petition; and dismissed him with fair words. Perhaps, after Jean himself, the pale, anxious priest was most shocked when he heard his enemy's name called out. The thought that Edmé's blood cried for vengeance passed like lightning through his mind, and was as swiftly banished; but so great was the tumult of his feelings that he clung for support to the pillar beside which he stood. It all passed before him like a horrible dream; and when his senses returned, the awe-stricken crowd was dispersing, though here and there small groups lingered to talk till separated by the soldiery.

Yvon obtained permission to see the prisoner without much difficulty. Jean sat

by the little table, his head buried in his hands; and, though he did not look up, a shiver ran through him at the entrance of the priest. He was like one deaf or stupid, and answered never a word to question or exhortation. Very gently the Curé tried to rouse him from this stupor and prepare him for the awful passage now so near. He told him death was a gate by which all must pass sooner or later. What most concerned us was to meet that God who awaited us the other side with souls as clean as might be. He spoke of the loving kindness, the abundant mercy of his Creator, and urged him to repent of whatever had been faulty in his life. Then, and then only, the prisoner roused himself. "God!" he cried, with a fearful imprecation. "Speak not to *me* of Him! There is no God; or if there be, He is cruel and relentless." Then, turning his face to the wall, he spoke no more.

The great tears stood in Yvon's eyes; his voice grew deeper and more thrilling; he urged, he entreated, he implored. At last Jean rose suddenly, and, walking to the little door, knocked. The soldier on guard opened it cautiously.

"Will you take this man away?" said the prisoner; then, turning to his chair, he resumed his former attitude.

The jailer signed to the priest, who slowly and sadly passed into the corridor. There he stopped and considered for a few minutes what he should do next. Soon his face brightened, and, saying aloud, "I shall not be long," he hurried off in the direction of the humble presbytery.

Marie was in despair when she came to cross-examine him, and tell what she felt and said, and what Jacques felt and said on the important events of the day, to discover he had locked the door inside, and, saying he was very busy, refused to open it. His work occupied him nearly an hour; then, coming down to the kitchen, he hastily drank a glass of wine and ate a bit of bread, which he

took standing, and left the house. He strode rapidly across the field to Les Beaux Sapius, and asked for M. Duval, the old Curé of Verrier, who, as he rightly divined, had not gone home, but stayed to console the distracted Estelle. Despite his haste, it was now almost seven. They had a short conversation. Who shall say what passed? Then the younger man came forth, with a face radiant as an angel's, and made his way to the Trois Etoiles; whilst the elder stood at the gate, looking after him, with wistful and troubled eyes.

The soldier on guard, a good-natured Bavarian, had taken a liking to the pale, zealous priest.

"It is no use, Monsieur le Curé," he said, in broken French, "the prisoner told me not to admit you if you returned."

"Ask him again," said Yvon, who would not be discouraged. "Perhaps he has changed his mind."

A surly refusal was given by Jean; so the priest went out to the little village church, at whose altar he had prayed since childhood, and there knelt like a statue. What thoughts coursed wildly through his brain, who was to outward seeming so calm! What thoughts of Edmé, of himself, of their parents, of the happy past, of the momentous present, of the eternal future! And through all went up, unwaveringly, the petition: "Oh, aid me, strengthen me, my God, to do my duty—to save my soul!"

There was a short, painful interview between the prisoner and his bride of the morning. He pressed the weeping Estelle passionately to his heart, called her his own wife in spite of hell or heaven; and repeated over and over again, loud enough for the guard to hear, that they were punished on Edmé's account—that his death lay at their door, but that it was cruel for God to store up His vengeance till their wedding-day. Again

a kind of dull despair came on, and he only stared at her in silence.

Estelle was led out half fainting. This was the day of her triumph—when she, a penniless girl, won the wealthiest bridegroom for miles around, at the sacrifice of truth, affection, and a good man's life.

It was nearing the fatal hour. Everyone knew that the execution would take place just beyond the village. Soldiers had already been there to dig a grave, and were watched by some awe-stricken children, who spread the news. At last all the dread preparations were completed. Groups of people, morbidly attracted by a sense of terror, began to gather long before the appointed time. There was much excitement. Many muttered threats against the enemy. Wild proposals to rescue the prisoner and annihilate the Prussians were made and rejected. That was more easily said than done, and no one was steadily determined on any course of action. The unhappy Mayor ran hither and thither in a state of intense fear, imploring the people to be calm, to submit to the inevitable, to think of their wives, their families—and, he might have added, of himself; for dismal forebodings as to his own fate, if the villagers offered resistance, influenced his peacemaking efforts.

The sun was slowly declining to the west. When it passed below the horizon a young, vigorous existence would go with it. A criminal's death, an unconsecrated grave—what an ending to a wedding-day, what an ending to a life! Soon a regular tramp, tramp announced the arrival of the troops. In their midst, his hands bound, his head bent low, walked Jean Distinguin. The soldiers divided, taking places previously assigned to them, and leaving the prisoner standing close to the open grave. A detachment was told off for firing. The sun sank slowly, slowly, still General Von Leuchtenberg had not come. Every eye turned to

the road that led from the village, and there at last they saw him riding toward them with his staff, while by his horse walked the Curé. What was *he* doing there? Should he not rather have been at the side of the condemned man, who looked around him with an air so fiercely sullen? The crowd watched the General dismount and take the place prepared for him. They thought his stern face looked softened, almost sad; and some fancied that as he passed through their midst they heard him mutter, "A king amongst men!" The sun had just sunk below the horizon, and in breathless anxiety everyone awaited what was to come. The General spoke:

"Your Curé, Monsieur Delavigne," he said, "whom I respect and honor, has spoken to me on behalf of the prisoner, Jean Distinguin, representing that he was married this very day, and is in despair at the thought of death. He has done more. Declaring himself to be a man whose social influence exceeds the prisoner's, if his wealth is less; who has no ties on earth, and is, he humbly hopes, prepared to meet his God, he offers himself as a substitute. He advances arguments so powerful, and dreads so much the death of the prisoner in his present frame of mind, that I have no choice but to yield, since, owing to the positive instructions of the Commander-in-Chief, a life must be forfeited. That it should be the more valuable of the two grieves me to the heart."

His voice seemed to tremble.

The people saw that Jean had been quietly withdrawn, and Yvon stood in his place, robed in his cassock, and pressing a crucifix to his heart. General Von Leuchtenberg averted his head as he gave the signal. The guns thundered.

A marble cross marks the burial-place of Père Yvon Delavigne, and on it are engraved the words:

HE LIVED AS A SAINT,
HE DIED AS A MARTYR.

The Orphan and the Star.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

☉NCE, in the silence of the night,
There came to me an orphaned child;
Her soft grey eyes with tears were bright,
Yet through their mist she smiled.

"Oh, see that lovely star!" she cried,
"Within its depths her home must be;
And from her place by Mary's side
I know she watches me.

"And I will dry my tears," she said;
"For mother would not have me cry.
My darling one!—she is not dead:
She lives with God on high."

Thus evermore, at daylight's close,
She hails that silvery point of light;
And always, as she seeks repose,
Whispers a soft "Good-night!—

"Good-night, dear mother, far away!"
That mother guards her while she sleeps,
And till the dawning of the day
The star its vigil keeps.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIX.—BERNICE.

FATHER HALEY was not at home when Maggie came to his house with the note from Bernice. And Maggie, who had her own troubles, was glad enough to pour them forth into the sympathetic ear of the usually grim Susanna. Maggie had special claims on her; for they were from the same place in Ireland.

The good priest was tired after his drive of seven miles to visit a parishioner, who, on the point of death the night before, had discovered, when he arrived, that it was "only a feeling of goneness" that had affected her. If ever a man was justified in being cross, Father Haley was.

But the necessity of placating Susanna, who in her heart looked on him as a blessed martyr, but who outwardly treated him as though he were in need of her superior experience, caused him to smooth his brow. She left Maggie, who was in tears, and met him at the door.

"And how's Mrs. Devlin?" she asked.

Father Haley, who would have faced the small-pox or a squadron of artillery or a raging lion, quailed before the glance of his ancient housekeeper. His heart sank; he dared not evade the question.

"She's better."

"I told you so!" said Susanna. "But the likes of me is never listened to. And the idea of your going three miles and a half one way and three miles and a half the other way—you with rheumatism,—just because Ann Devlin has wind in the stomach! Just as soon as I heard the message, I knew what was the matter with her. And if you're laid up, the trouble all comes on me. The Ward boy is better again,—his father left word. And I have Maggie Moran with me here. I wish you'd speak to Dutch Jake over at the factory. He's breaking the girl's heart with his neglect of her. He's paying attention to a black Protestant, and she as good as promised to him. It's me that would settle him if I were the pastor of the parish."

"Never mind, Susanna. I'm tired now. Get me a cup of tea."

Father Haley breathed again. A demand of that kind was always sure to create a diversion. He opened Bernice's note.

MY DEAR FATHER HALEY:—I am in the greatest trouble of mind; and Mr. Conway, who is a Catholic, says that you can help me. I ought to go to you, but I am sure my aunt would insist on going with me; and I want to talk alone. If you will come, will you ask Maggie to show you into the little room for the flowers behind the drawing-room? I am in the greatest distress.

BERNICE CONWAY.

Father Haley liked Bernice, but he did not take cordially to the prospect of a visit to the Major's house. He was a plain, blunt man; and he considered, with a sigh, the preparations necessary to appear presentable, in his character as a priest, to Lady Tyrrell and Bernice. He sighed again. It was harder than the long drive to Ann Devlin's.

"Never mind the tea!" he called out to Susanna. He changed his coat, brushed his hat—somewhat the worse for having been worn in an open barouche in the Swansmere St. Patrick's Day parade,—brightened up his boots, and looked at the slate in the hall, in the hope that some important call might be marked there. But there was none.

He found Bernice in the conservatory, waiting for him. Conway had discreetly withdrawn. Bernice welcomed the priest cordially.

"Do you take a cup of tea at five o'clock?" she asked, as Maggie, who had arrived, breathless and somewhat tearful, came to help Father Haley with his overcoat.

"I take a cup of tea whenever I can get it," said the priest, sinking into the big chair which Bernice indicated. Bernice had proposed tea, to take the chill off the interview. She was nervous, and somewhat afraid of Father Haley. With his clear, weather-reddened complexion, his hair slightly tinged with white, and his portly figure, he did not look at all like an inquisitor. But, nevertheless, Bernice had unconsciously imbibed from her mother an opinion that there was something occult about the priestly character. His grey eyes, keen and gentle at the same time, met hers frankly. They twinkled a little: he divined her thought.

She arranged the black and gold tea-set on a little table and wheeled it toward him. The room was pleasant with the scent of hyacinths; and the sunset, a blaze of amber and purple, filled one side

of it. Father Haley, tired after his drive, gladly took the cup of tea, and felt how comfortable life must be in this house. "It is no wonder," he said to himself, "that Major Conway forgot so much he ought to have remembered."

Having filled her own cup, Bernice seated herself in the basket chair near Father Haley; and Maggie brought in a lamp, whose light seemed as yet very pale and yellow.

"Mr. Haley," she began,—“or may I call you ‘Father,’ like one of your own people?”

“All the baptized are my own people,” returned the priest; “and everybody calls me ‘Father.’”

“Thank you! All the baptized! I never thought of that. And yet you, who give the Bread of Life—I understand what the Eucharist means—to your people, are more than any earthly father, who gives his children merely material bread. Father Haley,” she said, “tell me one thing. I must *know*. Where is papa?”

The suddenness of the question caused Father Haley to drop his spoon. In recovering it, he took time to think.

“I want to know where he is. Nobody knows how much I loved him or how much he loved me. A girl misses her mother always—all her life; but one feels different to one’s father. He seemed so helpless, so dependent, though he was a great, strong man. Even when I was a little thing I used to think that nobody could do anything for him but me. And now—now to be in doubt—to know only that he is gone out into the darkness!—O Father Haley, you don’t know how awful it is!” She paused for a moment. “I can do without him, of course; other daughters have had to since the beginning of the world; but that is no consolation. It isn’t the doing without him,—it’s the not knowing *where* he is. He can’t be blotted out, as the Buddhists say. I don’t suppose he was quite ready for heaven, because he

was so much occupied with this world; but I will never believe that he is in—in—the other place. I know Lady Tyrrell thinks so. And all I can get out of Elaine is that father is an angel. I know he isn’t an angel; and that sort of talk makes me doubt whether there is any *real* religion anywhere or not. If you could only help me to believe, I could believe, Father.”

“Drink your tea, child,—drink your tea,” said Father Haley, as she clasped her hands and raised her eyes, with tears in them, to him. “Drink your tea. Yes, give me a biscuit. Thank you! Drink your tea, and we’ll talk calmly.”

Bernice did not resent this; the act of helping Father Haley lessened the nervous strain on her.

“Your father and I,” Father Haley said, “were never intimate. You have heard that I disapproved of his neglect of his religious duties; but perhaps you don’t know that I—he was one of my flock—spoke to him very frankly on the matter. He was polite, I was firm. We never quarrelled: we have always spoken to each other civilly; and I have had occasion to thank him for his donations to our little church. But that was not a special point in his favor. Colonel Carton and many other Protestants have done quite as much. Your father, however, never failed to come on All Souls’ Day—though my welcome was not especially cordial—to have Masses offered for the repose of the souls of his father and mother. Last November when he came I was rather stern with him. I accused him of having lost the faith. He only laughed; but, going away, he said: ‘I am a Catholic, Father Haley; and, if you will give me a little more time, I shall satisfy you. I believe, but I am not ready to practise—to practise fully—just yet.’ And so he put it off.”

“But if he had not—if he had made his confession,” said Bernice, eagerly,—

"if he had received your Sacraments, would you have hope?"

"Every hope," said the priest, gravely.

"And now?"

"And now I have hope still in the infinite mercy of God."

Bernice looked at him eagerly.

"You do not look like a man who would say that out of good nature," she said. "There is no reason why you should. You have hope that he is in heaven *now?*"

"None whatever," said Father Haley, promptly.

Bernice gave a little cry.

"O Father Haley! So many people have tried to comfort me by saying that he is in heaven; but I know they only said it out of politeness, yet I liked to hear it. You say that God is merciful—"

"And just. Your father thought little of Him during the greater part of his life. If you will think, Miss Conway, of what sin really is, of how easy it is for a man who ignores the spiritual to sin proudly and defiantly, you will see that your father, good as he was to you, was not equally dutiful to God. Which occupied most of his thoughts—God, you and your sisters, his worldly affairs?"

"Not God," said Bernice, reluctantly.

"But tell me that he is not lost."

"I can tell you nothing, my child,—nothing. As God is just and merciful, the only hope for your father lies in the doctrine of the Catholic Church. There is a place of purgation; it is the vestibule of heaven. There, let us hope, he waits and suffers, until he shall see the Beatific Vision of his God."

Bernice sighed.

"I can understand it; but can the suffering be so great? Emerson says somewhere—I think it is in the essay on 'Friendship'—that we would be content to be alone for a thousand years, if we had the hope of meeting the being we loved at the end of that time."

"To be frank," answered Father Haley, "I don't think it makes much difference what Emerson said on such a subject. He was always speculative; this is real."

"Too real,—too real!" Bernice said.

"Oh, why doesn't God let us know? All the fine talk I have heard so often seems so wretchedly inadequate in the presence of loss. My God! Father Haley, I *must* see my father again! I *must*! God could not have given me this intense yearning without—oh, I know that he lives *somewhere*,—I know it,—I know it!"

Bernice rose; her eyes blazed, her voice trembled. Father Haley, who had looked upon her as a quiet girl, given to fashion and without deep feelings, was amazed.

"Do you really feel so strongly as that?" the priest asked, almost involuntarily.

"Could I feel less strongly, since he is gone? A child, loving, used to tender care, follows its father to a door: the door opens and shuts,—the child is left wailing outside, beating its hands against the bleak, hard stone. This is death to me!"

"Your father lives; and I do not doubt that you can help him if you will, since God is infinitely merciful."

"If I thought that, Father Haley—if I thought that I could make him happier,—I would be willing to be as the poorest, to work my fingers to the bone, to do anything that I could."

Father Haley shook his head.

"Drink your tea, child," he answered.

"And yet you will not do the only thing that can be done to help him,—that is, believe and practise."

Bernice gazed at him, startled.

"You mean become a Catholic?"

"Yes."

Bernice leaned forward and shaded her face with her hand.

"Ah, you are prejudiced!" Father Haley said. "The fashion and 'fads' of the Ritualists attract you, but you hesitate when it becomes a matter of sacrifice."

Stained glass and choral services, genuflections and mock confessionals, are interesting and distinguished and picturesque. But when truth is involved—when they become only symbols, not the main thing—you hesitate. Let us talk of your azaleas. I can do you no good.”

Bernice colored.

“How little you know me, Father Haley! You understand me as little as I understand a man of your stamp,” she said, rapidly. “A woman believes most when her heart is touched. I feel that I can be frank with you,—you are used to receiving the confidence of people. A very short time ago I called myself a Catholic.”

Father Haley smiled.

“I had not learned much yet of doctrine, but Giles Carton taught me that his church was but a continuation of the Catholic Church, which had ceased to be Catholic centuries ago and become Romanist. Its history charmed me, its ritual pleased me; and then,” she said, rather more timidly than before, “it didn’t seem foreign as the Roman Catholic Church does.”

“It seemed English,” said Father Haley, with a slight laugh; “and consequently fashionable.”

Bernice paused and colored more deeply.

“Well, perhaps so: Its teachings seemed to give me all I needed in life. There were color, poetry, sincerity. I had found my religion, and then—well, I was disappointed.”

Father Haley smiled slightly.

“In the rector of St.-Genevieve-on-the-Hudson?”

Bernice raised her head abruptly; she met Father Haley’s bright, humorous eyes, and dropped hers. It was true enough; she felt that she could not decently resent what in another man would have seemed like an impertinence. She had sent for him; besides, he was so different from anybody else.

“Well, I was disappointed in him; and on *that* Sunday night it seemed to me as if I had lost everything.”

“And you were willing to give up God because a man had fallen below your ideal?”

“He had promised so much—I don’t mean to find fault,—but I had pinned my faith to him.”

“You mean to his censers and clerical air, and to all the Ritualistic fads? Miss Conway, if I were cynical, I should say that a woman’s religion is sometimes a matter of frivolity and fashion.”

“I didn’t expect that from you, Father Haley,” answered Bernice, energetically. “Men seem to be all alike. It’s always ‘a woman’s this, a woman’s that,’ with men. Now, Father, I can tell you that women are the hardest creatures in the world as subjects for generalization. The truth is, that I want to be taught what is right. If you choose to say that a woman’s religion is of the heart, not of the head, you strike a just generalization—for once. I don’t want arguments. I believe in God; I know the soul lives,—nobody can prove *that* to me. You are the only man who tells me that I can help my father. I want to do that.”

Father Haley’s face became serious and absorbed; he started as Lady Tyrrell entered.

“Ah,” she said, “the Roman Catholic clergyman! Dear me, Bernice! why didn’t you send for me? I have often found really educated men,” she added, with a condescending smile, “even among the common ones; though I must confess I make it a practice to know nobody but bishops.”

“I have never heard of a common priest, ma’am,” said Father Haley, rising; “but I think, if you will consult Dean Swift, you will sometimes find the term applied—sad to say—to some members of your own sex.”

An Old Testament Type of Mary.

 BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

ONE of the names under which Our Lady is known is that of Queen of Patriarchs. In this character we find her typified by Sara, the wife of Abraham, the mother of Isaac. How pleasing is the picture presented to us in the Book of Genesis of the free, pastoral life of the patriarchs of old, the princely shepherds of Palestine, the servants of the one true God in ancient times! Their state appears to us a singular mixture of lowliness and dignity, of grandeur and simplicity. Abraham is the most prominent and striking figure in this noble company. He is very rich in the possession of gold and silver, lord over a large body of dependents, the owner of flocks and herds innumerable; the master of servants and slaves, ready to do his bidding in his house, or take up arms at his command against the hostile tribes around. Yet we see him not disdainful to wait upon guests whom chance apparently has thrown upon his hospitality; strangers whose errand he has not yet heard. He himself selects from the herd a calf for their entertainment; he sets butter and milk before them; serving them himself with lowly reverence.

Such was Abraham, the prince of patriarchs; and such also was Sara his wife, who lived with him in modest retirement, in the practice of matronly virtues. Sara was childless,—not because, like Holy Mary, she had voluntarily relinquished the joys of maternity, the great desire of Jewish women, and had chosen a state of virginity; but because the Lord had restrained her from bearing children, and her advanced age now rendered it impossible. Yet she was to bear a son; in her case, as in that of our Blessed Lady, the ordinary laws of nature were to be set aside, and that was

to be accomplished by command of Divine Omnipotence which appeared a thing impossible to man.

Sara is engaged within the tent, in household occupations, when the celestial visitants arrive who are commissioned to announce to her the miracle to be worked in her person. It is not a single messenger who comes to her, as the Angel Gabriel came to Mary with the startling intelligence of the dignity to which she was to be raised. Three travellers, representing the three Persons of the Holy Trinity, stand at Abraham's threshold; and while her husband receives them with Eastern courtesy, Sara hastens to prepare bread to set before them. Little does she think, as she exercises this humble office, that the cakes she is baking upon the hearth are to be the food of angels; little does she imagine whence those strangers come, how all-important to her is the message they bring, how great is the happiness in store for her. He that is mighty is about to do great things for her; she will be told that in her seed—the son that she shall bear—all the nations of the earth shall be blessed. But when she hears from the lips of the angelic messenger that, despite her age, and that of her lord, she shall conceive and bear a son, she secretly smiles; she can not believe at the first moment that he speaks seriously; she can not believe that a thing so improbable will really come to pass. All the more admirable is the act of faith she makes, and which earns for her, as did the *fiat* uttered by the lowly Virgin of Nazareth, a great and glorious privilege.

Mary, too, was troubled at the words of the Angel Gabriel, and asked, when he announced the miraculous birth of the Saviour: "How shall this be done?" Thus we see how Sara, who by faith obtained power to conceive,—who, "because she believed that He was faithful who had promised," became the mother not only of Isaac, the child of promise, but in him

of a multitude like the stars of heaven and the sand on the sea-shore,—foreshadowed one greater than herself; one to whom her holy cousin Elizabeth said, “Blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken of thee by the Lord.”

And Isaac, the son of Sara, born of promise, was the son of a free-woman in the order of nature, as our Blessed Redeemer was the Son of a free-woman in the order of grace. St. Jerome, in his commentary on the Book of Ecclesiastes, explaining the 17th verse of the 10th chapter, “Blessed is the land whose king is noble,” writes as follows: “Woe to the land whose king is the devil. But blessed is the land whose king is Jesus Christ, a Son of noble lineage. He descends from Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; from prophets and saints who shook off the yoke of sin, and were therefore doubly free. Of these was born a Virgin still more free—Mary, who enjoyed complete immunity from the bondage of the devil. The Apostles and saints of the Church are princes, having for their King a noble Son, a free Son, born not of the bondwoman Agar, but of the liberty of Sara the free-woman. Yes, glorious Sara! thou art the type of the true free-woman,—of her who alone of all the enthralled human race was free, sovereignly free: free from sin, free from Satan, free from the curse of a corrupt nature; born to reign; chosen of God in the depths of her humility to have a name which, after that of her Son, is above all names.”

And is not the life of Mary with her chaste spouse St. Joseph foreshadowed in the lowly dignity of the patriarchal life,—not only in its humility, of which mention has been made, but also in other points? Observe the detachment, for example, of Abraham and Sara. Abraham was commanded by God: “Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father’s house, and come into the land which I shall show thee.” Thus he had

to abandon friends, habitation, country, in a moment at the call of God. He took Sara his wife and obeyed at once, without reasoning, without questioning, without repining. “By faith Abraham obeyed, . . . and he went out, not knowing whither he went.”* Does not this recall the action of Joseph, who, when commanded by the angel in the dead of night to “arise and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt; and be there until I shall tell thee,” complied with equal promptitude with the order he had received, and set out upon his strange and perilous journey?

Well were it for us could we imitate the unquestioning docility, the uncomplaining resignation, wherewith the great Queen of Patriarchs accomplished the will of God when she was commanded to flee into a strange and unknown country. Well were it for us, wayfarers on life’s highway, exiles in this vale of tears, could we imitate the patience and courage wherewith she encountered the fatigues and hardships of the journey, the miseries of a seven years’ sojourn in a distant and idolatrous land. Like Abraham and Sara, like Joseph and Mary, let us proceed on our way, walking in faith, looking for the fulfilment of the promise.

A Physical and a Moral Cure.

A LADY living in Paris, whose little girl had been cured by the use of the Water of Lourdes, being unable to go to the Grotto herself to render thanks in person to the Immaculate Queen whom we address by the title of *Salus Infirmorum*, was desirous to do so by proxy. She therefore commissioned a Passionist Father—at whose suggestion she had had recourse to the healing water, who had also procured it for her, and united his prayers to hers to obtain a cure—to visit the sanctuary in

* Heb., xi, 8.

her stead, and offer thanks for the favor she had received.

Accordingly in the month of June, 1892, the religious, Father Mathieu by name, repaired to Lourdes. On the first day after his arrival, as he was leaving the Grotto, he saw a poor invalid, whom paralysis had deprived of the use of her limbs, coming from the baths, drawn in a little carriage. He noticed that she was crying. Touched at the sight of her tears, and judging that they were caused by disappointment at not having obtained a hoped-for cure, he went toward her, and, bending over her, told her not to be discouraged.

"And you bid me be of good courage, M. l'Abbé?"

"Yes, Madam; for I fully hope that you will yet be cured."

On the evening of the same day, whilst Father Mathieu was saying his beads in the Grotto, a gentleman stepped up to him, and inquired:

"Was it you, M. l'Abbé, who spoke to my wife this morning and told her not to give up hope?"

"It was, sir; but allow me to inform you that I am not M. l'Abbé."

His interlocutor looked mystified.

"What are you then?" he asked in astonishment. "I thought my wife told me you were a Catholic priest."

"So I am, but not a secular priest: I am a religious."

"Oh, that explains it! Well, Father, you think there is still ground for hope?"

"Most decidedly; there is every ground for hope."

"Why so?"

"You have two children, whom I see yonder by their mother's side. Faith such as theirs will not be unrewarded: their prayers will be heard."

In fact, the elder of the two thus indicated, a young man about nineteen years of age, looked a very model of pious fervor.

"And you, sir," Father Mathieu continued, "have you no hope of a cure?"

"Oh, as for me, I do not believe in anything!"

"Is it possible? Then how is it you are here?"

"Well, my wife wanted to come. I am a magistrate at Lyons, and have my holiday now; so I accompanied her. Father, would you say Mass for my wife to-morrow?"

"I regret that I can not, all my Masses while I am at Lourdes were bespoken before I left Paris. But I will say five decades of the rosary for her every day."

The second day was uneventful as the first. The poor lady was put into the water twice, but she was not cured. On the third day the good Father was praying in the Grotto, when he saw the invalid drawn up in her little carriage. He could not help feeling sincere compassion for her, as he noticed the effort she was making to hold the rosary in her poor paralyzed hands. She had been in this condition for fifteen years. He went up to her and said:

"Now before you go to the baths say a third of the rosary for the suffering souls in purgatory, and then pray for your cure in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes."

She did as he desired her. When the rosary was finished, she went straight to the baths. Not long after the good Father, to his joy, saw her coming back, not in her little carriage, but on foot, leaning on her daughter's arm. This time, too, she was shedding tears, but they were tears not of sorrow, but of gladness.

She was still very weak, so that she had to be drawn in her carriage to the Grotto in the afternoon; but another bath the same day completed her cure; there was nothing left to wish for. The delight of the whole family can be better imagined than described.

In the evening the husband of the lady went to the Grotto, where, as usual, he found the Passionist Father.

"Well, my dear sir," the latter said to him, "so your wife has obtained her cure.

Can you still say you believe in nothing?"

The gentleman hesitated, and the Father continued:

"Is it possible that you are not aware that you also are sick, and your malady is a fatal one? It is your soul that is sick, your soul that needs to be cured. Beware how you neglect, lest God punish you by afflicting you with the same disease from which your wife has been miraculously freed. If you wish to avert this misfortune, let me advise you to go to confession this evening, and go to Communion to-morrow with her as an act of thanksgiving for the favor you have received."

These words struck the heart of the unbeliever with alarm. He had been much impressed, his wife told Father Mathieu later on, by her cure, taking place as it did almost immediately after the Father had spoken of it so confidently. Now he feared lest the second part of the prediction should prove equally true. So he hastened to take due precautions. He lost no time in presenting himself at the priests' house, with the request that one of them would hear his confession; and on the morrow he was to be seen approaching the Holy Table, in company with his pious and happy wife.

Laus Mariæ semper!

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

RICH AND POOR.

THERE were but a few of us lingering around the Tea-Table when Mrs. Dobbs came in carrying a book; and, as that was rather an uncommon encumbrance for her, we quietly waited for an explanation.

"Mabel gave me this for a birthday present," she said. "It's a book on etiquette. You know I've been going in

for etiquette lately. It says [reading]: 'Matrimonial engagements should be announced to intimate friends at once.' So I thought I'd come over—I wanted to borrow some butter anyway—and tell you that Mabel and Cecil Huntley are going to get married. I suppose you think it's his money that attracts her; but it isn't. He hasn't as much education as I would like, and I must say that he isn't overly smart anyway; but money hasn't anything to do with it. Mabel would marry him just as quick, she says, if he drove a grocer's cart for a living. 'Ma,' says she to me, 'I only wish he *was* poor, so I could prove my devotion.'"

Mrs. Dobbs wiped her eyes; and we, having been expecting this revelation for some time, were prepared with mild congratulations. We made them more vociferous than we might have done if it had not been necessary to drown some very frank remarks from the old Doctor, who had taken the evening paper over to the fireplace, where some embers of maple still glowed cheerfully on the shining andirons.

Mrs. Dobbs having passed on to the kitchen regions, our talk naturally turned to the subject of wealth. We said little, directly, of the news our neighbor had brought. It was not a pleasant theme, this snaring of the honest-hearted young fellow because of his money, and the sneering at him behind his back because of his lack of education.

"Does wealth, as a rule, bring happiness?" queried our Cynic. "Is little Miss Earnest, for instance, happier than our Poet? I think not. They have one thing in common, however. She seems to be as anxious to get rid of her large fortune as he of his small one."

"That is what money is for," said our Poet, innocently. "It is a very bad thing, but it buys many good things."

"I often wonder what she finds at our Tea-Table," went on our Cynic, ignoring the pleasant interruption. "Most of us

have found life a battlefield, off which we have come rather badly scarred; and she has fed on roses and lain on lilies all her life."

"Shall I explain?" meekly questioned our landlady. "She says she comes here to rest; that it is the only place where appeals to her sympathy and solicitations for her money do not pursue her; that with us she finds a little human sympathy, a little unselfish love. She is weary of people with axes to grind. She believes that her riches belong to God, and that she is but the delegated almoner to His children. Yet she values the peace which she finds here at the close of the day's turmoil, where the extended hand is not held out for alms; where each kind word is not freighted with a covert appeal; where every sentence is not a supplication. She turns gladly from the procession of discontent in tatters to those who have learned to wear their poverty as gaily as if it were a crown."

"Why should we not?" asked our Poet, of whom it has been said, as it was said of Leigh Hunt, that he would be disappointed if, finding what he thought a yellow blossom, it proved to be only a gold piece. "It seems to me that it would take more courage to be rich than I possess. I should always fancy that the poor were laughing at me. It would be a dreadful thing to have to live up to one's advantages. Splendor must interfere with enjoyment of the common daily delights of living. Mr. Dives-Cræsus confided to me that he considered fine sunsets a horrid bore; and Mrs. Dives-Cræsus detests Christmas, because the members of her family have given one another so many valuable gifts at that season that ingenuity is fatigued. I believe that before long the rich, instead of the poor, will be objects of popular sympathy. Only the other day an indignant Member rose in the English Parliament and declared that the poor were absorbing all the leisure attention of the Government and the country. One

woman who has, she avers, the misfortune not to be poor, writes to a London paper that her husband, falling ill, could get no clergyman of the Establishment to visit him, all being occupied with duties to the 'lower classes.'"

We never know when our Poet is in earnest; so we simply smiled at his cheerful optimism, and said we, too, would rather be ragged gypsies by the wayside hedge than crushed beneath a load of shining gold. And as we spoke Mrs. Dobbs came in from the kitchen, a plate of butter in one hand, her book in the other.

The old Doctor, who had been absorbed in his paper, glanced up.

"Wasn't young Huntley's uncle president of the Consolidated Bank?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dobbs, with natural pride; "and he left Cecil his interest just as it was."

"Well, I'm sorry for the lad," said the Doctor. "The Consolidated has closed its doors, and the stockholders are liable to depositors. Old Huntley's nephew will have to fork over his share of a million dollars."

The butter and book fell from the hands of Mrs. Dobbs, and were mingled upon the floor in one oily and untidy mess. Our neighbor seemed suddenly to have grown ten years older. She laughed nervously.

"I'm glad," she said, "that nothing's been settled between him and Mabel. It's all very uncertain yet. I am not sure that Mr. Dobbs would give his consent anyway."

She went out, and our landlady patiently gathered up the demoralized belongings which she had forgotten.

"Poor Cecil!" said our Poet.

"Happy Cecil!" growled the Doctor.

And we went our various ways.

A GREAT deal of what passes for likelihood in the world is simply the reflex of a wish.—*George Eliot.*

Notes and Remarks.

The growth of the Church in the United States has been so thoroughly written up during the past four or five years that anything new on the subject can scarcely be hoped for; yet "The Catholic Almanac and Laity's Directory for the Year 1833" is by no means uninteresting reading. In that year there were in this country one archbishop, eleven bishops, and three hundred and twenty priests. "Sixty years after" there are an Apostolic Delegate, a Cardinal, ninety archbishops and bishops, and more than nine thousand priests. Even at that early day, however, Catholic education was by no means neglected; since in this Catholic Directory appear the advertisements of eleven colleges and seventeen academies for girls. Then, as now, chancellors of dioceses and bishops' secretaries were somewhat remiss, it appears (and with better excuse), in furnishing to the publishers of the Directory full and accurate reports as to statistics and kindred subjects. The Catholic Directory of to-day shows as much improvement over its prototype, however, as we trust that of 1903 will show over the one of to-day.

A member of the late English Pilgrimage to Rome, in a letter addressed to the *Franciscan Annals*, tells of a visit paid to the church of the Capuchins, near the Piazza Barberini, which contains the incorrupt body of Blessed Crispin, a lay-brother of the Order, who died in May, 1750. Says the writer: "The peaceful countenance, with the lips and cheeks ruddy, the teeth perfect, and the whole body appearing as if in sleep, can not fail to make a deep impression on every beholder." Blessed Crispin lived to the ripe old age of eighty-two. He was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

The venerable Archbishop of St. Louis, who for more than half a century has faithfully administered the great See entrusted to his care, has been provided with an efficient auxiliary in the person of the Right Rev. John J. Kain, D. D., Bishop of Wheeling,

recently named by the Holy See coadjutor, with right of succession, to the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick. Bishop Kain, now in the fifty-second year of his age and the twenty-seventh of his priestly ordination, during the past eighteen years has cared for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Diocese of Wheeling with an energy, zeal, and devotedness which proved signally successful for the good of religion, and endeared him to his priests and people. Were his own wishes and the desires of his flock deferred to, he would remain in his mountain home to continue his noble labors. But in obedience to the call of the Sovereign Pontiff, and influenced, no doubt, by the almost unanimous request of the clergy of St. Louis, he will bring to that ancient See the aid of his experience, learning, and devotedness. The clergy and laity of the Archdiocese of St. Louis are to be congratulated upon this appointment, which realizes their own hopes, and is destined to prove well designed for the furtherance of their own best interests.

During one of the first speeches which the lamented Mgr. Freppel delivered in the French Legislative Assembly, he was greeted with murmurs of dissatisfaction and with frequent interruptions. The only effect produced was this terse statement from the energetic and intrepid Bishop: "Gentlemen, I am an Alsatian, and I represent the Bretons. To say so is to inform you that, to tire out my patience, you will have to conquer two stubbornnesses instead of one." The members of the Assembly concluded they would not undertake the double task, and the interruptions ceased.

From an interesting letter in *Les Missions Catholiques* it appears that Christianity has been making rapid strides in Madagascar during the past decade. Appleton's Cyclopædia of 1883 gives the number of Christians on this greatest of African islands as 300,000, of whom 10,000 were Catholics. According to the Rev. Father Caussèque, Procurator of the Jesuit missions of Madagascar, the Christians number at present about 490,000, more than 130,000 of whom belong to the

true Church. From these figures it appears that within ten years the Catholics have increased from one-thirtieth to more than one-fourth of the whole Christian population. In Madagascar, however, as elsewhere, the want of material resources is a great drawback to the more extensive spread of truth, more especially as the sectarian missions on the island are abundantly supplied with the funds necessary for the enlargement of their enterprises. Forty-nine Jesuit Fathers, of whom one is Bishop, nineteen coadjutor Brothers, as many Christian Brothers, and twenty-seven Sisters of St. Joseph, comprise the evangelizing force of the Church among the Madagascans.

The current statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund furnishes an account of the explorations of Dr. Schick, the great German antiquarian. Dr. Schick was a Protestant, and entered upon his studies in Palestine with no prepossessions in favor of Catholic tradition. For a long time he believed that the traditional site of Calvary was not the true one; but after forty years of close study and careful examination of the disputed ground, he came to the conclusion that "very likely this is the real place where Our Lord suffered."

Among the archiepiscopal sees of the United States must now be ranked the See of Dubuque, Iowa, with its present learned and zealous incumbent, the Right Rev. John Hennessy, D. D., as the first Archbishop. The tidings of the elevation of the Bishopric of Dubuque came during the past week, from Rome, through a cable dispatch to his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and were hailed with expressions of joy and satisfaction on the part of the clergy and laity of that progressive and leading diocese of the West. Iowa, Nebraska, and Wyoming will form the domain of the new province, which includes, outside of Dubuque, the suffragan Sees of Davenport, Omaha, Lincoln, and Cheyenne. The newly-appointed Archbishop, though now nearly seventy years of age, retains the vigor, the energy, and the activity of a much younger man. His forty-three years of active service in the ministry have been marked by devoted, self-sacrificing labors,

which can be realized only by the old-time missionaries of the "wild West." At first the arduous work of his parish of 6,000 square miles told upon his health, and after some years he was transferred to a professorship in the diocesan seminary at Carondelet, Mo., and subsequently became its rector. In 1859 he was sent to Rome as the representative of Archbishop Kenrick, and on his return was appointed to pastoral duty at St. Joseph. On September 30, 1866, he was consecrated Bishop of Dubuque, and since that time, under his administration, the growth of the diocese shows the beneficent results of his remarkable ability and zeal for the good of religion. The Church in this country will be benefited by this appointment. He is esteemed everywhere as an orator, and a scholarly, pious and wise prelate. We unite with the people of his new archiepiscopal province in our congratulations and best wishes for a long-continued career of usefulness to Archbishop Hennessy.

One of the most interesting bits of Paris disappeared a few days ago, when the old buildings of the Sarbonne were pulled down to make room for the new college structure. The Sarbonne was founded in the thirteenth century by the chaplain of St. Louis, and has never ceased to exercise a powerful influence over the thought of the world.

The charge that Columbus counselled a slave-trade in America soon after its discovery is thus met by the New York *Critic*: "If Columbus was in this one respect a few decades behind our age, he was at least three centuries in advance of his own."

There are two falsehoods pre-eminent among those which the bigoted non-Catholic is in the habit of proclaiming: that there is a traffic "for revenue only" in the confessional, and that the Holy Scriptures are kept from the laity at any cost of severe measures. The most pitiable exhibition of this sort of bigotry, which would be disgusting if it were not so absurd, is found in an article in a paper named most inappropriately the *Shining Light*. This very dim and unwholesome

"light" is supposed to illuminate certain sectarian Sunday-schools, and informs the credulous pupils that Roman Catholics are so averse to the Word of God that a priest will immediately burn any Bible found in the hands of one of his people. The *Shining Light* is kind enough, however, to add the encouraging remark that many Catholics are being led out of this darkness. If this is the sort of "light" furnished to innocent babes, it is time some one came forward with a spiritual extinguisher

The present unfortunate imbroglio with the Chinese Empire lends additional interest to a letter which has been sent to the *Catholic Telegraph* by a Franciscan missionary who is located in the province of Shensi. "Not far from the great Chinese wall," he says, "is a massive monument, erected in the seventh century. On it is inscribed the whole history of the creation and the story of Christ. A good deal of the inscription yet remains. Six hundred and twenty years after Christ there were missionaries where I have been laboring."

The scene of Father Goette's labors is almost inaccessible, requiring seven hundred miles' ride from Shanghai in a steamer, then a boat-ride for fifty days on the Han river, followed by an eight days' ride on mules. And to that out of the way spot intrepid missionaries penetrated as early as the seventh century!

The old "Sermon Bell" of the Vatican, which has done good service since A. D. 1288, has gone the way of all bells. A new one, of the same size, bearing in bass-relief figures of Our Lady and SS. Peter, Paul and Leo, was lately blessed to replace it.

We have often insisted, says *La Guirlande de Marie*, on the efficacy of the Rosary recited by little children, so beloved of Christ. The inroads of evil and the audacity of the wicked in our day render more necessary than ever recourse to this infantine intercession, in which faith-filled souls have always placed the greatest confidence. Our contemporary publishes, in connection with this subject, the following golden advice of the holy

foundress of the Propagation of the Faith, Pauline Marié Jaricot: "Each mother in the sanctuary of the home should take her children, one after another, upon her knees; and, holding their little arms in the form of a cross, have them recite the 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary' in honor of the Divine Infancy."

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. Father Anselm, O. M. C., formerly rector of the Church of Our Lady of Angels, Albany, N. Y., who passed away on the 4th inst. Father Anselm was a true son of St. Francis, and was beloved and respected wherever he was known.

Sister Mary Liguori, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister Mary Simplicia, of the Sisters of Mercy, who were lately called to their eternal reward.

Mr. James Shriver, whose happy death took place on the 1st inst., at Union Mills, Md.

Mr. A. Ryder, of Iowa City, Iowa, who breathed his last on the 30th ult.

Mrs. Justina Meir, whose life closed peacefully on the 14th ult., at Chillicothe, Ohio.

Mr. Patrick Brennan, of Chicago, Ill., who passed to the reward of a good life on the Feast of the Ascension.

Mrs. Josephine De Lelis, who died on the 5th inst., at Los Angeles, Cal., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. John Fox, of Montreal, Canada, who piously yielded his soul to God on the 20th ult.

Mr. Richard Berry, of Springfield, Ill.; Mrs. Anastasia and Miss Mary Hausler, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.; Charles Conaty, Taunton, Mass.; Mrs. Katherine Spillane, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mr. John Flynn, Richwoods, Mo.; Mrs. Anna Whelan, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Margaret Morris, Seymour, Conn.; Thomas Coyle, Nauvoo, Ill.; Mrs. Mary L. Hanley, Fall River, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine O'Sullivan, Co. Cork, Ireland; Mr. Thomas Corrigan, Battle Creek, Mich.; Thomas O'Brien, Austin, Ill.; Mrs. Clara Dade, Marengo, Iowa; Mrs. Mary McLaughlin, Germantown, Pa.; Mrs. Mary A. Reilly, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Powers, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; James Quinn, Williamsburg, Iowa; Catherine Taff, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Catherine T. Murphy, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. James T. Hayes, Davenport, Iowa; William E. Duffy, Mrs. Catherine Duffy, Mr. P. B. O'Brien, Miss Katherine E. Hammell, Mrs. Bridget O'Donnell, Mrs. Rosanna Moore, Mrs. James Caulfield, Mrs. Bridget Moloney, and Mr. John Coyne,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Mary Alice Shields, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Slavin, Sara Moran, Mary Gilmore, and Rebecca Kenny,—all of Waterbury, Conn.

May they rest in peace!



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

As Rain and Dew.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

THERE was once a little garden,
 And 'twas nicely hedged around;
 But, though seeds had there been planted,
 Not a flower could be found.

Once again I sought that garden,
 And I met a great surprise,—
 Lo! a wealth of lovely blossoms
 Lightly swayed before my eyes.

For the gardener's hand had loosened
 All the parched and hardened soil,
 And the sun and dew and showers
 Had each helped to bless his toil.

And I thought: How like the gardens
 Of poor hardened human hearts,
 Where, for want of light and moisture,
 Not a leaf or flower starts!

So remember well, my children,
 What a power rests with you;
 For your kindness is as sunshine,
 And your love as rain and dew.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XVIII.—(Continued.)



OUR friends now visited some of the splendid palaces for which Genoa is noted:—the Palazzo Durazzo, with its fine façade and vestibule, and handsome staircase; the Palazzo Balbi, with its spacious courtyard, surrounded by colonnades, and beyond a beautiful orange grove; the Palazzos Bianco and Rosso, or the red and white palaces of the Brignole-Sale family, with their galleries of paintings; and the Doria Palace, with its gardens extending down to the sea.

"All this magnificence helps one to realize the wealth and splendor of the merchant princes of Genoa in the olden time," said Claire.

WHEN we consider that we are, in some sense, the architects of our own fortunes, that "where there is a will there is a way," how strongly should we be stimulated to put forth our best endeavors to achieve all that is within our reach, to elevate ourselves in the scale of humanity to the highest possible point!

"Although luxurious and extravagant, they were also munificent in their offerings to religion and lavish in their charities; the churches, hospitals and asylums which they founded are grander even than their palaces," said Mr. Colville, as he led the way to the interesting old hospital. "It was here," added he, "that St. Catherine of Genoa spent the greater part of her life, in the care of the sick and suffering. Daughter of a viceroy of Sicily and

wife of a rich Italian nobleman, her home was a palace like one of those we have just seen. Her husband entertained in a style befitting his rank; and she was, as our friend Mrs. Flashe would say, a leader of society. Accomplished, particularly winsome in appearance and manner, and surrounded by so much splendor, she seemed to have the world at her feet. Having learned, however, that happiness is not to be found in its pleasures, she turned to a life of piety; and at the death of her husband devoted herself to the service of the sick poor in this great hospital, where she displayed toward the wretched in soul or body the same tact and gentle, winning kindness that had won for her so much respect and affection in her social relations. During the plague which raged with terrible severity in Genoa in 1497 and 1501, her charity was especially heroic and untiring. Her austerities were as great as her sanctity, and God bestowed upon her many wonderful favors. At her death miraculous cures were wrought by her relics; and, her holiness having been attested in innumerable ways, she was finally canonized after an interval of two hundred years."

In the Via Bosco our friends came upon a fine bronze statue of an intrepid-looking youth.

"This was erected in memory of the boy Balila," said Mr. Colville.

"Yes, I read about him," interrupted Joe, eagerly.

"In 1746 the Austrian army took possession of Genoa. Although the people had been obliged to submit to force, a smouldering fire of rage and discontent burned in their hearts. One day a party of soldiers who were dragging a piece of ordnance through the streets strove to compel some of the populace, with harshness and blows, to assist them. Indignant at this outrage, Balila, who was standing by, picked up a stone, flung it at a soldier who was about to strike him, and then

turned to his companions, crying, 'Why don't we begin?' It was the signal for revolt against the oppressors. The call of 'To arms! to arms! *Viva Maria*, our Queen!' resounded upon every side. The people arose and drove the enemy from their city; and Genoa regained her freedom through the bravery of a boy."

The following day Mr. Colville engaged an open carriage, and they drove out to the Campo Santo, or cemetery, which consists of a large quadrangle, bounded upon its four sides by vast marble-columned corridors, or cloisters, containing many beautiful monuments.

"It does not seem a burial-place," remarked Alicia; "but merely a long gallery of sacred sculpture."

"The very name suggests consolation," said her father: "*Il Campo Santo*—the holy ground. It must be a continual reminder to those whose friends are here that they rest under the blessing of the Church."

On their way back to the city, he directed their attention to a group of buildings, saying,

"Those are the buildings of the Columbian Exhibition, to be formally opened within a few days as the beginning of the world-wide celebration in recognition of the genius and glory of Columbus and in honor of the discovery of America; it is to culminate in Chicago."

"And may we be there to see!" rejoined Alicia, with enthusiasm.

"No doubt, Ally, you will be a full-fledged poetess by that time," said her brother, resignedly.

They stopped at the Cathedral, which is dedicated to St. Lawrence; and in the treasury Mr. Colville showed his children a magnificent shrine.

