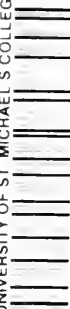


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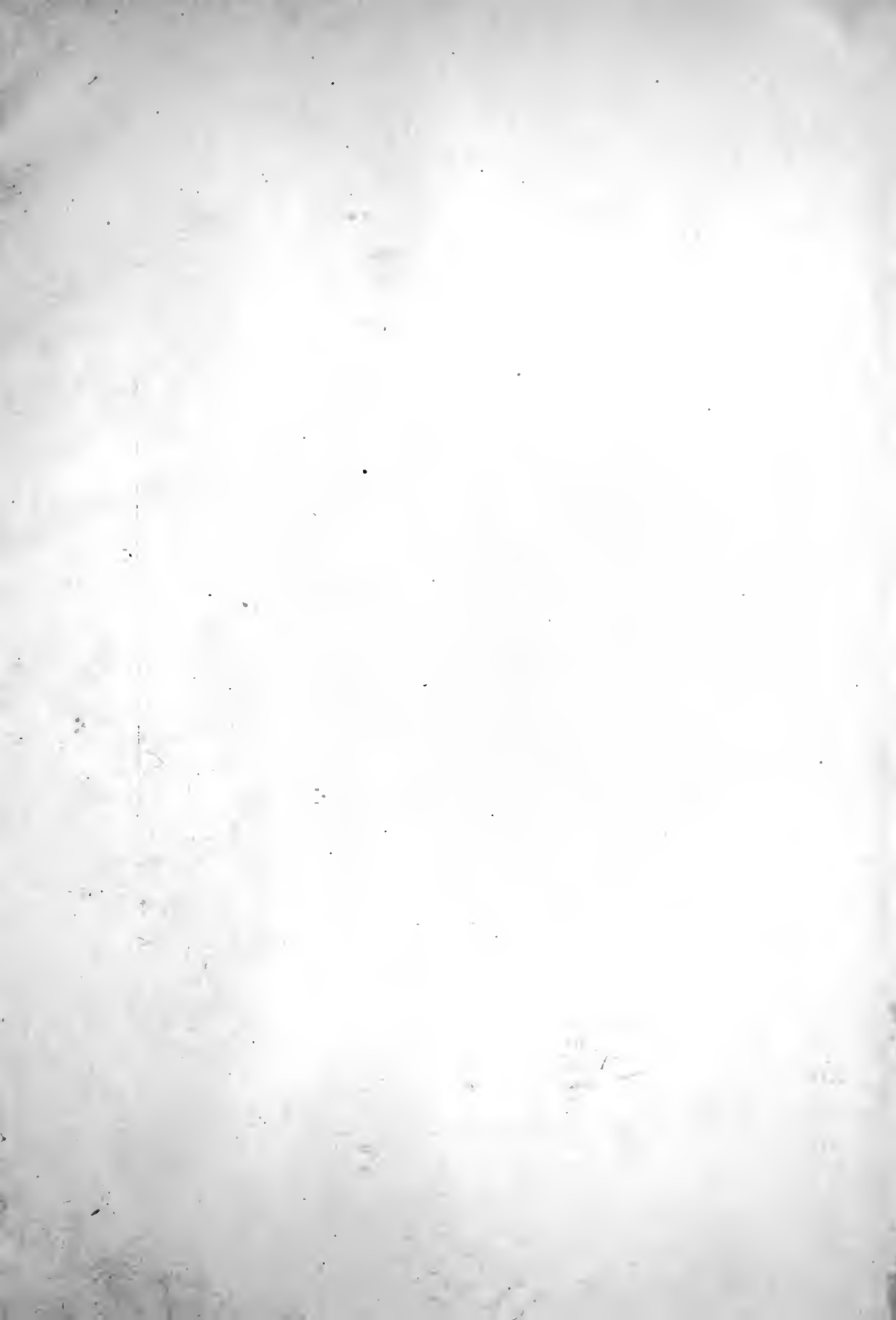




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THE VISITATION.

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

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1893.



Ave, Maria!

*In lieu of jewels rare or flowers sweet
We lay this volume at thy sinless feet.
Fair offering ours and meet, for every page
Bears thy blest name, the praise of every age.*



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

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Ever-Blessed.

BY E. BECK.

The Elevation of Womanhood through
Veneration of the Blessed Virgin.*

BY EMMA F. CARY.

"Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."—*St. Luke, i, 48.*

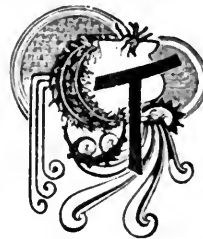
THOU hast been praised in hut and monarch's hall,
In market-place and square, in street and lane,
In lonely cloister and in crowded fane;
'Mid Arctic snows, and where the shadows tall

Of stately palms o'er tropic deserts fall;
By smiling lips, by lips grown white with pain,

In humble prayer and in triumphant strain;
In grief and joy, in troubles great and small;—
By those that lived in vanished centuries,
Who now in heaven see thee face to face;
By us yet striving for that glorious place;
Aye, myriads still unborn shall bend their knees

And call thee blessed, as thy tongue foretold,
O Mother of our God, in days of old!

MANY men are in revolt against the kind of religion which is exhibited to the world,—against the cant that is taught in the name of Christianity. And if the men that have never seen the real thing—if you could show them that, they would receive it as eagerly as you do.—*Drummond.*



HERE is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus," says St. Paul, in the

third chapter of his epistle to the Galatians. And a few verses below he adds: "God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law: that He might redeem those who were under the law; that we might receive the adoption of sons."

"Neither Jew nor Greek," yet to the present day nation rages against nation. "Neither bond nor free," but centuries passed before the voice of the Church could procure for those in servitude more than a slight mitigation of their wrongs. How has it been with the third part of the prophecy, "Neither male nor female"? From the first days of Christianity we see the beginning and course of its fulfilment. Softly as the dawn, gentle as the power of that woman of whom Christ was made,

* A paper read at the Women's Congress held in Chicago. From the author's manuscript.

arose the influence of women in the Church. From the earliest days of apostolic times we see them in all modesty, but with the valor of men, taking their share of work, of peril, and of commendation.

To prove by quotations from great authorities that this recognition of the just claims of women was the natural as well as supernatural result of the Blessed Virgin's place in the scheme of Redemption, would be to fill the short space allotted to this paper with a list of illustrious names, and to leave that list unfinished. Beside the figure of the Sacred Humanity of Christ there stands His Mother, the feminine impersonation of wisdom, fortitude, grace, mercy, purity; as far below her Son as the created is below the Creator, yet offering a standard of womanly perfection so exalted that it urged forward to maturity one element of civilization, while others toiled for centuries only to have their importance acknowledged by the noblest, most enlightened spirits of each age. Nay, to this hour there are claims of humanity which cry vainly in the name of Christ and His Church for recognition; and the crimes against them hide behind the shield of virtues, such as Justice, Prudence, Liberty, Patriotism, and Valor.

I will not touch on the dangerous ground of theology: I appeal to history to show that public opinion was so purified by the veneration felt for the Virgin Mary as to lift at once the service of women in the early Church to a position of dignity; to hold it at the same high level when the simple relations of Christians toward one another became involved with social and political combinations; and in time to make the protection of distressed or oppressed women one of the holiest duties of the clergy and of the patrician class. We have the women of the apostolic age, beginning with those halcyon days when "continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, they took their meat with gladness

and simplicity of heart." The Blessed Virgin was the direct guide of the women of the earliest Church. Tradition tells us "she spoke little, but she spoke freely and affably; she was not troubled in her speech, but grave, courteous, tranquil." Who, in reading this, does not recall the manners of religious women of our own time? In convents are still found the exquisite manners which spring from a perpetual consciousness of God's presence. We often see in pupils of convent schools the same deference, sweetness, and dignity. Perhaps they have not as yet in perfection the "higher education," but time will soon bring that about; and the highest education they have already, in possessing a perfect standard of womanly behavior, drawn from the household of Nazareth.

But the scene changes. Political problems become entangled with religious questions; a more active participation in the trials and perils of men is called for; and in the arena, on the scaffold, in banishment and persecution, we find that there is in Christ neither male nor female.

In giving counsel and support women also found their true development. Wherever Augustine and Chrysostom are known there Monica and Arthusia are known. St. Jerome guides and consults, too, his noble band of spiritual daughters. With Basil stands Macrina; with Gregory Nazianzen are the three canonized saints of his family, Nonna, Gorgonia, and Cesarea. Later Scholastica is as familiar to us as Benedict himself; and in the sixth century we have Gregory the Great and his mother Sylvia.

In that wonderful fourth century the condemnation of Nestorius by the first Council of Ephesus pledged all Christians to devotion to the Madonna as the Mother of God; and her pictures, which had usually been drawn alone, now combined with the Infant Christ made the lovely image of the Mother and Child.

"Yea, all ye that be virgins, whosoever

ye be, run to the Mother of God," says St. Jerome. "She will keep for you by her protection your most beautiful, your most precious, your most enduring possession. . . . She is at once the parent and handmaid of God, at once Virgin and Mother."

And St. Augustine, contemplating the virtues of his own mother's life as matron and widow, says: "We are to suppose that for the exaltation of the male sex Christ appeared on earth as a man, and for the consolation of womankind He was born of a woman only; as if it had been said, 'From henceforth no creature shall be base before God unless perverted by depravity.'" And again he writes: "The new miracle of Mary's delivery hath effaced the curse of the frail backslider; and the singing of Mary hath silenced the wailing of Eve."

In the dire days of the Iconoclasts, three centuries later, a fresh impulse was given to devotion to the Blessed Virgin, through the condemnation of that barbarous sect by the second Council of Ephesus. Then begin the beautiful rhapsodies of the Eastern Fathers in honor of our Mother.

"Hail, stately Palace of the King!" cries German of Constantinople. "Most holy, stainless, purest House of the Most High God, adorned with His royal splendor, open to all!"

"Blessed couple, Joachim and Anne," says St. John of Damascus, "unto you is all creation laid under debt, since through you creation hath offered to the Creator this noblest of gifts—namely, that chaste Mother who alone was worthy of the Creator. Grace, for that is the meaning of Anna, is mother of the Lady, for that is the meaning of Mary. And indeed she became the Lady of every creature, since she hath been the Mother of the Creator."

"Hail Mary!" exclaims St. Tarasius of Constantinople. "Hail, thou Paradise of God the Father, whence the knowledge of Him floweth in broad rivers to the

ends of the earth! . . . Hail, stainless crown of motherhood! . . . Hail, restoration of the whole world!"

But we must hasten on to the thirteenth century, when painting, poetry and theology all united in lifting on high the ideal of womanhood through the veneration of Mary; for then she was Our Lady, so called through the devotion of the knights of chivalry, who saw her in all women, and found for her a thousand beautiful epithets. Our Lady of Liberty, cried captives; Our Lady of Sorrows, moaned the afflicted; Our Lady of the Cradle, prayed mothers, Our Lady of the People, exclaimed those who saw in her the elevator of labor.

Dante calls her "Ennobler of thy nature," in that magnificent apostrophe which so satisfied religious feeling that Chaucer and Petrarch, nearly one hundred years later, paraphrased it in words as beautiful as Dante's. St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure among theologians, Giotto and Cimabue among painters, were her panegyrists. No wonder that in the succeeding century we have two women of transcendent gifts: the Saint of Siena, controlling the youth of her city and moulding the political events of the day; and the Saint of Genoa, ranked among the theologians of the Church.

Meanwhile through the ages preceding the thirteenth century three phases of civilization had tended to develop the talents of women and to show their powers. The feudal system, though in after times it was flung off as a most grievous yoke, was the creator of domestic life in distinction from wandering life. The wife of the lord was, of consequence, his companion when he was at home, his representative when he was absent, especially in the Holy Land—for such separations lasted perhaps for years. Thus the Crusades formed a second influence upon the development of women; for the head of the family being absent, the wife was forced to bear great responsibility, and to act as

regent in a sphere more or less extensive.

The third external influence was chivalry, which made all women objects of romantic devotion, either as inspirers and patronesses or as sufferers to be defended against the evil part of the human race.

We can not linger over the period of the Renaissance, familiar to many through descriptions as various as the minds which have delineated its wonders. It brings us to the culmination of art in its perfection, and to the close of the Ages of Faith, so called by those who had but little of the gift of hope. With the decay of religious art there came a spirit of luxury, far more perilous to religion than persecution can ever be. The extravagant self-indulgence of the upper classes aroused rebellion on the part of the people—revolutions which changed the face of the civilized world, and, while tearing off veils from many hidden evils, checked civilization, and above all the intellectual development of women. A spirit of scoffing and cynical incredulity possessed society. Many of the clever women of that day recall the dissolute women of pagan times. The average position of a good woman was merely that of a notable housewife or of a frivolous belle in the gay world. Where was now the spirit of chivalry, which should have defended women from the spirit which prompted the farcical drollery of "*Les précieuses ridicules*," and invented the names of blue-stocking and *bas-bleu*?

But, beautiful to record, the heroines of religious life sustained the best traditions of their sex, and showed themselves daughters of Mary. Many new congregations arose, founded by women, and the ancient Orders were preserved in their integrity. Education of a simple and wholesome kind was given in convent schools, and a foundation laid ready for the best development of feminine training when time should be ripe for it. And, in imitation of our Mother, religious women were always to be found at the foot of the Cross.

Wherever there was adversity, hard work, or danger, women stood ready to meet the crisis; Tabor could do without them, Calvary they claimed as a right. For women living in the world, the pure ray of light which streams from the first century has been sometimes obscured; but for religious women there has been no mist rising from the miasma of self-indulgence, no smoke from the fires of vanity, to hide that light; and that it still shines for us all is due in part to their heroism in preserving the noblest traditions of womanhood.

Much do we owe also to women who in our century have used their great gifts as nobly as any of the heroines of the early or medieval Church: to Madame Craven and Madame Swetchine, Lady Georgiana Fullerton and Miss Mary Stanley; and in our own country to Mrs. Petre, Mrs. George Ripley, and Miss Emily Harper.

We stand at the threshold of the twentieth century, and muse on the future that it holds for spiritual and intellectual women. Does the Church ask less of them than of their ancestors in the faith? It asks more, for the privileges which formerly belonged only to a few are now generally diffused. There is not a material invention of the present day which can not be bent to a spiritual purpose. The girdle put round the earth by electricity has surely some message to carry beyond the latest report of the gold board or the last political decision. It binds the world and the nations of the earth together, and the great deeds done in one quarter of the globe belong to the rest of humanity. Shall we lose courage while there are Christian colonists in the heart of Africa and martyrs for the faith in China? But we have no thought of losing courage: we claim all that is highest of modern education, modern ingenuity, and unite ourselves to the traditions of the past, going back to the household of Nazareth, to study the spirit which should animate domestic life, life in communities, and that complex existence.

led by those who have not the protection of either one or the other.

— Once more let us look toward her who is, in the words of St. Sophronius, "the exaltation of humanity." We will not take as our interpreters Newman, Faber or Aubrey de Vere. Let us look where there might seem small chance of finding sympathy. We will let Shelley speak for us:

Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman
All that is insupportable in thee
Of light and love and immortality.
Sweet Benediction in the eternal curse!
Veil'd Glory of this lampless universe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou living Form
Among the dead! Thou Star above the storm!
Thou Wonder and thou Beauty and thou Terror!
Thou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou Mirror
In whom, as in the splendor of the sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!

Yes, this is Shelley, not a St. Epiphanius or a St. Sophronius, as one might have fancied; for they were true poets as well as great saints. I thank him, and love his memory for these beautiful words in honor of Our Lady. There might, perhaps, be ground for discouragement if we compared our personal strength with her great gifts and graces, as poets, artists and theologians have described them. Let us, then, think of her as the best of women; ready to visit her friends under adverse circumstances; a thoughtful guest at wedding-feasts; willing to be effaced and apparently forgotten when she was not needed; prompt, energetic and unwearied, when all that was dear to her seemed to be extinguished beneath a weight of defeat and disgrace. What are we called to share with her? The conviction that the sole end of the creature is the glad service of the Creator.

NOTE.—My paper has little claim to originality. I am greatly indebted to Guizot's "History of Civilization," Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Madonna"; the "Life of Father Hecker," by the Rev. Walter Elliot, C. S. P.; and to "Phases of Thought and Criticism," by Brother Azarias. Most of all do I owe to many successive courses of instruction given to the Children of Mary, at the Convent of Notre Dame in Boston, by the Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J.

Memories of Hawaii.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.—HOW THE KING CAME HOME.

PRAY tell me, is it better to laugh or to sigh over lost illusions? You know they are never found again. Even good St. Anthony does not care to restore these. Once gone, they are gone forever and a day. Other illusions may lie in wait for us; other disappointments may follow them, and perhaps forgetfulness will come to our relief at last; but the great originals shall never more return. This is the way of the world, and no doubt you all know it well enough—but why do I write in this vein to-day?

I've just been thinking of that poor, dear little Hawaii. I was quite in the mood for hunting up an old book, bearing my name upon the title-page. The book I refer to is known in England as "Summer Cruising in the South Seas." It was published by Chatto, of London, in 1873. It is a reprint of the first Boston edition of "South Sea Idyls." Chatto said, somewhat scornfully: "That title will never go in this country. People will suspect you of being a poet, and your book will remain unopened." Therefore the "Idyls" were rechristened, so that "he that runs may read"; lest, peradventure, under the old title he that reads may run.

Well, I've had sufficient curiosity to reread a preface I furnished a score of years ago at the request of my London publisher,—an impulsive preface, with youth and inexperience written all over the face of it. And since the reading thereof I've been wondering if I yearn for those Southern Seas as ardently as I used to once upon a time, or if this all too ardent preface is but the proof of another lost illusion.

Of course the thing makes me laugh, somewhat sadly; a man has a right to laugh at himself,—his other self, the self

of twenty years ago. Who of us can help doing this? But I don't like to laugh alone. Will you join me? Behold what havoc the fever of youth wrought in me! Could anything be more absurdly boyish than this? Could any one be more blindly daring than I when I made reference to Lord Macaulay's New Zealander in the land of his adoption, and within a stone's-throw of the very Bridge with which he is associated? Even twenty years ago *he* was "a scorn and a hissing," and had quite outlived his usefulness.

O ingenuous Infancy! What a multitude of sins you cover, or propitiate! Well, let us glance at the preface and have done with it. Here it is, word for word—barring a typographical error or two. It is offered in a due spirit of humility, and without further apology:

The experiences recorded in this volume are the result of five summer cruises among the islands of the Pacific.

The simple and natural life of the islander beguiles me; I am at home with him; all the rites of savagery find a responsive echo in my heart. It is as though I recollect something long forgotten; it is like a dream dimly remembered, and at last realized. It must be that the untamed spirit of some aboriginal ancestor quickens my blood.

I have sought to reproduce the atmosphere of a people who are wonderfully imaginative and emotional; they nourish the first symptoms of an affinity, and revel in the freshness of an affection as brief and blissful as a honeymoon.

With them "love is enough," and it is not necessarily one with the sexual passion: their life is sensuous and picturesque, and is incapable of a true interpretation unless viewed from their own standpoint.

To them our civilization is a cross, the blessed promises of which are scarcely sufficient to compensate for the pain of bearing it; and they are inclined to look upon our backslidings in a spirit of profound forbearance.

Among them no laws are valid save Nature's own, but they abide faithfully by these.

His lordship's threadbare New Zealander sitting upon a crumbling arch of London Bridge, recently restored, and finding too late that he had forestalled his mission, would know my feelings as I offer this plea for his tribe. And any one who instinctively lags in the march of progress, and marks the decay of nature; any one to whom the highly educated grasshopper is a burden, must see that my case is critical.

Yet in imagination I may, at the shortest notice, return to the sea-girt arena of my adventures, and restore my unregenerated soul.

Limited flagons can not stay me, neither will small apples comfort me. I have eaten of the Tree of Life; my spirit is full-fledged; and when I take wing; I feel the earth sinking beneath me; the mountains crumble, the clouds crouch under me, the waters rise and flow out to the horizon; across my breast the sunbeams brush, leaving half their gold behind them; sea upon sea fills up the hollow of the universe. I soar into eternity, blue wastes below me, blue wastes above me; the stars only to mark the upper strata of space.

Day after day I wing my tireless flight, and the past is forgotten in the radiance of the dawning future.

Land at last! A green islet sails within the compass of my vision. Laud at last! Crumbs of earth, fragments of paradise, litter the broad ocean like strewn leaves. A myriad reefs and shoals wreath the blue hemisphere; the moan of the surf rises like a grand anthem; the fragrance of tropic bowers ascends like incense. I pause in my giddy flight, and sink into the bosom of the dusk.

Sunset transfigures the earth; the woods are rosy with glowing bars of light; long shadows float upon the waves like weeds; gardens of sea-grass rock forever between daylight and darkness, tinted with changeful lights.

I know the songs of those distant lands; there have I sought and found unbroken rest; again I return to you, my beloved South; and, after many days of storm and shine, I touch upon your glimmering shores, flushed with the renewal of my passionate love for you.

Again I dive beneath your coral caves; again I thread the sunless depths of your unfading forests; and there, finally, I hope to fold my drooping wings, where the flowers breathe heavily and fountains tinkle within the solitude of your moonlit ivory chambers.

O literary Death, where is thy sting, while this happy hunting ground awaits me?

In the singularly expressive tongue of my barbarian brother,

Aloha aoi! Love to you!

There, little preface, so gushing and so guileless, go back into that dark corner of the top shelf and gather the dust as of yore; really, we have no further use for you. The times have changed since you first saw the light; so now, without you, and in quite another mood, let me revisit that fairy-land of yore; let me recall something of its life and landscape while it is still fresh in my memory.

Ah, yes! This is how the late King came home to his people after having circumnavigated the globe with his retinue. I chanced to be on the same ship with his Majesty during the voyage between San

Francisco and Honolulu; and, as we were old acquaintances, we were naturally more or less familiar. The divinity that hedges in a Hawaiian king is not calculated to blanch the cheek of even the most delicate and impressionable of aliens, and was I not quite at home with these gentlest of savages?

After long years I returned again to the isolated land whose idyllic life infatuated me in my youth. It was nine years since I had last visited these isles. Then I had embarked with an adventurous crew on a voyage of speculation among the reef-bound constellations of the South Pacific. We tripped anchor one day and went out with the tide. San Francisco was drenched in fog. Feeling our way in the grey chaos of mist that choked the Golden Gate, we rolled into the teeth of a gale that had apparently been lying in wait for us. We were a mere morsel for such monstrous greed, but a choice one; and for five and twenty days we quivered between life and death in a black and quaking sea. When we got our reckoning, the first since leaving port, we were away up in the vicinity of Japan. In the twilight of the thirty-third day we set foot on shore at Honolulu, where I forthwith deserted. The voyage was completed three weeks ago, by a bark not a year old, in eight days and seventeen hours; but, on the other hand, our schooner was antiquated, and had been a vagabond all her days.

At this present writing we have accomplished the passage in exactly seven days. The steamer left San Francisco on time—not often the case, as she is bound to await the arrival of the English mail. And as we had King Kalakaua on board, the captain, who was not sparing of fuel, in conjunction with that indulgent individual Old Probabilities, managed to run us into port about thirty-six hours before the several Committees on the Royal Reception were ready to receive his Majesty. This we knew nothing of. Consequently when we sighted the blue peaks of Maui, ran under

the lone shadows of Molokai, whither the unhappy lepers are banished for life, and then made for Koko Head and Oahu, beyond which lay our harbor, we clicked glasses with the King, and the congratulations were mutual and profuse.

Nearing port, skirting the palm-fringed shore, we watched the tawny bluffs, where the sea broke bravely and scattered its spray like snow; the long ribbons of dazzling beach; the small grass huts at intervals, with here and there a tiny white chapel and a pointed spire, looking very much like toys. The littlest possible people riding the littlest possible beasts cantered along the shingle on their way to the Capital to welcome the returning King. They seemed to be hastening mechanically, while pretty clouds shook out brief showers and unfurled bright rainbows, one after another, then passed onward into the vast silence. A sail or two rocked on the sparkling sea, changing the light and shade with every tack. It was very like one of those German pictorial clocks, whose puppets live out their mimic lives long after the dust of the inventor has been scattered.

Meanwhile King Kalakaua was watching the tiny kingdom that had a few hours before risen from the sea, as it were. He knew every rood of it; it was his, although he didn't make it, nor have anything to do with the making of it; but he was born in the image of those who peopled it when the valleys rang with heroic traditions. He had the languid ease, the consoling fatalism, the gladsome superstition of his race. It was bred in the bone, and the tours of forty worlds could not have educated him out of it. He showed less of it than the majority of his people, knowing well how to disguise it. He even affected Bohemianism to a degree, and once remarked to Rochefort that he was the only republican in his kingdom; meanwhile having said to me that what the citizens of the United

States were most in need of was an emperor, and that the United States must become an empire.

O what a King was he! Such a King as one reads of in nursery tales. He was all things to all men, a most companionable person. Possessed of rare refinement, he was as much at ease with a crew of "rollicking rams" as in the throne-room. He had many and varied experiences, and was apparently ready for others. He had "run with the machine" in the Volunteer Fire Department, and risen to the dignity of foreman. Once he edited a paper in his native tongue; it flourished under the mouth-filling title of *Hoku i ka Pakipika* (Star of the Pacific). But this was in the halcyon days of adolescence, before he had dreamed of the throne and of circumnavigation. His Queen, with pathetic and patrician pride, refused to utter one word of English, although she was acquainted with the language. She invariably replied in her own tongue, thus often making the services of an interpreter indispensable.

As we approached Oahu, we saw smoke signals ascending; the filmy threads floating upward were caught by passing winds and spirited away, beckoning to one another from the hill-tops; and long before we were abreast of the Capital the populace was at the water-side to give us welcome. A spirited cannonade aroused uncommon enthusiasm. Nothing less could have accomplished that end in that drowsy little world. The yards of the Russian fleet in port were quickly manned. Punch-bowl, an old crater in the rear of the Capital, blazed away in fine style; all the bells in town jangled, and cheer upon cheer rolled out over the placid sea. There were the usual addresses of welcome in English and Hawaiian; and a very creditable procession followed the royal leader, under triumphal arches and canopies of flags, from the Esplanade to the palace gate. Words of greeting, chiefly in Hawaiian, were emblazoned on every hand, such

as: "Great Love to Kalakaua"; "Return, O King!" "Hawaii is the Best"; "Oh, the Blessed, the Chosen One!" "We are All the King's Own"; "Rest, O King!" etc.

The Chinese, whose mission it is to rush in where angels fear to tread, erected a gaudy calico kiosk, quite as fantastic as anything one could hope to find in a spectacular drama. It bore these significant sentiments: "Welcomed by the Children of the Flowery Land," and "Hawaii and China have joined hands." The most noticeable feature in the decorations was the resurrection of an ancient symbol of savage royalty, called the "Pulaulau,"—a low wooden cross supported by a globe, and having on each arm a flaming beacon. These were planted along the line of the procession at frequent intervals, and were very effective. So also were the illuminations, which, though not general—for enthusiasm does not keep long in this climate,—were in some cases singularly beautiful. The quaint towers of the Catholic Cathedral and the bell tower of the fire department were thickly studded with colored lamps; and the mosques by the Nile, on the birthnight of the Prophet, are not more picturesque than were these twinkling minarets as they sprang from the illuminated groves beneath them.

The day following the King's arrival was the Sabbath, a day of rest according to law; and we consequently rested, *en masse*. Monday, the arrangements for the royal reception having been completed, the *fête* was renewed. The procession, the speech-making, the songs of welcome, the torch-light procession and the illuminations, were all repeated. Perhaps nowhere else could this have been done without a murmur; but people there have so little to amuse or interest them beyond a change in the weather that they were more than equal to the occasion. After this the royal receptions were in order. The natives visited the King, some of them bearing offerings of gold or silver,

and many of them shaking hands with their sovereign in the most democratic fashion. Nor did the festivities cease until that little island world was completely fagged out; and then we all went to bed and slept like tired children for an indefinite period.

His was a happy and prosperous reign. He was a lover of his people. He respected the Catholic Church, though he was not a member of it. He sent a royal decoration to Father Damien at Molokai, and showed his sympathy and appreciation in more practical and acceptable ways. Upon his death his sister, the deposed Queen, took the throne. It is too evident that her advisers are responsible for her downfall. As for Kalakaua, if he was not popular with all, I can safely assert that those who know him best loved him, and not without good reason.

(To be continued.)

The Lesson of the Visitation.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

ALWAYS when I tell my beads, slow moving

Lingering fingers o'er the carven spheres,
Comes to me a vision fair, reproving
Failures all along the vanished years.

Beautiful and pale and young and tender,
Scarcely more than child in years and mien;
Modest as a swaying violet slender,
Regal as of purity the Queen.

Mary, Virgin, Spouse of Heaven, Mother;
She to whom all earth and sky shall bow;
She whose glory far outshines all other,
She whose might the nations shall avow,—

Hastens—aye, I mark it in confusion:
Hastens, self forgotten, set aside,—
From the home of saintliest seclusion,
From the roof where angels watching bide,

Up to that hill city, lying hidden
In the curving slopes and valley folds;

By the living ties of kinship bidden
Heart to heart to share the joy it holds.

O sweet Mother, thou all-perfect Woman!
Faithful friend, unselfish, tried, and true!
Write this lesson on my nature human,
With its graciousness my soul endue,—

Still to share with every heart its sorrow,
Still to add a jewel to each crown;
Still to rise and hasten with the morrow,
Bearing help and cheer where dangers frown.

This the lesson of thy Visitation,
Always when I tell my cherished beads;
Daily thus thy life's delineation
Bids me strive to follow as it leads.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIV.—A MISTAKE.

LADY TYRRELL believed that most of her friends were like the pawns on a chess-board, to whom she occupied the position of an expert player. She believed in her own superior wisdom, which was, from her own point of view, an endowment of Providence; and there were very few people thus endowed. She looked on the slow processes of reason with a certain contempt. Her intuition was her strong point; and sometimes her power of perception was marvellous—but *only* sometimes.

Conway, after his talk with this remarkable woman, remained in the study to write to Margaret. He could not help feeling how kind Lady Tyrrell was to suggest this invitation, and he urged Margaret to come by all means.

"We can go home together," he wrote. "Never mind the expense: let us have one lark together. I shall not buy a new coat next winter, and cranberries will no doubt go up in price, to oblige us. Bernice Conway is a nice girl, not too strong-

mind, after all; though she told me that I had not attained my intellectual growth the other day, because I generalized about women. And I think it is true. Of course, I never patronized you; but, then, you have always seemed like a woman, not like 'women.' I find her most charming and interesting, and so sincere and earnest. I wish you would come; you may influence her in the direction of the Church."

In the meantime Lady Tyrrell had marshalled Bernice into the dining-room.

"It was shameless, Bernice,—shameless!" she began, as they sat down at the luncheon table. "The idea of you and a young minister of the Gospel walking under the same umbrella in broad daylight, when all Swansmere knows you've jilted him!"

"Oh—it's different here," said Bernice, calmly. "Girls are freer than they are abroad."

"And you in mourning, too!" added Lady Tyrrell.

"You need not remind me of that, aunt."

"I'm sure I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you don't seem to care how much you shock mine. As for Giles Carton, he's ungrateful. After all the trouble I took to find out a good brand of tea for his father—not any of the rot you Americans drink,—he has never sent me the boxes of marmalade I ordered. He says Tooker has not received them yet; he had the impudence to telephone that from Tooker's shop yesterday."

Bernice devoted her attention to the cold mutton on her plate. She tried to make a diversion, as Lady Tyrrell opened her mouth again.

"Why, where is Maggie?" she asked, as the younger servant, Jane, entered.

"She is not well, Miss," said Jane, with an air of great mystery. "She do be having troubles of her own,—we're all children of cantankerousness and affliction. It's the men that's the trouble."

"Jane's not well trained," Lady Tyrrell said to Bernice. "She shouldn't think of speaking out like that. I wonder you allow it."

But she made up her mind to see Jane as soon as possible, and to find out what affliction Maggie, who was a model servant, was laboring under. Bernice, however, should not escape her.

"I want to know one thing," Lady Tyrrell said: "how you can reconcile it to your conscience to encourage that young man again. Let him absorb himself wholly in his ministry. If he is what he pretends to be, a High Churchman, celibacy is the only thing for him. I sent him an article on the Cowley Fathers yesterday, cut out of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and, if Ethel Van Krupper gives me a chance on Saturday, I'll just go to confession and give him a piece of my mind. There's every reason why you shouldn't marry him, Bernice. That's my candid opinion."

"Is this a time to think of marriage?" Bernice asked. "I think only of my father—*only* of my father! And that continual thought has made me turn toward the Roman Church."

Lady Tyrrell set down the mustard pot, and adjusted her cap.

"Umph!" she said.

Bernice raised her eyes, expecting an outburst of indignation. But Lady Tyrrell only put some mustard on a bit of ham, and asked, after a rapid calculation in her mind on the relationship between Raymond Conway and the Major:

"Does the Catholic Church forbid the marriage of second cousins?"

"I am sure I don't know," Bernice answered. "Father Haley has never spoken of that."

"Ah!" said Lady Tyrrell, thoughtfully. "And, by the way, I knew you'd like me to ask Margaret Conway to visit us. I knew it would please Edward—by the way, Jane, take some luncheon to the

study: Mr. Conway is busy there,—I'm sure she's a nice girl."

"By all means," said Bernice, brightening. "I shall be delighted. But I hope she will not find it too dull. It was a pleasant thought of yours."

"I am glad that you give me credit for *something*," said Lady Tyrrell, with the sigh of the unappreciated. "I had intended to ask my nephew, Dermot Thorndyke, here; but it won't do now. You've heard me speak of Dermot?"

"Yes," said Bernice, wishing that she could get away, and anxious for any pretext that would switch the talk from the inevitable subject of Giles Carton. "You told me that he tried to get into Parliament as a Home Ruler, and that he had gone to Virginia as an engineer or something. He is clever?"

"Oh, he writes poems!" answered Lady Tyrrell. "He has never been a comfort to me. He is a Radical: he believes that people who rent land ought to have an opinion about the rent, and that sort of rot. He is never off my mind. Marriage is the only thing that will make him see that if your tenants don't pay, you can't keep a roof over you or give a dinner to your friends. He's in Virginia—oh, yes!" added Lady Tyrrell, after a pause. "He'll stay there for a while, I hope. And now, Bernice, let me adjure you to drop this nonsense about Giles Carton. In the first place, if you are to become a Romanist you can't make a mixed marriage. It's excommunication," said Lady Tyrrell, solemnly. "When Lydia Nevil married Arthur Cartright, who was a Protestant, she had to leave Dublin and all her friends, and go over to Paris for the ceremony. Cardinal Cullen went on *awfully* about it. Besides, you ought to have more conscience than to marry a High Churchman, who *ought* to be under a vow of celibacy."

Bernice smiled. This irritated Lady Tyrrell.

"And, worst of all," she added, "there's

a mystery about my poor, dear brother-in-law's death. I suspect the Colonel knows more—"

Bernice's color changed; she opened her lips as Jane entered.

"Miss Susanna Mooney wants to see you," Jane said, mysteriously.

"The priest's housekeeper. Well, let her come in here. I am sure you won't mind, Bernice,—and your talk has made me forget my luncheon."

Susanna, attired in a rustling black silk, with a ruffled mantle, and a big, round cameo brooch at her throat, entered majestically. Her bonnet was purple; and the front of it, which was after the grandiose fashion of the Sixties, was filled with a collection of ancient flowers of the most artlessly artificial kind. She took one of the high-backed, leather-covered chairs at Lady Tyrrell's request, and ostentatiously displayed her hands, encased in green kid gloves which threatened to burst.

"I would not have asked for you, ma'am," said Susanna, addressing Lady Tyrrell, "but that Miss Conway's so young, and as much of a baby in the affairs of the world as Father Haley himself. But, knowing your reputation, ma'am, I said to myself: 'If any human being can bring the dirty creature to time, it's Lady Tyrrell.' And so I came, ma'am."

Susanna made a sort of a courtesy as she finished this speech. This conciliated Lady Tyrrell, who was not accustomed to many outward signs of respect from Americans of the classes she held to be "lower."

"Well, my good woman," she began.

"Good woman yourself!" muttered Susanna. "If it wasn't that Maggie and myself are from the same place, I'd give her ladyship a piece of my mind."

As it was, however, Susanna merely courtesied again, with a wink over her shoulder at Bernice. Lady Tyrrell had paused, to observe through her glasses that there was a man coming up the walk, perhaps a messenger from Tooker's with

the marmalade which the perfidious Giles had forgotten to order.

"I'm not wanting to keep you, ma'am; but it's about Dutch Jake I've come. He's been paying attentions to Maggie for over a year, and I am not too anxious that a girl like her should marry any kind of a foreigner; but Jake has a steady place, and I'm not sure that Maggie couldn't do better."

"May I ask who this German creature is?" said Lady Tyrrell. "I presume you allude to the maid, Maggie?"

"There's no German about Jake at all, ma'am. Sure I know the differ. He's a Hollander; and, in spite of that, he is a good-living man, except that he has lately dropped Maggie and taken up with a black Protestant—saving your presence—"

"It's not a question of religion, my good woman. Briefly say what you want."

"Sit down, Susanna," said Bernice.

"Thank you," said Susanna, taking a chair, and noticing that Lady Tyrrell's lips had tightened at the mention of religion. "Ah, ma'am," she added, "you remind me so much of your nephew, little Brian Thorndyke! I saw him many a time in the old country when he was a little boy."

"Yes," said Lady Tyrrell, relaxing. "They call him Dermot now. Why they gave him two such names as Brian and Dermot I don't know. But his mother was a Romanist—Lydia Nevil's sister."

"You black-hearted Orangewoman!" said Susanna to herself; but, remembering Maggie's wrongs, she tried to be bland. "Maggie," she continued, "has been breaking her heart for the spalpeen. There is a promise of marriage between them since Easter; but because Maggie knows her value, Jake thinks he has a free foot. He's at Tooker's, on an errand from one of the factory bosses; and Tooker telephoned for me, to say that if I wanted to talk to Jake, I'd better go down there,—that he'd keep him till I came. But it seemed to me that, as Maggie's in your

house, a good talking to would come best from you; and, besides, you've more of the gift."

Lady Tyrrell liked nothing better than a chance to act as a guide and mentor in the affairs of other people.

"Perhaps we'd better send for Maggie," suggested Bernice. "I have noticed that she seemed sad of late."

"No," said Lady Tyrrell, decidedly. "Young girls, especially of the lower classes, are foolish in these things. Are you sure this—this person is at Tooker's?"

"Yes, I am. But we'd better be quick: he may not be there long."

"I don't think I can go out now; but I'll make him come here, and we'll have the matter settled on the spot."

Lady Tyrrell rose and went to the telephone box in the corner of the room, near the hall. She rang, while Bernice watched her with interest, and Susanna with grim satisfaction.

"I want 67—Tooker's," said Lady Tyrrell, in her most condescending tone. "I'll talk to him," she added. "I must say that Tooker is a worthy person, though he does not know what tea is."

An answering ring came; and then, after the slight preliminary rumble, Lady Tyrrell heard Tooker's voice:

"A gentleman wants to speak to Lady Tyrrell."

"Very well," answered Lady Tyrrell. "He's here,—I've caught him," she said to Susanna. "Tooker says there a gentleman wants to speak to me. Everybody is a gentleman in this country. Now, my good woman, what'll I say?"

"Don't let him get the first word," said Susanna, imploringly. "He's a soothing tongue, though his English is as cracked as an old teacup. Tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself for running after a black Protestant,—she's one of the McFetriches, and they're Orange to the backbone."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

cried Lady Tyrrell. "I want you to understand—*understand*, do you hear?"—she continued, putting her lips close to the steel tube, "that I am Lady Tyrrell talking to you, and that the poor girl has friends. Oh, don't try to answer *me!* I will not have it. She's a sweet, good girl, and more industrious and respectful than most of her class. Come up here at once, and we'll have the banns called next Sunday,—is that right, my good woman?"

"Call him a Dutch blaggard," suggested Susanna, anxiously; "and say that Maggie's people were riding in their own carriages when the McFetriches were eating potato skins in Donegal,—do you mind that?"

Lady Tyrrell caught the excitement of the fray.

"You've jilted her shamefully!" she cried. "Halloo! halloo! Is this Tooker's? Very well,—you've jilted her shamefully! She's breaking her heart, though you don't deserve it, you wretch! Come up at once, and she may forgive you. Come to Major Conway's at once—at once: she's here. If you don't, you're a—fiend."

"She's a great gift," Susanna remarked to Bernice. "I've something of a gift myself when I am roused, but I'm not so refined like."

"O Heavens!" cried Lady Tyrrell, clinging with one hand to the patent steel tube. "It's the wrong man! Come here, Bernice!"

Bernice took Lady Tyrrell's place, only to hear Giles Carton's voice:

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, Lady Tyrrell; though I didn't expect such a message from you. I have been trying to tell you that Tooker has just let me send Dutch Jake to you with the marmalade."

"What does he say,—oh, what does he say?"

Bernice laughed again and again before she answered.

"Mr. Carton says he will be happy to

have the banns called whenever you like," she said, ringing the telephone bell; "and that the marmalade has come."

Lady Tyrrell adjusted her cap, and turned to Susanna wrathfully.

"What did you mean by this, woman?"

"I am no more a woman than yourself, ma'am, though you have a handle to your name. But it makes no differ now. There they are!"

And, sure enough, there was Jake, a stalwart young giant, with a hamper at his feet, standing near the rhododendrons, in deep and evidently agreeable converse with the lately broken-hearted Maggie.

(To be continued.)

Brother Phillip.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

VOLTAIRE thought it good, necessary, and of the very essence of things in a well-ordered state, that "there should be in it ignorant tatterdemalions; when the populace begins to reason, all is lost."* At the time when the Sage of Ferney penned this sentiment, a Christian hero, a saint, a priest of the Most High, renounced his not inconsiderable patrimony at the feet of the poor, and devoted his energies to the foundation and perfection of an institute which was to combat the cynical idea. And to this day that brainless mob of fancied freethinkers which adores Voltaire as its patriarch assails the sons of Blessed La Salle, because of their care of the victims of poverty, with the name of "*ignorantins*"; while those who are jealous of the success attained re-echo the senseless cry. But the world is not altogether captivated by the noisy crowd; nay, long ago many came to the conclusion that it merits the qualification

* In a letter to Damilville.

applied by Pope John XXII. to the spirit of the world wherever found: "All that it praises is worthy of blame, all that it thinks is vain, all that it says is false, all that it condemns is good, all that it glorifies is infamous."

At the death of Blessed John Baptist de La Salle, the little seed planted and fostered by his devoted hand had already produced abundant fruit: the Brothers of the Christian Schools numbered 274, and their pupils 9,885. Under his successors in the general-superiorship, Brothers Bartholomew, Timothy, Claude, Florence, and Agatho, the good work went on, the number of "ignorant tatterdemalions" growing steadily less and less, until the storm of the great Revolution overtook 36,000 pupils in the schools of the Brothers. Then Voltaire might have smiled; for he would have beheld a vast increase in the number of those ignorant unfortunates, whose misery, according to his philosophy, was a necessary lubricator of the state machinery. Yes, in the eighth year of the One and Indivisible Republic, the Minister of the Interior himself made this report of the success of the revolutionary pedagogues who had supplanted the Christian Brothers and other Catholic teachers of the poor: "The primary schools are nearly everywhere deserted. Two causes have contributed to this result. The first is the abominable selection of those who are styled instructors; for the greater part these are unprincipled and uneducated persons, who owe their appointments only to a pretended civism, which is nothing else than an absence of all morality and all decorum. The second cause is to be found in the force of those religious opinions which still subsist, and which the laws have too violently shocked, and the new teachers too insolently contemned."* Well may Portalis

* National Archives, folio 173,001. See the work of Albert Duruy, "L'Instruction Publique et la Révolution." Paris, 1882.

have said, in the Corps Législatif, one year after the issue of this report: "It is time for theory to be silent in the presence of facts. There should be no instruction without education, and there can be no education without morality and religion. Our instructors have taught in the desert; for it has been imprudently decreed that religion should never be mentioned in the schools. Instruction has been null for the last ten years. Our children have been given over to a most dangerous idleness and to a most alarming vagabondage. They have no idea of a Divinity, and no notion of the just and the unjust; hence their ferocious and barbarous manners, and hence a ferocious people."* The decree of August 18, 1792, suppressing the Congregation of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, declared that "a truly free state could tolerate no corporate bodies, not even those which, devoted to public instruction, have deserved well of their country"; and thenceforth every kind of extravagance in matters of education was the order of the day. The destruction of every kind of superiority; of all aristocracies, those of the learned as well as the social ones; and a substitution in their place of the "breeches-less" democracy,—such was the avowed object of the "anti-clericals" of that day. † And so well did they succeed

* "Exposé des Motifs du Concordat devant le Corps Législatif."

† What shall we say of the text-books put into the hands of the children by the new educators? We pass the many instances in which the ears of innocence were assailed by obscenities, and refer only to the "Alphabet of the Breeches-less" (the *Sans-Culottes*). Question: "What was the Bastille?" Answer: "It was a frightful prison, in which the tyrant buried alive all who murmured against his tyranny." Q.: "What is a good *Sans-Culotte*?" A.: "He is a brave man, whose soul can not be corrupted by the gold of despots." Q.: "What are the virtues of the *Sans-Culottes*?" A.: "All." And in the New Republican Catechism, recommended by the Convention, the question is put: "Does not the whole world form one republic?" The reply is: "Not yet, but the time is coming."

that the governing spirits of the First Empire were always complaining of the general ignorance of the nation; as Victor Pierre expressed the idea, "All was destroyed, nothing was built."* Albert Duruy, who is not addicted to praises of the France of old, and who always pleads extenuating circumstances for the Convention and the Directory, is forced to admit, at the end of his above cited work, that the efforts of the state to supply the places of the Catholic teachers of the children of the people "had no other result than a profound debasement of education."

Under the Consulate, a few of the dispersed Christian Brothers united at Lyons, under the direction of Brother Frumentius, who had been named Vicar-General of the institute in 1795, and recommenced their task of popular instruction. In 1805 Pope Pius VII. blessed at Lyons the reviving Congregation, and in 1808 the Emperor Napoleon acknowledged its legal existence. On September 8, 1810, Brother Gerbaud was elected Superior-General. Then followed in the superiorship Brothers William of Jesus and Anacletus, the latter of whom was succeeded by the subject of this article, who found himself entrusted, on November 21, 1838, with the care of 2,301 Brothers and 142,000 pupils. Great indeed had been the change from the gloomy days of the Terror, but the time had not yet come when M. Thiers was to say to Count Mole: "Monsieur le Comte, I have been a Universitarian a long time; but I avow to-day that I would like to see the Brothers of the Christian Schools not only in every city, not only in every town and village, but in every house." It is no gracious task to condense into a few pages an account of such a life as that of Brother Philip—a life which was characterized, by those who knew him, as

one pre-eminently endowed with Christian beauty,—and yet to mete out a fair measure of justice to the subject. We intend not to write a eulogy of this saintly character so much as to present some salient facts.

Matthew Bransiet was born in the tempestuous days of the French Revolution, on November 1, 1792, in the commune of Apinac, in the Department of the Loire. He was early indoctrinated with the principles of Christian charity, and his childhood belied these principles put into practice to an heroic extent. His parents, being among the most comfortably situated of the locality, were accustomed to extend a dangerous hospitality to proscribed priests who had refused obedience to the Civil Constitution of the clergy. His childish lips could not yet join in the volume of prayer which ascended to the heavenly throne, as he daily assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, celebrated with tremor in a retired room of the mansion, while devoted friends formed a chain of sentinels outside to prevent surprise and denunciation. The abecedarian stage of his education was passed under the guidance of a retired Christian Brother named Laur; and for several years this religious, who was patiently awaiting the resurrection of his community, admired the budding virtues of the young Matthew. The day arrived when the pedagogue was called to join his awaking Congregation at Lyons. Addressing his pupils, he said: "My dear children, I was, many years ago, a Brother of the Christian Schools, and it was with deep regret that I was compelled to quit my vocation. Now my community is being resuscitated, and I hasten to Lyons to rejoin it. If there are any among you who would like to accompany me, to devote your lives to teaching, I will do all in my power to have you received and fitted for the task."