"Here is preserved a crystal cup supposed to be the Holy Grail—the chalice used by Christ at the Last Supper; and in which Joseph of Arimathea is said to have caught some drops of the Precious Blood of our Crucified Lord. This treasure

was captured by the Genoese at Cesarea in the year 1101. Tradition says it was one of the presents of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. It was thought to be an emerald; but a piece having been accidentally broken off when it was carried to Paris by Napoleon, it was found to be simply a splendid green crystal. After the downfall of the Emperor it was restored to Genoa. The chapel on the left contains the relics of St. John the Baptist, brought from Palestine by Crusaders. In recollection of the daughter of Herodias, no woman or girl is allowed to enter this chapel except upon one special day of the year."

In the evening the Colville young people begged their father to go out with them again. The streets were dimly lighted, and the old palaces and dwellings took on a weird and romantic appearance when seen amid the shadows.

"Think what they must have been in the days of old," said Claire. "Can you not picture them lit up with the radiance of hundreds of candles and lamps from the Orient; thronged with nobles and haughty guests in rich apparel; the banquet spread, the dancers flitting to and fro? Can you not hear the sounds of music and revelry within?"

"No, I can't," replied her practical brother. "But if I had spectacles with very strong lenses, perhaps I could see faded hangings and moth-eaten furniture and old paintings; and people living there, some in decayed grandeur and others in squalor."

"Joe, you have no imagination," she sighed, turning away.

Now they reached the market-place, and felt as if they had suddenly come upon another town. The entire quarter was illuminated; all the populace seemed to be abroad, and the air was filled with the murmur of greetings in the Italian tongue. Everywhere there was an appearance of happy-hearted but decorous festivity.

The children indulged in many exclamations of admiration as they walked along.

The square was ablaze with the light of countless tiny lamps, of all the colors of the rainbow, strung in glittering garlands, wreaths and festoons across the fronts of the houses, and from one decorated pole to another. The streets were spanned by great arches, gleaming with red, yellow, violet, green and blue lights, as if encrusted with sparkling gems.

"One might fancy all the jewels brought by the merchant princes of Genoa from the Indies and the Levant had been collected for the occasion," said Claire.

"Or that there had been a shower of little stars," suggested Kathleen; "and the children had gathered and woven them into garlands, and the big boys had climbed up and twined them around the arches."

"But what is it all for?" said Alicia.

Mr. Colville asked the question in Italian of a man who was walking along leading a little dark-eyed boy by the hand. As the Genoese, of course, replied in the same language, the others did not understand what he said; but they appreciated the ready courtesy with which he turned back and went with them, to guide them to the point about which the demonstration centred.

Presently they came to a place where the arches were so thick and close together, as to resemble one brilliant canopy, leading up a steep incline, at the end of which they beheld the wide-open doors of a church.

Then Mr. Colville said, in a low tone:

"All this rejoicing and festivity is because the Forty Hours' Devotion is being held here. Every evening during its celebration all this part of the town in the vicinity of the church will be illuminated as it is to-night. Such is the custom in Italy. It is, as it were, the overflowing of the love and devotion of the people toward the Blessed Sacrament. Not content with adorning their churches, they deck also their homes and the whole neighborhood, in their joyous fervor and

eagerness to honor the Hidden Guest dwelling in their midst."

Our party entered the church. The high altar seemed a sea of golden lights, and in the niche above them shone the monstrance containing the Sacred Host. Before it knelt several priests in rich vestments, and numerous acolytes. The building was crowded with men, women, and children; there were no pews (one seldom sees them in Italy), but the worshippers stood about, or knelt upon the pavement, wherever they could find place.

Impressed and deeply moved, the Colvilles mingled with the rest. They were in a foreign land; the throng about them was of a different nationality and nature from themselves, had another language, and different manners and customs; yet our pilgrims from the New World were not strangers here. The faith which, at the cost of so much labor and sacrifice, Columbus planted upon the shores of the Western Continent, made them one with the people of the city where he was born, and where, as a child, he was taught the beautiful lessons of religion, devotedness and patience which were exemplified in his life.

After the Benediction their courteous guide insisted upon leading them to the main street, from which they found the way to the hotel without difficulty.

That evening Claire sat long in her little balcony, looking out upon the starlit, beautiful bay, and thinking how often, by day and by night, the wool-comber's boy had watched those waters as she was doing. A setting planet shone at the horizon. As she lingered there, slowly it touched the line where the sky and sea met; to her enthusiastic fancy it seemed the glorious ship of the great navigator, disappearing upon the waves, to bear the light of faith and civilization to the world beyond. "It is true," she said to herself, "he sailed from Palos, not Genoa; but how often his heart went forth from here upon

the quest that from boyhood haunted his dreams!" And then she fell to thinking of the haughty merchant princes whose palaces she had seen; and how, in their blindness and self-sufficiency, they rejected the petition of Columbus to fit out an expedition for him that he might explore the unknown ocean, and share the glory of discovery with them; of the gold he would have poured into their coffers if they had but heeded his prayer; and how their city, in its declining splendor, would have been endowed with a new life through the achievements of this devoted servant of the Madonna, and received a new and indisputable right to the proud title of Genoa the Magnificent, Queen of the Seas!

(To be continued.)

The Sultan's Rebuke.

In 1829 the Russians took possession of Varna, a Moslem stronghold, and no one dared to tell the Sultan of the disaster. The Grand-Vizier, Khosrew, was properly the one to be the messenger of the evil tidings; but when he entered the apartment of his royal master, he found him in such ill-humor that he brought forward some subjects of minor importance, and made haste to retreat. As he was going away he met the court physician, Abdullah Effendi, a pompous and confident official, who was about to venture into the Sultan's presence. The Grand-Vizier immediately thought of a scheme whereby the physician might be the means of communicating the bad news, and receive the reward of his temerity.

"How did you find his Majesty?" asked the physician.

"About as usual."

"And how did he receive the news?" he inquired further.

"Rather better than I expected."

"I will go and console him," the

physician announced pompously, turning to the palace door.

When he entered the audience-chamber he at once began his task of condolence.

"Sire," he said, bowing low, "the Almighty doeth all things well. We have only to submit."

"What are you driving at?" asked the Sultan, somewhat surprised.

"For the sake of a hair plucked from the mane of a lion one is not justified in shouting victory."

"What drivél is this? Explain yourself in sensible words, if you can."

"Notwithstanding—"

"Have done with your long words and come to the point at once! Notwithstanding what?"

"Notwithstanding, Sire, that those dogs of unbelievers have taken Varna—"

"Taken Varna!" howled the Sultan.

"Taken Varna!" And in a fury of rage he kicked the physician out of the room.

The Grand-Vizier was gratified at the success of his stratagem, and meekly inquired of the physician the next day:

"How did his Highness receive the news?"

It is needless to add that he did not get an answer couched in the polite language upon which the medical man had been wont to pride himself.

Royal In Patience as in Rank.

Constantine's statue had been broken by some miscreants. There was no lack of advisers, who urged the Emperor to punish the guilty persons; especially as they had defaced the Imperial countenance with stones. Constantine, with his ready wit, passed his hand over his face and smiled. "I find," said he, "no wound on my countenance."

Theodosius was asked in familiar intercourse why he did not condemn to death

those who had injured him. "Oh, that I could call the dead to life!" he replied. "Why should I punish the living with death because they have injured me?"

After the death of St. Elizabeth's husband, his relations seized the duchy, and drove her out with her children, a beggar, a wanderer, and an exile; burthened with every sorrow, deserted and despised even by those on whom she had formerly conferred favors. But she bore all with so steadfast a spirit, that at that very time, and even in this extreme distress, she wished the *Te Deum* to be chanted; and to this intent she went to a monastery of Minorite monks, and requested that the canticle might be sung in choir.

The History of a Statue.

Certain early chronicles relate that Sebastian Ziano, Doge of Venice, summoned an architect from Constantinople to build a church in honor of St. Mark. The architect freely promised to devote all his skill to this edifice, but on condition that a statue should be erected to him in the temple he was to build, to perpetuate his name. The Senate agreed. When the building was finished, the architect, speaking somewhat freely, said he had not been careful in every particular, and that some parts might have been built in either a more substantial or more improved manner. The Doge heard this, and sending for the man, rebuked him.

"Is it thus," he said, "that you have fulfilled your promises? Why have you carried out a work, which we desire to be immortal, without full diligence? Therefore neither do we stand by our compact. Let your statue be erected, but outside the church."

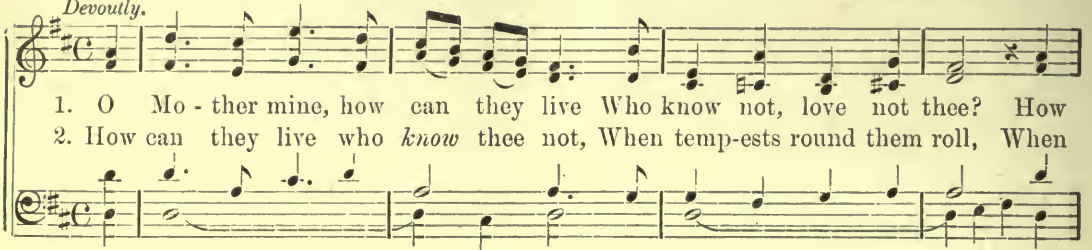
It exists to this day, with the finger upon the lips, a lasting monument of faulty diligence and of a prating tongue.

O MOTHER MINE.

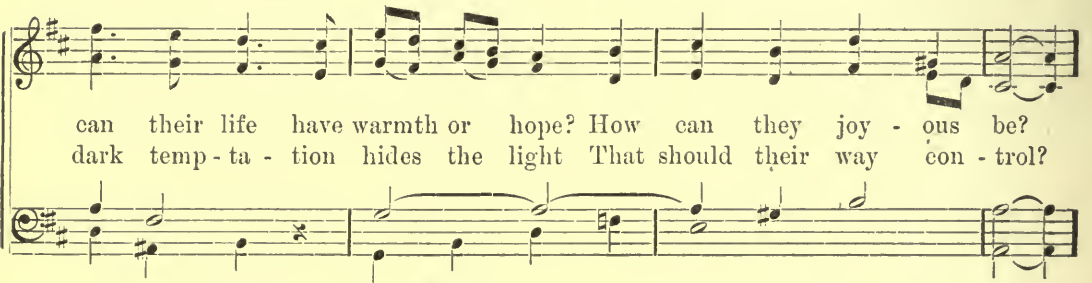
Words from THE "AVE MARIA."

Music by H. E. M., O. S. B.

Devoutly.



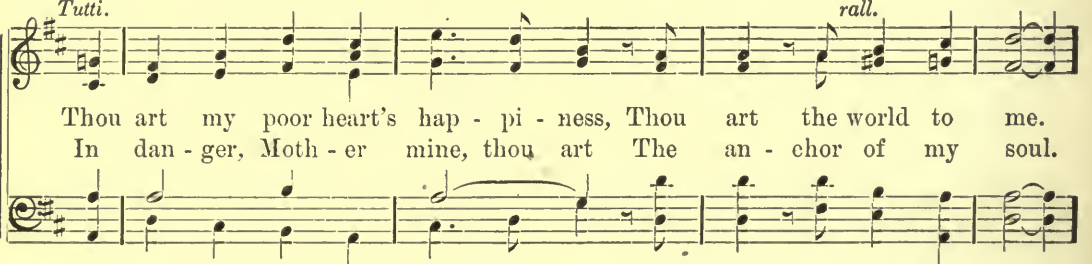
1. O Mo - ther mine, how can they live Who know not, love not thee? How
2. How can they live who *know* thee not, When temp-ests round them roll, When




can their life have warmth or hope? How can they joy - ous be?
dark temp - ta - tion hides the light That should their way con - trol?

Tutti.

rall.



Thou art my poor heart's hap - pi - ness, Thou art the world to me.
In dan - ger, Moth - er mine, thou art The an - chor of my soul.

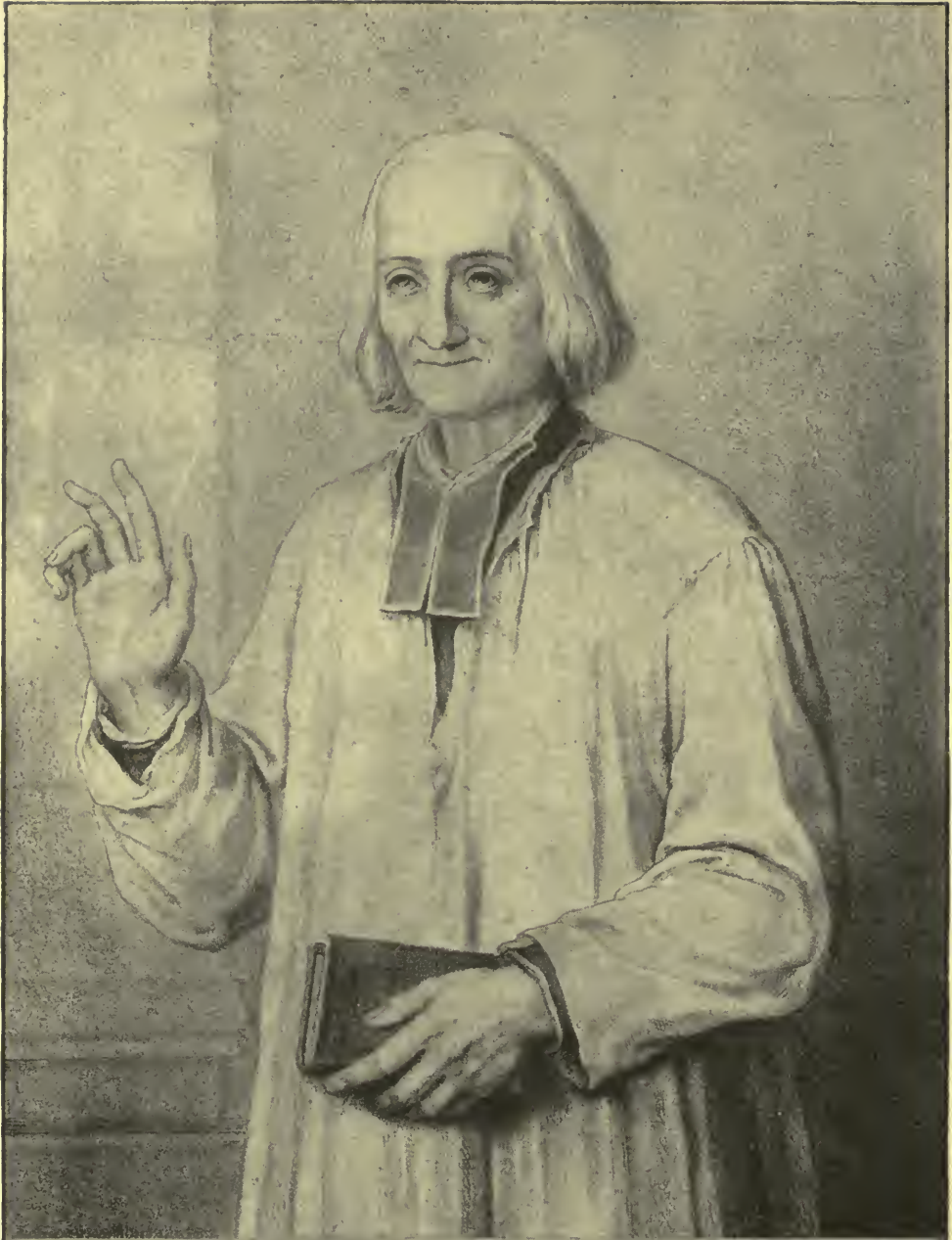


3

How can they live who *love* thee not,
When sorrow presses sore,
When waves of desolation sweep
Their wounded spirits o'er?
I need thee, Mother mine, in joy,—
In grief I need thee more.

4

How can they *die* who love thee not,
How can they hope to see
The Son, whom they profess to love,
The while forgetting thee?
Ah, Mother mine! I fear not death,
If thou but pray for me.



THE CURÉ D'ARS



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

VOL. XXXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 3, 1893.

No. 22.

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

Yearning.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D.D.
FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.

LOOK on the world and I look in my heart,
Until from my eyes the burning tears start:
Far distant I see the rich glowing light,
But still the North holds me in its dark night.
O the world is so wide and the way so narrow,
And time fleets swift as arrow!

I know a land where, amidst sunny green,
The ripe grapes glow fallen columns between;
Where the deep blue waves on the shore sink down,
And for coming poets waits the laurel crown.
Sweetly smiling, it lures my yearning heart—
Ah! thither would I depart.

O had I but wings to cleave the blue air,
How soon I would fly to that land so fair!
But, alas! the thronging hours pass by;
Lament thy dead youth, and let thy song die.
O the world is so wide and the way so narrow,
And time fleets swift as arrow!

THE faultless Parthenon glittered with fair colors and dazzling marbles, telling man that life was a boon to be enjoyed. The stern, dark cathedral tells us that the seal of death is needed to dignify and exalt the grandest as well as the meanest human destiny.—*Trail.*

A Marvel of Our Own Time.*



ABOUT thirty years ago there died, in an out-of-the-way village of Bresse, a poor country curé, whose life, it may be said, was spent in the obscure cloister of the confessional. What was there in this humble man to draw to him the attention of his contemporaries? His knowledge? He was judged scarcely learned enough to be admitted to the priesthood. His eloquence? He was not of those speakers whom men run after and admire. So far as gifts of nature and qualities of mind are concerned, it would seem that his name should never have gone beyond a few scattered houses in the Dombes country. And yet around that name there has gathered a renown incomparable among the greatest popularities of our epoch. During thirty years, from one extremity of France to the other and even beyond, it was who should get a word from the lips of this humble priest, should bow beneath his blessing hand, should seek from him light or consolation, and should come to touch this living relic in order to experience the virtue that

* Substance of a discourse on the life and virtues of the Venerable Curé d'Ars, delivered at Ars by the late Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers.

escaped therefrom. Death, which consigns to oblivion so many ephemeral reputations, only adds new glory to his; and, though years have passed, the people continue to betake themselves to the tomb of him who is known in all languages as the Curé d'Ars.

Are there in all history many facts more marvellous than these? Is there even one in our century that offers so surprising a mixture of grandeur and simplicity? Where, then, shall we seek the secret of such a life? How explain the moral power of this man, deprived of every natural means, and drawing to himself multitudes of souls, to exert upon them a sovereign and almost irresistible action? This is the task which I shall endeavor to perform for the glory of God and in honor of His faithful servant.

I.

When God desires to show forth the marvels of His power and His goodness, He usually chooses the feeblest instruments and those which are apparently disproportioned to the greatness of His works. It is a law of divine government in the supernatural order; and this law, apparent throughout all history, is revealed in the childhood of Jean-Marie Vianney. His earlier years are spent in guarding his flocks; then comes field-work, which is prolonged to an age when any other calling must seem impracticable. In the presbytery of Ecully, where, thanks to the devotedness of a charitable priest, he can at length begin the studies so long retarded, new obstacles await him: his mind is slow to apprehend, his memory dull; his lack of progress tends to discourage him.

Soon fatal circumstances oblige him to seek a refuge in the mountains of Forez. One would say that, far from leading him to the desired end, everything conspires to turn him away from it. Yet when we consider all these circumstances with the eyes of faith, how many signs

there are to foretell the Curé d'Ars in the boy of Dardilly! Prayer, which will be the soul and the force of his whole life, is already his only pleasure. The rosary or a picture of the Blessed Virgin is a treasure which he prefers to all others. I see him at the age of thirteen giving indications of his future charitable works, by bringing to his home all the beggars whom he meets on his way. He finds as much happiness in seeking privations as do others in their search of pleasure. Thus did holiness unfold itself in this chosen soul, where everything that belongs to man should appear all the less from the fact that God was to manifest Himself so wonderfully therein.

Do not be astonished, then, to find in the sacerdotal apprenticeship of Jean-Marie Vianney so many trials and contradictions; and from his masters themselves so many hesitations and rebuffs, both in the little seminary of Verrières and the grand seminary of Saint-Irénée. It is not a man of genius, it is neither a *savant* nor a doctor, that God is preparing for the Church of France; but a holy priest, in whom grace will accomplish marvels, who will be the honor and glory of his order,—a priest called to glorify in his person and to raise to an ideal perfection that office which is the lowest in the hierarchy, but is also the most necessary and the most fruitful; that which touches most nearly the heart of a people, their wants and their daily lives,—I mean the parochial ministry.

Admirable indeed is this care of souls, no matter how narrow be the limits in which it is exercised. I can never speak of it without experiencing lively emotion. To pass a lifetime buried in the country with one's crucifix and one's books, in the silence of study and prayer; to instruct the little ones, preach the truth to their elders, and remind both of their duties and their last ends; to be there all things to all men without exception of any,—

with a comforting word for the afflicted, a tender reproach for the sinner, a counsel of peace and concord for those divided by resentment and hatred; never to lose sight for an instant of any of these souls, but to follow them with the eye and heart through the struggles and trials of life, to revive their courage and heal their wounds; to announce at times to these people, overwhelmed with hardships and fatigue, the fortifying promise of heavenly reward, of the eternal future, of blessed immortality; to bless the cradle of the new-born child, and the tomb of the old man who has reached the end of his days; to hold in one's hands before the eyes of a whole people the Cross and the Eucharist,—the Cross, august symbol of the redemption; the Eucharist, grand Viaticum of the Christian on the road to eternity; to be all that, to do all that for the salvation of souls,—what a ministry and what a life!

To this ministry the Curé d'Ars was to devote himself during nearly a half century. As a child he had said: "If I were some day to become a priest, I should wish to win many souls to the good God." Raised to the priesthood, he had no longer any other thought than that. Then was seen what can be done by a single priest when he seeks in God his light and strength. Assuredly, the new pastor possessed no external advantages that could add prestige to his virtues. His body was fragile, his gait heavy, his air timid and embarrassed, his figure commonplace. Nature had done nothing to lend a charm to his words. And, on the other hand, what spiritual poverty among his parishioners on his arrival in their midst! Many souls languished in indifference; piety was understood by only a very few; all the others were given up to pleasure and frivolous amusements. How hope for a prompt change in such conditions as these? But—O prodigy of grace acting by the ministry of a holy priest!—a few years elapse,

and the parish is transformed. Perpetual Adoration and frequent Communion have restored to it the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Men and women have formed themselves into pious confraternities. At the close of each day the recitation of the Rosary and evening prayers calls a throng of the faithful to the church. Sunday is sanctified from morning till night. Dangerous diversions have given place to the holy practices of Christian piety. Poor children have found a refuge in an institution so appropriately called by the name of Providence. Ars has become an exemplary parish.

And how was it all accomplished, this transformation of souls? Ah! seek not the cause in the working of purely human wisdom and activity. True, M. Vianney neglected no labor of the intellect to increase the success of his ministry. Profoundly penetrated with respect for the word of God, he shut himself up in his sacristy whole days to compose his homilies and instructions. All the resources which Providence placed at his disposition, all the plans of a zeal ingenious in discovering some new means of sanctification, all the Christian friendships that could contribute to the good of his parish, he employed and profited by with admirable tact and discernment. Not in this, however, lay the secret of his power over souls. With the Curé d'Ars, we are face to face with the supernatural. It was by dying to himself that he found the strength to devote his life to others. Our Lord has said it in the Gospel. Unless the grain of wheat die after falling into the ground, it remains sterile—"itself remaineth alone"; but as soon as it dies the germination begins. Its elements stir and quicken; an innate force moves, raises and develops it; and thus multiplying itself, it presents at the end of its stalk the fruits of its fecundity. "But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."*

* John, xii, 25.

There is the image of the Curé d'Ars. This man, dead to himself, became in the hands of God a marvellous instrument of life. This humble pastor acquired over souls the force of an extraordinary domination. And when I seek for the secret of this power, I reflect on those fifty years of austerity and mortification; I see the holy priest constantly weakening in himself all that appertains to the natural man—his tastes and inclinations,—in order that grace might have scope for its fullest plenitude of action. *The Eum infirmor, tunc potens sum*—When I am weak, then am I powerful—never found more fitting application than in the Curé d'Ars. A poor straw pallet served him for bed, when he did not lie on the bare floor; his food was the bread of the mendicant, with a few potatoes; whole Lents passed without his eating two pounds of bread; two or three hours of sleep sufficed for him,—hardly enough to keep up his little strength. Was it a question of obtaining some important grace, of triumphing over some obdurate heart, of satisfying for the sins of some guilty wretch whom Divine Mercy had brought to him,—he redoubled his rigor toward himself, and it was bending beneath long days of fasting that he awaited the fruit of his prayers; being accustomed to say, with a charming grace, that the best receipt for the cure of hardened sinners "is to give them a little penance, and to do the rest in their stead."

When a man attains this complete self-abnegation, when he in a certain sense annihilates himself to be and to live henceforth only in God and by God, God communicates to him His lights, and makes him a participant of His power in a measureless degree. Apart from this rule of divine operations in the supernatural order, the Curé d'Ars would be unintelligible. The farther he advances along the way of austerity and of sacrifice, the more his activity widens, the more fruitful becomes his ministry. Did not Our Lord

declare that it was in the midst of His sufferings and from the height of His Cross that He drew all to Him? * This attractive power over souls, which is the great mystery of the life of the Curé d'Ars, will be found throughout the career of this priest, crucified to himself and to the world. That power will no longer stop at the transformation of a simple parish. Every year more than twenty thousand pilgrims will seek a village until then unknown. Ars will become a great hospital of souls,—another *piscina probatica*, wherein they find health and life. It is of this wondrous pilgrimage to the church and the confessional of the holy Curé that it remains for me to speak.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XX.—LIFE AT SWANSMERE.

DAYS passed after the evening on which Father Haley gave his parting shot to Lady Tyrrell,—a shot which was the first that had ever silenced that amiable woman. The priest on his way home had chuckled somewhat, and then reproached himself. Lady Tyrrell would undoubtedly declare to her friends that his retort had been coarse; and he was prepared to admit that it was. But he knew the woman; and he had heard some scraps of her opinions of the clergy which had seemed to him not only coarse, but brutal; so he rejoiced that he had spiked her guns.

The spring advanced slowly. The winter had been long. This year April was not only coquettish, but cruel. She showed her face now and then, and the tufts on the maples grew larger and larger; then suddenly she hid herself behind a veil of

* John, xii, 32.

drifting snow. The hepatica looked into her face, and found that she had forgotten her earliest child; and she amused herself by setting the winds to play at winter, so that the vibrations they made in the space which should have been sweetly filled caused the frost to interpret their wailing with many fantastic figures on the window panes. For the first time in his life, Conway was inclined to feel impatient with April. In Virginia her temper had been uncertain, but she was never cruel.

At last, however, May came in. But the coquettish April still clung to her; and nobody felt sure that May was really not her elder sister until the maple leaves burst out, and a jonquil and a clump of Johnny-jump-ups were found in a corner of the garden.

Lady Tyrrell, for reasons of her own, had determined that Conway should not leave Swansmere for some time. She found pretexts for retaining him: there were documents to copy. She found, too, that Colonel Carton could make an affidavit that "R. Conway" and "Raymond Conway" were the same, as he had once had some short business transactions with Conway's father. As this was one of the things for which Edward had come North, and as he could look after the other things by occasional trips to New York, he had agreed to remain; for Lady Tyrrell had the art of making people useful, and of using them all the more completely because she made them feel that they were indispensable. Conway had acquired this feeling. And as the Colonel and Giles Carton were estranged, and Mr. Catherwood and Lady Tyrrell did not love each other, all the little details left loose-ended by the Major's death fell to Conway.

Bernice was saved from a great number of worrying details. To Conway's satisfaction, she and Father Haley had become good friends. And the effect of Father Haley's repartee had been to keep Lady

Tyrrell away from the drawing-room when the priest called.

Life in Swansmere had gone on much as usual since the Major, who believed that he was the centre of all things, had gone. The only difference noticed was that Giles Carton's interest in the Church of St. Genevieve had slackened. But this was attributed by the members of his flock to the uncertain condition of his father's health,—at least by all the members of his flock except Mrs. Van Krupper, who held that his heart had been broken by Bernice's "nefarious" conduct in jilting him.

Alicia McGoggin felt that Bernice's conduct could have made no permanent impression on Giles. She said to a few intimate friends that he could never have really loved a girl who had doubts about his orders. She knew that Giles would never have been happy if he and Bernice had been married. She had requested Giles to be her spiritual director some time before the engagement had been broken off. But her people objected to the practice of auricular confession in Giles' study, unless a chaperon could be present. And Giles himself had said gently that until his bishop would permit the erection of confessionals in St. Genevieve's, or institute an order of deaconesses who might act as chaperons, he should have to decline her request. Miss McGoggin said that this made her feel as the ancient British Church must have felt when it was under an interdict. It brought her nearer to her patron saint, she said; and she could understand now what poor King John must have suffered when tyrannical Rome deprived him of his spiritual consolations. Miss McGoggin was not strong in exact historical knowledge, and she looked on King John as an early Briton. And as her family had the comfortable habit of dividing the good and the bad of this world into two classes—those who were Scotch-Irish and those who were not

Scotch-Irish, — she did not get much enlightenment from them.

As to Giles himself, he was really unhappy. Unhappiness is subjective rather than objective. No man who despises himself, and who has failed to do what his conscience tells him he ought to have done, can be happy. He had acted meanly in refusing to go to the bedside of Willie Ward. But had he *refused*? he asked himself. Was Bernice justified in casting him adrift merely because he had hesitated? Was she justified in believing that he had failed in his duty? Was he justified, as hot flushes went to his cheek, in calling himself a cad and a coward?

It is probable that self-reproach would have made him utterly wretched; for the only intolerable miseries are those we bring upon ourselves. But resentment came to the rescue. Now, no man can be entirely miserable so long as he can find fault with anybody else. It is only when he is left to consider himself as the sole author of his miseries that he can be absolutely wretched. This is one of the reasons why it is not good for man to be alone; if he is alone, he will have nobody to blame when he gets into trouble.

Giles was fiercely jealous of Conway. Lady Tyrrell had insisted on Conway's riding the Major's horse, so that he could escort Bernice in her early morning rides. These she had no resource but to resume. Conway rode well; and on the Major's horse, of that peculiar color which Lady Tyrrell called "blue" and of good action, he made a handsome figure. He had never ridden so fine a horse at home, and he enjoyed it. Bernice had at first protested and refused to ride; but who could resist Lady Tyrrell? In spite of the gloom of grief and disappointment and doubt, she enjoyed those morning rides. She was young, and youth remembers sadness only in the pauses of life.

Giles, who was generally on his way to the service he called Matins, and which he

would have liked to call Mass if he dared, did not get so much pleasure from the sight of the two riding past him. They both bowed politely. Several times Giles stood and watched them, filled with an unreasoning impulse to drag Conway from his horse, to take his place beside Bernice, and to force her to ride with him to the end of the world.

Not many of his parishioners came to Matins. It was a service which he had created from certain fragments of the Prayer-Book of Edward VI. He had plenty of candles, and a rood-screen bought at a sale in London, but no rood. He had not as yet dared to attempt that. He had hoped for a tabernacle and a chasuble; but since the last blow had fallen upon him, his interest in the services had relaxed.

A nameless fear oppressed him. Since the Major's taking off, Colonel Carton had been like a different man. During the greater part of the day he sat in his room, silent and gloomy. Once he had asked Giles:

"You and Bernice Conway are not now engaged to be married, are you?"

"No," Giles had answered, curtly.

"Thank God!—thank God!" the Colonel had murmured. "It would have been terrible!"

Giles asked for an explanation, but his father had answered that he was only thinking aloud about something else.

A strange cloud had fallen on the place. Giles took to the factory hands in the rows of too ornamental Queen Anne cottages, but they did not understand him. He told himself that he had no talent in that line. He gave them pictures of saints copied from old missals, got up a sermon borrowed largely from one of Charles Kingsley's most muscular Christian discourses, and had a service for wage-workers. But as most of the wage-workers belonged to Father Haley's parish, the sermon and a service of song, including an elaborate setting of "When No Man Can Work" arranged in fugues, were wasted.

Willie Ward, in spite of the relapse, had recovered. He had not been allowed to leave the house as yet; but the fumigation, and all the other processes by which the tracks of infectious disease are followed, had been used. The Ward house was no longer quarantined; and as only one other case of small-pox had occurred, Swansmere had forgotten its first symptoms of panic.

James Ward went to his work every day. He was glad that his boy had recovered, and his wife rejoiced exceedingly after the weeks of doubt were over. But when Willie was carried downstairs, and the excitement of anxiety was at an end, a strange feeling possessed her: it seemed as if he were no longer her child. He was grateful and gentle and affectionate; the disease had not destroyed the texture of his skin, or left any unsightly mark upon him. His eyes were as clear and bright as they had been before his illness; yet, except for a slight hoarseness caused by the thickening of the vocal cords, no change had been wrought. He was almost well again; and the advancing spring, which he saw from the window of the parlor, gave him exquisite pleasure. He was sensible of a change in the attitude of his father and mother toward him. Father Haley had brought to him a picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

"A good patroness for choir singers," the priest had said, laughing. "They are always saying unkind things."

This little picture Willie tacked against the wall, near the arm-chair in which he usually sat. He did not notice that the little colored print, which was a treasure to him, gave his mother pain, until one day of such Maytime brightness and effulgence that he felt he must begin to take up the burden of life. It seemed to him as if the rich, fresh sap of the new plants was in his blood. He saw that his mother was sad. His father had been away some time,—it was nearly noon.

"I must begin to do some work," he

said. "I must help father. Ah! mother," he cried, in a sudden burst of joy, "it is so good to *live!*"

His mother looked at him and sighed.

"Why, mother," he said, with a sense of shock—his mother had always understood him before,—"I almost think you are not glad that I am with you!"

"You belong to *her*," his mother said, bitterly, looking toward the picture. "I know I shouldn't have said that, Willie," she added, recovering herself; "but it is out now. O Willie! Willie! sometimes I wish that you had died!"

(To be continued.)

Martyr Memories of Ireland.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

SOME time ago THE "AVE MARIA" feelingly referred to that portion of a recent pastoral of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Dublin wherein he announces that "proceedings have been commenced for the canonization of our heroic fellow-countrymen, who gloriously suffered death for the faith in Ireland in the days of persecution."

These Irish martyrs are numbered by the thousand; but their names and the details concerning them have been, in many instances, relegated to the pages of obscure memoirs, and have thus remained unknown even to numbers who claim fellowship of race and religion with them. Many documents were destroyed; and few, perhaps, were written during the distracting era of the penal laws. Bishops, priests and laymen were hunted like wild beasts. Nobles were deprived of their patrimony, peasants of their huts. There was little opportunity for the writing of chronicles, still less for preserving them. However, from the annals of religious

houses, from state-papers, and from private letters, sufficient material has been collected to offer to the world splendid examples of heroism and sublime constancy, should the history of the Irish martyrs ever be written.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the Reformation was first introduced into Ireland, and the first efforts were made against that faith which had been the heritage of the children of Ireland since Patrick preached it at Tara, and Columbkille bore it over to the holy isles, to sea-washed, sea-haunted Iona. In the reign of Edward new attempts were made, and various pains and penalties imposed upon those who refused to subscribe to the heretical doctrines, more particularly the Supremacy of the King. But the reign of Elizabeth, as regards Irish Catholics, "stands forth without a parallel in the annals of civilization. It is a history traced in blood." *

Yet the persecution of Irish Catholics may be said to have reached its culmination under Cromwell, continuing with some virulence after the Restoration, under Charles II. Meantime it is worthy of note that the Irish Catholic clergy had all along urged upon their flock the Christian duty of treating the Reformers with kindness, charity and consideration, whilst denouncing their errors. "It is but justice to this maligned body," writes Dr. Taylor, "to acknowledge that, on the three occasions of their obtaining the upper-hand, the Irish Catholics never injured a single person in life or limb for professing a religion different from their own." † "The Reformers who went to Ireland," says Leland, "there enjoyed their opinions and worship in privacy, without notice or molestation." ‡ And it is recorded that during the reign of Mary in England, when her ill-advised ministers persecuted

the Reformers, many of them sought refuge in Ireland, and there received food, lodging and protection. These facts, which are attested by many and even hostile historians, serve to emphasize the tragic events which followed, and to add lustre to the lives of those who, practising charity to all men, became the victims of fanatical hate.

Such enactments as the following began to succeed each other with fearful rapidity: "It is fit his Lordship [the Commander of the forces in Ireland] do, with his Majesty's forces, endeavor to slay and destroy all the said rebels, their adherents and relievers, by all the means and ways he may; and burn, destroy, spoil, waste, consume and demolish all the places and towns and houses where the said rebels are, or have been, relieved or harbored; and all the hay and corn there; and kill and destroy all the men, there inhabiting, able to bear arms."

The Lords and Commons of England declared on the 24th of October, 1644, that "no quarter shall be given to any Irishman, or to any papist born in Ireland." Cromwell, in 1649, made proclamation that "no mercy should be shown to the Irish: that they should be dealt with as the Canaanites in Joshua's time." He added, in a letter to Parliament written just before his return to Wexford, that he thought it "neither good nor just to restrain the soldiers from their rights of pillage, nor from doing execution on the enemy."

In the so-called "Act of Settlement" following upon the Restoration of Charles II., for whom the Catholics had shed so much blood, all were required to take the blasphemous "Oath of Abjuration" or to be adjudged "Popish recusants, and subjected to all the penalties that may be incurred as such."

"Cursed be he," says a Puritan political pamphlet of that day, "that holdeth back his sword from blood. Yea, cursed be he

* Burke: "Men and Women of the English Reformation." Vol. II., p. 354.

† "History of the Civil Wars in Ireland." Vol. I., p. 169.

‡ Leland's "History of Ireland." Book III., p. 18.

that maketh not his sword stark drunk with Irish blood,—that maketh them not heaps upon heaps, and their country a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment to nations. Let not that eye look for pity, nor that hand be spared, that pities or spares them; and let him be accursed that curseth them not bitterly.”* That these enactments were carried out to the full, and the Catholics of Ireland subjected to every species of hardship and privation, of suffering and death, there is abundant evidence to show.

Says the author of “Cambrensis Eversus”: † “All that has ever been devised by the ingenuity of the most cruel tyrants, either in unparalleled ignominy and degradation, or in savage and excruciating corporal torture, or in all that could strike terror into the firmest soul, has been poured out upon Ireland. They plundered our cities, destroyed our churches, laid waste our lands, expelled citizens from their walls, nobles from their palaces, and all the natives from their homes.”

“Of that once populous county called Fingal, almost all the inhabitants perished by fire and sword; being a most innocent people, and having nothing Irish-like in them but the Catholic religion.” So writes Dr. Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, in a curious contemporary work, called “The Politician’s Catechism.” ‡ “Whithersoever the enemy penetrates, everything is destroyed by fire and the sword,” writes a Capuchin Father. § “None are spared, not even the infant at its mother’s breast; for their design is wholly to extirpate the Irish race.”

Wexford witnessed scenes of inconceivable horror. Priests, religious, citizens, and two thousand soldiers, were massacred. “There, before God’s altar, fell many sacred victims, holy priests of the Lord;

others, who were seized outside the precincts of the church, were scourged with whips; others were hanged; some were arrested and bound with chains, and others were put to death by various most cruel tortures. The best blood of the citizens was shed; the very squares were inundated with it, and there was scarcely a house that was not defiled with carnage and full of weeping.”*

Cashel was appalled by the sanguinary deeds of “Murrough of the Burnings.” The siege of Cashel, which Father Meehan calls “an appalling tragedy,” is thus described in a MS. narrative of the Jesuits, dated 1651: “The garrison, about three hundred in number, together with the priests and religious, as also very many of the citizens, retired to the cathedral church, which holds a strong position, and is styled the ‘Rock of St. Patrick.’ . . . After a long combat, the general of the enemy suspended the fight, and, demanding a surrender, offered permission to the garrison to depart with their arms and ammunition and all the honors of war; requiring, however, that the citizens and clergy should be abandoned to his mercy. It was then that the true heroism of these Catholic soldiers was seen. They refused to listen to any conditions unless the citizens and clergy, whom they had undertaken to defend, should be sharers in them; and they added that they chose rather to consecrate their lives to God on the Rock of St. Patrick than to allow that sanctuary to be profaned by dogs.” The result can easily be foreseen. The enemy, in overpowering numbers, entered by shattered windows and doors. Still the brave handful of men continued the unequal struggle. Finally “all resistance ceased.” Most of the noble defenders had perished, and scenes of revolting cruelty ensued.

At Drogheda the gallant Sir Arthur Aston, with his handful of men, made a

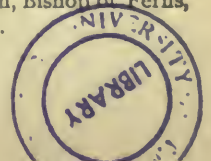
* “O’Connell’s Memoir,” p. 346.

† Vol. III., p. 181.

‡ Chap. x, p. 156.

§ The Superior of the Capuchins in Dublin. Poitiers, July 12, 1642.

* Letters of Dr. Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, to the Internuncio. January, 1673.



desperate resistance against fearful odds. His defeat was followed by a carnage which lasted five days. It has been characterized by the Protestant Earl of Ormond as 'exceeding anything he had ever heard of in bloody inhumanity and breach of faith.' "Our men getting at them," writes Cromwell,* "were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town; and I think that night they put to the sword over two thousand men; divers of the officers and men having fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about one hundred of them possessed St. Peter's Church steeple, some the West Gate, and others a round tower next the Gate, called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused; whereon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's to be fired." He goes on to relate how the other towers were signalled; and how the men, having submitted, "were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped to Barbadoes."

"Leland asserts," says a respectable Protestant authority,† "and he is borne out in the assertion by various safe authorities, that 'quarter had been promised to all who should lay down their arms'; but the moment the town was reduced, Cromwell issued his 'infernal order' for a general and indiscriminate massacre."

It would be tedious to multiply such instances; nor will space permit us to dwell in detail upon the variety of sufferings, privations, and indignities with which Ireland was afflicted during those dark and terrible epochs. Some writer has computed the number of people transported and sold as slaves in the Barbadoes at 60,000, and this during a comparatively brief period of Irish history. Forty thousand soldiers were banished from her

shores; McGeoghegan places the number of those who took service in France, to escape the horrors of their country, at 450,000. The system of transplantation, frequently resorted to by the enemies of the faith, consisted in confining as many of the Catholic Irish as possible in the dreariest and most sterile portions of their native country. Stringent rules not only prevented their departure thence, but were specially designed to deprive them and their children at once of faith and nationality.

Churches were desecrated, altars stripped, priests proscribed and hunted, sacred images destroyed or carried in blasphemous mockery through the streets. All that belonged to the spiritual life of the people was ruthlessly removed from them. The old abbeys, beautiful with the sacredness of age, and with the rare traditions of holiness that hung about them; the churches, frequently the pious offering of the ancient lords of the soil; the very graveyards wherein ancestral dust had mingled with the consecrated earth; the bells that morning and evening had called generation after generation to prayer; the shrines whither pilgrims had flocked, the holy wells, the wayside crosses,—all were swept away as in a common deluge. Houses of education were totally destroyed,—every vestige of ancient learning was rooted up. The very ignorance with which the Irish have been so frequently reproached was the outcome of the laws made to prevent Catholics procuring any education whatever. Irish nobles were forced to contract marriages with persons of the lowest birth, always Protestants. "Princes, whose mansions were ever open to supply the guest and the stranger with all the profuse delicacies of the festive board, were now reduced to the necessity of wandering about to the houses of their former tenants and servants for as much food as would support life, or to enlist as sailors, or serve

* Letter of Cromwell to Speaker Lenthall, 1753.

† Hall's "Ireland." Vol. II., p. 426.

under foreign banners." All Catholic books were forbidden, as well as the use of printing-presses. All schoolmasters were expelled.

To turn from the wholesale disasters which befell entire districts to the persecution of individuals is a relief, because the picture is lightened by the display of personal heroism. The light of indomitable courage, of high, spiritual resolve, steals in upon the dark background; and chivalric figures are seen, with brave hearts, "mocking at death," in the streets of ancient boroughs, in the market-places, in the shadow of cathedrals, in the aisles of cloisters, on the very steps of the sanctuary, in caverns and in hovels, in the dungeon, at the gibbet.

The clergy were, of course, the shining mark at which all darts were aimed. The shepherds of the flock being stricken, it was hoped that the sheep would be dispersed. "In their private houses," says the "History of the Geraldines," "in the caverns of the earth, in the recesses of the mountains and woods, naked and unarmed, were they not maimed, stabbed, struck with stones in their very transit to the gibbet? Oh, how many of them breathed out their souls exhorting their countrymen to deeds of heroism and undying attachment to the Catholic religion!"

The author of "Cambrensis Eversus," already quoted, declares that of the priests who remained in the country, some were executed, others wasted away in tedious and loathsome dungeons; others are still barred up in prison; some were banished to the remote isle of Innisboffin, and delivered in charge to the garrison, who tortured them with great cruelty; many were banished to the West Indies, where they were sold as slaves."

Another biographer, speaking of the protracted martyrdom which many of them endured in bogs and marshes, says: "Hither flock congregations of poor Catholics, whom they refresh with the

consolations of the Sacraments, direct with the best advice, instruct in constancy of faith, and confirm in the endurance of the Cross of Our Lord. . . . Never was the chase of the wild beast more hot and more bitter than the rush of the priest-destroyer through the woods of Ireland."*

(To be continued.)

The Cry of a Heart.

♫ SAW thee in my earliest dreams,
 A halo round thee, soft and mild,
 Kneeling, in its translucent beams,
 Beside St. Anne,—thyself a child;
 Or standing 'neath the Temple's shade,
 A tender yearning in thine eyes
 For thine own mother, spotless Maid!
 Losing, with thee, earth's paradise.

I saw thee in my girlhood's days,
 The moon beneath thy sacred feet,
 Half floating in the golden haze,
 Thy pure, sweet majesty complete;
 With gracious arms close folded,—so
 Must thou have stood when Gabriel's word
 Evoked the strain all time shall know:
 "My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

I see thee now, through mists of pain,
 Thine eyes with weeping worn and dim;
 And though mine own have wept like rain,
 Beside thee to have followed Him
 To death has softened every blow.
 For thou hast clasped me to thy breast,—
 Mother Most Sorrowful! I know
 In sorrow I have loved thee best.

And I shall see thee, Queen of Light,
 I trust, when Faith has opened wide
 The mystic portals, pure and bright,
 That welcome the beatified.
 For I have loved thee, Mother mine,
 From youth to age; and so I claim
 A passport to the Love Divine
 Through the sweet magic of thy name.

S. H.

* From a Latin MS. quoted by Mr. Dalton in his "History of the Archbishops of Dublin."

Found in a Coat-Pocket.

A STORY OF MEMORIAL DAY.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

THE 30th of May was raw and chill in Aurora, a small village near the edge of the Northern pineries. The sun had hidden behind a mass of gray clouds; and a keen blast off the great lake swept over the country, like a parting taunt from the long-tarrying, furious winter that had but just taken leave. A sharp frost had visited the gardens the night before, and the meagre bounty of bud and blossom that they yielded for the day seemed visibly to revive and freshen under warm, human touch.

All things partook of the influence of the day and weather. The sombre forest that encompassed the town took on new dignity and gloom. Houses and fields, which a month before had been robed in an enchanted mantle of glistening white, and a month hence would be gracious with vines and flowers, stood forth upon the landscape in naked ugliness. The men and women who had gathered to do honor to their fallen heroes were wrapped in sad retrospect, looking again into open graves, or living over anew periods of heart-breaking suspense that had ended in tidings of woe. Even the veterans, who in a grim school had learned lessons of fortitude and cheer, were singularly depressed, and forgot the jests and gay *badinage* with which they were accustomed to silence painful memories.

Aurora and her outlying district had sent three companies to the war. Barely a dozen old soldiers joined the procession this day. Some of the sorry remnant that survived had gone farther West in search of health or fortune. Others were shut up in their homes, too weak or broken

to venture forth. Of those who answered the roll-call a majority were ailing or infirm, and muffled to the ears, to propitiate the physical man for the audacity of the spiritual.

John Sexton was one of the youngest men among the veterans; yet when he stepped to the door that morning and viewed the sky and faced the biting wind, he went to a cedar chest and took from it a garment that had lain there undisturbed for many years—a blue overcoat, soiled and faded, and with a scorched hole in the right sleeve, which hung empty by his side.

The procession formed at the head of the main street, before the old church in which the memorial services had been held. Many memories clustered around that old frame church. John Sexton recalled some of them. The first call for recruits had been made there. He heard again the fiery, impetuous speeches; and saw the rush of volunteers, amid the cheers of men and the sobs of women. He had been among the first to enlist, a beardless boy with a man's heart, kindled with patriotic fire. Within the same gray walls, on the night of the parting supper given to his regiment, he had asked Hetty Plympton to be his wife some day; and, half laughing and half weeping, she had told him that when he came back wearing his epaulets she would marry him. And he had gone away glad and proud, buoyed up with hope. The epaulets seemed so easy to win, the chances of failure or disaster so remote. Then had come the hard discipline of camp, the long, forced marches, the carnage of battle, the rifle ball that had cut short his career.

He recalled how he had come back. Her face had been the first he had seen on his return. Descending from the car, maimed, feeble, wasted from long sickness, his head reeling from the exhaustion of the journey, kind hands assisting him to the platform, he had caught sight of her,

standing apart, pale, silent, her eyes intent on him with an expression that he could not then understand, but that he afterward construed into a shrinking horror of the wreck he had become. A crowd of people had surged in between them—friends, neighbors, indifferent acquaintances; the majority with words of hearty sympathy on their lips; a few moved by idle curiosity to see how foully the accidents of fortune had plundered him. One old woman, whose only son had fallen on the battlefield, had cried over him, in place of the mother whose frail thread of life had snapped under the tension of the first few months after he had gone to the front.

In the midst of all this tumult he had again a glimpse of Hetty, her gaze withdrawn from him, calmly pencilling some memoranda in a little silk-covered book that she carried. And he had wondered whether she were making note of some finery she intended to wear at the next party or church festival, or recording some engagement she had made for a boat-ride or dance; bitterly contrasting her gay life with the heavy burden of care and perplexity that had descended upon him. Yet a few seconds later there had been a moment—a strange, bewildering moment—when she had paused before him, looking into his eyes again with that mute, beseeching look; striving to speak, her trembling voice dying away in broken utterances. One instant she had put up her little hand to rearrange some trifling disorder in his dress, as a loving woman might have done for her disabled hero; in the next she had slipped away, out of his life forever.

He took his place with his comrades, behind the wheezy string band that led the procession, preceded only by the high dignitaries of the village, and the carriage in which rode the orator of the day. Citizens were grouped on the church steps, watching the line form while awaiting the arrival of their own carriages. For

an instant the old soldiers, whose services were forgotten during all the rest of the year, were the centre of reverent attention.

John Sexton saw Miss Mehitable Plympton on the steps, and lifted his hat courteously, albeit somewhat awkwardly, with his left hand; receiving an icy nod in return. He regarded her calmly and critically. She was really a very well-preserved woman for her age; but there was a wrinkle forming on her forehead, between her eyebrows; and her hair was getting decidedly gray on the temples. The crow's-feet, that he had first discovered about the corners of her eyes two years before, were perceptibly deepening. Thus he deliberately remarked the ravages of time on her pretty face, as for a score of years he had done invariably on the rare occasions when he had encountered her; and he wondered if she had observed the small bald spot on the crown of his head, or the slight limp that told where rheumatism had laid hold of him.

John Sexton could scarcely have told why he made this cold-blooded category of the vanishing charms of her who had once been his ideal of all feminine worth and loveliness. It may have been in revenge for the manner in which she had treated him. It may have been to prove to himself that his heart was hardened against her. It may merely have been an outcropping of the innate savagery that lurks in all men.

Marching along the weary road to the cemetery, he recalled the rest. In those days of his weakness and despair, others, men and women, had sought him and endeavored to cheer him: Hetty had persistently avoided him. When they met at the house of a mutual friend, she had treated him with a rigor that taught him only too well the changed relation that he, a cripple, occupied toward her. Other problems confronted him. He found himself dependent upon a brother, and barely tolerated as a member of the household by his brother's wife. He could perform.

no active labor, was incapacitated for any trade, and had not the means to fit himself for a learned profession. He drifted about from one light vocation to another, filling each indifferently, more and more oppressed with a sense of his utter uselessness,—he, a young, ambitious man, filled with energy and a capacity for application that he could find no means to apply. He taught himself to write, and to write rapidly and well, with his left hand; and the Government, for which he had sacrificed so much, at length took pity on him, and gave him a place in the land-office of the district. Withdrawn from society, with few friends and no intimates, he led the life of a recluse.

Miss Mehitable, on the other hand, had kept pace with the world and all good works. Years had subdued her girlish gayety, and lent her a certain dignity and even severity of demeanor that in nowise detracted from the esteem in which she was held. Sexton watched this development as dispassionately as he had witnessed the fading of her youthful bloom.

“She has rounded forty now,” he said to himself. “Soon her eyesight will begin to fail. When she puts on spectacles, her temper will begin to grow acid.”

The graveyard was on a little knoll, crowned with maples, which were just beginning to leaf. As they moved up the narrow avenues of the village of the dead, the sun broke through the clouds, sifting down through the delicate green foliage and pendulous clusters of seed pods, heightening the brilliant colors of the national flags that marked the soldiers' graves, and kissing the purple violets and shell-pink anemones, Nature's own tribute, that crept close to the mounds. The warmth and rejoicing of a Northern spring lifted the pall from every heart. Neighbor looked kindly sympathy to neighbor. The tragedy and woe of the great conflict were resolutely put aside, and valor and glory became the topics of the hour.

John Sexton remained silent and pre-

occupied. A slight incident had disturbed and filled him with a sense of anxiety that he did not attempt to analyze. Toiling up the steep ascent, Mehitable Plympton had stumbled, and his arm had saved her from falling. How thin and wasted the hand that had clung to him for a moment! How slight the weight he had sustained! With grim satisfaction he had watched the signs of failing youth in her keep pace with his own accumulating infirmities. Beyond this he had never looked until now. She had seated herself on the bank beside the path, insisting that he should go on. He noted her panting breath and weary attitude as she leaned against a tree, and a nameless foreboding assailed him.

A comrade observed his depression, and approached him, addressing him kindly, touching the scorched hole in his sleeve, in mute recognition of its import; then lifting his hand to smooth the pocket lapel on the breast of his old military coat. A paper rustled in the pocket.

“Important dispatches?” queried he, smiling, referring to the service in which the old coat had been worn.

“If they were, I'm afraid their value would be gone,” returned Sexton, dryly; idly thrusting his hand into the pocket, and wondering what relic of army days would come to light.

He drew out a tiny, crumpled sheet, gilded on three edges, a jagged line on the fourth showing where it had been hastily torn from some binding. Across it was pencilled a message:

“I will marry you to-night, if you will have me, John. Your empty sleeve is more to me than all the epaulets in the world.”

There was no date or signature, but he recognized Hetty Plympton's girlish hand. What did it mean? When had she written it? How did it come there? He remained standing still, stupefied, bewildered, while the others moved on. Why did the scene at the railroad station on the day of his return from the South keep recurring to

him:—the vision of the young girl writing in her little book, her light touch on his breast when she had paused before him? Had she placed it there then? Alas, the years, the lost years, that had flown by!

It was well for Hetty Plympton that the place where she had sat down to rest was a bypath, removed from the main avenue. John Sexton would not have hesitated or delayed his errand if a thousand people had been around her. She rose at the sound of his quick tread. He held out the little scrap of paper.

"Hetty, I have but just found this. O my darling! what must you have thought all these years?"

Can love and joy find resurrection, full and perfect, when they have been entombed for a quarter of a century? Aye, if clean hands have laid them away, and purity and faith kept guard above them. Swift came the awakening, gathering force and strength from all the years through which they had slumbered. Miss Hetty's face blossomed into something so like its girlish beauty that she was as one transfigured to her old lover, whose eyes lost their tired, strained look, and recovered their youthful fire; while his figure straightened, and he seemed in a moment to renew his lost estate of strength and courage. Yet they accepted their happiness reverently, as becomes those who receive a precious gift long withheld.

"Sweetheart," he continued, gently, "your pledge has been slow to reach me. The day has been long and lonely. Will you keep your promise now?"

Hetty could not speak in words; but he understood her, and thanked God for His gift.

The shadows were lengthening when they turned homeward, but the radiance of the setting sun was in their faces.

ABSORBING devotion to self disintegrates the character. In the flood-time of temptation it goes to pieces.

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A "HELPER OF MEN."

"HAVE you heard the news from England?" said Miss Earnest, coming in with the evening paper. "Ruskin has been made Poet Laureate."

"Great guns!" burst out the Doctor. "I'd as soon make a hedgehog professor of mathematics. To begin with, he isn't a poet; and if he was, it would be absurd to make a laureate out of such a cantankerous old fellow. Gladstone must be losing his mind."

"That's what *I* say," agreed Mrs. Dobbs. "It's awful to think of having such a man for Poet Lariat right after Longfellow."

"Tennyson, ma," corrected Mabel.

"Well, somebody. I never could get them poetical folks straightened out."

"Well I, for one, am overjoyed," said Miss Earnest, as soon as she found opportunity.

"And I,"—"And I,"—came the chorus.

"And I think the good Doctor," she continued "should try to rise above his prejudices."

"Well, the truth is," he admitted, "that I don't know very much about the old fellow, anyway; and perhaps some of the rest of us are equally ignorant. I wish you'd say something good of him, if you can. I, for one, am ready to be convinced."

If Miss Earnest should insist to the old Doctor that the moon is made of cotton batting he would try to believe her; and we were not sorry to hear her announce that she had a few minutes, and could not use them to better advantage than in saying a few kind words about the good old man, who has been for her so wise a teacher, and who has had a little flower of

love held out to him before the light of life quite fades.

"It is of Mr. Ruskin as a follower of St. Francis, a 'helper of men,'" she began, "that I wish to speak. He was already an earnest worker, tired to death of shams and well known as an art-critic, when his father died and left him a large fortune, which he immediately set about giving away to those who needed it more than he. And he gave more than money: he gave his energy, his enthusiasm, and his fleeting days, to the amelioration of the condition of the working people of England. He saw infinite possibilities trampled beneath the unclean feet of human swine. He saw little children, who should have been gathering daisies and chasing butterflies, smothered with the stifling smoke of noisy factories. He saw historic ground rent and desecrated by the heavy tread of the iron horse; lovely streams, about which the old poets had sung, turned into sewers, and their banks distorted by man's caprice, to further men's selfish aims; art bought and sold; honor a thing of traffic, and religion a travesty. He had no sympathy with trade, and none with that insane craving for the luxuries which are not real elegancies to the simple-hearted.

"For years he addressed monthly letters to the workingmen, pouring forth his soul in burning words; asking them if they were tired of the smoky life of an English mechanic, which was destitute of everything but rather indifferent daily bread; and if they would be true to one another, and give a small part of their earnings in order to make some portion of English ground fruitful, beautiful and peaceful; where there should be, he said, no untended and unthought of creature; none wretched but the sick, none idle but the dead. For seven years those imploring letters went forth to the world. Many read them, a few applauded them; one man, Thomas Carlyle, was in full sympathy with them.

"When the time seemed ripe, St. George's Company was formed, and once more the old experiment tried, but on a basis which the nineteenth century had never seen. There were masters and servants, rulers and ruled; and rank was regulated by excellence, although the traditional bird of freedom did not perch upon the branches in St. George's groves. There were to be lords and retainers in this modern Utopia; gentlemen as well as a contented peasantry. Religion, first of all, was to be taught. Everyone was to know certain beautiful arts, and all tendrils of genius were to be trained in the right direction. Books were to be furnished from a common fund, and chosen with judicious care. There were to be sumptuary laws, an artistic coinage, markets, and every other thing needed in such a community. The laws were to be similar to those governing Florence in the fourteenth century, and among the articles of agreement was this: 'I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and even when I can not, will act as if I did.'

"St. George's Guild is in existence to-day, but crippled for lack of means. And Ruskin can not help it further; for of all the large fortune once his own, his home alone is left. It has all—a good million dollars—gone to the poor, the sick, and the ignorant. Ruskin is no iconoclast: he would help and restore, not tear down. He believes in kings keeping their crowns on their heads; and he would have the boys learn to doff their hats, and the girls taught to courtesy. It is said that his book 'Sesame and Lilies' has had a greater influence for good over young girls than any secular work ever written.

"His love for his fellow-men is the larger part of his being. No man not a saint was ever more ready to spend or sacrifice; and it has been the misconstruction of his motives by the very ones he has wrecked himself to save that has sometimes embittered the natural sweetness of his temper."

"But I don't see," broke in Mrs. Dobbs, "what this has to do with making him a Poet Lariat. After such a man as Whittier—"

"Tennyson, ma," interrupted Mabel.

"Mabel Dobbs!" began the mother, irritated at this second correction.

But Miss Earnest was the peacemaker.

"If you will wait until to-morrow," she said, "I will try and prove to you that Ruskin is a poet, and a better one than some who have had this honor before him; but now—for I must be going—I will just ask my friend the Doctor to read this little slip."

Miss Earnest fished out a clipping from her pocket-book, laid it on the table with a smile, which the old Doctor promptly returned; and departed, to carry out, in her quiet way, the principles of helpfulness which the master of St. George's Guild enjoins.

And then the Doctor, taking up the little paper, read:

"Because I have passed my life in almsgiving, not in fortune hunting; because I have labored always for the honor of others, not my own, and have chosen rather to make men look to Turner and Luini than to form and exhibit the skill of my own hand; because I have lowered my rents and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants, instead of taking from them all I could force for the roofs they needed; because I love a wood walk better than a London street, and would rather watch a sea-gull fly than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing than eat it; finally, because I never disobeyed my mother; because I have honored all women with solemn worship, and have been kind even to the unthankful and the evil; therefore the hacks of English art and literature wag their heads at me, and the poor wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar talks about the 'effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin.'"

Notes and Remarks.

The *Catholic Weekly Union* proposes that the name of Lake George be changed to Lake Columbus, and calls upon Governor Flower to recommend the change in his next message to the Legislature. Our contemporary is right in wishing that "the greatest State in America" should pay special honors to the discoverer in this Columbian year; but it seems to lose sight of the fact that the name of Columbus is perpetuated in official form in the United States by the District in which the Capital of the nation is situated. We should much prefer to have the name of Lake George changed to Lake Jogues, in honor of the missionary martyr who discovered it on the eve of Corpus Christi, and called it Lac St. Sacrement,—a name it preserved for a century. This change, first suggested by Dr. Shea, has been recommended as "easy and appropriate" even by the Protestant historian Parkman. Who that has read his "Jesuits in North America" can have forgotten the glowing words in which the discovery of Lake George is recounted?

"First of white men, Jogues and his companions gazed on the romantic lake that bears the name, not of its gentle discoverer, but of the dull Hanoverian King. Like a fair naiad of the wilderness, it slumbered between the guardian mountains that breathe from crag and forest the stern poetry of war. But all then was solitude; and the clang of trumpets, the roar of cannon, and the deadly crack of the rifle had never as yet awakened their angry echoes."

At a recent audience accorded by Leo XIII. to a deputation from the Dominican college of Arcueil, a rather dramatic incident occurred. The Pope, seated on his throne, beheld before him the body of students grouped around their college standard, which was furled about its staff. Turning to Père Didon, the well-known orator and author of "The Life of Christ," under whose guidance the students had visited the Vatican, the Pontiff asked him to conduct the young men nearer, and inquired as to the nature of the standard. Seizing the flag, Père Didon rapidly unfurled it, and, spreading it at the feet of Leo, invoked his blessing thereon. It was the French Tricolor, with the word *Veritas*

(Truth) worked on its silken folds. Père Didon's impromptu speech had the happy effect of eliciting an equally impromptu and not less eloquent reply from the aged Pontiff; and the pre-arranged programme of that audience was thus quite disregarded.

Among the features of the Woman's Congress held in Chicago were some which are more unique than admirable, but surely it would be neither true nor kind to say the same of the meeting of Catholic women. Original poems, music, and the reading of various papers formed a sufficiently diversified programme; and it is pleasant to note that a true religious fervor pervaded the entire session, one of the addresses, written by Emma F. Cary, of Boston, having for its title "The Elevation of Womanhood through the Veneration of the Blessed Virgin." In the evening Lady Aberdeen talked practically to the same audience upon the work of the Irish nuns and the Irish industries, in which she takes so lively an interest.

The young men of the Archdiocesan Literary Union of Philadelphia administered a stinging, if unintentional, rebuke to those who accuse Catholics of being "un-American," by decorating with especial care, on Memorial Day, the graves of Commodore Barry and Thomas Lloyd,—one a fearless hero of the Revolution, the other first Secretary of the American Congress. This graceful action is commended to the notice of those who think that no demonstration of patriotism is sincere unless accompanied by effusive bluster and a brass band.

One of the chief sufferers in the Culturkampf, when a great number of the German bishops and clergy, on account of their refusal to accede to the requirements of the May Laws, were fined, imprisoned, deposed and exiled, was Mgr. (now Cardinal) Ledochowski, the Archbishop of Posen. He was heavily fined, detained in prison more than two years, and finally deprived of his office. Immediately upon the termination of the period of his incarceration he left the country. It was at Prague, in the church of the Gesù, that he said his first Holy Mass after his

release. A number of distinguished persons, who had assembled to show honor to the persecuted servant of Christ, were present. The Introit for the day happened to commence with this passage from the Psalms: *Me expectaverunt peccatores ut perderent me*,—"The wicked have waited for me, to destroy me." (Ps., cxviii, 95.) As he read these words the venerable prelate was overcome with emotion: tears flowed from his eyes and dropped upon the open pages of the Missal. That book, the leaves of which are blotted with the tears of this holy confessor, is preserved as a relic by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus at Prague.

During his recent visit to Rome, on occasion of the silver wedding of the King of Italy, the German Emperor presented Cardinal Ledochowski with a costly snuff-box, adorned with his Majesty's portrait set in brilliants. It is reported that on giving it to the Cardinal, the Emperor said to him: "All that has happened in the past is forgotten, is it not?"—"All is forgiven, your Majesty; but can not be forgotten," was the Cardinal's reply.

Commenting some time ago on the reform still needed as to much of our church-music, we spoke of the arbitrary fashion in which composers often treat the words of the sacred liturgy. A writer in a recent issue of *The Seminary* thus exemplifies the absurdity of the process, in a quotation from the *Credo* in Mozart's Twelfth Mass:

"The chorus now sings in short staccato notes *à la zitti, zitti*, a dozen times: *Crucifixus*—'and He was crucified'; whilst the *tenore robusto* answers: *Ex Maria Virgine*—'of the Virgin Mary, crucified, crucified of the Virgin Mary; under Pontius Pilate, under Pontius Pilate He suffered, He suffered and was buried, and was buried, of the Virgin Mary; crucified, crucified of Mary the Virgin; crucified, crucified, crucified, and was made man; crucified under Pontius Pilate,' etc., etc."

The apostolic career of Mgr. Francis Dominic Raynaudi, Archbishop of Staupoli, is among the most remarkable of our time. Under his rough Capuchin habit beats a heart overflowing with love of his fellows. During more than fifty years of his apostolate in Bulgaria he has worked so faithfully and successfully that his name is familiar through-

out the whole country; and such crowds of people gather from all parts to see him that their visits are compared to national pilgrimages. The number of souls that he has won over to the Church and to civilization is countless. On the 22d of last April Mgr. Raynaudi celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his episcopate, for which occasion the people made extraordinary preparations. The celebration was both religious and national. The Bulgarians honored not only their apostle, but also the first president of their Sobranie. Father Raynaudi as a simple Capuchin friar presided over the National Assembly of Bulgaria during three consecutive terms.

The New York *Sun* offers a prize of \$5 for the best definition of "gentleman." Cardinal Newman defined a gentleman as "one who never inflicts pain." This is refined and, so far as it goes, accurate; but the author himself did not consider this definition complete. We should say that a gentleman is one whose rule of life is in accordance with the Sermon on the Mount. It is not requisite that a man be able to take the backward step with grace and dignity, or that he should be versed in the etiquette of foreign courts, to be a gentleman.

The Army and Navy Catholic Literature Committee of the Catholic Young Men's National Union have sent out their first quarterly report. The project has a good start. Fifteen hundred magazines and eleven hundred newspapers were distributed among fifty posts during the three months reported on. But as there are still a hundred posts to be provided for, much yet remains to be done; and subscriptions of papers, books, pamphlets, and money are earnestly solicited from the well-wishers of our soldiers and sailors.

"All danger of international friction over the reception of Eulalia by our Government and people has been averted," observes *The Republic*. "The representative of the Spanish Queen Regent has received the highest honors possible to be conferred by a republic; and she has had sense enough not only to accept the attentions offered, but to highly appreciate them."

New Publications.

RECENT EVIDENCE FOR THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE GOSPELS: TATIAN'S DIATESSARON. By Michael Maher, S. J. With Appendix of the Gospel according to St. Peter. London: The Catholic Truth Society.

This little volume is a reprint of the valuable articles which appeared in *The Month* for November and December, 1892. And we are glad to have this occasion of thanking Father Maher for giving us an opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to one of the most important documents corroborating the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures yet found. "Tatian's Diatessaron" is a petard which may easily hoist some of those superficial writers who treat the Scriptures as they treat the Talmud,—with the *haut en bas* air of a tradesman examining old-fashioned fabrics, that had some value before their enlightened Highnesses began to know more than anybody else. Of the lately found witnesses to the truth of the Scriptures, the "Diatessaron" is even of more worth than all the other documents, including the "Apology of Aristides." We heartily recommend the work to all our readers, learned or unlearned.

MEMOIRS OF CHAPLAIN LIFE. By the Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C. Chicago: La Monte, O'Donnell & Co., Printers.

Although much has been written about the "late war," no doubt many persons will be found to welcome these memoirs of a Catholic priest. The author was for three years a chaplain in the Irish Brigade of the Army of the Potomac, and his recollections of the stirring events of the time are set forth in this volume. Much that would be of interest and edification has naturally escaped his memory after the lapse of a quarter of a century; still, many chapters of the work could hardly be excelled in variety and readableness. Some especially attractive pages are contributed by Major General Mulholland. We make room for an extract which we have marked:

"In passing over one of the long corduroy bridges that crossed the swamps of the Chickahominy, a company of one hundred men met, in the centre, two Sisters of Charity. As only two persons could pass

on the narrow footway, the ladies were about to turn back; but the commander of the company, saluting, quietly stepped off the roadway into the knee-deep mud and slime; and was promptly followed by every one of his men, who, silent and respectful, struggled to regain a foothold in the treacherous swamp, while the blushing *religieuses* passed over dry-shod."

One could wish that much of what the book before us contains had been omitted to make room for anecdotes like this. Should a second edition be called for, we trust that the author may consent to a change in the literary form.

A FLAG OF TRUCE; OR, MUST WE FIGHT FOREVER? By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. London: The Catholic Truth Society.

Would that Catholics and Protestants alike might read and be guided by this work of a zealous peacemaker in the army of the Lord! The vigorous pen of Father Bridgett has long been employed in the service of truth; and, now that "peace" is its especial object, its strength and sweetness seem increased tenfold. In this little book, worthy a better setting, may be found every argument that it is possible to adduce in the cause of union and peace among Christians. And its tone of kindness toward those who are lineal descendants of the men who asked centuries ago, "Can any good come from Nazareth?" and who now substitute the word "Rome" for "Nazareth," makes the book as a dove bearing an olive-branch.

May this "Flag of Truce" wave high, until its place is taken by the flag of victory!

FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES; OR, THE OLD TALES TOLD AGAIN. By S. H. C. J. Benziger Brothers.

There is a charm about the old legends of the Saints that may be likened to a subtle perfume, bringing back thoughts of days gone by. Beautiful as the dreams of poets are some of the quaint traditions handed down to us, and the heart is made purer and sweeter by dwelling upon them. The stories collected in this prettily bound volume may be called flowers of faith and love; and they can not fail of a cordial welcome from the little folk, as well as from those whose years may be many, but whose souls are young in purity and grace.

"St. Filomena's Godchild," "Osanna," "The Stars of St. John," "The Red Anem-

one," and "St. Peter's Loaf," are some of the prettiest tales; though it is hard to make a choice among so many delightful legends, delightfully told.

AN OCTAVE TO MARY. By John B. Tabb. John Murphy & Co.

This is one of the daintiest books we have seen in many a day; and it is pleasant to notice the imprint of a Catholic publishing firm upon its title-page. For frontispiece there is a beautiful representation of the Annunciation—a reverent angel dropping down at an open doorway before a sweet-faced Madonna. The volume will be likened to a rivulet of type in a meadow of paper. The meadow is fair to see; the rivulet shall sing for itself:

"Thou art the blessed Tree,
Whose Fruit proclaimeth thee,
O Mother mine!
For never laden bough
Such burden bore as thou,
Of Love Divine."

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 McElroy, of New York city, who passed away on the 12th ult.

Mrs. G. W. Hoagland, whose happy death took place last month, at Lincoln, Neb.

Miss Elizabeth Crangle, a devout Child of Mary, whose life closed peacefully on the Patronage of St. Joseph, at Calais, Me.

Mr. A. Day, who departed this life on the 9th ult., at Spades, Ind.

Mrs. Mary McDonald, of Chicago, Ill., who piously breathed her last on the 14th ult.

Mrs. Alice Moore, of Philadelphia, Pa., who died recently.

Mr. James Coady, of Louisville, Ky.; Teresa Franche, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Josie Corkran and Miss Ellen Thomas, Holyoke, Mass.; Miss Catherine Sullivan, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mr. Arthur McElroy, Mrs. Ellen Frawley, and Miss Helen A. McQuaid, New York city; Miss Nora Lawton, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. T. J. O'Hara, Calais, Me.; Mrs. Bridget Sevanick, Saratoga, N. Y.; Mr. Denis O'Connor, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Daniel Sullivan, W. Albany, N. Y.; Miss Mary Carey, Greenbush, N. Y.; Mrs. Martha McCabe and Mr. Michael J. McGee, Albany, N. Y.; and Miss Julia Charles, Amsterdam, N. Y.

May they rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

First Communion.

BY MADGE MANNIX.

SLOWLY from the swinging portals
Of the village church they pass,
Silent groups of reverent children
From their First Communion Mass.

At the churchyard gate a mother
Scans with eager eyes the throng,
For a glimpse of one dear figure
As the white train moves along.

Ah! she sees the well-known features
Wrapped in First Communion bliss,
And her darling hastening toward her
For the first long, loving kiss.

Her glad heart is softly praying
That the pure lips of her child,
Through the years that lie before her,
May be always undefiled

As to-day, when first they opened
To receive the Food Divine,
Singing, in a glad thanksgiving,
"I am His, and He is mine!"

While the child looks up in wonder
From the loving, close embrace,
At the prayerful light that hovers
Round that mother's gentle face.

DARE to be true; nothing can ever
need a lie.—*George Herbert.*

The Wreck of the "Santa Zita."

I.



T was on a bright afternoon
in early autumn, many years
ago, that a little fishing boat
put off from the quay of the
city of Palermo, where the
fishermen and sailors and
fruit-sellers were bargaining
—chattering and quarrelling, just as they
do now; and, after making its way through
the fleet of orange-laden barques at anchor
in the harbor, hoisted its little white sail
and put out to sea.

Antonio, the owner of the boat, was a
tall, well-built man, of the sinewy mould
which nature seems to have reserved for
those who go down to the sea in ships.
Laborious toil and plain diet had steeled
his frame and increased his strength. He
appeared to be a man of fifty; however,
his curly locks, which fell from his dark-
blue cap with its gaudy tassel, were still
black and glossy; while his beard and
moustache, which nearly hid his bronzed
face, were barely tinged with gray. A
bright colored sash was wound several
times around his waist. His clasp-knife
was concealed in it, and in its folds also
lay his purse.

When he found himself beyond the
outermost boats, he rested a moment to
admire his native city, lying as it seemed

in quiet repose on the shores of a lovely bay, whose blue, sparkling waters sweep for many a league in a magnificent curve. Among the white-walled houses, domes of churches, and towers of stately palaces, bits of green foliage peep out to refresh the eye of the beholder. Beyond the city stretched a broad plain, sloping gently upward toward the mountains not far distant. Poets, from its shape and its beauty, have named this plain *La Concha d'Oro*, or the Golden Shell.

At the very end of Palermo a wonderful mass of rocks rises two thousand feet above the level of the sea; it is called Monte Pellegrino, or the Pilgrim's Mount, in honor of the Cave of Santa Rosalia, which is much visited about the time of the Saint's *fiesta*. The sides of this rock are so upright that they leave only a narrow beach between its base and the sea; but here and there may be found a pretty cove.

Every now and then Antonio lifted himself on his elbow and looked over the gunwale of his boat, to see, as he sailed under the cliff, whether he had reached a certain cove in which was his own dear little hut. At last, just opposite Monte Pellegrino, he lowered the sails. Round went the little boat's prow, and a few sturdy strokes of the fisherman's oars ran her ashore on the narrow strip of yellow beach, which stretched in a wedge-shape some fifty yards back, to where a water-course glided from the Monte over the terraces of rock into the sea.

At once a little bright-eyed, brown-faced woman, leaving her spinning-wheel, ran down to meet her husband and help him drag up his boat to its mooring-place. Her black hair was done up in a neat, glossy plait; a loose white *camicia* enveloped her throat and shoulders, and was held together by a tightly-laced scarlet bodice. A short skirt of dark blue stuff, with an apron worked in gay patterns, completed her picturesque costume. She looked very pretty as she shaded her face with her

hand from the sloping rays of the setting sun. Her name was Lucia.

As soon as the keel was fairly grounded on the beach, Antonio sprang out, and, after greeting his good wife, proceeded to secure the boat.

"A good way up to-night," he said; "for I think the wind is going to blow very hard."

Antonio and Lucia were very happy in their hut of plank, which was surrounded on three sides by very tall cliffs. In summer the great mass sheltered it completely; and the fisherman had hewn in the rock a tank which arrested the pure cold stream of the mountain waterfall. Happy as they were, however, Lucia had two thoughts that sometimes troubled her: Antonio was indifferent to religious duties, and did not seem thankful to God for his health and prosperity; and Heaven had not blessed them with a child. She prayed daily for her husband's conversion, and sorely had she longed for a baby face to smile upon her.

II.

While Antonio spreads his nets to dry, and Lucia prepares the supper, I will tell my young readers that the fisherman's boat was built on the same model as that of his forefathers, two thousand years before. It was of the same shape at both ends; so that when the sail was up, it could be rowed either way without turning. At the bow there was an upright beam, with an odd little tuft on the top, like a mop; in front a stout piece of wood stuck out like a horn; then on each side of the boat, close to the stem, a great eye was painted with an eyebrow over it. Each plank of the boat was of a different color; and the whole, especially when the sail was hoisted, looked like a strange kind of bird moving over the water. The eye was to be seen on all ancient ships; the curious, mop-like post was only a memory of the bird's neck and beak that formed the figurehead of Roman galleys; the horn-like prow was a memorial of the time when war vessels

were driven violently into the enemy's galleys for close fighting.

On entering the house, Antonio said:

"There are heavy masses of dark clouds, and white-crested waves are running to shore. We shall have a great storm before morning."

But, seeing the tomatoes fried in olive-oil, and a dish of macaroni, he soon forgot about the approaching storm. He took the macaroni in yard lengths, and, throwing back his head, drew it down his throat in quick time. Lucia then went to the cupboard and brought out something that looked like a bagpipe. It was one of those entire pig-skins which, taken off the animal in one piece, and sown together down the middle, with the four legs tied tightly, are in common use for holding wine in Sicily and Italy. Untying the hole that was once poor piggie's neck, she filled a little flask with the clear, yellow wine, and set it on the table.

When between them the last piece of macaroni had disappeared, Antonio said:

"Lucia, we ought to be very thankful. I heard a man in town to-day say that there are countries in which they have no macaroni."

"I am thankful," said Lucia. "We have all we want, except—O Antonio, if my Good Angel would only drop one in the cove!"

"Well, wife, I think you will wait a long time for that; such things don't happen nowadays. Why not adopt one of Carbonaro's youngsters? The poor man has ten of them, you know."

"No: I'll wait and pray."

Antonio, laughing gaily, then took down his accordion from the shelf, and began to sing and play his favorite Italian ballad, beginning,

"Macaroni! macaroni! May we ne'er want macaroni!"

Meanwhile the wind grew fiercer and fiercer, and howled around the little hut.

Flash after flash of blinding lightning burst from the heavy clouds; and the thunder seemed to roll in one unbroken peal, now nearer, now farther, now like the crash of a thousand cannon, now like the rattle of far-distant musketry.

All at once an ominous sound smote Antonio's ear.

"Heavens! Lucia, what's that? It must be the minute-gun!"

And in a moment he was hurrying on his rough *capote* and his wet-weather boots. Husband and wife stood for some moments in the shelter of the doorway. The minute-gun boomed sullenly above the roar of the waters—but they could discern nothing.

"There! there!" cried Lucia, pointing to a blue streak of light that shot up into the sky and then faded in darkness.

"It must be a rocket from some ship in distress, and it can not be far off."

"Can't we launch the boat?" inquired Lucia, much disturbed.

"Boat!" exclaimed Antonio. "She'd be bottom-up in a minute. All I can do is to go up on the top of the cliff and try to discover where the ship strikes. If the sea goes down in the morning, we may be able to pick up some of the crew."

Antonio clambered up the slippery rocks, and stood there, straining his sight nearly an hour, when at last he heard Lucia's voice close by.

"O God!" he cried. "I never saw a sight like this."

"What did you see, Antonio?" inquired the anxious Lucia.

"I saw a ship, for one moment, close to the cliff; but I did not see her a second time. I fear all have perished."

Lucia seized her husband's arm; for he was overcome. They hurried down to the cove as fast as they could in the darkness; then, entering the hut, they threw brush-wood on the fire, and waited impatiently for daybreak.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XIX.—ON TO ROME.

"For Rome!" exclaimed Claire, joyfully, as their train started.

The route is by way of the Riviera di Levante, amid bold and striking scenery. Every mile or two they plunged through tunnels cut through the numerous promontories that jut into the sea here and there along the coast. To the right stretches the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, to the left the olive-clad slopes of the Apennines; while our travellers caught glimpses of pretty villas, and towns with stone houses painted yellow or pink or blue,—colors toned down by the sun to just the subdued, poetic tint which harmonized with the landscape; of lemon plantations and scattering palm-trees. At intervals they lost the view of the shore, and traversed a district of rugged hills and fertile valleys. The children amused themselves in counting the tunnels, and finally found they had passed through eighty since leaving Genoa.

"Oh, see those gleaming heights in the distance!" cried Alicia, suddenly. "Are they the walls and towers of a city? Why, no!" she continued, as the train approached nearer. "They are mountains of pure white marble. Kathleen, pinch me, so that I may be sure I'm awake."

"I will," said Joe, readily.

"No: you pinch too hard," she replied, shrinking away from him.

"Those are the famous mountains of Carrara," said Mr. Colville, "the quarries of which furnish the finest statuary marble of the world."

At last the train reached Pisa; and from the windows of the railway carriage they obtained a view of the beautiful old town, the magnificent Cathedral, and the

Campanile, or celebrated Leaning Tower.

"Doesn't it look as if it were just going to tip over?" said Kathleen.

"It has remained in that position more than five hundred years, and appears perfectly firm, although it leans thirteen feet," replied her father. "The foundations are said to have settled while it was being constructed; and an attempt was made to remedy the defect by making the upper part straight. Galileo availed of the oblique position of this tower in making his experiments in regard to the laws of gravitation."

On they sped.

"How many ruins we see upon the hill-tops!" remarked Joe.

"The ancient towns were built upon the heights," answered Mr. Colville. "The old Romans and Etruscans tilled their lands in the valleys by day; but at night they returned to their fastnesses on the summits of the mountains, where they might rest secure against surprise from the hordes of barbarians that frequently swept over the plains. Now we approach the remains of the Etruscan city of Populonia, on that chain of hills projecting into the sea. Beyond them is the island of Elba, where Bonaparte was first imprisoned."

Presently they entered the Maremma, a region of forest and swamp; and after a while Mr. Colville announced that they were within the territory which was, up to 1870, under the rule of the Popes.

The sun set, shedding a glow over the waters of the Mediterranean; and above the clouds of rose and amber in the western sky beamed the evening star. Later the light of the moon illumined the landscape. Our tourists crossed the river Mignone where it meets the sea, and their father observed:

"Tradition says it was just here on the strand the child-angel was dipping the water out of the sea with a shell, when he was met by St. Augustine, who sought to convince him of his folly in attempting

thus to empty the Mediterranean into a hole in the sand. You remember the story, and how the angel answered so unexpectedly: 'It is as possible for me to do this, Augustine, as it is for you to fathom the mystery of the Trinity, as you are striving to do.'"

Now they beheld a fine harbor, which looked in the moonlight like a sea of molten silver; with a fortified island and lighthouse, and in the shadow the houses of a town. The train stopped, and the guard called out:

"Civita Vecchia!"

"The seaport of Rome!" exclaimed Claire, with enthusiasm.

After a while the Campagna was reached; and before long the children, leaning out of the windows of the carriage, obtained their first view of the Eternal City—the City of the Cæsars, of the Martyrs, of the Popes,—the heart of Christendom.

"That grand edifice, which looks as if built of shadows, is the Basilica of St. Paul-outside-the-Walls," said Mr. Colville.

They crossed the Tiber.

"Oh, to think," said Alicia, "it must have been somewhere near here that Horatius kept the bridge, and thus saved Rome, in the brave days of old!"

"How often this river flowed red with the blood of conflict!" added Joe.

"It was into this stream that many of the martyrs were cast, bound hand and foot," continued Claire, musingly.

Appearing in the moonlight like the shades of the things they were, loomed up the gate from which St. Paul went forth to be beheaded, that of St. Sebastian, and the Basilicas of St. John Lateran and S. Croce in Gerusalemme. They saw, too, the ruins of ancient temples, and the columns and arches of the magnificent old Roman Aqueduct. The train passed under it, and through the Porta Maggiore (which was built by the Emperor Claudius about A. D. 52); and now they were actually within the Eternal City.

"This ruin to the left is the beautiful Temple of Minerva," said Mr. Colville. "It looks round from here, but it has ten sides."

In their eagerness, the young people kept popping their heads out of the window to see ahead of the train.

"Look, there is St. Peter's!" exclaimed Claire, as they caught sight of a cloud-like dome against the sky.

"No," responded her father: "it must be that of some other church. St. Peter's can not be seen from here."

On their arrival at the station, Mr. Colville engaged an open carriage, and they drove through the moonlit streets to their hotel, near the Piazza di Spagna.

"I suppose you will present your letters the first thing, so as to have the petition for an audience ready in good season; for it would be a dreadful disappointment if anything should happen that we could not see the Holy Father," said Claire the next morning.

Mr. Colville smiled in a pleased way at her earnestness.

"Do you want to set out before breakfast?" he asked.

She laughingly consented to wait until a suitable hour, but all the young people were anxious to be off. At length the carriage came, and they drove up to the Piazza di Spagna, the centre of the strangers' quarter of the city.

"What is that monument in the middle of the square?" asked Joe.

As they drew nearer, they saw that it was surmounted by a bronze image of the Blessed Virgin.

"This is the Column of the Immaculate Conception, erected by Pius IX. at the time of the definition of the dogma," said Mr. Colville. "Above you see the beautiful representation of Mary Immaculate, and at the base statues of Moses, David, Isaiah, and Ezekiel."

"Standing there, Our Lady seems to welcome her children of every clime to Rome," said Claire.

"That imposing edifice at the end of the square is the College of the Propaganda, where young men from all the nations of the earth are educated for the priesthood, and sent back as missionaries to their respective countries," continued her father.

Turning the horses' heads, the coachman now drove down the Via della Croce to the Corso.

"The Corso is the principal street of Rome, and was the ancient Via Flaminia, leading from the Capitol," said Mr. Colville. "Toward evening it is thronged with handsome equipages, and after dark the shops are all brilliantly illuminated. This church on the right is San Carlo al Corso. It possesses in its altar-shrine the heart of the great St. Charles Borromeo."

"How old everything looks, and yet the buildings have no appearance of decay!" said Claire, as they passed along. "They seem to say, 'We have been here for centuries, and we intend to remain for centuries to come.'"

"Many of these are famous old palaces," responded Mr. Colville. "They are built, you see, on a line with the street, with a gateway in the wall leading into an interior courtyard. No matter how costly a residence may be, it is not a *palace* unless this entrance is wide enough to admit a state carriage."

The children were amused at this distinction.

"Now we come to the Piazza Colonna," continued their father. "The column in the centre is that of Marcus Aurelius, erected by that Emperor to commemorate his victories. As it has always been the policy of the Popes to encourage literature, science and art, so likewise they have protected with the greatest solicitude the monuments of antiquity. It is to their princely care that modern times owe the preservation of the ruins of the ancient city—the Forum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the beautiful temples. The idols

of imperial Rome fell before the religion taught by the poor fisherman of Galilee, who stood in their midst and preached Christ Crucified; but the ruined fanes and palaces and tribunals remain,—a testimony that, however mighty and magnificent the powers of the world, God and the right ever triumph in the end."

The driver turned down the Via Muratte, and brought them to the Fontana di Trevi.

"How grand!" cried Alicia, as he drew up before the fountain of bright waters, which gush forth from beneath the feet of colossal statues of Neptune and his Tritons; leap in a shining cascade over a mass of rocks, which one might imagine the giants had been pitching about in rude sport; and then, as if satisfied to have escaped into the sunlight, rest trembling in the rock-bound basin below.

"Rome is a city of fountains," said Mr. Colville; "but this is perhaps the most noted of them. It has been here since the days of Agrippa—some twenty years before Christ; and was called the Fountain of the Virgin, from the tradition that it was a young girl who discovered the spring, and pointed it out to some wounded Roman soldiers who were suffering from thirst. There is an old saying, which possibly arose from the auspicious return of some traveller, that those who come here before quitting Rome, drink of the water, and cast a *soldo* into the fountain, will be sure to come back some day. Perhaps the black-eyed little *monelli* [rogues] may be partly responsible for it too,—these amphibious urchins whom you see haunting the brink of the fountain, ready to dive for the *soldi* with the alacrity and success of long practice."

Our friends now went on to the American College in the Via Umiltà. The Rector, Monsig. O'Connell, was absent; but Mr. Colville had the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance with the Vice-Rector, Monsig. Farrelly, who said that,

although the Papal audiences had been discontinued for the summer, it might be arranged that upon some special afternoon they should see the Holy Father as he went to the garden. He thereupon gave Mr. Colville a letter to be presented at the Vatican, and cordially invited them to apply to him if he could do anything further to contribute to the happiness of their stay in the city.

When they returned to their carriage, Mr. Colville remarked:

“The ancient Romans were wont to say in their pride that all roads lead to Rome. In a different spirit, the ardent Catholic feels that all roads here are but the way to the Vatican and the Tomb of the Apostles. We shall take the direct route, however; only stopping at the Pantheon, which is thought to have been the inspiration of the Dome of St. Peter’s.”

“Yes,” said Claire. “I remember having read how Michael Angelo boasted with the confidence of genius that he would put a Pantheon in the air, and that the Dome of St. Peter’s is as large as that great round church.”

As they entered it, her father went on to explain:

“The Pantheon, now dedicated to Our Lady as Queen of Martyrs, was once a pagan temple, erected before the time of Christ. It has, you notice, no windows; and the light enters from a circular opening in the roof, which is not even covered by glass.”

“Yes. Look up, Claire!” cried Kathleen. “See the blue sky above us. How lovely it must be in the evening to watch the stars shining down upon those who come here to pray!”

“And how beautiful when the moonlight steals in and paves the floor with silver!” added Alicia.

“What about when it rains?” suggested Joe, dubiously.

“Observe, the floor inclines a little from all sides toward the centre, where

the pavement is perforated, so that any rain falling through the dome at once passes into the drain beneath,” said Mr. Colville. “And, Alicia, although the pavement was not of silver, the ceiling was originally decorated with gold-leaf, and the whole roof covered with tiles of gilded bronze, which remained until the seventh century, when the Emperor Constans II. caused them to be removed to Constantinople. In these seven large niches around the walls, now occupied by altars, once stood statues of Roman gods, including those of Mars, Venus, and of Cæsar, whom the people deified after his death. The Pantheon, as its name implies, was dedicated to all the gods. Is it not meet that in the place where these idols were worshipped should now be honored the Most Blessed Virgin and the noble army of early Christians who laid down their lives rather than sacrifice at these pagan shrines? Pope Boniface IV., in the year 609, dedicated this temple to the service of the true God; under the patronage of Our Lady, and in commemoration of the martyrs of the Catacombs; and it was then that the Festival of All Saints was instituted. Here, at the left of the third altar, is the tomb of Raphael; and on the altar itself is the statue of the Blessed Mother, placed here according to his dying wish, to bear witness to his love for the Madonna, whose celestial beauty he so often and with such marvellous skill strove to portray.”

From the church, our party drove through many streets, seeing pictures at every turn, enough to fill an artist’s sketch-book. Here were two priests, walking along in their soutanes and low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats; there a band of ecclesiastical students, in cassocks and caps, with trimmings of the colors of their respective colleges. Impish little Roman beggars, beautiful as cherubs in the paintings of the old masters, ran after the carriage, calling out, “*Viva gli*

Americani!” and eager to stand on their heads in the dust, or execute a variety of gymnastic performances, for a *soldo*, or large copper cent. In the doorways of their shops, which are living-rooms as well, stood dark-eyed Roman women of the poorer class, dispensing fruit and lentils, wine or olive-oil, and gossiping with their customers; their husbands lounged about in picturesque attitudes. Occasionally a laborer, clad in white linen and with bare feet, went by, pushing a hand-cart. And when the Colvilles' conveyance was stopped for a moment by an obstruction in the street, there rose up, as if out of the ground, a tribe of mosaic venders, persistent, persuasive, and willing to higgler and chaffer interminably in order to effect a sale.

“We now cross the Tiber by the old bridge which was built by Hadrian in the second century. The circular fortress before us is the Castle of Sant' Angelo, erected by the same Emperor, as a mausoleum for himself and his successors,” said Mr. Colville. “It became the tomb of the Cæsars, but was converted into a citadel when Ronie was besieged by the Goths. Once, when a dreadful plague raged in Rome, Pope Gregory the Great led a solemn procession, in which all the people joined, up to St. Peter's, to pray that the city might be delivered from the ravages of the disease. When they came to about this spot, tradition says, the Pope, looking up, beheld as in a vision the Archangel St. Michael standing upon the summit of the fortress, sheathing his sword. From that moment the plague ceased, and in commemoration of the circumstance the place was named the Castle of the Holy Angel. As you see, it is surmounted by a statue of an angel in bronze.”

Now the party grew quiet, and even little Kathleen felt a thrill of emotion; for they had reached the splendid Piazza di San Pietro.

(To be continued.)

A People of Few Words.

The children in ancient Sparta could not have had very merry times, as we understand the expression. They were taught to repress themselves in every way, and to be silent as much as possible; or, if they must speak, to use few words. So the boys grew up to be staid and sober men. As for the girls, they were quiet too; and it is not likely that the Spartans ever had any reason for making silly jokes about a woman's lively tongue. But the result of all this discipline was that, although there was very little small-talk and chatter, whenever a remark was made it was sensible and to the point.

An Athenian was once deriding the weapons of the Spartans. “Your swords are no longer than the knives with which we cut a pomegranate,” he said. “It is no wonder that the jugglers on your stage have no difficulty in swallowing them. One might swallow a dozen without injury.”—“Our swords have been found long enough,” responded the taciturn Spartan—a king, by the way,—“to reach the vitals of our enemies.”

King Charilaus was a nephew of Lycurgus, the famous lawgiver; and when asked why his uncle had made so few regulations, he answered: “Men of few words require few laws.”

Archidamus, when approached by an impertinent man with the question, “How many Spartans are there of you, anyway?” only said: “Enough, sir, to repulse the wicked.”

There are many customs and precepts handed down to us from that stern old people which it would not be desirable to emulate, but we have the wholesome authority of Holy Writ for endeavoring to remember that silence is golden. And does not the good À Kempis say, “Often-times I could wish that I had held my peace when I have spoken”?



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 10, 1893.

No. 23.

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

His Name was John.

TRANSLATION OF A SARUM PROSE IN HONOR OF
ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, BY F. E. GILLIAT SMITH.

EBEDEE owned him as son, and Mary
was to him a Mother;

Eagle-winged, swift he outstript all others
in teaching God's knowledge.

His name was John, and meetly thus his soul
God's grace had filled with Heaven's holy
love.

And so he nobly fought in Asia's land,
And kept the faith; for Christ's sake brav-
ing all—

Boiling caldron,
Lethal chalice,

Patmos and her lonely shore.

And when a hundred years their weary course
Had almost run, the Lord at length appeared,
And bade the old man join the wedding guests.

Rebecca a Type of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

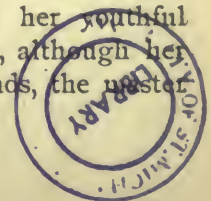
THE whole of the Old Testa-
ment Scriptures are pervaded
with the idea of the promised
Redeemer; and in all their
figures and images we may discern a
foreshadowing, more or less distinct, of
Him who is *Pater futuri sæculi*, who was,
in the course of time, to come and dwell

amongst men in His sacred Humanity.
Side by side with these prophetic glimpses
of the coming Saviour we perceive, in
the record of the ages that preceded His
advent, persons and things which typify
His Blessed Mother. On every page of
Holy Writ, so to speak, we can trace, like
the aurora that announces the rising of the
Sun of Justice, something of the glory of
her who is the brightness of everlasting
light and the spotless mirror of God's
majesty; who was conceived from all
eternity in the mind of the Father, prom-
ised by Him to the patriarchs, foretold in
the utterances of the prophets.