The young Bransiet felt these words to be the call of God Himself, and on

* "L'Ecole sous la Révolution Française." Paris, 1881.

November 6, 1809, he began his novitiate at Lyons. In 1814 Brother Philip—for such was the name assigned him, in accordance with that custom which leads the members of most religious orders to leave in the world even their very family names—was sent as an adjunct professor to Sainte Anne d'Auray, in Brittany, and here he pronounced his triennial vows. After various employments in France and Belgium, each one of which was filled with equal exactitude and ardor, the year 1830 found our Brother elected to the position of Assistant-General; and in his important office he knew well how to unite the spirit of recollection to activity, piety to a thorough attention to business. In 1831 he actuated one of the pet ideas of Blessed de La Salle—those classes for adults, which have been so precious a resource for the workmen of Paris. And it was about this time that the Superior-General, Brother Anacletus, began that excellent collection of pedagogic manuals for the use of primary schools, to which the name of Brother Philip was prefixed.

On the death of Brother Anacletus in 1838, full of years and of labors, Brother Philip was chosen by the chapter to succeed him on November 21; and during the entire period of his long occupancy of this arduous position, his activity rendered meaningless terms everything like time, space, or difficulty of access. If in his calm and regulated bosom any passion may be admitted to have reigned, it was the love of his *Alma Mater*, his Institute; he seemed to be forever crying: "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house!" He knew well how to communicate to his Brothers that sacred fire which his own devoted breast kept ever alive, the love of souls as manifested in the education of the young. He realized perfectly the needs of his time; and while, under his administration, the Order never forgot its primitive statutes, it did not fail to respond to the progressive

march which our day has effected in the methods of primary instruction. Brother Philip was not content that France alone should enjoy the benefits of his Institute: before heaven claimed him, he had sent his brethren into every quarter of the globe to spread the advantages of Christian training, and to testify to the undying fidelity of missionary France. The black soutane and the white *rabat* of the Christian Brother became familiar to the people on the banks of the Nile, as well as to those on the Thames; it was blessed in both Americas, from India to the Antilles, from Mt. Atlas to Madagascar. The manners of Brother Philip were redolent of dignity, but he was humility incarnate. If, perchance, a conversation turned, in his presence, on any event or thing in which he shone to particular advantage, he evinced great tact in turning attention to some indifferent matter.* His conversation was sweetness itself, and its matter as solid as entertaining. During his *generalate* of more than thirty years he had numerous occasions of edifying as well as charming people of every rank, sex, and condition; all, prelates, magistrates, statesmen, soldiers, artisans, men of every age and every country, unanimously declared that his very countenance was an index to his magnanimity, so radiant and serene was it with holy joy.

* One of his biographers, J. d'Arsac, who also wrote "Les Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes pendant la Guerre" (of 1870), tells the following anecdote: As the work just mentioned was passing through the press, each chapter, says D'Arsac, "was communicated to the venerable superior. In one of them we had devoted a few pages to the virtues and patriotism of Brother Philip. Innocent that we were, we had acted from the heart, taking no account of the superior's humility. Our article—MS. and printed sheet—suddenly vanished, and we tried in vain to find it. Afterward, when he fancied himself beyond our indiscretions (he was dying), Brother Philip drew from under his mattress the pages he had hidden; and these we now present to the reader, free from any interference on the part of his modesty." (Article on Brother Philip, in the "Illustrations du XIXme Siècle," Vol. I. Paris, 1882.)

Anecdotes like the following were common during the life of Brother Philip: A magistrate of the court of Angers happened to be travelling one night in company with a Christian Brother, whose appearance and manners greatly impressed him. "The night was very cold," said the magistrate to M. d'Arsac, "and we were in a second-class compartment. I began to cough. Filled with compassion at my shivering, the good Brother took off his cloak and wrapped it around my knees. I was confused, but grateful beyond expression. When I asked him for his name, he replied sweetly: 'In a railroad car a religious ought to have no name. But we are both Christians; and after the great journey of life, we shall arrive, I trust, at the same destination. I shall now recite the Rosary for that intention.' When we arrived at Paris, the good religious allowed me to press his hand, and we separated friends, although unknown to each other. I saw the depot-master bowing profoundly to the venerable Brother, and I asked him the name of this new St. Martin who had covered me with his mantle. 'What! You do not know Brother Philip?' was the reply. 'You have never seen his portrait, the masterpiece of Horace Vernet? And you have just been talking to him.' I was touched, and I understood the delicacy of all the Catholic virtues. Then, alas! I was indifferent; now I am a Christian, and the cause of the persecuted is mine."

The Republic of '48 caused no trouble to the Christian Brothers; but the Second Empire, although in the beginning it was very benevolent to them, gave them much worry under MM. Rouland and Duruy. The eclectic and ungenerous ideas of these Ministers, the demand for military service, the restrictions established in the programmes of primary instruction, caused Brother Philip painful embarrassment. But at his death the number of his co-laborers had increased to 9,900, and the pupils were 400,000. A few

words now on the devotion of Brother Philip to the cause of charity, as shown in the Franco-German war of '70. On August 15 Brother Philip placed at the disposal of the Minister of War all the establishments of his Institute. "The soldiers love our Brothers," he wrote; "and our Brothers love them. Numbers of them have been our pupils, and they will rejoice at the prospect of receiving help inspired by the zeal and devotion of their olden teachers. The members of my council, the Brothers-Visitors and I myself, forgetting our fatigues and the numerous years which we have consecrated to the education of the working classes, shall make it a duty to superintend this service, and to encourage our Brothers in this act of charity and devotion." Then began that wonderful display of self-sacrifice, bravery, and affectionate solicitude for the suffering, the record of which has been well styled in France the "Golden Book of Charity." All through that terrible war the Brothers were ever found in the most trying positions, the bravest among the brave. While some wrote on the fields of battle, with their sweat and their blood, one of the most splendid pages of French history and of their society's annals, others of the Brothers, under the guidance of Brother Philip, bent affectionately over the wounded and the sick in the hospitals; and their serene piety gained all hearts. Many of the army surgeons and other physicians have written heartfelt eulogies of this devotion. "I am most happy," wrote Dr. Horteloup to the author of the "Golden Book" just mentioned, "to once more eulogize the Brothers of the Rue Oudinot. . . . There was the excellent superior, Brother Philip, who was modesty in person, but the living portrait of the man described by Horace as

*'Justum ac tenacem propositi virum .
Et, si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae.'*

I see him now as he ran into the room just after a shell had burst in the house and smashed twenty windows; and I hear him asking anxiously, 'You are not hurt, Doctor?' In the room was his fine portrait, painted by Horace Vernet; and I asked: 'Could one be afraid when in such good company?' He smiled, embraced me, and I went on with my patients." It was in response to a unanimous wish of the French people that the Government conferred upon Brother Philip the Cross of the Legion of Honor, on February 7, 1871; and never was recompense more legitimate. The truly great do not care for admiration, and the humility of Brother Philip would have led him to decline the decoration; but his brethren and friends did him so much sweet violence, and insisted so strongly upon the duty of accepting, for the honor of his Institute, what he might decline for himself, that he perforce offered his breast to the famous Dr. Ricerd, who affixed the red ribband upon it.

The wretches of the Commune very soon forgot, or rather they ignored, the patriotic heroism of the Brothers. When the Archbishop of Paris and other clergymen were seized as hostages, the name of Brother Philip had also been placed upon the list of proscribed; but, yielding to the injunctions of his council, he had left Paris on April 10, 1871. On the next day the mother-house was invaded by fifty National Guards, headed by a delegate of the Commune. In place of the escaped superior, the first assistant, Brother Calixtus, was arrested and taken to the Prefecture. But so violent was the indignation of even many of the most virulent Communists, because of this ungrateful act, that the leaders considered it prudent to restore the assistant to liberty. In the meantime Brother Philip had read, at Epernay, of the outrage on Brother Calixtus, and had started for Saint-Denis, in order to surrender himself for the free-

dom of his friend. But, on learning of his liberation, Philip turned toward the centre of France, and began a visit of the houses of his Institute. During the long and sad days of the Commune more than thirty of the Brothers were incarcerated; and one, Neomède-Justin, received the martyr's palm. When the regular troops had overthrown the Commune, a reunion of the principal dignitaries of the Order, and some of its devoted protectors, took place at Passy, and Brother Philip thus alluded to the horrors just terminated: "I did not enjoy the honor of being either shot or imprisoned. Leaving Paris, I carried a more painful burden; for six hundred of our Brothers had been threatened with imprisonment in the forts, where they would be exposed to death from the shells of our friends of Versailles. This thought gave me many bitter days. But I soon learned that influence was being brought to bear to save our Brothers, and they began to arrive around me in groups of thirty and forty.... We shall continue to do our duty."

In 1873 Brother Philip made his fifth journey to Rome, for the purpose of witnessing the solemn beatification of the founder of the Christian Brothers, John Baptist de La Salle. On his return, it was observed that his strength was visibly declining. On January 1, 1874, he attended Mass with difficulty, communicated, and then retired to his cell, which he was never again to leave alive. His biographer describes his agony as sweet, silent, and foreseeing. Brother Philip went to his reward on January 7, in the full exercise of his clear intelligence. Great multitudes of people, of every rank and condition, pressed around his humble bier in the Church of Saint-Sulpice, happy when they could touch his remains with their medals, rosaries, and prayer-books; for all felt that they were bidding farewell, for a time, to a saint.

A Miracle of the South Pacific.

THAT the arduous labors of our foreign missionaries are frequently sweetened by the visible intervention of God's providence, and rewarded by the most gratifying evidences of docile obedience to the yoke of Christ in the heathen peoples whom they evangelize, is a fact sufficiently vouched for by the edifying letters appearing from time to time in the different publications dealing with the work of the missions, and one credible enough to the man of faith even were such vouching wanting. That "the gift of tongues," for instance, has been granted to many a priest of but ordinary intellectual capacity, whose zeal for the glory of God has led him to scenes where the knowledge of half a dozen different languages and a score of varying dialects is essential to his successful ministry, is we think undeniable. To these imitators of the Apostles God graciously deigns in a thousand and one instances to accord apostolic powers; and it is not surprising to learn of prodigies effected through their instrumentality that may well lay claim to the title of the miraculous.

Sometimes the prodigies herald the arrival of the missionaries on the field of their future labors. As striking an instance of this kind as we have ever read is related in a letter from Mgr. Vidal, of Suva, in the Feejee Islands. The occurrence of which he writes was verified, even to the most minute details, by the Rev. Father Bertreux.

Previous to the arrival of Catholic missionaries in these islands of the Southern Pacific, a number of Wesleyan ministers from England had established themselves in the archipelago—the first two arriving in 1835,—and had effected a considerable number of conversions. Many tribes had listened to their preaching; and on Vanua Levu, one of the largest islands, thousands had declared themselves Protestants. The

tribe of Solevu had long resisted the efforts made to shake their allegiance to their pagan deities; but gradually the Wesleyan doctrines began to gain ground among them, and finally they were preparing to follow the example of neighboring tribes and accept those doctrines in a body.

At this juncture the head priest of the idols sought an interview with the chief of the tribe, and said to him: "Before giving up our religion, should we not consult our gods to discover whether the religion brought by the Europeans is a good one?" The chief replied: "I will assemble all my people; we will offer a sacrifice to the gods of our fathers, and will pray them to make known to us which is the true religion—that of the ancients or this which the *papalagi* [white men] have brought to us. We will then follow the advice that comes to us from on high."

The tribe was convoked on a public square at the base of the Koroirea Mountain, and the priest prepared the sacrifice. Suddenly, above the highest peak of the Koroirea, the sky grew bright, and there appeared, distinctly brilliant in the heavens, a cross with the figure of a man attached thereto. Standing below, and on either side of the cross, were two figures. It was, in fact, a faithful portraiture on the glowing cloud-canvas of the scene on Calvary, with Mary and John contemplating the crucified Saviour.

The apparition was seen by all, and the priest was besieged with questions as to the meaning of this *kau-vei-latai* (cross).

After some minutes of recollection, the pagan priest answered:

"This cross is the mark of a new religion, which as yet we do not know. Go to Ovalau: I see that it has arrived there. Go and find it; it is the true religion of the sky, it ought to be ours."

Ovalau is an island about twenty-five miles distant from Solevu. Messengers were told to take their canoes at once

and seek there the priests of the new religion. Fathers Bréhéret and Favier had recently reached Levuka, one of the principal towns of Ovalau. The Solevu messengers found the two missionaries praying in their oratory, kneeling before a cross. The sight of the *kau-vei-latai* was sufficient; there was no doubt in the minds of the messengers: this religion was the one announced by the celestial apparition. In consequence they made no inquiries, asked for no information, but simply requested that a priest should be sent to Solevu. A few days later Father Favier went to them, and the whole tribe of Solevu embraced Catholicity.

Since that time, half a century ago, Solevu has been a centre of religious fervor and zeal. The schools are in a flourishing condition, and monthly Communion is practised regularly, by men and women alike. There began, too, the work of the native Sisters, who have given great consolation to the missionaries.

A few months ago, on the occasion of the general retreat of the native catechists in the districts of Solevu and Nasavusavu, it was decided to erect a memorial of this miracle. The handsomest tree in the forest, a magnificent giant red oak, was felled and drawn to the village. Here it was fashioned into a fine cross, which was planted on the summit of Koroirea.

Several days later Mgr. Vidal reached Solevu on his Confirmation tour; and, noticing the cross, again questioned the missionaries as to the genuineness of the alleged apparition, as notable in many respects as that which led to the conversion of Constantine.

The Bishop's doubts (if he had entertained any) were so thoroughly dispelled that he preached to the people on the miracle, and told them that "Heaven must have particular designs upon you; for God does not lavish without special purpose favors so signal and so rare in the history of the Church."

An Unamerican Journal.

IN a recent issue of the *American Journal of Politics*, the Rev. T. M. Crowley has a rather interesting and vigorous paper on "Unjust Strictures of American Catholics." The strictures in question appeared in the preceding number of the same periodical, in an article by Mr. B. B. Cahoon. This gentleman stated and attempted to prove that "the instinctive distrust of the average American for the Catholic Church has not been without reason." Father Crowley takes exception to a number of Mr. Cahoon's positions, and not unnaturally repels with indignation the charge that "the sight of a thorough-going American priest has been rare." Mr. Cahoon's knowledge of American priests must be exceptionally rare even for a Protestant if he has not noticed that the direct contrary of his statement is much nearer the truth than the statement itself. On the question of schools, Father Crowley, himself a former pupil of the public schools of New Haven, Conn., vigorously denies that they were "fountains of vice"; but sustains the charge of their being "godless," and quotes from numerous Protestant authorities in support of the contention that they should not be. And if "godless," they certainly were not fountains of virtue.

In the same number of the *Journal of Politics* there appears a paper on "Unrestricted Immigration Dangerous," in which William R. Wood devotes a page and a half to that bugbear of A. P. A.-ism, the Catholic Church, or, as this writer phrases it, "Romanism." Mr. Wood anticipates the dog-days; and is as rabid in his attack on Catholicity, and as thoroughly reckless in his charges (quite unsupported by even a suggestion of proof), as though he were writing in the very height of the canicular season. The particular malady of which he seems to be a sadly afflicted

victim is ignorance. Whether his ignorance be vincible or invincible, antecedent, consequent or concomitant, it is on the subject of Catholicity thoroughly and unmistakably crass. It takes all sorts of people to make a world, of course; but the mere existence of some fanatics is a sufficient affliction to society at large. There does not seem to be any valid reason for their ventilating their peculiar manias in the magazines and reviews.

Notes and Remarks.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has given to the public an official translation of the recent letter from the Holy Father on the School Question. The Sovereign Pontiff emphasizes the statement already made that the first object of the establishment of the Apostolic Legation was to be a public testimony of his good-will toward our country; but at the same time it was designed as a perpetual presence of the Apostolic See with the faithful of the United States. He then proceeds to give his approval to the propositions presented by Mgr. Satolli before the Archbishops of the country assembled in council in New York, while sustaining in their full vigor the decrees of the Council of Baltimore. The Holy Father's confirmatory words are: "He [Mgr. Satolli] added, moreover, that these decrees, in so far as they contain a general rule of action, are faithfully to be observed; and that although the public schools are not to be entirely condemned—since cases may occur, as the Council [of Baltimore] itself had foreseen, in which it is lawful to attend them,—still every endeavor should be made to multiply Catholic schools, and to bring them to perfect equipment."

We think it extremely doubtful that any more genuine or higher class oratory will be heard at the World's Columbian Exposition than that which is promised for Catholic Education Day, September 2. Archbishops

Ryan and Hennessy and Bourke Cockran form a trio whom it would be rather difficult to excel even in this country, where orators are not quite phenomenal outgrowths, and where good speakers are as plentiful as huckleberries in the State of Connecticut.

It is the fashion among non-Catholics to contend that the veneration paid to the Mother of Our Lord is an "excess" of modern times. We take pleasure in again attracting the attention of such unbelievers to the fact that there exists in the Catacomb of St. Priscilla in Rome a well-preserved fresco of the third century, representing the consecration of a young maiden by the Pope. In the background is a representation of the Blessed Virgin; and to her the aged Pontiff is pointing, as if indicating to the young girl before him that in imitation of the virtues of the Mother of God was to be found the way of heavenly peace. After a hundred years had elapsed, St. Ambrose was in the habit of addressing similar words to the consecrated virgins under his spiritual jurisdiction, holding Mary the Mother before them as the model of all excellence and helper of Christians. Robert Browning's words may fitly be quoted here:

There is a vision in the heart of each
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of their cure;
And there, embodied in a woman's form
That best transmits them, pure as first received
From God above her to mankind below.

Among the objects of interest to Catholic visitors of the World's Fair the model of St. Peter's Church in Rome is easily conspicuous. It is constructed of wood, and is built on a scale of one-sixtieth of the original. The wood is covered with a substance which gives it the appearance of fine marble; and indeed in every particular this reproduction is an exact copy of that great edifice in Rome, which is so rich both intrinsically and in historic associations. The model was begun as far back as the sixteenth century. It has been completed for about a hundred years; and, owing to the difficulty there would be in reproducing it, is valued at an enormous sum. It is thirty feet long, fifteen feet wide,

and fifteen feet high, and located upon the Midway Plaisance, where it is constantly guarded by tall soldiers, who are, in stature and equipment, counterparts of the famous Papal Guard.

At the recent convention of the total abstinence societies of the Boston archdiocese a number of resolutions were adopted, and among them this very sensible one:

"While we inculcate total abstinence as an essential requisite to membership in our societies, we do not endorse temperance as the object of our existence, but as a means by the use of which our lives may become more pleasing to Almighty God,—a means that is 'a necessity for some, good for all, and hurtful to none.'"

There are extremists in every cause, however good; and while intemperance is undoubtedly a giant evil, it is well to understand that the whole duty of man is not comprised in the virtue of total abstinence. Another paragraph, which demonstrates the same judgment that formulated these resolutions, runs:

"We consider the no-license question one that each society should settle for itself, as it is always effected, more or less, by circumstances of a purely local character."

Enthusiastic advocacy of total abstinence in our day is quite intelligible in men zealous for the glory of God and the welfare of the State; but existing conditions must be taken into account, if practical good is to be effected, and laudable energy to be utilized instead of wasted.

It is said that a prominent London paper recently contained a card from a certain Mrs. McBokum expressing her thanks for the letters of sympathy received from friends "on the dissolution of her marriage." Does this portend the introduction of a new department in the newspaper of the day? The easy-going manners of modern society in regard to the marriage relation—when divorced persons can be tolerated and treated as members of society in good standing—have already been productive of great evil. It is true that in many instances the coldness with which a divorced person is deservedly treated serves to act as a restraint upon the spread of the evil. But what will become of the world if such notices as the above are

made a feature in public print? It would be an evil too terrible to contemplate; and we can not believe that a society upon which the destinies of a Christian nation rest will tolerate any such trifling with the family relations, the foundation of all moral and social order.

The late James A. Sadlier, of Montreal, must have been a man of noble character, judging from the many tributes paid to his memory by the press of Canada. His death is mourned not only on account of his successful labors for the spread of Catholic literature, but for his personal worth. Mr. Sadlier was a practical Catholic; and his life, while an incentive to those associated with him in good deeds, was an edification to non-Catholics. His charity was known to all, but he performed innumerable acts of benevolence of which not even his most intimate friends were cognizant. A daily attendant at Holy Mass, Mr. Sadlier's whole life may be said to have been a preparation for death.

"It is currently stated, and apparently on good authority, that Jules Ferry has changed his views on the necessity of religion in education."

The foregoing paragraph from a generally wide-awake and always estimable contemporary proves that, even as Homer sometimes slept, the best of editors is occasionally found napping. Jules Ferry, we doubt not, *has* changed his views—very radically changed them—on the question of religion in education, and on a good many other questions as well. He died several months ago.

The venerable Father Thomas, of the Diocese of Detroit, who lately celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his elevation to the priesthood, has been pastor of Erie, Mich., for thirty-seven years. He was formerly rector of Grigny, in the Diocese of Versailles, France; but resigned his charge to respond to a call for priests to minister to the needs of French settlers in the Western States. Père Thomas is still hale and hearty, and enjoys the affection of his parishioners and the esteem of many non-Catholic acquaintances. Says the *Michigan Catholic*: "Prob-

bly no more picturesque and lovable character than good old Père Thomas, as he is affectionately called by his congregation, can be found in the United States. The soul of courtesy and refinement, he is a latter-day embodiment of the old French *abbé*, which it is the delight of the French romancer to depict. L'Abbé Constantin, of Halevy, can well be imagined an entity when such prototypes as l'Abbé Thomas exist."

With our American ideas of liberty and go-as-you-please, it is strange news to hear that in Canadian towns and cities the curfew bell warns parents at 9 o'clock p. m. to call their children under seventeen years of age from the street. Although it clashes with American notions, it must be confessed that it is a very good thing. It is a very bad school for children to be on the street at night. This practice is the source of many serious troubles for both parents and children. It is the time when many evil associations are formed, and the way to evil made easy.—*The New Record*.

Laudable as would be the custom alluded to in the foregoing paragraph, it apparently clashes with Canadian notions as well as American ones; for it does not exist either in Canadian towns or cities, or even in the country villages, where it would be most practicable. The curfew bell may have sounded in the earlier colonial days; but it certainly does not peal its warning note in our time, either in the English provinces, in Quebec, or in that portion of the maritime provinces known as Acadia. For better or worse (in this case very probably for worse). Canadians, like ourselves, have got beyond this outgrowth of the feudal system.

The exercises of the Forty-Ninth Annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame, held on Monday and Tuesday of last week, were of such a character as to reflect much credit on the students and faculty, and fitly round out one of the most successful years in the history of the institution. The attendance was very large, and marked by a great number of clergymen. Among the distinguished visitors were: the Right Rev. Bishop Rädemacher, of Nashville; the Right Rev. Monsig. Seton, D. D., of New Jersey; the Very Rev. J. H. Brammer, of the Diocese of Fort Wayne.

The orations of the graduates were well conceived and elegantly expressed, dealing with topics timely and appropriate,—setting forth the educational, artistic and industrial lessons of the World's Fair. Monsig. Seton delivered the oration of the day, taking for his subject "The Dignity of Labor." With characteristic earnestness he dwelt upon the truth that labor is honorable,—that it was so designed by God, so considered by right-thinking minds from the beginning, as revealed in the history of mankind; and upon the influence which this maxim exerts depends the stability of nations. The oration was well received, and made a deep impression upon all present.

Each recurring Commencement marks additional progress in the successful career of the University, and establishes still more firmly its pre-eminence among the educational institutions of the land,—an eloquent tribute indeed to the ability and worth of its gifted and devoted President, the Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C.

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. Frederick Richardson, who died some weeks ago, at Lake View, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. John Trimble, of Graceville, Minn., whose death took place on the 7th ult.

Mrs. Frances E. Jones, who passed away on the 18th of May, in San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Rose A. Keane, of New York city, who departed this life on the 23d of May.

Miss Anna Kampen, whose life closed peacefully on the 13th ult., in New Orleans, La.

Mr. William E. Schlemmer, of Clemency, Luxemburg; Martin J. and Anastasia Costello, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas and William Harrigan and Patrick Cullen, Newark, N. J.; Mr. Henry Wilmer and Mrs. Bridget Balton, Vincennes, Ind.; Mrs. Catherine Brown, Loogootee, Ind.; Mr. David J. O'Rourke and Edward Moan, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Ellen Coakley, N. Attleboro, Mass.; Miss Margaret Smith, Mrs. Ellen Dargan, and Mrs. Isabella Bree, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Patrick W. Waldron, Boston, Mass.; Miss Nellie Stevenson, Cleveland, Ohio; and Miss Bridget Coffey, Providence, R. I.

May they rest in peace!



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

The Visitation.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

THE living house of God was she,—
 The beauteous house of gold;
 And not till in high heaven we be
 Shall we such light behold.

She went to see Elizabeth,
 Who held sweet John the Saint.
 "God's Mother," soft her cousin saith—
 Who could the meeting paint

Between John's mother and the one
 Within whose bosom white
 There shone the splendor of that Sun
 That banishes life's night?

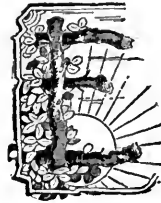
And these two children live in love,
 As their dear mothers live
 Forever in the realms above,
 (All praise and glory give!)

And those two children, Jesus sweet,
 And great St. John the grave,
 So often played at Mary's feet,
 And longed all souls to save.

When we the tabernacle see,
 The house of love and gold,
 May our young hearts enraptured be
 As these two were of old!

Royal Children of To-Day.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.



EUROPE has among its sovereigns two Kings and one Queen who are not yet adults. Alexander of Servia is sixteen years old; Alphonso of Spain five; and Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, thirteen. In accordance with traditional custom, royalties of either sex are supposed to reach their majority at eighteen years of age. Should they come into possession of a throne before that period, they are sovereigns only in name; for the real power is vested during that interval in a regent or council of ministers. The only recent exception to that rule was Alexander of Servia, who, through the instrumentality of a *coup d'état*, had himself proclaimed sole arbiter of the destinies of that little kingdom, dispensing thenceforward with the services of his guardians. Alphonso and Wilhelmina are still in the care and under the supervision of their respective mothers, Queens Regent Christina and Emma. Little Alphonso is being brought up in the Catholic faith, Alexander in the so-called Orthodox or Greek 'creed, and Wilhelmina in the Lutheran.

The Bourbons of Spain, like their cousins of France, have been for centuries devoted

DR. JOHNSON wisely said: "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything."

to the Catholic Church. When the great revolt against Papal authority, which was conceived in the brain of an apostate monk, who had as one of his leading adherents an English sovereign, shook Christendom almost to its foundations, Spain remained true and loyal to the See of Peter. The Spanish royal family have for generations kept the lamp of the old faith burning in the shrines of their palaces. Queen Regent Christina, widow of the late and mother of the present King Alphonso, is an Austrian Archduchess, who received an excellent Catholic training in her girlhood, and who is now instilling in the minds of her children, the two *infantas* and their royal brother, those sound religious principles which had been inculcated in her own by the *abbés* of the Vienna court some fifteen or sixteen years ago. If Alphonso XIII., on taking in hands the reins of power, does not become a model Catholic sovereign, it will not assuredly be the fault of his mother. He is, it is said, a lad of good disposition, but of very exuberant spirits—particularly so when, arrayed in royal purple, a short sword dangling at his tiny heels, he receives on state occasions, with side-splitting dignity, the *grandees* of his kingdom, and reaches them out his little hand to be kissed.

Queen Wilhelmina is the only surviving child of the late William III., of Holland, and his second wife, the Princess Emma of Waldeck and Pymont. Wilhelmina was born August, 1880, and succeeded her father on the throne ten years afterward. Her mother, however, is practically the ruler of the country, and will remain so till the daughter comes of age. In all the official documents, nevertheless, following a quaint old Dutch custom, Wilhelmina is referred to invariably as "his Majesty, the King!" She is a small, delicately-built girl, blonde-haired and blue-eyed. On certain occasions she wears the national costume, which makes her look rather

old-fashioned; yet her devoted Dutch subjects only admire her all the more in it, as it appeals to their patriotic sentiments. It consists of a gold helmet-like cap, a dark skirt, and a gaudy jacket with silver fastenings. She has an English governess, Miss Saxton Winter; and a Dutch superintendent, Miss Van de Poll.

Queen Wilhelmina spends the summer months at the pretty country *château* of Het Loo, a few miles distant from Amsterdam, where she amuses herself to her heart's content in the big grassy park, surrounded with trees, in the centre of which is her playhouse, where she receives the children of the neighboring gentry. Here the Queen and her playmates fill the *rôles* of mothers, looking after their respective dolls, or swing in the merry-go-rounds, or go boating in light skiffs on a miniature lake close by, under the care of attendants.

Wilhelmina takes great delight in driving a four-in-hand team of ponies through the avenues of the park, and is quite an adept in handling the ribbons. She is a sweet, affectionate child, but has a radically democratic way about her that sometimes shocks her colder and more aristocratic mother. "I am a child," she would say, "just like other children—nothing better, nothing worse,—although I *am* a Queen." One day, when the first piece of coin bearing her effigy was handed her, she danced with delight at sight of her own sweet face, and showed it about to her playmates, exclaiming, "That's me! that's me!" I may add that, besides the various accomplishments into which she is being initiated by her preceptors, she is taught, in the good old Dutch fashion, the homely and useful arts of cooking and sewing.

The heir presumptive to the German throne is one of the most interesting of juvenile royalties, as, should he live, he will reign over one of the greatest empires of Europe. He was born in the palace of

Potsdam on May 6, 1882. Just then, and for some years subsequently, he was the third heir to the imperial purple. Between him and it were his father and grandfather, the latter being next in succession to the then reigning monarch, William I. In a very short space of time death stilled the hearts of William I. and Frederic III., with the result that the boy found himself Crown Prince before he got well out of his bib and tucker.

There is a tradition in the House of Hohenzollern that every male member of the family must become a soldier from the very moment that he has learned to walk. The present Crown Prince has been no exception to the rule. He has been trained from infancy in all the branches of military science. Like his great-grand sire, William I., the child donned a military uniform at the age of six, and served in the army at ten! He received at the hands of his father, on the tenth anniversary of his birthday, the commission of sub-lieutenant in the 1st Footguards, the crack regiment of the Empire, and was at the same time nominated a member of the staff of the 2d regiment of Landwehr.

The Footguards were originally organized by the Great Frederic, and their ranks were exclusively composed of men who were at least seven feet in height, belonging to all nationalities, though chiefly composed, strange to say, of Irishmen. The Footguards of to-day are not quite so tall. It was an amusing sight to see the little prince shouldering his musket in their ranks at Potsdam on the 6th of May, 1892, and keeping step with them. A smile, it is said, lit up his mother's face, as she leaned from the balcony of the palace and watched him in the rear of the platoon going through his drill; while her husband, the Emperor, marched in the van. The Crown Prince has been attached to this regiment for the past year. He drills with the troops

daily, and takes his turn at the sentry box. On the 6th of May, 1893, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant by orders of his imperial father.

The other royal children of Europe comprise those of the Prince and Princess of Battenberg, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and of Connaught, and the grandchildren of the King and Queen of Greece. Most of the children of the reigning families of Europe are adults. Among them may be mentioned those of Russia, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Italy, Austria, and Belgium. Queen Victoria, of England, heads the list of royalties as the grandmother of over a score of princes and princesses, and the great-grandmother of several others.

Good-Night Stories.

A YOUNG WORKER OF MIRACLES.

All our young folks know, I presume, that the working of miracles is one of the most common marks of extraordinary holiness that justifies the Church in canonizing the saints. In fact, before any person is declared to be a saint, it must be established that some miracles at least have been wrought either by the candidate in his lifetime or through his relics, or by his intercession after death.

Of course there are a great many people nowadays who don't believe in miracles at all. Some say there never were such happenings; others admit that miracles did occur in the time of Our Lord and the Apostles, but declare that since then there have never been any really miraculous events. "The age of miracles is past," they repeat with complacency, seeming to imagine that their saying so settles the matter for good. It does not make the slightest difference, however, what

such persons say or believe about the matter,—miracles do happen in our times, though perhaps not so often, as in the days of the Apostles. They have been occurring repeatedly at Our Lady's sanctuary of Lourdes for the past thirty-five years; and no amount of shoulder-shrugging, incredulous smiling, cheap talk about the hidden forces of nature, or senseless denial, can alter the fact.

This, however, is by the way. What I intended telling our young folks about was the story of a young Saint whose life was somewhat different from most others of his age in this, that he had the gift of working miracles even when a little boy. His festival occurs on the 15th of June; and he was not only a saint, but a martyr.

His name was Vitus, and he was a native of Sicily, a large and beautiful island north of Italy. His parents were pagans, very rich, and occupying a high position in society. They provided their little son with a governess, Crescence; and a tutor, Modestus. Now, although Hylas, the father of Vitus, was not aware of the fact, both the governess and the tutor were fervent Christians; and they did not scruple to instruct their young charge in the true religion rather than in the absurd idolatry practised by his parents. Vitus learned so rapidly and so well that while still a mere lad he could discuss religious questions with considerable ability. Hylas remarked in the course of time that his son did not seem to think much of the pagan deities.

"Why are you not satisfied with our gods?" he one day asked him.

"Because," was the reply, "they have eyes and don't see, a nose and don't smell, ears and don't hear, and hands that they can't move."

Instead of meditating upon the truth of his son's words, Hylas rewarded the frankness of his answer with a pitiless flogging. When Vitus found himself alone with his tutor, he told Modestus that the blows which he had received had not hurt him

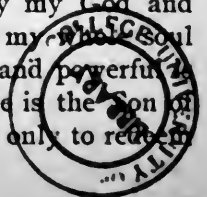
"the least little bit," although they were so vigorously given that his mother begged Hylas to stop else he would whip the boy to death.

This prodigy strengthened his convictions as to the truth of the Christian religion, and he rejoiced his tutor and governess by begging for the privilege of baptism. As soon as he received that priceless grace, he felt entirely happy; and he preserved his baptismal innocence so well that God granted him the gift of working miracles.

By the prayers of Vitus, the stone-blind recovered their sight, possessed persons were delivered from the devils who harassed them, and the sick were cured of all sorts of diseases. Very often he averted the most menacing dangers simply by making the Sign of the Cross. And here it may be well to say that the practice common among all the first Christians of very frequently making this saving sign is one that we can not imitate too faithfully. Just at this season particularly, our boys would do well to form the habit of blessing themselves when going in swimming. Their doing so may make all the difference between an agreeable recreation, and a distressing accident from sudden cramps, getting into the undertow, overexertion or any other of a hundred causes that are assigned to the frequent deaths from drowning.

To return to Vitus. The wonderful cures he effected were not unknown to his father; but the only effect they produced was to harden his heart, and he sternly ordered his son to renounce Jesus Christ.

"Ah! dear father," replied the boy, "you know how much I love you, and how I try to prove my love; but you surely can not wish me to deny my God and my Saviour. I wish with my whole soul that you knew how great and powerful He whom you despise. He is the Son of the true God, and He died only to redeem us with His blood."



"Shut up!" indignantly exclaimed Hylas. "Jesus Christ was only a mortal man."

"Father," respectfully rejoined Vitus, "listen to me a moment. Jesus did not remain in the tomb. At the end of three days He arose. He went up to heaven, whence He governs the world at the right hand of His Father. This is the faith in which I wish to live and die."

Hylas was too angry to reply; but he went at once and denounced his son to the Proconsul Valerian, a magistrate of ferocious instincts. The Proconsul commanded that Vitus should be brought before him. On seeing him, he harshly demanded:

"Why don't you sacrifice to the gods as Cæsar has ordained?"

Vitus gathered all his courage and made answer:

"In your gods I see the demon; I can not, then, honor them,—I honor none but the true God, the living God, who made heaven and earth, who redeemed and sanctified me, and whom I will serve until death."

Hylas, who was present, expressed a wish that his son should be scourged until he changed his mind. The scourging was given, but Vitus changed neither his mind nor his language. Valerian grew tired of his obstinacy, and commissioned Hylas to take his own way in breaking the spirit of his son. But the efforts of this unnatural father were all in vain. Of a sudden he was stricken with a very dangerous disease; and, although Vitus attended him constantly, and even obtained by his prayers his perfect cure, the father was not appeased, but threatened his son with death if he did not sacrifice to the gods of Rome. Vitus again refused.

As God desired to save His young servant the anguish of dying by his own father's hand, He inspired Modestus with the thought of running away with Vitus to Naples. The scheme was carried out;

and tutor and pupil arrived in the city, where the Emperor Diocletian was then holding his court.

Diocletian's son and heir was at the point of death, and the Emperor was inconsolable at the thought of his coming loss, when Vitus succeeded in getting access to the sick-chamber, and, stretching his hands over the head of the suffering youth, addressed to Heaven a fervent prayer. The disease at once disappeared, and Diocletian's son arose stronger and healthier than he had ever been.

One would think that so great a favor would ensure Diocletian's good-will toward Vitus; but no: as soon as he learned that the preserver of his boy was a Christian, he became furiously angry, and ordered all species of torments to be employed in breaking the spirit of the dauntless Christian youth.

It was all quite useless. Brought into the amphitheatre, Vitus made the Sign of the Cross as a raging lion came bounding toward him, and the brute at once became gentle as a spaniel. While they were applying other tortures to the little martyr stretched upon the rack, there arose a great storm, which so frightened both people and Emperor that they fled to their homes.

Vitus arose, and, leaving the amphitheatre, walked along the bank of a river, till, reaching a lovely garden, he threw himself upon the sward and fell asleep. He dreamt of his heavenly home, of angels and saints, of Jesus and Mary. And even while he slept his dream became a reality; and he stood in very truth before the throne of God, the martyr's crown encircling his youthful brow.

UNCLE AUSTIN.

CHILDREN, do not lie—
 Even in your youth:
 If you should but once deceive,
 None who know you will believe
 When you tell the truth.



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

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No. 2.

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A Mother's Love.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.
FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN VOGLE.

A ROVING youth, with wanderer's staff
in hand,
His home regained from journeyings in
far land.

All travel-stained, his face browned by the sun,
From whom shall recognition first be won?

His dearest friend he met, entering the town;
But he looked on him with unmeaning frown.

Then he moved on, following the heart's
sweet lead,
To greet the maid whose love was life's high
meed.

Close by her door she stood, like blooming
rose;
He speaks—her lover she no longer knows.

He turned sore-grieved, and left her standing
there,
And wandered farther on—he scarce knew
where.

But as it chanced he passed the church door by,
And as he paused he caught his mother's eye.

"God's blessing on thee!"—this was all he
said.

"My son!"—and on his breast she laid her
head.

Whatever changes come, a mother's heart
Still knows her child, and at his voice will start.

A Laureate of Our Lady.

BY THE REV. R. O. KENNEDY.



ALL generations shall call me blessed." That saying of our Blessed Lady is not only true in a sacred and devotional way, but even in an artistic and literary way. It is not alone from those "of the household of the faith" that she receives worship, but even those who are outside bend the knee. Heart and imagination are her willing handmaids, quite as much as reason and soul. Indeed it were strange if it were not so. It were truly a thing to be grieved over if the human heart were not captivated by the divinest being of all the creatures made by God, by the divinest life in all the human lives ever lived, and by the divinest purpose and end ever destined for a mere creature.

If high aims, if wonderful endowments, if a peerless virtue and an immaculate life be objects of supreme reverence and admiration to the human mind, then it is not to be wondered at that artists and sculptors and painters, that poets and orators and romancists, should find inspiration and ideal beauty and grace here, and speak in tones of enravishment and ecstasy just as thrilling and unrestrained as the

theologians and canonized saints of the Church. As her Son is the Son of man, and in a sense the only man that has been, the only perfect man; so she, the Mother, might be called the daughter of woman, the only woman that has been, the only perfect woman. Milton says of the first woman:

"The fairest of her daughters, Eve!"

suggesting thereby that none of woman-kind was ever like to the first woman in extraordinary and unspeakable beauty. And of Adam, Philo, a Jewish writer, says: "It seems to me that the first man who trod this earth, the prince of all our race, must have been the most gloriously endowed, both as to mind and to outward appearance, and to have far and away exceeded all who came after him in the gifts of mind and body."

We know that Our Lord was infinitely beyond Adam, and we know that Our Lady was indefinitely beyond Eve. The wonder therefore is not that Mary is spoken of in terms which sound like extravagance or exaggeration; but the wonder is that the human intellect, once it devotes itself to survey her superhuman and all but inconceivable endowments, should at all venture to attempt her praise. But as the lark, struck by the morning sun, can not help but chaunt its lay; so the dullest mind can not help admiring, and the mutest tongue can not help exalting, the wonderful graces and beauty of her to whom "He that is mighty hath done great things."

"Ave Maria! blessed Maid!"

wrote Keble, the old and cherished friend and colleague of Cardinal Newman, while the latter was still within the Protestant Church; and so many another. Keble's appreciation of the "blessed Maid" speaks more to us of his own beautiful soul than perhaps volumes could do. It is a test, in its own way, by which we judge. And one of the happy, exceedingly happy, things that seem to pass over the minds of those who have not known the Blessed

Virgin from their infancy as Catholics are privileged to know her, is the newness of Mary's protection as Queen of Heaven, and her love as Mother of all whom her Son has redeemed.

It is said of Mr. Aubrey de Vere—one of the latest, but by no means one of the least, of Holy Mary's laureates, and whose work, "Ancilla Domini," we wish to bring before Our Lady's clients,—that while sojourning in the Eternal City after his conversion, and having been often received in private audience by the late Pope Pius IX., of holy memory, the poet was urged by the Pope of the Immaculate Conception to dedicate some of his great powers to the honor of the Mother of God. The volume by our side—a work remarkable for its strict theological bearing as much as for its poetic inspiration—was, it is said, the issue of that entreaty.

In approaching this work, the "Ancilla Domini" (Handmaid of the Lord), we must bear in mind the idea of the Holy Virgin as it was in the poet's mind.

I. Mary is a necessity in theology. Thus: there were several heresies regarding the sacred mystery of the Incarnation; and until our Blessed Lady was (if it may be so said) called in evidence, the truth of the dogma and the falsity of the heretical teaching could not be conclusively established. For instance, some in the very early ages taught that the adorable flesh of Our Lord was not real: that it was merely assumed in appearance, just as the angels that called upon Adam seemed to be men. What would follow from that would be that Our Lord on Good-Friday only *seemed* to die: that there was no real death, consequently no real sacrifice; that there was no real consumption of the Victim in the sacred burial. For an appearance of flesh, inasmuch as it could not really die, could not therefore really be buried, could not therefore really arise from the dead. "And if Christ be not really arisen," according to St.

Paul, "we are of all men the most foolish."

Now, we bring to disprove that heresy the simple fact that Our Lord was born of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The flesh of any child born of its mother might as well be looked upon as fictitious or pretended as the flesh of our Divine Lord; and if the flesh of children born of mothers be real, then so is our Divine Lord's. With regard to several other heresies—as, for instance again, the oneness of person in our Divine Lord; that is to say that He is not a human person as well as a divine person,—it is the same. Mary is thus a necessity in theology.

Cardinal Newman says: "Mere Protestants have seldom the idea of God and man in one person. They speak in a dreamy, shadowy way of Christ's Divinity. . . . They will tell you at once that the subject is not to be inquired into; for that it is impossible to inquire into it at all without being subtle and technical. . . . Now, if you would witness against these unchristian opinions; if you would bring out, distinctly and beyond mistake and evasion, the simple idea of the Catholic Church that God is man, could you do it better than by laying down in St. John's words that God *became* man? And could you again express this more emphatically and unequivocally than by declaring that He was born as man, or that He had a mother? The world shrinks from confessing that God is the Son of Mary. It shrinks; for it is confronted with a severe fact, which at once violates and shatters its own view of things. The revealed doctrine forthwith takes its true shape, and receives an historical reality; and the Almighty is introduced into His own world at a certain time and in a definite way. . . . And the confession that Mary is *Deipara*, or the Mother of God, is that safeguard wherewith we seal up and secure the doctrine from all evasion."

And again: "If the *Deipara* is to witness of Emmanuel, she must be neces-

sarily more than *Deipara*. For consider, a defence must be strong in order to be a defence; a tower must be like that Tower of David, 'built with bulwarks,'—'a thousand bucklers hung upon it, all the armor of valiant men.' It would not have sufficed to impress on us that God is man, had His Mother been an ordinary person; a mother without a home in the Church is no mother at all. . . . If she is going to witness and remind the world that God became man, she must be on a high and eminent station for that purpose." *

In like manner Mr. De Vere, in the doctrinal and highly important preface to this work, says: "We may go further. The place divinely assigned to Mary is the protection not so much of any doctrine in religion, however fundamental, as of religion itself in its essence. Mary is the guardian of all those mysteries which relate to the sacred infancy; through her the Church keeps a perpetual Christmas, rejoicing in mysteries which can never lose their objective character and historical attestation."

In this matter, it is well to know from one who is so cognizant of the bent of literary thought and of the leading minds in England, that with regard to such statements as, "Around the mystery of the Incarnation all doctrines group themselves, and each of them has a special relation with her through whom He became flesh"; that with regard to such statements, "Some years ago this truth could hardly have been illustrated for English readers of poetry without controversy"; now, however, "few would risk the assertion that the angel might equally have been missioned to any other Hebrew maiden as to Mary. . . ; few would now fail to see that she has a part in that first of prophecies, respecting 'the Woman and her Seed,' and in St. John's vision of the Woman 'clothed with the sun,' whose Son was ruling on high. . . ." This

* "Sermons to Mixed Congregations."

change is to be accounted for in various ways; but that is not our purpose. We pass from it, merely whispering to ourselves that the land where there is devotion to Mary is well-nigh "ripe unto harvest."

II. In the second place, the reader, in order to thoroughly understand this work, must remember Mary's constant presence in the Church. In a sense, it is true of her: "Behold, I am with you all days." If we take her feasts—which are the bonds uniting theology to devotion, the cords of double strands of faith and piety, that unite Mary's children to Mary's Son,—how they happen throughout the year!—the Annunciation, the Assumption, the Nativity, the Immaculate Conception, and the others,—we at once see how perpetual and abiding is her life in the Church.

If from Mary's feasts we turn to the Sacraments—what one of the Sacraments is there that does not speak of Mary, that has not its prototype, or correlative, or counterpart in her? If we talk of the holy and beautiful Sacrament of Matrimony, that to the devout thinker seems to preach so eloquently of the humane spirit dwelling in the Sacred Heart of Jesus—does it not at once speak of Holy Mary's terrestrial marriage to the immaculate Joseph, and of a marriage higher still—with reverence our lips would mention it—the marriage of human Mary's virginity with the eternal divinity of the Holy Ghost,* in its way so singularly and mysteriously like to the union of the Second Divine Person to the Sacred Humanity, taken from Mary's virginal flesh?

If we talk of Baptism and our sonship in God—through whose son have we received the awful gift of that heavenly sonship but through the Son of Mary?

If we talk of death-beds and the consoling graces of that, in its way, most touching of all Sacraments, the Sacrament of Extreme Unction—are we not at once

reminded of the two death-beds at which Mary, in an especial manner, assisted: the calm and holy death-bed of St. Joseph, and that other death-bed, recorded and wailed for in all time in the plaintive dirge coming down all the centuries?—

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

Again, if we touch on the venerable Sacrament of Sacraments—what have we but the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, of the Son of Mary?

Thus is it true that neither Church nor theology can, thank God, do without Mary. We are glad of it; we Catholics rejoice in it. Oh, barren indeed our earth would be were it not for her; barren our theology; barren the Catholic's hearth and home; aye—might it not be almost ventured?—barren the very mansions of the angels and God! We bow our heads and in reverence we gladly cry: "O Queen of the angels, Queen of the sacred heavens and earth, be thou our Queen also!"