Conspicuous amongst the female char-
acters depicted by the sacred historian is
Rebecca, who was chosen by the express
command of the God of heaven and earth
to be the wife of Isaac. Who can fail to see
in this beauteous Eastern maiden, described
in Scripture as an "exceeding comely
maid, and a most beautiful virgin,"* an
image of Mary, who is all fair, the most
beautiful among women? Let us recall the
circumstances in which she is brought
before us in the inspired pages.

How pleasing is the picture set before
the reader! This daughter of the shepherd-
kings coming to draw water from the well
outside the city, simple and unassuming,
in all the first bloom of her youthful
loveliness, does not disdain, although her
father is lord of many lands, the rustic

* Gen., xxiv, 16.



of many retainers, to serve a stranger who asks of her a draught of the clear, cool water to quench his thirst. This stranger, who comes with a train of camels and attendants, is Eliezer, the confidential servant of Abraham, the ruler of all that he has. His errand is an important one—that of seeking a wife for his master's son. Abraham, in his declining years, being resolved not to permit Isaac to unite himself in marriage to any of the Canaanite women in the land where he was a settler, acquainted the faithful steward of his household with his wishes in this respect. He then dispatched him, with full instructions how to act, to Mesopotamia, to bring from the place where his kindred dwelt a member of his own family, who should be a fitting spouse for his only son.

Eliezer, having arrived near to the city where Abraham's brother lived, humbly prayed for success, asking God that by some visible sign it might be made apparent to him what maiden was to be Isaac's future consort. The sign he prayed for was, that of all the young women who should come from the town, toward evening, as was their wont, to fetch water from the adjacent well, whosoever upon his speaking to her should give him drink, and offer to give his camels drink also, should be the same whom God had appointed for his master's son. Scarcely had he ended his prayer, and taken his station near the spring of water, when Rebecca, the daughter of Bathuel, a relative of Abraham, drew near, carrying a pitcher upon her shoulder. Eliezer was captivated by her rare beauty; his heart beat high with hope that one so comely might be the maiden destined to be the wife of the young master with whose interests he had so completely identified himself. He ran to meet her as she returned from the well, and accosted her with the words: "Give me a little water to drink of thy pitcher." Her manner was as pleasing as her appearance. "She answered: 'Drink, my lord.'

And quickly she let down the pitcher upon her arm, and gave him drink." Nor was this all: descriing the camels lying down at a little distance, "when he had drunk, she said: 'I will draw water for thy camels also, till they all drink.' And, pouring out the pitcher into the troughs, she ran back to the well to draw water; and having drawn, she gave to all the camels."*

How striking is the resemblance between the fair Rebecca, who displays such willing readiness to perform a humble service for a stranger, and our Blessed Lady, who is the Mother Most Amiable, full of loving kindness for all who apply to her in their need! Doubtless it was by a special inspiration (we quote the words of a pious writer) that Abraham's servant asked as a sign to indicate who was the wife provided by the Lord for Isaac, that the maiden whom he should ask to give him to drink, and who should grant his request, and give also to his camels, should be the one chosen by God. Not only was it a particular inspiration to guide him in his search—there can be no question of that: it had a meaning stretching far beyond. It can not fail to remind us of her whose kind help is never asked in vain, and who so loves to give that she gives more than we ask. None can long for Mary's help so much as she longs to be asked for it. No sooner do we look to the hand of our Mistress than she quickly lets down the pitcher upon her arm, and the streams of her loving kindness flow forth; she gives more than we ask. "I will draw water for thy camels also, till they all drink." The pitcher Mary holds is never empty; for it is filled from the inexhaustible fountain of divine and infinite love.

St. Bernard, comparing our Holy Mother to Rebecca, says that she benefits not only the just, who are figured by Eliezer, but even sinners, who are as hearts without reason. St. Antoninus expresses the same in these words: "Mary, the spiritual Rebecca,

* *Ib.*, xxiv, 17-20.

is attentive to the wants not only of just men, who make a good use of their intellect, by procuring for them the water of divine grace in their thirst, but even to those of sinners, who are like irrational animals, by offering them drink when they do not ask for it, nor express indeed any desire for it." Observe, too, the words which are used to show her eagerness and haste to perform works of mercy: "She *ran* back to the well to draw water." The Blessed Virgin's desire to do good suffers her not to delay. This Mother of Mercy is most lavish of her gifts: she pours them out upon us with the utmost profusion. We are told that Mary went *with haste* when, with her hands full of benedictions, she visited her cousin Elizabeth.

This amiable conduct on Rebecca's part convinced Eliezer, as he stood "musing, and beheld her in silence," that she was the maiden destined for Isaac. Thereupon he took out the presents he had brought for her—golden earrings, massive bracelets of the same precious metal,—and gave them to the chaste and gentle maiden. Her natural gifts needed no enhancing, but she does not refuse the ornaments offered to her. It is as Isaac's chosen wife, as the mother of the promised seed, and in him of thousands of thousands, that Rebecca bears the bracelets of gold and the precious earrings; not for herself, but for the glory of him who gave them, whose glory she is. To the eye of faith these gifts have a typical import, a hidden meaning. They symbolize the gifts and graces wherewith God was pleased to adorn Mary, to enhance the spiritual loveliness of the King's daughter,—gifts of purity, of holiness, of humility, of obedience, surpassing those of any created being. "Consider Mary carefully," says St. Jerome, "and you will see that there is no virtue, no beauty, no brightness, no glory, which does not shine forth in her, and that in an unequalled degree."

And as, after Rebecca had given her consent to Eliezer's proposal, and agreed

to become the wife of Isaac, he brought forth treasures of still greater value—"vessels of silver and gold, and garments, and gave them to Rebecca for a present; he offered gifts also to her brothers," we are told, and her other relatives,*—so after the lowly Virgin of Nazareth had uttered her *fiat*, the Archangel Gabriel, whom God had sent to announce His will to her, proclaimed the honor and dignity that was to be conferred on her, the gift she was to receive,—one in which all faithful Christians share. The best and greatest gift bestowed by the bounty of the Father, the Word made Flesh, is not given to Mary alone, but to all the children of Adam.

One of the earliest representations of the Annunciation depicts Mary receiving the message of the Angel by the side of a spring of water. This is supposed by some to have been suggested by the passage in the Canticles which speaks of a fountain sealed up,† because the Blessed Virgin, who before was a fountain sealed up, became at the Incarnation, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, a well of living water, whose streams flow from Libanus‡ and bring salvation to mankind. But as in the sculpture a pitcher stands on the ground close to Mary, it seems more probable that the history of Rebecca as a type of Our Lady was present to the artist's mind; for we know the personages and scenes of Jewish history which have a symbolical significance to have been favorite subjects for the rude sculptures of early Christian art. As Rebecca was chosen to give drink to Eliezer and his camels, so God has chosen Mary to be the medium whereby He communicates to us His graces. As Rebecca's pitcher is full in order that she may give drink to the thirsty traveller, so is Mary full of grace, that she may be the channel of grace to us.

O Mother, Most Amiable, pledge of our salvation, all good comes to us with thee!

* *Ib.*, xxiv, 53.

† *Cant.*, iv, 12.

‡ *Ib.*, v, 15.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXI.—A SHOCK.

WILLIE was startled by the grief in his mother's tones.

"Why, mother," he said, "what can you mean?" He looked at her intently; he saw that she was intensely earnest. She went over to his chair and put her arms about his neck.

"Willie," she said, in a low voice, "you were all we had,—you were all we had!"

Willie caught his mother's hands in both his, and held them fast.

"You must tell me what you mean, mother. I am as much yours as ever,—I am *more* yours than ever. It is only since I have been ill that I have begun to think of helping you and father. It seems to me that I have been very selfish. Father has been working like a slave, and you spend your life in waiting on me and thinking about me. I have been like a bird, mother,—without thought or care, dipping into the river and singing; with no more seriousness than the swallows that splash their wings and—but what *is* the matter?"

Mrs. Ward had put her head upon her son's shoulder and burst into sobs.

"I can not help it," she said. "Your father has so changed, and it is your leaving us that has done it! O Willie, those Catholics might have left us *you!*—they had enough without you. I am not saying anything against the priest: he is good and courageous; but, of course, he has to do what he has been told to do. It has broken your father's heart. Don't you see how changed he is?"

The air seemed to grow cold and damp, and a cloud to darken the room. A few moments before life had seemed cheerful to Willie Ward. Everything had been done to make the way of recovery easy, and he had not yet begun to realize

that he was in a workaday world again.

"Mother," he said, as she unclasped her arms and went back to her rocking-chair, "father does not believe as you do. You know that he doesn't call himself a Christian."

Mrs. Ward sighed.

"That has been the heaviest burden I have had to bear. But I have grown used to it. Your father is a good man. I don't think he would wilfully injure any creature. My heart is like lead in my breast when I think of the goodness of your father, and that it will all amount to nothing. He can't go to a heaven he doesn't believe in. O Willie, think of being separated from father for ever and ever! And now the priest has made you believe that I shall not be in heaven either. I know he has,—I know what Catholic priests teach."

Willie did not answer at once. He turned his face away. He had been so much absorbed in the mere act of getting well and in the beautiful wonders of his new faith, that the idea suggested by his mother had not occurred to him. He was trying to recall what Father Haley had said on the subject.

Willie had entered a new world. He had found the angels and the saints he had dreamed of. Father Haley had come to enjoy his visits to this boy, who supplied poetry for him.

The priest was a practical man, who had given up the æsthetics long ago, and who had grown, owing to the exigencies of small and poor parishes, to consider the price of a carpet for the sanctuary rather than the harmony of its colors, or the ways and means of acquiring a cheap organ rather than whether the Mass should be sung after the Gregorian or the Paestrian manner. He had, however, great appreciation of the fine elements in life; and Willie Ward's purity, sense of beauty, and enthusiasm charmed him. Willie had devoured all the books he brought him,

and he poured out the result of them as something new and changed to the priest. The poetry and joy of the Church had filled Willie; and as he waited to gather words in order to answer his mother, it struck him that in his new-found treasure he had forgotten her to whom he owed most. He had been selfish. He took the little print of Our Lady of Good Counsel in his hands, looked at it, and then gave it to his mother. She took it reluctantly.

"It is not an idol, mother," he said: "it is only a picture of a Mother whose Son you and I love. Without her He could not have been to us what He is,—our Brother. If I love her I shall love you more."

"You are putting her above Christ," Mrs. Ward answered, tightening her lips. "You are deluded."

She held the picture by one of its corners, as if it might be uncanny. Her eyes rested for a moment on the face, and the expression seemed to strike her.

"It is a mother's face," she remarked, almost involuntarily. "There is no harm in it; but," she added, with a gleam of suspicion in her eyes, "I suppose that if I were to tear it up and throw it into the fire, you would be forced by the priests to discard your own mother."

Willie was startled by these words, uttered with a bitterness which was new to him. For the first time he understood that this mother, so soft, so tender to him, could be cold and stern. He saw a depth of distrust in her face that frightened him.

"Why, mother, if I had committed murder you could not look at me more scornfully!"

"Murder!" repeated a voice behind him. His father had entered tacitly through the kitchen. "*Who* has committed murder?"

Willie rose from his chair, a flush glowing in his pale cheek. It was a pleasure to see his father, and a double pleasure now. The hard, unsympathetic attitude his mother had assumed hurt him deeply; but his father, who was so strong, so calm,

could change it all,—he would help his mother to understand. But the light in his own eyes found no answer in his father's. He noticed for the first time how haggard his father looked, and a pang of self-reproach shot through his heart. What had happened? Why had all the burden of life shifted suddenly on his young shoulders? It occurred to him that he must change places with these two; he must stand between them and the world; he must explain and shelter and protect and lead. The places had changed. He had been kept, like a bird in its nest, too long by these dear ones; he must stretch his wings.

"Who spoke of murder?" asked James Ward, standing in the doorway.

Before Willie could speak, a shadow passed the window and steps were heard in the porch.

"It is Miss Conway," Willie said. "Please open the door, father."

Ward stood still in the kitchen doorway. He did not answer. Bernice, who had caught sight of the sick boy through the window, and who fancied that he was alone, came into the room. Her hands were full of white lilacs.

"The first, Willie,—the first!" she said, smiling. Then she saw Mrs. Ward, and held out her hand.

James Ward advanced. Bernice slightly nodded to him, and offered the flowers to Willie. His father intercepted her, and took them.

"I am not in fit trim to receive, Miss Conway," he said. "I have just come from the factory, and I can't shake hands,—it might soil your gloves. We working people can not afford even the ordinary courtesies at times."

Bernice glanced at James Ward; she detected an undercurrent of bitterness in his speech: she saw that the man was anxious, ill perhaps; he looked as if there were a weight on his heart. She would not have come had she not thought he

would be absent at this hour. She was embarrassed for a moment; however, she quickly recovered herself.

"I called only for an instant, Mrs. Ward. I have had no news of Willie for two days. And when the lilacs came out after the rain, I felt that I *must* bring the first—the very first—to him."

Bernice, whom her father had always called "a little woman," was really a very stately young girl, tall and slight; and the black gown, with its long train, made her appear even taller. She had a consciousness of this, as she half turned her back to Ward, and it gave her consolation. She had an instinctive repulsion toward this man; ever since that fatal morning she had shuddered when she thought of him; he meant mystery and horror to her. She was convinced that he knew how her father had died; and she was sure, too, that Colonel Carton, the kind old friend, had nothing to do with it. Ward was probably mad; still, her dislike for him remained, and with it an uneasy fear of impending trouble. Her only safety, she felt, was to drive this fear and the thought of Ward's words from her mind. She nodded to Willie and smiled, turning to go.

"They were talking of murder when I came in," Ward said, significantly; "but Colonel Carton's name was not mentioned."

"We were talking of this little picture," said Willie, hastily. He felt that something was wrong. A cold air seemed to be blowing around him; he was as sensitive as a violin string; had he been deaf and blind, he would have known that much was wrong with those about him. "Miss Conway," he continued, almost desperately, "I want you to explain something to my mother. Here is a picture of the Mother of God—for Christ *is* God, and His Mother *is* the Mother of God,—and I am fond of it. Now, my mother doesn't—doesn't quite like it—"

"They were speaking of murder when I came in," Ward interrupted.

Bernice looked over her shoulder at him. Her social training helped her now.

"You will oblige me, Mr. Ward, by letting your son speak to me."

"Mother thinks that because I am a Catholic—"

Ward muttered an oath under his breath.

"I shall be separated from her; and she does not understand why I should be fond of this picture, which Father Haley gave to me."

Bernice took the picture from Willie. She turned her back to Ward, conscious all the time that his eyes were fixed balefully upon her.

"It is a lovely face," she said. "I am not, Mrs. Ward, as you know, a Roman Catholic; I wish I could say that I am a Protestant, but I can't. If Willie loves this picture because it is the picture of Christ's Mother, he will love you all the more because you are his mother. He can't help it. Don't be jealous, Mrs. Ward," Bernice added, with a smile; "and thank Heaven that your boy has found peace."

"It is not *my* peace!" broke out Mrs. Ward. "He will hate the old things,—he will hate the Bible. I was telling him that the priests would make him hate me, if I tore up that picture."

Bernice smiled.

"Why should you tear up the picture of the Mother of Christ? It would not be a good thing to do. How cruel to Willie would it be if I tore a portrait of *his* mother,—of you, Mrs. Ward! Christ would not separate you from your boy; why should His Mother?"

Mrs. Ward looked troubled, then she arose and took Bernice's hand.

"Thank you, Miss Conway," she said. "I will think of this. It is so new! And all my life I have hated the Catholic Church as the work of the Evil One. It is hard,—it is hard! But I will ask God to let me bear it. I almost wish that Willie were dead!"

Ward scowled, as his wife took Bernice's

hand. Bernice kissed her on the forehead.

"Be of good cheer, Mrs. Ward," she said. "I shall soon be a Roman Catholic myself,—and then I will explain things to you perhaps better than Willie can. And, Mr. Ward," she said, still smiling, though it was difficult to remember that she was a soldier's daughter in the face of James Ward's scowl, "be sure to put Willie's lilacs in water."

Ward followed her to the porch.

"You may love Giles Carton," he whispered, "and I think you do; but you can never marry the son of your father's murderer!"

He closed the door violently. Bernice, strangely affected, stood in the sunlight as one dazed. She walked home in the noontide glare, unconscious of everything, except that her world had suddenly become dark.

(To be continued.)

Martyr Memories of Ireland.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONTINUED.)

ARCHBISHOPS and bishops led the van in that heroic host. Amongst those who exchanged the mitre for the martyr's crown is conspicuous Terence Albert O'Brien, of Emly. Ireton, when besieging Limerick with his countless followers, dreaded, more than all else within the gates, a single man,—one who, in the garb of a bishop, passed from rank to rank of the soldiery; and told them that, as they might not hope for mercy, they must fight in their own defence even unto the end,—one who, as a spiritual counsellor, uplifted men's souls, cheered the drooping hearts of women, turned all aspirations heavenward.

Ireton sent to offer this intrepid leader life, liberty, and £40,000, if only he

would cease his exhortations to the people. By his scornful refusal Bishop O'Brien became a doomed man. He was excepted from all amnesty, together with twenty—a number afterward increased to two hundred—of his clergy. When the situation became desperate, the Bishop in his turn made a proposal to Ireton. He offered to give himself up, if only his clergy might go free; but the clergy refused to accept the sacrifice. When the town was taken, Terence Albert O'Brien passed through its gates to the scaffold. There was no sign of terror, no evidence of weakness in his bearing. His countenance, it is recorded, beamed with joy. At the place of execution he spoke these few words to his afflicted people: "Hold firmly to your faith, and observe its precepts; murmur not against the arrangements of God's Providence, and thus you will save your souls. Weep not at all for me; but rather pray that, in this last trial of death, I may, by firmness and constancy, attain my heavenly reward."

To his persecutors he spoke with undaunted courage, reproaching them for their crimes, and exhorting them to repentance. He had a last word for Ireton, the iron-hearted soldier who had wrought so much ruin. He summoned him to appear within eight days at the judgment-seat of God. Solemn and terrible summons, which was only too exactly obeyed! Before the allotted time, Ireton, stricken by the plague, cried out, in his death agony, that it was the blood of that Bishop that had killed him, and presently expired.*

Malachy O'Queely, Archbishop of Tuam, was no less a patriot than a martyr. Renowned for his learning, his name occurs in the list of "distinguished Irish scholars who won laurels at Paris." He accompanied the Connaught army, cheer-

* "History of the Geraldines." By Dominick de Rosario. Written in Latin. Translated by the late Father C. P. Meehan.

ing and encouraging the soldiery by his presence. Being mortally wounded, he fell into the hands of the enemy. They took off his right arm, and cut up his body into small pieces.

Bishop Rooth, of Kilkenny, being aged and infirm, was about seeking safety in flight, when he was discovered, stripped of his garments, covered with filthy rags, and thrust into prison, where he died. The Franciscan Bishop of Ross, Boetius Egan, after a variety of singular adventures, took up his abode in a cave in a dreary and almost uninhabited portion of his diocese. Going forth as he constantly did on errands of zeal or mercy, he was met at last by the followers of the priest-hunter, Ludlow. Being offered the alternative of death or apostasy, he was dragged to a neighboring tree, and hanged with the reins of his own horse.*

The Bishop of Down and Connor, Arthur Magennis, was dragged from a sick-bed and put upon an outward-bound ship. Enfeebled by age and infirmities, his death was hastened by a shock caused by the explosion of a cannon, which his persecutors, in wanton malice, fired off close to his bed.

The celebrated and noble-hearted Dermot O'Hurly, Archbishop of Cashel, suffered in hatred of the faith a most cruel martyrdom. His feet were enclosed in a pair of tin boots filled with blazing oil; and he who had spent happy years, loved and honored as professor at Louvain, thus fell a victim to puritanical rage.

Amongst the most illustrious of the Irish martyrs is Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. He had passed through severest suffering,—living at times as a fugitive and an outlaw, or in poverty and obscurity, like the meanest of his flock; but all the time “so soberly and wisely,” as is

testified by the Protestant Bishop Burnet, that he merited the commendation of his very enemies. During his year and a half of imprisonment, he strove, on the testimony of a priest and fellow-captive, Father Corker, “to divest himself more and more of himself”; yet appearing “always modestly cheerful, without any anguish or concern at his danger or strait confinement; attracting esteem and reverence from the few that came near him, by his sweet and pious demeanor. I clearly perceived in him,” adds Father Corker, “the spirit of God, and those lovely Fruits of the Holy Ghost, charity, joy, peace, transparent in his soul. None saw or came near him but received new fervor, new desires to serve and suffer for Christ Jesus, by his very presence.”

After the form of a trial, manifestly unjust, he was convicted by the evidence of perjured witnesses—all men of the lowest character—and condemned to the gallows. “When carried out of the press yard to execution,” says Father Corker, “he turned him about to our chamber windows, and, with a pleasant aspect and elevated hand, he gave us his benediction.” Such was the beauty of his countenance, and the spiritual peace shining there, that many Protestants were heard to wish that their souls were in the same state as his. He renewed the solemn protestation of his innocence, in regard to the treasonable practices with which he had been charged, made previously at his trial, recited the *Miserere*, prayed for his persecutors, and calmly met the death which human malice had sought to make ignominious.* “At Tyburn, July, 1681,” writes Challoner, “he was hanged, drawn and quartered. The serenity of his countenance, the courage, cheerfulness, and piety with which he went to meet death, gave great edification to all the beholders.”

* Moran: “Persecutions Suffered by the Catholics of Ireland under Cromwell and the Puritans.” P. 191.

* Life of Plunkett, by Moran. Challoner's “Missionary Priests,” Vol. II.

☐ He was the last of all those Irish prelates who gave for Christ the actual testimony of their blood. Numberless others, of whom may be mentioned Peter Talbot, De Burgo, Murtagh O'Brien, were glorious in the indomitable firmness with which they withstood sufferings and privations, and persevered in the noble and constant confession of their faith.

Dr. Francis Kirwan, Bishop of Killala, spent months concealed in an apartment so narrow that he had scarcely room to move; and without fire in the depths of winter. Frequently he had to take refuge under the tiles of the roof, where he endured the greatest suffering. When at last imprisoned, he contrived to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to some children by means of a window. Being caught in the act, he was hurried on board ship and sent into banishment.

Nicholas French, Bishop of Galway, spent long periods of time as an outcast, bereft of all possessions, suffering hunger, thirst, cold and fatigue; wandering on hillsides, dwelling in caves, and having a hundred hairbreadth escapes from the vigilance of the priest-hunters.

Dr. Fallow, Vicar-Apostolic of Achonry, whilst wandering in the woods, built himself a hut, covered with leaves, and in the shadow of a rock. The goats having nibbled away the branches, he was forced to seek shelter elsewhere; and was finally cast into a dungeon.

The religious orders, shoulder to shoulder, their faces to the foe, fought for the faith of the people from one end to the other of the long struggle. Let the enemy exterminate the Dominicans, the Jesuits sprang up; let the Jesuits be annihilated, the brown-robed sons of St. Francis were ready to leap into the breach. Let a monastery be destroyed, there was a cavern hard by; let the community life be interrupted, there was a fellowship with the foxes of the field; let the chapel bell be silenced, there were signals; let the church

be levelled, the Holy Sacrifice could be offered from the face of the rock in desolate places; let speech be a peril, there were literally sermons in stones. The names of many a martyred Dominican are registered in the pages of De Burgo and O'Daly during the penal days. Of these, but the few that follow can be included within the limits of this sketch.

When the noble and intrepid Father Peter O'Higgins was brought to trial before the Lords Justice, the usual base proposal was made to him: that he should barter his faith for life, liberty and reward. Upon the day preceding his execution he asked that these proposals should be made to him in writing. His request was readily granted; and at the foot of the scaffold he received the document, courteously, as is related, with a bow. Accompanying this written invitation to apostasy was a sealed pardon. Father O'Higgins ascended the scaffold, the heretical multitude waiting in eager expectation below. He declared at first that his persecutors had been unable to convict him of any crime against the State. "I am here to-day," he added, "to protest in the sight of God and man that I am condemned for my faith. For some time I was in doubt as to the charge on which they would ground my condemnation; but, thanks to Heaven, it is no longer so, and I am about to suffer for my attachment to the Catholic faith. See you here the condition on which I might save my life. Apostasy is all they require. But before high Heaven I spurn their offers, and with my last breath will glorify God for the honor He has done me in allowing me thus to suffer for His name." With his last breath he did, indeed, give thanks to God; and the throng collected about the gallows breathed freer when the intrepid soul of the martyr-monk had passed to its reward. *

* Moran: "Persecutions of Irish Catholics," P. 178.

The martyrdom of Father Richard Barry is thus graphically described by Dominick de Rosario. It occurred in 1647, during the Reign of Terror in Cashel: "When the priests had been cut to pieces, Richard Barry alone survived. Him did God reserve for greater trials. The captain, seeing the venerable friar in his habit, and struck by his noble and sanctified appearance, said to him: 'Your life is your own, provided you fling off that habit; but if you cling to such a banner, verily you peril life itself.' When the Father replied that his habit was an emblem of the Passion of the Redeemer, and more dear to him than life, 'Think more wisely,' said the captain. 'Indulge not in this blind passion for martyrdom; for if you comply not with my orders, death awaits you.'—'But if so,' answered the Father, 'your cruelties will be to me a blessing, and death itself a great gain.' Infuriated by this answer, they bound the venerable man to a stone chair, kindled a slow fire under his feet and legs, and, after two hours of torture, his eyes flashed their last upon the heaven he was about to enter. Then did his persecutors transfix his lifeless body with their spears."

A picturesque figure amongst these monastic heroes is Thaddeus Moriarty, "the last friar of the convent at Tralee." Famous for his erudition and for his ardent and lovable nature, he was an object of much dread to the enemies of the faith. In prison he was beaten and scourged, enduring all without complaint. When asked why he would not obey the law of the State, he replied that he had to obey God and His vicegerents, who commanded him to preach the Gospel of Christ. When the death-warrant was read to him, he embraced the messenger as one who had brought good tidings. On the scaffold he gave money to the executioners. In a short address to the Catholics who might chance to be present, he urged them to persevere in their faith, declaring

that martyrdom was the shortest and safest road to heaven. After death his face, so haggard and worn and seamed by suffering, shone, it is recorded, with a light that was not of earth, and was transfigured into rare beauty.

Father John O'Cullen, famous as a controversialist and scholar, was martyred in 1652, his body being pierced with numberless wounds. Father Lawrence O'Ferrall, having endured many torments, being brutally clubbed and burned with gunpowder, was finally beheaded. Father Æneas Ambrose Cahill was cut into small pieces, and his remains cast to the winds.

The "Acts of the Dominican Order" for 1650 has the following entry: "An abundant harvest of those who, in our Irish province, have suffered cruel torments for the Catholic faith, has been gathered, in these our own days, into the celestial granary; since of forty-three convents which the Order possessed in that island, not a single one survives to-day. . . . In these religious establishments there were about six hundred, of whom but the fourth part is now in the land of the living; and even that number is dispersed in exile. The remainder died martyrs at home, or were cruelly transported to the Barbadoes."

"There were nearly a thousand Irish Dominican priests," says Father Burke,* "when Henry began his persecution. He was succeeded, after a brief interval of thirty years, by his daughter Elizabeth. How many Dominicans, do you think, were then left in Ireland? O God of heaven, there were only four of them left,—only four! And all the rest of these heroic men had stained their white habit with the blood that they shed for God and their country. . . . When Cromwell came, he found six hundred Irish Domin-

* Lecture on "The History of Ireland as Told in Her Ruins."

icans upon the Irish land." And Father Burke proceeds to tell how of these, four hundred and fifty were martyred or shipped to the Barbadoes as slaves within ten years.

Thus did this Order, which has played so glorious a part in the history of the Church, fight the good fight upon Irish soil, during the woful penal days. Such were the sublime examples of faith, courage and heroism, given to all time by the Irish Dominicans, who, as Hubert Burke observes, "had been for centuries the most remarkable religious body in Ireland."

(To be continued.)

The Captive.

BY KATHERINE M. MORSE.

DOWN from his lofty heights of solitude
A lordly eagle thence to earth was
brought,

And in a narrow chamber guarded close
As a rare prize, such mighty form was his;
And he was sheltered with the utmost care
From raging storms and fiercely ardent sun.
But to be shielded like some flutt'ring thing
From the wild elements he longed to brave,
But added torture to captivity.

Thus pined the noble bird,—too noble far
To beat in futile wrath against the bars;
The stately eagle languished silently,
And tamely ate whate'er was offered, till
His captors said: "E'en such fierce strength
as this

Grows servile to the higher will of man."
In answer gleamed the piercing, unquelled
light

Of that bold eye, which at the sun had gazed
Unwav'ring—while 'twas truly said of man,
In all his childish impotence and fear,
That he can neither face the sun nor death
Unflinchingly.

Once, when the drooping bird,
In one wild, longing hope for liberty,
Would fain unfurl his mighty width of wing,

The narrow compass of his hampering walls
Forbade the glorious pinions their full spread.
Then died the glad light in the flashing eye,
And all discouraged drooped the regal head;
Nor vainly sought the bird for freedom more.
Again the fragrant, fresh spring days came
forth

From where they had reposed, as one brings
out

Long-unused fabrics that are redolent
Of lavender and rosemary. And all
Were filled with the mere joy of pulsing life,
That seems distilled as liquor from the hearts
Of violets by April rains. But low
The sombre plumage of the eagle drooped,
As though all heedless of th' awakening earth
That called her children with such glad
Good-morns!

And careless grew the keeper, filled mayhap
With that new wine of springtime; or
perchance

He thought the broken spirit of the bird
So tame had grown it loved the narrow cell
Better than liberty. For on a day,
When melodies of earth and air and sky
Blent into one blithe springtime harmony,
He passed from out the eagle's prison room,
And left ajar the door—but, lo! behold,
With one swift, startled thrill the bowed head
raised;

With one shrill scream the long-pent heart
burst forth;

With one broad sweep of now unfettered wing,
Whose shadow kissed the earth as in farewell,
The narrow, hated cell was spurned at last;
And, wheeling, circling, upward soars the
bird,

To gain triumphantly the distant heights!

The eagle is a symbol of the soul
That, freed at last from hampering bonds of
flesh,

Exulting in its freedom, quick distends
Its unused pinions toward the heights of God.

REMEMBER that you are immortal;
realize your own immortality. Remember
it all day long, in all places. Live as men
whose every act is ineffaceably recorded,
whose every change may be recorded
forever.—*Cardinal Manning.*

A Marvel of Our Own Time.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

THERE is in the Catholic Church a divine institution, which, of itself, would suffice to place her above the plane of every other religious society,—an institution of clemency and mercy, whose object is to administer to souls, with the assurance of pardon, solace, refreshment, and peace. In that tribunal of consciences is nothing to recall the severe forms of human justice. Two men meet there, and place themselves side by side,—one to accuse himself, the other to absolve; the former to expose the wounds of his soul, the latter to pour thereon the balm that tranquillizes and cures. There, no unpardonable faults, no evils without remedies, no tears without hope. An avowal stamped with repentance, and a firm purpose of amendment, take the place of chastisement, repairs the past, gives new force for the future. For eighteen centuries this divine institution has exercised its function in the world; and if during that period souls have risen up stronger and purer; if, under the spell of these sacred confidences, mankind, that can be delivered from evil only on condition of avowing it, has seen the growth of its moral patrimony, its treasures of virtue, of probity, of justice, of chastity, of devotedness, of holiness in no matter what form,—all these returns, these renewals, these spiritual transformations, these sustained combats for the right and good, have been and are the work of confession.

The Curé d'Ars was perhaps the greatest and most powerful confessor of our epoch. Sixteen hours a day in the confessional, and that during thirty years,—such was his life, and what a life! What goodness, sweetness, tenderness, in the exercise of his holy and redoubtable ministry! There

was that in his word, nay, in his very glance, capable of melting hearts. "What are you crying about?" was asked him by a cool and hardened sinner.—"Alas! my friend," replied the holy priest, "I weep at the thought that you do not."—"How good our good God is!" he said to another; "how much He has loved you!" That exclamation, given in a tone and with a charm quite inexpressible, obliterated all past fault, and opened up a new and a different future. "Why delay, my child?" he replied to a third, who was undecided and irresolute. "I will take no refusal, and will not quit you until you have returned to God." These were so many arrows that pierced souls, flooded them with light, and left upon them ineffaceable traces. Nothing could resist the exhortations, the prayers, the tears, of this man, who verified in his action toward the sinner these words of the prophet: "I will seek that which was lost; and that which was driven away I will bring again; and I will bind up that which was broken, and I will strengthen that which was weak."*

Admirable spectacle! Our century has seen nothing grander than that which was going on during thirty years in this humble church of Ars: throngs of pilgrims hastening from all parts of France and elsewhere, crowding night and day about a confessional, and emulous as of a grace to kneel for an instant on the stool where thousands succeeded one another; and in this confessional a poor priest drawing to himself, solely by the radiation of his sanctity, every condition of life, every rank and every class of society,—science, genius, wealth, power; finding for each one, with a discernment that resembles prophecy, the word of grace, the word that breaks the chains of passion, the word that subdues the pride of false knowledge, the word that dispels the clouds of doubt, the word that calms the

* Ezech., xxxiv, 16.

griefs of misfortune, the word that delivers from the weight of despair; always full of compassion and mansuetude in the midst of this interminable procession of all human weaknesses and infirmities. Ah! no doubt many miraculous cures have been wrought at Ars: it has pleased God to glorify His servant by striking marvels of His power and goodness; but the miracle which, to my mind, dominates all these supernatural manifestations, and adds most to their splendor, is the living miracle—the Curé d'Ars himself.

Miracle of power over souls,—a power of intercession, of conversion, of consolation! From all parts of the world there daily arrived at Ars requests for prayers, so great was the confidence in the intercession of a man whose life was a continual prayer; and from all parts, too, came messages of thanks for favors obtained through his mediation. Power of conversion—that was the peculiar object of his ministry. "I have asked St. Philomena," said he, in his sublime *naïveté*, "not to occupy herself so much about bodies, and to think more of souls, which have much greater need of being cured." And he himself acknowledged: "It will never be known in this world how many sinners have found salvation at Ars. The good God, who needs no one, makes use of me for this great work, although I am only an ignorant priest. If He had had at hand a more miserable instrument, He would have taken it, and would have accomplished with it a hundredfold more good." Who can ever tell in what measure his words, so simple and sweet, so affectionate and penetrating, calmed sorrows, solaced the unfortunate, appeased hatreds and resentments, restored peace and serenity to hearts troubled, disquieted, embittered by injustice, exasperated by misery! At an epoch when good Christians themselves were become so weak against the trials and afflictions of life, this incomparable director of consciences could, with a word, a glance,

reawaken confidence and joy in souls the most cast down and desolate.

Yet—and this would be scarcely credible did not the same fact stare us in the face from every page of the lives of the saints—this man, who possessed in so high a degree the gift of pacifying souls, was himself a prey to interior troubles as constant as they were acute. To the sufferings which never ceased to overwhelm what he called his "living corpse" were added bitter sorrows; and he of whom so many sought light and strength and consolation felt himself crushed by the weight of inexpressible pains. He thought himself a useless being, an obstacle to good; and, instead of sensible fervor, dryness and spiritual aridity visited his soul. To put the climax on trials so great, God permitted the enemy of mankind to attack him frequently and directly. Of these struggles with the demon, whose fury increased as the Curé's sanctity became more heroic,—of these frightful combats, that recalled the Thebaid, the Antonys, Hilarions, and Pacomiuses,—the life of the Curé d'Ars was full; and this last trait adds the finishing stroke, which makes of this extraordinary life one of the most striking manifestations of the supernatural in the nineteenth century.

For it is this that strikes me particularly in the events, modest in appearance, but so grand in reality, that have occurred at Ars. There is no question here of miraculous facts appearing in the distant long ago,—historical facts, which, from their very remoteness, incredulity affects to despise or ignore. These instantaneous cures, these innumerable conversions, wrought by a poor priest without science or natural talent; this affluence, this general emotion about the name and the person of the Curé d'Ars, this superhuman power over souls, these prodigies of virtue and holiness,—all this is of yesterday, and yesterday only. They still live in large numbers, the witnesses of this marvellous

drama; there are perhaps in this auditory those who have seen these things, or have even been the recipients of these favors. Hence it is a miracle that presents itself to the eyes of our contemporaries, visible and accessible to all. Ars has been God's answer to the blasphemy of the Man of Ferney; and it is not without a providential reason that the thaumaturgus has succeeded, on nearly the same spot, the most audacious contemner of the miraculous. God raised up the Curé d'Ars in our day as a living demonstration of the supernatural; and, I dare to add, raised him for the glorification of the parochial ministry. He was, indeed, the honor and glory of the clergy of France; and above all of the country clergy, so admirable in their faith, zeal, regularity, and disinterestedness. And truly this body, in whom shone so many virtues, well deserved that God should take therefrom a man capable of calling the attention of the whole world to a ministry at once so simple and so great, of eclipsing by sacerdotal holiness all charges, all dignities, all reputations, all popularities, no matter how high or great; so that beyond and above all human things the priest should appear to the peoples in the sublimity of his character and of his functions.

The peoples have so understood it, and hence the magnificent spectacle which we are witnessing. For it is the Curé d'Ars who still lives in your midst; it is the reflection of his features, the echo of his voice, the memory of his works, that you seek in this place. This great priestly figure still rules all the district wherein he exercised his action; and that action I see and feel. Yes, this imposing calm of faith, this silence of souls recollected in themselves, this communion of minds nourished by the same belief, this quiver of prayer that stirs in your ranks and reaches me, these outbursts of piety that escape from your hearts; this sense of the supernatural, the divine, that holds you

immovable in the attitude of respect; this emotion—in fine, this profound emotion, which, despite ourselves, we experience here,—all this betokens one of those pilgrimages originating spontaneously in popular veneration and confidence. What will it be one day when the Church shall permit you to render public worship to the Curé d'Ars, by placing on her altars the model of the Catholic priesthood! That day will be one of glory and of benedictions for the Diocese of Belley, and a day of rejoicing for all France. May we hasten its advent by our prayers as we invite it by our wishes!

Martyrs of the Sacred Heart.

SHORTLY before the first French Revolution an instrument of capital punishment was invented by a Doctor Guillotin, and took its name from its inventor. It was primarily erected for the execution of King Louis XVI. (January the 21st, 1793), on the Place Louis XV. called, in the Reign of Terror, Place de la Révolution, now Place de la Concorde. The gibbet stood on the spot where, for fifty years past, the Egyptian obelisk has towered. It was subsequently transferred to the Place de la Bastille, and was raised on the site of the old fortress demolished by a mob on the 14th of July, 1789. The place of the scaffold was again changed in June, 1794, being brought to the Place du Trône, now Place de la Nation. There, in the space of two months, June and July, thirteen hundred and fifty persons of all classes—workingmen, shopkeepers, nobles, religious, and priests—were summarily slain. Some hundred yards distant from the guillotine an immense grave was permanently left gaping open, where the victims were heaped, without coffin or shroud, in horrible confusion. This Place du Trône

was frequently the scene of admirable and heroic deaths, but none were more edifying than the martyrdom of sixteen Carmelite nuns from the town of Compiègne.

Brutally hunted out of their cloister on September 14, 1792, they resolved to persevere religiously in the observance of their holy rule; and, being unable to live in community on account of the arbitrary laws of the times, they separated and hired rooms in four different houses of the town. Two years afterward, in June, 1794, they were all arrested and thrown into prison. The municipal council of Compiègne tried to save the lives of the nuns by bringing forward a declaration which they had signed in 1792, without well understanding all that it implied.

When the Carmelites heard of the mayor's kind interference in their favor, they immediately wrote an emphatic disavowal of the document in question; and proclaimed they had no fear of death, but only feared a reproach of conscience. Some friends of the community tried to dissuade them from signing what was equivalent to their own death-warrant. "Life would be irksome to us," they replied, "if our consciences were not at rest; death is preferable." Their confidence was excited and upheld by an old and pious tradition preserved in the convent of Compiègne,—a tradition to the effect that a fervent and favored religious, by a supernatural light, had seen members of the sisterhood of Compiègne ascending to heaven, holding the palm of martyrdom.

The daughters of St. Teresa were dragged to Paris for trial, and appeared before the revolutionary tribunal. Among the chief articles of accusation, the prosecutors laid particular stress upon having found in the monastery pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and copies of a hymn imploring the Sacred Heart to restore liberty to the King, happiness to the people, and peace to France.

The president charged the Carmelites with having concealed in their convent arms for the use of the emigrants; whereupon the Prioress, Mother Sidonia, held up her crucifix. "Here," she answered, "are the only arms we have ever had in our convent." Their attachment to the King and the royal family was imputed to them as a crime. "If this be a crime, verily we are guilty," answered the brave Prioress. Another accusation was in regard to their epistolary correspondence with some emigrants. "We never corresponded with any one but our former superior," replied the Prioress; "and on spiritual matters only. If it be a crime, I alone am responsible; for no member of the community can write even to her nearest relative without my permission. If you require a victim, here I am; but I conjure you to spare my Sisters: they are innocent."

The sanguinary judges were deaf to the truth, and the sixteen Carmelites were condemned to death. The Mother Prioress made a last effort to save at least two lay-Sisters, merely accused of having done the commissions and posted the letters of the community. "But," argued Mother Sidonia, "they did not even know the contents of the letters they posted; besides, by their position they were bound to obey."—"Silence!" cried out the President, angrily. "Their duty was to be informers for the nation!" In this manner the two lay-Sisters were sentenced to share the lot of the fourteen choir nuns.

On their return to prison after their cruel condemnation, the religious thought only of preparing for death, and devoutly recited together the prayers for the dying. One of the other prisoners, himself a good Catholic, overhearing their devotions, begged to be remembered in their prayers. "Pray for us yourself this morning," replied the nuns; "this evening we shall pray for you in heaven."

On that day they received no allowance

of food; so the Prioress, fearing that some might faint from exhaustion, and that it would be attributed to moral weakness, hastily sold a cloak to procure a cup of chocolate for each of the Sisters. They proceeded to the scaffold on foot, chaunting the while the *Salve Regina* and the *Te Deum*. As soon as they reached the steps of the guillotine, they intoned the *Veni Creator*, which the executioner allowed them to finish. Finally they renewed their religious vows, in a firm and distinct voice. One of them exclaimed aloud, as if inspired: "O my God, I should be too happy if by the slight sacrifice of my own life, which I offer Thee, I could appease Thy just wrath, and lessen the number of doomed victims!"

Mother Sidonia asked and obtained the privilege of dying last. All practised the virtue of obedience to the end. Each nun, according as her name was called out, kneeling before the Prioress, said: "Your leave, Mother, to go to death." She each time answered: "Go forth, dear Sister."

Very few weeks after the martyrdom of the Carmelite nuns a providential reaction took place. Instead of honest, peaceable citizens arbitrarily arrested and as speedily executed, it became the turn of the blood-thirsty tyrants themselves to experience the same cruel ordeal at the hands of their own partisans. Robespierre, the principal instigator of wholesale executions, was himself guillotined on July 12, 1794.

It was within the walls of this convent of Compiègne, the once happy abode of the first martyrs of the Sacred Heart, that some fifty years previously the exemplary Queen, Marie Leczinska, often prayed and made spiritual retreats. There, too, her saintly daughter, Madame Louise de France (in religion Mère Thérèse de St. Augustin), first heard the call to the perfect life; although she chose for her seclusion the Monastery of St. Denis, beside the tombs of her royal ancestors.

Talks at the Tea-Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A ROSY DAY.

OUR little Polly has become, in a small way, a horticulturist. The tin bank having an unexpected addition to its deposits, she determined to invest her wealth all in one rosebush. Here an unexpected obstacle confronted her. How could she choose between the spicy, yellow Maréchal Niel, the deep red Jacqueminot, and the blushing La France, each of which was, in its own sweet way, more dear to her than the other? She laid her perplexities and her half dollar before an old German florist.

"Here is all my money," she said. "I want to buy a perfect rose, and you may pick it out."

"Oh, mine little dear!" said the old fellow. "You are just like the grown-up ladies when they come for mine roses. They wants him hardy, they wants him nice cooler, they wants him nice shape, they wants him fragrant—they wants him everytings all in one rose. Now, where is the lady that is beautiful, that is rich, that is smart, that is healthy, that is good temper,—that is everytings in one lady? I see her not mooch."

So Polly took, at his suggestion, a Jacqueminot, warranted to live through the winter and blossom through the summer; and brought it home and planted it in a nice clean ash heap. Her mother rescued it, and established it safely in some rich garden mold.

"Flowers are like people," she said. "They can not thrive in the wrong soil. Now, there is your unfortunate friend Helen, who tries your patience so sadly. God will, I am sure, be merciful to her, and you should be tender with a rose set out in alkali dust. Neither can be what might have been."

Our Poet looked thoughtful, and we asked this flower-lover to give us, if he would, a bit of the blossom lore with which he is so ready, especially when the happy June roses are opening their velvet petals in the month which Holy Church has consecrated to the Sacred Heart.

"High in Paradise,
By the four rivers, the first roses grew,"

he began by saying. "And they were thornless,—at least an Oriental legend, which St. Ambrose and St. Basil loved to believe, tells us so. And they were white, if the tradition is true that the Blood of Our Lord fell upon a white rose, making it red forever. The ancients paid reverent homage to the rose, and that is perhaps the reason why the early Christians were chary of showing their love for it; but in time they ceased to remember that it had crowned heathen deities, and gave it a high place wherever flowers were brought to point a moral or adorn an altar."

"Why do we say anything is *sub rosa* when it is not to be repeated?" asked Mildred.

"Because the Romans made the rose sacred to Harpocrates, the god of silence. That is why a garland of roses hung over the table when friends ate together."

"When my rose blooms," interpolated Polly, "I am going to hang a wreath over our Tea-Table."

Our Poet smiled, and went on:

"Volumes might be written about the use made of roses in the old classic days—but our landlady is getting restless about rinsing the teacups; so I will only repeat that the early Christian writers were a little careful about encouraging a love for this flower. But the Benedictines were always the staunch friend of the Queen of Blossoms, and were never without a rose-garden near their cloisters.

"Many pleasant customs in which roses have place have come down to us from the Middle Ages. The Bishop of Noyon instituted the festival of the Rosière so far

back as the sixth century. In a certain French village the Rosière, otherwise the most worthy maiden, each year receives a crown of roses as the reward of honor.—But I really must be going."

And as he arose a plaintive and well-known melody from a wheezy hand-organ came floating in at the open door, borne by the soft south wind.

"'Tis the last rose of summer,"

the hand-organ wailed; and the tired voice of the minstrel's wife took up the Italian words of the song as she went about collecting pennies in her battered tin cup.

"Dear Mr. Poet," said Polly, who was given to strange fancies, "where does the last rose of summer grow?"

"There is no such thing as the last rose of summer," answered our Poet, who always treated our Polly as if she were grown up,—"the old song to the contrary notwithstanding. The rose is the one flower whose fragrance encircles the world. While for us the last one is fading, in some other clime perchance the first is opening; while in the fair land which the Pacific washes the rose-gardens have no beginning and no end, but flourish on, under the sun or soft rains, in one ceaseless and perfumed procession. No; it is only in a weary singer's heart that the last rose of summer lives. For those too blind to see that the flower they water with tears is but a phantom—for those who look backward through the mists of despair, instead of forward along the way flooded by God's sunlight,—for these alone the last rose blooms; but the hopeful Christian always sees the recurring miracle of summer's first rose. I hope," concluded our Poet, "that the last rose of summer may never bloom for one of us."

"What a rosy day this has been!" said Polly, as she made ready to say her Beads that night. And, to crown it, her mother told her once again the story of St. Dominic and Our Lady, and how a chaplet of roses was transfigured into prayers.

Notes and Remarks.

Sunday opening of the World's Fair has another convincing argument in its favor from the immense attendance on the 28th ult., when for the first time on a Sunday the gates were thrown open to the public. Nearly two hundred thousand persons visited the grounds, showing a marked contrast with the average number of visitors during the other days of the week. It was evidently the people's day,—the day upon which the toiler could procure for himself that rest of body and improvement of mind denied him during his days of labor. And he profited by it, and instanced in himself the words of our Blessed Lord: "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

It is worthy of note, too, that the attendance was very light during the morning hours: not until the afternoon did the vast throng fill the magnificent park, and view the manifold objects of interest throughout its wide extent. Very properly, the religious feature of the day was not lost sight of. The worship of God, the duties of religion, first claimed attention and were complied with, then the remainder of the day given to quiet, instructive recreation. There was not the least disorder in that immense multitude; and, all in all, everything indicated that the people wish to have the Fair opened on Sunday; and they should have what they desire.

There must be some peculiar spirit of bigotry investing the presidential chair of Cornell University. We do not speak of the actual President, of whom we thus far know nothing. But among his predecessors, Dr. Andrew White acquired a certain notoriety through his "Chapters on the Warfare between Religion and Science"; and recently Prof. Charles Adams has come into public notice through his work on "Christopher Columbus." A masterly criticism of this book appeared in a recent number of the *Critic*. And, coming from a non-Catholic source, we can not be accused of prejudice or unfairness in referring to it. We may

therefore present the following extract as an indication of the quality of Mr. Adam's work:

"It may be confidently affirmed that every allegation in this biography injurious to the good judgment and the moral rectitude of Columbus can be shown to have originated in some misunderstanding. This assertion is, of course, not intended to apply to those acts, such as his dealings with the natives, which were in consonance with the opinions of his age, but are condemned by the stricter morality and larger humanity of our own. But even in regard to these acts the unsoundness and inconsistency of the biographer's reasonings are apparent at a glance. While admitting that 'nothing can be more unjust than to bring to the judgment of the present age a man whose activities were exerted amid surroundings and influences that have long since passed away,' Prof. Adams, in the very next sentence, declares that to refrain from committing this monstrous injustice would be 'unsafe'! He thereupon forthwith commits it. . . .

"The plain truth is that the great qualities and achievements of Columbus, which have drawn to him the admiration of the civilized world, were distinctly his own. His faults, which no one has ever sought to disguise, were those of his time. This is the verdict of all the eminent historical and scientific inquirers, from Humboldt and Irving to Prescott and Fiske, who have dealt with the subject. A few well-meaning investigators, unhappily deficient in the historical spirit, and constantly displaying their incapacity for discerning the true significance of the facts which they record, have lately sought to disturb this verdict. The discussions which their efforts will provoke can have only the result which Irving desired to bring about in similar cases—the 'vindication of the great name' which they assail, and the discomfiture of the assailants."

It is gratifying to learn that Dr. James Field Spaulding, an eminent Episcopalian minister of Cambridge, Mass., who became a convert to the Church a year or more ago, and afterward relapsed, to the great grief and disedification of all who had rejoiced over his conversion, has returned to the Fold. He has nothing to say of his defection, and it is well. What he had to endure is known only to himself. Those who condemned him as an apostate should now welcome him back in the spirit of the father of the prodigal, remembering the Master's warning to those who think themselves to stand.

Our Presbyterian friends, who just now are in a quandary as to what should be their attitude toward the views of Dr. Briggs concerning the authority of the Bible, would

do well to ponder upon the following remarks of the angelic Fénelon to Ramsay, one of that prelate's converts from Anglicanism:

"If you admit a revelation, you must recognize some supreme authority ever prompt and able to interpret it. Without such established visible authority, the Christian Church would be like a republic having wise laws, but no magistrates to enforce them. What a source of confusion! Each citizen, a copy of the law in hand, disputing its meaning! Has not our Sovereign Legislator provided better than that for the peace of His republic and the preservation of His law? Again, if there is no infallible authority to say to all, 'Behold the real meaning of Holy Writ!' how are the ignorant peasant and the untutored artisan to decide where even the most learned can not agree? In giving a written law, God would have ignored the needs of the immense majority of mankind, had He not also furnished an interpreter to spare them a task the performance of which would be impossible. You must reject the Bible as a fiction or submit to the Church."

The latest issue of *Annales de l'Œuvre de St. Paul* is largely taken up with a sketch of its founder and director, Canon Schorderet, whose death occurred on the 2d of April. An exemplary cleric and a devoted worker in the cause of the apostolate of the press, the lamented Canon leaves a vacancy that will be filled with difficulty; but he had given to the work an impetus that will insure its continuance for many years to come. *R. I. P.*

The business of the "escaped nun" is threatened with ruin. The gullibility of the most prejudiced and bigoted non-Catholics has been overtaxed, and it will be hard for her to create a sensation hereafter. The day of the ex-priest has already passed. The latest "escaped nun" in England declares that she has "escaped from fifteen convents," and yet she can not find appreciative audiences.

Mr. Edison, probably the most famous of the world's inventors, has again repudiated

the charge that he is an agnostic. In a recent conversation, he thus expressed himself on this point: "I tell you that no person can be brought into close contact with the mysteries of nature, or make a study of chemistry, without being convinced that behind it all there is Supreme Intelligence." "Close contact" and "make a study" are suggestive and significant phrases in this sentence. Superficial dabblers in science may conceitedly question the existence of God; the scientist finds every day additional proofs establishing beyond all cavil the certitude of that existence. As Pope said long ago, "A little learning is a dangerous thing,"—a little.

The Italian in America is often calumniated and generally misunderstood. It is specially gratifying, therefore, to find the following kindly and intelligent paragraph in a daily newspaper of the metropolis:

"Between a fifteen-cent lodging-house and a cheap grocery store in narrow, squalid Roosevelt Street, stands the Church of St. Joachim, where more Italians worship than in any other place in this country. St. Joachim rents the lower floor of its building to a company which uses it as a rag warehouse. On the weekdays when services are held, the rag-pickers in the warehouse join, as they work, in the chants and hymns of the worshippers above. On weekdays street laborers will come in during the noon hour, set their picks or shovels aside in one corner, and, after staying for five or ten minutes, go out again. The peanut vendors, corner stand keepers, bootblacks, and people of other trades common among the Italian population, come in to the service without the formality of making any change in their appearance. This is on weekdays, but on Sunday all the Italians dress for church, and the result is a brilliantly colored and picturesque gathering. Six Masses are held every Sunday; and as the building, which seats 1,200 people, is well filled at every one of these services, it is estimated that as many as 7,000 people worship there each Sunday."

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Not less pleasing is this portrayal of the pastor:

"The position of Father Morelli among his parishioners is that of a patriarch. Not only does he marry them, baptize their children, and bury their dead, but he gives them good advice and settles their disputes. He is a splendid specimen of manhood, being more than six feet tall, broad-shouldered, large limbed, and erect, with a kindly, pleasant face. As he walks through the streets of the Italian quarter every man's hat comes off to him, the women ask his blessing, and even the children stop their play

to gather about the kindly priest. As an arbitrator, his word is all but final. It is seldom indeed that two Italians will resort to law after Father Morelli has given a decision in their case. Under his guidance the church is prospering financially, as it is in other ways. Although the parishioners are all poor, each one gives his little freely; and so large are the congregations numerically that the collections taken up here are larger than those of many more pretentious churches."

Here is a true shepherd and a real flock. Would that there were more congregations like St. Joachim's and more priests like Father Morelli!

Appreciative comment upon the leading articles in the current magazines forms an instructive feature of the *Sacred Heart Review*. Mr. Nelson's pleasant paper upon the Trappists of Oka, who have settled in the province of Quebec for the purpose of teaching the best methods of agriculture to the farmers, is one of the articles in a late number of *Harper's Magazine* which receives attention, and is of special interest to Catholic readers. Mr. Nelson's kindly reflections concerning these indefatigable monks is a grateful change from the ignorant and prejudiced strictures of the average non-Catholic writer.

* * *

Conan Doyle, in the same magazine, has his tribute to pay to the intrepid Jesuits who braved disease, a trying climate, and the treacherous Iroquois, with the same calm heroism. One of the characters in "The Refugees" employs these words, in speaking of Father Ignace Morat: "I have spent my life among brave men, but I think this is the bravest I have ever met." "If the Church of Rome should ever be wrecked," says Mr. Doyle on his own account, "it will never be the fault of her rank and file; for never upon earth have men and women spent themselves more lavishly and splendidly than in her service."

We are pleased to note that on the occasion of a private audience recently accorded to the Very Rev. Father Dion, C. S. C., Procurator-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, our Holy Father Leo XIII. was pleased to renew the blessing which he long ago pronounced on THE

"AVE MARIA." Associated with our own magazine in this special benediction were the *Annales de St. Joseph*, published in the French province of the Congregation, and our local contemporary, the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, to both of which we wish the prosperity which our experience assures us attends upon the blessing of the Pope.

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. Father Paul Hyacinth, C. P., rector of the Passionist monastery, Toluca, Mexico, whose death occurred on the 20th ult.

The Rev. Felix Veniard, C. S. C., pastor of Besançon, Ind., who passed away on the 27th ult. Brothers Theodore and Moses, of the same community, lately deceased,—the former in Austin, Texas, the latter at Notre Dame, Ind.

Sister M. Josephine, Villa Maria Convent, Montreal, Canada, whose long life of devotedness was crowned with a precious death on the 28th ult.; and Sister M. Wilfrid, of the Sisters of Mercy, Portland, Me., who was also called to her reward last month.

Mr. Frank Merrill, of Boston, Mass., who died a happy death last month in Providence, R. I.

Mrs. D. A. Stewart, whose life closed peacefully on the 29th ult., at Magnolia, Iowa.

Mr. William H. Coughlin, of Albany, N. Y., whose sudden but not unprovided death took place on the 21st ult.

Mrs. W. F. Harris, who died suddenly on the 27th ult., at Louisville, Ky.

Miss Elizabeth C. Moran, of Chicopee Falls, who piously breathed her last on the 27th of April.

Mr. John Fortune, of Springfield, Ill.; Philip and Edward Malone, Troy, N. Y.; Miss Margaret Martin, Greenbush, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Bray, Henderson, Minn.; Mr. Patrick Farrell, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. C. Foy, Toronto, Ont.; Mr. Edward T. Glenn, Mr. Thomas Gleason, Mrs. Alice Moore, and Mr. James Quinn, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. M. Mulholland, Lonsdale, R. I.; Mr. John Reardon, Clontarf, Minn.; Mrs. Thomas Rourke, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Flood, Chicago, Ill.; Bridget Fallon, N. Adams, Mass.; Mr. Patrick Grace, Invergrove, Minn.; Mrs. Rachel Flood, Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. Susan Hyland, Mr. James Murphy, Mr. James McKenzie, Mr. John McGovern, Mr. Thomas Travers, Mr. W. H. Dennis, Mr. Patrick Carroll, Mrs. Anna McDermott, and Mr. John J. Bohan,—all of New Haven, Conn.

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



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Wreck of the "Santa Zita."

III.



ON the following morning the sun rose as bright and beautiful as if no scene of death had been enacted since his setting the day before. Antonio and Lucia had risen early, and, after taking some refreshment, went down to the water's edge, hoping that the swell would soon subside. The only way was to have the boat ready, and as soon as one wave had broken on the shore, to run her out before another came too near.

"Now, then, Lucia!" And the boat flew out over the water. Quick as a flash Antonio seized the oars, while Lucia took the rudder to keep the boat's head straight when the next wave approached. Although when it came it lifted her bow high into the air, she passed safely over it; and the fisherman and his brave little wife were soon outside the breakers.

The Rocks of Mondello are a high ledge, not easy to approach; but, with renewed efforts, the boatman and his hardy wife at last reached the lee of the ledge, and made the boat fast. The first object they discerned on the pebbly beach was a bit of mast, then planks and other like wreckage. In vain they looked in all directions for any sign of human life. Antonio was

making up his mind to collect some of the drift-wood, when Lucia suddenly called out to him:

"Antonio! Antonio! Come here quick! Oh, please come!"

In a moment he was at her side, and found her stooping over what looked like a bundle of blankets.

"It is a child, Antonio,—a lovely child! And it is alive; for I saw it move its eyelashes." She started to her feet, and, looking eagerly into her husband's eyes, said: "Antonio, I believe the angels sent it!"

Her husband knelt and scrutinized the bundle. Sure enough, it contained a living, breathing child. A rope had been passed about the bundle, as if it had been fastened to a mast.

Antonio ran quickly to his boat to get bread and a flask of wine,—provisions that he had made in case of finding any one of the shipwrecked crew alive.

As Lucia untied the rope around the rug, she noticed that the poor babe's arm was black from a bruise from the shoulder to the hand. She lifted the child up, and kissed it tenderly.

"Poor baby! God grant it may live!" she murmured, as Antonio came with his warm *capote*, and placed the flask of wine to the child's lips. Soon the little one opened its eyes, drinking deeply, and murmured: "*Madre!*"

"Antonio, it calls me mother!" cried Lucia. "God's angels sent it."

"Suppose we give it some bread," rejoined Antonio, dryly. "Perhaps then it will call me father!" But the shipwrecked child only closed its eyes and sank into a quiet sleep.

Lucia had not shown any fear of danger in coming out to the Rocks in the boisterous sea; but now, she suddenly found herself too nervous to go back until the waves subsided. The babe slept in her arms; and Antonio, wearied with the night's watching, pulled his cap over his face, stretched himself on the rocks and took a good nap.

After making another search over the beach, they rowed back to the cove. No sooner had the boat touched land than Lucia jumped out, and ran into the hut with her precious burden, leaving her husband, for the first time in her life, to pull up the boat alone. But in his heart he was just as glad as Lucia; and when he went into their hut, he looked over her shoulder at the bright-haired boy, sleeping softly on a little bed composed of hay and soft clothes that she had made him.

"I know the good angels sent him!" reiterated Lucia.

Antonio chuckled.

"I don't know about that; but we've got him,—that much is certain."

"And we'll keep him too," said Lucia. "A baby will not take much of our macaroni,—"

"He will if he has any sense," replied Antonio, earnestly. "But he will be welcome. And as soon as I can get some nice wood, I must make him a little crib to sleep in."

While Lucia tended the boy Tonio launched his boat once more, and, with the aid of a hook and a rope, searched among the floating wreckage. The bay was now full of boats, all on the lookout for what could be picked up. But Antonio secured his full share. When he returned a few hours later he was towing several planks, and in the bottom of the boat a

carved wooden angel, with wings folded back and arms crossed upon the breast. Although much battered, it was easy to see that it had once been beautiful. Tonio carried it into the hut, and set it on the floor before his wife.

"Lucia," he said, gravely, "I think you were right. Look at that."

They gazed upon the angel in silence, as it stood there, calm and stately as it had once stood on the prow of the lost vessel, and guided it over blue, unruffled seas. A tear dropped from Lucia's eye. Tonio stooped and kissed the boy; and Lucia, who was pious, suggested that they should recite some prayers for "the departed"; for till then she had almost forgotten the lost, in her joy for that which was found.

IV.

In a few days Tonio made a neat little crib from the wood of the wreck, and it was placed in the warmest corner of the hut; and over it Antonio suspended the wooden angel. There for many a year slept the boy, under the expressive figure-head of the lost vessel. All the fishermen in the bay rejoiced in Antonio's good luck; and many stopped at the little cove to see the pretty boy, and to congratulate Lucia. He was baptized conditionally by the hermit of Santa Rosalia, and received the name of Angelo.

Lucia had bathed the baby's bruised arm several times with olive-oil, and before many days it was quite firm and white as the other. Little Angelo soon learned to call his protectors father and mother, and they in return loved him as if he were their own son. They presumed that Angelo was about three years old; and as they found him on the 21st of September, they always kept his birthday on the anniversary.

Those were happy days in the little hut under the Pilgrims' Mount. The sunshine seemed to be brighter than ever when it beamed on the cove, the shade cooler, and the water in the tank sweeter.

A notable change had crept over Antonio since that awful hour on the cliff, when Death in a moment made so many victims. Formerly, when he passed the Chapel of St. Rosalie, he only saluted the aged hermit; and thought that when he took him a fine fish or a little macaroni his duty was done; now he went to Mass regularly on Sunday, and sometimes approached the Sacraments.

Lucia took great delight in teaching Angelo his prayers, never forgetting to repeat an invocation to "St. Michael and all ye holy angels."

Time passed rapidly; and after three years, when Angelo was supposed to be six years old, Lucia declared it was high time for him to learn to read, and commissioned Tonio to get a primer the next time he went to Palermo. The kind man was glad to second her wish; and, after selling his fish one day, he washed his hands and sauntered up the broad, handsome thoroughfare called Toledo. He soon found a bookstore, and inquired for "a book that will teach Angelo,—a book with letters in it," he added, addressing the bookseller as "Your Excellency." After looking over a number of children's books, he selected one that had a picture of a man with a net in one of the letters. Angelo jumped for joy when he saw the big colored letters, and soon learned to spell and read, after which Lucia carefully taught him the catechism.

About this time Antonio began to take the boy out in his boat when the sea was smooth. While waiting to begin the haul, Antonio would hear Angelo repeat the lessons that Lucia had taught him, and then say a part of his Rosary, instead of lying asleep under the sail, as was his custom in former times, on account of having nothing with which to occupy himself after the great nets were out. How Angelo enjoyed seeing his father catch hold of one of the big corks, pull up a corner of the net and haul it slowly

into the boat! What fun when the tail of a fish, stuck in the meshes, would flap and glitter in the sunshine! But when the fish lay gasping and wriggling in the bottom of the boat, the compassionate boy wanted to drop it back into the sea.

Thus the opening thoughts of the fisher-boy's life were colored with sweet images of God's loving kindness, the gentle protection of the Blessed Virgin and his Guardian Angel; and the visions of his childhood mingled themselves with dreams of the broad blue sea, and its bright spray dashing pleasantly about the fisherman's boat.

V.

Three years more slipped by, and Angelo was a bright-eyed, active little fellow, that could clamber up the cliff like a goat, climb up a mast like a monkey, run like a rabbit; and was, said his father, "as handy in a boat as any grown fisherman from Cape Gallo to Zaffarano. But the boy thinks too much," he would add, when he saw him leaning over the side of the boat, watching the fishes swimming in and out of the masses of seaweed, and asked questions about them that his father could not answer. "I never thought about anything at his age," he said.

When Antonio used the dredging-net—which was a coarser kind of net, sunk with great weights and dragged along the bottom,—Angelo always made a collection of the most singular creatures it contained to put in a big pool in the rock at home. There were shrimps, crabs and snails of all sorts, and of some varieties found only in the Mediterranean. There were sea-urchins half the size of a cricket ball, and covered over with black prickles like a hedgehog. The fishermen crack them in two, and, taking out the inside, which looks just like a blood-orange, eat the repulsive things. They call them sea-fruit.

Among Angelo's treasures were sea-horses, with knobs and armor plates all

over their bodies, and a curious tail, which they can whip around a piece of seaweed. He had a cuttle-fish too, with eight long arms; it had been speared among the rocks, but recovered. It used to go around the pool waving its arms, and throwing out dark brown liquor to conceal itself. The people eat the legs of the cuttle-fish; and it is said they taste much like chicken.

Another of Angelo's pets was a large, green pipefish. It will remain motionless in the water, like a piece of reed, until a batch of small fry come sporting near, when like a flash it will dart and seize them. His snails, as we have said, were of many varieties; some of them with shells of pale blue, delicate pink, and orange striped. They are plentiful on the coast of Southern Italy. As for crabs, they were the bane of the establishment. With the head and two claws projecting from the mouth of a hole, they would pounce on some poor little fish just as it was about to indulge in a dainty meal of seaweed.

Angelo had often begged his father to take him with him to Palermo, when he went thither to market; but Antonio always shrunk from granting the request, because in all these years the boy had been preserved from every harm. However, do his best, he could not hope always to shield him from the breath of temptation; and he hoped that Lucia's careful training, and the counsels of the good hermit of St. Rosalie, would keep him a good Christian when he reached manhood.

As there was soon to be a *festa*, once when Angelo had begged to be taken to Palermo, it was agreed that Antonio, Lucia and Angelo should go and spend a day with one Luigi, an oil-seller at Monreale. On the appointed morning the happy three, in holiday attire, were ready to step into the boat. Angelo wore a blue cap like his father's, with a very long tassel; and his brown curls streamed from under it over a broad white collar,

turned down upon his sailor's jacket. A red waistcoat, reaching to the throat, was joined to his dark blue trousers by a new silk sash of many colors wound several times around his waist; and from under the blue trousers peeped a little pair of brown, naked feet, which to that day had never felt a shoe.

The sail seemed so long to Angelo that if he had not reflected that the salt-water would spoil his pretty sash, he might have been tempted to jump out of the boat and swim to Palermo. Though they left home at sunrise, it was nearly seven o'clock before they passed the great lighthouse. As soon as the boat was moored, Antonio helped Lucia out, and then, taking one of Angelo's hands, they hurried through the crowds of fishermen in order to be in time to hear Mass in one of the many churches. In vain the lad asked, "Papa, what is this?" or "What is that?" His parents would not wait to look at anything; and Angelo's arms were nearly wrenched from their sockets. They had agreed that if possible he should neither see nor hear anything unbecoming, and they were in constant dread of meeting with some tippy sailor or profane driver.

(To be continued.)

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XX.—THE VATICAN, St. PETER'S.

The picture of the Piazza di San Pietro is familiar to many Catholic children. The grand square, with the Great Obelisk and two plashing fountains in the centre; on either side, the beautiful, curving colonnades, with their four lines of graceful white columns; to the right, the Palace of the Vatican, built of the creamy, yellow-tinted stone which harmonizes so exquisitely

sitely with the blue of the Italian sky and the brilliant sunshine; and at the end, the most magnificent building in the world—the Basilica of St. Peter.

Mr. Colville ordered the driver to draw up, and for some moments they contemplated the scene in a silence which expressed more eloquently than the most fervid exclamations of delight how deeply our young people were impressed. Presently, however, at a word from their father, the man whipped up his horses, and brought them to the Portone di Bronzo, the Bronze Gate of the Vatican.

"This is the largest palace in the world," said Mr. Colville. "It has twenty courtyards, two hundred staircases, and more than four thousand rooms, including the Sistine and Pauline Chapels, the galleries of painting and sculpture, the great library, *et cætera*. His Holiness occupies only a small part of it, for the transaction of business connected with the affairs of the Church, and his personal use. The remainder is open to the public, with only such restrictions as are necessary for the care of the rare treasures of antiquity, literature, science, and art, which it contains."

At the entrance they found the sentries of the Swiss Guard, the soldiers of the Pope.

"Was there ever a more picturesque uniform!" exclaimed Claire. "The doublet and knickerbockers of striped yellow, red and black; the antique ruff, the helmet and the long lance."

"The lance is called a halberd," said her father. "The uniform was designed by Michael Angelo, and follows the style of a soldier's dress and armor in the ages of chivalry."

He addressed a few words in Italian to one of the sentinels, who forthwith permitted them to pass, and directed them up a flight of steps to a *sala*, or antechamber. On entering, they found themselves in the presence of a grave and dignified eccle-

siastic, who was writing at a desk. Mr. Colville presented his letter, and was told, with formal courtesy, that he would receive a notification appointing the time for his party to present themselves at the Vatican; that the regular audiences had been discontinued on account of the heat, etc.

"In the days of the papal government," said Mr. Colville, as they went out, "it was the simplest thing in the world to obtain a glimpse of the Holy Father. Pius IX. was frequently to be seen driving about the streets of Rome; but since the successor of St. Peter has been a prisoner in his own palace, all this is changed."

When they returned to the square, they met an old priest, who pointed out to them the windows of Pope Leo's apartments.

The children stood gazing at them with much emotion.

"So that is where the Holy Father really lives?" said Claire, earnestly.

"Yes," responded Mr. Colville: "the spot to which the hearts of the faithful children of the Church, in all parts of the world, turn in filial affection and reverence for the Vicar of Christ."

The sunlight reflected from the pavement was dazzling; there was no shade, except where the obelisk cast its long, straight shadow; but the murmur of the fountains was a refreshing sound.

"From the obelisks we have seen in London, Paris and New York, we might conclude that it has become the fashion nowadays for governments to import these monuments from the East," said Mr. Colville. "This one, however, was brought from Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, more than eighteen hundred years ago, by the Emperor Caligula, and placed here in the Vatican Circus; but was removed to its present position in the centre of the Piazza by Pope Sixtus V. It was during this removal, when silence under penalty of death was imposed upon the bystanders, that a sailor, seeing that the ropes could

not stand the tension caused by the tremendous weight unless moistened, called out at the risk of his life: 'Wet the ropes!' Although he was at once apprehended, his advice was complied with, and the great work accomplished in safety. Instead of being punished, he was told by the Pope to name his own reward. He asked that he might always be allowed to provide the palm-branches used at St. Peter's on Palm Sunday. The privilege was granted, and was enjoyed by his descendants for generations, until the family became extinct.

"The obelisk is, as you see, surmounted by a cross, in which is placed a relic of the Cross of Our Lord. The translation of the Latin inscriptions on the sides of the monument is: 'Behold the Cross of Christ! Let all enemies fly; for the Lion of the tribe of Judah has conquered.' And: 'Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ rules, Christ defends His people from all evil.' Already ancient when pagan Rome was in the zenith of her power, this monolith from the City of the Sun witnessed the crucifixion of St. Peter, the decay of the Empire, the establishment of Christianity. And there, like the warning finger of Eternity uplifted, it has remained through many persecutions of the Church, a type of the awful patience of God."

Now the Colvilles stood in the Portico of St. Peter's. On the right they saw the equestrian statue of the Emperor Constantine, who built the first church on this site; on the left, that of Charlemagne, the first of the emperors who received the imperial crown from the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff.

"This great door is called the 'Jubilee Door,' and is opened only when the Church is free, triumphant, and at peace. It has been closed now for nearly twenty-five years," said Mr. Colville.

Leading past it, he raised the leathern curtain which hangs before the main

entrance, and they stepped across the threshold of the Basilica.

"Oh, how beautiful!"—"How grand!" exclaimed the younger children.

But Claire was silent. She felt almost overpowered by the magnificence in the midst of which they found themselves.

"It is St. Peter's which might truly be called the 'City of the Soul,'" she murmured at last.

"The plan is that of a great cross bordered by splendid side chapels," said her father; "and the arms of the cross, being of immense breadth, are like churches in themselves."

"How grandly the nave stretches away into the distance as far as the eye can reach!" Claire continued. "And there are no pews nor chairs,—nothing to detract from the impression of vast, uninterrupted space."

"And how beautiful the arches are, the rare marbles of the walls and pavement, the massive pillars! And the gilding of the vaulted roof is positively dazzling," added Alicia.

"Here in the pavement near the door is the slab of porphyry upon which Charlemagne and several other emperors knelt to be crowned," said Mr. Colville. "And on various stones beyond (some of them far up the nave, you will perceive,) is inscribed the length of the most noted cathedrals of the world."

"Oh, here are the marble angels supporting the holy-water font, of which you told us, father!" said Joe. "They appear so small at first; but how immense they are!"

"What is that old-looking bronze statue over there near the fourth pillar?" inquired Kathleen. "It is the figure of a saint sitting upon a throne of white marble."

"My dear," answered her father, conducting them to the spot, "this is the renowned symbolic statue of St. Peter as head of the Church. Here for twelve centuries—first in the older edifice, and

then in the present Basilica—this image of the Vicar of Christ, the first Pope, has remained, unchanged as the truth of which he is the guardian, with his hand upraised to bless his people. On festival days a tiara and cope are placed upon this statue of the Prince of the Apostles, to signify that he still lives in his successors, teaching by their utterances, and watching over his sheep and lambs through their ministry. See how the left foot is worn by the kisses of the faithful of more than a thousand years, who have visited the Basilica, and by this obeisance testified their allegiance to the Holy See."

Our young people reverently touched their lips to the foot of the statue, and half reluctantly followed on. Presently they paused under the wonderful dome.

"It seems as if we were in the midst of a solitary plain," said Joe, "with nothing to obstruct the view of a great, golden sky, sloping down to the horizon upon all sides."

"What is the meaning of those Latin words that extend all around the dome?" asked Kathleen.

"They are the words of the promise of Christ," replied her father: "'Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'"

"Notice the mosaics of the dome," said Alicia. "Above is a representation of God the Father, and lower the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, and our Saviour as if He came down to be with them."

They drew nearer to the high altar, which stands beneath the centre of the dome, under a colossal canopy of bronze ninety-five feet high, upborne by four richly-gilded spiral columns, constructed of some of the precious metal taken from the roof of the Pantheon.

"At this altar only the Pope says Mass," explained Mr. Colville. "It stands directly over the tomb of SS. Peter and Paul. This large open space in front, which reveals a portion of the subterranean church, and

is surrounded by a railing, is called the Confession of the Apostles, in token that they confessed their faith in Christ crucified even to the shedding of their blood and the laying down of their lives for His sake. Curving staircases of white marble lead down on either side, you see; and behind those doors of gilded bronze is the sarcophagus which contains the bones of the holy Apostles. These gleaming lamps, which encircle the Confession like a crown of light, are kept continually burning. They are a hundred and twelve in number. The imposing statue of heroic size, chiselled from one of the fairest blocks from the Carrara quarries, and representing a pontiff in prayer before the tomb of St. Peter, is that of the sainted Pope Pius VI., who died in exile. It is the work of Canova."

With emotions of awe and faith, of wonder and love, our little company of pilgrims sank upon their knees before the shrine. How blessed it was to realize that they were kneeling before these holy relics! that here rest St. Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles; and St. Peter, who not only walked and talked with Christ, but was the chosen friend and companion of our Saviour,—he whom Our Lord selected to take His place among the Apostles when He Himself should have ascended into heaven,—Peter, the Rock upon which He built His Church, of which this magnificent edifice is a fitting figure! How grand, how wonderful a subject for thought—the Holy Catholic Church, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, amid persecutions or triumphs; the long, unbroken and illustrious line of Popes from St. Peter down to Leo XIII.!

After they had prayed here fervently for some time, the father led his children beyond the dome to the tribune; and, calling their attention to an ancient throne, said:

"This is the celebrated Chair of St. Peter, the symbol of the Papacy. It is of

wood, encased in bronze to insure its preservation; and is said to be the actual episcopal chair from which the Apostle ruled as Bishop of Rome and Head of the Church. That these holy objects have endured for so many centuries does not seem strange to us, when we consider how natural it was that the early Christians should treasure, with the greatest reverence and care, everything connected with Our Lord and His Holy Mother, the Apostles and the martyrs; and when we see, here in Rome especially, antiquities some of which are twice as old as the Christian era."

Our friends proceeded to inspect the aisles and the magnificent chapels.

"In the right transept were held the meetings of the Ecumenical Council of 1870, which defined the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope," continued Mr. Colville. "Now we come to the beautiful Chapel of the Pietà. Above the altar you see the exquisite work of Michael Angelo, which looks as if carved from polished ivory: the Madonna with the body of the dead Christ resting upon her knees. The many large and splendid pictures of St. Peter's are, with one exception, wrought in mosaic, that they may continue fadeless and unimpaired despite the menaces of time and dampness."

Thus Mr. Colville led his party hither and thither, to see now the fine mosaic reproductions of Raphael's "Transfiguration" and Domenichino's "Communion of St. Jerome," the originals of which they were afterward to behold in the Vatican Gallery; or again to admire a monument of Thorwaldsen's, or a statue by Canova. And at every turn there opened before them new vistas and revelations of beauty. They were surrounded by the tombs of the Popes, superb altars or monuments built into the wall; while here and there he pointed out the resting-place of some royal personage who in death had sought sanctuary in St. Peter's.

And, oh, the marvels of the richness and magnificence everywhere! The altars composed of rare and almost priceless marbles, inlaid with slabs of malachite and *lapis lazuli* and alabaster—that pearly, luminously white, and most beautiful of all precious stones,—the wealth lavished by pontiffs and kings and emperors, and the noble old Roman families, upon this majestic Basilica to make it more worthy to be the House of God. Nothing grudged, nothing spared, but all poured out with lavish hands. They could compare it only to the descriptions of Solomon's Temple and St. John's vision of the celestial city. Here they saw the jasper, sardonyx, and chalcedony; the beryl, amethyst, and chrysoptase; the topaz and sapphire, the jacinth and emerald.

"And every stone of the pavement, every jewel of the altars, is an act of faith," said Mr. Colville,—“a rendering of the costly and precious things of the earth unto Him who made them.”

"Father!" exclaimed Claire, as they went out into the Piazza again, "it is good for us to have come here; for certainly it ought to make us more generous with God. We have not gold or gems or precious stones to bestow upon His sanctuaries, but surely we can hardly refuse to offer the small sacrifices which He may require of us."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Why They Laughed.

"MAMMA!" said Bessie, "May Simons
 Is greedy as greedy can be;
 For to-day we had apples, and she took
 The one I wanted for me.
 I watched it all of the morning;
 But May was just at my right,
 And when they were passed she took that one;
 And I told her she wasn't polite
 To take the biggest and reddest,
 When a little one was below.
 And all the girls laughed; and, mamma,
 I wonder at what,—do you know?"



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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

The Heart which Has So Loved Men. Pope Julius II. More than a Protector of Artists.

(On seeing an engraving of the Sacred Heart.)

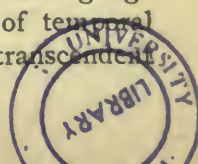
BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

HIS is the soul's ideal: majestic He stands,
 Bared the spear-cleft Heart, we see the wounds in His hands;
 Stately, tall, gentle, serene, the kingliest King;
 With a poise of His feet on the edge of the world, as though to take wing
 In the flash of an instant thought, but that Love holds Him fast.
 O Jesus, my Saviour, my God, upon Thee I cast
 My sorrows and toils! And the dark'ning sky grows bright,
 And the star of Hope shines out through the depths of the night.
 Rapt, I gaze on Thy face, and cares flee away;
 As through the soft stillness of twilight I hear Thee say:
 "Come all that are heavily laden, hasten to Me;
 Your tears I will dry, your joy and refreshment shall be."
 And the world seems distant and dim as I turn me then
 To the rest of that wondrous Heart, the Heart which has so loved men.



THAT by far the great majority of Roman Pontiffs have been men superior in virtue, learning, and refinement, to most contemporary rulers; that very many of them have been consummately great men; that not a few of them challenge the admiration of every true devotee of the good and the beautiful,—are truths admitted by nearly all historians and polemics, whether of the Protestant or philosophistic schools. But *Timeo danaos*, etc. When these gentry are forced, despite their own wills, to extend the meed of praise to certain heads of that Church which they so fear and hate, they do so in such a way that, as a general thing, the real Christian would rather that they withheld their laudations. In fine, few non-Catholics know how to look upon a Roman Pontiff,—whether to use the natural sight of their God-given eyes, or to adopt the distorting spectacles of heresy or of the spirit of the world; whether to seek in him what a Catholic would naturally hope and expect to find, or to gauge his actions by the standard of temporal grandeur and glory. The transcendent

“If any man do His will he shall know”—a very remarkable association of knowledge, a thing which is usually considered quite intellectual, with obedience, which is moral and spiritual.—*Drummond*.



conceptions of the Pontiff and the Papacy are strangers to the heterodox brain.

Consider, for instance, the judgments passed on Julius II. by such historians as Sismondi, Daru, and the latest of his critics, Dumesnil. Pope Julius II. was too prominent a figure in the history of the sixteenth century to be ignored; and since his portrait could not well be represented, like that of Alexander VI., as a kind of Medusa's head,—since, in fact, there was too pronounced a halo of real glory hovering over his reign,—he shall receive credit where credit is indeed due him, but for matters comparatively extraneous to his sublime office, and in such a guise that his greater merits shall be relegated to oblivion. Men must be led, thought this Pontiff's *travestiers*, to regard him and his enemy, Louis XII.; him and the Emperor Maximilian, Ferdinand of Aragon, the Bentivoglio of Bologna, and the Baglioni of Perugia,—all as so many politicians of the same ignoble stamp, all with equal rights or absence thereof, and all equally bent on stealing as much territory as possible. But Julius II. was a connoisseur in matters of art and of artists; and he was the generous protector of Bramante and of Michael Angelo. For this striking evidence of his appreciation of worldly merits, our critics will laud him to the skies; for such praise can work no harm to their pet theory of an ideal Pontiff, despoiled of one of the three crowns of his tiara,—a theory which Julius so successfully combated against the robber princes and princely robbers of his day; and which, let us remark *en passant*, was no new theory even then, although it was reserved to our nineteenth century to reduce to a philosophica-political formula a conception which hitherto had been merely a matter of exceptional practice.

It is often observed by the adversaries of the Holy See that the policy of Pope Julius II. and his military enterprises left

no enduring traces. What remains of that policy to-day? asks a recent writer. "Merely the narratives of some annalists, who frequently contradict one another,—some praising his course, others belittling his qualities and drawing attention to his vices. But no matter what opinion history may cause us to form of his character, so long as a love of the beautiful survives among men, St. Peter's Basilica, the Vatican Palace and its chapels, *stanze*, and frescos, the statue of Moses at the tomb in St. Peter's ad Vincula, will inspire a veneration for his memory in the minds of each new generation which comes to admire them." * This latter sentence is very pretty, and is truthful so far as it goes; but it shows that had the artistic sympathies of the author not been excited by contemplation of the fascinating side of our Pontiff's character, he would have abstained from penning his work. And yet the glory of Julius II. is more far-reaching than it would have been had artistic proclivities alone been his salient characteristic. We must remember that the Papacy was not instituted for the encouragement of architects, painters, sculptors, or musicians; the Divine Founder of the Church did not even intend that the primary duties of the successors of St. Peter should tend to a fostering of literature, of sound historical criticism, etc. However intimately the arts and sciences may be connected with the development of civilization and the delectation of men, they enter very indirectly, if at all, into the scheme of salvation. The true merit, the real grandeur of a Supreme Pontiff, in the eyes of history as well as in those of God, will ever depend upon the manner in which he advances the interests of the Church which he is appointed to teach and govern, and to maintain in all the force of its integrity. The duties of the Pontiffs vary with the circumstances of

* "Histoire de Jules II." Par M. A. J. Dumesnil. Paris, 1886.

their respective times; thus the dangers and prospects of the Papacy were very different in the days of Julius II. from what they were in the time of Hildebrand. But Julius was as much the true and zealous Pope as was St. Gregory VII.; and it was because of his heroic accomplishment of the tasks devolving upon him as guardian of the flock of Christ, and not because of his protection of a few artists, that we designate him as a grand Pontiff.

All the Popes have defended the independence of their See as an indispensable requisite for the proper performance of their pontifical duties; and all, from the first foundation of their temporal dominion, have guarded the integrity of their States as an essential of their independence; but Julius II. may be styled as pre-eminently the Pope of the temporal power. His predecessor, Alexander VI., utilizing the services of Cæsar Borgia,* had defended his temporal rights with all the ardor of the most irreproachable Pontiffs; and Julius continued that policy even against Borgia, compelling him to surrender the fiefs and strongholds which he had usurped. Though he was far advanced in years when he donned the tiara, his entire pontificate was a defence of the Papal territory from the "barbarians" who had appropriated much of it, and were yearning for the remainder. We may smile when we hear this fiery Pope-King shouting his battle-cry: "Out of Italy with the barbarians!" But we must remember that at that time the civilization and refinement of the Cisalpine nations, if compared with the culture of the Italians, were not worthy of the name; and certainly the uncompli-

mentary designation was a natural one in the mouth of the sovereign of that people whose ancestors had been accustomed to flatter themselves, by the same use of the term, on the exclusive possession of *le arti belle*. And besides the Gaul and the German, whom Julius naturally apostrophized as "barbarians," there were other enemies of the Papal royalty who were intestine, and whose conduct in face of their priestly sovereign but too frequently proved that they also were not unworthy of the same characterization. The Ghibelines of the sixteenth century were probably more powerful than they had been in the days of Gregory VII.; and yet it is remarkable that in his desperate struggle with these imperialists, Julius II. invoked no aid from a foreigner: he wanted no other swords than Italian ones to preserve the independence of the peninsula and of the ecclesiastical domain.

Julius II., with his sword, settled for his day that question of the Papal temporal royalty which our day thinks it has solved in a very different sense. That is "what is left of his policy and of his military enterprises." But does this soldier-priest correspond to the ideal of that sanctity which befits a Pontiff? Well, if holiness consists solely in austerity and peaceful contemplation, then there have been many Popes more holy than Julius II.; but if there is, for a Pontiff, a sanctity founded on an enthusiastic fulfilment of his tremendous responsibilities in spite of every danger, then Julius also had much of that sanctity. But he drew the material sword, and the Church is supposed *abhorrere a sanguine*—to abstain from blood. True, yet Popes who are canonized saints have not hesitated to wield the sword in defence of the Patrimony of the Church;* and the blood which they would have abstained from shedding was that which

* Cæsar Borgia, generally supposed to have been a son of Alexander VI., born before the Pontiff received Holy Orders, may be placed in the category of the "cardinal-nephews," whom so many of the Popes of that time employed in their political and military service, and who were often of great benefit to the Holy See. If ever, remarks M. Barbey d'Aureville, a history of these cardinal-nephews is written, many errors will be dispelled.

* See our article on "St. Leo IX. and Pius IX.—Civitella and Castel Fidardo," in THE "AVE MARIA," Vol. XXV., No 12.

would have been unjustly or uselessly spilt, not that the loss of which would have redounded to the glory of God and the good of His Church. There are some Catholics nowadays in Italy and France who are called "Catholics of resignation"—those who are fain to believe that since Our Lord was crucified for the foundation of the Church, that Church should willingly offer herself to be crucified in turn. But such is not the mind of the Church herself. She shuddered not because of the blood shed in the Crusades; nor because of that, for instance, poured forth by Peter d'Aubusson, a religious at Malta; or by that shed by more than a hundred cardinals (Vitelleschi, for example), who have successfully commanded her armies. Michael Angelo was a devout Catholic, yet he scrupled not to portray Julius II. sword in hand; and while, observes Barbey d'Aureville, Catholics like Ciacconius have misunderstood this Pontiff, and Protestants like Sismondi have calumniated him, the great artist is his sole historian. Unfortunately, the history recorded in bronze by Michael Angelo no longer exists: the French enemies of Julius destroyed this masterpiece when they sacked Bologna; and the Duke of Ferrara, who discerned the hero in the Pontiff, used some of the fragments in the construction of a cannon, which he nobly named *Julius II.* "But the head of the statue escaped; and it was of such majestic beauty, and showed such an ascendancy of expression, that it impressed even the Bolognese insurgents; and they did not dare to touch it, any more than those historians—blindly religious or philosophic—who wrote before Rohrbacher and Audin, have touched the figure of the heroic Pontiff."* Audin and Rohrbacher were both Frenchmen, but they did not imitate King Louis XII., the foe of Julius, complaining that a Pope had

no business to fight a French monarch! They realized that the Julius II. who scaled the ramparts of Bologna was the same Pontiff who thundered against the schismatic Council of Pisa, and that in both instances he but fulfilled his duty. This Pope, in fine, may well be styled the Julius Cæsar of the Papacy, but conquering the Gauls, not in their own country, but in his dominions, which they had invaded; and amid all his bloody contests he ever shone forth as a true priest. He was a thorough Pope, whether in the field or in the Vatican; always surrounded by his cardinals, even in battle, where these latter, like Cardinal dei Medici at Ravenna, assisted the dying. The historians of his day represent him as a sort of Achilles, though as old as Nestor; they show him mounted on a fiery charger, clad in a rochet without stole, forcing his way into the resisting cities of the enemy. And this picture is symbolic, remarks D'Aureville; for the rochet indicated that in Julius the priest ever dominated the soldier, and prevented those who saw him at the head of his troops from forgetting the fact.

The only "vice" with the possession of which Julius II. has been reproached is anger. But a careful study of his life will evince that the only choler in which he indulged was of that kind which besieges the Heavens. His only violence was exhibited in chasing the foreigner out of Italy. His anger was generous, for it was extenuated only when there was a question of the honor of God or of the welfare of his country. In vain do certain writers charge him with an implacable hatred for the French. Was it to be expected that he would remain passive while Louis XII. pitched his tents on Italian soil, in the very territories of the Holy See? Truly,

Cet animal est très méchant,
Quand on l'attaque, il se défend.*

* Barbey d'Aureville: "Œuvres et Hommes." Vol. VIII., p. 171. Paris, 1887.

* This animal is very intractable: when it is attacked, it defends itself.

Julius II. left the world, says M. Dumesnil, "tired of his ambitious projects." Twice he conquered Bologna; he restored Perugia to the Papal obedience; he added Parma, Piacenza, etc., to the States of the Church; and was about to seize Ferrara when death overtook him. All this simply signifies that our Pontiff retook what belonged to the Holy See. However, as we have observed, Julius II. is not entirely reprobate in the eyes of our philosophistic friends; his artistic tastes almost merit for him a place among the elect. The spirit of the world can not appreciate worth and sincerity unless they be admixed with something sensual, or at least material. "The conduct of Julius II. in reference to art and artists is as worthy of all praise as his policy is worthy of reprobation." So thinks M. Dumesnil, incapable as he is of realizing that in the immense life of a Roman Pontiff art and artists must be, comparatively speaking, things of little consequence. The judgments of writers of this school compel us to agree with Pope John XXII. when he says of the opinions of the crowd that they are all blameworthy; "that all that the crowd thinks is vain, all that it says is false, all that it condemns is good, all that it glorifies is infamous." * Sybaritism in art seems to be the sole real emotion of which they are capable whom all that is bad in the modern spirit—so disdainful of religion and so attracted to the fanciful—has marked for its own, and whose freedom of judgment it has confiscated. Hence it is that so many see in Pope Julius II. only a Mæcenas in tiara; besides the artistic, nothing else in his career has any value for the historian or the humanitarian. To those who enjoy powers of discernment, history will tell a different story.

* "Quicquid laudat, vituperio dignum est; quicquid cogitat, vanum; quicquid loquitur, falsum; quicquid improbat, bonum; quicquid extollit, infame est." In Bzovius, at year 1334, No. 2.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXII.—A MEETING.

BERNICE went homeward at a rapid pace. She was much given to walking, and when preoccupied she went more rapidly than usual. Her depression soon gave way to indignation and a feeling that was akin to shame. What right had this man, comparatively unknown to her as he was, to address such words to her? To assume that she was interested in Giles Carton, and then to say that other horrible thing again! He must be mad. The man's insult was uppermost in her mind. And the worst of it was that there was truth in what he had said. She knew in her heart what it was to be wroth with one she loved. Giles Carton had shown a lack of courage; he had fallen below her ideal of him; and yet, since her father's death, she had many times wished that she could "talk it all over" with him; and she knew that such a talk would mean a resolve on both sides to mount higher together on the stepping-stones of past failures.

She felt that she had failed in many ways. Why, instead of devoting herself to fads of all sorts, had she not helped her father to be truer to his religion,—a religion which, as she now realized, possessed all those essentials for which Giles and Miss Zenobia Winslow and the other reformers were blindly groping? Conway seemed to her as a tower of strength; but he also appeared to her as impersonal as a tower. He could be relied on to stand firm; but she could not help feeling that the attention he showed her was merely what he would have shown to any other human being that seemed to need his help.

After all, Giles might have failed at a

crisis,—he *had* failed, in fact; but had not Father Haley told her yesterday that without the Sacraments a man was as a reed in the wind? She had longed for an excuse for pitying Giles, and she had found a valid one. Mere personal bravery was not what upheld the priest in the battlefield or in the yellow-fever ward, Father Haley had said. If it were so, only such men as could stand tests to try physical courage would be chosen as priests.

There was a mystery somewhere,—a mystery surrounding her father's death. It was better, perhaps, that it should not be penetrated; but, whatever it was, it lay like a cloud between her and Giles. She passed the church; the door was open, and she obeyed a certain instinct and entered. A red light glowed before the Tabernacle. The pictures of the Stations of the Cross were poor prints, badly colored, and awkwardly framed; she could barely make them out in the gloom. She compared the cheap interior of this little chapel with the gem-like perfection of Giles' church, and yet she felt there was something satisfying here which the other lacked. She sat in the last pew, while the boy who was sweeping went on with his work. She could not pray, but the tears came into her eyes; and, after a while, she found herself kneeling, with her eyes fixed steadily upon that mystic red light. Ward's insult, all the feeling of loneliness and grief and desolation, were lost in a new hope.

She went out again into the sunlight. It blinded her for an instant, and she ran into somebody's umbrella, which was needed badly enough in this sudden blaze of light. The umbrella lifted, and she said, involuntarily:

"Giles!"

"Bernice!" he exclaimed, changing the umbrella in his hands, then holding his right hand out. Bernice took it, and then dropped it.

"You have been in the Roman Catholic Church, I see," he said, chilled by her sudden change of manner.

"Yes," she answered, "Father Haley has been a great comfort to me. He has given me the only comfort I have had."

"And Mr. Conway?"

Bernice drew herself up, and met Giles' glance resolutely. Even in her depression, she could not help seeing the humor of Giles' evident jealousy. It healed the self-respect which Ward's words had wounded.

"I must go on," she said. "I stopped at the church—I don't know why."

"And I was about to go in too—I don't know why," he said, with a slight flush on his face. "Bernice, I am awfully miserable!"

It struck her that his attire showed no signs of the inward misery that devoured him. Had the binding of his coat been somewhat frayed and his hat brushed the wrong way; or had he, in his mental tumult, forgotten to wear his gloves, Bernice might have relented at once. In the last few weeks she had learned to be tolerant; and the weight that had bruised her heart had influenced her outlook on life. Love and sympathy she craved now; and very lately she had said to herself that if she had been more worthy of Giles, he perhaps might not have so easily fallen below her ideal. She had discovered that love, after all, is not so much of the intellect as the heart.