If it be true that the angels in heaven sing the praises of her through whose Son's merits they see that they have been enabled to hold fast the grace that was in them; if it be true that the millions of early blessed—those who died before Mary's Son assumed human flesh, and who were saved through His future merits,—that they in ecstasy look to her and extol her as their Queen; if it be true that the "glorious choir of the Apostles," and the beloved John in particular, praise her; and the "white-robed army of martyrs," and that "mighty crowd which no one could count, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb, clothed in white garments, and palms in their hands," cry out in the words of Holy Church: "*Salve Sancta Parens, enixa puerpera regem, qui cælum terramque regit in sæcula sæculorum, Alleluia, Alleluia!*"—now, if this be true, if all heaven echo and re-echo her praises,

* Daughter of the Father, Mother of the Son, Bride of the Holy Ghost.

what wonder if those to whom the Almighty has given on this earth harps in their souls, should strike those harps in praise of the Mother of their Creator?

And would to God that we all had harps and talents to sing her praise! "A wonderful miracle indeed, beloved brethren, was the ever-blessed Virgin Mary," says St. Chrysostom.

"I scaled the hills. No murky blot,
No mist obscured the diamond air;
One time, O God! those hills were not:
Thou spakst—at Thy command they were!

"Behind this vast and wondrous frame
Of worlds, whereof we nothing know,
Except their aspects and their name,
Beneath this blind, bewildering show

"Of shapes, that on the darkness trace
Transitions fair and fugitive,
Lies hid that Power upon whose Face
No child of man shall gaze and live.

"Emmanuel—God with us—in Him
We see the Unmeasured and the Vast,
Like mountain outlines, large and dim,
On lifted mists at sunrise cast.

"The Word made Flesh!" O Power divine,
Through Him alone we guess at Thee,
And deepliest feel that He is Thine
When throned upon His Mother's knee."

Such is the keynote of all Mr. De Vere's praises of the Blessed Virgin.

Regarding the effect of Mary's position on those who will not admit her into the science of theology, he says: "Her teaching is of all teaching the most unpolemical. It leaves a blessing even at the door that will not open to it; but with the franker natures, it leaves the heritage of that Truth which is one with Love."* In the carol headed "Jesum Ostende" our poet has the following, referring to the same subject:

"Show them thy Son! That hour their heart
Will beat and burn with love like thine;
Grow large; and learn from thee that art
Which communes best with things divine.

"The man who grasps not what is best
In *creaturely* existence, he
Is narrowest in the brain, and least
Can grasp the thought of Deity."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXV.—AN IMPULSE.

LADY TYRRELL had made herself ridiculous. And her wrath was intense. If Giles had understood all the amiable things she had said through the medium of the telephone, he would probably call for an explanation. She went to her room, maddened by the smile which gleamed in Bernice's eyes; for Bernice, who had divined that, for some reason or other, her aunt was opposed to Giles' pretensions, could not help being amused by this anti-climax.

Maggie did not appear in the dining-room until Lady Tyrrell had gone. She was shy and blushing. Bernice smiled as she came in.

"Well, Maggie," she said, "you and Mr.—Mr.—"

"Jake, please," said Maggie. "His name is Jacob Strelzer, and he is a good young man. It was all a mistake. Susanna met him in the street one day, and called him names because he went to a party with—I wouldn't demean myself by mentioning her name,—and Jake thought I'd put her up to it. Mr. Tooker, knowing he wanted to see me, sent him up with the marmalade. He's a good man, Mr. Tooker."

"If my aunt scolds you—"

"I won't mind," said Maggie. "I'm used to it. Besides, I am glad that Jake has turned out all right. He is anxious to have the banns called; and, if you don't mind, I'll be leaving soon—"

"I *do* mind," said Bernice; "but I am willing to make a sacrifice. And there are many little things in which I can help you. You can bring Jake to see me."

"He is outside," said Maggie; "but, as he is in his working clothes, he can't come in. He is waiting to know whether

you are satisfied or not. For, indeed, Miss Bernice, I'd never marry without your consent,—you've been *that* good to me. And," added Maggie, timidly, "if Susanna 'goes on' about it, will you speak to her? She's been a good friend; and if she goes against us, we shouldn't be very happy."

"She will not go against you, I am sure," said Bernice. "And, besides, you and Jake must consider nothing now but how to make yourselves as good and contented as possible. You must not mind if the whole world is against you."

"Nobody can say a bad word of Jake," said Maggie, warmly. "He's sober and—"

"Since you believe in him, that is enough," Bernice answered, with a sigh. She had once believed too, with all her mind, that Giles was a tower of strength. She believed in him still, but not so unreservedly.

"Jake is the best man living," Maggie went on, vehemently; "and Susanna's mistaken if—"

"There is no 'if,'" said Bernice, gently. "The love that casts out all fear or doubt is the best. Tell Jake I congratulate you, and bring him to see me when you can."

Maggie blushed again, and tears filled her eyes.

"I have told Jake how good you have been to me. I was afraid you'd scold—"

"Life is hard enough, Maggie; so I never scold."

Maggie went out, genuinely grateful. At that moment she wanted sympathy above all things, and she had found it in Bernice's voice and eyes even more than in her words.

Bernice sat at the window, heavy-hearted and downcast. She had enjoyed the walk with Giles Carton, but it had not dissipated the effect of James Ward's strange words. Ward might be mad; she did not know. He had never shown any sign of madness, though she had heard people say that he was eccentric. She thought of Giles again. How happy Maggie was to

be able to trust this Jake, uneducated, rough, no doubt vulgar, as she did, and to fear nothing more terrible than her scolding or Susanna's opposition!

Bernice felt utterly lonely. Everybody, except Giles, had interests entirely apart from her own. Her sisters had little in common with her now. Lady Tyrrell—she was sufficiently keen to know this and to tolerate it—was very selfish. Her father, in spite of a thousand worldly ways, had been very kind to her. Conway was almost a stranger, after all. Mrs. Van Krupper—all the friends and neighbors at Swansmere were interested in many things, and in her only incidentally. She had a great longing to be *first* with somebody; so that the world around her might shift and change if it would, and she still hold her place supreme in one heart.

With her father she had been always "the little one,"—the last. He had not often been very tender to her; but at times he had told her many passages of his early life, and talked of the days when he and her mother had been unspoiled by the influence of a worldly life. She thought over all these things, and her father rose before her surrounded by a light of ineffable love. Her thoughts went back to Giles. Yes, he was good, if he had not dared to be courageous; and he placed her *first*. That was a great deal. Then the thought of her father came between her and Giles. What mystery was this about his death? Could there be truth in that man's terrible words? And what ground did Lady Tyrrell's suspicion have?

The picture of Lady Tyrrell at the telephone crossed her mind; but she did not smile,—she wondered how she could ever have smiled. After all, she thought, there is only God—*only* God. She went up to her room. She took Amiel's "Journal." She had liked it all very much; now she could see nothing but uncertainty in the words of a man who had read

Schopenhauer and doubted all forms of belief. She put down the book. She read Tennyson's "Two Voices." There was no comfort there. She wanted to lose herself in her books. She wanted the comfort of forgetfulness. There was only God, after all; but God seemed so far, so far away. If He were human, He would be nearer. If He had a heart; if He were not so impartial, so distant,—for God had always seemed to her a mighty Being high in heaven. She turned again to her books; there was the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." Her eyes caught the lines:

"Oh, if my soul can fling his dust aside,
And naked on the air of heaven ride,
Isn't not a shame, isn't not a shame for him
So long in this clay suburb to abide?

"One moment in annihilation's waste,
One moment of the well of life to taste,—
The stars are setting, and the caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—oh, make haste!"

She closed the book with a shudder. This was the utterance of an oracle which so many of her friends revered. There were only terror and black night here. Speculations, abstractions, she did not want now. She wanted an all-loving, all-comprehending heart. The God of her girlhood was so far off; she had been taught to respect, not to love Him. She remembered the little picture of the Mother she had seen that very day in Willie Ward's hands.

"O Mother," she said, "thy Son must have a Heart that understands, that loves me as I am! Ask It to console mine."

She sank down beside a chair; and there she knelt weeping, until Lady Tyrrell came in and aroused her.

Lady Tyrrell was furious for a time over the position in which she had put herself. She had actually abused Giles Carton in the most outrageous manner, and asked him to call. She might explain that she had intended neither the abuse nor the invitation for him. This would make her appear even more ridiculous. She might say that she was "not at home," if

Giles should call; but she could not oblige Bernice to say so, too. Besides, some explanation *must* be made.

Lady Tyrrell went over in her mind her objections to Giles. She did not like him, in the first place, because she had never liked his father; and she believed firmly that the Colonel had in some way been concerned in the Major's death. She had always been prejudiced against the Colonel, and it was easy to believe this: many of Lady Tyrrell's intuitions were merely prejudices. She liked Conway; his frankness attracted her; and, besides, she knew that he was one of the owners of the money on which the prosperity of both the Major and the Colonel had been built. She had never been sure of the financial position of the Colonel; she had been the Major's confidante in the transaction which had enabled him to turn the Bank of England notes into property less easily traced, and she had not lost by that transaction. If Edward Conway should marry Bernice, there would be no ugly questions asked. If Giles Carton should be the fortunate man, Conway and his sister might at any time discover the secret (Lady Tyrrell, who was not really dishonest, felt that she might be bound to tell it to Conway); and both Giles and Bernice might be left penniless. Besides, if Ward, whom Lady Tyrrell believed to be ridiculously conscientious, were to find out the truth, there would be no escape.

Lady Tyrrell knew of Ward's connection with the buried money, of his scruples, and of the notes he held. Whether they were signed by the Colonel or the Major, or by both, she did not know. To her there seemed only one way of avoiding a scandal, in which her name might be mentioned, and saving the property for Bernice; this was to get rid of Giles, and arrange a marriage between her and Conway.

She sent for her favorite milk punch, and thought. If Giles should come, she would see him and make a bold stroke.

Even the absurd incident of the telephone might be turned to account, if she could have the tact to do it. She would trust, as she had often done before, to the inspiration of the moment. She had found people less clever than she was in many crises; and she resolved to risk something on her own cleverness, if he should come. And she was sure he would come.

Fortunately, Giles had not caught distinctly all that Lady Tyrrell had said to him over the electric wire. He gathered that she wanted to see him—that was all. After he had heard his father's words, he had soothed him as well as he could. The Colonel had sunk into a sort of stupor; then Giles left him. He did not believe what his father had said; and yet there might be some truth in it. Old friends had quarrelled before in the heat of passion. If it were true, there could be no more joy on earth for him. If it were true, Bernice and he must always be separate. He was restless. Only the inexperienced imagine that in moments of mental agony little things are forgotten. A message from Tooker, the grocer, reminded him that a commission from Lady Tyrrell remained unfulfilled. He heard this with relief; he was glad of the trifle. He could not think; he was mentally stunned. The scene between his father and himself took a strange air of unreality. He went almost mechanically down to Tooker's. Anything was a relief to him now. He must, if possible, avoid thinking for a while. One thing was certain: his father was in a wretched state of mind, and it was his duty to alleviate it. He concluded that he might as well respond to Lady Tyrrell's message at once, and about three o'clock he walked to Major Conway's house.

The lawn blazed with geraniums, their scarlet intensified by the soft, velvety green sod. The house, with its wide verandas, and fluttering awnings in white and scarlet, looked cool and bright. He knew that Bernice was there, and yet

he walked up the wide path with a heavy heart, and sighed as he rang the bell.

Lady Tyrrell came down almost as soon as Maggie had gone up to give his name. He bowed as she entered, and she returned his salutation coldly.

"I came in answer to your message. There was such a noise while you were speaking that I did not hear *why* you wanted to see me."

Lady Tyrrell was relieved. There was no smile in his eyes or on his lips.

"Will you sit down? Shall I have some tea brought in—real tea, Mr. Carton,—or perhaps I ought to call you Father Carton?"

"No," said Giles, blushing a little. "That is past, and it is too early for tea."

He did not sit down: he stood, with his hat in his hand, looking over Lady Tyrrell's head at the blaze of scarlet on the lawn. There was a chill in the air; he had felt it the moment Lady Tyrrell entered.

"You were kind to come so soon," she said. "Perhaps I have overrated the importance of what I have to say to you. It is this only," she lowered her voice, but spoke very distinctly: "For the sake of appearances, it might be wise not to think of renewing your—your engagement with Bernice—I think I heard that you were engaged to her,—until the rumors about her father's death have died out."

Giles met her glance squarely, but the color left his face.

"What rumors?" he asked, but his voice trembled slightly.

"I need say no more; but you perceive that my position is delicate—"

"And this is the reason why you made such an exhibition of yourself in the street to-day when I was walking with Bernice?" he asked, scornfully. "I assure you that, if there be a mystery, it shall be cleared up before I see your niece again."

"That is all I ask," answered Lady Tyrrell, coldly.

He bowed, took his hat, and left the room.

Conway, passing in, having posted his letters, was struck by the look of bitter agony on Giles' face as he descended the steps. Another man might not have done what Edward Conway did. It was a question of impulse, but impulse is often the result of habit and character. Conway had never learned to fear either ridicule or rebuff when it was a question of helping a fellow-creature; he had lived so much alone. He stopped and held out his hand.

"Has anything happened, Mr. Carton?"

"What should have happened? Oh"—he lost the cool air he had assumed,—"*I will* ask you a question! I have just left Lady Tyrrell. Have you heard any rumor connecting my father's name with the cause of Major Conway's death?"

It was out, and Giles regretted it the instant he had spoken.

"No," Conway said. The scene in the grove flashed before him. Giles saw the reservation in his face as he turned away.

"Thank you!" Giles replied, lifting his hat. "But have you nothing more to say?" he added, hesitating.

"Nothing; but I promise you, Mr. Carton," he said, "to have something more to say this evening—and to make you a happier man."

"No power on earth can do that," answered Giles. "There is no human creature in all the world more wretched than I am at this moment. I beg pardon! I wish I had not spoken."

Conway turned, and walked down the steps with him.

"You would not have spoken if you had not an impulse to trust me," said Conway.

"I do not usually speak in this way,—it was hardly a gentlemanly thing to do; but I am suffering, I must admit it. I feel like a fool, Mr. Conway."

"As I forced this confidence from you, let me go further. I hardly think you will accuse me of idle curiosity."

Giles shook his head. The two young men paused at the foot of the steps. Giles noted the blaze of scarlet about him, the soft green, the glittering spray of the fountain, and the hot sunshine over all. They were ever afterward associated in his mind with the suffering of the time.

"That can not be," Giles answered, sadly. "I understand very well that you mean to comfort me; I understand, too, that you know what is upon my mind; and it confirms me in the knowledge that all the world will soon—"

"Do not fear. I have found a clue to the causes of Major Conway's death. Wait till to-night." Conway drew a thin gold cross from his waistcoat pocket. "This is the clue. I have discovered enough to be aware that there was no murder committed."

"Murder!" whispered Giles, and his face grew livid as he uttered the word. "Murder!" The horrible memory flashed upon him; his father had confessed the deed, and he was the son of a murderer. He grasped Conway's arm tight. "Tell me this," he said: "do you believe that Major Conway was thrown from the bank?"

"I do."

"My God!" Giles covered his eyes with his right hand as if to shut out the light.

"And you will follow the clue?"

"Most certainly."

Giles nodded, and walked down the path. Cold perspiration covered his forehead; his hands were clammy. He prayed with all his might that the cup might pass from him. He must hurry home, to persuade his father to leave Swansmere at once! Conway looked after him;—he was certain that Colonel Carton had pushed the Major from the bank.

Memories of Hawaii.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—“IN A KINGDOM BY THE SEA.”

AH, here it is!—my dingy note-book, somewhat mildewed, in memory of the humidity that prevails the whole year round in the Island Kingdom. Let me give you a few “elegant extracts” that are perfectly reliable, since they were written on the spot. The notes say:

When the steamship *Australia* left us for Sydney, the town relapsed into the tranquil monotony of tropical life. There is but one event whose regular recurrence wakes us at intervals from our social repose, and that is a doubled-barrelled one. The arrival of the steamer from the colonies rouses us to activity. The mails for America and Europe must be made up, and we are enthusiastic correspondents. The advent of the steamer from the coast a week later is a climax. We get our arms full of letters, papers and magazines. We look for familiar faces among the passengers; and we speculate as to the character and quality of the stranger who lies over one trip in order to visit the volcano, or to stretch his legs and languish in the perpetual summer of the isles.

I remember when the islanders were wont to look for a sail with all the picturesque anxiety of Mr. Enoch Arden, deceased:

“The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon the island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in
heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.”

In those days we used to go down to the dock and hang about it with lingering farewells. We watched the barks as they spread their white wings beyond the reef, listening to the doleful ditties of the sailor

boys as they trimmed sail and headed for the sea. We made a day of it then; we are doing well if we make an hour of it now. A time-table is a great convenience, but it is death to sentiment; and too many strangers have spoiled the beauty of this pastoral seclusion. In the old days a guest was a godsend. The freedom of the city was granted him; he was welcomed at every threshold, and before he had ceased to be a novelty he had measured the heights and sounded the depths of social life in the tropics. He knew it all—from a prayer-meeting to a picnic; and when at last he went out from us with the land-breeze and the flush of the after-glow, he bore with him the unanimous *Aloha* of the King's Own, a calabash full of photographs, a brace of sandal-wood canoes, and a grass house just big enough to be troublesome, but a perpetual reminder of the delights that were dead to him.

Behold the shocking consequences of the reciprocity treaty! The tourist drops in suddenly, because it is so easy to do it nowadays. Nobody is prepared to receive him, for his arrival is unexpected. The family has increased, and the house is full to overflowing. There is, however, an hotel, and thither he betakes himself, and passes his days in a fragrant seclusion, full of wonderment at the astonishing frequency of the showers, for it is our winter, our wet season; it has been raining, off and on, for the past ten days; it is raining now, in short, sharp gusts, that play for a moment upon the eaves like a garden-hose, and then stop short on the edge of a flash of sunshine. I suppose it used to rain in the same fashion before the treaty; but since certain politicians attribute every evil to the establishment of reciprocity, we are perfectly willing to acquiesce for the sake of prolonging that peace which has been the one golden bond between us. The stranger guest is, I fear, beginning to be looked upon as an intruder; yet he continues to flock in and settle all over the

place, eating us out of house and home. Where are the cots with love in them which I once knew? the bachelor bungalows with a sideboard, and the spruce young fellows that inhabited them? Gone! gone in their youth and beauty,—scattered in the wind before the awful march of the matrimonial monopoly.

In the good old days these bachelor clerks were satisfied with a banana patch, two rooms, and a handmaiden, whose fluttering garments brightened as they took their flight. Now nothing short of an avenue of royal palms, leading up to a roomy dwelling, where the young wife is cooing to her twins, is considered good form. He was right, that poet who was almost constantly overcome by a combination of shirt collar and emotion, when he gaily shook his wife and cried: "'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark." But when the dog is your neighbor's private police, and his every utterance seems to warn you to keep off the grass, I beat my breast and mutter: 'Can it be possible that in a brief score of years such changes can be wrought?'

One would now hardly recognize the town of Honolulu. It has grown past belief. The plains—a wide stretch of powdered desert, where the wind spun dust-columns as high as a shot-tower, and whisked them off to sea with their necks twisted—have been planted and watered until they blossom like the rose. Streets, houses, lawns, possess it wholly. Its climate is much thought of by those who reside there, or go thither to pass a portion of the year for the sake of change. The business quarter of the town is being rebuilt and its boundaries extended. There is a new palace; the Government House is an old-established institution. Many elegant private residences beautify the suburbs. The streets are thronged with one-horse expresses—two-seated conveyances that go up and down, seeking custom, like the hansoms in London and the carriages on the Continent. They are

driven by whites, Kanakas or coolies; and, though there are two hundred or more of them, their profits are considerable.

The equestrian coolie is a feature in the new life in Hawaii. He rides like Jack ashore and drives by accident. Run-aways are of almost daily occurrence; though the damage done is very slight, taking into consideration the narrowness and brevity of the thoroughfares. The coolie driver is never happier than when running his chances with a *wahine* passenger, toward whom he can at intervals cast an amorous eye. The chances are great indeed; for, between the Scylla with the bit in his mouth and the Charybdis on the back seat, he not infrequently goes to smash. Your Kanaka whip is immensely amusing. He apparently passes his life on wheels for mere pleasure. With him the weather is no object: he is amphibious. Lack of patronage can not depress him; he drifts about the streets with a perpetual smile on his dusky features, and shows more ivory in a minute than could be extracted by machinery in a month.

I had an experience with a couple of these jolly fellows lately. I was at a ball given to a Russian Admiral. The band of the flagship and the musical Hawaiians, under the direction of Mr. Berger, were stationed in the kiosk of the hotel garden and in the dining-saloon, which was for the time being converted into a ball-room. The bands answered one another at the same moment; and when I had grown weary of listening to a separate strain with each delighted ear, I concluded to wend my way up the valley to my secluded home. I suppose I might better be in a monastery, and perhaps should be; for my bungalow is haunted by what the irreverent Ingersoll would call "the aristocracy of the air." Between me and the little world lies the cemetery. I might cast a biscuit from the veranda upon the graves of the three recent suicides, did

not myriads of minute ants walk off with the ammunition before I am able to take aim. There is not a quainter, more unique, less fleshly establishment in the whole kingdom. The garden has grown to seed, from masses of rank weeds spring wands of æsthetic lilies.

There it goes again—the rain beating upon the roof like a gross of tack-hammers! Well, it was to this abode, known to me and mine as “Spook Hall,” that I proposed returning at the midnight hour. The approach from the street—Nuuanu Avenue, a mile and a quarter from town—is through an *Indigo* jungle. On the one hand lies the solemn city of the dead; on the other, lawn tennis and a glimpse of the distant sea. I hailed an express, and desired to be driven from the gay throng into the valley of the shadow. The Kanaka driver debated a moment, and then said that the music, which was making the welkin ring from kiosk and dining-hall, was so good that he could not but enjoy it, and therefore advised my engaging some other express than his. I like music myself—one piece at a time,—and left him to the enjoyment of the mixture. A little farther up Hotel Street was another of his tribe, likewise a Kanaka; a combination of Strauss and Wagner had lulled him to a deep sleep. I woke him, after a gymnastic which left me pale and breathless. I said to him—it was now on the stroke of midnight: “What is the fare to the cemetery?” He looked at me like one who knew not if he were dreaming or awake. I repeated the question, and wrung from him a response. “Fifty cents each way.” I sprang into the vehicle, and in a sepulchral whisper said: “I wish to stop there.” The time that scared Kanaka made up the valley road is the best on record. A policeman patrols in the vicinity of the cemetery; he was awake and watching the moon. My driver drew up in the teeth of the officer and refused to budge

an inch. I paid him, and alighted; for the white stones of the graveyard were landmark enough for me; and I was sure that both driver and officer were satisfied that I was some unshrived ghost on my way back to my grave. We know each other better now—that officer and I, when it is too late, for the ball season is over, and I find solitude so sweet a substitute.

Would you believe it, the population has increased so of late that the market is actually running short? We have been a whole week without butter, not one spread of it to be had for love or money. Rents; provision, and servants' hire have gone up. Meat that was six cents per pound is now fifteen. The prices of other necessaries of life have risen in proportion. Doubtless the treaty has something to do with the present condition of affairs. Through it business is reviving. We are building, cultivating, increasing and multiplying in all sorts of ways. We are already sending you more than two millions of dollars per annum in excess of what we were sending before the treaty, and it is to you that we must look for the wherewithal to meet the constantly-increasing demands of the market. Meanwhile we are leading the most placid of lives. It is true our joys are damped at intervals by passing showers. Some of them are like bursts of indignation; but they are as brief as frequent, and afford us almost the only topic for conversation between steamer days.

The only feature of Hawaiian life which I find unchanged is the observance of Sunday. A Sabbath silence possesses the land. Life is at its lowest ebb. It is as if the tide of human affairs were out, and the community were patiently and resignedly awaiting its return. Everything is in a state of pious suspense. The jangle of church-going bells, the jogging to and fro of members on their way to “meeting” and back again, and then down again, three or four times in a day, some of them; the carriages gathered about the church

door; the organ music floating through the open windows; the closed shops; the family groups on the verandas, looking at the more profane who venture to drive out toward evening,—all this, with its pronounced Protestant missionary flavor, reminds one of the olden time, when I found it so hard to get through the "Sabbath" without breaking it, in order to let in a breath of fresh and invigorating air.

In the dusk the song of praise ascends from many quarters of the town. Sweet young voices chime in the spirited melodies of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and the prolonged droning of the melodeon lends additional solemnity to this holy hour. It may be that some inspired coolie twangs his heartrending lute in ecstasy on the shore of a *kalopatch* over the way; but he is not a church member, and his secular sonnets, addressed to whom they may concern, must be endured, along with the feline voicings which respond nightly to the lamentations of the unimagined nightingale. This is a serious community. Propriety spends the day between church and home; impropriety goes out of town for a bit of shooting; the middle course is to sit on the hotel veranda, open to conviction, patiently awaiting some convulsion of nature which may inspire something like an emotion.

The Rev. Mr. Blank, a professional Protestant revivalist, was the Lion of Honolulu for a season. His prayer-meetings were more popular than juvenile parties; in fact, dancing was suspended in some localities until the revival season was closed. It is related that at one of the meetings, where open confessions were in order, a youngster of twelve years arose and stated that he had found Christ on the 17th instant; that his happiness was inexpressible; that it would be unalloyed but for the regrets he must ever feel in consequence of having found Him so late. "Oh, those wasted years!" he cried in agony, and sobbed himself to sleep on the

back of the bench in front of him. Children of five years rose to the occasion, and the mouths of the babes and sucklings were divided between piety and *poi*.

It is pouring like hot shot on the roof; yet overhead the sky is a brilliant blue. I wonder at this local phenomenon; and, looking out of my *mauka* window, the one toward the mountain, I see a great black cloud hanging on the breast of the cliffs up the valley; that cloud is as leaky as a sieve. The rain is creeping down the golden stair of sunbeams at an angle of thirty-seven and a half degrees, and beating a wild tattoo upon my shingles. Yet the grass on the other side of the fence is as dry as a bit of green baize. Now, if the rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust, please name the politics of the fellow over in that dry patch.

(To be continued.)

Ilaria.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

RIPE in her womanly beauty,
Noble in womanly grace;
Sweetness of human affection
Softening the awe of her face.

Crowned with forget-me-nots only;
Nostrils unstirred by a breath;
Holy, majestic her slumber;
Thus she lies, pillowed, in death.

Type of fidelity, sleepless,
Lies the lithe hound at her feet;
Mantle and tunic still guarding
Modesty, high and discreet.

Thus *della Quercia* has sculptured
Italy's daughter, of fame
Worthy of Lucca's cathedral,
Worthy of race and of name.

And, as the ages roll onward,
Pilgrims still pause in the gloom,
Each a forget-me-not bearing,
At heart, from Ilaria's tomb.

At Last.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

I.

IT was a hot summer day. The cattle in the fields sought the coolest spot in the pasture ground; the daisies in the same pastures were parched; and the haymakers in the meadows, through which the Great Northern Railway runs, stopped their toil gladly enough to look after the Scotch Express as it dashed along. Inside a first-class compartment of the train a passenger looked out longingly on the meadows and fields. It might be hot there also, but the heat could scarcely be so unbearable as it was within the whirling carriage.

She was a young girl scarcely nineteen years of age, with a pale, thoughtful face, and eyes that would attract notice even in a crowd. They had done more than attract the notice of Mrs. Thornton, housekeeper of Sir Charles Darrell, of Darrell Court. Twenty years previously she had seen eyes of just the same peculiar hue, and she sighed as she turned away her gaze from the girl's face.

"Are you tired, Miss Miriam?" the third lady of the party asked; and the girl turned from the window with a smile.

"A little."

"Well, Grantham is not far off now. Another half hour and—"

Mrs. Nesbit never completed her sentence. There was a sudden, fierce, rocking motion of the carriage; Mrs. Thornton fell forward on the seat occupied by her two travelling companions, and before a word could be spoken the entire train lay, a wrecked mass, on the bank.

Agnes Miriam never knew whether she fainted or not. If so, she was unconscious only for a few moments. She was unhurt, and with some difficulty extricated herself from the splintered timber. Around, the carriages, twisted and broken, were piled

upon one another in indescribable confusion, and the air was filled with the screams and groans of the injured. A number of men from the fields were already climbing the fence along the line, and one of them approached her.

"Are you hurt, Miss?" he asked.

"Oh, no, no! But the others—a lady—two ladies are there. Oh, they are hurt!"

Many of the passengers had, like herself, escaped uninjured, and were giving what assistance they could. One gentleman paused in passing, as a faint moan came from the *débris* of the wrecked carriage.

"Somebody is hurt here." And, after a hurried look, he said to the girl: "You had better move on. One of the ladies is injured, the other—"

The train hands were already bearing one form to the opposite bank; and the gentleman followed, and knelt by the woman's side.

"Dead!" he said shortly, rising to his feet, and meeting the girl's terrified glance. "Did you know her?"

The girl was trembling violently, and made no reply; and the man spoke quickly and sharply.

"Listen. I am a doctor. If you can not make yourself useful, you had better leave. Here," as another burden was laid on the grass; "this poor woman is only unconscious. Bring some water."

The girl hastened to a little brook that ran through the meadows, and returned with her straw-hat full of water; and as the doctor dashed some on the woman's face, he said:

"That is better. Now, do you know either of these ladies?"

"That," indicating the woman who lay stiff and rigid on the grass, "is Mrs. Nesbit, of Nesbit Hall, near Grantham. She engaged me as a companion only yesterday in London."

"And this lady?"

The girl shook her head.

"She is more frightened than hurt,"

he said. "Her wrist is broken, but I find no other injuries. Are you able to remain with her?"

"Yes."

"All right. There are others that need aid." And he hastened away.

The girl supported the woman's head in her lap, and she lay for some time unconscious.

"What—where—oh, are there many hurt?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Nesbit is—" and the girl stopped with a sob.

"Not dead?"

"Yes, God rest her soul!"

"Amen," Mrs. Thornton said, solemnly.

"And you escaped without injury?"

"Yes," the girl replied. Then, as the woman moaned: "Your arm is painful?"

"A little. Was she any relative of yours?"

"No; I only saw her for the first time yesterday."

Help from the nearest town soon arrived. Those slightly injured were sent on to the end of the journey, while those seriously hurt were taken to the farm-houses close at hand. Five others lay beside Mrs. Nesbit.

"I think I can go home now," Mrs. Thornton said. "May I ask what you are going to do?"

"I don't know," the girl replied. "Go back to London, I suppose. Mrs. Nesbit wanted a companion, and the Sisters thought I would suit her."

"Then you are a Catholic?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Thornton hesitated. She had been in bad health for a long time, and her master had insisted on her seeing a London physician. He had proposed, at the same time, that she should find a girl to assist her in her many duties.

"Darrell Court is only five miles away. Come with me for to-night."

"But Mrs. Nesbit—the—"

"You can do nothing further. You

may be required to appear at the inquest. The news of her death has already reached her relations, I suppose."

"She had only her husband."

"Well, come with me for to-night. I am housekeeper to Sir Charles Darrell."

The girl was too nervous, and felt too completely alone, to refuse; and three hours later she was seated at the open window of Mrs. Thornton's sitting-room. That lady's arm had been bandaged by the local doctor; and, as she lay on the sofa watching the graceful figure near her, she decided that here was the very person who would suit her.

"She may not like to accept such a situation," she reasoned. "Well, I'll wait till to-morrow before asking her. The more she sees of the place, the surer she is to like it."

That person would indeed be hard to please who would not like Darrell Court. The house lay low, sheltered and shut in by thickets of laurel, rhododendron and azalea, with here and there a group of tall firs towering skyward. Farther off were the great beech woods, whose shade had been as close, tradition averred, when Elizabeth had spent a few days there. The house itself was a mass of gables and odd corners, with red brick chimneys mellowed to a pleasant hue. The mullioned windows and quaint, diamond-paned lattices were surrounded by roses that peeped into pleasant, wainscotted rooms, where many generations of Darrells had lived and died.

Mrs. Thornton made sure that Miss Miriam had seen all the glories of Darrell Court before she made her proposal to her. She had "been taken," as she expressed it, by the young girl at first sight, and she found that she improved on acquaintanceship; and then, like herself, she was a Catholic.

"The salary I could offer you," she concluded, "would not be very large, but your duties would not be very heavy

either. Now, what do you say, Miss Miriam?"

"Say! Why, I can not tell you how glad, how delighted I am."

"Then it is a bargain?"

"A bargain surely, if Rev. Mother approves."

"Is the Rev. Mother your guardian?"

"Yes," the girl replied. "I have been under her care all my life; and you should know, Mrs. Thornton, that I have no right to any name."

"No right to any name!"

"No. I am but a waif, who was placed under the care of the good nuns. But they will tell you all they know about me."

The nuns had little to tell, Mrs. Thornton found. Nineteen years before, one of the priests of the parish had been called to attend a dying woman, and she had begged that her child might be placed in the charge of the nuns. It was an unusual request; but the woman was evidently a person of a superior class, and the priest had advised them to accept the charge.

"My dear, that makes no difference," Mrs. Thornton said, after reading the note which she had received from the convent. "But what makes you say you have no right to any name."

"My mother told the priest that the name she went by was not hers, so the nuns gave me the name of Miriam."

"Well, we'll think no more about the matter. Your duties won't be very onerous."

"Isn't it a wonder Sir Charles keeps so many servants?"

"Yes; but he insists that the house be kept in perfect order, just as if it were occupied."

"Does he come here often?"

"Not often. Once or twice a year perhaps. He never says when he is coming. He may come to-day, we may not see him for twelvemonths."

"Has he been here lately?"

"About a month ago. He is a good,

kind master. He insisted that I should go to see Dr. H——. Poor Sir Charles!"

"Why do you pity him?"

"It is a long story, my dear, and a sad one; but I shall tell you of it."

Mrs. Thornton sighed.

"When I first knew Charles Darrell I was Kitty Moore, and he was an officer in the regiment then stationed in Strabane. We all knew what brought him so constantly to see the old master long before Miss Katherine did. She was his only child,—'the last of the O'Neills,' he used to say, 'that once were princes in the land.' Well, Captain Darrell was always dropping in on one pretence or other to the old castle—it was then scarcely habitable,—till Mr. O'Neill himself saw how matters were, and spoke to the young man.

"'I could die contentedly to-morrow,' he said, 'only for Katherine. The house and land, such as they are, pass to the male heir; and she, poor girl, will be penniless and friendless.'

"'Not either,' said young Darrell, 'if you trust her to me.'

"'This was what the old man wanted; and poor Miss Katherine needed but little persuasion from any one to make her listen to the words of the young Englishman. Three days before Cormac O'Neill died she became Captain Darrell's wife.

"I was always sorry that I did not say what I ought about that secret marriage. Good Father Morrissey did, I know, protest against it; but the old master was obstinate. And the end of it was, as I have said, they were married before he died.

"It was about six months after that Captain Darrell was called to England. His uncle, Miss Katherine told me, was dying, and their marriage would be made public immediately. Instead, however, her husband wrote to her, telling her that his uncle was dead when he arrived, that some garbled accounts of his own doings had reached him, and that the estate was

his, but only on condition that his wife should be a Protestant.

"I do not know what letters passed between them, but I know that my mistress grew paler and sadder every day. At last she spoke to me.

"He says I must become a Protestant, at least outwardly; and, Kitty, Kitty, he will make me."

"He can't!" I said, stoutly.

"But he will,—I know he will!" she wailed. And when, two days later, he wrote to say he was coming to Ireland, she was like a woman deranged, and it was in vain I tried to reason with her. I hope she was mad, my poor, dear Miss Katherine! And she surely was; for on the night before she expected him she drowned herself."

"Drowned herself!"

"Yes—at least so it seemed. Her shawl was found by the river-side; and in the few lines she left for her husband, she said death would be preferable to abandoning her faith."

"Poor lady!"

"Yes. I know she feared that her love for him would cause her to do as he wished."

"Was her body found?"

"No, never. And ever since Sir Charles has been a wanderer on the face of the earth. He brought me to England with him, and I was married here; but my husband died shortly afterward, and since I have been housekeeper."

"And Sir Charles has never forgotten?"

"Never forgotten, nor forgiven himself."

"Is he a Protestant still?"

"He is nothing—nothing at all. And now we have had enough of sad stories. You had better go for a walk."

II.

A year at Darrell Court passed quickly away. To the girl brought up in London the country was charming, and full of new delights in the season's changes. Her friends, the nuns, wrote often. Mrs.

Thornton was more than kind. Agnes' work was of the lightest. She had books and music for idle hours; and she seemed younger, rather than older, when mid-summer again came round.

She was standing in the old vaulted hall one evening, as the sun was setting, admiring the tints cast by the light from the western windows on the panelled walls and tessellated pavement. She was dressed in white, and Mrs. Thornton had that morning exclaimed:

"How strange! You seem to grow more and more like Miss Katherine each day, Agnes!"

"Poor Miss Katherine!" the girl said. "And poor Sir Charles!"

A shadow darkened the doorway, and she turned round. A tall, soldierly man stood motionless gazing at her, as if she had been a ghost. Then he came forward with outstretched hands.

"Katherine!"

She stepped back, guessing who it was.

"Perhaps you wish to see Mrs. Thornton?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Agnes Miriam."

"Oh!—pray excuse me! For a moment I thought—but no matter. I am sorry if I have frightened or annoyed you." And as Mrs. Thornton entered the hall, he moved toward her. "Who is she?"

"Agnes—"

"Yes, yes, I know. But where does she come from?"

Mrs. Thornton told him.

"She has Katherine's eyes, Katherine's voice. What does it mean?"

"I remarked that long since," the housekeeper said. "I suppose it is a chance resemblance."

He did not reply for a moment.

"Could there be any mistake? Could it be that she went from home, that—"

"Oh, no, no!" Mrs. Thornton answered.

"I suppose not," he said, more calmly; "but to-night I thought Katherine herself

stood before me. I must speak to that young girl again. Send her to the library."

"Have you dined, Sir Charles?"

"Yes, yes! Send the girl."

Mrs. Thornton gave his message to the amazed girl, who went trembling to the library, and told him as much of her history as she knew.

"And those nuns know nothing further?" he questioned.

"Nothing. No one does, except—" she hesitated, "except Father Peters; but he is old, and may not remember."

"Where does he live?"

She gave him the priest's address in wonder, and turned to leave the room.

"Have you no portrait of your mother?"

"No: I have nothing belonging to her except a ring Father Peters gave me many years ago."

"Will you let me see it?"

She brought the ring—a plain gold one, with some letters inscribed inside,—and placed it in his hands. She watched him while he examined it closely by the fading light.

"I can not see. Get lights quickly."

A servant brought lights, and Sir Charles bent over the ring for one moment, the next his arms were round the astonished Agnes.

"My Katherine's child, my little one!" he exclaimed. "At last, at last I can thank God."

He had no shadow of doubt as to her being his daughter, but for all that he went to Father Peters next day.

"Yes," the old priest said, "she is your child. I have never told your wife's story to any one, not even to the good nuns who cared for the child. I promised her to keep her secret. She had a wild, an insane fear that you would rear the child a Protestant."

The man groaned:

"I gave her cause, God knows, to fear so!"

"Well, God works in His own ways,—

ways we can not understand. You will not interfere with your daughter's faith now?"

"God forbid!"

Sir Charles, much to Mrs. Thornton's satisfaction, settled down at Darrell Court. He can not bear to be long separated from his daughter, and has become happier, and younger apparently. There is a beautiful little church inside his park gates, erected as a thanks-offering; and there one morning, while his happy daughter knelt by his side, he was received into the communion in which his wife had persevered to a bitter end.

The Orient Gate.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

WE read in the book of Ezechiel that while the Temple of Jerusalem lay in ruins, the prophet was allowed to witness its future reconstruction. In prophetic vision he was escorted by an angel over the new building, each portion being shown to him, and the dimensions of every part accurately ascertained by careful measurements, made with a rod which his companion carried in his hand for that purpose. After having been conducted through porch and court and chambers and sanctuary, the prophet was brought by the angel to a gate that looked toward the east, and led into an inner court. "And behold the glory of the God of Israel came in by the way of the east";* so that the prophet, awestruck, fell upon his face. This sacred gate was not opened to him: he was not permitted to pass its portals; although he was privileged to inspect the interior of the inner court, into which he was introduced by a special manifestation of divine power, and to hear the voice of

* Ezechiel, xliii, 2.

God within speaking to him. Afterward the angel brought him to the self-same gate, and it was shut. "And the Lord said to him: This gate shall be shut; it shall not be opened, and no man shall pass through it, because the Lord the God of Israel hath entered in by it, and it shall be shut. For the Prince, the Prince Himself, shall sit in it."*

The early Fathers and commentators of Holy Scripture are unanimous in interpreting this passage with reference to our Blessed Lady. She is the Orient Gate, the mystical door seen by Ezechiel. Once only that closed gate was opened, to admit the celestial Spouse, whose voice was heard calling to the chaste Virgin: "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled."† Then the Eternal Word became incarnate in the pure womb of Mary; and the Lord, whose coming is from the east, went into the temple prepared for Him, by the way of the gate that looked to the east; entered through that closed gate,—closed both before and after His coming to the ingress of any other lord. By her Immaculate Conception she was preserved from the power of the devil, from all taint of original sin; and her virginal purity was not impaired but rather glorified by her divine maternity.

"This closed gate," Cornelius à Lapidè explains, "is our Blessed Lady, in whom the Prince took up His abode; that is Christ, whose Mother she became. The Lord the God of Israel entered in by her,—God the Father, of whom she was the daughter; God the Holy Ghost, who by His overshadowing made her His spouse; God the Son, who received from her His sacred humanity." "Who but Mary is meant by the east gate which Ezechiel describes," says St. Ambrose? "The closed gate signifies her virginity. She is the gate whereby Christ entered

into this world, His Mother remaining a virgin." Again St. Augustine writes: "The closed gate represents Mary's virginity, which was not lost but sanctified, by the birth of Jesus Christ." The Church also, addressing the Blessed Virgin, sings:

Civitas Altissimi
Porta orientalis
In te omnis gratia
Virgo singularis.

Dwelling of God most high,
Heaven's pure orient gate,
In thee, O peerless maid,
All graces concentrate.

In the Little Office too Mary is termed "the Gate of the great King,"—*Tu Regis alti janua*.

The title of Gate is also given to Our Lady in another sense. She is the Gate of Heaven—*Janua Cœli*,—inasmuch as through her we receive Him who is our salvation and the way of our salvation, who has opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. This Holy Church expresses in the words of the antiphon:

Salve radix, salve porta,
Ex qua mundo lux est orta.

Hail living root, hail gate of Heaven,
Whence light and life to earth were given!

This Gate of Heaven is not a closed but an open gate, since it has pleased God to make Mary the channel of His graces. As Jesus is the way to the Eternal Father, so Mary is the sure way to Jesus. She is the eastern gate of the temple—the temple of God's grace and glory. Through this gate His majesty shines forth, His graces flow down upon us. Through Mary we receive the graces which enable us to enter into the kingdom of heaven, the glorious temple which is illuminated with the brightness of the divine presence. Seek Mary, then, and you will find Jesus. Like the first worshippers of the Infant Saviour, you will find the Child with His Mother. "The Prince shall sit within" the gate. Knock at this gate, and it shall be opened unto you: Mary will obtain for you mercy and assistance.

* *Ib.*, xliv, 2, 3.

† *Cant.*, v, 2.

La Rabida In Chicago.

REPRODUCTIONS of buildings hal-
lowed by sacred or even simply
historic associations are ordinarily unsat-
isfying, to say the least. That this is not
the case with the quaint building which
sits in the sun on the bank of Lake
Michigan is due to a variety of causes. In
the first place, the history of Columbus is
so much a part of the great Fair itself that
the edifice is like the chief bell in a set of
chimes; and, secondly, the task of copying
the storied monastery has been so well
performed that it is difficult to realize that
outside its walls is the tread of myriads
of modern feet, and seven miles away the
enterprising Bābel we call Chicago.

La Rabida has been termed the key-
note of the stupendous Exposition; for it
is within it that we read the record of
that life without which this display would
have no excuse for being.

It is to the Convent of La Rabida that
the footsteps of the intelligent visitor
are turned before he inspects the more
mundane glories of the Exposition; and
as his name is Legion, a continual swarm
of eager and interested men and women
surges up and down the halls and cloisters,
in which are kept the treasures which the
generosity of a few has placed there for
the edification of the world. Now and
then there is a remark from the care-
less which has a trace of levity, and
sometimes strange blunders are perpetrated
by the historically ignorant; but the
crowd is in the main quiet, orderly and
reverent, as are indeed most of the great
army of thoughtful and happy people
who have gone to Jackson Park on an
errand never before possible on earth.

There are some elusive questions in
history upon which it seems well-nigh
impossible to form a satisfactory con-
clusion. The name of Santa Maria de la
Rabida is declared by some authorities to

be due to the fact that a miraculous cross
originally erected on the site of the con-
vent possessed the power of healing people
who had hydrophobia—who were rabid.
Others assert that *rabida* is simply the
Moorish for frontier, and that the convent
was naturally dedicated to Our Lady of
the Frontier, or Outpost. Some pious
antiquarian will eventually, it is hoped,
settle this interesting controversy.

An exact reproduction of La Rabida in
which to house the relics of Columbus—
this was the happy thought which has
had such rare fulfilment. The natural
conditions were favorable. There was a
vast inland sea, and over it the sweet blue
summer sky of this latitude,—the rest
was but a matter of energy and persever-
ance; and rapidly the gray walls arose,
crowned with the dull red tiles of Spain.
Such was the faithfulness with which the
idea was carried out that there is not in the
whole building, unless it be in the absurd
electric lamps, one incongruous detail.

Before the attempt to speak of the
contents of this edifice one pauses, dis-
mayed. The chapel is usually entered
first. The sacred furnishings of the altar
are yet lacking, but the room is in other
respects a *fac-simile* of its prototype,
where Columbus betook himself to receive
the Heavenly Provisions for that journey
from which his return was so uncertain.

Arranged about the rooms surrounding
the beautiful court are numberless objects
of deep interest to the lover of the great
explorer. Portraits of himself, paintings
with the momentous events in his life for
their theme, maps and globes of the pre-
Columbian days, relics of the royal pair
who were the patrons of the expedition,
canoes like those in which the natives
rowed to the strange Spanish ships, a col-
lection of mosaics graciously lent by his
Holiness the Pope, precious manuscripts
without end, old doors through which
Columbus was wont to pass, hawks' bells
which formed part of the trophies of his

first voyage—in the enumeration one is at a loss where to stop. The objects of most intense interest appear to be the rusty anchor—Columbus' own anchor—found on Trinidad, under circumstances which admit of no doubt concerning its genuineness; and a bell dating back to 1494, found by a shepherd among some vines in the ruins of Isabella,—the first bell rung in the New World.

There is very much of interest to the Catholic within the confines of the World's Fair; but it is in this treasure-house upon the shore of Lake Michigan that he will find most food for heart and mind.

F. L. S.

Dante on the Glory of Mary.

THE poet-theologian, Dante, tells us in his "Paradise" that St. Bernard was sent by Beatrice to manifest to him the glory of the ever-blessed Virgin.

"Son of grace," said Bernard to Dante, "the life of the blest will remain unknown to thee if thou keepest thine eyes continually lowered. Gaze on the most distant sphere, until thou seest the throne of the Queen to whom this kingdom is subject and devoted."

Dante then raised his eyes; and even as in the morning the eastern horizon surpasses in brightness that where the sun declines, so he beheld on the summit of the loftiest sphere a point that surpassed all others in splendor. There shone the oriflamme of peace, the Most Holy Virgin; and her brilliancy quenched the light of other fires or other saints.

Bernard fixed his eyes on the object of his love with an affection so great that the eyes of the poet grew brighter as they contemplated him. The Saint explains to the poet the order in which the elect of the Old and the New Testament are disposed, and bids him observe the immense glory

of the Blessed Virgin; then, in an ardent supplication, he begs Our Lady to obtain for Dante the grace to raise himself even to the vision of God.

"Virgin Mother," he cries, "daughter of thy Son, humble and august beyond all other creatures, fixed term of the eternal will; thou art she who hast so ennobled human nature that its Author did not disdain to become His own work.

"In thy womb was kindled the Love whose heat has germinated flowers in eternal peace.

"Here thou art for us a sun of charity in its noontide; and below, among mortals, a living fount of hope.