Giles, it is true, had not forgotten his duties to the conventionalities. If he had strewn ashes on his head and rent his garments, he would have won his way back to her heart at once. She found it hard to believe that a man whose clerical "get up" was so perfect could be wretched. Besides, he had not suffered as she had suffered. No man could!

Giles turned to walk with her; she relented suddenly. It was evident that he was jealous of Conway, and she saw that

he was thinner and paler. She walked more slowly; he raised the umbrella and held it over her. At that moment Lady Tyrrell, returning from the post-office in the pony carriage, caught sight of them. She almost dropped the reins. Then she sat bolt-upright, and a determined look came over her face. She had just posted a letter with which Bernice would have much to do. The sight of Bernice and Giles amiably walking under the same umbrella without a chaperon gave her "a turn." If there had been a boy near, she would have jumped out of the cart and prevented the scandal; but the only child visible was Lieutenant Woodruff's little Charlie, who was only four years of age, and therefore incapable of holding the pony. Lady Tyrrell looked around for somebody within hailing distance; Mr. Woodruff did rush out and seize the infant, who was toddling across the road; but he was so deeply engaged that he did not hear her shriek.

"Bernice," said Giles, "why can't we begin all over again,—that is, if you do care for me still? When I am away from you, I am willing to believe that you like somebody else; but now that you are with me, it is different. I can't believe that you gave me up simply because I hesitated—"

"We can't recall the past," Bernice said; "but you misunderstand me if you imagine that I would not do more than that for an idea. I was hasty perhaps; I expected too much. In talking it over with Father Haley—I tell him everything, Giles,—he said that one must not expect heroic virtue from poor human nature at all times. Even St. Peter, you remember, denied our—"

Giles was startled. He raised his head very high.

"Thank you! The comparison is not flattering," he answered. "I can easily see that it is Father Haley's rather than yours. I was not aware that you were

so intimate with him. I suppose your cousin takes part in the discussion of my shortcomings too."

"If you will excuse me, Mr. Carton, I will leave you. I notice that Lady Tyrrell is beckoning to me."

Lady Tyrrell had brought her pony to a standstill, and she was making effusive gestures. Giles suddenly brought the umbrella down in front, so that she was cut off from view. At the same time he turned with Bernice into a narrow street, lined with budding maples.

"You shall not leave me until I have said all I have to say."

"Mr. Woodruff! Mr. Woodruff!" Lady Tyrrell called, using the civilian prefix, which army people apply to lieutenants. "For Heaven's sake hold this beast, while I get out to speak to my niece!"

But Mr. Woodruff, who knew Lady Tyrrell's ways, and caught the meaning of the umbrella, bowed, smiled, and closed his door, much to her exasperation. She had discovered some things that day which made it especially desirable that Giles Carton and Bernice should not have much to say to each other. She was almost frantic; but what could she do when her niece was so evidently determined to consider a sun umbrella as a sufficient chaperon?

"You think that a woman is not capable of sacrificing anything to an idea?" said Bernice, determined to find a cause of offence. "You think that we women will sacrifice the spirit of life for comforts and luxuries? I have heard of brutes of men who fancied that every woman was dying to marry for a settlement in life. Thank Heaven I have never met one of these creatures, unless I have been deceived in *you!* For myself, I would rather die than marry a man who could not help me to lift up my heart above mere earthly things!"

"I believe it, Bernice,—I believe it," said Giles, eagerly. "I am not worthy of

you,—I know it. But I want to be. There is no use in my pretending,—the truth is, I can't live without you."

"Giles," said Bernice, pausing in their walk, "I shall now say something that will shock you, no doubt. Father Haley is instructing me. I hope to become a Roman Catholic."

"I don't care," replied Giles, quickly. "I am very near—that is—I am groping Bernice; and the old Church seems very solid."

Bernice gave a sigh of relief. She did not expect this.

"There is another thing," she said, with a desperate effort: "I *must* know how my father died. Your father knows, Giles. He has not been the same to me since that awful night. What happened? Above all things, I should like to know,—above all things!"

Giles looked grave.

"I don't see what that has to do with *us*. My father is a different man since that night. You know the Major was very dear to him. I don't think your father ever quite forgave mine for ranking him in the army. That was all the cause of dissension that ever existed between them."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Sure!" said Giles. "They were the best of friends"

"Bernice!" cried Lady Tyrrell's voice. "Bernice, what do you mean? If I hadn't a supernatural control over this horse, he'd have run away with me. Get into this cart instantly, and let me drive you home. Don't you know that luncheon is waiting?"

Giles bowed and helped Bernice into the cart.

"May I call?" he whispered.

She nodded.

Giles walked rapidly, his lowness of spirits entirely gone. He found his father in the library, waiting for him, with a listless air and lack-lustre eyes.

"You are somewhat late," the Colonel

said; "but it doesn't matter,—nothing matters now."

"Oh, yes, it does, father! I'm sorry to keep luncheon waiting; but the truth is I've been making up with Bernice."

The Colonel shaded his face with his hands.

"Giles," he muttered, "it can't be. I suppose I must tell you the truth sooner or later,—it has been an awful thing to keep. Giles"—his voice grew hoarse,— "Giles," he said, faintly and imploringly, "don't cast me off,—don't hate me! No matter what I've done, I am still your father; and I love you, Giles."

Giles stood still, surprised and touched; expectant, but unprepared for what was to come. The old man rose from his chair—how broken and changed he was!—and kissed his son on the forehead.

"It's for the last time, boy," he said,— "for the last time; for when I have spoken, you'll not let me do it again. Ah, Giles, you don't know how I love you! Let me kiss you again. You will always be my little boy, though you may never speak to me again. Giles"—his voice broke into a sob,— "Giles, it can't be,—it *can't* be! It may break your heart, but I must tell the truth. I killed Major Conway!"

The blood rushed to the son's heart.

"Father," he said, catching the trembling old man in his arms, "it's only a bad dream. But if you had killed a hundred men, I am still your boy Giles."

(To be continued.)

SPIRITUAL reading is the vestibule of prayer. When the temptation comes to the overwrought laborer in Our Lord's vineyard to seek recreation in the world or in worldly news, and to fall back upon creatures for support and for repose, how often do the lives of the saints step in and keep him quietly to God and holy thoughts!—*Faber*.

Martyr Memories of Ireland.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONTINUED.)

THE black gown of the Jesuit was likewise seen upon the shining heights of martyrdom. "Before the Puritan invasion," says Dr. Moran,* "the Jesuits were eighty in number, fifty-six being priests; they possessed six colleges, eight residences, besides many oratories and schools. But in the universal desolation only seventeen Fathers remained; and they, too, lost everything,—not even retaining an image or a book, or the breviary itself; and when the Holy Sacrifice was to be offered up, it was only in some cave or granary or other obscure corner. . . . The Fathers being dispersed and scattered, sought a refuge in various places: some in the towns and huts of the poor, others in the mountains and woods; with difficulty dragging along a miserable existence, that they might assist and console the Catholic outcasts."

Edicts against "any Jesuit or priest," with penalties for harboring them, continued during all those dreary years; and even in the so-called "Act of Settlement," in 1660, "all and every Jesuit is excepted from pardon for life and estate." In 1642 a relation of the Jesuits themselves says briefly: "We were persecuted and dispersed and despoiled of all our goods; some, too, were cast into prison, and others into exile." In a MS. relating to the massacre at Drogheda there is this sentence: "Six of our Fathers were then there, now there is none." In a history of the Jesuit missions in Ireland, which was written in 1662, is the following record: "As regards the Fathers of the Society, some dwell in

ruined edifices, some sleep by night in the porticos of temples, lest they should occasion any danger to the faithful."

Long before the Puritan invasion, however, in the stormy days of Elizabeth, a beautiful example of Christian chivalry is given to us in the life and death of the heroic Dominic Collins, a lay-Brother of the Society.* His story is full of romantic interest, from the moment when he rode up, surrounded by servants and retainers, to the novitiate of the Society at Compostela, in Spain, asking to be received among the humblest of the Brother coadjutors. He was at that time high in the favor of Philip of Spain, an officer of rank and merits, already celebrated for his prowess in arms no less than for his high birth, his fortune and personal gifts. The rector hesitated to receive him; but so earnest did he appear, and so eloquently did he plead his cause, that he was numbered amongst the lay-Brothers at Compostela, signaling his admission by caring for the sick during a contagious disease which broke out in the house. Having given up all things, even his name—that of O'Callan, which he exchanged for Collins,—it was but a step to the martyrdom which awaited him in Ireland.

He was arrested at Beerehaven and put in chains, notwithstanding solemn pledges given by the enemy that Dominic, who had been the negotiator between the besieged and besiegers, should, in common with all those within the town, be granted a free pardon. He appeared in court in the Jesuit dress, and was asked by Lord Mountjoy how he dared appear before him in "that odious costume."—"I have dared to come before you in this habit," replied the intrepid Collins, "because I have no reason to be ashamed of it. It is the habit of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Borgia, and St. Francis Xavier. I glory in it in life,

* "Historical Sketch of the Persecutions Suffered by the Catholics of Ireland under Cromwell and the Puritans." Part II., p. 94.

* Father Treacy in a valuable work—"Irish Scholars of the Penal Days."

and I hope it will be my only winding-sheet in death."—"You seem," said Mountjoy, "to have a good deal of courage. If you will only renounce your vain religion and enter into the army of our good Queen Elizabeth, I will obtain for you both rank and fortune, and promise you my unchanging friendship."—"I have fought," said Collins, "under the glorious banners of the Kings of France and Spain; I now fight under the banner of Ignatius. And think you that I would dishonor my name, insult my country, deny my religion, and humble my Order, by apostasy from the faith, by drawing the sword in the cause of the cruel, heartless, irreligious Elizabeth? Away with your rank, your fortune, your false friendship! From my soul I scorn them."

The heroic Brother was for many succeeding days subjected to every torture that the cruelty of his persecutors could devise; but nothing could disturb his undaunted tranquillity, the joy of his spirit. On the last day of October, 1602, he was hanged; and, because of his constant and repeated confession of faith, his heart was torn from his breast while he still lived, and exhibited to the gaze of the multitude. He had walked to execution with a halter round his neck, his eyes raised to heaven, and, kneeling, had kissed the foot of the gallows. He addressed a last word to any Catholics that might be present. "Look up to heaven," he said, "and hold fast to that faith for which I am about to die."

Another victim of the tyranny of Elizabeth was the gallant and chivalrous Maurice Eustace, a novice in the Society of Jesus, who was put to death June 9, 1588. The author of "Irish Scholars of the Penal Days" has the following touching lines to his memory:

"Thou, Ignatius' loyal son,
Palm and crown hast nobly won.
Saintly novice, rest in peace!
Thou hast fallen, torn, gory;
But undying is thy story,
But unclouded is thy glory,—
Hero-novice, sleep in peace!"

The days of the Puritans gave new martyrs to the Society. The aged Father Robert Netterville, who was in his eightieth year, was torn from a bed of sickness and dragged along the ground, his head striking violently all the way. Left on the highway to die, he lingered a few days in pain before passing to his reward. After the sack of Dublin, Father John Bathe was found in the ruins, with his brother, a secular priest. He was violently seized and brought to the market-place. He was fastened to a stake, and fell, pierced with innumerable bullets. At the terrible slaughter in the Cathedral at Cashel, Father John Boyton thought only of administering the dying and the wounded. He appeared to have no thought for his personal safety, till at last, when in the very act of administering the Holy Eucharist to a dying soldier, he was slain with the Sacred Host still in his hands. Father Henry Caghwell, prostrated by a severe illness, was dragged from his bed, subjected to all manner of ill usage, and at last shipped to France.*

A romantic and adventurous career was that of the learned and saintly Father Fitzsimmons, who was a tower of strength to his weaker brethren through long and troublous years. Idolized, as contemporary chroniclers record, by the lords of the pale, beloved by the native Irish, his sympathetic voice was heard wherever wrong or woe or oppression raised its head. An inspired leader, he called upon the manhood of Ireland to draw their swords in the sacred names of faith and country. He consoled the dying, he exhorted sinners to penance, he instructed the ignorant, he administered Sacraments in the very face of the foe. Pursued with a deadly hatred by the Puritans, he had frequently no place whereon to lay his head. His last abiding place in Ireland was in a deserted hut, in a bog, with only a bed of damp straw; where, enduring

* Ibid.

hardships and broken in health, this noble son of St. Ignatius preserved his cheerfulness and assembled round him the scattered flock which depended upon him for spiritual guidance. With his long, bright record of scholastic honors won upon the Continent, with new laurels from his country fresh upon his brow, with his ardent, patriotic heart unsubdued by privation, he dwelt in that obscure retreat, lowly among the lowliest, in daily peril of his life. Almost in the last extremity, he was removed to France, where he expired shortly after, his frame exhausted by the protracted martyrdom he had endured.

The life of Father Stephen Gelosse, another of the Society's heroes, reads like a romance. "He adopted every kind of disguise, he assumed every shape and character; he personated a dealer of fagots, a servant, a thatcher, a porter, a beggar, a gardener, a miller, a carpenter,—thus becoming all in all, in order to gain all souls to Christ. . . . No dangers, no weather, no pestilential fever, no difficulties, could hold him back from visiting the sick and the dying in their meanest hovels. His purse, his time, his services, were always at the command of distressed Catholics."* In spite of the pains and penalties attending not only a priest, but all who should give him a countenance, at the risk of his own life Father Gelosse never omitted offering the Holy Sacrifice a single day. His escapes from the enemy were said to border on the miraculous. He was four times a prisoner, but always succeeded in eluding his captors. After the Restoration he set up a school, first at Ross, then at Dublin, where he continued to teach, until he was driven thence by the hatred of his enemies.

Father Ford, another Jesuit, erected huts in the midst of a bog, and taught there for years, in spite of the turmoil raging around him. Various disciples of

learning built huts similar to his, and enjoyed this intellectual oasis in the desert, which had been created by the ruthless hand of oppression.

As an instance of the severity with which the edicts against the Jesuits were carried out, it is related that a certain Father lay ill of fever. It was represented to the governor that he could not, consequently, obey the order which had been issued for all of his Society to quit the country. The governor made reply that "though the whole body of the Jesuit lay dead, and life remained only in one hand or in one foot, he must at once quit every inch of Ireland." He was, in fact, taken a distance of seventy miles to the sea-coast, and, with two fellow-Jesuits and forty secular priests, hurried off to Spain.

The Franciscan Order, like the Dominican, served, by the heroism of its members, to make the name of "Friar" glorious amongst the Irish; for it, too, drank deep of the cup of martyrdom. Father Dennis Nelan, a member of that community, a man of high descent, learned and of holy life, was seized by the soldiery in the house of a relative, tied upon a horse and hurried into the presence of the commanding officer. As he went along he exhorted his captors to penance, reminding them of the enormity of their crimes, and of the Divine Justice which must overtake them. Rejecting the usual offer of pardon through apostasy, he was instantly hanged. Father Fergall Ward suffered the same fate, for a like cause, from the masthead of a piratical vessel in the River Shannon. Father Ultan died in prison. Father Thaddeus Carighy, after incredible sufferings, rejected the proposed barter of his faith with holy indignation, and was hanged and brutally mutilated. Father Eugene O'Teman was flogged to death. Father Raymond Stafford, during the siege of Limerick, came out of the church, holding a crucifix in his hand. Encouraging the citizens and preaching to them, he was seized by the enemy and

* Ibid.

put to death in the market-place. A contemporary chronicle relates that "seven friars of the Order of St. Francis, all men of extraordinary merit, and natives of the town [Wexford], perished by the sword of the heretics, October 11, 1649. Some of them were killed before the altar, others while hearing confessions."

Father Anselm Ball, a Capuchin, spent years in the pursuit of his holy calling, appearing under every disguise, dwelling in woods and caverns. Finally he took up his abode in a wretched hut, in a deserted spot, going forth at midnight to offer up the Holy Sacrifice. It mattered not how inaccessible the place, or how imminent the danger of discovery, his faithful people always obeyed the signal which told them that Mass would be said. He escaped on several occasions from the hands of the soldiery. Once, being overtaken by a single mounted trooper, he disarmed and dismounted the ruffian, making him solemnly swear never more to pursue a priest.

Like the Dominicans, the Franciscans had numerous and flourishing houses in Ireland, most of which were swept away by the fanaticism of the reforming spirit. As late as 1641 they had sixty flourishing houses, exclusive of convents of nuns; in 1656 not a single one remained, whilst thirty names had been placed upon the bead-roll of Irish martyrs. Many of them, suffering banishment, went abroad over the Continent, to enroll themselves in the glorious band of Irish scholars so famous throughout Europe in those dark days. Many, like the illustrious Luke Wadding, became the benefactors of their exiled countrymen, founding schools, writing books, filling chairs in universities, etc. Thus did the persecutors of the ancient faith, by the very measures they took to annihilate it, send forth a band of fervent apostles, a multitude of distinguished scholars—Dominicans, Jesuits, Franciscans.

And other religious orders, also, had

their place in the annals of heroism which commemorate the penal days. Father Thaddeus O'Connell, of the Canons of St. Augustine, was put to death after a sublime confession of his faith. Brother Lee, of the Vincentians, was slain in presence of his mother, his hands and feet being amputated and "his head literally bruised to atoms."* Two other Fathers of this Congregation, Brien and Barry, after ministering to the spiritual wants of the citizens during the siege of Limerick, were included in the general order that no quarter should be granted to priests and religious. They succeeded in effecting an almost miraculous escape, and remained in concealment until enabled to embark for France.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

In Memory.

K. F.

Died May 15, 1893.

SWEETLY she rests who lies to-day,
A flower, beneath the flowers of May.

I saw her once, a bride, and then
Our ways diverged, nor met again.
I see her now, a dream of grace,
Joy mantling all her radiant face.
The veil that touched her rippling hair
But showed the virgin brow more fair;
The silken robe was not more white
Than her young maiden soul that night.
With thoughtful lips, and eyes that smiled,
She seemed a woman, yet a child,—
Thus I remember her, through years
Of change and absence, toils and tears.
God comfort them whose hearts she filled,
Now that her own brave heart is stilled!
God teach them never to forget
That, 'mid His brightest flowers set,
She blooms, through Love's eternal day,
Near Mary, where 'tis always May!

M. E. M.

* Acts of the Order, and Letter of St. Vincent to the Superior at Warsaw.

The Legend of Publemont.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

MORE than six hundred years ago there dwelt near the old village of Publemont, in Brabant, an honest, God-fearing man named Houillot, a blacksmith by trade. As poor as Job, good Houillot would doubtless have been sadly embarrassed in bringing up his large family, if the charitable monks of Publemont had not taken compassion on his poverty. They never left the children hungry; and when the cupboard at home was empty, the little flock sped to the monastery gate, knowing that there a crust of bread and cup of milk ever awaited them. The forge, alas! was too often silent, the anvil too seldom heard. For many a time Houillot was without money to procure the charcoal necessary for his fire; and the country-folk around who came to his forge to get their work done, little by little deserted the road to his house, and betook themselves to other smithies.

Poor Houillot, from want of employment and poverty combined, fell into despair. Outwardly he did not murmur against Providence; but in his heart he deemed fate cruel toward him, and finally forgot to pray.

One day, more downcast than ever, he sat at his door, when suddenly a splendid rider, richly attired, and mounted on a spirited horse, appeared before him. Never before had Houillot seen any one whose appearance was so commanding; and his surprise was boundless when the horseman, stepping lightly to the ground, walked into the forge.

"Your name is Houillot," he said as soon as he entered; "and you are poor, I know that."

"You know as much about me as I do about myself," replied Houillot. "Such

is my name, and surely no one can be poorer than I am."

"Do you wish to acquire a fortune that will make even the richest envy you?" demanded the visitor, in a harsh voice.

Poor Houillot, having never allowed his ambition to soar so high, hesitated before replying. The stranger, impatient at the delay, exclaimed:

"Well, as you like! Reflect; and if you care to learn a secret, which no other than I can impart, come at midnight to meet me at the crossway, in the heart of Publemont forest."

Without another word, the mysterious stranger mounted his horse, and vanished.

All the afternoon Houillot felt undecided, and, when night came, scarce knew what course to pursue. His wife and children were sleeping, everything quiet around, and the sky brilliant with stars. The blacksmith went to his door, looked out, and at that moment the monastery clock struck eleven. Poor Houillot thought of his hungry little ones, and quickly his mind was made up. He knelt down for an instant to recommend himself to Our Lady's protection, made the Sign of the Cross, and then set off rapidly toward the forest. He was the first to arrive, but had not long to wait; for exactly as midnight struck the mysterious visitor of the morning stood before him, without Houillot having seen from which side he came.

"Ah, you are punctual!" he exclaimed. "I like that. Now let us finish our business, and may luck attend you!" Thus speaking, he drew a scroll from his doublet, and, presenting the parchment to Houillot, said quickly: "Sign this act, which gives you the promised fortune."

The blacksmith, however, drew back.

"One must read an act before signing it," he said; "and then one requires pen and ink."

"That's all very easy," answered the stranger. And as he spoke, the letters on the parchment became luminous. "For a

pen take this," and he offered Houillot a tiny dagger. "Now prick your arm, and sign the act with your blood."

On hearing these dreadful words, Houillot understood it was the devil that had lured him hither. More fervently than he had done for many a day, he recommended his soul to God, and instantly felt brave.

"Begone," he exclaimed, "and leave me in peace! I see you are Satan in person. The holy monks taught me from my childhood never to listen to your wily counsels; for you wish no good to any man."

"What a fool you are!" cried the tempter. "So you prefer abject poverty to an immense fortune?"

"Surely," said Houillot, "any poverty is better than such ill-gotten riches."

At these words Satan's rage was boundless.

"Ah!" he cried, in a thundering voice, "little I care whether you are rich or poor! All I want is your soul; and that I *must* have. As you won't sign of your free-will, I'll make you do so."

Then, quick as lightning, he seized the man's right hand, and, with the dagger, prepared to draw his blood. But the blacksmith, by a superhuman effort, raised his hand, and with his thumb traced the Sign of the Cross over his heart. Uttering a fearful oath, the Evil Spirit let go his iron grasp. A dreadful noise was heard throughout the forest; and Houillot, looking around, found himself alone. Having escaped from such terrible danger, he walked rapidly toward home, praying fervently all the while.

Not one word of this awful adventure did he relate to his pious wife; nevertheless, he felt he must tell it to some one, and thus relieve his mind. Next day he sat silent and despairing in his forge, wondering how he could best relate it to the Father Abbot. All at once he beheld a young man, of angelic beauty, standing before him. Thinking it must be the devil, who, under this celestial form, sought to deceive

him anew, Houillot made the Sign of the Cross; but the visitor said, sweetly:

"Houillot, peace on earth to men of good-will!"

He felt reassured, and fell on his knees before the apparition.

"Rise!" said the visitor. "Listen to me, and follow all the directions I am about to give. You must go up the hill of Publemont until you meet a cross. There you must dig until you find a black stone, which you will bring home. Put it in your forge, lighting it with some wood. The supply is inexhaustible, so you will never again want for fuel. This is the reward God sends you for your fidelity. Continue to serve Him, and your labor will be blessed."

With these words of Heaven-sent hope and promise the vision disappeared.

Houillot without delay followed the directions given, found the cross, beneath which lay the precious mineral. He carried home as much as he could, and before long the hitherto silent forge rang with the joyful sound of many hammers. Work came, and prosperity with it. The news of this strange discovery spread rapidly through the country, people coming from afar, even from other lands, to obtain the magic fuel. As the angel had predicted, the supply proved inexhaustible, and Houillot began to work the mine. Honored and respected by all, he lived to a good old age, acquiring an immense fortune, which was employed in the most commendable manner. He showed himself a true father to the poor and suffering; and died, his memory venerated and blessed by all, leaving to his famous discovery the name of *houille*, as coal is called in France and Belgium; whilst the mines, source of such endless wealth, are termed *houillères*.

It is only by our own fault that we are not better than we are; it is only by God's mercy that we are not worse than we are.—*Anon.*

Talks at the Tea-Table.

—
BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.
—

OUT OF THE FASHION.

THERE are symptoms of disintegration at our Tea-Table. With the perfect June weather has come the restlessness which creeps into the most quiet blood when the forest-trees hold out their arms, when the mountain brook calls, when the bells of the flowers chant a welcome, when the sea sings its beguiling song, and when the weary brain and hands rebel at the routine duties of the town, which man, not God, created. If ever God's blessing falls with especial fervor upon the woods and fields which He has made, it must be in June!

There is already much talk of travel among the friends for whom our landlady for many months has poured the beverage which cheers; but so far only the plans of young Cecil have been definitely decided upon. Poor lad! He has had little to do with their shaping, and now he is going back to the Indiana farm. He takes his pecuniary disaster with a courage which puts the rest of us to shame; for, I am afraid that we should be weak enough to think it a sorry thing if, once having been allowed to look at the gay and idle world, and even to have been ourselves a little part of its jollity and beauty, we were to have the door shut in our faces, and be sentenced anew to the homely and monotonous grind of a life where battling with the elements and the potato-bugs, in a grim fight with poverty, is the chief occupation. The smart suits and equipages have disappeared, and so have the summer friends. Of all the throng which followed this honest young fellow about because of the lavish hand with which he scattered his fortune, the friends of the Tea-Table and his little Skye terrier are,

he declares, the only beings who ignore the ruin which the failure of the Consolidated Bank made of the inheritance of its principal stockholder.

Mrs. Dobbs and Mabel come here no more; and we hear that a retired vender of spirits is now a suitor for the hand of this young woman. But this rumor seems to affect Cecil no more than the loss of his money.

"Perhaps," says our Cynic, "the financial disaster was not without its compensations to him."

There has been but one interruption to the peaceful calm—the call of another "advanced" woman. She seemed of a different type from the uncertain female who had such vague ideas about the "cause" for which she sought to enlist adherents. This one was a collected, well-poised ex-schoolmistress, who, having accumulated a competence during a long term of years, during which time she had directed the education of young women, now devoted her present and elderly leisure to the diffusion of those advantages known under the general head of University Extension. She simply arouses enthusiasm; the lecturers sent out by the Universities, she says, do the rest.

"The aim is," she explained, "to bring higher education to the doors of the people; to supplement the High School course."

She admitted that she ventured into our tea-room with some hesitancy, having been told that opinions strangely old-fashioned kept company with the antique china of which she was pleased to see so large and valuable a collection, and (she begged our pardon for saying it) with a certain disregard for the tyranny of fashion; but she hoped that she had been misinformed.

"You have not," said our landlady, with the danger signal we see so seldom but know so well flaming on her face. "We are old-fashioned; and you, madam, are very kind. But if we wish for Universities, we know where to find them."

And then the caller, finding the atmosphere rather chilly, quietly withdrew.

"One of the High School graduates came to me the other day," said our Cynic, "and asked me who that fellow Dant was he had heard so much about. Ascertaining that he referred to the author of the 'Divine Comedy,' I questioned him as to his idea concerning the mysterious being in question, to find that he thought him a German violinist, but wasn't quite sure. And this was the valedictorian of his class! He made me think of the colored man who had 'done ciphered clean through addition, partition, distraction, abomination, justification, and amputation,' and had nothing more to learn. When I speak of the public schools, I know whereof I affirm; for I spent the best part of fourteen years within their walls. Most of that time was occupied in pursuing studies for which I had no possible taste or aptitude; and when I shook the dust of the High School from my feet I was as ignorant a young man as one often sees. So far as I was concerned, this was really not a serious matter; for I scrambled through college in fairly good style; and was kept out of much mischief, no doubt, by the watchful eyes of consecutive teachers. But with the girls it was another thing. The cut-and-dried curriculum paid no homage to the Graces of soul or body, and they had learned but little to prepare them for the life which a woman leads, or ought to lead. They could dissect the legs of a grasshopper; but they could not carve a chicken; they could analyze a flower, but their voices made you think of a fog-horn; they could calculate an eclipse, but they could not hem a towel; their memory reminded you of a flourishing pawnshop, but they had had no empty shelf whereon the sweet and wholesome truths of religion could be stored. But even a Cynic may be too cynical, so I will stop and go and help Polly weed her mignonette."

As no one dissented from the opinions

of our candid friend, it is to be feared that the extension of University advantages to women is not meeting with flattering success in the circle whose opinions were sneered at as out of date by advanced woman number two.

A Pretty Incident.

A pretty incident occurred during the Apostolic Delegate's visit to Notre Dame. Among the exercises in his honor was an entertainment given by the students of the University in Washington Hall, which for once was filled to overflowing. The presence of the venerable founder of Notre Dame was not expected, on account of his feeble health; but while the orchestra was playing its first selection, Father Sorin made his appearance at the door, accompanied by his attendant. Mgr. Satolli was the first to notice him, and immediately left his place to go to the door and conduct the aged priest back to the place of honor. It was an act of genuine kindness and humility rather than of mere courtesy or condescension,—one that a man ever conscious of his superior dignity and proud of his office would not have been likely to perform. The meek embarrassment of the aged religious at being thus honored by the highest ecclesiastical dignity in the land added to the picturesqueness of the incident, which was not lost on the youthful audience. A spontaneous shout went up from the throats of five hundred boys, grave professors and the invited guests joining enthusiastically in the demonstration.

It was a trifling incident in one way, but it speaks volumes in praise of Mgr. Satolli. Such little things reveal character. Whatever may be thought or expressed about the presence or acts of his Excellency, all can rejoice that a great office is not held by a small man, as is often the case. Mgr. Satolli, we are of opinion, is first of all a Christian gentleman, incapable of intentionally wounding the feelings of any one, and not likely to forget the respect due to authority that is in reality part of his own.

Notes and Remarks.

The World's Fair may be closed on Sunday, after all; and, however much they may regret the decision, those who hoped for a different ruling of the Supreme Court will cheerfully acquiesce. Although the advocates of Sunday opening are, doubtless, as sincere and well-meaning persons as those who are trying to transfer the Hebrew Sabbath to the first day of the week, it is not likely that there will be loud and indignant mouthings from those who may fail to carry their point. It would be very surprising should they demand of the President that the regular troops be called upon to keep the gates open, although Mr. Joseph Cook and others of Boston invoked that aid to keep them closed. The people would be sorry, friends of the working-men would be sorry, enemies of the saloons would be sorry; but once the question is settled, there is nothing more to be said or done.

Some of our Catholic *confrères* are engaged in asking and answering the question, What are we doing for non-Catholics? It must be admitted that since the year began we have been giving them no little disedification. Only when peace has been restored amongst us, and zeal for the cause of truth takes the place of self-seeking—when it shall cease to be the practice to rattle skeletons in the market-places or to grind axes in the sanctuary,—and when our Protestant brethren are heard to exclaim, How these Catholics love one another! only then will the country be ripe for conversion.

M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, contributes to the initial number of *McClure's Magazine* an interesting paper on "Europe at the Present Moment," in which he ventures the opinion that a great war in Europe is distant. Of Leo XIII. M. de Blowitz says, among other things: "The third of the great isolated powers of which I speak [England and Turkey being the other two] is personified to-day by the grand old man whom an heroic pertinacity, henceforward to be traditional, keeps a prisoner in

the Vatican. No one can have any idea of the life and movement which reign in this voluntary prison, which lies over against the Quirinal. Thither flow innumerable missives from every corner of the world; and could I only tell of some of them, it would be seen how long still is the arm extending from the shadow of St. Peter's, how dreadful still are the lips that speak in the shade of the Vatican."

Notre Dame was *en fête* last week, the occasion being a complimentary visit by his Excellency Mgr. Satolli, Papal Delegate to the United States. His reception was in keeping both with his ecclesiastical rank and the high office to which he has been appointed. Considering the fact that Notre Dame is the mother-house of a numerous religious community, the site of two of the largest educational institutions in the country,—a town by itself, every resident of which was interested in the Delegate's visit, and all without exception eager to pay him honor as the representative of the Holy See,—we doubt if his Excellency has received anywhere in the United States a more generous welcome; and we are pleased to have his assurance that it was highly gratifying and edifying to him, that his expectations were more than fulfilled, and that he will ever remember his stay at Notre Dame.

That grand old *mæstro* Verdi has announced his intention of setting the Litany of Loreto to music in honor of the centenary festival of the Holy House, which occurs next year. Signor Verdi, like Gladstone and Leo XIII., is blessed with a green old age; and his announcement will delight not only the clients of the Blessed Virgin, but lovers of good music throughout the world. Though the venerable composer should live many years more, the Litany of Loreto will still be his swan-song.

In resigning the editorship of the *Review of the Churches*, Archdeacon Farrar utters a violent protest against the lamentable "innovations of Romanism," and then sends up this helpless, hopeless wail: "The whole cause of the Reformation is going by default; and if the alienated laity, who have been

driven into indifference by the Romish innovations and Romish doctrines forced upon them without any voice of theirs in the matter, do not awake in time, and assert their rights as sharers in the common and sole priesthood of all Christians, they will awake too late, to find themselves nominal members of a church which has become widely Popish in all but name,—a church in which Catholicity is every day being made more and more synonymous with stark Romanism, and in which the once honored name of Protestant is overwhelmed with calumny and insult."

Strange utterances these from a divine who knows that Christ promised to abide with *His* Church forever, and to preserve it free from all error.

In response to the circular letter of his Eminence Cardinal Langénieux concerning the Eucharistic Congress in Jerusalem, over which that distinguished prelate presided, Mgr. Lagrange, Bishop of Chartres, wrote, on April 27, a letter in which he expressed a firm confidence that the Congress would sooner or later result in bringing into Catholic unity the separated Greek Churches. The same hope was shared by the late Cardinal Lavigerie. All Catholics may well pray that this hope will be verified in the near future. The cessation of the Greek schism would be a fitting crown for the closing years of so notable a pontificate as history will assuredly proclaim that of Leo XIII.

It is worthy of note that the idea of a Eucharistic Congress originated with the saintly Mgr. Ségur, and that the Congress this year was held within the shadow of the Holy Sepulchre, under the special protection of the Turkish Government. There were representatives from eleven European nations.

The present tendency of the period to separate the work of men from that of women, to raise a barrier between aims which should have a common purpose, is assuming an alarming character; and it is not pleasant to observe that Catholic women are doing their share to hasten a consummation devoutly *not* to be wished. There was a Catholic Woman's Day at the feminine Congress in Chicago, and now comes a movement called

the Federation of the Catholic Women of America; its object: philanthropy, temperance, and similar commendable things. But does not this sound suspiciously like the methods of sectarians? Is not this "Federation," for instance, an attempt to emulate the Woman's Christian Temperance Union?

Catholic women especially should frown upon all this "woman's work," which is decidedly overdone. If women wish to be architects or decorators or machinists, there is nothing to prevent them from placing their work in honest, friendly competition with the men who are their friends, but who may lose their friendly feeling if this Amazonian policy is continued. (We hear nothing about the Men's Building at the great Fair; nothing about Men's Days, or congresses on Federations of Men.) There is room enough for women in the undertakings of the Church, and no need whatever of "women's work" or an ignoble imitation of alien methods.

The World's Fair Catholic Temperance Congress, which convened last week in Chicago, though not so well attended as was expected, drew together many eminent men who have identified themselves with the movement. The sessions of the Congress were held in Columbus Hall, and were opened with an address from the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Cotter, president of the C. T. A. Union, also addressed the assembled societies, and papers on subjects touching the drink evil were read by the representatives. Prominent among the delegates was the Rev. Dr. Barry, of London, who replaced the venerable Father Nugent, the great temperance apostle of Liverpool.

Our ably-edited contemporary the *Ypsilanti Sentinel* sounds the bottom of the school question when it says: "It may as well be understood first as last that the conflict is irrepressible." The main idea in the establishment of "common schools" was to bring about "the death of Catholicism." And the actions of school boards in various localities are brought forward as irrefutable evidences of the *Sentinel's* words. After all, it is only

a repetition of what everyone ought to know by this time—that the Protestant, unless drawn to the Church, is likely to become an infidel. As one or the other he must be opposed to Catholicity, though his opposition may be passive rather than active.

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It may be productive of good to quote from the *Sentinel* the following sentences. Let it be well understood that the editor is not a Catholic. We know him to be a man at all times possessed of the courage of his convictions:

"All former generations of the American people have been taught from press and pulpit that the 'common school,' 'the public school system,' 'general education,' was to be the death of Catholicism; that the Catholic Church could exist only by 'keeping the public in ignorance'; and if the children of Catholic parents could be brought up in the public schools, the days of the Church were ended. To this purpose every effort was directed, and with great success; while the Catholic population was thinly scattered, and left unprovided with pastors. The increase of this population, and its concentration into parishes, churches and schools, at once threatened the success of the desired purpose; and hence arises the increased animosity shown toward Catholics, and especially toward Catholic schools and Catholic education outside of the public schools. Catholics had better have their own schools, wherever the means and self-sacrifice of their people will allow it; and where these will not suffice, send their children to the public schools, supplying the lack of religious training there by the greater care at home and on the Sabbath.

"And, by way of a side remark, we will say that not one of our 'institutions' to-day so much needs a thorough overhauling and reform as the public school system."

The musical part of the High Mass at St. Peter's in honor of the Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. was of intense and exceptional interest to the numerous members of the American colony in Rome, it being the composition of a young American musician, Mr. G. M. Dossert. Never before has the work of an American received this honor at St. Peter's. The music fulfilled all expectations, which is saying a great deal; for much had been prophesied concerning its excellence. The American Minister and Consul were present upon the memorable occasion.

Thursday, June 29, will be a red-letter day for the Church in England. The whole

country will again be dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter, amid all the "pomp and circumstance" of the Catholic ritual, and in the presence of a large gathering of distinguished churchmen. Cardinal Vaughan will officiate, and Father Bridgett, C. S. S. R., will preach the dedication sermon. A procession in honor of Our Lady and the Prince of the Apostles is announced for the afternoon.

The late Cardinal Zigliara enlisted under the banner of St. Dominic at the early age of fifteen. His Eminence was a native of Corsica. He was among the most learned members of the Sacred College, and was distinguished as a philosopher, a writer and an orator. His official connection with eight of the most important Roman Congregations shows the esteem in which he was held by the Sovereign Pontiff.

Dr. Mivart has issued his *ultimatum* to the critics. It is due to the great biologist to note his statement that he never denied or intended to deny either the eternity of hell's punishment or the "pain of sense."

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. Dudley Tierney, of Scranton, Pa., who departed this life on the 24th of April.

Mrs. J. F. Earhart, whose death took place on the 5th ult., at Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Bernard McGowan, of Newport, R. I., who died a happy death on the 10th ult.

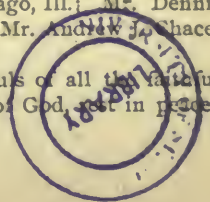
Mr. Patrick Maher, who passed away on the 30th ult., at Roanoke, Va.

Miss Mary Kerr, of the same place, who died the death of the just on the 26th ult.

Mrs. Johanna Siegfried, whose life closed on the 10th ult., at Easton, Pa.

Mr. Henry W. Hook, Mrs. Rose Deskin, Mrs. John Curran, and Miss Eliza Degnan, of New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Geraghty, New York city; Mrs. Catherine McDonnell and Mrs. Catherine Lannon, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Alice Ford, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Dennis Hayes, Zanesville, Ohio; and Mr. Andrew J. Chace, Scranton, Pa.

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





*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Vacant Chair.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

SILVER moonbeams, gently stealing
 Through our cottage pane to-night,
 On a group of children kneeling
 Throw their soft and mellow light.
 Lonely all, no word is spoken,
 Grief is stamped on every brow;
 Let the silence be unbroken—
 Mother's chair is vacant now.

Oft in joy we thronged around it;
 Oft, when sad with childish care,
 Sought relief and ever found it
 In the dear one seated there.
 On that throne each night we kissed her,
 Gave her there our morning bow;
 But to-night—how we have missed her!
 Mother's chair is vacant now.

Yet, though mother's gone forever,
 Still her gentle spirit's near;
 Ah! her kindly tone can never
 Cease resounding in my ear.
 And that seat our glances meeting,
 We shall see her placid brow,
 And shall hear her loving greeting,
 Though her chair be vacant now.

A Family Holiday Abroad.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

XXI.—AN AUDIENCE WITH THE HOLY FATHER.

KNOWING that the day upon which they were to go to the Vatican had at last arrived, the young people were in high spirits. They rose very early that morning, after an almost sleepless night, and were ready to start long before the appointed hour.

Before leaving home, Claire had received a few hints from her friend Mrs. Blakeson as to the etiquette of the occasion. She was dressed in black, and wore, instead of a hat, a beautiful black lace veil that had belonged to her mother. Alicia and Kathleen had white gowns (the latter that which she wore for her First Communion a few months before) and white veils and gloves. Their brother donned the military uniform of his college, which he brought for the purpose; and Mr. Colville the regulation suit for a gentleman's afternoon dress.

The sun was low in the west as they drove across the Bridge of Sant' Angelo, past the ancient Castle, up through the great Piazza, and then around to the entrance to the Vatican Gardens.

"ETERNITY! What is that?" was asked at the Deaf and Dumb Institution in Paris; and the beautiful and striking answer was given by one of the pupils, "The lifetime of God."

The impassive countenance of one of the guards relaxed into a genial smile as he beheld the eager, excited young people, and saw the notification which Mr. Colville presented.

They were at once permitted to pass, and waited inside the gate for a kind friend, a Monsignor, who had arranged to accompany them. He came presently; and an official conducted them through a tiled corridor and beneath a great stone archway, thence down a flight of marble steps into the open air once more, and between rows of blooming tropical shrubs, to a circular space amid the green alleys.

"Wait here," he said. "The Holy Father will pass this way."

The Colvilles looked about them. They were in the midst of a beautiful garden, studded with flower-plots bordered with diminutive hedges of box, and arranged in artistic designs, among which they noticed Pope Leo's coat of arms, a fir-tree and a star. There were glimpses of wide terraces too, and avenues shut in by walls of laurel and orange-trees cut into hedges, the gold of the fruit and fragrant snow of the blossoms contrasting with the dark foliage. Here and there exquisite marble statues stood forth amid the greenery; and graceful fountains cast their jets high into the air, to fall again in rainbow spray, like showers of opals and diamonds.

The rays of the setting sun shone upon the Vatican and the Dome of St. Peter's, and the shadows of the trees stole over the *parterres*. Beyond, they could see the drives of the Vatican park and the distant country; the brown hills, now crowned with violet in the changing light of the late afternoon; and still farther beyond, the western sky just beginning to take on a glory of purple and golden clouds. The air was balmy and sweet, and the birds twittered and called to one another, after the heat of the day.

But our young people paid very little heed to their surroundings. They had

come to behold the Holy Father. In a few moments they would see him—the great Leo XIII., the Head of the Catholic Church, the successor of St. Peter! They were engrossed in watching and waiting. How could they have eyes or thoughts for aught besides?

"O dear, I begin to feel so frightened! When the Holy Father comes I am afraid I shall not dare to look up, and so I shall miss seeing him after all," said Kathleen.

"Why, there is nothing to be afraid of, pussy!" responded Joe, encouragingly. But he was conscious of being rather flustered himself. All the day long his fancy had been busy with the coming scene. He had gone over it again and again. Sometimes he imagined quite an interview with the Pope, during which he would reverently beg to be allowed to become a Papal Zouave; or if there were no longer Zouaves, then to join the Swiss Guard. To be sure he knew nothing of Italian, but he had heard the Pope spoke French; so he racked his brain to recall the little he had learned of that language, and kept asking Claire the French of so many words that she wondered what he could be aiming at. But now, when the moment was at hand, all this seemed very silly.

"I'm all in a flutter, Claire,—aren't you?" whispered Alicia.

"Yes," Claire answered. "But hush! We had better not talk."

"His Holiness will be borne past in a kind of chair," said Monsignor. "Such is the custom, and it also saves him the long walk to the *casino*, or marble summer-house, in the centre of the garden, the roof of which you can distinguish from here."

"And we shall be sure to see him?" asked Alicia.

Monsignor nodded.

"Will he speak to us?" said Kathleen.

"No: he will only bless us as he passes.

"I am sure that ought to be enough," replied Claire.

Monsignor smiled, as if he thought the Holy Father might grant them a moment's audience; but he said nothing.

After a short time there was a stir in the upper part of the garden, and Monsignor whispered:

"Now!"

They heard a word of command, the tread of military footsteps, and then there came into view a band of the noble Guard of the Papal Household,—splendid-looking men, representatives of the old nobility of Rome, in striking uniforms. After them appeared a little company of ecclesiastics, the attendants upon His Holiness; *monsignori* with purple cassocks, and two or three cardinals in their red robes; and then, borne in a chair having poles like a litter, which rested upon the shoulders of bearers in liveries of crimson damask, there was a vision of a white soutane and scarlet cape, a bent and venerable figure, an intellectual face, thin, pale, and almost transparent, as if the great soul behind it were shining through, like the fires of the gem shining through the features of a fine and delicately-cut cameo.

Our friends sank upon their knees as the procession advanced. Who could describe their emotions! They realized that they were in the presence of the most august of human personages; a sovereign deprived of his kingdom, indeed, but still ruling over more than two hundred millions of Catholic hearts; a monarch greater than all the kings and emperors of the world; one who has received his power not from man, but from God—the Vicar of Christ.

Even little Kathleen did not forget to look up, however; for the gaze of all was fascinated by the majesty, yet gentleness, of that countenance. They saw that the Pope was so fragile he appeared almost like a spiritual being; that he was bowed by the weight of his eighty-three years

and the heavy cares of his office. And yet the impression was of strength, not feebleness; and his age seemed but another attribute for their veneration. Were not the patriarchs old, and Moses and Elias and the prophets? And how bright were the eyes that looked forth from that wonderful face!—the eyes of a ruler of souls; eyes which deceit and falsehood could not withstand; watchful and keen to detect the errors that might molest the Church; piercing but tranquil, and now fixed upon the evening sky, as if they looked beyond the veil that separates earth from heaven.

There was a moment of suspense. The procession had nearly reached the point opposite to the place where our pilgrims were stationed. Would the Pope look toward them, or was he too absorbed in thought? Now a cardinal at his side said something to him. At the words he turned his head, and his glance fell upon the little group kneeling by the wayside. A smile inexpressibly sweet and winning lit up his pallid visage, and his eyes beamed softly upon them. And, as if the earnest, upturned faces of the young people appealed to his paternal gentleness and kindness, always especially evinced toward children, he lifted his trembling hand as a signal to the bearers to pause, and the party were bidden to approach.

"Your Holiness," said Monsignor, "here is a Catholic gentleman from New York, who has brought his family to your feet to beg you to bless them, that they may be ever true children of the Church and devoted to the Holy See."

Thereupon the Pope spoke, and his voice was clear and firm and musical as he said in Italian to Mr. Colville:

"Ah, my son! Your faith is reflected in that of these dear children. May God bless you and them!"

And then he went on to ask him about himself and them with all the kindness and interest of a friend. When, in response

to his inquiries, he was told that the children were motherless, he gave a little sigh of sympathy for their loss; as if, perchance, through the mists of years his thoughts went back to the mother who watched over his own childhood, and who was so noble and beautiful a character that it is said he can not even now speak of her without emotion.

He next addressed a few words to Claire in French, using the *tu-toi*—the affectionate form of speech as of a father to a child,—and with a gentleness of manner that made her forget her diffidence.

She answered simply and modestly, feeling very thankful that she knew enough of the language to be able to comprehend what the Holy Father said, and to reply in a proper manner.

Presently Joe's turn came, and the Pope was asking to what college he belonged. Poor Joe understood very well, but suddenly all his confidence deserted him. In the intensity of the feeling of devotedness and loyalty which the sight of that venerable figure and saintly countenance aroused, he forgot the set phrases he had conned so carefully, and could only blush and stammer inarticulately. It was Mr. Colville who replied for him; but the Holy Father smiled benignly, and said, leaning forward and bending a kindly glance upon the frank, manly-looking boy, in grey military uniform:

"Never mind, my son. A soldier is known not by words, but by his deeds; is it not so?"

Continuing, he bade him remember that it is better to fight with moral than with physical forces; that to be a hero in principle, in steadfastness and faith, is worth more than all the military glory of the world.

Now His Holiness had a word for Alicia and Kathleen.

Little Kathleen's heart beat quickly, and her color came and went; but she managed to answer appropriately: "*Oui,*

Votre Sainteté." Unfortunately, however, just at this moment, as luck would have it, her veil, which she had difficulty in keeping on from the first, slipped entirely off her head and down upon her shoulders. In distress and confusion, she glanced up. There was a gleam of amusement in the eyes of the Holy Father; and, to relieve her embarrassment, he made a little joke, which caused them all to smile, and reassured her at once.

"Ah, my children!" he added, still speaking to the two little girls. "Keep your hearts veiled from worldliness, and your souls white as snow."