"Woman, thou art so great, and hast such power, that he who wishes a grace and does not run to thee, wishes his desires to fly without wings.

"Thy goodness not only succors him who asks, but frequently anticipates his request.

"In thee is mercy, in thee pity, in thee magnificence; in thee all that is good in creatures.

"Now, he who from the most profound abyss of the universe has thus far seen the existences of spirits one by one, begs of thy clemency to accord to him strength sufficient to raise himself higher toward the supreme beatitude.

"And I, who have never desired this vision for myself more ardently than I do for him,—I offer to thee all my prayers, and I beg of thee that they may not be vain; so that thou mayst dissipate all the shadows of his mortality, and that the Sovereign Joy may show Itself to him.

"I beseech thee, moreover, O Queen, who canst do what thou wilt, to preserve the love which may procure for him such a vision. Let thy protection triumph over the impulses of his human nature."

During his prayer, the eyes that God loves, the eyes of the Virgin, were fixed on Bernard with a tender affection, that showed how agreeable to her are the devout petitions of her children.

Notes and Remarks.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is unhappy because the World's Fair people deny the title "Catholic" to an institution that has itself assumed the very un-Catholic name of the "Church of England." In stating his reasons for refusing to take part in the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, his Grace complains to the committee: "Your general programme assumes that the Church of Rome is the Catholic Church, and treats the Protestant Episcopal Church of America as outside the Catholic Church. I presume that the Church of England would be similarly classified, and that view of our position is untenable." The Archbishop's logic is as bad as his theology. It would require any amount of argument to convince the American mind that King Hal had a divine mission.

The Holy Father's exhortation to American Catholics to love their country might well be addressed to all Christian bodies, as the *New York Sun* observes; "and they all must applaud the spirit which inspires Leo XIII. in its utterance. These are the noble words of the Sovereign Pontiff:

"Prove the earnestness of your love for your country, so that they who are interested with the administration of the Government may clearly recognize how strong an influence for the support of public order and for the advancement of public prosperity is to be found in the Catholic Church."

The Blarney Stone at the World's Fair is only a piece of the famous stone—a mere chip of the old block,—and it is likely to be worn to nothing by the kissing throngs that visit it in Midway Plaisance. Meantime it is unscrupulously asserted that this is all that remains of the Blarney Stone,—the rest having been kissed to smacking echoes, which no phonograph could imprison.

The Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair was formally opened on the 24th ult. by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Peoria. In his eloquent address on the occasion, he

congratulated Brother Maurelian and all his many helpers on the completion of their work. The exhibit, he declared, "is truly Catholic. . . . It shows well the work done and the educational method followed by our brotherhoods and sisterhoods and Catholic teachers throughout the world." He told his hearers that all that surrounded them furnished abundant proof that Catholic schools does not neglect the culture of the mind or the training of the hand. At the same time it was not forgotten that religion is necessary for the well-being of the soul. Dr. S. H. Peabody, Chief of the Bureau of Liberal Arts, represented the authorities of the Exposition, and formally thanked all "for such an acquisition as the Catholic Educational Exhibit, which could not well have been dispensed with." It was declared to be the largest collective exhibit in the liberal arts department, and comprised "a vast array of meritorious exhibits from all parts of the country."

There is no temporal affliction so great as not to have its consoling features. The destruction of the beautiful Convent of Villa Maria was an inestimable loss to the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame,—one that it will take a long time to repair; but it must have been an ineffable consolation to these devoted religious to find that the remains of their sainted foundress were preserved to them. We learn from the *Antigonish Casket* that the coffin containing all that could die of Ven. Mother Bourgeois was rescued from the ruins, without injury even to the outer casket, in which they have reposed since her holy death in 1770. Our readers are aware that the Cause of the Ven. Mother is under consideration in Rome, and her beatification will probably take place within a few years.

There died in London recently one of those silent workers among the poor who are known to the world only after they have left it, and whose most fitting funeral chants are the groans of the poor whom they have cared for, and the wails of the orphans whom they have comforted. The Marquise de Salvo, notwithstanding her name, was an Englishwoman

and a cousin of Cardinal Manning. She was born outside the Church; but when that great religious revival swept over the land in 1845, she embraced the faith, being influenced largely by the example of Cardinal Newman, from whom she had many important letters. Her whole life was now given up to God through works of charity; and, like her intimate friend and co-laborer, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, all the energy of her great soul was directed toward the betterment of God's poor. She was the moving spirit in introducing the Sisters of Notre Dame into England, and several other religious houses which she aided in establishing bear witness to her piety and zeal. May she rest in peace!

The Columbian Catholic Congress will convene in Chicago September 4. The sessions will be held daily for a week, during which there will also be conventions of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, the German Catholic National Societies, the St. Vincent de Paul Societies, the Colored Catholics, and meetings of the Catholic editors and of the students of Louvain in the United States. All these congresses and conventions will be held in the Art Palace, on Michigan Avenue and Adams Street. Besides the two large halls—Columbus and Washington,—there are some forty minor halls and assembly-rooms in the building, which admit of bringing together these numerous bodies, each being enabled to carry on its proceedings independently of the other. All these meetings will undoubtedly make the week beginning Monday September 4 the great *Catholic week* of the Fair. It is well to remember that these conventions are not to be held in Jackson Park, but in the Memorial Art Palace "down town."

The College of Villanova, the famous educational institution under the charge of the Augustinians, near Philadelphia, has rounded out a very eventful career by fitly celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. Jubilees, as we in modern days use the word, do not ordinarily escape a certain resemblance to one another; but there were on this occasion several happy and successful departures from the time-honored festivities. Miss Eleanor C.

Donnelly wrote an ode for the event, to which a chorus of students gave voice; and Archbishop Ryan fairly outdid himself in his earnest and eloquent advice to the graduates. "Be gentlemen," he said, as he concluded; "be not only gentle, but be men. Religion does not destroy manhood. Courage, strength and independence come from God as well as supernatural humility. Go out into the world, leave your impress upon it, and may God bless you!"

The crises through which bigotry and intolerance have led this excellent institution have been safely passed, and it enters upon its second half century under the most favorable conditions.

A life-size portrait, by Healy, of the late Orestes A. Brownson is offered for sale by certain relatives of our great publicist. The painting is naturally much prized, but circumstances compel them to part with it. It should find a ready purchaser. Our readers need not be told that a canvas by Healy is an artistic treasure, and good portraits of Dr. Brownson are not numerous. Few men deserve to have their features preserved in oil, and fewer still are worthy subjects of a brush like Healy's. The painting to which we refer has a double value, in being the portrait of a great man by a great artist.

Dom Sauton, a French Benedictine, who before entering the Order had taken a medical degree, has set out to inspect all the lazarettos in the world, in order to decide upon the most effective treatment of leprosy. He has received the blessing of the Holy Father, and bears credentials from the French Government.

An English author has just published a volume entitled "The Legendary Lore of the Holy Wells of England." Over thirty of these wells, it seems, were under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin.

A Catholic missionary, writing from Kumamoto, describes the Japanese as "the most intelligent and virtuous of all the

heathen peoples"; and St. Francis Xavier was wont to call them "the delight of his heart." It will be interesting for Americans to know that Pope Pius IX. named the Blessed Virgin Patroness of the country under the title of her Immaculate Heart. So marked was the favor with which she regarded her new clients that His Holiness also attached indulgences to the invocation: "Our Lady of Japan, Mary conceived without sin, pray for us." We, who know how the patronage of the Immaculate Virgin has prospered the Church in our own fair land, bespeak a happy future for Japan.

The death is announced of Bishop Hefele, one of the most learned members of the German hierarchy. He was born in 1809, became Bishop of Rottenburg in 1869, and the next year attended the Vatican Council. Bishop Hefele took an important part in the discussion of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, and was one of the last to acquiesce in its proclamation. His literary services to the Church were of immense value. Besides his admirable monograph on Cardinal Ximenes, he published many important works; and his great "History of the Councils of the Church" has been translated into several languages. His life was long and laborious; and his death, at the ripe old age of eighty-four, was full of honor. May he rest in peace!

The Queen of the Belgians has been honored with the costly and beautiful testimonial known as the Golden Rose, which the Pope presents annually to some illustrious person of great virtue. The recipient is not always a woman, although that is the common supposition. Henry VIII. was, before his fall, the possessor of no less than three of these valuable tokens. Sometimes cities or notable churches have, instead of men or women, been chosen as worthy of the distinguishing favor.

Originally the rose was single, but later the number of the petals was increased, and the flower placed in a golden vase. Sometimes eight pounds of virgin gold have been used in the construction of rose and vase. At one time a part of the revenues of a monastery for noble ladies in Franconia were set aside

to defray the expense incurred in the manufacture of this costly emblem.

The current issue of *St. Viateur's College Journal* is essentially a Jubilee number, being entirely occupied with accounts of the very pleasant celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of that deservedly popular institution, St. Viateur's College, Kankakee Co., Illinois. The exercises were participated in by a large number of the *alumni*, who hastened back to do honor to their *Alma Mater*, like "birds returning fondly home." "Gratitude brings you back, affection receives you"—such were the words which, inscribed upon flowing streamers of rosy tint, greeted the old students.

The Clerics of St. Viateur have reason to be proud of this flourishing hive of literary industry, the result of so many prayers and sacrifices, and of so much hopeful toil.

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:

Brother Samuel (William Skiffington), a novice of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, who departed this life at Notre Dame, on the 24th ult.

Sister Veronica, of the Sisters of Charity, who was called to the reward of her devoted life on the 25th of May.

Dr. Charles P. Conway, who passed away on the 20th ult., at Latrobe, Pa.

Mr. Frank H. Kale, of Trenton, N. J., whose happy death took place some time ago.

Mrs. A. Dehner, whose life closed peacefully on the 7th of May, at Wadena, Ind.

Mrs. Patrick Manion, of Wilmington, Del., who died a holy death on the 12th ult.

Mr. Thomas P. Judge, Mr. Francis Slevin, Mr. Patrick Mullen, Miss Mary Kearney, and Mrs. Bridget Hewson,—all of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. John O'Shaughnessy, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. James Corcoran, London, Canada; Mrs. James E. Dougherty, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Bridget Mallon, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Lizzie V. Connor, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Ellen Donovan, Lewiston, Ill.; Mr. Thomas O'Neil, Medford, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine McSweeney, Kearney, N. J.; and Mrs. Bridget Kehoe, Fall River, 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.

*

Some Day.

SOME day the friends we hold most dear
Will vanish through the portal
Where ends each long or brief career—
Death's door to life immortal.


Some day the tokens that had shown
Our faithful love and tender—
The smile, the kiss, the gentle tone—
We would, but may not, render.

Some day—alas! when 'tis too late—
We'll mourn our present blindness,
Who still keep closed affection's gate,
And niggards prove of kindness.

Ah, let what love indwells thy heart
In word and deed be spoken;
Nor wait the day when Death holds sway,
And vain is every token!

FATHER CHEERHEART.

How Ned Got His Bicycle.



NED BENSON was in trouble; and, after brooding over it for some time, decided to go and unburden himself to his kind old grandfather. Mr. Chambers was seated on his front-door step, in conversation with a neighbor, who stopped on his way to a political meeting to say a

few words on the probable re-election of the present Mayor, and the chances in favor of the opposing candidate. After his friend had gone, the old gentleman became conscious that some one was sitting behind him, and said:

"Is that you, Ned?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been there?"

"I came while you were talking to Mr. Black, grandpa."

"Well, how are all home?"

"All well, sir."

"Where is your mother?"

"She's gone down to see Mrs. James."

"And your father?"

"He's gone to the meeting."

"Why didn't you accompany your mother? Always take good care of your mother, Ned."

"Yes, sir. But papa's going to call for her."

There was a tinge of sadness or plain-tiveness in Ned Benson's voice,—a tone which boys (aye, and men too) assume when they get into what they call "a scrape," and imagine themselves martyrs if rebuked for it. Mr. Chambers detected that tone at the beginning of the conversation; so, reaching backward to where the boy was seated, he drew him gently in front of him, placed his hands on Ned's shoulders, and said:

"What's the matter, Ned? Make a clean breast of it, my boy. What have you been doing?"

"I ain't been doin' nothin', grandpa."

"Ain't been doin' nothin'!" echoed his grandfather, sarcastically.

"I meant that I haven't been doing anything," said the boy.

"Who has, then?" asked the old gentleman.

"Tom James has, sir. He pulled thirteen latches off Mr. Anderson's new houses."

"Who saw him do it?"

"I did, sir."

"Why did you let him do it?"

Ned drooped his head. There was a long silence, during which his grandfather looked sorrowfully into the boy's face. At length, partly enlightened by what he discerned, he said:

"Tell me the whole story, child."

Ned, in a sudden burst of frankness and tears both together, began:

"Well, you know, grandpa, we were going to school this morning, and Mr. Anderson was just putting on the last latch. Tom said: 'I'd like to knock off every one of those latches.' 'I dare you to do it,' says I. Well, grandpa, you know Tom James is a boy that will not be dared; and he says, says he, 'Do you dare me?' And I said, 'I do.' 'Then I'll do it after school,' he says."

There was a pause, and, after a few moments, Mr. Chambers said:

"Well, why didn't he forget it?"

"He did forget it, sir, but I—I reminded him. We came home by Mr. Anderson's houses, and he found a sharp stone and he pried them off. Just then we heard somebody calling to us, and we ran away. There was a lady looking out of a window opposite, and she told Mr. Anderson; so he went down to Mr. James' office and presented a bill of \$5 for the latches. And Mr. James went home and gave Tom an awful thrashing. Mrs. James was out; but when she came home, and saw all Tom's bruises, she ran down to Mr. Anderson's to lecture him."

Here Ned paused.

"Well, did she do it?"

"No, sir. He wasn't in."

"Is that all?" inquired Mr. Chambers, kindly.

"No, sir. Mrs. James says she will break every bone in my body."

"Well, I think you deserve some kind of punishment, Ned."

"I didn't do it, grandpa."

"You were the cause of it, though. You dared the other boy to do it; then you reminded him of it, although you knew he wished to escape the temptation; and, besides, you looked on and encouraged him while he was doing it. If you will take a right view of the matter, you will see that you are the greater criminal of the two. *You* willed it to be done: *he* was only your tool. Any boy who won't allow himself 'to be dared,' as you say, is a coward. He is afraid of something, is he not? What is it?"

"That the boys would laugh at him, grandpa."

"That's it," said Mr. Chambers. "So, you see, there's no bravery in it at all: 'tis the meanest kind of cowardice. A boy who can not stand being sneered at for refusing to do wrong, is the shabbiest kind of a coward. But what can I say about your part in this affair, my boy? It was wicked, was it not? Think of all the trouble it has caused in three homes! Has Mr. James paid for the latches?"

"I don't think he has, sir."

"Do you think he ought to pay?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, it was you who really caused the damage, you know."

A sudden light burst out in sparkles from Ned's tearful eyes, and he eagerly exclaimed:

"I can do it,—I can do it, grandpa! I have the money in my little bank. Let me get it, sir. I won't be gone a moment."

Ned sped away down the street, and in a few minutes came hurrying back, jingling his box as he ran along. The box was

opened, and, in five and ten cent pieces and quarters, were counted \$4.

"One dollar short," said Ned. And, after a little pause: "Do you think Mr. Anderson would let me owe him that much until the Fourth of July? I'll be sure to have it by that time."

"Perhaps he may. Suppose you walk up and ask him?"

Ned hesitated a moment, looking into his grandfather's face, from whom he received an encouraging nod and smile; he then turned and walked deliberately up the street. His grandfather, rising slowly from his seat, began to move in the same direction. Mr. Anderson was standing at the door with some friends when Ned addressed him:

"Mr. Anderson, can I speak to you, please, just for a minute?"

"Halloo, sir!" said Mr. Anderson, with a look of angry surprise.

"Please can I speak to you, sir?" repeated Ned.

Mr. Anderson entered his parlor, thrust his hands down to the bottom of his pockets, and glared fiercely at the pleading face of the boy.

"Mr. Anderson, I was the cause of Tom James breaking those latches. I am very sorry for it. I'll never do such a thing again. And I want to pay for them. I have all the money except one dollar; and if you'll please take this, I'll surely pay you the rest in a few weeks."

Mr. Anderson's face assumed an expression of bewilderment, and he asked the boy to repeat what he had said. Ned repeated his little speech with additional expressions of sorrow for his part in the affair, and of anxiety to make what reparation he could.

"Who gave you the money?" said Mr. Anderson.

"I was saving it for the circus and the Fourth of July, and I know I'll have the rest very soon."

Mr. Anderson studied the boy's face for

some time, uncertain how to act; at length, turning toward his desk, he said:

"Well, I suppose you want a receipt for the money?"

"Just to give Mr. James, please, sir. Thank you, sir!" he said, taking the receipt from Mr. Anderson's hand. "I'll be sure to bring you the other dollar before long. Good-night, sir!"

He bounded down the street; and, meeting his grandfather, he said:

"Ought I go to Mr. James now, grandpa? Mr. Anderson gave me a receipt, and he'll wait for the rest of the money."

"Yes: the sooner it is all settled, the better. I'll walk down slowly, and meet you coming back."

Mr. James opened the door in response to Ned's ring, and stared frowningly at the small individual who had the temerity to ask admittance.

"Is mamma here, Mr. James?"

"Yes, sir; and your papa is also here. Come in."

Ned stepped into the hallway, not venturing to go farther.

"Mr. James, here is Mr. Anderson's receipt for the money. I paid him for the latches."

"You paid him! Who authorized you to pay him?"

"I am to blame for it all, sir; and it isn't fair to let you lose by it. And I'm very sorry you whipped Tom, sir," said Ned, bursting into tears. "Grandpa showed me how mean it was to dare Tom to do it. I deserve all the punishment. And the money was in my savings-box—"

Here a fresh burst of sobbing interrupted Ned's speech.

"Well, go home now, young man," said his father, who had been listening at the parlor door; "I'll have something to say to you about this affair when I come."

"Stop!" said Mrs. James, who, with Ned's mother, was descending the stairs, and had overheard all that passed. "I want to speak to him."

Ned advanced with slow, reluctant steps.

"Ned," said Mrs. James, "I was very angry with you to-day, but I am not so now. I can see that you are very sorry, and you have tried to make all the reparation in your power. Now I'll beg your father to forgive you also, if you'll promise never to dare Tom to do anything wrong again."

"I promise, ma'am," said Ned, looking with all earnestness into Mrs. James' face.

She took his hand, and, drawing him toward his father, asked that he might be forgiven.

"Well, since you ask it, Mrs. James. But he must not expect a bicycle from me this year. If he had torn off the latches himself it would have been bad enough, but to urge another boy to do it was doubly wrong and mean. You can go now, sir; but first thank Mrs. James."

Ned thanked the kind lady, and said he didn't expect a bicycle. He then hastened off to meet his grandfather and tell of the happy termination to his troubles. And, when they were parting for the night, the good old gentleman said:

"In future, Ned, dare your friends to do noble deeds; the results will be happier for them and for you." Then he added: "You have conquered yourself so well that I think you deserve the best bicycle to be had in town. I promise to get you one, and here is that dollar to square your account with Mr. Anderson."

M. D. K.

Whose Eyes?

"**W**HOSE eyes has you got, dear mamma?"

Said Bessie, with face demure.

"Whose eyes have I got? Why, dearest,

My own eyes, to be sure!

But why do you ask the question?"

Said mamma, in much surprise.

"Because grandma said to papa:

'Bess has her mother's eyes.'"

Foolish in Four Languages.

Among the poorer class of Maltese there are many with ready wit. An English officer, who had failed utterly to make one of them understand his orders, at last lost temper and said to him, angrily:

"You are a fool."

"Why?" asked the man.

"Any one with a grain of sense could handle the English language better than you."

"Do you speak Maltese?" asked the other.

"No."

"Or Arabic?"

"No."

"Or Greek?"

"No."

"Or Italian?"

"No. But what in the world are you driving at?"

"Why, if I am one fool, then you are four fools."

"I fancy you are more than half right," said the officer, recovering his good nature.

The Order of the Garter.

There are few things that an Englishman likes better than to be made a Knight of the Garter when he has done some great work for his country. But it is to be feared that most Knights of the Garter nowadays fail to do what was expected of them when their Order was established. It was founded by King Edward III. in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and because, "out of his singular affection for her, he had wished her to be honored by his Knights." On the solemn feasts of Our Lady these Knights used to hold a great golden statue of the Blessed Virgin on their shoulders during Mass.



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

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Rosa Mystica.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

THE damask-rose is fair to view,
 And beauteous is each blushing hue
 Its leaves display;
 But ah! the splendor of the sight
 When fall the first dim shades of night,
 And radiant rows of roses white
 Make dusk seem day.

But fairer far than either flower,
 Or viewed at dawn's delightful hour,
 Or daylight's close;
 And purer than the purest heart
 Of bud that ever burst apart
 To show its loveliness, thou art,
 O Mystic Rose!

The First Knight of the Queen of
 Angels.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.



CHRONICLER states that in Canadian annals figure names which were eminent in the days of the Crusades. Canadian history is, indeed, full of noble and historic names, of romantic and picturesque personalities. It has a nobility of birth, but it has likewise a nobility of merit. To both of these categories belong the fine and

chivalrous character of Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve. Military glory was the idol of the day to which he belonged, and he was not insensible to its influence. His prowess in the field had been applauded long before he had left "dreamy boyhood" behind him. His imagination, fired with the glorious traditions of the race to which he belonged, had filled him with a desire for adventurous deeds. He was an ideal soldier, brave as a paladin of old, gentle, poetic, high-minded, delicately and sensitively honorable, eminently Christian; he preserved his heroic calling from whatsoever could degrade it. It is related that he cultivated his taste for music to furnish an elevating occupation for his leisure.

But while the young soldier was courted and flattered, was regarded as one destined to high military command, other sentiments began to find a place in his mind; his aims began to take a wider range, a higher flight. His imagination, still fervid, rose into holier regions. He still desired to be a soldier; but he was eager to wield his sword in a sacred cause, and even by its means serve that Divine Master in whose love and knowledge he was daily growing.

A copy of the "Relations des Jesuites" fell into his hands, and his mind turned thenceforth toward those distant regions, where those other soldiers were fighting the battles of Christ. A new world opened before him, full of hardships and of peril, full of toil and of weariness, but overflow-

ing likewise with enthusiasm, with merit, with self-devotedness. It was at the time when the venerable founder of St. Sulpice, M. Olier, in conjunction with M. de la Dauversière, M. de Fancamp, and all who composed what was known as the Company of Montreal, resolved to found in the heart of a wilderness a colony in honor of Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

Through the intervention of Father Charles Lalemant, a Jesuit missionary recently returned from Canada, M. de Maisonneuve was made known to these associates. He declared to them that in going to Montreal he had no personal ambition to serve, as that would be best consulted by remaining where he was; no fortune to acquire, for his income was sufficient for his wants. He simply desired a field wherein he could strive for perfection while serving God and his country in the profession of arms. He was received by the associates with the liveliest joy, and was shortly afterward named Governor of the projected colony of Villemarie of Montreal.

The better part of France is always apostolic. The propagation of the faith to the uttermost ends of the earth has been the dream of many a noble-hearted Gaul ever since the days of Clovis. In the seventeenth century Catholic France was fairly possessed with the idea of evangelizing the tribes of the New World. The King turned aside his surrounding splendor, to cast an eye of pity on the North American aborigines; the Queen-Mother labored for them with her hands, and gave for their needs with royal prodigality; duchesses despoiled themselves of their jewels and their revenue; ministers of State made allusion to the conversion of the savages in all their dispatches; the most brilliant court the world has ever seen caught a flame from the "Relations des Jesuites," and burned with heroic ardor to do something for the cause.

In the calm cloisters of *lavici France*

the idea took root; it invaded the hours of prayer, it filled up the moments of recreation, it enkindled zeal, it inflamed desire. Nuns sought eagerly for an opportunity to go forth upon this new crusade; priests, Jesuits, Récollets, Sulpicians, seculars, went forth to the white harvest fields.

Maisonneuve set sail from the Old World in the spring of 1641, arriving in the New in August of the same year. He took with him a numerous contingent of men, chiefly unmarried, almost all soldiers or practical mechanics. In his train was also the heroic Jeanne Mance, foundress of the Hôtel-Dieu, who braved the perils of a new life with courage so exalted, and who was destined, through long years of tribulation, to serve the wounded and the sick with so beautiful a constancy and patience.

At Quebec the newly arrived were strongly urged to pitch their tents hard by, for purposes of mutual defence. It was represented to them that the new settlement would be on the very high-road, which the fiercest Iroquois war parties traversed; that great difficulties would present themselves; and that, in a word, their undertaking was well-nigh hopeless.

Maisonneuve replied that all this might be true, but that his honor and his duty as a soldier compelled him to make a settlement upon the site chosen by his superiors: that, in short, he would found a colony at Villemarie, if every tree on the island turned into an Iroquois. His spirit and generosity won the admiration of all. The Governor of Quebec entered into his views, and, together with Father Vimont, superior of the Jesuits, accompanied Maisonneuve to the site of the future city, of which they took possession for God and for the King. However, it was decided that no settlement should be attempted there until the following spring.

On the 18th of May, 1892, occurred the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that bright morning when Maisonneuve

and his companions became dwellers upon the soil of Montreal. On the 17th they had espied it, with shouts of joy and the discharge of musketry. But on that memorable morning the soldier-governor, leaping ashore, fell upon his knees, giving thanks to God.

Upon the shore gathered that momentous group of soldiers and of artisans, of women—Jeanne Mance, with a companion or two, and Madame de la Peltrie,—of the Jesuit, Father Vimont, and the Governor de Maisonneuve, the builders of that new city, the carvers of its destiny. They looked about them, toward that river which was one day to bear mighty ships, as now it bore the bark canoes of savages; toward the wooded land, green and fresh and fragrant, with the sun gilding the oaks and elms and maples; toward the mountain, upon which Cartier had stood and called it Royal. Could their eyes have pierced the dim future that is now for us the present, what strange thoughts and emotions must have thronged upon their minds!

Presently an altar was erected. To Father Vimont, the Jesuit, was given the privilege of saying the first Mass there, where Masses innumerable were hereafter to be said; it was likewise his happy fortune to announce, in prophetic language, the future greatness of this city of Mary. Solemnly—oh, how solemnly!—rose the voice of the missionary, intoning the *Veni Creator*, the first calling down of the Spirit of God over this desert spot, where for ages there had been silence or the rude clamor of savage tongues. The Blessed Sacrament was left exposed all during that first day of the city's life. The King had come into His own. These North American wilds had been dedicated to Him as to the Sovereign Master, and to Mary the Queen.

Maisonneuve, the man of prayer, prayed then with a devotion into which he poured his whole soul; and he joined in those hymns of the Church which had been

familiar to him since his boyhood in the plains of Champagne, with a new sense of their beauty and solemnity.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to follow its hero through the varied happenings of his term of government. None can deny him the merit of having been the best, the wisest, the purest and the noblest of the Governors of Montreal. Chroniclers of all shades of opinion concur in attesting that it was by his high qualities of head and heart that Montreal was enabled to live through the first stormy years of its existence.

In the little palisaded fortress which he first built, as in those more pretentious ones that followed, Maisonneuve guided and directed the almost incessant military movements with a tactical skill and success worthy of the warmest commendation. The most brilliant feats of arms which marked the history of the colony were done under his direction. Dollard-Daulac, Lambert Closse, and Lemoyne acted under his orders, and found in him their model of true knighthood.

Under Maisonneuve's guidance, Villemarie became, as some biographer styles it, "the holy colony." The soldiery, who were devoted to their Governor, learned from him lessons of sanctity whilst being taught the art of war. Many of them lived not only as practical Catholics, but aimed at the heights of perfection. They communicated before embarking in military enterprises; and when they made vows to accept no quarter from the enemy, but to die for their country, it was at the foot of the altar and in the name of God and Our Lady.

But whilst occupied with the defence of the colony and with its moral improvement, Maisonneuve neglected nothing that far-seeing wisdom might devise for the material prosperity of his charge. He developed agriculture, giving premiums to laborers and taking special means for their protection. He promoted well-

assorted marriages, and encouraged the foundation of homes by the stimulus he gave to building and the portioning out of grants of land. Education was his special care, the instruction of the children of settlers and of Indians alike. He brought out, on his second visit to France, the illustrious foundress of the Congregation de Notre Dame, who was to do for children of her own sex what the missionaries were striving to do for those of the other. He was the constant benefactor of the hospital nuns in their labor for the poor and the sick and the wounded. But, above all, he had at heart the evangelization of the savages; hence he exhausted every effort to win them by a policy of conciliation. He treated them with the utmost kindness and consideration, and his name became a synonym amongst them for honor and good faith. The Mohawks whispered it at their council fires, and the Algonquins bore the message upward to the Great Lakes, and the Hurons came into the shadow of his protection. He had spoken: his word was as an oath.

The Governor's prudence and tact in dealing with the whites extended also to his relations with the French settlers of his own and the neighboring colonies. Whilst firmly maintaining the rights and privileges of his office, his voice was never heard in useless quarrels or in matters over which he had no jurisdiction. He attached all his dependents to him by his patience and justice, his entire integrity and his generosity. He recognized the good qualities of his soldiers, or of those who served the colony in any capacity, and requited them substantially. He framed a code of laws, simple as befitted the times, and caused them to be carried out with vigilance and promptitude.

His own sense of duty, which rose paramount to all considerations, inspired others by his example. He had a noble disregard of personal comfort, and an indifference to

hardship and privation which would have made him a phenomenon in our effeminate age. He kept up no state, being attended by a single servant. He lived frugally, practising various austerities. His perfect purity and delicacy of conscience are commented upon by all biographies, whilst his personal dignity and fine sense of the fitness of things gave him a peculiar ascendancy in a wild and unsettled community. Entirely disinterested, he was never known to seek his personal advancement; and it is recorded that he was never roused to anger, even in the most trying circumstances, so complete was his self-command. By the advice of Father Lalemant he took a vow of perpetual chastity.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXVI.—WARD.

JAMES WARD was in a cursing mood: a mood of sullen revolt, which, if he were alone, would have broken out in loud cries and imprecations against that blind fate which, he held, ruled the world. He did not go to the factory that afternoon. He refused dinner, and sat on a bench just outside the door, where he could see Willie's face without being observed.

It was a splendid day. Summer had come with a rush. The rich scent of early clover blossoms and honeysuckle filled the air; the twittering of birds broke the silence of the afternoon. In the unfenced field opposite Ward's house, masses of white and red clover, as yet undried by the sun, hid the grass from sight. The snow had been deep all winter, and the clover was never more fragrant or full of color. In spite of the splendor of the sun, a cool

breeze stirred the waves of color in the field, and struck a blossom-laden spray of honeysuckle against James Ward's forehead as he sat on the bench. He brushed it away roughly. He hated the world and everything in it.

Willie had gone to sleep. His long lashes touched his pale cheeks, and their blackness made the pallor of his face all the more startling. His thin hand, on the back of which the blue veins were plainly outlined, lay outside the white shawl which his mother had thrown over him. Ward noticed the different degrees of whiteness in the hand and the shawl, and was startled by the deadly pallor of the hand. But he had no fear: he knew the boy was improving every day. He had no room in his heart for fear: he could only hate.

The sight of Bernice Conway, uncrushed even by her father's death, still enjoying the results of a training which he had never been able to give his son, made his hatred more bitter than ever. She was kind to Willie—he did not deny that,—but kind as a princess might be to a subject. Who wanted her kindness! Her presence in his poor house had been an insult to him. He recalled her smile and attitudes; he remembered all the visitors to the Major's, and their insufferable airs of superiority,—all the more insufferable because they were unconscious.

As James Ward sat there, he hated himself most of all. He had been a failure. He, the philosopher, who had accepted simple work and frugality of life, who had lived by the maxims of Emerson and Bronson Alcott, who had despised riches and followed the dictates of the higher life,—found himself in the end conquered by the powers he detested. The riches his conscience had permitted him to give the Colonel and the Major, to be kept until the true owner should be found, had enabled them to give their children the advantage that now he most desired for

his boy—a position in the world. In this rotten and corrupt civilization, he said to himself, Willie Ward would never be more than the son of Ward the factory "hand." And Willie's humility and gentleness—qualities he had once admired and cultivated—might better have been pride and arrogance; for the world was all wrong.

Mrs. Ward, her hair as smooth and her gown as neat as ever, brought his long pipe to him. He thanked her. She sat beside him, guessing at his mood, and filled with a deep longing to comfort him. Ward was not, as a rule, talkative with his wife: he did not believe that she understood him. She was a good woman, but besotted in superstitions which could only console women and the weak-minded. The eagle flights were for him; the care of the nest near the ground, hers. But to-day he felt that he must talk. The weight on his heart was too heavy for him to bear alone. He was seldom free from the thought of his superiority over this woman, who daily offered all her thoughts and acts, after God, to him. It had become a fixed idea with him that she was incapable of understanding the higher life; she was a Christian,—the solution was in that phrase.

"Willie is asleep," he said, with a motion of his hand toward the boy.

"Poor child!" she answered, with a sigh. "Oh, I wish I could feel as I once felt—that he was all our own! He seems to belong to the priest now," she added, bitterly.

Ward muttered a curse between his lips.

"I believed that he would have outgrown his Christian tendencies; for Willie is no fool," Ward said.

"God forbid!" answered his wife, looking up from the linen she was embroidering. "I prayed ever since he was a baby that he might be a Christian, and my whole heart was in the prayer; but now—"

Ward took his pipe from his mouth, and turned toward her.

"What are you complaining of? He is a Christian now with a vengeance. The Roman Church is the worst form of Christianity. It holds minds like Willie's with an iron grip. He might have outgrown Giles Carton's Protestantism or yours, but he can't get out of this. Why, Voltaire and the philosophers, Rénan himself, never were sure that they were out of the Pope's grasp!" He gave a short laugh. "He is Christian enough, the devil—if there be a devil—knows. He believes more than you do,—that's all. I believe you're jealous of the priest. I know *I* am. I can't hate him, because I admire him; but the better these priests are, the more anxious all reasonable men ought to be to—to—well, to strangle them!" He laughed again, and a dangerous light came into his eyes.

"And you really think that Romanism is Christianity?" asked Mrs. Ward. "I was not taught so."

"It is the most dangerous form of Christianity, I tell you," Ward said.

Mrs. Ward did not answer. She was thinking. Things were not so gloomy, after all, even at the worst. There could be no doubt of it, since her husband had said so—Romanism was Christianity. She had not thought of it in that light. Willie believed as she did, and more too. That idea of loving the picture of Christ's Mother was beautiful,—any mother could understand that. And Willie was too sensible to worship a mere picture. She recalled some words she had heard Mr. Beecher say once when she had visited Brooklyn. She could not bring them back exactly; they had been something to the effect that one loves to ask favors of one's mother even when she has gone before us, and that the Romanist idea of Christ's Mother was of a mediatrix between Him and the world. How sweet it was and how natural! She drew her brows together as

she thought of Father Haley. Her husband was right: she was jealous, as he was, of the priest; and yet she was grateful to him. Had he not taken a great risk for her son? As a mother, that would make her forgive much.

The afternoon wore on. James Ward hailed a passing man, and sent word to the factory that he could not be at work. There was not much doing, and Ward was so skilful and intelligent that his employers gave him liberties in slack times.

"Let us try to bear it," Mrs. Ward said, after a long pause. "James, let us try to be as we were before this happened. If Willie is happy and with us, what difference will it make? Yes, of course, it *does* make a difference. He will not love the old hymns nor the old Bible; he will have new ways, but we must try to bear it."

Ward gave a gruff laugh.

"I don't love the old hymns nor the old Bible, nor the Calvinist monster you call God; and yet you don't seem to be half so sad about me as you are about this boy, who has become more of a Christian than any of your preachers ever were. I believe you'd rather see him an infidel than a Catholic."

Mrs. Ward's work fell from her hands. She put them before her eyes, and they trembled.

"You are logical, I must say," added Ward, with his unpleasant laugh.

She did not answer. She had wept and prayed over her husband's condition, but she had become used to it. She realized suddenly how strongly riveted had become her prejudices against the Catholic Church, since in her heart she felt for an instant that she would rather see him as his father than as he was. She cast away the feeling.

"*You* have no reason to complain," he said. "He believes more than you do now. But he can never be what I wanted him to be. I don't want him to be gentle

and amiable: I want him to be arrogant, and to be of those who will tear the rich and proud from their places, strike them down,—I want him to strangle the rich, and choke all Christians that preach submission."

Mrs. Ward, frightened, put her hand on his arm. He shook it off.

"This is so different," she began,—“so different!"

"It *is* different!" he said, his eyes glowing. "I have been living up to a lie. There is nothing worth working for in this world but power, and wealth is power. And the sweetest work of all is to crush the proud." He shook his fist in the direction of Major Conway's house.

"O James," his wife said, in a low, frightened tone, "you must not talk so! It really pains me. You speak as if you would—"

"As if I would commit murder? I have committed murder. I have murder in my heart now. I must tell you, though it kill you,—I can't keep it down any longer. I must confess to somebody. I"—he lowered his voice, but his words were very clear,—"*I murdered Major Conway!* I could have saved him, but I did not. And I am not sorry, the cursed, insolent, purse-proud beggar-on-horseback! Yes, I really killed Dion Conway."

His wife had clutched his arm again; but, as he spoke the last words, her grasp relaxed; she fell to the ground, her face white and drawn. He stooped to lift her. Well, the truth was told; he was glad of it. Two divided the secret now. As he lifted her, he saw that Willie had arisen and was staring at him with eyes full of horror. He had heard, too.

Ward felt somebody near him as he laid the senseless form of his wife upon the bench. It was Father Haley, who had turned the corner abruptly.

"There is something wrong with you, man," the priest said, sternly. "The devil's in your eye."

"And in my heart," Ward answered. "Take care of Willie and her. They belong to the priests."

He dropped his pipe from his trembling lips; it broke in fragments on the ground. Through his mind floated the horrible words of the Persian poet:

"The stars are setting, and the caravan
Starts for the dawn of Nothing,—
Oh, make haste!"

(To be continued.)

A Laureate of Our Lady.

BY THE REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

(CONCLUSION.)

THERE is an objection sometimes raised, and which may get room just here. The purpose of it will be stated later on. This objection is so well put and so well answered by St. Thomas, Bishop, that we give it in his words. "As I was pausing and thinking," he writes, "how it was that when the Evangelists wrote at length and in detail about John the Baptist and the other Apostles, about the Virgin Mary, whose life in dignity excelled all others, they speak so briefly,—why, I say, was it not handed down to memory how she was conceived, as it is told of John the Baptist; how born, how nurtured; with what gifts endowed, with what manners adorned; how she acted with her Divine Son made man, how she conversed with Him, how she lived with the Apostles after His Ascension? Great things surely were these, and worthy to be related, and which would have been read with the greatest piety by the faithful and welcomed by the nations. For who can doubt that wonderful things took place at the time of her birth and childhood, and that when a maiden she was a monument of virtue to all the ages?"

"As I was pondering over these things—why a book was not written about the

Acts of the Virgin, as about those of St. Paul—nothing else came to my mind (for it would be nothing less than rash and impious to accuse the Evangelists of negligence) than that it so pleased the Holy Ghost, and that it was by His counsel the sacred writers remained silent; wherefore because the glory of the Virgin, as we read in the Psalms, was wholly from within, and is better meditated on than described, it suffices for her full and entire history to state that 'of her Jesus was born.' What more do you ask? What further do you require in the Virgin? It is sufficient for you that she is Mother of God."

This, too, is the one, all-sufficient argument running through Mr. De Vere's beautiful work:

Mary's was no transient bliss,
Nor hers a vision's phantom gleam;
The hourly need, the voice, the kiss,—
That Child was hers: 'twas not a dream.

At morning hers; and when the sheen
Of moonrise crept the cliffs along;
In silence hers, and hers between
The pulses of the nightbird's song.

And as the Child, the love. Its growth
Was, hour by hour, a growth in grace:
That Child was God; and love for both
Advanced perforce with equal pace."

"For who can doubt that great things took place at the time of her birth?" says St. Thomas, just quoted. Of that sacred birth Mr. De Vere writes:

When thou wert born, the murmuring world
Rolled on, nor dreamed of things to be;
From joy to sorrow madly whirled,—
Despair disguised in revelry.

So was it with the people, just as St. John says of them at the birth of Mary's Divine Son: "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him; and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them He gave power to be made the sons of God."

Mr. De Vere continues:

A Princess thou of David's line,
The Mother of the Prince of Peace
That hour no royal pomps were thine;
The earth alone her boon increase

Before^{*} thee poured. 'September* rolled
Down all the vine-clad Syrian slopes
Her robes of purple and of gold;
And birds sang loud from olive tops.

The respirations of the year,
At least, grew soft. O'er valleys wide
Pine-roughened crags again shone clear;
And the great Temple, far descried,

To watchers watching long in vain,
To patriots grey, in bondage nursed,
Flashed back their hope—"the Second Fane
In glory shall surpass the First."

How human and how delightful to drop into that carol headed "Nihil Respondit!"

She hid her face from Joseph's blame,
The Spirit's glory-shrouded Bride:
The sword comes next; but first the shame:
Meekly she bore it—nought replied.

Her humbleness no sin could find
To weep for; yet that hour no less
Deeplier the habitual sense was shrined
In her, of her own nothingness.

That hour foundations deeper yet
God sank in her; that so more high
Her greatness, spire, and parapet
Might rise, and nearer to the sky.

He tells how Joseph's fears were removed,—“the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream”:

'Twas not her tear his doubt subdued,
No word of hers announced her Christ:
By him in dream that angel stood
With warning hand. A dream sufficed.

And, then, how exquisite the address to St. Joseph in that same carol!

Hail, image of the Father's might,
The Heavenly Father's human shade!
Hail, silent King, whose yoke was light!
Hail, foster-sire, whom Christ obeyed!

Hail, warder of God's Church beneath,
Thy vigil keeping at her door,
Year after year, at Nazareth!
So guard, so guide us evermore.

On the Feast of the Visitation our poet sings:

The hilly region crossed with haste,
Its last dark ridge discerned no more;
Bright as the bow that spans a waste,
She stood beside her cousin's door.

Let us hear him for a moment in some rural scene; in this he is absolute master:

* September 8, feast of Mary's birth.

Ascending from the convent grates,
The children mount the woodland vale.
'Tis May-Day eve; and Hesper waits
To light them, while the western gale

Blows softly on their bannered line;
And lo! down all the mountain stairs
The shepherd children come to join
The convent children at their prayers.

It will be allowed to quote here, as again exhibiting the master-hand revealing in rural scenery, the delightful poem, "Adolescentulæ Amaverunt te Nimis" (The maidens have loved thee exceedingly):

Behold the wintry rains are past,
The airs of midnight hurt no more;
The young maids love thee. Come, at last!
Thou lingerest at the garden door.

The idea is taken from the Canticles; and the singer or caller is supposed to be calling to one whose name he is unwilling to mention. He proceeds (the name, of course, is Mary's):

Blow over all the garden; blow,
Thou wind that breathest of the south,
Through all the alleys winding low,
With dewy wing and honeyed mouth!

But whereso'er thou wanderest, shape
Thy music ever to one name.
Thou, too, clear stream, to cave and cape
Be sure thou whisper of the same.

By every isle and bower of musk
Thy crystal clasps, as on it curls,
We charge thee breathe it to the dusk,
We charge thee breathe it in thy pearls.

The stream obeyed; that name he bore
Far out above the moonlit tide.
The breeze obeyed; he breathed it o'er
The unforgetting pine, and died.

The poet finds in the longing of the human heart for the coming of the May a likeness to the longing of creation waiting for Mary's coming. Here again he is seen in rural scenery:

The infant year with infant freak,
Intent to dazzle and surprise,
Played with us long at hide-and-peek;
Turned on us now, now veiled her eyes.

Between the pines forever green,
And boughs by April half attired,
She glanced; then sang, once more unseen,
"The unbeheld is more desired."

With footsteps vague and hard to trace,
She crept from whitening bower to bower;
Now bent from heaven her golden face,
Now veiled her radiance in a shower.*

Like genial hopes, and thoughts devout
That touch some sceptic soul forlorn,
And herald clearer faith, and rout
The night, and antedate the morn,

Her gifts. But thou, all-beauteous May,
Art come at last. Oh, with thee bring
Hearts pure as thine with thee to play,
And own the consummated spring!

Wherever we open the volume we are tempted to read on. Here, for instance (Fest. Epiphaniæ):

They leave the land of gems and gold,
The shining portals of the East;
For Him, the "Woman's Seed" foretold,
They leave the revel and the feast.

To earth their sceptres they have cast,
And crowns by kings ancestral worn;
They track the lonely Syrian waste,
They kneel before the Babe new-born.

O happy eyes that saw him first!
O happy lips that kissed His feet!
Earth slakes at last her ancient thirst;
With Eden's joy her pulses beat.

He, He is King, and He alone,
Who lifts that infant hand to bless;
Who makes His Mother's knee His throne,
Yet rules the starry wilderness.

Behold how the poet makes everything
sing of Holy Mary:

O Cowslips, sweetening lawn and vale;
O Harebells, drenched in noontide dew;
O Moon, white Primrose, Wind-Flower frail,
The song should be of *her*, not you!

The May-breeze answered, whispering low,
"Not *thine*; they sing her praises best;
Yet song her grace in theirs can show;
Her claims they prove not, yet attest.

"Beneath all fair things round thee strewn
Her beauty lurks, by sense unseen;
Who lifts their veil uprears a throne
In holy hearts to Beauty's Queen."

Was it not St. Teresa that plucked a flower, and, catching the scent of it, her mind recollected, as if by lightning flash, that from all eternity God had decreed that flower to remind her of Him, and had looked to that moment to see what her

* This verse describes to a nicety our Irish April weather.

adoration of Him at that moment would be; and then, bowing down, adored Him with all her soul? Am I right or wrong again in attributing to St. Anthony the story of going through the fields and begging the flowers to cease their reproaching him with his want of love of God? "Hush! hush!" he said. Were not these saints uplifting the veil, and thereby uprearing a throne?

It is wonderful what a communion with nature Mr. De Vere seems to hold; and, if anything, even more wonderful still is the way he uses and adapts this knowledge. In his "Pastor Æternus" we have a magnificent simile. In Hebrews we read: "They shall perish, but Thou shalt remain; and all things as clothing shall grow old, and as a garment Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed; but Thou art always the same, and Thy years shall not fail." Now, the poet, in his "Pastor Æternus" (Eternal Shepherd), wants to give to human thought a simile at once of change and unchangeableness. Nothing is so changeable and fickle as a shadow; nothing so unchangeable as the huge, lofty mountains. The mountain typifies, to his thought, the eternity of God; the shadow, the changeableness of created things.

Some peak athwart the mountains flung
A crownèd shadow creeping slow.

Still crept it onwards. Vague and vast,
From ridge to ridge the mountains o'er,
That king-like Semblance slowly passed;
A shepherd's crook for staff it bore.

The shepherd's crook is type of the
adorable Humanity.

The airy pageant died with day,
The hills, the worlds themselves, must die:
But Thou remainest such alway:
Thy Love is from eternity.

In his preface Mr. De Vere says: "Mary has a peculiar office also relative to her Son's human character. Parallel mountain ranges help us far more to conceive height than a single range could do, although the highest; and thus the spotless humanity of Mary, when duly

pondered, is a great assistance to us in conceiving the human character of Our Lord, the altitudes of which we can not always measure with entire reverence." We find this thought beautifully illustrated in his "Turris Eburnea":

The scheme of worlds, which vast we call,
Is only vast compared with man;
Compared with God, the One yet All,
Its greatness dwindles to a span.

A lily with its isles of buds
Asleep on some unmeasured sea,—
O God, the starry multitudes,
What are they more than this to Thee?

Yet girt by Nature's petty pale,
Each tenant holds the place assigned
To each in Being's awful scale;—
The last of creatures leaves behind

The abyss of nothingness: the first
Into the abyss of Godhead peers,
Waiting that vision which shall burst
In glory on the eternal years.

Tower of our Hope! through thee we climb
Finite creation's topmost stair;
Through thee from Sion's height sublime
Toward God we gaze through clearer air.

Infinite distance still divides
Created from creative power;
But all which intercepts and hides
Lies dwarfed by that surpassing Tower.

From these extracts it can at once be seen the sublime nature of this poetry,—sublime objectively and subjectively. Of those who read this book there will be only one class disappointed—the class that think they can read as they run. Mr. De Vere in all his works is worth pondering on. No one taking up one of his works, and more particularly his "Ancilla Domini; or, May Carols," need be afraid that it is time going to be lost. On the contrary, it is time and knowledge and reverence about to be gained. But if so, it is, as with everything valuable, at some cost,—at the cost of reading carefully, and often of reading even a second time; nay, the present writer confesses he has sometimes read a third time; but then with such an overflowing satisfaction that he has more than once shut the book, as if his enjoyment would let him read no more.

A Golden Deed and Its Reward.

 BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

I.

A BURNING day on the burning shore of Africa. A company of French soldiers, in a forced march through the arid desert, were now obliged to climb a rocky hill, bare of all vegetation. Never once during the march had they met with a spring or well of water. Their water cans were empty, and they were worn with fatigue and heat. Some had fallen to die in the route, and were left to their fate. And now, as the soldiers reached the foot of the hill they had to climb, a young lieutenant dropped out of the line and sat down. The others passed on, and he was soon alone.

He thought a little rest would restore him, but he felt unable to rise. Thirst, a burning thirst, consumed him. One thought possessed his mind. Was it possible to procure a draught of water? If not, he must die. He felt he was dying. He thought of his native France and of his family. He saw in his mind's eye the mill-stream near his father's house. How he used to love to watch the water tumbling over the mill-wheel like a miniature waterfall, and to catch the spray! Oh, for one drop of that water what would he not give!

He lay on the hot ground, his eyes closed, when suddenly he heard a voice:

"Why, Lieutenant, what is the matter?"

"I am dying of thirst," said Amedius de Mail. "Give me a drink of water in the name of God!"

"Well, I have some water in my can," said the soldier; "I was saving it for myself, but in God's name drink it."

The officer took a long draught, and rose to his feet. "May God reward you!" he said. "You have saved my life."

"We must hasten on," said the soldier. "I see Arabs in the distance."

"Did you enter the army by your own wish?" asked Amedius of his companion.

"No, no! I drew a bad number in the conscription. But no matter now; I am content. I am a Parisian. My mother sells vegetables. Now, while we are roasting like chestnuts in the fire, she is calling out: 'Green peas and fresh asparagus!' She writes to me and tells me to take care of myself. Goodness me! what would she say if she saw me now?"

"You will soon rise from the ranks," said Amedius. "You have been educated."

"Well, yes. I was six years at the Christian Brothers' school. But look here, Lieutenant. There are two things in my body which do me much injury—my shoulders and my tongue. I shrug the first and I wag the second. Therefore I shall never be a sergeant. Never mind,—I'm all right."

Amedius looked at the merry-hearted fellow. He was a true Parisian, capable of much good as well as of much evil. Then his eyes wandered over the fine view that was visible as they ascended the hill.

"How beautiful it is!" said the officer.

"Why," replied the soldier, "I am sure I have seen much finer scenery at the opera. Our Breton soldiers are always saying, 'Oh!' and 'Ah!' A Parisian is never surprised. We have camels and serpents and palm-trees in the zoölogical gardens, and Arabs selling cigars in the streets; and at the theatres you can see mountains and the sea, and everything of that kind. There is nothing new to a Parisian. But Paris—how I wish I could see it!"

By this time they had reached the summit of the hill and found their comrades had halted; for water and shade had been found at last.

Before Amedius took leave of his companion, he thanked him warmly for his kindness and asked his name.

"Nothing to thank me for, Lieutenant. I only wish I could have given you champagne. My name is Henry Lacost at your service."

That night Amedius had a strange dream. It seemed to him that, consumed with burning thirst, he saw before him a stream of running water, and that he eagerly approached and drank of it. And then, looking to see from whence this fresh and sparkling water flowed, he beheld it gushing forth between the stones of an altar.

II.

"What! is it really you, my dear Amedius,—you in a cassock, my old comrade in the Military College? I thought you were a colonel by this time, and behold you are a priest!"

Father Amedius pressed his friend's hand as he answered:

"God makes use of every means to bring us to Him. In my youth I thought I was called to be a soldier; and, in spite of my mother's gentle opposition, I went to the Military College. I persevered, although my health was far from good, and though I disliked the course of study. But I was happy when I left college and saw active service. I was sent to Africa. At first I liked fighting exceedingly, but by degrees I grew weary and I sighed after something higher. And a story I heard one day by chance decided me."

"What story was it?"

"One both simple and sublime. Some soldiers were taken prisoners by the Arabs. They were given their choice, apostasy or death. These poor soldiers, ignorant and simple peasants, never hesitated: they all died martyrs of the faith they had learned at their mother's knee. They died ignorant of the glory with which they were covering themselves before God and before men, gathering without their knowledge a glorious palm. This history made a great impression on me. 'How beautiful!' I said to myself. 'Happy are the simple-hearted!

Surely it is better worth my while to preach and spread a faith which can work such miracles in souls than to spend my life dreaming of promotion and decorations. So, when peace was declared and I was named captain, I sent in my resignation, returned to France, and entered the seminary. In course of time I was ordained, and here I am."

"Why were you sent to this wretched little town?"

"I am chaplain to the Military Hospital, so I still live among soldiers."

"And are you really happy, Amedius?"

"Indeed yes. I desire only one thing—that I might serve God better."

Here the conversation between the two old friends was interrupted. A soldier came up to the chaplain.

"Please, Father, you are wanted in the prison. The Governor wishes to see you."

"What! are you prison chaplain also?" asked his friend.

"Oh, yes! I fill both posts, as you see. Adieu, dear Philip, for the present."

Amedius went quickly to the prison; the Governor said to him:

"A prisoner has just been brought in, condemned to death by court-martial. He has made an appeal to the King, but it will surely be refused. When intoxicated he killed one of the sergeants, and he bore a bad character before that. I fear you will find him very hardened."

"I must hope in God's mercy," said the priest. "What is the poor fellow's name?"

"Henry Lacost."

"Why, I know him!"

"Do you? Well, then, I have some hope of your success. You knew him when you were in the army?"

"Yes, Governor; and I knew him to do a deed which I believe will not pass unrewarded."

The chaplain went to the chapel and knelt in prayer. "My God and my Lord," he said, "deign to remember what this unfortunate man one day did for me; and

by that cruel thirst which Thou didst bear upon the Cross have pity on his soul! I appeal to Thy divine promise—let the cup of cold water be repaid by everlasting life."

He found the unhappy man wearing a strait waistcoat and his feet chained together. He looked quite impassive when the chaplain entered.

"I have come to see you, my friend," said the priest, kindly; "and to offer you my help. Our holy religion has wonderful consolations for a terrible moment like this."

"Thank you, sir," said Henry, in a hard voice, "for your good intention; but I do not need such assistance. I know how to die without it. I struck an unfortunate blow when I had not my senses about me. I am punished for that. It is just: who breaks the glass must pay for it; only the suspense is horrible."

"You have appealed for pardon, I believe?"

"Yes: my lawyer advised me to do so. But I expect nothing—nothing; and I wish it was finished and done with."

"When that is finished, my friend, do you think there will be an end of everything?"

"What! You think I believe in all that stuff about souls and eternity! No, no! When the body is dead all is over; and you will see that Henry Lacost will not be afraid when the moment comes."

Amedius thought it best to change the subject.

"Can I be of use to you in any way?" he asked. "Have you any relations, any family?"

"Yes. I have an old mother. This will be a terrible blow to her. She fretted when, after my seven years were up, I remained in the army; and it was a stupid blunder on my part. It was drink that did it,—drinking spirits has brought me here. I swear to you, sir, I am not a good-for-nothing. When I am sober I wouldn't harm a dog, but when I have taken too much I can't bear contradiction. And

because my sergeant-major was always crossing and tormenting me, this misfortune befell me. Well, well! If I am allowed to sell my watch and a few trifles I have, I should like to send the money to my mother."

"That shall certainly be done," said the priest. "And you may be sure in future she shall find a friend in me."

"Thanks, sir! I wish I could do what you desire, to oblige you; but I can not. I have no faith. I want to die as I have lived, gay and fearless."

He was greatly moved; and, to conceal it, he began to sing an idle song.

"Oh, don't sing!" said the chaplain. "Brave men are always serious at the hour of death."

"That's true," said Henry. "I'll be as grave as a mule."

Amedius now took leave. But if he had not been able to speak of God to the prisoner, he spoke much of the prisoner to God.

Next day he went back to the cell, and found Henry in a very nervous, excited state.

"Has a pardon come?" cried the culprit, eagerly.

"No answer has yet arrived," replied the chaplain.

"The reason I ask," said Henry, "is that, after all, life is sweet. I am only thirty-four and in good health. I am not afraid of a few years in prison. I should like to live on. The King will have mercy; don't you think so, sir?"

"Alas! my friend, I am not hopeful. Make your peace with God. He is the all-merciful King, who will not only accept your repentance, but give you a place in His kingdom."

"Don't talk to me about that!" cried Henry, furiously. "Let me hope on. I want to be left alone. Don't bother me! What right have you to come here? Am I condemned also to endure your presence?"

"No, you are not. But if you knew what a regard I have for you, I am sure you would not banish me."

The prisoner was touched, and tears filled his eyes.

"I don't want to pain you," he said, "you are so good to me; but don't talk to me of this stuff."

The next day the chaplain made no progress with Henry, but he made every effort to touch the Heart of his Divine Master. He passed the night in prayer, and gave large alms to the poor. The following day he learned that the appeal was refused. He went to the prisoner, and found him looking very haggard.

"The appeal?" he cried out, eagerly.

The priest cast down his eyes and was silent.

"It's all over, then?" said Henry. "I am done for. I must die." And he began to shiver and turned white. The terror of death had at last come upon him.

"My brother, my friend," said the chaplain, holding him in his arms, "offer God generously the sacrifice of your life. Put your confidence in Him, who did not refuse the prayer of the penitent Thief on the Cross."

"I," said Henry,—"*I* to hope! What have I ever done to give me a right to hope? I do not deceive myself. I know too well that if there is a God in heaven He will condemn me."

"That God will save you," said Amedius. "Look well at me. Do you not remember me?"

Henry, astonished, gazed at the priest, and shook his head.

"Do you not remember the young officer dying with thirst in Africa, to whom you gave the last drops of water from your canteen?"

"That was you?" gasped Henry.

"It was I. You saved my life. Can I do nothing for you? I am your friend—your grateful friend. Will you refuse when I implore you in God's name to make good use of the brief time that remains, and save your soul?"

"My crimes are too great."

"Oh, the mercy of God is far greater! Our Lord has not thirsted on the Cross in vain for you. He pleads your cause before His Father."

"You really believe all this?" asked Henry.

"I do indeed, with my whole heart."

"Well," said Henry, "you had a splendid future before you in the army, and you renounced it. Have you found anything better than riches and honors?"

"I have already found far better things, and I hope for still greater joy."

"Very well. I give myself into your hands. The memory you have recalled touches me. I was worth more than I am now; but as you take such an interest in me, a condemned criminal, I will not despair of myself. Speak to me of God."

Grace did its wondrous work. The load of sin was removed, and celestial light poured into the purified soul. Real contrition filled his heart. The wild, turbulent man became like a little child."

"How good God is!" said he. "What graces He has given me! Some years ago I heard His voice, but I would not listen. One of my comrades took me to a meeting of soldiers conducted by priests, who spoke to us of God and our souls. I grew weary, and would never go again. I lost that chance of amendment; and yet God was not weary of me: He sent you, my father, my brother, my saviour. The word of God is true, as you see. I remember how we learned the words at school with the Brothers: a cup of cold water given in His Name shall not lose its reward. Oh, if I could live over again, how many cups of cold water would I give!" added poor Henry.

He was shot that night, and went to his doom calmly, even joyfully. Just at the last moment he said to the chaplain:

"I die happy; for I shall never more offend the good God."

His companions pitied his fate, but the chaplain thought rather they should envy him.

Memories of Hawaii.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.—THE TROPICAL METROPOLIS.

IN the collections of Essays upon the Streets of the World I find two notable omissions. There is no mention made of that startling little strip of hades, away down yonder in Papeeti, Tahiti, known as *La Petite Pologne*; nor is there, so far as I have searched, any reference to the long, narrow, sunny vale just back of Honolulu, through which runs Nuuanu Avenue. Nuuanu Avenue begins down among the whalers on the skirts of the calm, reef-girdled harbor; it does not end until it reaches the jumping-off place, up among the clouds that veil the brow of the famous Pali.

Down by the sea it smells of oil and is littered with all sorts of nautical rubbish. The sun seems to glow incessantly over that particular quarter; it is like a furnace seven times heated. There are staring white store-houses, that blind one in the blazing light; and queer old coral structures, two or three of them, that would make excellent backgrounds to George Cruikshank's etchings among the English Docks. There is a "Royal George," or some other wooden worthy, perched up under the gable of one of these rookeries. I wonder where he came from? At one time in his career he must have taken involuntary salt-water baths under the bowsprit of a tolerably large craft; but the brilliant coloring that once enlivened him is fading quite away; he is the sad effigy of a sole survivor.

Passing up the street out of this Tophet, shops of all descriptions line the way. Verandas, closely latticed, hang over fragrant fruit-stalls; and from the narrowest passages conceivable issue streams of busy or idle natives, who have always a

greeting for those within hailing distance. Here, in the twilight, the wreath-makers display their wares; for each Hawaiian, male or female, must wear about the brow or neck some flowery girdle.

Queen Emma's mansion was not far from here.

It does not take long to get out of the heart of Honolulu. Vegetable gardens interspersed with bits of unkept shrubbery—veritable jungles, though tame ones,—these divide the suburban residences. The street very gently ascends the valley; the hills rise gradually at the farther edge of the gardens and pasture lands on each side of the road. Now you begin to realize the deliciousness of the climate. Sharp, sudden showers sweep over the upper end of the avenue, where it climbs in between the twin mountains that overtop it; they are the magnificent Termini of beautiful Nuuanu.

Fields of cane, taro patches, and clusters of native huts—thatched to the heels with soft brown thatch,—give a half savage air to the distant prospect; you seem to have driven out of one latitude into another. Here there are cool bungalows, where business men of the city may seek rest early in the afternoon, returning to their offices the next morning. It is not always business before pleasure in this climate. Indeed—save on steamer day—if there is anything to be postponed, 'tis pretty sure to be business.

There are tennis parties upon the lawns, and croquet is not wholly out of fashion. There are women fanning themselves by low, broad, open windows, with an air of exquisite leisure. There are bits of wild forest that would bewitch a landscape gardener, and the noise of waterfalls beyond green hedges but a stone's-throw distant; while by the roadside gurgle impetuous rivulets, that feed a hundred private bath-houses 'twixt here and town. Two palaces partly reveal themselves in the midst of umbrageous foliage; and as

the avenue, a little nearer town, cuts directly through a cemetery, it here seems to take final leave of man and his habitations. The valley has grown narrow and become a wild, wooded canyon, down which the trade-wind rushes, and over which the clouds brood almost always. You drive through a succession of warm, gauzy showers, and out into the sunshine again; but ahead of you the rain is falling heavily, and a radiant rainbow spans the far end of the street like a triumphal arch.

When you have driven into the deep, fragrant, and windy chasin, and the mountain walls begin to close in about you, 'tis time to call a halt. The beasts are fagged. You are puzzled as to your future—if 'tis your first visit to the Pali. Now the road takes a sudden turn and disappears. You alight; the vehicle is driven into a sheltered nook, lest, being delivered of our fleshly burden, the wind might bear it hence.

With caution you step forward, and come suddenly upon the brink of an abyss of flowers. A thousand feet under you sweep leagues of undulating lowlands, cushioned with greenest grass and fields of juicy cane; beyond is the sapphire sea, and a single palm-tipped islet. Palms, like plumed sentinels, guard the surf-beaten shore; there stretch the rain-fed pastures, and over the green meadow-carpet the white flocks drift like thistle down.

All these islands have a backbone, and it is apt to be a very high one. In most cases this spinal mountain range divides the land into windward and leeward slopes. On the one hand is prodigal fertility, where the ungathered fruits ripen and decay, and the flowers blossom and go to seed in unvisited solitude. On the other are bare, burnt slopes, ridged, wrinkled, gutted, torn half asunder by forgotten convulsions of nature, these scars remaining to tell the awful tale. There the land is tanned in the eternal sunshine, thirsting to death in the almost perpetual

drought; the scanty herbage is starved to a skeleton; nothing but the faithful, patient, long-suffering cocoa-palms can endure such dire neglect, and these stand fast, and ornament a landscape that would otherwise be piteous in its extremity; there they will stand and bear their fruits and endure all things gratefully, so long as the hand of progress leaves them to their fate. Two God-given angels bring life and hope to the wayfarer in the desert—these are the fountain and the palm!

From the crest of Nuuanu Avenue, long ago when it was a trackless jungle, Kamehameha I., the Napoleon Bonaparte of Hawaii, drove his enemies like sheep before him. Having forced them into this narrow passage, from whence there was no retreat, in desperation they cast themselves from the precipice, and their broken bodies were showered upon the forest a thousand feet below. From this dizzy height one sees the ocean laving the opposite shores of the island; and, though the contrast is not so pronounced upon the dorsal ridge of Oahu, one may mark the glory and the shame of all mountainous islands that lie in the track of the trade-wind.

After long years this is the state in which I find Hawaii. It is much changed, and, doubtless from a practical point of view, for the better. In my mind I am continually drawing comparisons; I can not help it, for some of the changes in life hereabout are almost past belief.

In the old days the small propeller *Kilauea* wallowed between the islands of the group, tickled her ribs on the reef at intervals, but miraculously held together in the tumultuous seas until she was deposed by a fleet of eight tight little steamers, more seaworthy and more regular in their habits. These busy boats have secured the inter-island travel, and are almost always crowded. I remember when we used to make a choice of schooners;

and in those days there was a choice, for some were a great deal worse than others. Then voyages were a battle with wind and tide. It is only seven or eight hours by steam to Lahama on the island of Maui, yet I was once three days in accomplishing that cruise. The sails beat themselves into rags. The sun boiled the pitch out of the seams, and at intervals there fell showers of tepid water. I never knew why we were so thwarted by the elements until an Hawaiian sage told me that there was a corpse in the hold. One might as well heave out the anchor as hope to sail with a corpse. There was also a horse, blind of one eye, in the fore-castle; and it were vain to mind the helm under such circumstances, for to follow the magnetic needle is beyond the range of possibility.

They are gone, the picturesque aggravations and the unique inconveniences that are so decorative in retrospect. Hawaii is at last hopelessly civilized. The telephone pipes its nasal treble from the umbrageous suburbs of the capital to the steaming centres of trade—back again, crosswise and every other way; the babyish wail of that exasperating convenience travels relentlessly. If the mosquito of this latitude could only speak, he would say his long grace before dining in precisely that tone of voice; and yet the telephone is universally popular. And now the iron horse is on Maui, Hawaii, and Oahu; and there is talk of a submarine inter-island cable. After this, what will be left wanting? Nothing will be left wanting for any length of time; you may be sure of it!

(To be continued.)

Beneath the Roses.

EXCEPT the pure and sinless child,
 Each soul in secret mourns;
 In life, as on the rosebush wild,
 The blossoms hide the thorns.

The Spanish Caravels.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

PERHAPS nothing in connection with the splendid Columbian Exposition gives one so forcible a realization of the courage and intrepidity of the great navigator, or more plainly shows that he felt himself to be the instrument of Providence, impelled to carry the faith to the unknown lands beyond the seas, than a view of the strange, medieval-looking ships now riding at anchor in Lake Michigan, with only a stretch of blue water between them and the beautiful White City of the World's Fair.

These, as is well known, are the counterparts of the fleet with which Columbus set sail from Palos on the 3d of August, 1492. Early in the present year, four centuries later, Spain again sent the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and the *Niña* forth upon the Atlantic; but this time to be her most appropriate and graceful tribute to the genius of the World Finder (to have aided whom must ever be the most brilliant record of her history), and to the Republic of the United States, at the celebration of the quadro-centennial of the discovery of America.

Built, equipped, and commissioned by the Spanish Government, they duly set out, the *Niña* and *Pinta* being towed across the ocean. The *Santa Maria* sailed by herself, and made the trip to Cuba in exactly the same number of days in which Columbus accomplished it,—a fact which proves his voyage the more marvellous; since, with a full knowledge of the route, and the aids enjoyed by the navigators of to-day, she made no better time. The three vessels arrived at Hampton Roads on April 22, amid a glorious greeting of cheers, the display of the Spanish colors upon every ship in the harbor, and thunderous salutes from the

great war-vessels of the most powerful nations of the earth, then gathered there.

From the first the passing of the caravels has been like a triumphal progress. In the naval pageant at New York they were the chief attraction, despite the presence of the mighty representatives of the armadas of Europe. From the mouth of the Hudson they continued up the coast to the St. Lawrence, passed down that historic river, and entered the straits of Detroit, on their course to the Great Lakes,—the vast inland ocean undreamed of for a hundred years after the time of Columbus, and which it was necessary to traverse to reach their anchorage near Chicago.

As they passed up the Detroit, with their escort of excursion steamers gay with bunting, and a whole fleet of yachts and small river craft following in their wake, while the guns of the fort pealed forth in welcome, the scene was one worthy of remembrance. Such also was the picture when, reaching Belle Isle, the tranquil spot in mid-stream where the river parts, the ships hove to, and dropped overboard the queer little kedges that serve them for anchors. Thus they rested upon the stream, as some strange sea-birds might rest at evening, before the sunrise which was to witness their venturing upon unfamiliar waters.

And all day long small row-boats shot out from the island beach, or came up from the Canadian shore or the city, and gathered like a flock of sea-gulls around the antique-looking caravels. There they lay, the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and the *Niña*, with their sails furled, but their pennants fluttering in the breeze. And about them on every side stretched the broad river, motionless as a painted sea, an expanse of flashing azure that turned to silver as the sun went down.

Then their colors were lowered, the sunset gun was fired from the *Santa Maria*, and the quiet of the Angelus hour settled

upon the scene. Along the western horizon the deep-rose clouds lingered long in the evening sky, making a poetic background to the dark masts and hulks of the caravels.

Above them soon shone the evening-star, and presently other stars came twinkling forth. The outlines of the strange vessels grew blacker and less defined, the sounds of festivity from the shore ceased; and from amid the shadows, as if it was half a dream, gleamed the lights of these Old-World ships, that seem to have come out to us across the ocean of time from the ports of the Ages of Faith.

Picturesque, stately and cumbrous, the caravels are yet scarcely larger than good-sized pleasure yachts, fit only for a summer cruise along the coast. "How did Columbus ever dare to venture out upon the unknown ocean with such frail, lumbering craft?" one asks oneself. And yet we read that, although having no chart of the way, no traditions of similar voyages to aid him, no guide but his mariner's compass, his conviction that he was right and his trust in God, it was with a brave heart that he set his course "due west."

An inspection of these ships makes one comprehend much more vividly than ever before the greatness of the Admiral's perils, the difficulties he had to encounter; and adds a hundredfold to one's admiration of his constancy to the purpose to which he had consecrated his life, and one's appreciation of the magnitude of his achievement.

The quaint construction of the three vessels, the ribs on the outside clamped together for strength, the high bows and stern, and the depression amid-ships in two of them, the queer rigging,—all give them an attractive appearance. The *Santa Maria*, the flagship which led the *Pinta* and *Niña*, and was the one in which Columbus himself sailed, is, of course, the most interesting. In shape it has some-

what the appearance of having been "scooped out in the middle"; and this low central deck is so very near the water-line that it seems as if the waves of an ocean storm sweeping in, and retained by the high bulwarks, must sink the ship. A ladder leads to the high fore-castle, and another to the poop deck. The *Santa Maria* is armed by four small antiquated cannon and four little guns called falconets; the originals of the breech-loading cannon of to-day. She has three masts, and is rigged with square and triangular sails. Aloft on the stern is a large iron lantern, the ancient insignia of an admiral.

In the open space under the poop deck are specimens of the arms used by the crew of Columbus; for in those times a sailor was something of a soldier as well. The most curious of all, however, are the large guns called "lombardia," which are fastened with ropes to the wooden blocks that serve as carriages; while near by, in a netted bag, hang some balls, which were the kind of projectiles then used. The old windlass for raising the anchors is interesting, too; as are the shields over the rails—the arms of Castile (castles and lions), of Aragon (gold with red bars), and of Sicily (the bars of Aragon and eagles); also the pennants bearing the arms of Spain; and above all the banner of the expedition, which displays the image of Christ Crucified.

The cabin of the *Santa Maria* is a *fac-simile* of that occupied by Columbus. Its furniture consists of a fifteenth century bedstead, a clothes-press, two antique chairs, and a plain table, on which are to be seen an ancient astrolabe and a fore-staff—instruments employed in his day for measuring the height of the stars; also the ship's compass and an inkstand. All these *look* old enough to have belonged to the Admiral of the ocean seas.

The walls are decorated with armor such as he wore, and swords, halberds, etc. But the object which first claims

attention in this simple cabin, and that to which the glance of those who are of the faith of Columbus returns with an understanding that it is a compendium of the whole story of the discovery of America, is a large painting of Our Lady with her Divine Child in her arms. There it hangs, as a similar picture hung when this great Christian navigator set sail from Palos. During the storms, the mutiny, the suspense, that sweet face cheered his anxious heart. The image of the gentle Madonna holding out to him the Infant Christ was a constant exhortation to him to persevere, that he might bear to the heathen living within the shadow of death the knowledge of the Redemption. Kneeling with his gaze fixed upon it, he uttered the ardent prayers that sustained his sublime courage; before it he cast himself, in the fervor of his thankfulness, after he had seen from the deck above, far off at the horizon, the glimmering light which proclaimed the discovery of land.

And it is beautiful to remember that the standard of the Cross and the image of the Madonna are as revered and held as sacred by the officers and crew of the *Santa Maria* to-day as then; for it is the glory of Spain that, whatever she has lost, she has been loyal to the faith which she sent Columbus forth to deliver to the New World.

A Forgotten Event.

A REMARKABLE episode in the history of the Roman Pantheon has been recalled by a paper in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. This event was no less than the exhumation of the remains of the "divine painter," Raphael, the artist pre-eminent among the many who delighted to place upon canvas the radiant face of Our Lady. Lives of Raphael are strangely silent as to his burial, or dismiss

it with a few inadequate words. Vasari, however, put on record that he was buried, at his own request, under the statue of the Madonna del Sasso in the Pantheon. In 1833 an association of Roman artists determined to settle the question once for all; and, after obtaining the required permission, undertook the search for the precious remains in the presence of a number of public functionaries, ecclesiastical and lay.

"Raphael provided in his will for the restoration of one of the antique tabernacles in the Church of S. Maria Rotonda, and expressed the wish to be buried there, under the new altar, and under a marble statue of Our Lady,"—thus had the historian of his time placed a guide-board to point a way in the centuries to come. For five days the men toiled without ceasing, and at noon on the 14th of September all that remained of the faithful servant of the Lady he loved to portray was exposed to view. The receptacle was hurriedly built; Raphael having died between Good-Friday and Easter eve, and been buried the next evening. The wall which protected the receptacle had ill done its part; water gradually leaked in, destroying the wood of the coffin and covering the bones with an earthy deposit. But portions of what had been Raphael were there, still so preserved that the composure of the body was evident, "with hands crossed on the breast, and the face looking up toward the Madonna del Sasso, as if imploring from her the peace of the just." The measurements corresponded with reliable information regarding Raphael; and there was still to be seen a "great roughness of the thumb," common to painters.

After a lapse of a few days the remains were reinterred as before, only with extra precautions; and again rested, as the great artist wished, under the protecting care of Our Lady, to await the morning of the resurrection.

Notes and Remarks.

It is authoritatively announced that his Holiness the Pope has consented to permit the members of the Vatican choir to go to Chicago; and not only to go there, but to sing there. This permission is almost without precedent, and is one more proof of the interest taken by the Holy Father in this great gathering together of the wonders of the earth to celebrate an event which meant so much for Christendom.

Think of the Papal choir singing the *Salve Regina*, the hymn Columbus loved above all others, on the shores of Lake Michigan, near the end of the nineteenth century! And think of the goodness of God, which guided the little fleet, and by which we are permitted to listen to the same devout song, which floated over the unknown water daily at sunset from the deck of the *Santa Maria!*

September 4, as we stated last week, is the time definitely settled upon for the opening of the Catholic Congress of the World's Fair; and there will not be too long a period beforehand in which to prepare for a creditable gathering. Mr. Harson, of Providence, R. I., has a number of practical suggestions to offer in regard to this worthy project. Catholic art should, he thinks, be given a liberal share of attention. The general public does not realize how many men, prominent as architects, sculptors and painters, are good Catholics as well. As to Catholic educators, any visitor to the Liberal Arts building does not need to be assured that the sessions of the Congress occupied with scholarly discussions proper will not lack interest. Mr. Harson mentions as another topic suitable for consideration the disarmament of nations.

The season of college commencements has been marked by two significant incidents. Harvard College has made Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University of America, a Doctor of Laws; and Yale has conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon the Rev. Dr. Sennott, of Seton Hall College. As an illus-

tration of the changed relations between the Church and the leading non-Catholic institutions, these actions are indeed notable; they bespeak the dissipation of that prejudice that has heretofore kept many good people outside the Church.

The season of college commencements has passed, and the fervid young Bachelor of something or other has not escaped the usual burden of useless advice, liberally seasoned with sarcasm. Among all this literary chaff it were a pity if a few grains of wheat were not to be found; and college graduates, old and young, might peruse with profit a recent editorial in the *Catholic Review*. Speaking of the most numerous class of graduates—those who, having exhausted their funds in the laudable work of educating themselves, must depend for a livelihood on the resources of a cultured mind and an upright heart,—our contemporary observes:

"This is where our Catholic college alumni societies might find a new ambition. Not that they ought to pet and foster their younger members so as to interfere with the proper growth of a spirit of self-reliance among them. But it would be a very excellent idea if every such society would keep a close watch on the career of its members, its younger and still unsuccessful ones; and be ready to lend a helping hand to each at the proper moment, so as to carry him over the most difficult places. The older and well-established lawyers, physicians, and business men of these societies would in this way, at the same time that they were putting a struggling youngster on the road to the success which his talents and virtues deserved for him, be doing something also to strengthen the standing of their college and their society."

The *Review's* suggestion is an excellent one, and the new fraternity would be productive of much good.

The new life of William George Ward is doubtless a valuable book, but it affords a striking instance of the peculiarities of judgment, to put it mildly, that editors sometimes evince in biographical work. If Dr. Ward ever really said of his children, "I am always informed when they are born, but know nothing more of them," the fact, we think, should not be paraded in his biography. Even after due allowance is made for the

eccentricities of the man, people will not be edified on reading the anecdotes about Dr. Ward's having "no affection for his children, *as such*." These fine distinctions may have a meaning for professional dialecticians; to ordinary minds they are the merest "buncombe," and the majority of English readers will regret that a man so great as Dr. Ward should have failed in his duty to his children during their earlier years. It is a mistake, as unfortunate as it is common, to think that the father of a family does his whole duty to his children when he feeds and clothes them, and that the attention of a mother is all-sufficient for their moral training. It requires the influence of both parents; and where this is wanting, there is a most important duty neglected.

Proverbs are venerable things, and perhaps they ought not to be tampered with; but it would really seem that the old saw about truth's being stranger than fiction must be changed to read "Truth is not strange in fiction." In the July number of *McClure's Magazine*, Mr. Thomas Hardy writes a story dealing with the time of Henry VIII. An old sea-dog returns home to find that his sister has innocently married a bigamist, and he warns the girl in these words: "The Sacrament of marriage is no safeguard nowadays. The King's new-made headship of the Church hath led men to practise these things lightly." If Mr. Hardy had been writing history instead of fiction, he might have hesitated to utter this truth.

The centre of devotion to St. Peter in England during Catholic times was the quaint old town of Peterborough, and it enjoyed many favors and immunities in consequence. When the great abbey church was completed, in the seventh century, the King made the town a free city, subject to Rome alone, and the abbot became the Pope's permanent legate. Pope Agatho decreed that "if any man have made a vow to go to Rome which he may not be able to perform, either from sickness, from his lord's need of him, from poverty or from any other cause that be, be he in England or any other island,

and he repair to the monastery of Peterborough, he shall receive the same absolution from the abbot and the monks, that he would have if he went to Rome."

For years, sad to say, there has been no Catholic church at Peterborough, and the old town has forgotten whence it has its name. But since the re-dedication of England to the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter, efforts have been made to revive this ancient devotion. Let us hope that, even if the Holy See should not see fit to restore the old-time privileges of Peterborough, the praise of St. Peter may be heard again within the walls of the old abbey, and his name be wafted like a message of peace over every valley in the land.

A weary girl behind a counter confided to a kindly customer that she must live through the summer without one breath of country air, so expensive were outings at best when one had little money. The next day a good woman, blessed with a home far outside the environs of the city, poured into the same listening ears her regret that she could find no one to help her through with her sewing. "A little help each day would be so much to me; and if there were some tired young woman—" "There is!" broke in her auditor; and by her prompt intervention two perplexed people were made happy.

This was the beginning of the Helping Hand Visitor's Club, an organization which finds the lonely and tired housewife in the country and the worn-out working-girl of the city, and, by bringing them together, gives to one much-needed assistance, and to the other an inexpensive vacation. It is one of the very practical and beautiful charities which would lend easily itself to Catholic methods, and we hope to see Catholic women organizing for a similar purpose in the near future.

While studying the early life of Bernadette at Lourdes, M. Zola visited the parish church, where the pious custom exists of drawing by lots a ticket, which obliges the holder to say five *Paters* and *Aves* for the souls in Purgatory according to the intention marked

on each several ticket. M. Zola drew No. 15, on which was written: "For souls who have been led away by pride." Whether Zola said the prayers or not we are not told; but we feel sure that the pious reader, in supplying the possible omission, will make a special memento for the holder of that ticket.

On the occasion of his last visit to Montreal, the Duke of Connaught presented a flag to be competed for by the various cadet corps of the city. On the 13th of last month, the contest took place on the Champ-de-Mars, Captain Gordon, of the regular service, being the inspecting officer. The flag was awarded to the cadet corps of St. Mary's College, amid enthusiastic applause. Their soldierly bearing and the perfection of their military drill, as well as their excellence in physical exercises, excited general remark. That evening the officers of the company carried the well-won banner into the Church of the Gesù, just before the Sacred Heart devotions, and placed it at the altar of Our Lady of Liesz. On the following morning they sang a *Magnificat* in thanksgiving for their victory, while on the actual morning of the contest they had received Holy Communion in a body.

"Remember the Alamo!" What scenes of blood and terror do those words bring to mind! The sole survivor of that awful massacre is still living in San Antonio, Texas, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and eight. There can be no doubt of this, as it is fully authenticated by the certificate of the priest who was her spiritual director in her childhood. Everyone in San Antonio knows Madame Candeleria, whom a newspaper man recently visited for the purpose of collecting information in regard to the stirring scenes in which she figured. Her voice retains its ancient mellow tones, and her account of the massacre was given in faultless Spanish. She was nursing Colonel Bowie, who was the victim of typhoid fever at the time; and was herself wounded in a vain attempt to shield him from the bayonets of the soldiers of Santa Anna.

New Publications.

CATHOLIC SCIENCE AND CATHOLIC SCIENTISTS. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C. H. L. Kilner & Co.

In his preface to this volume the author tells us that it was published "in response to numerous requests from patrons of the Catholic Summer School and members of various reading circles." Undoubtedly the book will be of general usefulness; but perhaps these people, more than others, will be helped by the lesson inculcated by the author—that "those who have been guided by the light of faith and Christian philosophy are precisely those who have achieved the greatest measure of success in the pursuit of knowledge."

The volume will not be entirely new to our readers: much of it has already appeared in THE "AVE MARIA" in the form of essays, which were afterward published in the form of booklets. But so much has been added, and the whole matter so thoroughly recast, that the book is virtually new. The first chapter is devoted to an accurate statement and a critical examination of the objections currently urged against the Church in the name of science; and this chapter alone ought to insure for the work a favorable reception. At a time when pretence counts for so much, and when the truths of science have become so hopelessly entangled in audacious theories, it is important to know just what has been established by scientific evidence, and exactly what the Church teaches on these points of contact. There are certainly many Catholics who still feel a lurking suspicion that, somehow, there does exist a conflict between the teachings of Reason and Revelation. How this illusion originated it might be difficult to explain, but this chapter will do much to dispel it.

"Catholic Scientists and their Achievements," and an emphatic distinction between "dogma" and "dogmatism" in practice, next claim the author's attention. The last chapter is entitled "The Friends and the Foes of Science," and in it another of the ghosts which ignorance has conjured up is remorselessly submitted to analysis by daylight. The

absurd claim that the cause of the modern scientific movement can be traced to the Reformation is exploded with some violence, and the title of the Church to the gratitude of scientists is clearly established. Books like this, which supply the answer to the vulgar spirit of negation so prevalent nowadays, have a real mission in the world, and we can not have too many of them.

SARANAC. A Story of Lake Champlain. By John Talbot Smith. The Catholic Publication Society.

Catholic novelists have not yet become so numerous, or their novels so abundant, in this fiction-reading age that a new story, by an author whose profession is a guarantee of its morality and healthiness of tone, is too commonplace an occurrence to awaken interest in Catholic reading circles; and hence we welcome Father Smith's latest contribution to the field of fiction. That it possesses genuine positive merit, as well as the negative one of containing nothing detrimental to faith and morals, need hardly be said of a writer whose previous stories have proved so deservedly popular. "Saranac" is a bright, well-constructed and entertaining novel, abounding in graphic description and piquant dialogue, and flushed with more than sufficient local color to justify its sub-title, "A Story of Lake Champlain." Mrs. Sullivan, Tim Grady and Madame La Roche are drawn true to life; and if the career of Amedée La Roche is somewhat ultra-romantic, the delightfully realistic description of the church fair and many other scenes is a fully adequate compensation. No reader will be inclined to skip any pages of "Saranac"; and most will probably finish it with the determination to recommend it to their friends, as we do to ours.

APPLES, RIPE AND ROSY, SIR. AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Catherine Crowley. THE "AVE MARIA."

Until of late there have been few real children in the stories written for the amusement and instruction of young people; and even to-day many books designed for children are of the type designated truly, if with little respect, as "goody-goody" stories, in which weak sentimentality prevails. Boys and girls

must read, and they must have good material to read; and we know of no Catholic writer who comes nearer the needs of young people than does Mary Catherine Crowley. Some of the stories from her pen which have appeared in the Youth's Department of THE "AVE MARIA" have been collected and bound in neat, attractive form, under the taking title of the first in order—"Apples, Ripe and Rosy, Sir." Every line is bright and interesting, and must appeal to every bright and interesting boy and girl in the land. We may congratulate the young people on this addition to their special line of literature.

MEDITATIONS AND DEVOTIONS OF THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN. Longmans, Green & Co.

The name of Cardinal Newman appeals not only to the minds but to the hearts of Catholics; and anything bearing his impress must be received with thanksgiving, for we are truly grateful for what we rightly value. In this volume we find meditations on the mysteries of religion most dear to us; and whether it is of our Blessed Mother or of her Divine Son, of the evils of sin or of its forgiveness, that John Henry Newman speaks, it is always with an authority that carries conviction. The form of the late Cardinal's writings has not been followed exactly, but the spirit has not been changed; and we trust that the beautiful thoughts which animated him may find resting-place in the hearts of many who are standing in doubt at the portal of truth.

PIETRO GHISLERI. By Marion F. Crawford. Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Crawford's admirers are legion; and a pleasant quality in them is that they are always willing to find something to admire, even when his work scarcely justifies enthusiasm. "Pietro Ghisleri" is one of the novels in which one must seek for something to admire. It deals with Roman social life. Some of the characters of "Saracinesca" and "Don Orsino" appear in it,—that is, they pass across the scene. The heroines are Laura Arden, an Anglican, and her step-sister, Adèle, a Catholic. Adèle is a fiend; though, as Mr. Crawford explains, her religion has nothing to do with that. Adèle uses the

latest scientific discoveries to wreak hatred on her rival, Laura; finally becoming a victim to the morphine habit, and a hopeless wreck. Mr. Crawford's hero, Pietro, is a *roué* with whom the author seems to have a certain sympathy. The novel is a disappointment, though here and there a brilliant passage flashes out.

A LADY: MANNERS AND SOCIAL USAGES. By Lelia Hardin Bugg. Benziger Brothers.

This little handbook of etiquette for young ladies is timely and to the point. It contains, in a few chapters, all that is needed by them to meet the requirements of what is called society, and touches upon the salient points of deportment in all phases of life. The compiler states in her introduction that she has followed Mrs. Sherwood and other standard authorities in her directions and recommendations. The remarks on manner and manners are especially good, and might be commended to all classes of persons. The workmanship of the book is beyond fault.

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. John Wittmer, a pioneer priest of the Congregation of the Precious Blood, whose devoted life closed peacefully on the 20th ult., at Maria Stein, Ohio.

The Rev. Charles B. McKenna, of the Archdiocese of New York, who was drowned on the 15th ult.

Sister Patricia, of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C., who passed away on the 31st ult. She was ninety-three years of age, and had been a professed religious for forty-five years.

Mr. Joseph A. Walker, who departed this life on the 24th ult., in New Orleans, La.

Master James P. Coady, whose sudden but not unprovided death took place on the 20th ult., in Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Thomas F. Brady, of Bradish, Neb., who breathed his last on the 18th ult.

Mrs. Susanna K. Sweeny, of San Francisco, Cal., whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a happy death on the 11th ult.

Mrs. Margaret Birch and Miss Margaret Anderson, of Patterson, N. J.; Mrs. Margaret Dwyer, St. Paul, Minn.; and Miss Ellen Keefe, New Brunswick, N. J.

May they rest in peace!



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

A Great Prelate and His Little Penitent.



LITTLE Edmund was about fifteen years of age when suddenly, without any apparent cause, he felt one of his legs attacked by a disease, that baffled medical skill, and soon deprived him of the use of the limb. As will be easily imagined, this was a great trial, not only for the lad himself, but also for his parents, who lived

with him in Paris, and whose means were anything but large. Happily, they were devout Catholics; and, while neglecting none of the remedies prescribed by the physicians, they had recourse with still greater confidence to the supernatural help which faith suggests.

Edmund's father and mother, though quite unknown to Mgr. de Ségur, felt prompted to recommend their son to the prayers of this apostle of youth, trusting he might condescend to visit their dear sufferer and encourage him to bear his heavy cross with cheerfulness. The good prelate came without delay; and, having found the boy remarkably pious and resigned, he promised to renew his visit often; although the boy's residence was in the parish of Notre Dame des Champs,

a long way from the Rue du Bac. These visits were a great comfort to the lad, and were eagerly looked forward to. When Mgr. de Ségur was obliged to interrupt or postpone them, with that considerate kindness so peculiarly his own, he used to warn Edmund by a few hurried lines, in order to prevent or soften the disappointment. The following letter was written on one of these occasions; it bears the stamp of simplicity, a virtue remarked by all who knew the illustrious prelate.

MY DEAR LITTLE EDMUND:—Prevented from seeing you to-day, and starting to-morrow morning for the country, I wish to bless you before leaving Paris; and also to urge you to be meek and humble of heart, resigned and cheerful. Make your confession to the good Abbé Hello, and try to have nothing to tell him. I shall remember you constantly at the Holy Sacrifice.

Good-bye, my dear boy! By your prayers help me to succeed in the missions I am about to preach in Amiens and Boulogne. I embrace you with the utmost affection, and congratulate you on being on the cross with our Divine Master. May His peace fill your dear little soul! I shall probably not be able to see you sooner than Thursday, 20.

✠ L. G. DE SÉGUR.

SUNDAY, 9.

Notwithstanding all the aid that medicine and surgery could afford, poor Edmund's state daily grew worse. It was

no longer an incessant twitching he felt in his leg, but an acute pain, that ran through it whenever it was touched, or whenever a sock was taken off or put on; at such times he involuntarily shrieked with pain. After a while he could no longer stretch out his leg, and the foot was so dislocated as almost to touch the calf. Poor child! henceforth he must walk on crutches, and be a cripple for life.

This happened in 1867. Just then there was much talk in Paris about a pious young girl who, in danger of death, had been suddenly cured after making a novena to the Blessed Virgin, and applying to her body a stocking of the Holy Father Pius IX. Mgr. de Ségur managed to procure the precious souvenir of the beloved Pope, and proposed to Edmund's afflicted parents that they begin together a novena to Mary Immaculate for the intentions of Pius IX.; and to make a vow if the recovery of their son was granted, to send him on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to Rome, where he would present His Holiness with his crutch. The morning of the first day of the novena Mgr. de Ségur brought Holy Communion to his little penitent. Two days before the close of the novena he made another call, and found the patient neither cured nor even relieved, but yet full of hope. "My child," he said, half jestingly, "if after to-morrow you are cured, you will come to dine with me at twelve."

On the day named Edmund arrived, at half-past eleven, at 39 Rue du Bac, where the holy prelate lived. He was perfectly cured, his countenance beaming with joy and gratitude. On that very morning, when his good mother applied the relic of Pius IX. to his deformed leg, reciting for the last time the accustomed prayers, he stretched out the distorted limb quite easily; the pain had vanished, and the happy boy jumped for joy round and round his room. Needless to say what an affectionate greeting he received from the warm-hearted and saintly prelate.

Edmund was now extremely anxious to accomplish his pilgrimage; he would have started for Rome immediately, but certain obstacles intervened to prevent the journey; and Mgr. de Ségur wrote to induce him to be patient:

MY DEAR LITTLE EDMUND:—Several weeks have gone by since you were burning to go to Rome to accomplish your vow: what must it be now, that the great Feast of St. Peter is approaching? You must be literally grilled, like a poor little beefsteak forgotten on the fire. Your good father is putting off the execution of your vow, in the hope of being able to accompany you himself; it will be far better and pleasanter for both. How have you spent the month of June? What natural defect have you fought against? And for the month of July what are your chief resolutions? This point is of extreme importance, and will help you to become a true Christian in a short time. Too often, in spiritual warfare, we content ourselves with repressing vices and cutting off evident sins, without paying sufficient attention to the roots of our natural defects, that grow over and over again. These natural defects are idleness, fickleness, giddiness, carelessness, stubbornness, weakness of the will, and ill temper. Consult your good mother, and your father too, that you may clearly discern your weak points. This struggle against our predominant defects is perhaps the most difficult of all, but it is very important. Prepare with great care for each Communion, and do not miss a single one through your own fault. Remain as long as possible interiorly united to your Saviour Jesus Christ; and, with Him, be gentle, humble, docile and strong.

Good-bye, my little friend! May Our Lady, St. Peter and St. Francis bless you, and help you efficaciously to become a great saint. I embrace you tenderly.

✠ L. G. DE SÉGUR.

JUNE 27, 1867.

The pilgrimage in question had again to be postponed. Edmund, in order to obtain the blessing of Heaven upon this great event of his life, strove strenuously to overcome his natural defects by the mortification of the senses. He experienced an attraction for penance very unusual, especially for one of his age. Deeming mortification a necessary element in the Christian life, Mgr. de Ségur gave him some valuable advice in the following letter:

MY DEAR CHILD:—The desire Our Lord gives you for penance can come only from Him, and you must thank Him very humbly for it. These little acts of penance which we do and wish to do are not much in themselves, but they have the great advantage of reminding us that we are nothing more than sinners; they serve to humble us, which is an excellent thing. Moreover, when united to the sufferings of our Saviour, they efface sin and call down mercy on our souls. When we meet in October we will talk again of the hairshirt; but till then you will wear bravely the hairshirt of obedience, humility and gentleness.

Secondly, try *never* to answer when you are scolded, or when you are bidden to perform some disagreeable task; neither answer nor sulk nor be sad. Thirdly, make a quarter of an hour's spiritual retreat when dressed in the morning. This is what is called meditation. It must be very simple, very peaceful, very affectionate, very ardent, and very solid.

Good-bye, my dear child! May the peace of Jesus inundate your heart with peace and grace! I bless you in His name and love you in His love.