And, laying his hand upon little Kathleen's head, he concluded, in tones the exquisite sweetness of which she will never forget:

"*Je te benie, chère petite!*" (I bless you, dear little one!) "*Je vous benie tous!*" (I bless you all!)

They all knelt again; and, raising his fragile hand, he made the Sign of the Cross over them repeatedly, sending his blessing also to their dear ones at home for whom they fain would ask it. And then, with a gentle inclination of the head and a parting smile, the Sovereign Pontiff was borne onward; while they remained still kneeling, and watching the vision with eyes dimmed by tears of filial reverence and affection, until it faded away. They had seen and conversed with the great Leo XIII.!

"Oh," exclaimed Claire, with a sigh of suppressed feeling, as they arose, "I felt that I was in the presence of a saint,—that one who belonged more to heaven than to earth was speaking to me!"

"And so did I!"—"And I!" chimed in the others.

"I have read and heard of many imposing audiences in the halls of the Vatican," she added; "but I think we shall always be glad that we saw the Pope as we did—going, after the labors of the day, to seek a renewal of strength

for the duties of to-morrow amid the peacefulness and the cool and pleasant air of this beautiful garden."

"Oh, yes!" said Kathleen. "To see the Holy Father here, where the birds and flowers are, talking to us children just as kindly as if we were the most distinguished people in the world,—surely that is the pleasantest way to remember him."

Monsignor now led them from the grounds. The sunset clouds still lingered in the sky as they drove back toward the Piazza di Spagna.

"They are," said Claire, "a symbol of the golden light which will crown this evening in our memories forever."

It may be our fortune at some future time to follow the guidance of Mr. Colville amid other scenes of Rome; to visit, with Claire and Alicia, Joe and little Kathleen, the old Coliseum, the place of the sufferings and triumphs of so many martyrs; the prison of SS. Peter and Paul, the House of St. Cecilia, the Catacombs, and many other interesting and sacred shrines. But for the present we shall leave them with the blessing of the Holy Father fresh upon their brows.

They were singularly silent on the way homeward; but as they reached their lodgings, in an old *palazzo* almost within the shadow of the Column of the Immaculate Conception, Claire spoke, and her words found an echo in the thoughts of her sisters and brother.

"Father," said she, "although our family holiday abroad is not yet over, I feel that the dream of my life is realized. We are in Rome; we have visited St. Peter's and the Tomb of the Apostles, and have seen the Sovereign Pontiff; we have attained the objects which we had most at heart, and which were of all our travels the aim and the end."

The Wreck of the "Santa Zita."

VI.

On leaving the church after Mass, Antonio saw that the city was all life and bustle. Angelo gazed in childish wonder at the gaily-pictured carts, loaded with fruits and vegetables, and drawn by mules in glittering harness and rows of jingling bells; farmers, with long capes and slouched hats, riding into market with their rifles slung at their backs; portly-looking gentlemen, in black broadcloth and whitest linen, riding on donkeys from their villas outside the gates to their offices in the city (the Sicilian donkey, by the way, is a fine animal); foot-passengers, who thronged the slippery marble pavement, which was near throwing poor Angelo off his feet more than once; women, dressed like Lucia, with baskets on their arms; soldiers in gaudy uniforms, with swords at their sides; men carrying on their heads baskets of vegetables high as themselves; children, laughing and playing in the sunshine; and monks, in brown habits, girdled waists and sandalled feet, walking gravely, with eyes cast down.

All this was new to Angelo, and so occupied his mind that he did not notice, until Lucia pointed it out to him, that they had passed into another grand street that crossed the Toledo. It was the Strada Macqueda, and the name was conspicuously painted at the intersection. Our excursionists turned to the left, and beheld a beautiful fountain. Women half fish; little boys blowing shells; giants lying down on large oil jars; great fish, such as Angelo or, in fact, any one else had never seen,— "all," as he afterward declared, "drinking the water and spitting it out again." Of course he wished to drink at this fountain; but he did not find it so pleasant as the water at the cove. As our little party were now quite tired, they sat

NOBLE words are next to noble deeds,
But noble lives the world most needs.

—Anon.

down a while to rest. Angelo amused himself by letting the cool, sparkling water run over his feet.

Resuming their journey, a few minutes' walk brought them to the open square that lies in front of the Cathedral, the great Duomo of Palermo.

"I suppose the King lives there," said Angelo.

"Yes, my son: this is the house of the King of kings," answered Antonio.

They entered in silence, and knelt before the grand altar. The sexton told them that the edifice was built in the tenth century; and showed them the tombs, in porphyry, of four of the early kings of Sicily, each coffin occupying a side chapel, under a stately canopy of marble, whose gilded columns and inlaid traceries are dimmed with the dust of ages.

"Since they are dead, mamma, and can't feel," said Angelo, "what is the use of putting them in such pretty purple stone coffins?"

"Because they were men in high authority," answered Lucia; "and their remains are to be respected."

Many similar questions the boy asked, in his simplicity; but they indicated a bright mind, susceptible of high cultivation.

His parents now hurried him on, and felt great relief when they found themselves fairly outside the city walls, and sauntering along the dusty road that leads to the mountains. After a time they came to a broken fountain, where the water plashed out of a lion's mouth into a much-worn basin. The spot was cool and pleasant, so they sat down to rest and enjoy the view. Antonio went to a cactus and gathered some Indian figs; then drawing a loaf from his pouch, he cut the prickly-pears and distributed them to Lucia and Angelo. A good meal it was; and Angelo, because he was really thirsty, found the water even better than that in the cove.

After some time they came to the magnificent Church of St. Peter. The three knelt in reverence to the "Prisoner of Love" in the tabernacle, after which they walked among the great marble columns to view the sacred pictures, depicting scenes from Bible history. Angelo was naturally passionate, and Lucia had often told him the story of Cain and Abel. Here he found a mosaic representing the death of Abel. It made a deep impression on the lad; and in maturer years, when anger boiled in his hot Southern veins, the thought of that picture floated across his mind, and restrained him.

As Antonio and Lucia walked slowly toward the bronze doors, Angelo went back to take another look at the picture of the wicked Cain and innocent Abel. A lady and gentleman happened to be standing near; and, observing the earnest gaze of the boy, both turned to watch him. In a moment a strange expression appeared in their faces.

"Do you not see the resemblance?" asked the gentleman.

"Extraordinary!" replied the lady, with a deep sigh. "Little boy," she said, eagerly, "whose child are you—where do you come from?"

"I am Antonio's child," said he, pointing to his father, who was just leaving the church; "and we live at the cove in Monte Pellegrino."

The lady and gentleman saw only a Sicilian peasant and his wife.

"It's a striking resemblance, merely, dear," said the man, with a sigh. Then, turning to the boy, he asked: "Have you ever lived anywhere else, my little one?"

"No, never," answered Angelo, with a confident shake of the head.

The lady took out her purse, and, holding up a coin, said, as she stroked the lad's curls from his face:

"Take that for my sake, because you are so like a little boy that I once had, and loved very dearly."

A tear fell from her dark eyelash on her pale cheek. A moment later the lady and gentleman were kneeling before the altar, and the former was weeping bitterly.

Angelo ran out, and, calling to his father, exclaimed:

"See, a lady gave me a bright button, like those on soldiers' coats!"

"What! a medal I suppose? No, son: it is a gold coin. We mustn't take this. Where is she?"

"She went to the altar and began to cry—oh, so hard!"

They waited in vain for the lady to come out; and at last, when Antonio went into the church to look, she was gone. She and her husband had left by another door, where their carriage was waiting, and were now half way to Palermo.

So the coin was carried home, and laid away for luck in the same box in which Lucia kept a small reliquary, attached to a string of coral, that was found on the baby's neck after the great storm.

Continuing their journey, they soon reached Luigi's house, where they were most hospitably entertained. They ate macaroni, sang Italian ballads, and chatted to their hearts' content. Toward evening they directed their steps homeward. The way seemed long, for they were weary; and when at last they reached the cove, they were glad to say their prayers and retire to rest.

VII.

Nine years passed, and Angelo was now a handsome young man. He was above the middle height and straight as an arrow. Every movement told of pliant strength, and he was as brave as he was handsome and intelligent. The good hermit of St. Rosalie had been his tutor, so that he had a fair education; and, thanks to the training of his good mother, had also a horror of sin, in thought, word and deed.

In spite of his youth, the proprietors of La Tonnara had appointed him captain of the gang of tunny-fishers that worked the

great fishery of Monte Pellegrino. They sought a courageous man, and one capable of handing into their office every week a clearly-written paper, giving an account of the number of tunny killed, and their weight when dispatched from the fishery. They soon discovered that they now received a much heavier weight than formerly, and were highly satisfied at the appointment.

Some of the men were jealous, and could not bear to see Angelo successful. One of these was a ruffianly fellow, named Cataldo, a man nine years older than Angelo; one who had been in the habit of stealing tunny on its way to market. He wanted to be the head of La Tonnara himself; hence he was always insulting the young captain, so as to make him say or do something for which revenge might be claimed. Often Angelo felt his heart burning with rage; but the vision of the "Death of Abel" at Monreale would come to his mind, and calm his anger.

During the year Angelo had received many friendly warnings to be careful how he passed over the Monte, especially at night; but he paid little attention to them. It happened on one occasion that the captain could not make his usual report on account of the stormy weather; so, instead of going in the boat, he determined to walk to Palermo by the path over the Pilgrims' Mount, as he had often done before. Accordingly he scaled the cliff, and, bounding over the boulders, got into the mule-track, close to which stands the little Chapel of Santa Rosalia. The aged hermit, ever ready to come forth when the sound of footsteps up or down the pass struck his ear, was especially glad to see Angelo, who knelt to receive a blessing for his journey.

It was the period of the passing of the quail. Every year, about the month of April, myriads of these birds come from Africa and pass northward, to spend the summer in Europe's cooler clime. Thou-

sands perish in 'the sea through fatigue. In Sicily, Monte Pellegrino is a favorite haunt of these birds, when they return at the beginning of September.

"I must have a gun," said Angelo to himself as he trudged along; and as he neared the city he resolved to purchase one, after transacting his business at the office of the proprietors of La Tonnara.

When Angelo entered the apartment which his employers used as an office, he found only the managing clerk at his desk. He bowed politely, and handed in his account, explaining why he had delayed its presentation. The clerk received him coldly, and said that the proprietors had given orders to have the account examined very carefully. Angelo, in great surprise, asked an explanation. But the only satisfaction he received was an announcement that his pay was to be withheld that week, till the owners had met to consider the matter. One or two experienced fishers, the clerk declared—he would not give their names,—had reported that several shoals of tunny-fish had been allowed to escape during the summer. The complaints had been coming in for a long time, etc. He concluded by saying that it was not his affair, that the wages would be paid in due time if all the charges proved groundless.

Angelo trembled with anger; he forgot Cain and Abel, and demanded his week's wages. The clerk only shrugged his shoulders, and wrote on in silence.

"Tell the *padroni*," he cried, fiercely, "that they have listened to a scoundrel! I know their trustworthy witness. Tell them, too, that I will not wait long for my wages, if I have to take them!"

Then, having vented his rage, he pulled his cap over his face, and strode from the office, muttering against the *padroni*. Gradually he cooled down; and, remembering the quails, he turned into a narrow alley, and stopped at an open shop, where a thin-visaged man was polishing a button.

"Aha!" said the gunsmith, looking up at Angelo, "you want a gun? The quails are abundant. I have a fine stock here."

"What is the price of this gun?" inquired the young man.

"Nothing—that is, nothing at all for the Captain of La Tonnara. Two napoleons."

"Well, I haven't that small sum to give you to-night, but I'll soon have it." And laying down one napoleon, he added: "That's half; will you trust me?"

"Certainly."

The gunsmith then showed him where to buy powder and shot; which having done, Angelo turned his steps homeward. A startled quail whirred across his path. Bang! went Angelo's new purchase; but the quail flew across the mountain unharmed. The youth had hardly gone a few steps, when the distant report of another gun echoed across the mountain, and rang faintly from crag to crag.

"I suppose he brought down *his* quail," said Angelo, and trudged onward.

The young man had made up his mind on the way that it would not be well, at present, to tell his parents about the *padroni's* decision, or of the suspicions he entertained regarding Cataldo. Antonio was now full seventy years old, and Lucia only a few years his junior. The wages of their son supported them in comparative ease. He would not distress them unnecessarily. Entering the little cabin off the main hut, which he had occupied for some years, he set his gun in the corner, and lay down to rest. But his slumber was fitful and uneasy: he had yielded to anger and made imprudent threats. To-morrow he would go to his dear friend and confessor, the hermit of St. Rosalie, acknowledge his fault, and peace would come back to his mind.

VIII.

On the morrow all Palermo was in excitement. Signor Lopinto, the wealthiest banker in Palermo, the best friend of the poor, had been murdered! The fury of the

people knew no bounds. Already four bands of police had ridden out to guard the passes from the Mount. Signor Lopinto had been found by a mule-driver, lying upon the ground, about half a mile below the Grotto of Santa Rosalia. The hermit said that Signor Lopinto had remained praying in the chapel of the Saint till sunset; and then, after receiving his blessing, he walked toward Palermo. Ten minutes later his reverence had heard the report of a gun. Supposing it to be some one firing at a quail, he thought no more of the matter. No one but Angelo Gabaria had passed either way that afternoon. He might have met Signor Lopinto; but he was a good young man, and, though he carried a gun, it was impossible to associate him with so great a crime.

Could anything be plainer? All to whom Angelo was unknown declared it must have been the Captain who committed the murder.

Angelo rose early the following morning, and was standing on the rocks before the cove, looking out toward his men, when a sail appeared around the cliff, containing four *gendarmes*, and Cataldo in the bow of the boat, a cutlass in his hand. Before Angelo could recover his surprise, the *gendarmes* landed, and, seizing him and throwing him into the boat, cried:

“Ha, ha! young brigand! we have you safe!”

In vain did Angelo ask why he was arrested: they sneered at him, and the brutal Cataldo expressed his satisfaction in open terms. Soon the poor young man was in the Vicaria (a prison), and occupying a cell with a heavily-barred window, that let in only enough light to reveal his chains.

There was one consolation for the infuriated multitude: justice was likely to be done speedily; for court would sit in the Palazzo dei Tribunale three days hence. Angelo had heard the accusation; and, learning the circumstances of the crime,

felt that he must be condemned. He made up his mind to die bravely, and called on Heaven to give him the grace necessary to meet his cruel destiny.

The third day came. It was nine o'clock, when the noise of footsteps approaching the iron door of his dark, damp cell made him rise from his stone bed and turn toward the entrance. The bolts were withdrawn, and a file of *gendarmes* stood on each side, bayonets fixed. An officer with a drawn sword, holding a paper in his hand, cried out: “Angelo Gabaria!” Nothing more. A warder unlocked the chain that bound him. “Forward!” cried the officer. The next moment Angelo, with other culprits, was in the courtyard.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

George Washington's Victory.

When Washington was a young man he and a friend were in a public place together, and, a warm dispute arising between them, Washington applied an offensive epithet to his companion, when instantly a blow, straight from the shoulder of the latter, caused the future Father of his Country to measure his length on his native heath. Such was the defeat. The high social standing and well-known mettle of the two young men left little room to doubt that a fight to the death would follow. But all suspense was soon dispelled.

The day following the two met again; and Washington, instead of whipping out knife or pistol, as almost everybody expected, and as those who gloried in the fighting code hoped he would do, smilingly offered his hand to his antagonist, and accompanied the act with an unreserved apology for the offensive epithet he had used. The proffered hand was promptly grasped, and an apology in turn attempted; but Washington would not have it so, insisting that he alone was in fault, and he alone should apologize. Such was the victory! He that conquereth himself is mightier than he that taketh a city.—*Sacred Heart Review*.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 24, 1893.

No. 25.

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

Life's Voyage.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOTTFRIED ARNOLD.

FULL many a way, full many a path,
The all-encircling ocean hath;
Let each man only see to this,
That his own course he do not miss.

The ways are countless, none the same,
Yet each one hath its proper aim;
Only forget not aye to heed
If to the haven thine will lead.

For there are currents undiscerned,
As many a ship too late hath learned,
That deemed itself full safe to be,
Yet sank upon the open sea.

One is the haven;—let there be
In us who seek it, unity.
Vast is the ocean: surely there
Is room for all men, and to spare.

Then heedfully go on thy way;
Care only that on that great Day,
Whether thy course be long or short,
Thy vessel may be found in port.

IF instead of a gem, or even a flower,
we could cast the gift of a noble thought
into the heart of a friend, that would be
giving as God's angels must give.—
George MacDonald.

Martyr Memories of Ireland.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONCLUSION.)



HE zeal and devotedness of the Vincentian missionaries, who came from France to recruit the sadly depleted ranks of the Irish clergy, is the subject of frequent eulogy on the part of contemporary prelates and priests. "Although," writes his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, "these admirable priests have suffered inconvenience of every sort since their arrival in this country, they have not ceased for an instant to apply themselves to their spiritual mission; and, blessed by heavenly grace, they have gloriously propagated and increased the worship and glory of God."

It is the glory of the secular clergy of Ireland that they, too, stood as one man in their constancy to faith and country. Only death or exile could thin their serried ranks. Everywhere—in town and in country, on the highways and in the most secret places—they exercised an indefatigable ministry; they labored with unremitting zeal, they displayed indomitable courage. The number of their martyrs can scarcely be counted.

Father Nicholas Mulcahy, parish priest

of Ardfinnan, was commanded to advise his flock to give up the besieged town of Clonmel. Indignantly refusing, he was beheaded in sight of his people. His last words were a prayer for his enemies. Father Bernard Fitzpatrick, a man of noble descent, illustrious by his virtues and acquirements, was beheaded in a cavern which had given him shelter. Father Theobald Stapleton, during the siege of Cashel, wearing his surplice and stole, and holding aloft the crucifix, awaited the coming of the Puritan soldiery in the cathedral. On their entrance he sprinkled them with holy water. He fell, pierced with wounds; at each blow exclaiming, "Strike this miserable sinner!"*

Father Daniel Delaney, of Arklow, was martyred under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The enemy having slain his servant before his eyes, Father Delaney defended himself successfully, until being induced, under promise of personal security, to deliver up his sword, he was stripped and tied to a horse's tail, the animal being urged to its full speed over a frozen road covered with brambles and thickets. Arrived at the town of Gorey, he was left in a most pitiable condition, suffering from hunger and cold, as well as from the injuries he had received during an entire night; the soldiers meantime amusing themselves by plucking his beard and beating him with sticks. Next day he was hanged three several times to a tree, being each time cut down before life was extinct.

Fathers Nugent and Lynch, Hore and Clancy, O'Kelly and Ormily, Christopher Netterville and Lawrence Wallis, are amongst others of the secular clergy who sealed their faith with their blood. Father James Woolf was absent from Limerick when it fell into the hands of the enemy. Hearing that all the clergy had been killed or driven thence, he contrived to effect an entrance, and pursued his holy ministry amongst the dead and dying for the space

of eight days. He was then taken prisoner and speedily executed. Upon the scaffold he uttered these touching words: "We are made a spectacle to God, men and angels; but the angels rejoice, whilst men scorn us."

Father Dowdall, famous for the number of converts which he made to the faith, died after a lingering imprisonment. Father Carolan was starved to death in a cavern. Father Patrick Lea, after ministering to hundreds of plague-stricken sufferers, and even, after their death, carrying their wretched bodies to the grave upon his own shoulders, died at last of the pestilence, a martyr to charity. Father Finaghty, Vicar-General of Elphin, was "five times arrested. Once he was tied to a horse's tail and dragged naked through the streets, afterward confined in a horrid dungeon."

No name more fittingly heads the list of martyred laymen in Ireland than that of Connor MacGuire, Baron of Inniskillen. Young, noble, with prospects the most brilliant, he gave up all for the sacred cause. He was arrested in 1641, and confined in the Tower of London. When his sentence was pronounced, he asked for a priest. Not only was the request refused, but he was tormented by the obtrusive ministrations of Protestant clergymen and others. Whilst one of these was in the very act of urging him to apostasy, Lord MacGuire, with dignified contempt, ignored his presence, and spoke, as follows, to his Catholic attendant: "Since I am here to-day, I desire to depart with a quiet mind, and with the marks of a good Christian,—that is, asking forgiveness first of God, next of the world. And I do forgive from the bottom of my heart all my enemies and offenders, even those who may have a hand in my death. I die a Roman Catholic. And, although I have been a great sinner, I am now, by God's grace, heartily sorry for all my sins; and do most confidently trust to be saved, not by my own works alone, but by the Passion,

* Moran: "Persecutions of Irish Catholics."

merits and mercy of my dear Saviour Jesus Christ, into whose hands I commend my spirit."

While MacGuire prayed, the sheriff continued to interrupt him. "His eyes," he said, "were mostly upon his papers, mumbling over something to himself." Furious at being ignored, the sheriff at last seized upon the papers, which he supposed to be of a political character. What to his amazement did they contain? A collection of beautiful prayers, acts of faith and contrition, invocations to Mary, to the angels and the saints. Upon the scaffold, where all were impressed by his noble and manly bearing, the dying gentleman said, briefly: "I do beseech all the Catholics here present to pray for me, and I beseech God to have mercy on my soul." Thus simply, without parade or ostentation, bravely as became his gentle blood, heroically as befitted the descendant of martyrs, died Connor, Lord MacGuire, on Tyburn Hill, February 20, 1644.

Felix O'Neil and Hugh McMahan, each the head of a princely family, were offered not only life and liberty, but honors and reward, if they would embrace the new doctrines. Both, rejecting the unworthy proposal, were hanged, drawn and quartered. Cornelius O'Brien, Lord of Caringh, in Kerry, was hanged, with Father Ward, at the masthead of a pirate vessel. Sir Patrick Purcell, Vice-General of Munster, who had done such worthy service in the German wars, Geoffrey Barrow, and Dominic Fanning, ex-Mayor of Limerick, all men of unblemished honor and high social station, were executed in hatred of the faith.

Thomas Stritch was appointed Mayor of Limerick upon the conclusion of a spiritual retreat which he had made. On receiving the keys of the city, he laid them before the statue of Mary, praying her to receive the city under her protection. He walked at the head of all the public guilds to the church, where he

made a beautiful address to the people, urging them to persevere in devotion to their faith, and declaring himself ready to lay down his life in so holy a cause. When the city was taken, he received the martyr's crown, with three others who had been his companions in the spiritual retreat. They marched to execution with joy, and made so moving an address upon the scaffold that the very Protestants were seen to shed tears. They declared, in the face of heaven and earth, that they laid down their lives for the confession and defence of the Catholic faith. "Their heroic example greatly encouraged the other Catholics to preserve their faith, and to suffer all extremities of persecution rather than be wanting in the fidelity they owe to God."*

Donagh O'Daly, of Kilcarron; Philip Ryan, of Clonculty; Thomas Shee, with five of his servants; Thomas Talbot, ninety years of age; Walter Evers, aged and sickly; Mr. Dromgole, of Dromgoles-town; Dr. O'Higgins; Mark de la Pool, an English gentleman, slain because he was a Catholic and had chosen to live amongst the Irish; Sir Alexander Godven, a Scotch Catholic, seventy years of age, who, with his wife, sons, tenants and servants, was butchered,—these are but a few other of the individual instances of which space permits mention. The number of the laity who perished, whether for the profession of their faith, or for their courage in assisting priests or in resisting the enemy, can scarcely be computed. Their name in very truth was legion.

Women shared the fate of men,—women of every rank and station; whole convents of nuns driven forth to die of want and starvation, or being ruthlessly massacred. Everywhere, indeed, the gentler sex pursued with undaunted courage their mission of self-sacrifice, of devotedness, of endurance,—now risking all to carry assistance to some hidden priest or to

* Abelly, p. 218.

some beloved relative in danger; now dying bravely, or encouraging others to die with words of hope and confidence on their lips. Assuredly the Irish women were not without their share in the splendid heroism of the Irish martyrs. To record a few isolated examples:

Mrs. Alison Reed, "a woman of station and importance," has been compared to the mother of the Machabees. Fifty men, women and children were slain in her sight. She, although eighty years of age, stood by with undaunted mien, encouraging all to suffer with constancy, and herself meeting death with the utmost tranquillity. She was set up as a target, and pierced with wounds until she expired. Eleanor Cusack, a hundred years of age, was tied about with lighted matches and tortured to death. Mrs. Ellis Dillon, Mrs. Eleanor Taafe; Lady Roche, wife of Viscount Fermoy and Roche; Lady Bridget Darcy, wife of one of the Barons of Ossory, were all martyrs to the faith; the two latter being hanged, respectively, at Cork and Dublin. Three hundred women were massacred clinging to the Cross of Wexford.

Nor did children escape. One instance is recorded of seventeen children being put to death, their legs having been previously broken. But, indeed, neither age nor sex nor weakness nor infirmity served as a protection from the all-embracing cruelty of the enemy. Episodes of heroism and of faith are all too frequently summed up in such sentences as the following: "Six hundred men, women and children were drowned by the soldiery in or about Butler's Bridge, County Cavan."—"Three hundred poor people were slaughtered in the wood of Derrner, County Louth, February, 1641; and three hundred in the Redmore of Branganstown."—"About one hundred and sixty men, women and children were burned in the furze at Termonfeckan."—"Three thousand men, women and children were brought to Caperquine, tied by couples and cast into

the river." At Dublin "many thousands fled into the furze, which the soldiers set on fire, killing all who sought to escape, or forcing them back into the flames. Numbers of others died of famine." In Dublin County "twelve thousand inhabitants were cruelly massacred the first year of the war."*

Who can tell the history of all these several lives,—of the faith which even in presence of death they had refused to barter; of the hope sustaining them in that fearful passage to eternity; of the charity that sent up prayers from dying lips for their very executioners? Ireland has become a nation of martyrs. Their blood has bedewed every flower-spangled meadow, every green lane, every verdant hillside, each smiling shore. It has risen in mists of prayer to come down in showers of grace.

At Cork, where only a single man, and he a stranger, had been found to take the oath, occurred this dramatic scene. The magistrates, according to their impious custom, were holding the assizes in Christ's Church. The citizens, summoned thither to take the sacrilegious oath demanded of them, entered two by two. One young man was so conspicuous by the cheerfulness of his demeanor that the judges supposed he was prepared to do their bidding. He was called first. He asked that the oath be repeated to him in Irish. This he did with a motive—lest some present might not understand it in English. He next inquired what was the penalty for refusing to swear. He was answered confiscation of two-thirds of the non-juror's goods. "Well," said he, with a smile, "all that I possess is six pounds; take four of them; with the two that remain, and the blessing of God, my family will subsist; I reject the oath." A peasant standing by, moved to admiration, cried: "Brave fellow! Reject the oath, the impious oath!" It is recorded that for

* Moran: "Persecutions of Irish Catholics."

half an hour these exclamations could be heard, in loud and impressive chorus. With them were mingled the pious ejaculations, "O God, look down on us! O Mary, Mother of God, assist us!" The magistrates, terror-stricken, arose and left the place, commanding all present to depart from the town within an hour. Then began the sad exodus of the young and the old from their homes; the wanderings in hunger, cold, and wretchedness; the deaths by the wayside. In heart and in spirit, here, too, was a host of martyrs.

The following incident, with which to conclude this glance at the Irish martyrs, was related in a Canadian pulpit by a French-Canadian Oblate, who had been, and is at the present time, stationed in Ireland. He had the details from the Bishop of the diocese in which the event occurred.

It happened that a small village in a remote country district of Ireland had been in great measure depopulated by actual starvation. Food there was none. The survivors sought a wretched sustenance by plucking grass and weeds from the roadside. In their misery they were haunted by a vision, illusory as the phantom ship of old legends, of a vessel which had set sail from America bringing them relief. As the population was a scattered one, it had been agreed that should the promised aid arrive, the church bell would sound a summons. Finally, one day the tolling of the bell was heard. Surely there was news at last. Eagerly the throng of living skeletons took their feeble way to the little structure. Upon the altar steps stood the priest, himself marked with the awful seal of famine. He had shared his all with them, and was doomed like them to perish. Looking about him, he saw the pitiful light of hope in haggard faces. With a pang he began to speak. His words were few and his voice faint. He had no earthly hope to give them: no ship had sailed the seas

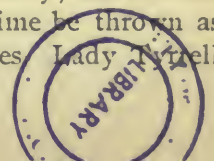
for them,—at least there were no tidings. But he wanted to speak to them once more of the heaven which they had earned by refusing to barter their faith. He had no earthly food to offer, but he wanted to feed them for the last time with the Bread of Angels. Sobs and tears responded to his appeal. From the depths of aching hearts gushed up the warmth of faith that could be their support in a moment such as this. Confessions being heard, the dying pastor pronounced a last absolution, and one and all received Communion. Together priest and people, with scarcely an exception, died before the altar where in life they had worshipped. When news of the sad plight of this isolated village had reached the Bishop, he had sent assistance with all possible haste; but only to find the church full of the dead, with but an occasional survivor to relate what had happened. Truly a shining page in Irish Martyrology.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIII.—MARGARET.

LADY TYRRELL had made up her mind that Edward Conway should not be allowed to leave Swansmere until he had asked Bernice to marry him. She had a theory that in matters of matrimony propinquity counted for everything. She preferred Edward to Giles. She recalled the fact that Conway and Bernice were cousins, but she did not intend that a trifle like that should interfere with her plans. She did not know the exact condition of the Major's estate. It was not so bad as she had imagined, but it was sufficiently bad to cause her great anxiety; she felt that Bernice might at any time be thrown as a burden on her relatives. Lady Tyrrell



was not fond of undertaking such burdens; but she felt what she called a proper pride in her determination not to let the Catherwoods or any of that connection interfere with Bernice's future.

Conway had acquired a taste for Lady Tyrrell's conversation. She was a new type. She cultivated him and made him useful; and Conway, though he began to be anxious to get home, was consoled by the impression that he was really indispensable. Lady Tyrrell adroitly found her way to his sympathy by the recital of her own afflictions. There was a time when some of her wicked tenants in Galway had cut off a cow's tail,—at least, she said it was a wicked tenant. The story of the manufacture of an artificial tail for this defrauded cow, and the docility of the animal, occupied much time. Conway, with American Philistinism, proposed at once that all the oxen in America should have their tails cut off for ox-tail soup, and that he and Lady Tyrrell should at once form a syndicate for the making of artificial tails.

Lady Tyrrell was inclined to rebuke this.

"Ah," she said, "you Americans are frivolous! It's you that spoil Ireland for us. Before America was invented, we hadn't half the trouble we have now. It is you that make the farmers too independent. In my grandfather's time, the tenant looked on his landlord as a superior being; now they'll not even take off their hats to you unless you speak to them first. There was your—I fancy your father didn't often speak of him. He had a nice little bit of land in Mayo; that is, 'twas nice, if it were well worked by hand,—for I don't think that even an American plough could cut through the stones on it. He raised the rent a few pounds an acre, and the tenants made such a fuss over it that you'd think the bits of farm weren't his own. It was what sent poor Tim to the bad. The ingratitude of

tenants is past all belief. They'll live on your land for a hundred years, and then threaten your life if you raise the rent. It was what broke Tim Conway's heart. He was always a little wild, and 'twas said that he had lamed one of his tenants for a remonstrance with him. At any rate, he came to America a poor man, over head and ears in debt; and the *Freeman's Journal* had a long article, calling him a 'villain' and a 'murderer.' In the old times such terms couldn't be applied to a gentleman in Dublin. At any rate, Tim's heart broke with the ingratitude, and he's been a bugbear to his family ever since. The Major was actually afraid of him. Once he wrote to me for a loan of five pounds; but, out of the goodness of my heart, I sent my photograph in my presentation gown—and I've never heard from him since. It's the way of the world!" said Lady Tyrrell, with a deep sigh. "And now you must tell me of yourself, and the sister Margaret of whom Bernice has been talking so much."

Conway was not backward in accepting this invitation. He liked to talk about home, and he had received a letter from Margaret that morning. Lady Tyrrell's heart sank when he talked so freely of his poverty; but when the matter of the loss of the money came up, she was all attention. Her heart bounded when he told the story of the theft of the hidden treasure.

"The year?" she asked.

He gave it.

"Faith," she said to herself, "I'm a child of Providence. I'll have to let him marry Bernice, to keep what little she has."

Her mind moved busily as Conway went on with his artless story. The Major had the most of that money; the Colonel probably had some. It had grown no doubt; and if Conway and his sister, poor as they were, should discover the truth about it, the money with interest must be returned to them. This, Lady Tyrrell

thought, would leave Bernice entirely penniless. To marry her to Conway would be to prevent her from being a pauper. It was no longer a question of acquiring money: it was necessary for her to retain what she had.

"I have a nephew somewhere in Virginia," Lady Tyrrell said. "He is a Radical,—crazy about Home Rule. He is managing some land down there for a syndicate. He is poor,—dear Brian!—and so impracticable. I'm very fond of him, nevertheless. I encouraged his going to America, because I thought he'd make a good match; but he hasn't," said Lady Tyrrell, with a sigh. "His name is Dermot Thorndyke."

"Thorndyke!" exclaimed Conway. "Why, he has visited our place. Margaret writes about him."

Lady Tyrrell raised her glass nervously, and then adjusted the lace cap she always wore. These tricks were as valuable to her as Talleyrand's snuff-box. They gave her time to think.

"Are you sure of the name?" she asked, incredulously,—*"Dermot Thorndyke?"*

Conway put his hand into the side pocket of his coat and drew out a letter.

"Yes," he said, as he read: "Mr. Dermot Thorndyke. And she likes him very much. He has dined at our house twice. It's queer, too," Conway added, with a laugh. "Margaret seldom takes a sudden fancy to people, and Judith Mayberry never does. The letter is full of him."

Lady Tyrrell did not answer. She went over to the mirror that hung between the windows of the Major's study, in which they were, and readjusted her cap. She thought rapidly. It might be that she had gone too fast,—that it was not Conway's money which the Major had used. Still, she was morally certain of it, and morally certain that its ownership would be discovered; for her experience had taught her that there are no secrets in the

world. But if Conway must marry Bernice to save her from penury, there was no reason why her nephew should become interested in his sister. Dermot Thorndyke was not rich; Margaret, even if her half of what was left of the stolen money should be restored to her, would not be rich.

For a moment Lady Tyrrell's rapid plans changed. If she were only sure that the Colonel were not too much involved in the results of the Conway money, she would have Bernice marry Giles. That would be too much of a risk. Her thoughts turned to Dermot Thorndyke. Young people in America had a habit of committing themselves so foolishly. It was Lady Tyrrell's firm belief that no young Irishman could be for any length of time in the company of an agreeable young woman without proposing to her.

Conway returned to the letter file he was examining under Lady Tyrrell's direction, and she continued to adjust her cap.

"Thank Heaven," she murmured to herself, "there is no chance of Giles Carton and Bernice meeting on the old terms! And if I can dispose of this Margaret creature—Dermot *is* such a fool! Edward," she said aloud, "I am going to ask a favor."

"Very well, Lady Tyrrell," Conway said, accustomed to hear her use his Christian name whenever she wanted him to work.

"We can't do without you. You've been a boon to us two poor, lone women,—an absolute boon. I'm sure, with Frank Catherwood's idiocy and Colonel Carton's prostration and Giles' estrangement, we would have been utterly friendless without you. You *must* stay at least another month."

"Impossible! Margaret will be lonely, and I have to settle many things."

"Bernice and I have quite learned to love your Margaret; and, the short and long of it is, we want her here for a while."

Conway's face became thoughtful. It would be pleasant to have Margaret enjoy for a time this easy, almost luxurious life. Her influence over Bernice would be good just at present, too. He pictured to himself some strolls with Margaret in New York. His eyes lit up.

"Judith Mayberry would never let her come."

"Bernice quite *longs* for her. In fact," said Lady Tyrrell, who was an adept in the social fib, and very celebrated in her own set for dressing truth in all sorts of finery, "I have already invited her."

Conway smiled.

"You are very kind," he said, warmly.

"I don't know what to think—"

"Don't *think* at all, but write and urge her to come at once."

Lady Tyrrell arose to go to her room to write the invitation. Conway dropped his pen, and a smile played about his lips. It would be a great lark to have Margaret in the North among these new people.

Lady Tyrrell wrote a most gushing letter to Margaret Conway,—she became almost poetical in her language. She hinted that Margaret might be a bridesmaid soon, and that she ought to learn to love her new sister. And this hint, when it reached Margaret, decided her to go North and save Edward from the impending danger.

It was this letter which Lady Tyrrell had posted when her sight was blasted by the spectacle of Giles and Bernice shamelessly walking, without a chaperon, in the main street of Swansmere.

(To be continued.)

THE colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers,—they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life.—*Faber*.

A Legend of the Fuchsia.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

BESIDE the Cross where Magdalen
In speechless woe bent her fair head,
Where the Beloved Disciple saw
His Master's Blood for sinners shed,
A fragrant plant, that bore no bloom,
Stood pitying in the midnight gloom.

The 'frighted earth in terror shook,
The shamed sun hid his burning face,
And Mary's heart grew cold and still,
The dead rose from their resting-place;
And that poor weed its perfume flung
Up to the Cross where Jesus hung.

The crimson life-drops downward fell
From thorn-crowned brow and spear-pierced
side

Upon the trembling plant that gave
Its sweetest breath as Jesus died;
And ever since that awesome hour
The Fuchsia bears its purpled flower.

Rich-dyed it is as by His Blood,
In sorrow hangs its graceful head,
And scentless, in the slightest breeze
It trembles still in fear and dread;
Its perfumed breath was spent when He,
The God-Man, died on Calvary.

Through the Promises.

JEANNETTE DUFRESNE sat by her little window high up in the mansard-roof, stitching, stitching on the embroidery over which she spent so many weary hours, ruining her eyes; work, too, that, in spite of its fineness and its beauty, brought her very little.

All was silent in the room, than which none could be more comfortless. The windows had not been cleaned in months; the bed was unmade; the furniture had not been dusted for many a day; the gilt bird-cage, which formerly hung in the little window, stood empty on top of the

bureau,—the perches uncleaned, the little china bath-tub covered with mildew and ancient hemp-seed. Once it had not been so. When the blithe, yellow canary swung to and fro in its bower of geranium and lavender, with which the broad window-ledge had been adorned, there was no happier woman in all Paris than Jeannette, and no kinder husband than François, whom she had married because she loved him so dearly. Not for a home—no, that would have been impossible to a woman of Jeannette's disposition; simply because she loved him for his frank, manly, kindly ways and affectionate heart. But when the flowers went untended and began to wither, and looked so unsightly that François, in one of his moods, tore them away from the window altogether and threw them into the courtyard below, the canary-bird began to pine for more beautiful surroundings, and so gradually worked its little body between two loose wires and flew away.

It had all come by degrees. First François had joined a club, which kept him out one or two evenings in the week, and very late at that. He had represented to his wife that he was forced to do this or lose his situation, which depended entirely, he said, on the Trade's Union. This was probably true; but it was not a part of the theory of the club, whatever its practice, that he should come home slightly intoxicated after every meeting, which he soon began to do.

Now was Jeannette's time to show patience, and to win him back by persuasion; but in these she utterly failed. The revelation of François drunk, François using coarse and brutal language, which he did on these occasions, was so repulsive that she had no forbearance with him. Her reproaches aggravated matters: he began to stay out four nights instead of two, returning home the worse for liquor every time. Jeannette thought to punish him by being absent when he came in to his meals, and thus leaving

him to shift for himself. One wrong never righted another, and so Jeannette very soon found. François became sullen and abusive, reproaching her for neglect of her household affairs, and justly; for, in the depth of her disappointment, she soon became careless of those little details which make an inviting home.

When confession day came, the *curé* scolded her for her remissness and impatience, and she went no more. For some months François had not been to Mass; his fellow-workmen at the wood carver's *atelier* had twitted him on being tied to a woman's apron strings, called him priest-ridden, and various other names calculated to make a strong man more courageous, and a weak one more cowardly. Drink and late hours had not tended to strengthen either François' mental or moral calibre.

One Sunday morning, after a heated quarrel, Jeannette had sulked by the window instead of going to Mass; and her ill-humor, which was often dissipated by that restful hour of prayer once every seven days, lasted during the whole week, leaving her when Sunday came again in a worse state than before.

So was the whole miserable scene renewed from day to day. Jeannette neglected her housekeeping, her toilet. The meals were ill cooked, partly through perverseness on her side, partly because François spent so much on drink that he did not give her enough to provide the necessaries of life. The money she earned at embroidery, once laid aside for extra expenses or an emergency, was now used to buy bread and cheese; the unhappy couple had not much else.

As Jeannette sat by the window, looking over the roofs of the smaller houses, the twilight deepened; it was too dark to sew, and her thoughts were very bitter. In the distance she could see the spire of the new Church of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre. The poor woman sighed. She had never passed the threshold of

that beautiful temple, and once she had been so devoted to the Sacred Heart.

The door was suddenly flung open: her husband entered. He was sober; but his mood was not pleasant, for he shouted:

"Halloo! Are you here, Jeannette? What a goose you make of yourself, sitting there in the window, gazing at the sky! It would be better to cook a little supper for your husband when he returns hungry from his hard day's work."

Jeannette arose from her chair, and answered, coldly:

"There is nothing in the house to cook. You will find bread and cheese on the table in the other room."

"Nothing to cook! You are too lazy to buy food,—that is why. Make a fire and warm me some chocolate."

"Make it yourself. You have always matches in your pocket. There are none in the house. And as for chocolate—I told you this morning to buy some if you wanted it."

"If you kept the place a little more tidy, and made my food palatable, I would not spend so much time out of doors. But what workman of any taste likes to come home to a dirty house, with dust three inches deep on the chairs and tables, and no appetizing supper to greet him?"

"Furnish the money and I will provide the food," was the reply. "So long as you behaved, you could make no complaint of me. When you began to make a beast of yourself, it was only right that I should show you I was not to be dragged down to your level."

"To my level, indeed! There is no workman more respected in the *atelier* of Ponçon & Co.,—no, nor in the whole *faubourg*. It would be well if you could realize it, my lady; it might bring you to a sense of your duty."

Jeannette made no reply, but took refuge in that most aggravating form of a woman's displeasure; leaning back in her low sewing-chair, she began to sing.

"Be silent!" shouted François. "I am almost tempted to strike you."

"If you dare!" exclaimed his wife, springing to her feet. "You are a drunken sot already, will you also become a brute? Ah, what must not women endure!"

"And to what do they not drive their unfortunate husbands!" replied François, tramping angrily up and down the room.

"To-night ends all this," said Jeannette, wheeling round in her chair and facing him. "To-morrow I go back to Rouen, to my mother."

"So be it," said François, pausing in his walk, and flinging himself on the bed.

Then there was silence. Jeannette groped about in the dark for a moment, and pulled a large box from under the bed. Running hither and thither from room to room, peering into closets, reaching a garment from a peg behind the door, she soon flung a pile of clothing on the foot of the couch.

François arose, struck a match which he found in his pocket, and lit the lamp.

"I will give you more light on your preparations," he said, sarcastically.

"Thank you!" replied his wife, in the same tone. "I have but few to make. When I came to these rooms, this box was so well filled I could scarcely lock it. Gowns, undergarments, house linen—all that a woman could wish for I had; now I can fill it with rags or go home with it empty."

François said nothing, watching her from where he leaned against the bureau.

"I have fifty francs of my own," she continued, rapidly folding her garments and laying them in the box. "It is my own: I have been saving it for some such emergency. At Rouen I shall soon find employment. The furniture is yours—what there is of it. Take it and welcome; you may prove a better housekeeper than I have been."

Still François was silent; but the bravado had gone from his eyes, in which there was a suspicion of moisture.

Jeannette arose from her kneeling position in front of the box, advancing to the bureau.

"Please stand aside," she said; "there may be some things here in the drawers that do not belong to you."

He obeyed her without a word. Opening the top drawer, she rummaged among a pile of old linen, without finding anything she seemed to consider distinctively her own. Her hand touched a roll of paper, fastened with a thin elastic.

"It is the unmounted photograph of your sister Melanie's baby," she said,—"the picture they did not like. Ah, thank God that we have no child!" she cried out with a sob, thrusting the paper toward him.

"It might have been different if we had," said François, sadly. "I do not care for the picture. Take it or burn it, as you wish. What is that inside?"

Jeannette broke the elastic with a quick touch of her finger, unrolling the parcel as she did so. She opened the inner packet. It was a small but excellent engraving of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

"It is the picture for which you never made a frame," she said, bitterly. "How long it hung there on the wall, waiting for that miracle of carving which was to make it still more beautiful!"

"True," said François, "I never made the frame; but the one it had was not bad, until the day you tore it from the wall in a fit of anger, and broke it on the floor."

"It was not anger, but shame that we should be making a farce of venerating the Sacred Heart, and burning a light before it, when our whole lives were such a contrast to its teachings. I could not bear it—such a reproach as it was. God knows my motive; it is for Him to judge me."

"And since that night how much worse it has been! Is it not so, Jeannette? I will confess that the sight of it often restrained my tongue; and that many a time I lay in the darkness, when you were

fast asleep, gazing at that little point of light as at a star, breathing to myself the prayer that for churlishness I would not say before you. I am a brute, Jeannette—every man is when he falls away from a good life,—but, oh, if you had only helped me! If you had not been so impatient with me!"

He was leaning on the bureau now, with folded arms, his face half turned toward her.

Jeannette was a creature of impulse. Laying down the engraving, she confronted him.

"François, is this true?" she asked. "You are not happy in your evil ways?"

"It is all true, and I am as unhappy as the day is long. I am tired of it all—the club and the drinking and the meaningless talk and the blasphemy."

"How long has this been?"

"Oh, always—nearly from the first, Jeannette! But you goaded me so."

"You are willing to give them the go-by, and are not afraid of their taunts and teasings?"

"I am willing to try. Oh, I *long* to try!"

"I also am tired of my evil ways," said Jeannette, holding up the picture between them. "Let us hang it up, and begin over again. He has promised that those who venerate His Heart shall have peace in their families."

"Let it be so, Jeannette, in the name of the Heart of Jesus," said François, solemnly.

And, clasping each other's hands, they mingled their tears.

Once more it is June, and a canary-bird is singing and swinging in its gilt cage high up in the mansard window, its broad sill a mass of bloom and perfume. The shining panes reflect the evening sunlight, shedding its parting benediction on the roses and geraniums, and fuchsias purple and crimson, which, with tiny pots of yellow musk, make a lovely blaze of color,

while their fragrance wafts through the spotless curtains into the pleasant room, where the table is laid for three. In a simple glass vase in the centre, two half-opened crimson buds, with long, flexible stems, beautify still more the spotless cloth, pure white crockery, and shining knives, forks and spoons, brightened to a perfection known only to the best of housewives. A crisp salad, a cottage cheese, a loaf of fine white bread, a pat of butter, and a comb of delicious honey, flanked by a bottle of red wine, are not a bad supper for the household of an artisan.

François' mother came yesterday from the country with an overflowing hamper, and is now busy in the little kitchen, among the brilliant copper kettles and pans. Jeannette stands beside her, smiling, a fresh color in her cheeks. A little stir in the next room, and she steals in softly. On a three-cornered bracket rests a beautiful print of the Sacred Heart in a narrow carved frame, with a taper burning before it in a rose-colored glass. Small vases near it are filled with flowers. Just beneath the miniature shrine is a cradle, in which lies a beautiful child, about two months old. Gazing steadily at the light, it opens and shuts its little hands with that soft, cooing sound mothers know and love to hear. Jeannette watches it a moment, and beckons to the grandmother. The door opens, and François appears,—brave, bright, stalwart, content.

"Sh! sh!" whispers Jeannette, taking his hand. "The baby is talking to the light again, and looking at the picture. I do believe she loves it. And is she not lovely, François, our little Jeanne Marie?"

"Lovely!" he exclaims, as, man-like, he goes over to the cradle and catches up the child. "There is not another little one in Paris of her age that knows so much. She is a wonder, Jeannette. And why shouldn't she love the picture? Is she not surely a gift of the Sacred Heart?"

A Witness' Account of a Wondrous Event.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

I CAN NOT refuse a request that has been made to furnish for publication in THE "AVE MARIA" an account of a recent cure, through the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes, of which I was the awed and happy witness.

Yes, I saw it! Here, in a quiet country place, far from Lourdes, I saw a cure in answer to an appeal for her aid. All that I had ever read or heard or hoped was as nothing from that moment of sight. Like many another, I fully believed such prayers *could* be answered; but that so blessed a thing should come to "my own fireside"—I did not *feel* it possible. I expected, rather, the spiritual blessing and the grace to bear suffering, not its removal. I think it only just to the grateful and loving hearts of our Blessed Lady's children everywhere that I should give them one more proof, one more token, of her sweet and pitying mother's heart.