✠ L. G DE SÉGUR.

LAIGLE (Orne), Aug. 24, 1867.

OUR tempers are like an opera-glass, which makes the object small or great according to the end you look through.—
Emile Souvestre.

The Hero of Ismail.

Probably there never was a more eccentric military commander than the great Russian General Suwaroff. His early life may have had something to do with confirming his peculiarities. He was a weak little child, hardly worth rearing, his friends laughingly declared. His parents, however, tried heroic methods with their sickly son. He was treated daily to shower-baths of cold water, and given the plainest food. The effect of this was to make him one of the hardest soldiers that ever drew a sword, and his mental powers kept pace with his physical development. He was utterly careless of his dress, and was often seen drilling his men in his shirt-sleeves, with his stockings in untidy rolls about his ankles. One of his most quaint habits was that of imitating the crowing of a cock—or a “rooster,” as Americans call it; and many times he would rise from his cot at midnight and start on a tour through the sleeping camp, saluting such soldiers as he found awake with a fine imitation of the voice of that familiar barnyard fowl.

On the night before the attack on Ismail, General Suwaroff made a characteristic address to his troops. “To-morrow morning,” he said, “I intend to get up an hour before sunrise, wash my face, say my prayers, give one good cock-crow, and then proceed to conquer Ismail.” Which programme was faithfully carried out.

The biographers of this famous General tell how he once circumvented the enemy by shrewdness as much as by force of arms. It was during the first Polish war. “We attack the enemy at cock-crow,” was the order speedily carried to every officer and man. A spy was in the camp, and he found his way to the enemy with this announcement: “At cock-crow to-morrow morning they will attack.” “We shall be ready,” said the opposing

general, ordering his men to an early rest, that they might be fortified for the engagement. But Suwaroff was on the watch; and early in the evening he learned that a soldier, suspected of being a spy, had deserted. The General smiled grimly. It was then eight o'clock. "Turn out at cock-crow. It will be earlier than usual," he said; and an hour later, just at nine o'clock, the whole army was aroused by the familiar sound, which was given forth rather more triumphantly than usual. It is a matter of history that the sleeping enemy was made quick work of, and suffered a defeat like that of Ismail.

FRANCESCA.

A Brave Bishop.

The death of the Cardinal Archbishop of Rennes recalls a stirring episode in his life, and illustrates the bravery with which so many men of piety and peace have faced a desperate situation. It was during the days of terror of 1871 that the incident happened.

The Jesuit Collège of Marseilles had been seized by the Communists, and its inmates turned adrift or made prisoners. It was the misfortune of the Cardinal (then Bishop) to be held in a certain kind of captivity by the wild soldiery, who were aiming at a subversion of everything lawful or holy. The college itself was converted into a barracks, and the chapel exposed to the most wanton desecration. The Fathers begged for the privilege of visiting it, but received a rude refusal. At last word reached Bishop Place that the Holy Eucharist was in danger of insult; and, without one thought of danger, he straightway, alone and undefended, walked to the chapel door. His dignified and fearless mien so impressed the soldiers who guarded it that they gave way without a word. As he approached the altar, one

soldier recovered sufficiently from his amazement to venture a question.

"What do you wish, Monsieur?"

"First of all a light, my good fellow," answered the Bishop, softly.

The soldier, surprised at himself, lighted one altar candle, then another. The Bishop was the calmest person present, as befitted his sacred errand. He ascended the steps, removed the Blessed Sacrament from Its place, and started back toward the door. Meanwhile the rude soldiers had been witnessing the scene with indescribable feelings. What had impelled this brave man, they thought, to risk his life? Into the leader's heart there came a remembrance of other days—of a mother's counsel and prayers, perhaps; of a time, doubtless, when, instead of a rough soldier of a misguided and insane mob, which trampled upon all things dear to the meek and pious, he had been a little lad, with the benediction of Holy Church upon his sunny head.

"Attention!" he called, loudly. The others straightened up, prepared, if need be, to kill this man of God if their superior ordered. "Four men," he commanded, "to escort the Sacred Host! Carry arms!"

Four men stepped forward, and walked by the Bishop as he bore his Burden down the aisle. At the door he turned and paused, gave a benediction to as strange a crowd as ever knelt to receive a blessing; and, as calmly as ever, went his way.

Poor France has seen many troublous days, but amid the darkness and peril of her revolutions the bravery of her priesthood has been resplendent. The incident we have recorded for our young readers is but one of many like it.

LIFE is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 43.

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Soul Communion.

The Dignity of Labor.*

(Suggested by Ary Scheffer's picture of St. Augustine and St. Monica.)

BY THE RT. REV. MGR. ROBERT SETON, D. D.

WITH hands by spirit-tendrils sweetly bound,
 And hearts still closer held in bonds of grace,
 Augustine and his sainted mother trace
 A love divine in all of sight and sound.
 With eyes that pierce the stellar depths profound
 They see the mansions of the ransomed race,
 Where souls communing in a soul-embrace,
 Shall taste the bliss of love by Heaven crowned.

Ah! would that those whose hearts are of the earth
 Might learn the lesson writ on Ostian skies
 In those old days! For still is traced above
 This truth—all love and friendship to be worth
 Must bear the royal seal of sacrifice
 As consecration to eternal love.

DEEP feeling is altogether inconsistent with habitual jesting. Indeed we may gauge not only the emotions, but the whole mental capacity at once, by this fondness for ridicule; and, when found, it will always prove that capacity to be limited.—*Trail.*



HE dignity of labor appeals to us immediately, because its origin is in the mind itself of God. The history of creation begins with a record of work. In Genesis we read: "So the heavens and the earth were finished, and all their host. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made." Hence the title of St. Gregory of Nyssa's exegetical treatise, in the Latin translation from the original Greek, is "De Opere Sex Dierum." Man, the noblest of God's works here below, was not ever to be idle. His Creator, the Scriptures tell us, "put him in the paradise of pleasure, to dress it and to keep it." Thus occupation of some kind was assigned to man from the very beginning. Even in a state of innocence he was not inactive: God gave him work to do, and his employment contributed to his happiness. Even in Eden a law of labor was imposed:

"God hath set
 Labor and rest, as day and night to men
 Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
 Now falling with soft, slumberous weight, inclines

* Oration of the Day. Delivered at the forty-ninth annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame.

Our eyelids; other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways."*

Cain and Abel are represented in the Bible as a shepherd and a husbandman.

The discovery of different arts, doubtless the offspring for the most part of necessity—which is the mother of invention,—dates from the earliest ages of the world. Even before the Deluge many arts were known and practised. The building of cities must have had a favorable effect upon the advancement of the arts; for then men could readily get assistance in their work, could profit by the experience of others, and could find employment by which to earn their daily bread. Moses testifies that Tubal-Cain "was an artificer in every kind of copper and iron work." This name resembles that of Vulcan, and it is probable that the fables concerning the Roman god of fire arose from traditions regarding the famous biblical workman. The scholar will here recall to mind Virgil's description of the subterranean furnace of the Cyclops in the Eighth Book of the *Æneid*, in which the poet's imagination seems to have anticipated the busy scenes in one of our own great founderies, ending with

"Illi inter sese multa vi brachia tollunt

In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe massam,"

where we may say, as in the "Essay on Criticism":

"The line too labors, and the words move slow."

The celebrated Smithsonian Institute at Washington carries in its name a tribute to the dignity of labor, *Smith* being the oldest and most respectable of all names of occupation. It is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *smitan*, formed in imitation of the sound of smiting, striking, pounding, as of hammer, anvil, and metal. Hence the old English couplet:

"From whence came Smith, whether artisan or squire,
 But from the smith that forgeth at the fire?"

* "Par. Lost," iv.

The just reproaches which Jacob made to Laban show us that the ancient patriarchs took labor very seriously, and were not backward in turning their hands to it. We may judge of how the men worked in that earlier and simpler age, from the way that even the women worked whose fathers were yet men of substance and consideration. Rebecca came from a distance to fetch water from a well, and carried the "pitcher on her shoulder"; Rachel fed her father's flock, and took them to water. Their beauty and their station, raised far above necessity, did not lead them to disdain work.

A similar simplicity was then the universal rule. Homer describes kings and princes working with their own hands; and one of the very oldest writings that have come down to us from classical antiquity is a tribute to the dignity of labor. It is the *Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι*, or "Works and Days" of Hesiod, who was a poet of the plow and of the people, inculcating the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and mechanical labor. Xenophon tells of a citizen of Athens who went out every morning into the country to superintend his workmen and help them with his own hands, thus encouraging the rest, and keeping himself in perfect health. Cyrus the Younger had a private garden, which it was his recreation to tend unaided. Cicero says that he knew of some Sicilian laborers who, although they moved the ground themselves, pruned the fruit-trees, dressed the vines, and engaged in all sorts of manual labor, yet lived in houses adorned with beautiful statues, and ate off of plates of silver and gold. It has been a custom for over three thousand years in China, the most industrious country in the world, for the Emperor and court officials to go out solemnly toward the end of March every year, and begin the agricultural work of the season by putting hand to plow and tracing each a long furrow in the ground.

After the Israelites had occupied the Promised Land, we find manual labor ever held there in the highest estimation. Everyone made his own instruments of husbandry. Women, even matrons of rank and wealth, were employed in spinning, weaving and embroidery, making garments not only for their own family, but also to sell to strangers. We may here remark, as showing the respect of our ancestors for work, that spinster—one who spins—is the English legal designation of a single or unmarried woman. Gedeon engaged in threshing and cleansing wheat when an angel of the Lord appeared to him to declare the deliverance of Israel; Ruth gleaning the ears of corn in her kinsman's field; Saul, although king, not changing his manners or pursuits on account of his elevation, but found "following oxen out of the field" when summoned to the relief of Jabes-Galaad; David keeping his father's sheep; Eliseus receiving the holy mantle from Elias when plowing the soil; Amos called to the prophetic office while a herdsman of the kingdom of Juda,—are so many examples among others that might be given, which illustrate the dignity in which labor was held by the chosen people of God. Indeed, after the captivity we find the Talmudists laying it down as a precept to parents not to neglect to teach their children some trade or mechanical art. Then mention is made of several even learned Jews who practised a manual art. In the New Testament we have St. Joseph a carpenter, Simon of Joppe a tanner, and St. Paul and Aquila tent-makers. It might here be mentioned, as akin to this part of our subject, that it was formerly the rule for every prince of the blood in France to be taught a trade of some kind; and Louis the Sixteenth, who helped the American colonies to Independence, was a skilful locksmith. It is still a custom for the sons of Roman princes, who count themselves at the head of the European nobility, to be

aggregated to one or other of the many guilds or confraternities of mechanics and tradesmen which the wisdom and liberality of the popes have multiplied in the Eternal City.

Slavery may be likened, wherever introduced, to the fabled upas tree of the East, which gives death to those who rest in its shade. There is an irrepressible conflict between free and slave labor: they can not long exist under the same government. The innate dignity of free and honest labor would be insulted and finally extinguished if placed in competition with the enforced and degraded labor of the slave. Two salient examples from ancient and modern history confirm the maxim of economics, that in all places and at all times and in every circumstance the same effects follow from similar causes. Slavery, introduced among the Romans by war and conquest, gave the first blow to labor among a free people. In course of time the whole country, of which Rome was the capital and centre, became covered with vast farms called *Latifundia*, tilled by slave labor; so that the same amount of land which in the time of the Republic had contained from one hundred to one hundred and fifty farmer families, was later occupied (and only occasionally), as a single estate, by one patrician family and perhaps fifty slaves. Pliny denounced this state of things as the ruin of the Empire.

With the preaching of Christianity a new principle was introduced, or rather reintroduced: the principle that labor of itself has nothing humiliating, nothing degrading, and is not incompatible with liberty and knowledge. One of the aims of the Church, from the very beginning, was to rehabilitate manual labor in public estimation, and thus to abolish slavery itself in the Roman world. Before the end of the fifth century, labor was restored to its original dignity, and the economy of work found its proper place

once more in the social conditions of mankind. How could it, indeed, be otherwise? Many of the parables of Our Lord were taken from subjects of labor. He even deigned to liken His Eternal Father to a husbandman, a vine-dresser; He was Himself called a carpenter—"Is not this the carpenter, the Son of Mary?" The insults and objections of pagans, who turned upon the Christians their own contempt for labor, were commonly directed against the humble and laborious origin of their Founder and His Apostles. It has never been attempted by our apologists to explain away these conditions. On the contrary, they were boldly and gladly accepted and insisted upon. The pagans, being ashamed of manual labor, avoided all mention of it on their tombs. Only the burial urns of slaves and freedmen told of their occupations. On the other hand, the Christians gloried in doing so, and in representing on their burial slabs the instruments of their work. Cicero couples "workman" with "barbarian," using both words as terms of reproach; but among Christians the expressions *operarius*, *operaria* were held in honor. Thus in a beautiful inscription of the middle of the fourth century, the noble widow of Junianus styles herself *amatrix pauperum et operaria*—"a lover of the poor and a working-woman." To be a bread-winner, a wage-earner, a worker, was to be esteemed mean and contemptible by pagans, but praiseworthy by the Christians; for labor, although, in its present aspect, a penalty of the Fall, is also a remedy of sin and a condition of future reward.

In the fifth century we behold a complete restoration of the dignity of labor. We can conceive how great has been the moral revolution in the minds and manners of men throughout the ancient world on hearing St. John Chrysostom tell his hearers, the pleasure-loving people, the luxurious nobles, the imperial dignitaries

of Constantinople: "When you see a man who cuts the wood, or who, grimy with soot, works the iron with his hammer, do not despise him, but rather for that reason admire him."*

In the primitive Church the *Fossores*, or grave-diggers, belonged to the ecclesiastical body, although their work was primarily one of manual labor. St. Jerome calls them clerics.† They were constantly in familiar intercourse with the priests, and were the devoted, laborious and heroic servants of the Christian community. By them were excavated those stupendous underground cemeteries around Rome and other cities, generally called catacombs. Their work required strength, patience, zeal and courage. Their life was one of continual danger and self-sacrifice. In the laws of the fourth and fifth centuries they are styled *Copiatæ*, from the Greek, meaning, emphatically, laborers. It was not a mercenary service which these men rendered to the Church, but a work of personal devotion, which might, and did sometimes, result in martyrdom. It has been conjectured that they were the *Ostiarri*—door-keepers—of those times, or at least formed a part of that body of Minorists. Hence we derive another illustration of the dignity of labor when we see the laborer raised by the Church to such a degree. In the beginning bishops and priests often gave the example of manual labor, following in this the apostolic tradition, as the Apostles themselves had followed the Jewish custom. It appears to have been contemplated by earlier councils that the clergy should, in part at least, maintain themselves by the work of their hands. The learned, however, regard all canons bearing on this subject as permissive rather than mandatory. Still, they are undoubted proofs that manual labor was thought honorable and meritorious.

Epiphanius has recorded that many,

* Hom., xx, 12.

† Epist. ad Innocent.

while they might live by the altar which they served, preferred from motives of humility—of religion—to support themselves by the work of their own hands. Interesting examples of a later period are given in Cardinal Moran's "Irish Saints in Great Britain." The monastic orders all, originally, enjoined work of the hands; and St. Augustine, a Doctor of the Church, wrote a treatise entitled "De Opere Monachorum," about the year 400, in which he condemns certain monks who occupied themselves solely in reading, prayer and meditation, to the exclusion of manual labor. The forty-eighth chapter of the Rule of St. Benedict, patriarch of the monks of the West, is headed "Of Daily Manual Labor." We may truly say that *Laborare et orare*—"To work and to pray"—was the fundamental maxim of the monastic life. After the ravages and devastation of the barbarian inroads, whole districts of Europe were again cleared and cultivated by the labor and intelligence of monks. They were also the architects and mechanics, the bridge-builders and road-makers, the farmers and gardeners of the early Middle Ages. Among the religious orders, dislike of slavery and serfdom, with a corresponding respect for free labor, were traditions carefully handed down during those long periods of conquest, oppression and social disturbances which preceded, accompanied and followed the formation of Christendom. Perhaps the most touching of our dear poet Longfellow's miscellaneous pieces is "The Norman Baron," in which he shows us the influence exerted in this direction by monks, the keepers of men's consciences. These traditions continued down to the end. While the bishops and prelates of the secular clergy were too often but court favorites, or the younger sons of great families, the list of the mitred abbots—who sat as spiritual peers of Parliament in England at the time of the Reformation—shows that the majority of them

sprang from the people, and were the sons of those who worked for their living. Their labor received additional dignity from the eminent positions to which their children rose.

Nothing, also, is more democratic than the Papacy. Democracy is the friend and natural ally of labor; and many are the popes who have honored labor by springing from the laboring classes, and wearing high above coronets and crowns the tiara of merit, mind, and moral worth.

Do not, however, mistake. The dignity of labor does not stoop to petty jealousy, or descend to the levelling tendencies of European radicals and socialists. Joseph was indeed a carpenter, but he was also of the race of King David, and kept his genealogy with scrupulous exactitude. There is nothing contradictory between a "long descent" and a genuine respect for labor. The laborer is not a beast of burden. Even the ox that treadeth out the corn was not to be muzzled. The laborer has a right to fixed and limited hours of work, and to stated periods of rest and recreation. This is a principle which the Church laid down in commanding cessation from labor on Sundays and holydays of obligation; for, as said a rigid and censorious Roman:

"Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis:

Quod caret alternâ requie, durable non est."*

The example from modern history, showing that contempt for labor brings a nation to ruin, is that of Poland. At the outset Poland—as every people that conformed to the guidance of the Church which converted them and civilized them—was comparatively democratic. It was the bringing in of prisoners of war, who became the personal property of their captors, which cheapened work, and gradually made it impossible for free to compete with slave or serf labor. The Polish peasant, freeman as he was, and the owner of a bit land for which he had no

* *Cato.*

over-lord, fell by degrees into a condition in which he had few social and no political rights. Such grew to be the arrogance and unwisdom of the Polish aristocracy that a man lost caste who, however poor, engaged in mechanical or industrial labor. This finally brought about the extinction of Polish nationality. In the days preceding this event—a century ago—it was a common saying that Poland was the paradise of idle nobles and the hell of industrious workers.

It is pleasing to turn from such a state of things to the wise imaginations of Sir Thomas More in his "Utopia." There we see portrayed not only a voluntary communism—an accepted division of labor and profit,—such as the Church had ever approved in her religious orders, and which, in apostolic times, was occasionally practised by families while still living in the world, but we have also depicted, to the enhancement of the love and dignity of labor, a class of men who of their own volition neglected the softer side of life to "live laborious days." Here follows a description of these men:

"Some of them visit the sick, others mend the highways, cleanse out ditches, repair bridges, or dig turf, gravel or stones. Others fell and cleave timber, and bring wood, corn and other necessaries, in carts, into their towns. Nor do these serve the public only, but even private men, and more faithfully than the slaves themselves. If there is anywhere a rough and disagreeable piece of work to be done, from which others are deterred by the labor and disagreeable nature of the task, not to say the despair of accomplishing it, they cheerfully, and of their own accord, undertake it. These men spend their whole life in hard labor; and yet they do not value themselves upon it, nor lessen other people's credit to raise their own. And by stooping to such servile employments, so far from being despised, they are the more esteemed by the whole nation."*

Every true American will sympathize; one would think, with that generous, enthusiastic and high-souled band which tried to carry on the Brook Farm community, near Boston, some fifty years ago. Hawthorne belonged to it for a while, and

has written in "Blithedale Romance" those noble words:

"We mean to lessen the laboring man's great burden of toil by performing our due share of it at the cost of our thews and sinews. . . . And, as the basis of our institution, we propose to offer up the earnest toil of our bodies, as a prayer no less than an effort for the advancement of our race."

It has been said, with more or less truth, that everything in English literature can be referred to the Bible, to Shakspeare, or to Bacon's Essays. One of the longest of the essays is that one "Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates," and shows the change that came over Europe at the period, and in some manner as a consequence, of the Protestant Reformation, in the setting up of absolute monarchies and the keeping of standing armies, which are the two worst enemies of honest, self-respecting labor. How different the estimate of Bacon from that of his Catholic predecessor in the Lord Chancellorship, as to what constitutes, we believe, the strength and power of a people—the good condition of its laboring classes—is clear from this single sentence: "The principal point of greatness in any State is to have a race of military men." No well-informed American can agree with this; but he will prefer the maxim of the gentle Fénelon, inculcating in "Telemachus" the wise advantages of industry and peace. If it be objected that they alone should speak of labor who know from their own experience what labor is, let us answer in the finest line ever penned by Latin scribe:

"Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto."

It embodies a sentiment that every American accepts; for if not everyone of us is obliged to labor with his own hands, yet everyone of us is expected to respect and to encourage him who has to do so. A beautiful anecdote of the great Napoleon tells us that one day at St. Helena he met, unexpectedly, a laborer toiling up the path with a heavy load on his shoulders. The poor man would have turned aside and ceded the right of way to the Emperor;

* Ch. xi.

but Napoleon prevented him, and turned aside himself, saying to his faithful followers: *Honneur au travail*,—"Let us honor labor."

Our Revolution was the dawn of a new era, in which the dignity of labor was to be acknowledged in a free citizen enjoying absolute political equality with whomsoever; and by our example and prosperity we now demand a juster recognition of the rights of labor throughout the world. With hardly an exception, the official seals of the states and territories of the Union bear engraved upon them the republican symbols of industry and labor—the plow, the shears, the spade and pick and axe, the grape-vines and the beehive, the ship-builder's instruments and the miner's tools, telling of an origin and a history far other than that which the feudal towers and heraldic anomalies proclaim upon the shields of monarchical Europe.

Labor is the key to American success. The emigrant privations and pioneer struggles of our people in the making of New England, in the making of the Great West and all the rest of our beloved country; the boyhood difficulties of so many of our eminent men, from Clay and Webster to Lincoln, Grant and Garfield, have set a halo of romance on the sacred brow of labor. The ring of the woodman's axe, the cling-clang of hammer and anvil, the thud and sputter of red-hot beaten iron, the buzz of saw, the whiz and whirl of wheels, the shuttle in the loom, the murmur of imprisoned waters, the hiss of escaping steam, the rumble and roar of machinery in motion—the varied sounds of human skill and labor—is the music of America and the industrial harmony of the universe. In our republican country the people have no crests except those of rude toil. Here there is no aristocracy but that of hand and brain. Here all are equal before God and before the Law. Here all are assured a chance to rise above their original condition. This is

the brotherhood of man through Christian equality:

"Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,
Of every tongue, of every place,
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay."*

"The sleep of a laboring man is sweet," says the Scripture. It is the effect of healthy exercise. His nights are not disturbed by social ambition. The Catholic laborer learns from his mother the Church how to be happy though poor. This is one of the problems of life, whose solution has been hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed to little ones. "Yea, Father; for so it hath seemed good in Thy sight." (Matt. xi, 26.) The Church teaches the lesson of mutual help and sympathy. The Church ignores the so-called barriers between the classes and the masses, holding them to be fictitious obstructions and imaginary lines of demarcation, which only pride, prejudice and plutocracy can be so foolish as to prate about. The Church suggests that a divine blessing rests on labor and elevates it to the nobility of nature:

"The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that."

The "Fair and Happy Milkmaid" in Overbury's "Characters," the loving couples in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," "Evangeline" at her spinning, "Paul and Virginia" in their island home, never knew the misery of wealth, which stamps its mysterious mark on the rich and the idle:

"... medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angit." †

The contrast between those who ride in carriages and those who go afoot has amused the pencil of the humorist and the thoughts of the philosopher; for both recall the adage: "God shows His contempt for riches by the sort of people He gives them to." Labor is at its best when it believes, with the Apostle, that "piety

* Longfellow: "Kéramos." † "Lucretius."

with sufficiency is great gain." Desperate risks, quick returns, the greed for sudden wealth—*Auri sacra fames*,—these degrade labor, demoralize the laborer, and make unwilling workers in the mills of God. Thrice happy they to whom the Encyclical of Pope Leo "On the Condition of Labor" is familiar! Thrice happy they if the Holy Family be their model, and, in the words of the Pope establishing the Confraternity, "they lift up their eyes to Jesus, Mary and Joseph, to find in this domestic group cause for rejoicing rather than for pining at their lot!"

Such as these would be the hope of America,—

"Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven."



The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXVII.—GILES' SACRIFICE.

CONWAY, after Giles left him, stood with the thin gold cross in his hand, wondering whether he had counted too much on that clue or not. He had picked it up near a clump of blackberry bushes on that horrible night. He had seen it glimmering as he stooped, and thrust it into his pocket; after that he had forgotten all about it. He had found it when Lady Tyrrell, in an excess of motherly interest, had insisted on sending his evening clothes to the tailor's to be pressed. He had acquired a habit of sending to Margaret any little thing that happened to be at his hand. Sometimes it would be a pressed flower, a *menu* card, a strand of peculiar grass, a rough sketch of some local object; and as the little cross was slight enough to go into an envelope, he thought that he would slip it into his letter.

When Maggie came into the study to take away the tray on which his luncheon had been brought, Conway was finishing his letter to Margaret. "Give Mr. Brian Dermot Thorndyke my regards, and tell him that his aunt is interesting to the barbarous American," he had written, when Maggie interrupted him. The little cross lay on the table.

"May I look at this, sir?" she asked.

"By all means," he answered, occupied with his letter.

"It is the cross I gave Jake, and I thought he'd given it to *her*, but he said he lost it!" exclaimed Maggie. "He said he lost it; and Susanna told me not to believe him, that men were all deluders."

"Who?" asked Conway, raising his head. "Oh!—you know where the cross came from?"

"I beg pardon,—I ought to," said Maggie. "My sister gave it to me before I left Ireland; and when Jake gave me the ring"—Maggie held up her left hand and showed a tendency to giggle,—"I gave him that cross."

"Jake must have lost it, then," Conway said. The associations of the cross suddenly came to him. The smile disappeared from his face. "But how came he to lose it near the river? I found it on the night—"

"I know," Maggie interrupted, her face becoming grave. She put the tray back on the table, and held out her hand for the cross. "I know,—he told me; but I didn't believe it, because Susanna said he was lying or else he was drunk; but indeed Jake never lies, or takes anything barring a glass of beer. You will give me the cross, Mr. Conway?"

"If you will tell me how he came to lose it,—he shall come to no harm, I promise," Conway added.

"He told me—but not another soul knows," she answered. "To be honest, I thought he was drunk,—not that I've ever known him to take too much, but it seemed as if he were not in his right

senses, But not another soul knows of it," she said, hastily. "I was afraid Jake would get into trouble; and, though I was *that* mad at him, I kept quiet."

"Tell me all about it. Jake shall not get into trouble, and you shall have the cross."

Maggie hesitated, and nervously twisted her apron. She saw that Conway was much in earnest.

"Oh, dear!" she began,— "oh, dear! I suppose I *must*,—but don't let Jake get into trouble, now that everything is all right again!" she whispered. "Jake says he saw Colonel Carton thrust *him* over the bank. He was on his way home through the oaks, and in a bad state of mind, because I was too busy with the dinner to speak to him. And when he saw it, he ran down as fast as he could to the river's edge; it took time,—you know how long it takes."

Conway nodded.

"And just as he got there," Maggie looked around fearfully, "he saw the Major come out of a clump of bushes—the blackberries grow thick there,—and walk away. He knew it was the Major,—he saw his face and his overcoat. But when he had passed, Jake looked into the bushes—why he can't tell,—and there he saw the Major's face, with the moonlight on it. He was dead—dead! I hope it means no harm to us! It was the Major's ghost that Jake had seen walking. He ran away with all his might. His watch chain caught in the bushes, and he lost the cross. He ran up by the short way, though they're all long enough down the bank; and he never told a living soul except me,—and then only because I thought he'd given my cross to Hester Ann McFetrich."

"Keep quiet about this, Maggie," Conway said, seriously; "and ask Jake to call here at seven o'clock to-night. No harm can come to him, I assure you—but probably some good. Let me keep the

cross. I will give it to him to-night."

Maggie hesitated, but at length took up her tray.

"No harm can come to Jake?"

"I promise. I'll send word to him myself to call. It is all very strange. But you may be sure good may come of it. Jake's an honest fellow."

"Indeed he is!" said Maggie, going out.

Conway finished his letter, and one or two more. Shortly after this he met Giles Carton, and gave him an assurance, which, as we have seen, Giles did not find consoling.

Conway thought over every detail carefully. He had a talent for concentration. He had sifted all the details before Jake came to see him, just as twilight was falling. Although the gong had sounded twice and Jane had knocked at the study door, Conway sent word that he could not go into dinner; he expected "to see a man on business in the study."

Lady Tyrrell resolved to find out all about this man after dinner. But when she knocked, she found the study empty. Conway and the man had gone.

Jake was confident that he had seen a ghost. Conway did not argue with him, but he made up his mind that Jake was mistaken. He gave him the gold cross, the finding of which proved Susanna to be a mere cynic; and Jake was pleased, though fearful that Conway might get him into trouble. Jake told his story twice. It confirmed Conway's theory that the Major had not been killed by the fall. If he had died by a railroad accident, Colonel Carton could not be held responsible in the eyes of the law. Conway pitied him with all his heart; he knew (Jake stuck to his story that he had seen the Colonel throw his friend over the bank) that Colonel Carton could have no more intended murder than he did. A scuffle there had been; but he felt sure that, if the Colonel had realized the danger to his old friend, his passion would have

instantly cooled. Jake went home richer than when he had come, and relieved to have the cross in his possession and the ghost story off his mind.

Colonel Carton sat shivering by the logs in the great, open fireplace of the hall. Giles stood near him, with his back against the carved chimney-piece. He was dejected, almost despairing. His father had treated his proposition to go away as a piece of madness.

"It's no use, Giles," he said. "I shall stay where I am. Nobody knows about this thing but Ward. He can tell if he likes. If it weren't for the disgrace to you, I'd be glad to have it over. I *thrust him* over the bank,—I'm not dreaming or doting. I can't run away. The only thing you can do for me, Giles, is to give me peace. I want peace. What's the use of your religion, if you can't help me to find peace?" The broken old man stirred uneasily in his chair. "I wish I were dead!" He shivered. "But I am afraid,—afraid! The Bible? Ethel Van Krupper talked of the Bible this afternoon. What consolation is there in reading the story of Cain? Giles," he said, piteously, "cure my mind,—help me to bear this,—you always were a good son. But you must not think of Bernice Conway. It would bring a curse on you. If one could only undo the work of a minute!"

Giles did not speak.

"Go away? Leave Swansmere? No!" the Colonel said,—"never! But you, Giles, can help me to bear it."

Giles took his father's hand in his, and knelt beside him.

"We will bear it together," he said.

"My son, my son!" murmured the old man, wistfully. "But you are more. You are a minister, a priest,—the representative of God. Can't you take the sin from me? Can't you make me clean in the eyes of God? A priest ought to be able to do that."

"I am *not* a priest, father. It depends

on yourself. You know that, whatever happened, you did not intend—"

"Ah, Giles," said the old man, solemnly, "you don't know! I was full of anger. I didn't care; I only wanted to satisfy my rage against him, and I killed him,—I am sure of that. You are a minister of religion. I have often laughed and scoffed, but I never pretended that there was nothing in religion. If I should die with this sin on my soul, what would become of me? If it were not for you, and the disgrace that would come upon you, I would confess it to the world. I'd have a better chance with God then, perhaps."

Giles, who had half believed in the Anglican theories, dared not, in this awful crisis, hear his father's confession or attempt to give him absolution. The pretences fell away from him.

"Surely, Giles," the Colonel said, "you ought to be able to help me now. Give me peace, or I shall die!"

"You must be calm, father. We will talk of this later. In the meantime throw your burden on Our Lord, and try not to think. If you will come with me—we can start at nine o'clock,—new people and new scenes will drive away these awful fears. You will become entirely sane; you will forget."

"I *will not* go away," the Colonel said, firmly. "I will stay here at Swansmere. The time will come when Ward may be moved to tell the truth. Let them hang me if they will; but what I want now is to feel that God will forgive me my sin. Did he strike me first? I can't remember. I wish Ward would come to tell me."

The Colonel bent forward, closing his eyes. There was a knock at the outer door,—the Colonel had revered the old-fashioned knocker. Not waiting for the servant, Giles pushed aside the curtain between the vestibule and the hall, and opened the door. Edward Conway stood on the step.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"You are welcome. I think, Mr. Conway, that my father can well endure good news."

"I have good news," Conway answered, following Giles into the vestibule. "I have proof that Major Conway was not killed by the fall from the bank."

Giles started.

"You are sure?"

"Sure."

"Come with me, and tell this to my father."

The Colonel stood up as Conway entered. He meant to be polite, but he could not conceal the dislike with which the associations connected with Conway inspired him. He shook Conway's hand coldly. For his part, Conway could hardly repress his amazement at the shocking change in the Colonel.

"Mr. Conway is about to say something important," Giles remarked, after an embarrassing silence.

"Let him go on," said the Colonel, nervously grasping the arms of his chair. "I am ready for anything."

Conway plunged at once into Jake Strelzer's statement. The Colonel listened, with bowed head and closed eyes. When Conway had finished, he said:

"The man whom your informant saw walking away was my old friend, Major Conway?"

"Yes," said Conway.

"And he saw a—a—a face in the bushes—a face like—" the Major hesitated,—"a dead face," he added, with a gasp.

"Yes."

"I thank you, Mr. Conway—I know you mean to be kind; but let me say this: Major Conway died of the fall. The man who walked away was his brother, Tim Conway. I know it. He threatened me; he swore that he would meet me at the river edge, beneath the oaks, at eleven o'clock, and he wanted me to bring the Major. They met—but the Major was dead. There is no comfort anywhere."

Conway, who stood in front of the Colonel, turned to Giles inquiringly. He saw something like despair on the old man's face.

"Your father," Conway said aside to Giles, "needs rest."

The Colonel overheard him.

"You mean, sir, that my mind is wandering," he said, raising his head, to meet Conway's eyes. "You are wrong. There is no reason why I should conceal the truth from you. I pushed the Major over the bank,—and, as you know, he died." Giles, leaning against the chimney-piece, turned his face to the wall. "Tim Conway, his brother, had always been a reprobate. It's a long story. He had sunk lower and lower. He became a disgrace to his relatives, and such a drain on the Major's purse that the Major kicked him from his house. There are black sheep in every family,—he is the one in yours. Perhaps you know about him already. He came here for money on that Sunday. He was afraid to go to the Major; he came to me,—you may have seen him prowling about?"

Conway nodded; he remembered the tramp, with the "Conway back," whom he had seen from the window of the conservatory.

"He knew," the Colonel continued, "of some transactions during the war, in which Major Conway and I were concerned. He threatened that unless I arranged for a meeting between him and his brother under the bank on that Sunday night, he would make trouble. I paid no attention to him, as I knew he was afraid to approach the Major's house, and that the Major thought he was in France. Well, they met,—I am sure of that; but Tim Conway found his brother dead. He was always a cad and a coward, and he was glad to get away," the Colonel said, rapidly. "You could hardly tell them apart; I never saw two people more alike. There is no use in trying to comfort me

with an idle tale: I am past comfort."

The Colonel bent his head again, and rested his hands on his stick. Conway took his hat.

Giles followed him to the door.

"Mr. Conway," he said, "I thank you. I don't know what to say to all this. It is so utterly wretched and unexpected. But there is one thing which I think I may say. I fancy that you admire your cousin, as I do," he added, after a slight hesitation. "This horrible thing separates me from her forever. I feel that I ought to tell you this. If you have learned to love her—and who could help it?—you, I think, can make her happy."

The door closed abruptly. Conway looked out into the night, and a smile crept over his face, in spite of himself.

"Mr. Carton," he thought, "is generous; though I don't know how Bernice would like to see herself delivered to me in this fashion. Nonsense!" he said, taking hope again. "Things can't be so bad as they seem!"

(To be continued.)

Our Lady's Image.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

PLACE it where the hourly homage of
thine eyes shall rest;

Set it where in thoughtless moment to
thy careless breast,

Some remembrance, pure and holy, it shall
quickly dart,

Waking every sleeping instinct of thy Cath-
olic heart.

Often, in thy daily passing, thou shalt mark
its gaze,

And a fervent prayer send upward from life's
troubled maze;

Often, often hasty question, sharpened word
shall fail,

Where it stands in holy silence under folded
vail.

Daily it shall call thy dreamings out of
wanderings wild;

Hourly it shall lead thee heavenward as a
little child;

Nightly, thou shalt sink to slumber in its
presence pure;

Waking, thou shalt hail it symbol of thy
comfort sure.

Yes, sweet Mother, thy fair image loved with
us abides.

Those still lips are carven floodgates of truth's
burning tides;

Those still hands, outstretched and patient,
showering blessings free;

Oh, beyond thy image waiteth all God found
in thee!

Memories of Hawaii.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.—HONOLULU THEN AND NOW.

THERE was more music in the olden
days, and not quite so many modern
conveniences; not so many mosquitos
either! No doubt the natives were hap-
pier and wholesomer. They can't stand
civilization; it has taught them to distrust
the foreigner, and this is no doubt one
cause of the recent rebellions at the
Hawaiian Capital.

Once upon a time, passing the Govern-
ment House at a late hour of the night, I
heard that singularly monotonous chant
which the old Hawaiians delight in, and
which to the untutored ear resembles
nothing so much as the summer drone of
bees. I paused to listen, for the weird chant
seemed to shape itself out of the darkness,
and there was something unearthly in it
or about it. Presently I dimly descried a
little cluster of dark figures crouching
under the statue of Kamehameha I. Of
course I know not the burden of their
song. I wonder how many Hawaiian

scholars can follow those musical refrains, muffled as they are in deep and profound gutturals?

Perhaps they may have seen the great conqueror in the flesh; they certainly must have known of him when his glory was of yesterday; and now they were gathered under the graven image—the imperishable effigy of him who has passed from them like a dream, and whose marvellous achievements are as a tale that is told.

That chant was like an echo of the half-forgotten past—of the days when there were giants in the land, before the flight of the gods. And I wished that the hand which fashioned that statue, stilled now forever, might rest for one moment on his completed work standing there by the Government House, while the last of the ancients crooned their solemn chant at midnight, wailing for the mightiest of their kings.

That statue was the work of the late Thomas R. Gould, the American sculptor who lived so many years in Florence, Italy. It is a colossal bronze figure, clad in the long royal cloak—the original is woven of rare feathers; it has taken generations of bird-catchers to gather enough of these to complete the robe; the figure is crowned with the ancient feather helmet, worn only by the chiefs; it is quite classic in outline.

As for the Government House, you should see it at the opening of Parliament, when streams of carriages are depositing lovely ladies swathed in laces, and plume-bedecked; and less lovely gentlemen clad in formal black, with moist handkerchiefs about their necks; and all looking sufficiently hot and uncomfortable as they present their tickets at the door.

A murmur of delight escapes from the multitude without the House,—a multitude vainly striving to shelter itself under a forest of umbrellas. Ah! there is the flash of bayonets in the distance, the blare of trumpets; and now the faint

notes of the Royal Hawaiian Band—it has just turned the corner by the palace yard—are borne down upon the gale.

They approach. The excitement, the dust, the heat, increase at every moment. A few late-comers create a small sensation as they dash through the crowd, and hastily alight and enter the Government House. Presently a gun is heard from the fort on the heights of Punch Bowl; the Queen has left the palace; it is undoubtedly the meridian hour. Her Majesty's chariot approaches, attended by a glittering cavalcade. Handsome Hawaiians, richly dressed, covered with gold lace and ropes of bullion, and with many a sparkling decoration upon their breasts; liveried footmen, superb steeds in glittering regalia, make a tableau worthy of royalty. But the most striking feature of the scene is the cluster of towering *kahilis*, those superb plumes of the most brilliant and variegated feathers, which are the ancient mysterious and significant symbols of Hawaiian majesty. These magnificent wands are borne majestically upon each side of the Queen; and they seem to awaken a kind of superstitious awe in the breast of the beholder, whoever he may be. They are the splendid flower of barbarism; and so long as they survive, the aboriginal spirit of the Hawaiian can not be said to have wholly changed.

The ceremonies within Government House are too tedious to recall. The Hawaiian hymn—which is none other than "God Save the Queen!" turned inside-out—arouses an enthusiasm which rises to go in the shade. Her Majesty graciously bows to right and left from her chariot, surrounded by shimmering staff-officers and a perfect sunburst of *kahilis*. Ten thousand handkerchiefs wave frantically, like white-caps on a windy day, over that black sea of people. But, next to the glare of the unclouded sun, the most noticeable feature of the occasion is the penetrating odor of warm musk-melons,

huge sections of which are in the mouths of most of the delighted spectators.

It has been my fortune to be more or less familiar with three kings and four queens of Hawaii. One of these merry monarchs was the last of the Kamehamehas. The first of this distinguished dynasty was the conqueror of the whole group of islands, the founder of the United Kingdom of Hawaii Nei.

Lunalilo, who succeeded Kamehameha V. as Monarch of Hawaii, was a charming but dissipated young man. He did a thousand things to sacrifice the love and even the respect of his people, and yet they were faithful to the last. How well I remember the day when, in company with Lunalilo—then familiarly known as Prince Bill,—we called upon Kalama, the Dowager Queen of Kamehameha III.! She was aged; she was living in comparative obscurity, in a modest dwelling, hidden in a shady vale not far from Honolulu. It was well known that Queen Kalama was not of the best blood in the land. When her King died she returned to the ranks, and ended her days in semi-solitude. She received the young prince at her threshold; and when he had taken the proffered chair, she sat on the floor at his feet: she knew herself unworthy to sit in his presence. Not many civilized ladies could have done this with dignity, but she did it; and did it with an easy and natural grace that would have filled the Delsartian breast with admiration and despair.

When Lunalilo came to the throne he remained unchanged. He was a happy-go-lucky lad, and died before even the first year of his reign was ripening. Alas, and welladay! I have the pleasantest memories of a summer-house in the edge of a palm grove at Waikiki. There the subdued light of the tropical noonday stole across very wide and deep verandas, hung with Venetian blinds; the cool air, fresh and moist from the haunted valley of Manoa, swept over plains that extended

from the beach to the base of the cloud-mantled mountains.

Everything that could conduce to the luxury of life in that latitude ministered to the wants of the inhabitant of this earthly paradise. Multitudes of retainers waited upon his call—and he need not call, for his every wish was anticipated. In one corner of the great hall where he loved to linger crouched a pretty child, whose sole duty it was to light the royal pipe, and see that it was kept lighted so long as the royal lips chose to play upon it. There were singers with marvellously sweet voices, and dancers whose grace was beyond the power of description. Story-tellers amused him with their romances; ingenious purveyors pampered his fickle appetite; and dusky maidens twined wreaths about his brow and neck until the air was laden with the fragrance of Eden. Verily, verily he dwelt in the Castle of Indolence, and his name was Lunalilo! There he died the death, and so ended the fairy tale of one who was at once the pride and scorn of the nation.

I have never ceased to admire the philosophical fashion in which the Hawaiians bear their greatest sorrows. They are professional mourners, every one of them, and find tears for the least occasion. A friend meets a friend with eyes swimming; these are not the tears of grief, but of great joy. They quiet down presently, and gaily constitute an interview at the roadside or the waterfall, or upon the sands by the sea. They are nomads, all of them, and greet one another upon the wing. As the hour of parting draws near the eyes swim again, and at the last moment their grief becomes heartrending. Yet if they were to fall in with one another two hours afterward, there would be as much sentimental ceremony as if they had not met for years. Their emotions never flag, though there is an almost constant drain upon them.

Fortunately, these highly-emotional

people recover themselves almost on the instant. I remember one night a little grass-house occupied by a native woman took fire. In a very few minutes it was consumed, and she perished in the flames. The next day, the news of her death having spread abroad upon the winds, her friends began to gather at the scene of the catastrophe to lift up their voices in wailing. I was present when several women arrived, after a weary tramp of seven miles. They stood in silence, looking with the saddest eyes upon the charred ruins of the hut; and then one of them said: "Let us wail!" Another, who was perhaps wiser, replied: "Wait! We are weary and famished; let us eat first, and then we will wail." This they did with one accord; and doubtless the wailing was far more effectual than if it had been attempted on an empty stomach.

I believe their grief to be as genuine and as intense as the grief of any one living; but it is like the grief of childhood, gusty and intermittent. It is fortunate for them that it is so.

When Lunalilo died, it became necessary to grieve for him in a manner worthy of his rank. The streets of Honolulu were lined with mourners; the gutters ran with tears; you couldn't sleep o' nights for the wailing—the high, piercing, falsetto cries that ascended from every quarter of the town. And, that Nature might not deprive his late Majesty of his just dues, his bereaved subjects relieved one another from hour to hour, and thus the cup of bitterness was kept running over for many a day.

Waikiki is a lovely bit of still life. There the scattered summer-houses in a grove of cocoa-palms beguile the tired citizens of the tropical metropolis from time to time; and thither they repair to take their ease, and laugh at the sea as it gnashes its metaphorical teeth on the reef, out of reach.

Waikiki is the embroidered hem of the island of Oahu. A sluggish stream lags through it; taro patches—looking like lakes full of cala lily leaves—are set in it as in a mosaic. There is no regularity, formality, or restriction down there. The sun sets in the ocean off the west end of your veranda; schooners drift past you while you dine in the open *Lanai* overhanging the water,—drift past you as in a moving picture. You step from your lawn into the sea and bathe at leisure; the water is lukewarm and the shore-sand white like powdered marble. The town bells tinkle in the distance; people ride over the hot, dusty plains without disturbing your privacy in the least. From cool, shady valleys come long, fragrant puffs of wind, and they are ever so welcome; they sound like a deep-drawn sigh, and they appeal to the sentimentalists—these natives are all sentimentalists. Poets call this sort of thing a zephyr, or a gentle gale; here for the first time one realizes the full meaning of the term.

If you weary of the blue sea wastes on the one hand, turn to the mountains that wall in your half of the island, upon the other. Their strange, angular outlines are never uninteresting; they possess a weird fascination, these lava crags; there is a magnetism in them that fills you full of superstition; they are of the mountains one reads about—the loadstone that draws you irresistibly to them, even to your own destruction. A spirit is in every valley, a god on every pinnacle of rock; the very tinting of the forest seems unnatural, and the whole formation of the island fantastic and fairy-like. Ghouls and demons enchant the place; the elements have molded and remolded the land almost within the memory of men still living, and the work is left undone in some parts. Above you the yellow stars hang in the palm-branches; beneath you the thick sod is rooted in a bed of ashes; everywhere is the indelible seal of the

barbaric age, that is slowly going out in a half-defiant, half-despairing wail; it mingles strangely with the hymn that is now chanted in the new temples erected to the living God.

But stay—I forgot myself! Now the crowded horse-cars roll busily through the groves of Waikiki; summer hotels and public bath-houses line the beach; the umbrageous boughs bend under their weight of telephone wires, and the electric light casts its ghastly glamour over the scene. The locomotive shrieks through the startled vales beyond Palama. Civilization hath wrought its worst—Great Pan is dead!

Is there anything in that little island world upon which the hand of change has not been heavily laid? Do you ask me this question? I answer yes! There is a coral wall in Fort Street, Honolulu,—a wall much higher than your head; two solid gates swing in it. The whitewashed wall is relieved by a border of faded yellow; the gates were once painted green. As one passes under this wall, the arched fronds of two date-palms, growing within the wall, overshadow him. Beyond the palms one sees the façade of the old Catholic cathedral. Let us enter the cathedral close, and look about us.

There is cool and shady space enough for a multitude to lounge in; the cathedral upon one side, a row of low-roofed offices and ware-rooms on the other, lofty trees and inviting benches between them, and far in the distance—for the grounds are deep—a handsome bronze fountain, with the whitewashed wall of a little house for a background. Thereabout stands the Bishop's house and many another unpretentious lodge—all built of coral hewn from the reef, which under the sea is almost as solid as granite. It is like the tiniest of walled cities, this cathedral close in Honolulu.

It is a feast-day in the calendar; and the cathedral, though very spacious, is

thronged to overflowing. The high altar is a bank of flowers, over which a thousand twinkling tapers flash like fire-flies. The band of the French flagship is present, and renders a portion of the music; a well-trained choir of native voices is heard at intervals—a cloistered nun presiding at the organ. Some plaintive hymns are chanted by the vast congregation. Under one gallery of the church, beyond a lattice, are the nuns, whose convent adjoins the close; and there they, in their white robes, kneel among their flock. Various representatives of foreign courts and some members of the cabinet are present; so also is Kalakaua, although he is no Catholic.

There is a momentary hush before the supreme moment of the Elevation. The birds that sometimes dart in at the window seem to hesitate; the butterflies that flutter above the altar fold their wings in ecstasy. There comes a clash of silver bells; the marines from the Admiral's ship present a double broadside of glittering arms; brilliantly-robed acolytes toss four golden censers high in air, and at the same moment other acolytes fling aloft handfuls of rose petals, and the sanctuary is misty with clouds of incense and showers of descending rose leaves. The scene is sublimely beautiful.

When the Mass is ended the band plays the national anthem. His Majesty departs, escorted by the Admiral, the members of the court, and foreign dignitaries. But the natives lingers about the beloved spot for hours. Thus has it been since the beginning in that kingdom by the sea, thus may it be even unto the end.

(To be continued.)

WHILE praise is more agreeable than blame to all of us, in public and in private, a man is not worth his salt who is deterred by censure from doing that which he knows is right.—*Lord Granville.*

The First Knight of the Queen of
Angels.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONCLUSION.)

AS to Maisonneuve's bravery, a single instance may suffice to illustrate it. On the 30th of May, 1644, the Governor was told that the Iroquois were in the woods hard by the city. He picked out thirty men, all that could be properly equipped with snow-shoes; for the snow in the forest paths was deep and untrodden. The Iroquois, to the number of two hundred, were under shelter in the woods. Maisonneuve, seeing that his men were too much exposed upon the open pathway, ordered them under cover. The struggle was maintained till the failure of ammunition and the loss of several men induced the Governor to command a retreat. His orders were that the men should go slowly, two by two, with their faces to the foe, along the beaten path, that the heavy snow might not embarrass them. He himself, pistols in hand, held the rear, allowing even the wounded to be borne away.

But the retreating column fell into disorder; and when the whole force of the Iroquois rushed forth to pursue them, a panic ensued. The Governor was left alone in face of the enemy. Undismayed, he continued to retreat slowly, a pistol in either hand, pressed closely by the ferocious foemen. At last a gigantic chief sprang, tiger-like, upon the solitary adversary, seizing him by the throat. Maisonneuve, with ready self-possession, raised the pistol, and, striking the chief upon the head, dashed him lifeless to the earth. The Iroquois paused in doubt and fear, finally raising the body of their chief and flying with it into the forest. The Governor meanwhile made his escape, and calmly returned to the Fort, where he was greeted

with the warmest expressions of admiration.

Maisonneuve was above all things a man of faith. He breathed its very spirit into the garrison and into the city. It gave him a great, generous confidence in the providence of God, and left him undisturbed by trials or vicissitudes which dismayed the most courageous. He ordered every detail of his life by its high standards, going once a year to Quebec for special consultation with Father Lalemant on his spiritual affairs.

Once, within a few months after his arrival in Canada, he saw the fair river, which so charmed him as he stood upon the shore that lovely May morning, leaping fierce and swollen, threatening to carry away the Fort, sole refuge in a hostile country. He made a vow that if the waters would subside and spare the city, he, the Governor, would plant a cross upon the summit of Mt. Royale.

The waters yielded to the prayer of faith; and on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1643, the whole colony was astir to share in the fulfilment of the Governor's vow. The cross, of colossal size, was prepared. Maisonneuve, with the knightly spirit of his Crusading ancestors, desired to carry it upon his own shoulders; and also desired that, to use his own language, he should be invested as "first soldier of the Cross," with religious ceremonies. The procession, including the whole populace, started with the Governor at its head, and bringing with them a portable altar and other things essential for the celebration of Mass.

Up the steep ascent of Mt. Royale, the lurking-place of savages, the multitude passed, singing as they went *Crux Ave* and other hymns. At a given spot the cross was planted, a symbol to the whole idolatrous pagan world about that Christ the King had come to reign over these new dominions. Father du Perron, the Jesuit missionary, said Mass; and, with hymns and thanksgivings, the populace

once more passed down into the city streets.

The Governor ordained from the first that Corpus Christi should be celebrated with all possible solemnity. He himself walked bareheaded in the procession, which included not only the colonists, but representatives of the feathered tribes as well. The cannon of the Fort thundered, while flowers and fragrant branches were strewn in the path over which the Blessed Sacrament was borne.

To the forts and other public places the names of saints were given; and one of the most considerable outposts was named the Redoubt of the Infant Jesus.

But a special feature in the character of our hero, and one which was no less befitting the first Governor of the City of Mary than it is deserving of special prominence in THE "AVE MARIA," was his love for Mary. The title which has been given to this article was no misnomer. Maisonneuve was a true Knight of Mary, to whom he had dedicated himself by special consecration. Throughout his career he never failed to signalize his loyal devotion to that Queen. She, in her turn, frequently gave him tokens of her protection. He named the principal Fort of the town Sainte Marie; and of it a chronicler remarks: "Placed under the ægis of the Queen of Heaven, that post, amid frequent assaults which it had to suffer, seemed to enjoy the privilege of having neither dead nor wounded in its vicinity."

In all the colonies devotion to Blessed Mary was paramount. At Quebec she had numerous shrines; at Three Rivers it is related that every family had an oratory, where family prayer was said morning and evening,—each being dedicated to Mary under such titles as Our Lady of Good Help, of Liesse, of Good Tidings, of Victory. In Montreal the whole town was under the patronage of that good Mother, and the special impetus to her worship

came from the Governor. It is delightful to read that in those primal May days young men and women pressed around the statue of Mary with flowers and garlands. Fresh with the fragrance of the new, bright world about them, these flowers, which for centuries perchance had clustered neglected in hidden nooks, their message of sweetness unheeded by the stern-faced aborigines, were brought to the feet of Our Lady.

When Marguerite Bourgeois had determined to erect a chapel in honor of the Blessed Virgin on the soil of Villemarie, her design was fully approved of by the Governor. And although he was absent when it was named Our Lady of Good Help by the Jesuit, Father Pigart, and when his fellow-Jesuit, Lemoyne, laid its corner-stone, still it was a work which Maisonneuve had much at heart. On his return from France, he ordered that timber for its construction be cut down, and himself helped to draw the logs out of the woods.

It was the Governor's devotion to Our Lady that caused him to proclaim the solemn celebration of her Feast of the Assumption, scarce three months after his landing at Villemarie. It was a day of universal joy for the colony. The little chapel of bark was decorated with surprising richness. Upon its altar stood the splendid tabernacle which had been donated to the settlement, and other costly ornaments given or loaned for the occasion. Father Vimont said the Mass, and all the colonists, headed by their Governor, received Holy Communion. "We sang a *Te Deum*," writes Father Vimont in the "Relation" for 1642, "iii thanksgiving that God had given us grace to behold that first day of honor and of glory,—in a word, the first grand festival of Our Lady of Montreal."

He tells how the thunder of cannon resounded through the island, proclaiming "the love which we bear to our great

Mistress." After Vespers a procession was formed, in which the stately form of the Governor was conspicuous. A band of wandering Algonquins were in its ranks likewise. They accompanied Maisonneuve in his visitation of the forests and of the mountain. On its heights occurred a picturesque incident. Two aged Algonquin chiefs, casting a retrospective glance over the glories of their race, proclaimed to the new Governor that once this island and this royal mountain had been the heritage of their tribe; that they had been driven thence by the Hurons, and dispersed and divided. Taking up a handful of clay, they bade the white man observe how excellent it was; and told that in the time of their fathers the sun had ripened golden grain here, where all had been made desolate. Maisonneuve urged them to return to this land of their ancestors, now the possession of the Queen of Heaven; and to make an abiding place under the protection of their brothers, the white men.

It is difficult to realize the condition of ever-present peril in which the colonists dwelt, and the ever-recurring need for prompt and vigorous action. Maisonneuve, actuated by his love for Mary, devised a new system of defence. He organized a band called "Soldiers of the Blessed Virgin," consisting of seventy-two men, to honor the years of Our Lady's mortal life. These men, by frequent reception of the Sacraments, kept themselves ever ready for death. It is said that they never became discouraged, nor asked exemption from duty except in case of illness, though many of their number perished. The name of Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve was the first to appear on this roll-call of honor.

As the needs of the colony became more pressing, this organization became more extended. The Governor issued the following proclamation to the colonists: "We, Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve, Governor of the island of Montreal and

land thereupon dependent, according to information furnished us from divers localities, that the Iroquois design to capture this habitation by force or by surprise, and the help promised by his Majesty not yet arriving, have deemed it our duty, in consideration that this island belongs to the Blessed Virgin, to invite and exhort all those who are zealous in her service, to enroll themselves together, by squads of seven each; and, having chosen a corporal by plurality of votes, to report themselves for enrolment in our garrison; and in this capacity to obey our orders for the salvation of the country."

He promises that the names of all those enrolled shall be preserved in the archives of the city, as a mark of distinction, because they have been willing "to expose their lives in the interests of Our Lady and for the public safety."

The special duty of this militia was to keep watch, to protect the laborers in the field, and to repel unexpected attacks from the savages. They met each Sunday, when their posts were assigned them for the week; the Governor, as we read, warmly exhorting them to the faithful performance of their religious duties.

It was a cherished wish of Maisonneuve to erect upon Mt. Royale a chapel to Our Lady as Sovereign Mistress of the colony. It was his dream that the sun of morning, as it rose upon those wooded heights, should fall upon her image; and that far out upon the waters the savages should behold with awe, and the voyagers salute with reverence, that Queen whose knight and servant he was.

The dream remained unrealized. A sudden and apparently unjustifiable command, issued in 1665, withdrew him from his post, with the cruel intimation that he was incompetent any longer to fill it. He had endured, with a joy upon which his biographers specially dwell, undeserved humiliations at the hands of his superior officer in Quebec. He accepted, as an

indication of the will of God, this last unjust mandate; and, without a single remonstrance, withdrew into obscurity at Paris. He took absolutely nothing from the colony, even leaving as a legacy to the poor certain debts which were owing to him. Years afterward, in a time of cruel necessity, he sent at his own expense a contingent of men, which proved the salvation of Canada and of the colony which he had so loved.

Thenceforth a charm is gone from the history of Villemarie, though its work goes on, prosperously in the civil order; whilst the Sulpicians, whom Maisonneuve had brought thither in 1657, in pursuance of the original design of the founders, labor for the cause of Christ with ardor and success. The slender figure, ascetic almost; the thin, dark face, which would have been melancholy but for the traces of interior joy; the gallant warrior, the experienced soldier, who added to military knowledge, acquired in the Old World, an insight into methods pursued by the savages of the New; the wise lawgiver, the paternal legislator, is missing from the life which had seemed to centre round him.

That dwelling upon St. Paul Street, called the Château of the Governor, seems desolate; his place in the church, his seat at the council-chamber, can not readily be filled. The coolness and daring combined, the readiness in presence of danger, the prudence, the loveliness which won so entirely upon the soldiery, the wisdom and the spirituality, are never more to be combined in a governor of Montreal. With the saintliness of a monk, the chivalry of a Crusader, the courtliness of a long-descended gentleman, the unblemished honor, the unquestioned truthfulness, the spotless purity of an ideal Christian, Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve deserves to live in the annals of Canada and in the history of the world by that title so appropriately bestowed upon him, "the First Knight of the Queen of Angels."

The Statue of Marienburg.

—
AN IDYL OF THE MIDDLE AGES.
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TWENTY-EIGHT miles southeast of Dantzic, in the province of West Prussia, there nestles, on the banks of the Nogat River, the little town of Marienburg. The castle, or *château-fort*, which forms its principal attraction to the tourist, although restored in the first quarter of the present century, dates back as to its origin to the beginning of the fourteenth century. It was constructed by the Teutonic Knights, one of the powerful religious and military orders which sprang into existence during the Crusades.

In 1309 the Grand Master of the Order fixed his residence at Marienburg; and as the Knights were noted for their particular devotion to the Blessed Virgin, their patroness and protectress, he gave her name to his castle, and determined that her statue should surmount the edifice visible far and near to peasantry and travellers by the banks of the Nogat.

A distinguished sculptor was sent for, and the Knights, offering him cordial hospitality, made the following proposition:

"Master, your reputation as an artist has long been familiar to us. We have full confidence in your genius, and your magic chisel must shape for us a statue of Our Lady. If the work satisfies us, you will be generously rewarded; even should we have to pay you the weight of the statue in gold, we shall not hesitate."

"Venerable lords," answered the artist, respectfully bowing to the Knights, "I desire neither gold nor silver; all I ask for is time. Grant me the full period that it may require for me to complete the work to my satisfaction, and I shall be happy both to accept your hospitality and to further your wishes."

The Knights declared their willingness to allow him all the time he might find necessary, and the sculptor took possession of his studio. Long months, however, passed away before he even began his task. On his knees the greater part of the day he prayed and prayed: "Holy Mother of God, inspire me, I conjure thee, with a just conception of my appointed work, and teach me how to produce a worthy image of thyself."

One morning, after a longer and more fervent prayer than usual, he suddenly arose, all joyous and animated. His countenance glowed as if illumined, while he murmured quietly to himself: "Now, at last, I have my model! Nothing can ever efface it from my soul, where it is faithfully engraven."

He at once sought out the finest and richest stone in the country; and, having secured a block to his taste, set to work. Thenceforth chisel and file knew no rest; and a thousand times a day, while his strokes were falling, the pious artist repeated: "Sweet Mother of Jesus, so full of goodness and mercy, grant, I beseech thee, that my statue may prove a miraculous image!"

After long months of patient work, it at length became practicable to form an idea of what the statue would be like when finished. Our Lady was there, standing, enveloped in an ample robe that fell in graceful folds; upon her shoulders fell silken ringlets in rich profusion; a delicately carved crown rested upon her brow; and on her left arm reposed the charming figure of the Child Jesus. Another period of ceaseless labor, and there appeared a marvellously sculptured crescent, serving as a support for the Virgin's foot. The skilful artist struggled valiantly against all difficulties; and while his chisel vivified the senseless stone, his lips forever repeated the petition of his soul: "Sweet Mother of Jesus, so full of goodness and mercy, grant, I beseech thee,

that my statue may prove a miraculous image!"

A year had passed. The Grand Master of the Knights wished to know what progress the sculptor had made, and by the latter was introduced into the studio. One glance at the work, and the Knight broke out into rapturous congratulation. The work thus far was a marvel of beauty. The rich, soft folds of Our Lady's royal mantle, the hair that seemed to wave about her shoulders, the noble pose as dignified as graceful,—everything, in a word, elicited his unqualified admiration.

"Noble prince of a noble art," he exclaimed, "continue, continue! Your work will be a perpetual eulogy of the worker."

"No, no! Let it rather prove a lasting honor to our beneficent Mother," replied the artist; and, seizing his chisel, he worked away with renewed ardor, imploring the while with filial confidence the Virgin's help.

When it came to the task of outlining the countenance of Mary and her Divine Son, his prayers grew additionally fervent. "Lady all fair," was his ceaseless cry, "aid me to make thine image also fair!" What infinite precautions he took with his beloved task! With what marvellous skill he handled the chisel, and how surely yet delicately he delivered each blow of his hammer! Time and again he stops, pensive and silent. He closes his eyes, for it is with his soul that he studies his model. Some moments of contemplation, and again his chisel gives new life and beauty to the graven face before him.

Another year elapsed; and the Grand Master, as he views the still unfinished statue, pays a spontaneous tribute to the artist's skill by falling on his knees and exclaiming, "*Ave Maria!*" The majesty of the Blessed Virgin's countenance, the lifelike regularity of the features, and the delicacy of the fragile lily she holds in her right hand, extort his fondest praise.

Seizing the sculptor's hands, he overwhelms him with compliments, and eagerly inquires when at length this *chef-d'œuvre* will be ready for placing on the pedestal long since prepared for it.

"Oh, my gracious lord!" was the reply of the astounded artist, "the statue is far from finished yet. Happy, thrice happy shall I be if one day I succeed in making it as it should be—as it is engraven in my soul!"

"Courage, my son,—courage!" said the Knight. "Our Lady herself will help you to that result."

And once again the devoted sculptor resumes his chisel and renews his prayer: "Sweet Mother of Jesus, full of goodness and mercy, grant, I beseech thee, that my statue may prove a miraculous image!"

Months and years pass on. Ceaselessly the patient artist works, indefatigably adding new touches of beauty to his masterpiece. His hair and beard have whitened in the meanwhile, and time has traced on his own visage lines still deeper than he has cut in the stone. At long last the hammer and chisel are laid aside; the file and smoothing-stone must complete the work. Yet a few weeks, and suddenly, his countenance suffused with a holy joy, the pious sculptor cries: "'Tis done!" And, sinking on his knees before his treasure, he murmurs lovingly, "*Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*"

The next day the statue is to be placed on its destined site, and the thought that he must part with it is full of anguish. He has so long lived for it alone. And it is just when he beholds therein the faithful copy of the model in his soul that he must bid it farewell. It seems to him that he will lose Mary herself if the statue be removed from the humble altar on which he has placed it in his studio. Around it waxen tapers shed their light, and fairest flowers exhale their grateful odors, as once more the artist utters his fervent prayer.

But what is this he sees? Can it be that

his sweet Mother has granted his oft-repeated petition, and that she has deigned to show him that his work is in very truth a miraculous image? Yes, she smiles upon her faithful servant, and beckons him to approach. She looks on him with such sweetness and such love that his very life goes out with ecstasy; and the first miracle of the Madonna of Marienburg is the death, from love, of its devout creator.

The next morning they found him lifeless at the foot of the Virgin, his features still radiant with the glow of a joy beyond all telling; and now for six hundred years and more he has drunk at will, near Mary's throne in heaven, the beauty of the ideal for which he lived and worked and died.

Notes and Remarks.

It is regrettable that Mr. Onahan's idea of a Catholic congress of the whole world was not carried out, as we think it might have been with proper effort. This is only one of many opportunities that we have missed, in connection with the World's Fair, on account of the disunion amongst us. The coming Congress, however, will have something of a universal character. We hear that, besides the Apostolic Delegate, representatives of the Catholic hierarchy of England, Ireland, Scotland, and of several nations of the Continent, are expected to attend. Mgr. Gadd has been chosen by Cardinal Vaughan to represent the English bishops. Cardinal Moran will represent the Australian Church. Several Irish prelates are also looked for, and distinguished Catholic laymen from many lands.

One of the officers of a Brooklyn court has handed down a decision which, we hope, may be regarded as a precedent in coming years. It involved the guardianship of a child born of a mixed marriage, the usual ante-nuptial contract having been made. The child was claimed by the grandparents, one Catholic, the other Protestant; and the

judge, in deciding the case, said that he felt "a moral if not a legal obligation" to choose a Catholic guardian. It is not every judge who would thus strain a point in favor of Catholic training, and the incident may serve as another warning against the evil of mixed marriages.

It has been asserted by the best medical authority that persons at the point of death are much more conscious of what goes on about them than is usually supposed. An incident that tends to substantiate the assertion is related of Michael Brannagan, of Steubenville, Ohio. Mr. Brannagan was for seven months in a cataleptic state, and lay to all appearance dead, the only sign of life being the continuance of respiration and circulation. He was afterward cured, and it was then that he described to his astonished nurses all that had been said and done by the doctors and attendants during his illness. He declares that, though most of his other senses were dulled, his hearing was abnormally acute. If persons who are called upon to attend deathbeds would only remember these facts, they might spare their loved ones much needless suffering. A prayer or a short invocation breathed over the departing spirit, would certainly prove far more cheering and profitable than those inconsiderate whispers which are so heedlessly uttered, and which banish that recollection and repose of soul so necessary in the supreme moment of life.

The Catholic Summer School opened last week at Plattsburg, N. Y. The attendance was gratifyingly large, and all express approval of the programme drawn up by the Board of Studies. The corps of lecturers includes many of the most distinguished Catholic scholars in the United States, and the audience is composed of eminent teachers and earnest scholars. We quote the following appreciative words from the New York *Sun*:

"The intellectual equipment of the School must command the respect of all who are competent to form a judgment upon it. The nature and measure of the knowledge to be obtained by attendants at the School during the three weeks of its term can best be judged through an examination of the list of themes to be dealt with, and of the names of the

scholars who are to deal with them. We can say that any man or woman who is able to go to Plattsburg and stay there during the brief period in which the School is kept open, must receive enlightenment in literature, history, and natural science."

Congresses and conventions have become so common of late years that persons are apt to forget the good that springs from the interchange of intelligent opinion on important subjects. It will readily be admitted that the Catholic press of the United States admits of much improvement, and we are glad to note that several good men and true have undertaken to organize and conduct a meeting of Catholic editors in Chicago during Congress week. Old feuds settled, a spirit of harmony born, more reticence on delicate subjects, and a deeper respect for authority,—these are some of the good results that Catholics will hope for from this convention.

A story which illustrates the mystery of grace, and which is not without parallel elsewhere, is told by the Liverpool *Catholic Times*. In one of the aristocratic families of Scotland, some time ago, a Catholic servant was induced to attend Protestant services, and became to all appearances an apostate. Shortly after she gave up her situation, leaving behind her some Catholic books of devotion. Curiosity at first, and then interest, induced her former mistress to read these books. The lady is now a fervent Catholic, and the servant at last reports was still a Protestant.

Miss Sarah Medary, who lately received the white veil at the Carmelite monastery in Boston, is the third of the grand-daughters of the famous Governor Medary, of Ohio, to embrace the religious life. Of the other two sisters, one is a member of the Order of the Good Shepherd, and the other has given her life to God in a convent of the Bon Secour. Governor Medary was himself a convert, and his family have had much to sacrifice for conscience' sake.

The venerable Archbishop Murphy, of Hobart, Tasmania, lately celebrated the

seventy-eighth anniversary of his birth, and the fifty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood. He was appointed bishop by Gregory XVI. in 1846. Archbishop Murphy is still in good health, and possessed of strength and vigor which many much younger men might envy. The labors of this great Father of souls during the more than half century spent in the sacred ministry have borne abundant fruit, and the clergy and laity of his flock pray that he may be spared many more years to the archdiocese over which he presides. THE "AVE MARIA" is privileged to number Archbishop Murphy among its warmest friends, and we beg to offer his Grace our sincere congratulations on the joyous anniversaries which he has been celebrating.

In the July number of the *North American Review*, an article appears from the pen of the Duke of Veragua, recently our nation's guest, who writes entertainingly on the "Family of Columbus," his distinguished ancestor. What characterizes the paper in our modern periodical is the same simplicity and piety which formed the distinguishing traits of the great discoverer. The family line is clearly and unaffectedly traced through the vicissitudes of Spanish domination, and the ingratitude of contemporary rulers is modestly but plainly set forth. In conclusion, the writer thus expresses himself in response to the sentiments with which every American heart was moved by his presence in our land:

"I shall never forget the kindness which has been shown me, nor my visit to this beautiful country, where Nature has been so prodigal of her gifts, and where man, by his labor, has been able to increase his wealth and attain a degree of prosperity which is truly marvellous. These honors, however, will not arouse in my heart feelings of vanity. On the contrary, I hope that the remembrance of this important period will increase in me a sense of the immense responsibility of those who bear honored names, and who are under the moral obligation to transmit them, at least untarnished, to their successors; and I trust that God will enable me to carry out this object."

It is not a very long time since a bright but presumptuous lad was expelled from Oxford because he had written a pamphlet entitled "The Necessity of Atheism." The lad, who was entered on the register as P. B.

Shelley, afterward developed into a brilliant, irresponsible poet, and the literary world rang with his praise. A memorial of him was recently erected at Oxford, and a delightfully bland discourse was delivered by the successor of the man who had expelled Shelley for his atheistical writings. There was another student, gentle, learned and religious. He was Oxford's pride while he remained in the Anglican communion; but when, following the inspiration of grace, he entered the Church, he too was banished from the University. And when Newman's statue was proposed for admission into Oxford, the request was promptly denied; according to an English contemporary, the statue is still excluded. It is a melancholy spectacle, that of a venerable University, founded and nurtured by Catholics, preferring Shelley's atheism to Newman's Catholicity.

It is often difficult to persuade otherwise very worthy people that questionable ways of raising money for charitable purposes can not have the approbation of the Church. A Parisian lady who contemplated establishing what we would term a concert saloon, the proceeds to be given to some eminently deserving object, was promptly rebuked by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, who in the course of his remarks quoted the words of Cardinal Guibert, his predecessor. The sentiments being applicable to other cities as well as Paris, we reproduce them:

"If the money spent upon balls and pleasure parties were given integrally to the poor, there would be avoidance of sin, honor given to God, real help to the suffering, and far less scandal given to our poorer neighbors, who find it difficult to distinguish the benevolent intention in the zeal for pleasure that persuades Catholics to dance for the relief of the victims made by the most appalling catastrophes."

The directors of the law school of Harvard College have decided that, after a certain date, no student will be admitted to the law classes who has not received a degree in arts or some other course of equal importance. A list of about eighty colleges in the United States and Canada whose *alumni* will be received has been published, and it does not include a single Catholic college. Mr. James Jeffrey

Roche, of the *Pilot*, called President Eliot's attention to this fact, and was assured that the exclusion of Catholic institutions was wholly unintentional. But President Eliot also made two statements that are not in accordance with facts. He first took it for granted that graduates leaving Catholic colleges are not so far advanced as those who hold degrees from secular institutions, alleging as the probable reason for this that "the directors of Catholic colleges have generally received only or chiefly the education of priests." We should like to know how Dr. Eliot formed these extraordinary opinions. Numerous instances are on record wherein Catholic graduates have fairly outshone their "non-sectarian" rivals in competitive examinations, and in every field of thought besides; and, we believe, a careful comparison will show that the average *alumnus* of Harvard is within pretty easy reach of the average graduate of our higher institutions.

The second indictment which has reference to teachers is wholly unwarranted. In no Catholic college with which we are acquainted, have the teachers of collegiate classes, much less the directors, "received only the education of priests." They are, as a rule, specialists, and are usually supplemented by the best lay educators in America. We could wish that President Eliot would make a tour of inspection among Catholic colleges; his opinion would then be worth having.

The friends of THE "AVE MARIA"—all who labor for its wider circulation, especially its contributors—will share the gratification we felt in reading the following passage from a private letter received last week. The writer is a zealous supporter of Our Lady's Magazine in an Eastern city:

"It is a consolation to me to find, on my frequent visits to the almshouse, THE 'AVE MARIA' so eagerly sought and highly appreciated by Catholics and Protestants, white and black."

* * *

The same mail, by an interesting coincidence, brought us an order to send the magazine to a member of the household of the Queen of Portugal. Our esteemed correspondent wrote: "You are not likely to overestimate the importance of royal patron-

age, but it will please you to know that this subscription may result in securing new readers in unexpected places."

Those who have labored so industriously to collect cancelled stamps to promote the Work of Mary Immaculate will be encouraged to hear that a consignment of 755,000 was forwarded to Paris last week from Notre Dame. The commercial value of the collection is not inconsiderable, and its size illustrates the truth of the saying that every little helps. The directors of the Work will know how to utilize these stamps to the best advantage.

It would require more space than we have at our disposal this week to give the names of all the principal collectors, among whom are priests, religious and lay persons. Brother Valerian mentions Mr. John Mulqueen, Miss Nellie Pinkham, Miss Anna McGarivy, the Misses Walton, Mrs. Mary Rooney, Miss Mamie Morris, Miss Katherine Collins, Miss Katherine Hayes, and Miss L. Claran as his most efficient helpers among the laity.

Obituary.

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

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

Mr. Brien Faulkner, of Taunton, Mass., who passed away on the 29th ult.

Mr. Peter J. Wishart, who died some time ago, in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Donnelly, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who departed this life on the 3d inst.

Mrs. William Baum, who breathed her last on the 30th ult., in New Haven, Conn.

Mr. John H. Canavan, of New Bedford, Mass., who yielded his soul to God on the 28th ult.

Mr. John F. Lucey, whose death took place on the 3d inst., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Agnes Dissett, of Rochester, N. Y., who died suddenly on the 8th inst.

Mr. Philip Owens, James Brady, and Mrs. Bridget Boyle,—all of San José, Cal.; Mrs. William O'Donnell and Miss Mary J. Fahey, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Peter Conlon, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. David A. O'Brien, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. David Cushing, Whitesboro, 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.

*

The Best Ambition.

WHO would be wise, his heart to Jesus
 gives;
 Who would be rich, in grace and virtue lives;
 Who would be great, with little is content;
 Who would be pure, loves Mass and Sacra-
 ment;
 To labor for God's glory his desire,
 Sweet charities that set his soul on fire;
 His dearest wish within that Love to rest
 That drew its human strength from Mary's
 breast;
 His highest hope the peace of Heaven to win
 By that same door the saints have entered in.

How a Mother's Prayer was Answered at Last.

BY SADIE L. BAKER.



WOMAN stood in the door of
 a small house, and watched the
 clouds, that glowed with richer
 color minute by minute. She
 looked at the springing grass,
 the young leaves fluttering in
 the soft wind, the sweetbrier bushes beside
 the door, and the buds showing pink and
 white on the apple and cherry trees, where
 the robins were singing, as if she loved
 them. But they could not hold her eyes

long from the road that followed the river
 bank, crossed the old stone bridge, then
 passed over a hill and into the woods, out
 of sight.

The large eyes looked almost black in
 her pale face, marked with deep lines of
 sorrow and care as well as time; and the
 soft waves of hair were snowy white. A
 small, dark-red rose was fastened in the
 folds of muslin crossed over her breast.
 She watched and listened, until the sunset
 glory faded, the first stars shone out, and
 the deepening shadows hid the road;
 then, with one last wistful look, turned
 and went into the house, leaving the door
 open behind her; and, sitting in the
 twilight, sang, in a sweet, quavering voice,
 the beautiful hymns Christian mothers
 sing over the cradles of their children.

As she sat in the low rocker, swinging
 softly to and fro, her thin, worn fingers
 touched the velvety rose with lingering,
 caressing touches. Its fragrance brought
 the past to her so vividly that she seemed
 to be living it all over again. Her mother,
 too, had loved flowers: the sunny windows
 at home were filled with them; she had
 worn them all through her happy girl-
 hood; they even fastened the folds of her
 bridal veil.

And her baby, her only child, her dark-
 eyed, beautiful boy,—how he had loved
 the roses!—ducking his curly head and
 clapping his plump hands with little,
 inarticulate sounds of delight when a
 fragrant blossom was given him for a

plaything. And when he was grown a tall boy, he would come to her in the evening, and smilingly fasten a rose in her dress; then creep into her arms, and listen, well content, while she sang hymn after hymn. And while they watched the shadows creep over the beautiful earth, and the stars come out one by one, her sad heart would grow almost light.

Her story was an old story. Her father chided her sternly, her mother pleaded with all a mother's love, friends remonstrated, and the pastor who had baptized her, and loved her best of all the flock who had grown up around him, warned her solemnly. To all she gave but one answer: She knew Will had been wild, she said. Why did they keep telling her of the one dreadful time when he had lain drunk in the street, with his whitehaired father weeping helplessly over him? It was the first time and the last. And, oh, it was so hard-hearted and so wicked to remember it against him now, when he was trying to do better! What if he did drink a little now and then? It was no more than many another did. And when he had her to help him, as only a wife could help, he would do well. He had promised, and she would make his home so happy!

And so at last she had her way, because she was an only child and a wilful one,—the child of her parents' old age, coming when a half score of years lay between her face and the last of the row of little graves where her baby brothers and sisters slept. Theodora—gift of God—they called her. Though the good priest's voice trembled as he said the words that made her a wife, though her mother wept as she kissed her, and her father's voice faltered and failed as he tried to bless her, she felt no fear.

For a little time—a few months—all went well; but before a year had passed the old companions, the old life, claimed Will. Theodora learned well the hard

lesson given to nearly every girl who marries a man to reform him. Slowly but surely she saw him slip from her. She tried all her womanly wiles, as so many women with breaking hearts have done before her, as so many will do after her. She coaxed, entreated, argued, and threatened; prayed with and for him, loved and forgave him, or sternly rebuked, only to meet good-natured ridicule, weak repentance, or sullen obstinacy, as his mood was. And at last, when for the second time in one short week he reeled home at midnight to lie in a drunken sleep, while she paced the room outside, too heart-broken to weep, shuddering, praying, kneeling beside her baby's crib, she faced her life, and knew herself for what she was—a drunkard's wife and the mother of a drunkard's child. She hid her trial well from the world. Her father crowned a long and honorable life with a happy death; her mother followed him in a few days; and she thanked God through her tears that her sorrow could never shadow them.

She brought Will's feeble old father to her home, and cared for him with all a daughter's love and tenderness. And when, little by little, the savings of his lifetime and her own small property wasted away, she carried her helpless charges—her boy and the childish old man—to all the home left, the little house where her father and mother had begun life,—the one thing Will could not sell. And here she worked—toiled early and late at whatever her hands found to do; was hungry often that the boy and the old man might eat; was pinched with cold that they might be warmly clothed; kept the poor rooms neat and bright with flowers; and taught her pale lips and sad eyes to smile, lest her boy should miss his meed of childish joy, and be tempted to follow in his father's steps. That was the fear that made every waking hour terrible, that haunted even her dreams.

Will's old father died with his head pillowed on her breast, his last breath a blessing for her, a prayer for his son and for her boy. Will was brought home dying from a midnight carouse that had ended in a fight; and though his eyes stared into hers, and his lips muttered words she could not catch, she was never perfectly sure if he heard her cries, her wild, heart-broken plea to the Father of us all for mercy and pardon for the poor passing soul.

So only her boy was left,—only they two alone in the world. She worked for him, prayed for him, lived only for him. Like another Monica, she gave all that she was, all that she hoped, to her son, her Will, who looked at her with his father's glorious dark eyes, and smiled at her with the same bright smile that won her heart in her girlhood. He was a beautiful child: light-hearted and merry, gentle, obedient and loving far beyond the wont of most boys. "No trouble at all," some women said, with a sigh at the thought of their own strong-willed, noisy lads. But Theodora, with the old fear that her boy, so like his father in face and form, in the sweet but weak nature, might be like him in all things—might have inherited his fatal appetite,—her life was one long prayer.

He gave her love for love. Long after some boys think it unmanly to care for motherly petting, he asked no greater pleasure than to follow her around, helping her in all her household tasks, digging in the garden or caring for the chickens, with a queer little air of manly dignity; or nestled in her arms in the twilight, he talked of his lessons at school, of his boyish trials and triumphs, and planned for the future when he should be a man and care for the tender mother who now cared for him. But, best of all, he liked to rest quietly, his head on her shoulder, while she rocked to and fro and sang to him. Always he remembered her as she looked

then, with the lost beauty of youth coming back to her face seen through the dim light; the plain dress, the folds of muslin crossed over her breast, and always the red rose at her throat because he willed it so.

And ever her prayer went on to the dear Father, to the loving Lord, to keep her boy, and give him to her forever in heaven; to the Blessed Mother, to pity and pray for this poor, sorrowing mother. Wherever she was, whatever she did, her soul cried out continually, and pleaded as only a mother can plead for her child.

As the years passed on, the boy forgot, if he had ever known, how his father had lived and how he had died; and no one was cruel enough to tell him.

(To be continued.)

To be Avoided.

A teacher in one of our Eastern schools has proposed the following list of words and phrases to be avoided in writing and in conversation. Every boy and girl would do well to examine it, and take note of what "strikes home":

Had rather, for Would rather; Had better, for Would better; Posted, for Informed; Depot, for Station; Try and go, for Try to go; Cunning, for Smart; Above, for Foregoing; Like I do, for As I do; Feel badly, for Feel bad; Feel good, for Feel well; Expect, for Suspect; Nice, or Real Nice, used indiscriminately; Funny, for Odd or Unusual; Seldom or ever, for Seldom or never; More than you think for, instead of More than you think; Nicely, in answer to a question as to health; Just as soon, for Just as lief; Guess, for Think; Fix, for Arrange or Prepare; Real good, for Really good; Try an experiment, for Make an experiment; Not as I know, for Not that I know; Every man or woman should do *their* duty; A party, for A person; Healthy, for Wholesome.—*Harper's Young People.*



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

VOL. XXXVII.

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No. 5.

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The Precious Blood.

A Norman Shrine.

HOW beautiful this earth, O Christ,
 Transfigured in the glow
 Of ruddy streams that from Thy Wounds
 Forever o'er it flow!

With eyes of faith we see that Blood
 From Love's pure fountains start,—
 A purple vintage from life's source,
 The wine-press of Thy Heart.

It gleams in Baptism's holy font;
 And o'er the erring soul,
 When sorrow breaks sweet mercy's banks,
 Its waves in healing roll.

We see this crimson treasure held,
 With love for binding chain,
 Within the chalice, where it yearns
 To still our throbs of pain.

All life is gladdened by that Blood,
 And—happy is the thought!—
 The precious streams that to our souls
 Thy gift of pardon brought,

First pulsed in Mary's sinless veins:
 Through her Thy Blood was given,—
 O may we through this double gift
 Be crowned by Thee in heaven!

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.



CATTERED throughout the province of Normandy, the classic land of emerald green pastures, flowering orchards, and Romanesque and Gothic churches, are numerous shrines dedicated to the Holy Mother of God. Some of these, like Notre Dame de la Déliverande, near Caen, or Notre Dame de Bon Secours, near Rouen, are widely known and celebrated; others, like Notre Dame de Vire, hidden away in some quiet nook, unfrequented by tourists, are visited only by the inhabitants of the country-side. Everywhere, however, whatever may be the degree of celebrity that they enjoy, these sanctuaries serve the same purpose, exercise the same influence, and fill the same part in the lives of men. They are refuges, where the sick, the sorrowful and the guilty seek a Mother's assistance and a Mother's love; places of rest, where the pilgrims of life stop to take breath before resuming their weary way. Sometimes they serve as turning-points in a lifetime. Habits of sin are laid aside, brave resolutions taken, and the regenerated soul begins its course on new tracks, purified by repentance, and strengthened by its Mother's blessing.

THE grace of God is not like something that you can put away in a drawer and go and take out at any time convenient to you.—*Father Coleridge.*

Each one of these shrines, even the humblest, has its own peculiar atmosphere and character. Notre Dame de Vire, in the wooded country of La Manche, speaks to us of solitude and peace. Notre Dame de la Déliverande, whose twin spires rise from the fertile plains of Calvados, the granary of Normandy, reminds us how the Queen of Heaven protects and blesses the labors of the sons of the soil. Notre Dame de Bon Secours, on her mountain, above the city of Rouen, appears to us as the guardian spirit of the populous city at her feet.

Notre Dame de Vire—or la Chapelle sur Vire, as the shrine is generally called—is situated about fifteen miles from the town of Saint-Lô, in the diocese of Coutances, in Lower Normandy. The country is singularly varied and picturesque, with fine woods, rushing streams, and many hills and dales. Somewhat ambitiously, this portion of Normandy has been called a "little Switzerland"; but, allowing for a certain amount of exaggeration, due to local pride, we may safely pronounce the district to be far wilder and more picturesque than the adjoining department of Calvados.

The pilgrimage chapel itself is situated in a narrow valley, on the banks of the Vire; thickly wooded hills rising on either side. It owes its origin to a noble Norman knight of the country, Robert de Tregoz. It was he who, on the spot where the shrine now stands, founded a priory in 1197, and entrusted it to the Benedictine monks, whom his ancestors had established in the neighboring abbey of Hambye. It was a spot that the sons of St. Benedict must have loved—near running water, surrounded by beautiful hills and dales, breathing that "Peace" which is the watchword and motto of the Order.

In consequence of the civil and foreign wars that during many years made this part of Normandy desolate, the noble

founder of the priory and his descendants disappeared from the country; but the monastery continued to exist till the eighteenth century. It then fell into ruin; the monks were dispersed, and only the priory chapel remained, a lasting memorial of the faith of Robert de Tregoz.

The little sanctuary was guarded from destruction and neglect by popular devotion; for it contained a statue of Our Lady, before which the peasants of the country were in the habit of praying, and to whom for many years they had paid reverent homage. How and by whom the image was placed in the priory chapel no written document remains to tell; but, according to an ancient tradition, it was discovered in a field by means of a little lamb. A shepherd, who kept his flocks in the meadows near the river, noticed that one lamb in particular constantly wandered from its companions to a certain spot, from whence it was difficult to draw it away. The shepherd's curiosity being at last aroused, he made a search; and discovered, just below the surface of the ground, a small statue of Our Lady, who is represented holding her Divine Son on one arm and a fruit in the other hand. The image was placed in the priory chapel, where it became an object of fervent devotion.

Ancient manuscripts prove that, as far back as 1487, the pilgrimage of Notre Dame de Vire was much frequented. The Norman peasants came in large numbers across the hilly and wooded country to visit the peaceful valley where the Queen of Heaven held her court. The revolutionary storm of 1789 put a stop to the pilgrimages; the chapel was sold, and used, first as a storehouse for wood, then as a stable; but now and then, during those dark and dangerous times, groups of peasants might be seen kneeling outside the desecrated shrine. Sometimes they obtained leave to enter, and, prostrate on the ground, they wept and prayed on the

spot where in happier days hymns of praise had ascended to heaven.

Toward the beginning of the present century, the first move toward the restoration of the shrine was made by Madame Beaufile, wife of the proprietor of the chapel. She obtained her husband's permission to adorn the statue of Our Lady, which she dressed in a long, embroidered robe. She was at that time expecting the birth of her first child, and wished to draw down Mary's blessing on herself and on her infant. Her pious desires seem to have been fully granted. The son to whom she gave birth grew up with a loving devotion toward Notre Dame de Vire. When he reached manhood, he re-opened the chapel and did his utmost to restore and to promote the pilgrimage. In 1846 his widow completed his work by giving over the shrine to the nuns of the Order of Mercy, thinking thereby to insure the development of the pilgrimage.

By this time the humble priory chapel had become too small for the influx of pilgrims, and it was replaced by the lovely Gothic sanctuary that now rises on the banks of the Vire, on the very same spot where, during so many years, Mary's clients paid her homage. In 1861 Mgr. Daniel, Bishop of Coutances, founded a house for missionaries close by. They were appointed the official guardians of the little sanctuary, and it is often owing to their apostolic zeal that miracles of conversion have taken place under the shadow of our dear Lady's altar.

Besides the venerable image of Mary which occupies the place of honor in the chapel, the pilgrim can not fail to notice another very ancient statue, in a niche to the right of the high altar. It is small, roughly carved and quaintly conceived; it represents St. Anne holding Our Lady in her arms, while Mary carries our Blessed Lord. According to a local tradition, this curious image, which is supposed to belong to the eleventh century, was found

by some fishermen in the river Vire soon after the foundation of the priory chapel, where it has since remained.

Around Notre Dame de Vire, as we beheld it on a radiant September day, there breathes a spirit of peace and solitude. The graceful Gothic chapel, with its background of rich woods, where the beech trees were just turning from green to gold, the clear river, the quiet valley, make up a picture of rustic beauty. The dwellings of the missionaries and of the nuns are the only large houses in the neighborhood of the shrine. Here and there the thatched roof of a cottage peeps out among the trees; but the country is not thickly inhabited, and the farms have a primitiveness and simplicity characteristic of the Département de la Manche. The peasants, too, are rougher than their neighbors of the Calvados. They still believe in sorcerers and in magic, and there are certain woods in the neighborhood of the chapel through which nothing would induce them to pass at midnight. Beneath this strain of superstition there exists, however, a solid groundwork of faith; and the aspect of the crowded churches on Sundays is most consoling and edifying.

A CHILD in a library values most those books which have gilt edges; a book collector prizes the rarest editions only for the excellence of the matter and the accuracy of the text. So is our value for men and nature affected by the artistic spirit. To it vulgar show is the gilt-edged book; the extraordinary is the rare edition; what it values is often very humble and poor to eyes that can not read it. It can see majesty and dignity in many a poor laborer; it can detect meanness under the mantle of an emperor; it can recognize grandeur in a narrow house, and pettiness in the palace of a thousand chambers.—
Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXVIII.—AT THE GATE OF DEATH.

WARD and his wife sat on the bench in front of their door. Twilight was falling, floating through the air in soft curves, "as a feather is wafted downward." The odor of the honeysuckle came to them on the slow breezes from the south. The sunset glow was still in the sky, but it was gradually fading. It was the time of sadness or contentment. For Mrs. Ward, sitting there, it was a time of the deepest sadness. In the red glow of the sky Ward saw a reflection of the rebellion against God and man which filled his soul, and in the darkness despair as black as night.

"I will make Willie their equal, at any rate," he muttered, as Bernice and Lady Tyrrell drove past in the cart. His wife sat beside him, stunned and dazed, but holding fast to his arm. No word had been uttered by either of them during the late afternoon. Willie, too, had lain quiet.

Father Haley had just come. He was in the darkened parlor with the boy. The door was open, and it filled Ward with the hottest anger to hear the murmur of their voices.

"Open that door wider," he said gruffly to his wife. "The priest has no right to say anything we can't hear."

Mrs. Ward obeyed. Nothing was of any consequence now; the worst had come to the worst. Nothing could happen,—nothing that could hurt her, so she thought.

"Father," they heard Willie saying, in his sweet, soft voice, "I used to long to be a great singer; but after you did so much for me, I gave that up."

"Why?" asked the priest, who sat near the window, moving a large palm-leaf fan before the boy. "It was a good sort of ambition, wasn't it?"

"Oh! yes, I think so. I wanted to help father and mother; they are poor, and I think father hates to be poor. But it hasn't been bad for me, though of course I'd like to have good singing-masters. But, being so poor, I couldn't—"

"Do you hear that?" muttered Ward. "Curse these purse-proud people! I'll have my right and beggar them!"

He did not hear Willie's words distinctly until after an interval.

"Oh! yes, Father," Willie said. "I gave it up to God. I said that if He would make my father and mother contented with what I had done, I'd never expect to be a great singer; and that's probably the reason why I have lost my voice: I can't sing a note. To-day," the boy went on, in a lower tone, "I heard something dreadful,—so dreadful that I can't tell it to you, Father. It concerns another person. It was so dreadful that I thought it would have killed me; but I got over it, because I know that there is nothing so bad that God and the Blessed Virgin can't help, if we ask."

"Never mind this dreadful thing," said the priest, soothingly. "You are not so well to-night. See! there is a fire-fly! How quickly the summer weather has come! The rain and the cold kept back the lilacs until the last moment; we had had scarcely two days of them, when the summer, with the clover and the honeysuckle, was here. I saw a wild rose to-day, Willie."

At another time Willie would have become intensely interested in this. Now he was in no mood for it.

"Father," he whispered, "if I should be willing to die—"

Mrs. Ward tightened her grasp on her husband's arm.

"The priest thinks he is not so well!" she murmured.

"If I should be willing to die,—if I should say, 'I will give up my life, if You take this dreadful thing out of my father's life,'—do you think He would listen to

me? I should like to do it. And perhaps then—if I were less selfish, and would give up living,—God might make Catholics of them.”

Ward half rose, muttering to himself. His wife clung to him. They did not hear the priest's reply.

“Pray?” went on Willie. “Why, I have prayed with all my might ever since I heard of the great trouble! When I heard of it—nobody knows I heard it,—I felt as if a great black bat had flown at my mouth and stopped my breath. O Father Haley, you don't know how much my father needs comfort—and my mother! You don't know how good they are. I would be glad to die to give them peace and happiness. I have always wanted to have lessons from good masters; I prayed for that too, and Miss Conway promised me that some day she would send me to Italy—”

Ward muttered a curse.

“The boy has never opened his heart to us this way,” whispered the mother, bitterly.

“The priest has crowded us out,—the priest and his Church,” said Ward.

“Miss Conway has been so kind. It is something for a young lady like her, rich and with lots of friends, to think of a poor young fellow like me, and to want to help me. But that's all over now.”

“Yes, it is all over,” Ward whispered between his set teeth. “I shall end the patronage of the rich young lady,—curse her!”

The step that sounded on the path caused Ward to lose the rest of the dialogue between Father Haley and his son. Mrs. Ward did not care to hear more. She stole up to her room, and threw herself beside her bed, feeling that she was the most desolate of women.