Two years ago (April 12, 1891) a dear inmate of our home, a young Protestant lady, who has been my companion for nine years, became a helpless cripple. Worn out by months of devoted attendance upon an invalid father, she was first seized with a nervous attack, which rendered it impossible for her to control her muscles or remain still for even a few seconds. Suddenly and without warning, this state of suffering was exchanged for that of utter helplessness. She lay upon her bed in great pain, but motionless, and apparently beyond all relief. Her physicians, with the good sense of physicians whose wise experience has prepared them for many things quite unexpected, did not pronounce upon her case as curable or incurable. They frankly

acknowledged that they saw little ground for hope; but her youth, her courage, her patience, were all in her favor, *if* she could be taken at once to a perfectly quiet, healthy country place, and kept there for at least one year, at complete rest.

She was brought to Cape May Point, New Jersey, in May, 1891. Quiet, rest, the wonderfully pure air and the beautiful surroundings, so beneficial to racked and overstrained nerves, brought her gradually to a wheeled chair, in which she could go from room to room, then to the beach, then to the limit of smooth paths and level stretches. She grew strong, energetic, active mentally, able and ready for head and hand work; but nothing gave life to her feet. She could not rise from her chair, could not stand if raised by others. Any shock or excitement—such as is produced by a sudden noise or a little over-enjoyment of others' society—prostrated her into utter helplessness. Courageous and patient always, unselfish and anxious to spare others trouble, she time and again resumed her wheeled chair, but that was all. Trying all the while to rise, using all her strong "will power" in vain, she again and again fell heavily; but was never daunted nor disheartened.

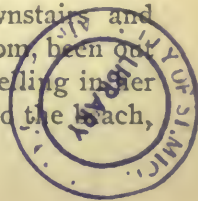
All the time there were many prayers for her; and, as she had endeared herself to my Catholic friends, not a few of them were from Catholic hearts and at Catholic altars. In convents, in churches, and in private, her cure and her conversion were earnestly sought by prayer.

The second year was passing in this condition, when she asked me to send to Notre Dame, Indiana, for some Water of Lourdes. A little later she repeated the request, but I still delayed. A third time she came to me about it, saying, "Do send now! I *know* I shall be cured." I did send, stating her case to the Rev. Father Granger, explaining that she was a Protestant. He sent me a vial of Water, and promised the prayers of a

novena. It began on April the 1st. She and I made it together in our room, as the nearest church (at that season, for we have a lovely little church here which is used only during "the Season"—July and August) is three miles distant, and she could not go in her chair. The nine days passed *silently*. Occasional remarks made by the sufferer showed that she confidently expected to walk in a short time, and I almost feared the result if the blessing should be any other than a cure. Truly such fears have no place in a Catholic heart.

The end of the novena came. She drank some of the Water of Lourdes, and I made the Sign of the Cross upon her spine with the rest. This was on Sunday night, April 9, when she was preparing for sleep—a solace which generally eluded her until the morning hours. She lay down without remark, and slept soundly until a late hour on Monday. She awoke feeling faint and weak, and remained in bed nearly all day, very quiet, but perfectly cheerful. That night (April 10), when we were again alone, at bed-time, she said to me, with the greatest confidence: "Now I am going to stand up." She put her hands on the bed—as I had so often seen her do in vain,—and rose, slowly but easily, to her feet. She lifted her hands and stood without support, firm, straight and steady as ever in her life, looking down at me with a smile of perfect, radiant content! Then she walked across the room, slowly but steadily. She was cured!

What a night that was! The next morning she awoke from a long, quiet sleep, breakfasted, dressed, and then asked me to call the family to see her walk. Not a word had been said of it, as I was the only Catholic in the house. In less than an hour she had been downstairs and upstairs, had visited every room, been out of doors and on the porch, revelling in her restored strength. She went to the beach,



and walked on the board walk, moving with perfect ease, without tremor or uncertainty. Early the next morning she drove with me to Cape May city, and made a visit to the church and to the Sisters of Mercy, walking quite a distance.

From that day until this she has walked, driven, been busy with the thousand and one interests of a girl in her home, among her friends, and in active out-door life. But for a slight strain of the muscles, caused by wearing shoes with high French heels for a day or two (after two years of *no* heels), she has felt no ill effects from her long confinement; and that drawback lasted but a short time.

And she has begun life anew. Her father was not with her at the time of her cure. Her first letter, telling him of it, was immediately, followed by one declaring her intention of becoming a Catholic *at once*, in fulfilment of a promise made to Our Lady of Lourdes in the event of her cure. She brought me his letter of reply—a most unselfish and noble one from a strictly Protestant father,—and asked me to go with her immediately to Father Degen at Cape May city. So well had she prepared herself (in secret), and so earnest and heartfelt was her desire, that no delay was necessary in her reception. She entered the Church by Baptism on April 22, and to-day—Corpus Christi—she made her First Communion. In addition to her former name of Lilly, she took in Baptism the name of her most pure Patroness, and is now Lilly Mary Apsley. Truly she has been called to be a Child of Mary!

CAPE MAY POINT, N. J.
Corpus Christi, 1893.

SHOW me ten square miles in any part of the world outside Christianity where the life of man and the purity of woman are safe, and I will give up Christianity.—
Matthew Arnold.

Talks at the Tea-Table.

—
BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.
—

THE ADIEU.

THE thought of an impending parting cast its shadow over the Tea-Table. The time was coming, we thought, when the friends who had found here a breathing space upon the world's dusty highway, a little quiet refuge from the noise which fills the ears of those who battle with the wolves of life, must wave one another a kindly adieu. We thought, with a little sinking of the heart, of the teacups hanging in cleanly rows upon the shining hooks of our landlady's shelves; of the assembling hour which would henceforth come and go in silence; of Polly tending her flowers without our friendly aid; of the golden robins carolling in the trees about the house, unaffrighted by human voices.

There was naturally in the days preceding this separation, which no amount of philosophy or good temper could make us think other than sad, a great amount of talk concerning travel. Mildred's father wished to take her abroad, but she had the time-honored idea that one should see his own country first.

"Fudge!" said the old Doctor. "That is one of the maxims which ought to be relegated to a curiosity shop. Why one should be expected to look upon every frog-pond and ancient schoolhouse in the United States before seeing the wonders of the Old World, I never could understand."

"It is not where one goes but what one sees that makes him a travelled person," broke in our Poet, on peacemaking intent. "Some people go to Europe as soon as they can afford it, as they buy a yacht. They take their travel first and their culture afterward, if at all; and are blind as bats to the sights which would be a liberal education to the observing

student. I know persons who have circumnavigated the globe and are but little wiser, while De Maistre made a journey around his room and wrote a classic about it. Thoreau had travelled much—in Concord; Whittier knew Quebec so well through others' eyes that he saw no need of visiting that ancient city; and one sage, oft quoted, declares that foreign lands are most satisfactorily visited by going into one's library and locking the door. I, for one, shall stay in the faithful and pleasant society of my books this summer, taking drives in Olympian chariots when so disposed, or perchance digging at the site of Troy, or cruising with the Spanish discoverers."

"The bookworm is the only earthly potentate I envy," said our Cynic. "The friends in half-calf and morocco are faithful as the sun. Are there rumors of wars? The student closes the doors and shuts out all alarms. Do banks fail and stocks decline" (here we all tried not to look at poor Cecil), "the intellectual wealth of the world is at his elbow. If he is merry, he has the wits of all time for company; if sad, there are tender words of consolation waiting between leather covers. So I, for another, am not going anywhere."

Thus, one by one, the plans of our friends were disclosed. Miss Earnest had arranged to take squads of poor children to the country. Mildred had wild yearnings for Newport. Mr. Courtenay was sure that he would find fresh life and health in the Virginia mountains. Mr. Lilyfinger's parishioners had presented him with a handsome sum, which he was to make way with at the World's Fair. Cecil had not spoken. What had he to say? A ruined young fellow, with a tumbledown cabin on an impoverished farm—so we had pictured it,—must surely be forgiven for keeping silence when the pleasant schemes of those more fortunate were being discussed. But he had been thinking.

"Why can't you," he said at last, and

without the slang phrases which were wont to embellish his remarks,—“why can't you all go back with me to the farm and stay till cold weather? It's only an hour's ride from there to the World's Fair.”

“Now, Cecil,” said our Cynic, “this is amazingly good of you. But—if you'd let us reimburse you—you see—under the circumstances—”

“I know what you mean,” answered Cecil, growing red under the honest brown of his cheeks; “but there aren't any circumstances—that is, the kind you mean. The house is large, and mother has been having it put in ship-shape; and there is a stable full of good horses. And—I haven't told you before—the bank's going to pull through. I'm afraid I'm going to be almost as rich as ever.”

We looked at one another. “He was afraid of Mrs. Dobbs,” was written on every face.

“Mother,” went on the dear boy, “is a little old-fashioned—God bless her!—but you won't mind that.” (Fancy one of the Tea-Table folk objecting to anything or anybody for being too old-fashioned!) “And she wants you to come. Here is her letter.”

He produced the epistle, which was directed to Mr. Jabez Huntley.

“My name is Jabez,” he owned. “I was ashamed of it, but I'm never going to be ashamed of anything any more.”

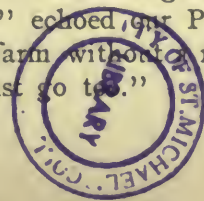
“Jabez,” said Mr. Courtenay, gravely, “I trust I voice the sentiments of the Tea-Table when I say that we accept this invitation.”

“He does!” was the chorus.

A tear stole down our landlady's cheek, and just escaped the cup of tea she was pouring for our Poet.

“And,” said Cecil, as if he had not paused, “a house party can not have too many chaperons. We must have our landlady, mother says, to go to the Fair with Mildred and the girls.”

“And,” echoed our Poet, “what is an Indiana farm without a ray of sunshine? Polly must go too.”



Yes, we are going. Some other kind soul will take Miss Earnest's money, and see that the city children go to the country. Mr. Dobbs will water Polly's flowers and bring crumbs to the golden robins. And the pleasant friendships formed around the Tea-Table will go on, cemented more firmly, perhaps, by this little season of surcease from grinding toil.

And so to each and all the Tea-Table says "God be with you!" the old, true and better way of saying good-bye.

The Deed of a Saint.

IN the thirteenth century Tunis, like many other African cities, was a stronghold of Mohammedan pirates, who made frequent captures of Christians, and reduced them to the most oppressive servitude. The captives were continually kept in irons, forced to labor in chain-gangs, and treated with every species of cruelty until it pleased their masters to kill them outright.

Twice a year, however, a ray of hope cheered the Christian slaves. They beheld a vessel, carrying the red-cross flag, bearing down into port. It was the craft of the Trinitarians, or Fathers of Mercy, who came to negotiate for the redemption of the captives. As the vessel hove in sight, hope sprang up in the most dejected hearts, and each poor prisoner said to himself: "Ah, here come the ransoming Fathers! Now I shall be liberated; my chain will be broken, and I shall see once more my home and family."

Very often, however, this glint of sunshine served only to intensify the subsequent darkness of their lot; for the resources of the Fathers were limited, and the exactions of the Moslem dey so exorbitant that only a comparative number of the slaves could be redeemed on each of their semi-annual visits. To the unfort-

unate majority, whom they had necessarily to leave in their cruel bondage, the Trinitarians could give nothing but hopeful words and compassionate tears.

One day a Father of Mercy, Raymond Nonnatus, then thirty-three years of age, led out of the Tunisian galleys such of the Christians as all the gold which he and his brethren had been able to beg in Europe had enabled him to redeem. Suddenly an old man threw himself at his feet, and, grasping the Father's robe, piteously exclaimed:

"O Father, have mercy on me! See my condition! My hair has grown white in misfortune. For twenty years I have been in irons. Forty times have I seen your ransoming vessel come hither, but nobody has ever thought of me. Pity, Father,—pity!"

At these words, eloquent as only genuine sorrow can render language, the Trinitarian felt his very soul thrill with indescribable emotion. He wept as he replied: "My brother, I have nothing left. But take courage. Pray to the Blessed Virgin, Our Lady of Mercy, for yourself and me, and await in peace my return."

As he finished speaking, he continued on his way with the captives whom he had liberated. The old man followed them with his eyes for a few moments, then sank back in the most absolute dejection. Raymond, however, had not deceived him with a lying hope; for as soon as the ransomed captives had been placed on board the vessel, he betook himself to the dey and asked for the liberation of the old man.

"What does this mean?" said the Mussulman. "Have you not taken the number agreed on between us?"

"That is true; but I come to beg that you will add to that number an old slave who has been in the galleys for twenty years, and whose strength is worn out."

"Have you any more money?"

"No: I have given you all I had."

"Then begone, and beware of my anger."

Thus rebuffed, the religious raised his eyes to heaven, asked God for the fortitude to make a great sacrifice, and then rejoined, still in the tone of an entreaty:

"I have no money, but I am young and strong. Accept me in exchange for the feeble old man in whose behalf I plead."

The dey at first appeared astounded; he reflected a moment, then coldly replied:

"True, you *are* young and strong. I agree."

An hour later the generous Father of Mercy (surely none ever better deserved the name) led to the red-cross vessel the old Christian, weeping tears of joy at seeing himself at long last free. One tender embrace to the two Fathers who had accompanied him to Tunis, and Raymond, returning to the galleys, held out his hands to receive the chains of the hardest slavery. It was the path by which God called him to the eminent degree of sanctity which he attained before his death, and which merited for him the place he now occupies on our altars.

Readings from Remembered Books.

A PROFESSOR'S INDICTMENT.

AS I wish to deal as fairly with my subject as possible, and to shirk no objection, I will quote at length the testimony against Catholic worship as stated by a gentleman who had won some reputation as a man of science and professor of logic. I find the following passage in a letter written from Lima in South America by the late Mr. W. Stanley Jevons, of the London University:

"The Roman Catholic religion, imported from Spain here, gained vast power, wealth and extension among a population formed to a great extent of native Indians, low in the scale of intelligence, and of negroes who are worse. As a consequence, the religion became debased into something which I can only regard as a bad form of idolatry. The churches are remarkable, in an architectural point of

view, for an extreme and absurd abundance of ornament and colors; but the altars inside, before which the people worship, are what excite and disgust one most. They consist of large, complicated erections, gilded and profusely covered with carving in every part. Often they are loaded with large quantities of pure silver, in the form of candlesticks and of ornaments of senseless and indescribable form. When silver was not to be had, the commonest tinsel was substituted. The eyes are indeed attracted and dazzled by this tawdry and barbarous pile of decorations; but they rest with disgust upon the images which are placed in the niches and peep out from every side: the Virgin Mary with a gilded crown, and a dress of bright yellow silk embroidered with a mass of gold or tinsel lace; Christ Himself represented by a barbarous wooden figure, nearly naked, and showing wounds and streams of blood; and the Apostles clothed in robes of velvet, with the usual profuse and tawdry decorations.

"Such are the objects before which crowds of women, white, brown or black in complexion, and even men, may be seen kneeling and praying at all hours of the day; while other women are murmuring their confessions to old priests who sit easily in the confessional boxes.

"But it would be impossible to give you a complete idea of the curious general aspect of these old Roman Catholic edifices; the gloomy vaulted naves; the ghastly images, the old and rude pictures, which startle you at every step; the antiquated organs, the great screens of double iron bars which separate off the chapel in which the nuns or monks attend the service. In the monasteries, again, you may roam through courtyard after courtyard, along gloomy long passages, and up great staircases, passing every now and then a small chapel enclosed by a lattice door, within which a solitary lamp burns before the tarnished old altar and its images, in evidence that it is not quite neglected. All these strange edifices, built of vast masses of sun-dried bricks and tried by many an earthquake, have the evidence of decay; and one is almost glad to see that the tarnished altar-piece is not regilded, and the fallen image often not replaced. Where might one see idolatry if not in Lima? Who would be a Christian, if this is Christianity?"

This is certainly an impetuous sally. It would clearly be useless to wave a flag of truce before the eyes of so angry an assailant. But let me ask any fair-minded reader to go through this indictment carefully with me. First we must distinguish between two very different charges, that of bad taste and that of idolatry. An image does not become an object of idolatry because it is badly decorated. Supposing that Cowper was right in kissing his mother's picture, and placing

it in his room where his eyes would fall on it at first awaking; his friends would have had no right to quarrel with him about the shape of his picture-frame or the pattern of his wall-paper. That was his affair, not theirs; and if they did not like it, he might have replied that he did not choose it for them. Even so, the people of South America are not bound to conform to our canons of taste in architecture or church decoration. Or if they are quite wrong in æsthetics, they are not on that account guilty of "a bad form of idolatry," though a master of logic tell us so.

But this gentleman was evidently in a peevish mood when he went to spy the religion of the South Americans. He finds fault with the churches for their "absurd abundance of colors," as well as for "their gloomy vaulted naves." He is equally averse from "long passages" and from "great staircases." If the ornaments of the altar are of solid silver, he is angry at the waste; if they are of "tinsel," he is equally angry at the parsimony. He is displeased with some images because they are dressed, with others because they are naked. Show him a martyr as he suffered on earth, or the King of martyrs as He died on the Cross, the representation is "ghastly" and "barbarous." Our Lady and the Apostles are dressed in silk or velvet, to represent to simple minds their royalty in heaven; to him they are "tawdry" and "disgusting."

He appears even to be angry with the worshippers because they are "white, brown or black"; as if that also was a specimen of their bad taste, or a piece of their superstition, and not rather a proof of the Church's catholicity, of her adaptation to all races and classes, and her refusal to make distinction of ranks before her altars.

Had Mr. Jevons found only women frequenting the churches, he would doubtless have written something uncomplimentary to the female sex under Catholic influence; but as there were men too, he was con-

vinced of the low state of intelligence of the whole population of Lima. It moved his bile to find the people "praying at all hours of the day,"—a circumstance that would have edified any one in a better humor. He is scandalized because he sees the old priests sitting "easily" in the confessionals. What would he have? Must they sit uneasily? He would assuredly have noted this as an evidence of a guilty conscience.

To come to the point. In all this, where is his proof of idolatry, and of a bad form of idolatry? Was his a fitting mood in which to form a candid judgment about idolatry? Could such an observer tell whether the thoughts rested in the image or passed on to the saint, rested in the saint or passed on to God? Mr. Jevons was bred a Socinian, and was throughout his life a disbeliever in prayer. Was such a man competent to form a conception of the character or tendency of the prayers of a Catholic people before a crucifix or a Madonna? Against his accusation I will set the testimony, not of a Catholic apologist, but of another Protestant; and he shall, like Balaam, bless when he would rather curse.

Few writers of the present century have been so bitterly hostile to Catholics as Robert Southey. Though the best things in his poems are derived from Catholic inspiration, yet, even at the sacrifice of all rules of art, he can not forbear spoiling their effect, by adding notes in prose, or by introducing his Protestantism as a jarring note into his Catholic poetry. Thus, in his "Tale of Paraguay," having to speak of the devotion of the Indians to St. Joachim, the father of the Blessed Virgin, he writes:

There on the altar was his image set,
The lamp before it burning night and day;
And there was incensed, when his votaries met
Before the sacred shrine, their beads to say,
And for his fancied intercession pray.
Devoutly as in faith they bent the knee,
Such adoration they were taught to pay;
Good man, how little had he weened that he
Should thus obtain a place in Rome's idolatry!

Thus, while he is intent on drawing an interesting picture of the Indians, his hatred of their Jesuit instructors makes him throw in a sneer and an accusation of idolatry. Then his better genius comes to his aid, and he writes as follows:

But chiefly there the Mother of Our Lord,

His blessed daughter, by the multitude
Was for their special patroness adored.

Amid the square on high her image stood,

Clasping the Babe in her beatitude,—

The Babe Divine, on whom she fixed her sight;

Aud in their hearts, albe the work was rude,

It raised the thought of all-commanding might

Combined with boundless love and mercy infinite.

Let my reader candidly examine how these two stanzas hang together. Southey acknowledges—indeed he was forced by overpowering historical evidence to acknowledge—that *even a rude statue* raised thoughts of the most spiritual order concerning the divine attributes. It could not have done this had not the Indians been well instructed in Christian doctrine, and filled with sublime thoughts, ready to be awakened by any object that would recall the Christian mysteries. Yet in the same breath Southey denounces "Rome's idolatry," and sneers at the "fancied intercession" of the saints, as if he had some private revelation from God that the saints do *not* intercede for their brethren on earth. We have seen that Southey, when he forgot for the time his anti-Catholic prejudices, could invoke a dead friend, and made sure that his friend watched over him and helped to elevate and sanctify his soul.

To sum up: We have seen that Protestants when moved by strong and tender feelings can use images, and make demonstrations to them or before them, such as they would make to the originals. They have no right, then, to suspect Catholics of idolatrous tendencies because of external forms and manners of devotion. They have no right to quarrel with Catholics because their images are often rude and tasteless. Images are not honored either for their material or as works of art. If

they serve to awaken the mental image, they suffice. When their rudeness or dimness is the result of their antiquity, the very associations that have gathered round them, and the graces that have been obtained by prayer before them, well account for their popularity.

I have brought unexceptionable Protestant testimony that the thoughts excited or awakened in the Catholic worshippers are high and holy. Religious images, it is true, would be of no aid to a well-instructed Protestant in his mood; but that mood is unnatural, and acquired from a hateful and calumniating tradition. Nor would images of Our Lord and His saints teach anything to an ignorant Protestant population; but that is the misfortune of the people unfamiliar with the great mysteries of Redemption, and utterly unacquainted with the fruits of the Redemption in the lives and deaths of Apostles, martyrs, confessors and virgins.

We have heard accusations of Rome's idolatry multiplied, yet even the accusers bear witness to the spirit of devotion that pervades the Catholic people. If their prayers or hymns are addressed to the Virgin, it is because they see in her the channel through which the "all-commanding might," "the boundless love and mercy infinite," of their Divine Redeemer delights to pour itself out on men.

It seemed grotesque to Southey that St. Joachim, Our Lady's father, should be honored in Paraguay; and he amused himself by the thought of the surprise that it would have caused the "good man" could he have foreseen it. Mr. Southey might have recalled the words of St. Joachim's daughter, at least: "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed"; words which were not a conjecture, nor an aspiration, but an inspired prophecy, the full meaning of which, like that of all prophecies, can only be understood in its fulfilment.—"*A Flag of Truce*," the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.

Notes and Remarks.

On top of the schemes of Imperial Federation whereby England and her colonies throughout the world are to be brought into closer union, and Annexation which is to marry Canada to our Republic for better or worse, comes another project far more extensive, and decidedly less practicable, than either of the two. This is nothing less than a reunion of Great Britain and the United States. It is outlined by Mr. Andrew Carnegie in a paper called "A Look Ahead," appearing in a current issue of the *North American Review*. Possibly Mr. Carnegie possesses the gift of second-sight in a marvellously eminent degree; but it must be said that the condition which his prophetic vision discloses to him in his look ahead is not at all suggested by any indications visible to ordinary mortals in a look around.

There is one feature in the moral polity of the Catholic Church which is never questioned even by those most fond of hurling anathemas against it—its indiscrimination when charity is concerned. During the year 1892 there were admitted to the Hospital of St. Avage, in Berlin, which is under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, 5,640 persons. Of these 3,311 were Protestants, 2,248 Catholics, 59 Jews, and 22 professed no religion whatever. Truly has it been said that poverty and suffering never appeal in vain to Catholic charity.

Even the gentle Addington Symonds, like many writers before him, fell into the folly of asserting that a Jesuit is bound to commit sin if his superior should see fit to command it. But the error of Mr. Symonds had a good effect which that of others lacked: it pointed out to Catholics the origin of at least one of the calumnies that are currently urged against the Church and religious orders. In the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus it is written in effect: 'No Constitution or Declaration can oblige under pain of mortal or venial sin unless the superior command in the name of Christ or of Holy Obedience.' By a mis-

translation, due to his ignorance of scholastic Latin, Mr. Symonds made the phrase "oblige under pain of sin" read "oblige to sin." As soon as his error was pointed out to him, he wrote an "Apology."

It will be long, of course, before the apology will overtake the blunder; it is pleasant, however, to note that Mr. Symonds' correction, so honestly made, was one of his last acts. He died soon afterward, and we have heard that his apology was the last piece that he wrote for publication.

Before the "Reformation" spread like a pestilence over England, there was celebrated daily in all the more important churches a votive Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin. In the morning the bells rang out for the "Ladye Mass," and large crowds flocked to the altar or chapel specially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The vestments used at this Mass were unusually splendid, and the statue of the Mother of God was ablaze with lighted tapers. There were priests, called "Our Ladye's priests," to officiate at these shrines and to care for their adornment. This "Ladye Mass" in no way interfered with the regular Mass and Office of the day: it was "extra"—the willing expression of the love of the people for the Blessed Virgin Mary. Now that England has again been dedicated to the Mother of God, we trust that the hierarchy may once more see their way toward reviving the beautiful custom of "Our Ladye's Mass."

The proposal to establish a National Federation of the Catholic Women of America will bear considerable thought and deliberation before being acted upon. There is a growing tendency to exaggeration in all these plans for women *as* women; and Catholic mothers, wives, and daughters, as we have already remarked, may well be a little behind the age in the matter of forcing their distinctive rights and privileges so persistently to the front. We agree with the position taken by our friend the *Pilot* in a recent editorial, of which this is the concluding paragraph:

"It is strange to see in the prospectus of a Catholic organization a word about the necessity of a woman's board or council for the protection of the

interests of women. Catholic women as such do not feel that their interests are menaced from any quarter. They have no grievances. The best protector of a woman's interests with men and with women is her womanliness. We trust that Catholic women, while advancing, as they have always advanced without let or hindrance, to their best intellectual development, will escape what they have heretofore escaped—the modern malaria of a morbid consciousness of womanhood."

We are pleased to hear that the *Pilot* has received warm commendations from eminent churchmen and laymen, as well as from many thoughtful and intellectual Catholic women, for its editorial on "Catholics and Women's Days."

A correspondent of the *London Tablet* reminds those of its readers who will not come to Chicago this year that the villagers of Ober-Ammergau are preparing to celebrate the Pope's Golden Jubilee by rendering a religious drama, "The Rose of Sicily," by Molitor. The principal character is a virgin martyr; and, it is said, the play will well accord with the picturesque scenery and devotional spirit in which it is to be produced. It will be given on eight successive Sundays and holydays.

On the Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension the honors of beatification were conferred on five illustrious Spaniards who in the last century won the crown of martyrdom in the Chinese missions. Two of the five, Peter-Martyr Sanz and Francis Serrano, were bishops; the other three, Joachim Royo, John Alcober, and Francis Diaz, missionary priests.

The Prussian Government has intrusted the chair of sociology in the University of Münster to a Catholic priest, Father Hitze. The new professor is a recognized authority on all questions of social science.

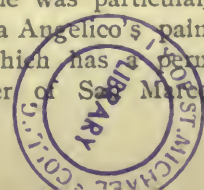
About as strange a pretext for annulling a municipal election as we remember ever having heard of is that given recently by the French Conseil d'Etat. It is "that many of the voters were refused the Sacraments during Paschal time." This is decidedly a new rôle for even the French officials to play. The State Council practically declares itself

competent to decide as to the point whether or not a priest shall grant absolution to his penitents; makes itself supreme judge in matters of conscience; and, ostensibly to prevent undue clerical influence in matters political, is guilty of patent undue interference in matters religious. The Republic may be the proper form of government for France, but some of the Republicans are evidently in sad need of permanent exclusion from office of any kind.

Figures sometimes furnish hard nuts for the freethinkers to crack, and one of these nuts has just been set before them in Spain by the publication of the official statistics showing the number and kind of marriages celebrated in the provincial capitals and the adjacent islands in 1891. There were 20,882 Catholic or canonical marriages and 106 civil marriages. In 37 provincial capitals there was not even one civil marriage, and in 42 the following were the numbers: Malaga, 57; Madrid, 22; Barcelona, 10; Albacete and Alicante, 3 each; Bilbao, Corunna, Valencia, and Saragossa, 2 each; and finally Seville, Granada, and Castellon, 1 each. But, according to the census, there are 42,000 foreigners in Spain, and consequently it is to be presumed that the majority of the 106 civil marriages were contracted by Protestants and Jews. Thus it is seen that the Spaniards, almost without exception, reject civil marriages; and they have emphatically declared that they recognize no marriage but the canonical.

The Rev. Mr. Hopkins, an Anglican divine, who was led to devote his life to the spiritual interests of English sailors in India, and who, it is reported, has been unusually successful in the work, says that "the sentimentality and cant" of Protestant missions availed him little. "The Catholic faith to a sailor," observes Mr. Hopkins, "is clear, definite and possible."

During the recent visit of Queen Victoria to Florence, she was particularly impressed by one of Fra Angelico's paintings of the Crucifixion, which has a permanent home in the cloister of Santa Maria; and com-



missioned Miss Amy Richardson, of Liverpool, a promising young artist, to copy the picture for her in case permission could be obtained from its custodians. Miss Richardson was promptly accorded the privilege of access to the immortal work, and afforded all advantages which could facilitate the progress of her copy. The precious picture when finished will hang upon the wall of one of Queen Victoria's private apartments at Windsor Castle.

The ancient English Cathedral of Winchester lately celebrated its eighth centennial; and naturally the English parson who undertook the address upon that occasion found himself somewhat at sea, and floundered about in great perplexity. He tried the heroic way out of his difficulties, however, by admitting, says the *Catholic News*, "that if any of the Catholics, priests or people, who witnessed the completion of their Cathedral three hundred years ago, could now return to earth and visit it again, they would entirely fail to recognize in the Anglican services now celebrated there any resemblance to the holy religion in which they had lived and died, and for whose worship they had erected so magnificent a shrine."

This is one of the most ancient temples of the true faith in the land once called Our Lady's Dowry. The original building was destroyed during the Diocletian persecution, in the third century.

The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, in Canada, have the sincere sympathy of the entire country in the destruction by fire, on the 8th inst., of their beautiful convent at Villa Maria. It is spoken of as one of the grandest buildings in the whole Province of Quebec, and it is widely known as one of the leading educational institutions on the Continent. This great material loss to the Sisters of Notre Dame seems all the more pitiful because of the recent death of their beloved superioress, Mother Josephine. Providentially, the old mansion known as Monklands was saved. We join in the hope expressed on all sides that the Convent of Villa Maria may soon rise from its ashes.

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 Hubert, S. J., who yielded his soul to God last week at Macon, Ga.

Sister Juliana, of the Sisters of the Holy Names, Portland, Oregon; Sister M. Raymund, of the Sisters of Providence, St. Mary's, Ind.; and Sister M. Baptista Darmstadt, O. S. B., Chicago, Ill., who were lately called to their heavenly reward.

Mr. Aloysius Schlachter, who departed this life on the 24th ult., in Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Katherine Arnold, who passed away in Providence, R. I., on the 7th of April.

Mr. John Carroll, of Syracuse, N. Y., whose happy death took place on the 17th ult.

Miss Rose A. Smith, whose life closed peacefully on the Feast of the Sacred Heart in New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Rose A. C. Duffy, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who died a holy death on the 3d inst.

Miss Katherine Hughes, who breathed her last on the 4th inst., in Providence, R. I.

Mr. Frank Bohan, Mrs. Peter B. Clyne, Mr. Daniel F. Callahan, Mr. Patrick Falsey, and Mrs. John Maher, all of New Haven, Conn.; Mr. W. J. Bulter, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. A. B. O'Donnell, Scranton, Pa.; Miss Ellen T. Clarke, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Hurley, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Alice Collins, Troy, N. Y.; Miss Anna Kane, Trenton, N. J.; and Terrence J. Brennan, San Francisco, Cal.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Ursuline nuns at Pryor Creek, Montana:

Chas. Michael, \$1; Mrs. E. Foote, \$5; A friend, New York city, \$2; Mrs. P. S., 50 cts.; Michael O'Donnell, \$1; Friends, Albany, \$2; Friends, Charlestown, Mass., \$2; Mrs. M. McK., \$1; Elizabeth Walsh, \$5; M. D. A. and C. P. A., \$4; A friend, \$2; John Breslin, \$1; Friends, Galva, Ill., \$1; Friends, Boston, \$5; James Brady, \$1; Mrs. G. N., \$1; M. R., \$1; James Cadden, \$2; A friend, Waseca, Minn., \$3; For Miss Laforgue (deceased), per J. A. D., \$25; Miss S. M., \$2; Friends, Louisville, \$9; E. W. Russell, \$1; Anne Smith, \$10; F. W., \$1; Bertha Gaurin, \$5; A friend, Santa Clara, Cal., \$1; M. L., \$2.50; M. B., \$1; "A poor sinner," \$1; Mrs. W. K., 50 cts.; Friends, Wilton, N. H., \$2.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

A Riddle in Rhyme.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

TWO shining little windows
 Within a mansion fair;
 The world therein is mirrored,
 The world looks out from there.

Behind them sits a painter,
 His brush is his delight;
 He paints each glowing picture,
 Green, purple, crimson, white;

This square, that round, then oblong,
 Straight, crooked as he will;
 Field, valley, mountain, forest,
 Flower, foliage, torrent, rill.

He is a true magician:
 Whate'er the earth contains
 He flashes on one canvas,
 Its frame the window-panes.

And whatsoever the tenant
 Of this fair mansion feels,
 Straightway the busy artist
 With faithful touch reveals.

And be he sad or joyous,
 If you should pass him by,
 Straight through the little windows
 His mood you may descry.

Bright are those little windows
 When gayly speed the hours,
 Dull are those little windows
 When grief or anger lowers.

And when in that fair mansion
 The owner goes to rest—
 Which should be when the twilight
 Drops purple in the west,—

Within that sheltered dwelling
 No need has he of light:
 The windows close, the curtains drop,
 Sweet sleep has shut them tight.

The Cadi who Loved Justice.



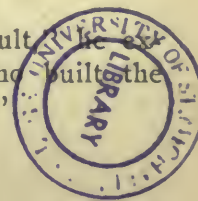
CADI once ruled in Cairo who, being new at the business of governing, was very zealous, and quite determined that no guilty man in his jurisdiction should escape punishment if he could help it. One day a robber was brought before him, who complained that the night before, while entering a house, he fell from a second-story window and broke his leg.

"I demand," he said, "that the owner of the house shall be punished for having so insecure a window."

"That is perfectly reasonable," said the cadi, putting on his wisest look and his thinking-cap. "Bring the man here."

So the innocent man, whose only fault was the ill construction of his dwelling, was summoned into court.

"Really, it wasn't my fault," he complained. "The carpenter who built the window is the one to blame."



The carpenter was thereupon called to give an account of himself, and to explain why he should not be punished for his negligence.

"Why, you see, your honor," said the carpenter, "that if the masonry had been firm, my window-sash would have held. It is the mason who has caused this mischief."

"Bring the mason into court!" roared the *cadi*.

"I did a poor job," admitted the worker in brick and mortar; "but I should not be held responsible. There was a very pretty girl passing at the time, and she diverted my attention. I wouldn't have gazed at her, however, if she had not worn a gown of so beautiful a color; but I really think that she is the one who should be punished, instead of poor workmen who are trying to gain an honest living."

"You are right," said the *cadi*. "I will make an example of that giddy girl. What business had she to wear a fine gown and take the minds of men from their work?"

But when the girl appeared, she in turn appealed from his decision, declaring that she could not help being pretty, and so was not to blame; and as to her gown, which had made so much trouble, the dyer was responsible.

When the dyer, being duly summoned before the tribunal, heard of what he was accused, he concluded to plead guilty at once; saying to himself that if his dyeing had made all this commotion, it would be the best advertisement he could have, and his shop would henceforward be thronged with customers. But his joy was destined to be short-lived.

"Take this fellow to your house," said the *cadi* to the robber, "and hang him from the top of your door."

The crowd of people that had gathered followed the robber and his victim to see justice carried out. But it was not long before a number of them returned to the *cadi*.

"The robber can not carry out your most wise sentence, great *cadi*," said their leader, "because the door is not long enough."

But by that time the *cadi* was weary with the whole affair, and called out:

"Tell them to find a short dyer and hang him. Let the search be continued till a victim is found. Somebody must be punished; for I believe in justice."

This is one of those quaint old stories which the Orientals are fond of telling, without minding whether they are true or not. We can refuse to believe it if we like. But let us hope that if anybody got punished, it was the crafty robber who made all the trouble.

FRANCESCA.

The Wreck of the "Santa Zita."

(CONCLUSION.)

IX.

Angelo's was the second case called before the judge. In a formal voice the clerk pronounced the prisoner's full name, and then proceeded to read out the charge, bidding him say whether he was guilty or innocent.

"Entirely innocent!"

Angelo raised his head, and his eyes fell on the judge sitting opposite. Ah, that face, those eyes!—where had he seen them before? That open, clearly-cut face, with the grave, thoughtful expression? How well he knew it, though he could not recall it at once! After a while it all came back. The judge was the husband of the lady who ten years before gave him the gold coin. Never could he forget that meeting at Monreale, and the lady's tears. The moment the prisoner was led in, the judge appeared disturbed. He gazed intently at Angelo's features, with a

peculiar look of disquietude, which no one had ever seen him wear on such an occasion.

Just at this moment the public prosecutor arose, stating the facts of the evidence: (1) that a new gun had been found in the cabin of young Gabaria, which had been recently discharged; (2) the shot found in Signor Lopinto's body was of the same size as that found in the pouch of Angelo Gabaria. The hermit would not appear in court, but his testimony was damaging in the highest degree. Then the clerk of La Tonnara repeated the threatening message which the Captain had left for the *padroni*.

Turning to Antonio at this point, the prosecutor said:

"I believe Angelo Gabaria is your son?"

The venerable fisherman raised his head, and, shaking it, replied:

"No! no! no!—no son of mine, no son of mine, if he has done this wicked deed!"

The poor man, who had been forced to attend the trial, seemed quite dazed.

"Well, but," continued the accuser, "he is by birth your son?"

Antonio did not reply.

"Old man," said the judge, "do you mean that the prisoner is only your adopted son?"

"Yes, yes: I remember now. An angel brought him. He is a good boy; but since he was appointed Captain he has had enemies. One of them, Cataldo, declared he would injure him."

"And Cataldo has a gun just like Gabaria's; I sold it to him. He looks like a bad man,—I'll say that for him," interposed the gunsmith.

"Where is Cataldo? Let the *gendarmes* produce him," said the judge, who, after some hesitation, appearing to be ill, took his departure from the court-room, leaving the case in hand to a substitute.

One of the *gendarmes* now came forward and stated that Cataldo seemed very glad to have the prisoner seized. "He went

with us to the cove to apprehend him, and took occasion to insult the young man."

"This case is suspended for the present," said the presiding official, seeing the need of further testimony. "Call another culprit."

The order was obeyed, and Angelo was led back to his cell. Meanwhile as Cataldo was skulking out of court, some one in the crowd was heard to say:

"That man's name is not Cataldo, and he used to belong to a band of brigands."

About daybreak the bolt of Angelo's cell was drawn, and a faint light glimmered through the door.

"If you find him as good at confessing as he is at sleeping, you will get through inside of an hour," said the warder.

The door closed, and Angelo beheld before him the hermit of Santa Rosalia. The prisoner knelt to ask the holy man's blessing. Little did he realize that the hermit's testimony was the strongest evidence against him.

"My son," he began, putting on his stole, "thank God for this opportunity of relieving your conscience of the burden of guilt that oppresses it—"

"Father," interrupted Angelo, "other sins I have committed, but of the murder of which I am accused I am as innocent as yourself."

What followed is of course a secret; but the hermit seemed consoled, as he laid aside his stole and gave Angelo a last exhortation. Then, as if acting on a sudden impulse, he said:

"It is by my words you will be condemned, though I have spoken only the truth. Put on my habit and cowl, and let me have your blanket. I will take your place, and remain in the farthest corner. If our plan succeeds, and they let you pass, there may be hope of finding the real sinner, by causing a delay in the proceedings; if the effort fails, you will be no worse off than before. In the pocket of my habit you will find a permit, that has the royal seal appended to it by a golden cord. It was given

to me by one of Sicily's princesses, who valued my services at the hermitage. The guards have already seen it. Hold it in your hand, letting the seal hang out, but say nothing. Make straight for the gate of the city that leads to the Grotto, and conceal yourself there until I return. It is near midnight now. *Addio!* Heaven bless you!"

"But I fear for you, Father, when our ruse is discovered."

"No, my son: they can not put me to death in your place," whispered the holy man, as the rusty bolt of the door creaked.

The drowsy warder now appeared, and, holding up his lantern, said:

"Now, then, good Father, the time's up. Let me see your passport once more, just for form's sake."

Angelo in great fear hastened to comply; but, seeing the seal, the warder said carelessly: "Thanks! that will do." Then, unlocking the outer gate, he bade the supposed hermit "good-night and safe home."

The night was bright, but the streets were entirely deserted. Angelo, though still fearful of being discovered, reached the city limits without seeing a soul. The way was now clear, all danger past. Before long he reached the hallowed Grotto, and hid himself in one of the caves to await the hermit's return.

X.

Meanwhile Judge Lucchesi had searched the records of the court, and found that the so-called Cataldo was one of several brigands who had been condemned to perpetual imprisonment a few years previously. He and one of his comrades had contrived to escape. It was more reasonable to believe that he was the murderer instead of Angelo, who had hitherto borne an excellent reputation. Orders were issued at once that Cataldo be arrested and further investigations made.

When the warder took the prison fare to Angelo's cell next morning, to his great dismay, he saw the hermit's emaciated feet peeping out from the blanket.

Without losing a moment he hurried to the captain of the guard, exclaiming,

"O Signor Capitano, what shall I do! The young prisoner has escaped. But I have one in his place."

"Escaped! what do you mean?" said the captain, jumping to his feet and rushing to the cell, followed by the trembling warder.

The door was thrown open; and there, wrapped in the prison blanket, appeared the lean figure of the aged hermit. The officer started back in great surprise.

"How came *you* here, Father? Do I not see before me the hermit of Santa Rosalia?"

"My son, you are right. I entered this cell last night, by favor of the royal seal, which I have held for many a long year. I came to hear the confession of that poor young man. He is guiltless, and I could not resist the impulse of my heart. I let him go in my habit, and here I am in his blanket. I will gladly remain for life, should it be demanded. But, of course, I appeal to the highest authority."

"Allow me to say that the blanket is far less becoming than the costume you usually wear," said the captain, whose sense of humor was now excited, and who realized that no blame could be attached to him. Then, turning to the warder, he added: "Come with me to the waiting-room."

A full account of the escape—as full as it could be—was given, and a dozen *gendarmes* were sent out in the hope of rearresting the prisoner. The sentinel at the outer gate of the city deposed that he had seen a hermit departing after midnight, but as he had a royal pass, the golden cord of which was easily discerned, he did not challenge him.

Cataldo was soon under arrest, and lodged in the same cell which had been occupied by Angelo. The hermit of Santa Rosalia, clad in a new habit and sandals, which had been obtained at one of the monasteries, was on the road to his far-famed Grotto long before noon. He stood high in the favor of the court; and as

soon as the news of his imprisonment was communicated, royal orders were issued for his immediate release.

Arriving at the Grotto, he set some bread and wine before Angelo, whom he found well concealed, but whom he wished to hide in a still more secure place until he could appear in public with impunity.

"Follow me," he said, after the meal was over, leading the way to an inner cave hollowed in the rock. A brass lamp swung from the ceiling, throwing a dim light upon a little shrine at one end. Then the hermit went back and carefully barred the outer door. On returning, he said:

"Promise that you will never reveal to human soul what I am about to show you."

"I swear it, Father," said Angelo.

Then the hermit drew an iron bar from under his habit, and pried away a large slab of white marble, taken evidently from some Greek ruin. It was placed upright against the wall, under the shelf that held the candlesticks, vases, and other adornments of the little shrine.

"Now, my son," said the hermit, "creep in there. I shall follow you."

Obedying implicitly, the youth crawled through the hole into a low chamber, about eight feet square, cut in the solid limestone. By the aid of a lantern, which the good priest had brought with him, Angelo saw that the apartment had seats and a couch of stone.

"I discovered this cave by accident many years ago," said the priest; "and here you can remain in safety until Our Lord shall please to vindicate you."

Before leaving Angelo, the hermit gave him holy water, some pious books, and brought him a blanket, with a loaf of bread, a can of water, and a flask of wine. Thanking God for His mercy, and commending himself to the prayers of his friend, Angelo remained in peace.

XI.

The Judge himself, having carefully revised Cataldo's case, found that in

former years he had been one of a company of brigands; furthermore, that he had been chosen by a secret society among the fishers to murder or get rid of the young Captain in some way. By skilful cross-examination, he was forced to admit that he had murdered Signor Lopiuto, with the intention of having the crime laid upon Angelo. As soon as this information was made public, the hermit allowed Angelo to go home and console his distressed parents. There was great rejoicing among all the young Captain's friends.

One day, not long after these unexpected happenings, a strange boat was rowed around the cliff. In the stern sat Judge Lucchesi, who entered Antonio's cabin and asked to see his son. While Lucia sent for Angelo he looked about the apartment, and when she returned he said:

"Good mother, why is that angel standing against the wall?"

"Eighteen years, Signor," the old lady replied, "that battered angel has stood there. I first placed it over the crib of a babe that I found after a great storm, wrapped in a blanket, just as if he had been laid there for us. We were grateful to Heaven; for we had no child of our own, and we named him Angelo. Next day that wooden figurehead floated ashore."

Her visitor became deeply moved on hearing these statements. Taking a notebook from his pocket, he read these entries: "The *Santa Zita* sailed from Genoa for Palermo September 12, 18—. Sighted off Civita Vecchia September 13. Never heard of since." And on another page, scrawled in pencil: "September 15. Case of Nicolas Lopinto. Antonio Gabaria says prisoner, Angelo Gabaria, is not his son—cast ashore seventeen years ago—has lived with him ever since—date corresponds with sailing of *Santa Zita*."

"Was there anything upon the boy when you found him, mother, by which one might identify him?"

The old woman went to the cupboard,

and produced a small box, containing a little necklace of pink coral beads and a reliquary of several saints; there was also the gold coin which Lucia said was given to her son when a mere boy by a lady at Monreale. The gentleman took the necklace and examined it carefully. If the child wore this, it needed a mother's memory to recall it. So, with Lucia's permission, he took it with him, promising to return with it in a few days. As Angelo was not to be found, and Antonio was out fishing, the Judge, after thanking the old lady for her kindness, brought his visit to a close.

XII.

Early one morning, about this time, three men stood blindfolded in the courtyard of the Tribunale, a file of soldiers in front of them. The middle man was Cataldo. When of a sudden an echo of musketry rang over Palermo, people crossed themselves, murmuring, "God have mercy on their souls!" This was the end of the unfortunate Cataldo.

According to promise, Signor Lucchesi returned to the cove; and, after reviewing the incidents of the shipwreck, he begged to see Angelo alone. The latter invited the Judge into his own little room, which was ornamented according to Angelo's taste—with shells, corals, seaweed; and supplied with a small collection of books, a crucifix and a statue of the Madonna.

"Angelo," the Judge began, "you were born at Genoa, January 3, 18—, where your parents, Giuseppe Lucchesi and his wife Maria, were then staying. You are my son! You were baptized Uberto; but to me," he said, folding him to his breast, "you will ever be Angelo."

The young man was too much amazed to speak. After a moment he said:

"Signor, this is very singular. What proofs have you?"

"Listen to me. As I have stated, you were born at Genoa while your mother and I were staying at her father's house. Nearly two years later we were there again

in the month of September. The autumn assizes at Palermo began on the 10th of September that year, and I was compelled to leave Genoa; but as our child was delicate, we decided to leave him with a trusty nurse of the family, who should return him by the next steamer. But a barque belonging to my brother happened to be sailing two days before the next steamer, and you were put on board with your nurse. The barque was named *Santa Zita*; and, though sighted off Civita Vecchia, was never seen again. My brother believed that it perished in a fearful storm that occurred about that time. I was of the same opinion; but my good wife has never been able to believe it, and from day to day still hopes to find her child. When you were brought to the dock for trial, your features flashed across me like a dream."

Angelo was convinced, and, rising, fell upon his father's neck.

When Angelo and Signor Lucchesi entered the main room of the cabin, and presented themselves to Antonio and Lucia as father and son, it was some time before they could consent to believe in the reality of the discovery; but they were at last forced to admit that Angelo must indeed be the lost child.

Nothing could exceed the delicacy with which the happy parents of Angelo effected his return to them. Only gradually was he separated from his home in the dear old cove. A tutor was provided to prepare him for the University of Padua. A daily visit was paid to the aged couple, and the Judge had a pretty villa built for them.

When Angelo (for so his real father preferred to call him) returned from his first year at the University, he found that Antonio had departed this life; two years later Lucia was laid to rest by his side. A visitor to their modest graves will always find a wreath of coral on each cross, twined by the unfaded affection of Angelo.







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Ave Maria.

AIP-2242 (awab)

Does Not Circulate