Conway paused at the steps which led up to the porch. He could not see Ward's face in the dusk.

“Mr. Ward?” he asked.

“I am James Ward,” the other replied, curtly.

“I am Edward Conway; and, if you will permit me, I should like to see you alone.”

“Very well,” Ward said. “My house is small, and there is a visitor in the parlor going through some mummery. I haven't a palace, built with other people's money, like some people in Swansmere; and, if you'll come into the kitchen, you can tell me what you want.”

Conway, not at all abashed, followed Ward through the dark entry into the kitchen. Ward struck a match and lit a kerosene lamp which hung in a bracket.

“Well?” he said.

Conway, looking into the gaunt face, with its deep-set, suffering eyes and unkempt hair, was filled with pity. There was a certain nobility in Ward's look, as of a strong nature confronted by loss and failure, and with no weapon against despair but pride.

“Well?” he said.

“I came to speak of Major Conway's death, and the circumstances connected with it. I would like to clear up the mystery surrounding it, to help Colonel Carton to his normal condition again. He imagines”—Conway said to himself that he must be cautious now—“that he was in some way responsible—”

Ward chuckled, and his eyes glowed.

“If Colonel Carton is wise, he can catch the train which comes through from New York at eight o'clock. He has ten minutes. He can go West—and then forget, if he can.”

Conway felt chilled and disgusted by the man's tone. He looked at the wrinkled and hard hand of the working man, as it grasped the back of the rough kitchen chair; and the words that rose to his lips were suppressed.

“Mr. Ward,” Conway said, “if you can help Colonel Carton to get over his hallucination, you will perform an act of Christian charity.”

"I don't pretend to be a Christian."

"You would do a great favor to Miss Conway"—Ward laughed,—“who has, I know, been kind to your son, and whose father was at one time your benefactor, I have understood—”

"I shall not tell you the truth about the killing of Dion Conway," said Ward, white with fury, "because I don't want to hang any man. But, as your name is Conway, I'll show you some papers that will interest you. To-morrow I will make Bernice Conway a beggar; to-morrow I will show to the world how much Dion Conway owed me, and how much Colonel Carton owes me; to-morrow we shall change place, and my poor boy shall be the autocrat of Swansmere, if wealth can make him so. Sit here," Ward said, "and wait till I come back."

Conway took the rough chair. Wondering what would come next, but anxious to make the best of every chance, he looked about him. The kitchen was neat and homely, the floor white and smooth with many scrubblings. The bright utensils hung in rows against the wall; and the patch of rag carpet, reddened by the glow from the grate of the cook-stove, reminded him—with a touch of that pathos which common things have at unexpected times—of the old days at home, of Margaret, of his mother.

Ward returned with a small tin box under his arm. He put it on the deal table, and threw back the lid.

"First," he said, "as you bear the name of Conway, let me tell you a story. I was a soldier in the late war, so were Conway, your cousin, and Carton. We were all soldiers—equals. I believed in the demands of a higher life; I was of different mould from them that kept me down. With them the *ego* was ever present, I thought of the race. Still, we were friends, and I trusted them. They laughed and said I saw visions; and when I refused chances of ranking well in the army, they

called me a fool. I wanted to be a fool in their eyes, because I believed that I could live a higher life, dependent only on myself, and high above their coarse aims. I have failed," Ward said, turning his deep-set eyes on Conway. "They got through me what they valued most, what the world values most, and what your God seems to value most—money."

"Stop!" Conway said. "You must not blaspheme."

"Let it pass. I struggled according to my conscience, as many struggled before me—as Thoreau struggled, as Bronson Alcott struggled,—and I give it up. That boy of mine shall just swim with the current and hold his own, if money can keep him afloat."

Conway noted the fierce look in the man's face—seemingly made to be mild,—and asked himself whether Ward was insane or not. He was certainly passing through a great emotional crisis; but, after a searching glance, Conway concluded that he was in his senses.

"But why do you tell me this?" Conway asked. "I am useless to you."

"No," Ward said, taking a handful of papers from the box. "I think that you are the proper person to take a message to Miss Conway and Colonel Carton. When you have heard me, you will not refuse.—I fought in the war, as I said. When the South felt that the end was coming, and we Federals were overrunning Virginia, I made the acquaintance of a man named Foster, a 'poor white.' I was kind to him, simply because he seemed to be so utterly despicable. One night, when I was on guard, he came staggering to me from out a copse, shot in the neck by a stray bullet,—he was always prowling about. He thrust into my hand a box, a wooden box, which had been lettered heavily in black. The letters had been rubbed off. There only remained, burned in the lid, the figure of a swan pierced by a sword."

Conway started. His breath came faster. Ward stopped in surprise.

"Go on."

"Foster's jugular vein had been severed. He died before he could speak, and I had him buried. He was a sort of tramp, alone in the world; nobody knew much about him. But I kept the box. It was filled with notes of the Bank of England,—there was a fortune there."

"I know," said Conway. "Go on."

"When I tell you the rest, you won't show so much interest," said Ward, with a grim smile. "I gave that money in trust to Major Conway. I couldn't find the owner, and he and Carton tried,—at least they said so. I wouldn't touch it. I had taught myself that unearned money was a curse to one's self and one's children. I refused the interest; and they promised that, when the chance should come, they would found an ideal community according to my ideas. They did found the community; it's Swansmere," he said, with a sneer. "But they forget me. A worm, a fool, an exalted madman, set wrong by no education and much reading, could easily be cast aside."

"Well?" said Conway, calmly.

"Here, in my hand, are Major Conway's notes for over a hundred thousand dollars. That money made Carton and him rich. I shall now claim it and the interest. It built up this feudal demesne of Swansmere for the autocrats that spit on my boy and look down on my wife. I intend, with those slips of paper—no, don't touch them!—to ruin, yes, to ruin the Cartons and your cousin, Miss Conway."

Conway looked gravely and steadily at Ward. He put his hands behind him.

"I will not touch the notes," he said; "hold them under the light of the lamp."

Ward obeyed, and held the five slips before Conway, with suspicious yet exulting eyes. Conway repeated the dates aloud: "December, 1864; March, May, June, July, 1865.—They have been renewed?"

"No," said Ward, rapidly. "Why?"

Conway, by way of answer, and possibly out of pity, held up his left hand. On the little finger was an onyx ring. Without speaking, Ward looked at it. He saw cut in the stone a swan transfixed with a sword.

"That was the sign on the box?"

"Yes," said Ward, "that was the sign."

"Well—" he paused, almost awed by the look of suspense and fear upon Ward's face. "Well—" he hated to say the words,—“if you will consult a lawyer, you will find that notes made in 1865 are so much waste paper in 1892.”

Ward's face became crimson.

"And," he added, "if you try to force the Conway estate into bankruptcy, you will find me in the way. The money Seth Foster dug up on our place was my father's. I have the record of those notes, and I shall do what my father never thought of doing—trace them. You may as well burn them."

Ward clutched the papers and looked at Conway with rage in his face. He raised his right hand as if convulsed by an inward spasm. Conway started back, as if he were threatened, and then faced Ward steadily.

"Mr. Ward! Mr. Ward!" called Father Haley's voice. The lamp in the parlor flared up. "Your son is ill."

Ward cleared the entry with a bound. The lamp in the parlor blazed, and Conway, as he entered, saw that the globe was about to crack from the heat. He hurried forward, turned the screw and lowered the flame. As he looked down—the lamp was on the high chimney-piece—he saw that Willie had fallen upon the floor.

"He has fainted," Father Haley said, as he lifted him to the sofa. "Something has made him worse to-day. I have grave fears of a hemorrhage from the lungs. As I was going, he fell."

Ward pushed the priest aside, and knelt beside the body of the unconscious boy.

"He is dead!" he whispered, with an accent that made Conway shudder. "O God," he cried, "spare him, and I will rebel no more! Spare him, and I will suffer even to live myself!"

"The man is not an atheist," said Conway to the priest.

"No man is an atheist when his heart speaks," replied Father Haley. "We must have a doctor."

An awful sob burst from the man, who almost grovelled beside the lifeless boy. It chilled Conway's blood; it brought in from the street an elderly man in grey clothes, with a travelling bag in his hand. That shattering sob of agony from his father seemed to have penetrated to the essence of the boy's being. He opened his eyes. The stranger pressed nearer.

"Father," he said,— "father, tell me that it was a dream,—tell me that I did not hear you say you killed Major Conway."

James Ward knelt there, as if turned to stone. The stranger spoke.

"What does the boy say?" he asked, and the voice ran through Edward like an electric shock. "Nobody has killed Major Conway, for he is here!"

Willie rose on his elbow, and looked into the stranger's face. With a look of rapture such as Conway thinks he will never see again until he reaches the New Jerusalem, the sick boy cast his arms about his father's neck. But Ward saw only the crimson stream which was flowing from Willie's mouth upon his white shirt. He was losing all, all! He turned to the priest in the wildest desperation.

"Priest," he cried, "if you have any power beyond that of mere man, do not let my son die! I will give him to you. If he is dead, only bring his soul back that he may speak to me—and his mother!"

Conway held Willie. Ward, stretching out his hands in a wild appeal, in which a new humility and the old despair struggled, confronted the priest.

(To be continued.)

After the Council.*

TO AN OLD SCHOOLMATE.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

I.

WHAT say you? "Has the Definition cured Credulity at last?" How so, old fellow? Your liver's out of sorts—your life's insured?—Or else your goggles† have a tinge of yellow. Or had the bowl too potently allured O'er-night, and left you the reverse of mellow?

For *something* was the matter when you wrote The string of billingsgate I scorn to quote.

II.

But come: I'll leave you room to make amends. For had the Council, yielding to the threats Of foes or promises of falser friends, Left the great question open (there were bets It would. You've lost? A circumstance which lends, No doubt, a bilious color to regrets)— Then, I acknowledge freely, *then* my faith Had suffer'd shock to the centre . . . all but death!

III.

When "Thou art Kepha" said th' Almighty Word, "And on this Kepha will I build My Church," What meant He? Peter's body and bones? Absurd. Then Peter's faith? If not, 'tis vain to search.

But *how* the faith of Peter? We incurr'd Together, once, the touch of Doctor Birch Over a passage in our Greek *Delectus* (That being judg'd the best way to correct us);

IV.

And you'll deserve like castigation now (And more than then, sir), if you fail to find The answer to this very simple, "How?"

* An answer to a virulent attack on the subject of Papal Infallibility. Now published for the first time.

† A school name for spectacles.

But, first, of preconceptions clear your mind:
Next, light your pipe. 'Twill serve to smoothe
your brow

('Tis well you're not of the non-smoking
kind),

And help you concentrate your mental action
On concrete fact and Protestant abstraction.

V.

Ay, sapient tutors taught us to abstract
Peter's confession from the man that made
it:

As though the two were *not* one concrete fact—
Which *they* dissolv'd the better to evade it.
But let the rock-foundation rest intact

("No work of flesh and blood: My Father
laid it");

And ask, with me, What simpler, what com-
pleter?

Peter plus Faith—and not Faith minus Peter.

VI.

Again, the superstructure to be rear'd—
"My Church"—what is it? Clearly, nothing
crazy:

No city of vapor, such as hath appear'd
To learn'd heads with notions vague and
hazy:

But something palpable; something to be
near'd

By paths direct, and not by windings mazy;
Or if, at times, circuitously, still
By those alone who walk with a good will.

VII.

Say a society, visible, organic—
Of teachers and of taught. An institution
Created to withstand assaults Titanic

As readily as onsets Liliputian.

Daughter of peace, yet ever causing panic.
"Not of this world," yet under contribution
Laying "all nations," in her Founder's name,
For unreserv'd submission to her claim.

VIII.

Now, *such* a Church—remember, I'm ex-
plaining

My own belief, and must not snap my
tether—

A kind of fabric is will need sustaining
By base right sure to hold it well together.
So, just to keep your faculties in training,
Please ponder deeply, and inform me,
whether

This unity could balk its foes and weary 'em
Without the sovran central "Magisterium"?

IX.

In briefer phrase, without the Chair of Peter—
Without what *you* call the *Un-Holy See*?
I said, just now, nought simpler, nought
completer

Than this contrivance, as it seems to me.
And, in default of surer plan or neater,
The *fact*, I'm thinking, quite enough
should be:

For stubborn fact it is. If you abhor it,
Then pray explode the words that answer
for it.

X.

Meanwhile, leave *me* to be at least consistent.
I take that promise as I find it spoken—
By One to whom no coming age was distant;
Who therefore meant it for a pledge and
token

Of strength divine, invincibly resistant—
A rock should steadfastly throw back
baffled, broken,

The surging malice of all time. The tide
That whelms a continent—here turns, defied.

XI.

But what hath all this with the Definition?
Why, everything, in short. Too fond your
fear

That I should strain my powers of deglutition
Over a dogma luminously clear.

The Pope's prerogative, by our position,
Is not "*impeccability*," my dear;
But Peter's faith—the faith that can not fail—
'Gainst which nor lie nor tyranny prevail.

XII.

That Peter's faith lives on in Peter's See—
Believing, teaching, judging:—this the rock
Perpetual, whereon stands firm, for me,
The only Church may heed no skeptic's
mock.

And therefore, had "the Vatican decree"
Not "thunder'd," *my* faith would have
suffer'd shock;

Since Satan made, at head of ranks insurgent,
A call for fulmination—rather urgent.

THE best apologetic for Christianity is
a Christian.—*Drummond.*

Signs of the Times in Britain.

 BY P. GOLDIE WILSON.

TILL within a very recent period the "Italian Invasion," as an eminent prelate of the Anglican communion termed the missionary movement of the Catholic Church in England, was treated with open and avowed hostility by the British people, and the spread of its doctrines was regarded as menacing the future of the British race. This hostile feeling still remains, though its ebullitions are becoming less frequent, passing unheeded save by the most violent and extreme partisans; and the future of the English people is no longer considered imperilled, notwithstanding a "red hat" has a home in the capital of the Kingdom. Quite recently a Protestant journal made the admission that the tolerance of "Romanism" had resulted in the Pope's emissaries increasing largely both their power and their numbers; and, whilst avoiding the stirring up of old prejudices, this organ regretted the development of popery, and traced it to the fact that the English Protestants had shown a too kindly tolerance toward their Catholic brethren. The admission is a most significant one, and, when taken in conjunction with some recent events, we have afforded us some very interesting signs of the times in Britain.

In the Imperial Parliament of the country, exclusive of the Catholic representatives returned by Ireland, there are seven members of Parliament, elected by English and Scottish constituencies, who profess allegiance to Leo XIII. According to numbers we are entitled to more, but the electoral areas are so numerous, and the Catholic population so scattered and its organization so recent, that even seven representatives of the faith sitting in the Imperial House of Commons for British

constituencies marks the decline of that fierce hate and opposition we have had to fight against so long.

In the last Conservative Government the position of Secretary of State for the Home Department was filled by a Catholic, Mr. Henry Matthews, Q. C.; and he also occupied a seat in the Cabinet in virtue of that office. In the present Liberal ministry there are two of our co-religionists in very high places—the Marquis of Ripon, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Sir Charles Russell, Q. C. (brother of the well-known editor of the *Irish Monthly*), chief law-officer of the Crown in England. Catholic representation in the House of Lords, Britains "Second Chamber," since not dependent on the popular vote, can not be accepted as pointing in a progressive direction, heredity alone qualifying for membership; but it is satisfactory to find many of the nobility clinging to the old faith and social ostracism, rather than adopt the new creed and share in the fruits of its spoliation. In the Diplomatic and Civil Service we have gained a firm foothold, many of the best-known representatives of Queen Victoria on the Continent and in the Colonies being Catholics; and much of the best consular and administrative work has been performed by the despised "papists."

These positions in the chief legislative authority of the country, and the appointments in connection with foreign and colonial affairs, have not been won without a struggle, sections of the Protestant community vehemently protesting against each selection of one of the faith for responsible office in public affairs. And just to remind us, as it were, that we are still papal adherents, and that Protestant England has no desire to deliver herself wholly up to the "Italian Invasion," the last House of Commons refused to pass a measure making the Lord Chancellorship of England and the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland open to Catholics. The present Parliament is

not likely to approve that spirit of intolerant bigotry.

We have also, after repeated knocking, opened the doors of the public corporations, local authorities, and other bodies in whom rests the internal government of the country. In matters relating to education, Poor Law, and the wider field of municipal administration, our voice is now heard, if not strongly, at least distinctly. In nearly every district throughout the country where education boards exist, Catholic representatives are to be found upon them, safeguarding our interests and asserting our rights. In the administration of the Poor Law we do not play a secondary part; and all our vigilance is needed, for little tolerance and less sympathy are shown many of our more unfortunate brethren.

In regard to Poor Law affairs, one matter is worth mentioning. According to Act of Parliament, these authorities must appoint a chaplain to minister to the spiritual wants of the inmates of the parochial institutions; and these chaplains, being Protestants, are handsomely remunerated for their services. Recently a movement was set on foot in Scotland for the payment of a small sum to the Catholic priest who voluntarily visits those of his faith residing within these institutions, and renders unto them the consolations of religion. This proposal the bigots and fanatics strongly resisted; but ultimately reason triumphed over prejudice, and the payment has been approved by several of the leading boards in the country. In civic affairs our influence is not quite so great, or our representatives so numerous; but here, too, the walls are giving way, and the fight is not so hopelessly stiff as it was a few years ago. A Catholic Lord Mayor is at the head of London affairs, for the first time since the Reformation, in the person of Mr. Stuart Knill, one of the most devoted, most zealous and most loyal sons of the Church in England. Catholic mayors have also been chosen in other parts of the country;

and in many of the corporations members of our faith have seats,—Glasgow, the other day, admitting to its Chamber a papist, the first since the days of Knox.

Perhaps the most important indication of the change of feeling toward the old faith is to be found in the attitude of the British press. Catholic news is no longer relegated to the flames, or merely mentioned in a line hidden away in some undiscoverable portion of the sheet, as if the editor were ashamed of its presence in his journal. But greater change still is the opening up of the profession to Catholics. Time was, and that but a few years since, when there was writ large over the portals of almost every newspaper in Britain "no room for Romanists." The disappearance of this prohibition is one of the most notable signs of latter days. And that it has been more complete than many Protestants could have wished is corroborated from an authoritative quarter. The organ of Anglican Ritualism in London lately worked itself into a terrible fury when it discovered that the secular press of the Metropolis was largely staffed by "Romanists, who used their positions for the dissemination of the doctrines of their Church,"—a gratuitous and unfounded charge. Year after year our schools and colleges are turning out men, and women too, peculiarly adapted for journalistic life; and it is the success of these that has disturbed the peace of our Anglican contemporary.

It is not, however, in the staffing of the press alone, but in the attention paid by the leading organs to Catholic affairs, that so distinctly marks the difference between yesterday and to-day. Protestant-owned and Protestant-edited journals hung on every word and action of the late Cardinal Manning during the Dockers' strike in London a few years ago, when his exertions brought to a timely close one of the most serious of recent industrial conflicts. And the same prelate's deliverances on

social and religious topics were always displayed in leaded type; while his death, though immediately following that of the second heir to the British throne, was regarded as a national loss, and column after column was devoted to a record of his career. The writer is aware there were exceptional circumstances that commended the saintly prelate and his works to the notice of his countrymen; but that he retained their esteem while joining a Church they loathed, and after a time winning their tolerance for that Church, are facts none the less significant. The demise of Cardinal Newman witnessed a similar tribute to the great ecclesiastic; and Catholic journalists did not display a greater desire to ascertain who should succeed Manning and Newman than did Protestant editors.

In the higher-class magazines there seldom passes a month without one or other of these containing a defence or an assertion of Catholic teaching by some pen, clerical or lay; and to the knowledge thus diffused is largely due the changed attitude of men of culture toward the faith. In the lighter monthlies Catholic subjects are no longer banned; and, wherever treated by writers not belonging to the Church, are dealt with in a just and liberal spirit. Now it is the Countess of Meath describing, in language miserably inadequate, she confesses, the life and the work of the "Poor Servants of Mary," pointing out what a noble lesson their lives teach, and imploring her co-religionists to emulate the same spirit of sacrifice; again it is Lady Campbell telling the fashionable world, in her own graceful and fluent way, of the heroism and the suffering of the nuns of Nazareth House, who dwell beneath the shadows of the princely mansions in the West End of England's capital; or it is some generous-minded traveller who returns from the Continent full of the praises of the monks of the Grand Chartreuse or the Trappists,

for their help and hospitality in the hour of need. Church ceremonials and services, conferences of our societies, school exhibitions and meetings, are not now ignored by the daily press; and, side by side with the report of his convocation or his presbytery, the Anglican and the Presbyterian find particulars of the enthronement of an "Italian Invader."

In social effort—improving the physical and moral condition of the people—we might take a larger share; but the part we fill is neither unimportant nor unproductive. Our temperance organizations are not second to any other similar body for zeal and endeavor. And if only our people would try to make their lives a reflection of our Church's teaching, our advance would be greater and surer. We have still a great deal to accomplish in the bettering of our social status and in the levelling up process, which the increased educational facilities of the age may do something to accomplish; but individual and combined effort, as much outside as inside the Church, can not be overlooked.

To those living outside of Britain, the change in public sentiment toward the Catholic Church can not be adequately understood without a knowledge of the restrictions that not so very long ago seriously oppressed members of the faith. "No papist need apply" was displayed in bold letters over every avenue that led to positions of preferment, emolument, and trust. So long as we lay beneath the heel of thralldom our existence was contemned, and any movement toward equality was vigorously opposed. It must be acknowledged that we showed but a dilatory desire to "climb up," and we were not so united or determined in pushing our claims as we might have been. From causes which need not be here explained, it took our forefathers a long time to appreciate the power of the press, with the result that they were almost

unrepresented in the organs of public opinion. With the recognition of the press as a powerful aid in the fight for fairness without favor, began the first step upward, and upward stepping we have gone on since. Scotland and England have their Catholic newspapers and magazines, and these help to bind together Catholic feeling and sentiment. Now we are gradually becoming the best organized and most united body in Britain; and in union and organization lie the secrets of our success. Judged by what we have attained in the past, the dream of a Catholic Britain is no chimera, though its realization may be far distant.

Mémoires of Hawaii.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—INTER-ISLAND VOYAGING.

THIS is the memory of a New Year's Eve at sea; it feels to me but as yesterday. I seem to be there again, and I must write as if I were. Behold me in the dim distance. We who live in the trade-winds always speak of inter-island travel as going "to the windward" or "to the leeward." I went "to the windward" to spend my Christmas holiday. It was the fairest day of the season when I sailed, with the promise of a superb sunset, and the afterglow which lengthens at intervals the brief twilight of the tropics. I went early to the little propeller *Likelike*, she that makes the long circuit of Hawaii every week; for I liked the gathering tumult, the last moments of agitation, the despair of the fellow who is too late—usually a Kanaka in this climate,—and all the while I sit on the rail in undisturbed composure, leisurely taking my notes. The harbor is as placid as a duck-pond and blue as sapphire; the reef, like a long snow

bank ridged with shining silver; yellow sands stretch across the middle distance; dotted with forlorn cocoa palms, and a few low, whitewashed houses, with high, white fences about them. Thither the pest-stricken people are banished; and during the last small-pox plague hundreds were housed there; and scores, chiefly natives, died, and were buried in those shallow, sea-washed sands. Beyond it the blue sky, and sea of a deeper blue; and close at hand a brace of slender natives, almost naked, wading in shallow water in search of food, and calling at intervals in melodious gutturals to a lonely fellow in his canoe, who paddles swiftly from somewhere across the harbor to some other where; but his sole mission seems to be to paddle, as if it were a pleasure and a consolation to do so, and thus complete the picture.

Shoreward, beyond the tangle of spars and rigging, beyond the roofs and the tree-tops of the town, I see the rich green valley of Nuuanu, flanked by lesser vales on either hand, like transepts to a wave; and at the far-away top of the valley such a curtain of mist and rain clouds as hides from mortal eye the Holy of Holies. Fragments of rainbows hang like banners from the high walls of the valley, and over all breathe the sweet, cool winds. Everybody and everything seems to be waiting for sunset; yet before that hour we have waved adieu to the laughter-loving folk that line the dock, and are slowly wending our way out of the harbor into the sea.

We follow the reef for some distance. It is grey and hard, like granite. The sea rises and throws itself upon that everlasting wall with the impetuosity of a spoiled child, turning white with foam and fury and bellowing lustily; but all is still within, like a tideless river. The flood sleeps beside the sand. Our sturdy little ship churns diligently, and anon we begin to roll on the long, long swell that is never at rest.

Like a panorama, the coast-line seems to pass before us—the palms that cluster about the seaside cottages at Waikiki; the feathery green of the groves that cover the plains; other valleys lined with moist, dark woods, misty and touched with prismatic lights; and away to the right the bald, brown, weather-beaten, storm-stained landmark—old Diamond Head,—which always enters largely into the picturesque element that makes Honolulu and its environs altogether lovely.

We are directly under the steep slopes of Diamond Head when the sun goes down. Already the steward, with forethought born of bitter experience, has covered the deck with mattresses. By each one is a pillow, a blanket, and a cup—ah, me! that cup! A few of the unseaworthy passengers betake themselves to bed; for, though the night is calm, the wind still, and the sea quiet—alas! the channels are always tumultuous. We pass into the first one with the twilight and the young moon; we dine heartily to the music of the waves, and the flapping of the canvas shades that have been dropped about the quarter-deck to keep out the night air and the inevitable spurts of rain and spray. By the placard in the cabin I see that ginger-beer, lemonade and soda are obtainable, but nothing more enjoyable in the shape of beverage. I therefore repair to the deck; for the cabin is close, like a catacomb thickly lined with bunks; and some of these are occupied.

The deck is shut in. It looks like a ward in a camp hospital the night after a battle. The sea buffets our little ship; we dance like a nautilus. The decks forward are laden with lumber—Oregon lumber at that, reshipped from island to island. Spread over the lumber is a tangled mass of living Kanakas. They are quiet, for the most part. They do not mingle, as was their wont, among the foreigners; but are reduced to second-class quarters, unless they pay extra for the first-class. They do

not sing and chatter as they used to, making sport of the night and the tumbling sea and the discomfiture. They awaken, strike a light in the wind with the cleverness of a sailor who knows the art, take two or three whiffs of the rankest weed imaginable in a pipe which was foul from its birth, pass it from lip to lip in peace and silence; and when it has burned out, one of the participants opens his mouth, uttering volumes of smoke and wisdom. The others respond in voices, each of which issues from its separate cloud; and the place is murky for the space of five minutes.

Thus we pass Molokai, and doze a little under its friendly shelter; but are roused again when we tumble into the second channel—it is even worse than the first, where the merry cups ring blithely, and the sleepers awaken with deep-mouthed complaints.

Lahaina! Slumbering by the leeward waters, under the shelter of sublime hills, Lahaina lay in wait for us. We had crossed the channel, and there was again smooth sailing. The moon, which was still young, had set; but there were lights along shore, appearing and disappearing like fire-flies; there was the muffled murmur of surf rolling in upon resounding sands. The night was cool—they nearly always are, those soft and melancholy nights of Lahaina, fanned by the mountain breeze.

We swung at anchor. Voices came over the sea to us, and the sound of oars falling into the row locks, and then the regular plash, plash, plash, as the boats drew near,—shadowy boats with lanterns hidden away in them, so that one saw only the outline of everything in silhouette—the hollow of the boat and the faces of the boatmen illumined by a warm glow that is enchanting. Twinkling lights still sparkled among the trees; others appeared in the distance, moving slowly like creeping things, or rather floating hither and yon, like Will-o'-the-wisp; and yet I know

that if all Lahaina were to waken out of its unutterably deep sleep, it would probably open a drowsy eye for a moment, peer from the thatched doorway upon the sea, where the intruder rides at anchor, and return again to its dream of everlasting peace. Before we had ploughed a mile farther through the unruffled sea, the last light was snuffed out in Lahaina, and there was nothing left to tell the tale but a memory and a regret.

Maalaea, an invention of the devil, a necessary evil, and perhaps the least of two of them; for if one bound for Waihae lands on this side of the island, he may, indeed, enter the paradise of Lahaina; but after that follow the ascent and descent of a mountain trail more bleak, windy and treacherous than any I wot of elsewhere in this much-travelled globe. So it is Maalaea that I come to in the small hours of the morning. We anchor pretty well out from shore; and the wind that always blows there charges down upon us, freighted with sand and spray.

What a toilsome and tantalizing pull to shore in a boat that ships more than its quantity of water! We are all weary, and few of us but show it. A small wharf juts out from the shore. A lantern swings there, and we hear the chatter of the half-awakened natives, who with passionless patience are awaiting our arrival. The clatter and the chattering increase. The drivers of half a dozen expresses and a like number of sharp bargains parcel us off in lots to suit; and, with our luggage under the seat, we dash up a hillock into the wind and the starlight, and begin a ten-mile drive to breakfast.

The sand stings our faces; the wind, which blows steady and strong, hisses in the short grass. It is so dark, though the stars are as large and brilliant as those of a wintry night, that I can not see the road as it leads over the plain; but these Kanakas have owls' eyes, and can see in the blackness of darkness. They whip up

the sorriest nags that ever balked in harness, and plunge past one another, while we careen on the ticklish edge of inclines that threaten to send us we know not whither.

The dawn comes; we have passed a sugar-mill, a few native huts, wherein the occupants are stirring. Some of them watch us from the open doors; a fire, kindling feebly, betokens the preparation of the morning meal. We are on the isthmus that connects the heights of East and West Maui. Haleakala, like a huge dome, covers the major portion of the island. Its vastness and the great sweep of its unbroken outline delude the eye. One would never dream that it is a dozen miles to the base of it, and that the summit of it is 10,000 feet above the sea.

Wailuku is tinged with sunshine when we clatter through its one long, winding street, out of which lesser ones speedily find their way into canefields or grass lands. My one fellow-passenger, a Wahine, a native girl, came from the steamer in a travelling dress of sombre tint, bearing in her hands a calabash containing the remainder of her wardrobe. She has since completed her toilet, and is now ready to descend at Waihee, three miles beyond Wailuku, apparelled in the latest Hawaiian style.

Waihee—a cluster of comely houses, and a white-walled mill, with a tall chimney like an Irish round tower in a fresh coat of paint; the breeze relentlessly blowing, laden with sweet odor from the boiling-house, and the fragrance of drying trash. The village is like country cross-roads, with a bright red two-storied wooden building in the crotch. It is the plantation store, and the most picturesque structure in the settlement. The local atmosphere of Waihee is very fresh and youthful; a kind of Saturday-afternoon-out-of-door feeling pervades it. Truly one sees afar off, by a distant point of the island, another settlement, and he knows

that over the hill lies Wailuku. But Waihee sleeps, for it is always half asleep on a windward slope; and beyond it is nothing but shorn hillocks and the tumbling sea, and the wide stretch of blue, blue sky, across which the trade-wind clouds follow one another in interminable procession.

The days are much alike, save Sunday, and *it* is unlike anything else. No one knows what to do with himself; the silence and the sense of emptiness are overpowering; there is nothing but the long-drawn wind, the boom of the surf on a shore that has a bleak and untropical aspect, and showers of rain that come down on the sea like shadows long before the sudden chill in the air announces their approach in Waihee. Sunday is like a gap in the week, like a day chopped out of the calendar, leaving an utter blank; and this blank is called the "Sabbath."

From the upper chambers of the red house on the corner small windows open upon the four quarters of the globe. You have romantic mountains, richly decked, where the momentary waterfalls are countless after every shower. You have the dark line of the road, winding through juicy, green canefields,—fields that are sometimes tasselled with plume-like blossoms as delicate in texture as puffs of smoke. You have a long sweep of bare, brown hills, touched here and there with green; a league of frothing sea, a glimpse of bright red sand—real desert sand it is,—licked up and whisked away by the same winds that blow so bravely; and over and beyond all the dome of Haleakala, that takes in turn all the colors of the rainbow, and, like the chameleon, changes every hour in the day; and then you have the sea itself, lonely and lovely, changeful also, with its moods of rain and shine, and sometimes with a passing sail dotting it like a snowflake, and vanishing like one when the tiny toy has tacked, throwing its sails into shadow.

What a boon when one has little else to do but to pore over his books, pass the time of day with some wayfarer, and speculate on the changes in the weather! Of course there are visitations, red-letter days, when the guests arrive like pilgrims, and the feast is merry and long; yet Waihee, seeking to shelter itself among the hillocks by the shore, is a law unto itself; and sugar in the cane and sap in the boiler, potent saccharine odors in the air, yoked oxen swinging to and from the fields, the laughter of light-hearted laborers, the crack of two fathoms of whip-cord, the chorus at night, the babble of gossips in the doorways, the arrival and distribution of the weekly inter-island and monthly foreign mail, the wind and the rain and the dry spells, are the sum total of its uneventful life.

Let us return. Backward over the isthmus to Maalaea Bay, hastening—if it can be called hastening when the horses balk as usual—to board the *Likeli* on her downward trip. She was due at four p. m., or at any subsequent hour that suited her convenience. By half-past three we had come to a halt on the very edge of the sea, the wind blowing great guns, the sand flying, small pebbles pattering upon the roof of a small house that affords the only shelter.

A queer house it is. A little room is approached through a very little, enclosed veranda, lumbered with saddles and the stores of the house in barrels and sacks. From the little room open lesser ones—closets for the accommodation of the modest and retiring, who do not care to mingle with the whites, rich and poor, Kanakas, coolies and Portuguese. The house is barely furnished. On the walls hang lithographs of Garfield and several life-insurance companies, and a wordy placard proclaiming the inestimable qualities of a stallion of noble worth. Cups, canisters and bottles are lodged among the whitewashed beams. One sits on a

camp-stool, a bench or a barrel, and contemplates a table which is laid to order with all the delicacies of Maalaea. The company increases. A fair girl, amply shirred and wearing water waves, confined under a thick veil, takes notes upon her knee in one of the closets. The master of the house reclines upon his stomach in the corner, and gives his orders with an arrogant air, born of long lordship among the primitive natives. We watched the distant headland and yearned for rescue.

The hours lag; we famish, eat in turn from the table laid at intervals; a thousand rumors of smoke, visible and again invisible, raise our hopes, only to dash them a little later on. From half-past three o'clock till after nine p. m. we tarry in durance vile; the wind falls, the pebbles rest, and the sand no longer ceases to pepper us, sifting through the warped shingles of the hospice. At last relief arrives: the belated boat struggles up against a head-wind and comes to anchor. We board the steamer, drifting far to leeward, and pulling slowly up under the shelter of her hull. We make our beds in peace, and lie there while she creeps slowly down to Lahaina.

We are five hours late—it is midnight, moonlight, quiet as the grave. Weary with long watching, Lahaina is actually asleep this time; but we waken her with a shrill whistle that sets the wild echoes flying all over that side of the still island. The lights blossom among the trees; the boats are evolved out of the delicious uncertainty that pervades the sweet tropical night; all the palms glimmer in the radiance that bathes the shore. They are motionless, but a silvery haze floats among their pendant boughs. We trip anchor and head for the vague heights of Molokai.

The channel, though windless, is turgid: it was blowing a gale there in the afternoon; our boat bobs like a cork in the vicious chop sea. It is with difficulty that we cling to the deck; at intervals we are

thrown on our beam ends, and then there is an upward tendency in all things, which brings a lady in a neighboring bed to grief. I hook my arm about a post and resign myself to sleep. The air has the balm of April and the fragrance of May. We are not far enough from shore to lose its wholesome aroma. We pitch and lurch furiously. I slide up and down the post, descending always in the same spot with neatness and dispatch. The dawn comes, and the sunrise and the increasing splendor of the day. My eyes are only half open to these gorgeous facts. I hear the surf seething, and the sound of bells mingling with the hiss and the roar. We are at the mouth of the harbor. Honolulu is radiant, resplendent from the very latest shower. It is Sunday, the first day of the week; Sunday, the first day of the year; and last night, with its mingled emotions, its famine and feast, rest and unrest, beauty and desolation, riot, rapture and repose,—last night was my New Year's Eve at sea.

(To be continued.)

The Author of "The Imitation."*

IN an isolated cloister, buried in the mountains, a band of religious prayed, copied manuscripts, and cultivated for their material support a few acres reclaimed from the neighboring forest. Of the events in the great world without, of the fortunes of kings and courtiers, of the peace or war that reigned in Europe, they knew scarcely anything and cared very little. The noise of the schools alone occasionally reached their solitude, and sometimes even disturbed it.

It was the thirteenth century, the epoch when the science of Christian doctors achieved the greatest conquests, and the faith of the people built the grandest

* "La Cité Chrétienne." Charaux.

cathedrals. The universities eagerly took up difficult theses, and, differing on knotty questions, in treating which the most famous masters exploited all their penetration and subtlety, their knowledge and eloquence. There was no retreat so hidden that it did not resound with the echo of their words; and even to our cloister in the mountains would at times come some monk, travelling in the interests of the Church or his order, who would repay the hospitality he received by the narration of some brilliant tourney in the field of dialectics. He would be listened to with avidity, questions would be multiplied, sides taken, and novel arguments sought for with diligence. In the cloister, ordinarily so tranquil, the agitation would not subside for several days.

One monk alone, the youngest and the latest comer, listened in silence, and took no part in these ardent discussions. Yet none could have spoken more wisely or thrown more light on the disputed point. Reared from childhood in one of the most celebrated schools, he had been the favorite pupil of a famous master; and his brilliant talents presaged that he himself would become a master in his turn, but he had escaped the perilous honor by a voluntary exile.

"Great God!" he would often exclaim in a burst of interior prayer, "save me, save my brethren, save the doctors of Thy Church from the pride that will destroy them, as it destroyed the angel smitten with conceit of himself. What will become of the Christian city if the citadel of science and that of prayer fall into the hands of the enemy? What will become of Thy Church if the vanity of human knowledge spreads like a subtle poison through the schools and cloisters? Have these too highly extolled masters forgotten that even the sages of paganism subordinated every other science to that of the Good? Toward it they raised themselves by all the steps of dialectics,

through the veil and shadow of inferior realities; in the Good alone they reposed, it alone they aspired to contemplate. The Word whom they named without knowing Him inflamed their desires to this degree; and shall we Christians have other love than that of the Supreme God and the Word Incarnate? . . . Is there any knowledge that comes not from Him, that terminates not in Him; any of which He is not the *Alpha* and the *Omega*—the beginning and the end? Does the candlestick imagine itself the light because it supports it? Are our minds the light itself because the Light condescends to illumine them? Is it possible, my God, that we can fancy we know anything, and not refer to Thee all the honor of our knowledge, uncertain, imperfect and fallible as it is? Are not the true *savants* those who desire to know nothing save in Thee and by Thee? I have seen the doctors of this world, I have followed their lectures; and have learned that Thou art the only master, and that one becomes a master only inasmuch as he listens to Thee.

"Ah! if I could utter these things as I see and feel them! If I could remind the forgetful of the one science which should, in their souls, have preference over all others! If I could preserve from pride even two or three of my brethren! . . . But is it not pride and presumption in myself to dream of such an enterprise? Am I capable of it, am I worthy?"

At this point in his prayer, the humble religious thought he heard a voice saying to him: "Write. I love the humble; I will be with thee."

A few months later the first two books of "The Imitation of Jesus Christ," transcribed by the monks, began to circulate among the pious retreats of the neighboring provinces.

From Knowledge to Peace the distance is not great: the solitary soon traversed it. If the queen of sciences is that of the

Word, true peace is that of the soul united to Him. This peace, which the disciple of the schools had not found in the tumult of the world and the celebrity attaching to vain controversies, his sacrifice had promised him, and the cloister little by little had consummated. He enjoyed it in its plenitude, and desired that others should participate in his joy. He wrote so well of this peace in his third book—wrote with such naturalness and simplicity, with such profound conviction and so great a detachment from self,—that the "Internal Consolation," as it was then called, soon became the favorite book of a great number of Christians. It could not be transcribed fast enough: its admirers never grew tired of reading it and spreading its renown.

Less satisfied than his readers, the author of this admirable little book found it less perfect. He himself had lost the peace which, thanks to him, others had regained. Now he feared the temptations of vainglory, and fortified himself against them by all the means in his power; then he reproached himself with being the involuntary cause of a great many errors and excesses. He regretted not having said all that should have been said, not having ascended to the ineffable source of both science and peace.

"Better for me to have kept silence, O Lord! than to speak so feebly of Thee and Thy gifts. Have I indeed invited men to imitate Thee, and failed to tell them where to seek for strength to follow Thy example? Is it not Thou that givest knowledge and peace in giving us life, and is not this life Thyself? . . . My work is incomplete, it is useless and dangerous, if I do not speak of the celestial Food which preserves in us the higher and divine life. Yet if I dare to speak of it, my presumption shows itself in my inability, and I sink beneath a burden too heavy for my strength. Thou alone, O Lord! canst speak worthily of a gift which infinitely

surpasses all other gifts,—of the mysterious source whence we draw knowledge, peace, and life itself."

Vainly to escape from these thoughts that besieged him night and day did the humble monk seek a refuge in prayer or in work. They followed him into church, in his cell, and under the dense shade of a neighboring wood, the usual scene of his long meditations. There one day, after a mental struggle more agitated than usual, he threw himself, quite worn out, at the foot of a tree and sank into a deep slumber.

In his sleep he seemed to see his book being copied by a great crowd of monks in innumerable convents. From the cloister it found its way to the world, penetrating to the universities, to rich capitals and populous cities. Later, strange mechanical inventions, of whose indistinct shapes he caught but glimpses, reproduced the book with incredible rapidity and in prodigious numbers. It was the delight of the great, the rich, the humble, the poor,—of all the afflicted, of all the forsaken. Weary and wounded hearts sought it out, and for each it supplied consolation and an infallible remedy. It was translated into all languages; and the text was accompanied with notes, with prefaces, with learned commentaries and pious reflections. Later still great poets were proud to employ their genius in giving the text the poetic form.* Finally, a voice cried out that such a book deserved a place alongside the Gospel.

Still plunged in sleep as he was, the monk exclaimed in terror: "Back, Satan,—back!" Then, suddenly awaking, and still troubled at this vivid dream, he cried out: "Great God, let my name and my memory perish; let glory be to Thee alone! Be men forever ignorant of the date and place of my birth, of my family, and my

* The French poet Corneille rendered "The Imitation" into verse, and twenty editions of his work appeared during his own lifetime.

country; let them know nothing of me,—nothing of my life, which I desire to hide in Thee; nothing of my name, which I wish to lose in Thine. . . . Refuse me all other blessings here below, O Lord, and grant me this grace!”

Some time afterward the fourth book of “The Imitation” was added to the other three; the last word of love had said its last word of knowledge and of peace; the work had received its crown. What the pious solitary’s part in this admirable fourth book may have been we know not. He has not told us any more than he has told us his name; but we are aware that God gives to the humble what He refuses to the proud, and we may be allowed the belief that He made a perfect book the reward of perfect humility.

A Medical Client of Mary.

DR. JOSEPH RÉCAMIER, the illustrious French physician of the great and noble, of princes and kings, a *savant* whose reputation was European, was not more eminent for his learning and ability than for his Christian faith and piety. Whenever he considered medicine ineffective, he addressed himself to the great Healer, and he always solicited the Blessed Virgin to act as his intermediary.

One evening before concluding night prayers, which he habitually recited in presence of his whole family, he announced that he would say three “Hail Marys” for the conversion of a patient in extreme danger. The prayers said, the aged Doctor caught hold of the chair by which he was kneeling, and, supporting himself by its means, rose to his feet. As he did so his watch-pocket came in contact with one of the chair’s corners. Whether from the effects of the shock or from a simple coincidence, the main-spring of the watch

broke, and there followed so sharp a whirl of the broken mechanism that some one inquired:

“Why, what is that?”

“’Tis the devil running away,” smilingly replied the physician.

At six o’clock the following morning Dr. Récamier arose, and, shortly afterward leaving his residence, proceeded briskly to the Rue du Bac to inquire as to the condition of the patient for whom he had prayed.

He found everybody in the house joyous and happy; the mother of the sick young man thanked the physician effusively; the youthful wife pressed his hands gratefully; and the patient himself, as soon as he saw Dr. Récamier, cried out: “Come in, Doctor,—come in! I’m happy now; for I am reconciled to Him you serve so well.”

The gratified practitioner was soon put in possession of the details of the conversion. It was Frederic himself who had called for a priest. It was Frederic, too, who, after having made his confession, asked for Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum. The Doctor congratulated his patient, and acknowledged that he had secured a great many prayers for him. This announcement was the signal for further expressions of grateful joy.

Five minutes later the patient stopped in the middle of a smile to utter a profound sigh; and then—nothing further. The sigh was his last: Frederic was dead. The unfortunate woman, his mother and wife, passed at once from joy to grief, from happiness to despondency. But Dr. Récamier, pointing out to them the statue of the Blessed Virgin recently placed in the apartment, reassured them.

“Courage, ladies,—courage! The Blessed Virgin almost miraculously prolonged his life so that he might have leisure to prepare himself for death. Frederic recoiled from the reception of the Sacraments; she caused him to desire them and ask

for them himself. By the way," he added, to make a diversion and to bring to their minds a consoling thought,—“by the way, at what time did he ask for a priest?”

“At half-past nine last night, Doctor,” was the reply.

“Half-past nine!” he repeated. “Why, it was just at that hour that we finished our ‘Hail Marys’ for his conversion. I know it, for the main-spring of my watch broke just then; and here you may see that it marks that hour. Ah! my dear ladies, pray to our Blessed Mother; pray for the dear departed; pray well, and rest assured that God will give you all the strength of which you stand in need at so trying a time.”

The Close of a Noble Career.

ON Monday, the 17th inst., the Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, Assistant Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and President of the University of Notre Dame, departed this life at St. Mary's Hospital, Milwaukee, Wis. The sad tidings was the cause of inexpressible grief to the community at Notre Dame, where for upward of nineteen years the deceased, as levite, priest and superior, had lived and labored for the spiritual advancement of his fellow-religious, as well as for the instruction and direction of the youthful inmates of the institution over which he presided.

For more than a year Father Walsh suffered from the disease which terminated so fatally; but through it all, with heroic self-sacrifice, he fulfilled the duties of his high and responsible office. It was only at the close of the year, when the Commencement exercises were over, that he permitted himself to receive the strict attention which the nature of his malady demanded. After a few weeks passed at

Waukesha Springs without improvement, he was removed to the Hospital in Milwaukee. But, in spite of the best medical attendance, and the devoted care of the Sisters, he gradually sank until the final summons came, and his soul went forth to its God.

Death found him not unprepared. For days before he had looked upon the end fast approaching; and with calm resignation and peaceful submission to the divine will, despite his terrible sufferings, he disposed his soul to appear in the presence of his Creator. In his last moments he was encouraged by the presence of a number of his fellow-religious, several priests from the city, and the faithful religious of the Hospital; and while consciousness remained he fervently joined in the prayers which were offered for his agonizing soul. All gathered around his death-bed were impressed and edified by his devotion; and when the vital spark had fled the afflicted body, the hearts of mourning friends were comforted by the assurance that a blissful immortality would speedily be his portion.

The remains were brought to Notre Dame on Monday night, and were placed in state in the grand parlor of the University until Wednesday morning. Hundreds of friends among the clergy and laity, from near and far, came to pay the last tribute of respect to the loved departed, while letters and telegrams of condolence were received from ecclesiastical dignitaries and friends in all parts of the country. On Wednesday morning the funeral services were held in the college church, which was thronged with priests, religious, and friends and acquaintances of the deceased priest among the laity. Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher. In the sanctuary with the attending priests were the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, and the Rt. Rev. James Ryan, D. D., Bishop of Alton. A masterly

and feeling sermon was delivered by Bishop Spalding, who depicted the character and career of the deceased President, eulogizing especially the grand work accomplished by him as an educator. The last absolution was pronounced by Bishop Rademacher, and the remains were laid to rest in the community cemetery.

Rev. President Walsh was born in Montreal, May 15, 1853. His primary studies were pursued in the common schools of his native city, and from a very early age he gave evidence of the exceptional talents with which he was gifted. In the year 1868 he entered the College of St. Laurent, near Montreal, a flourishing institution, conducted by the Fathers of Holy Cross. At the completion of his collegiate course he entered the novitiate of the Order, and applied himself to the studies requisite for the sacred ministry. In 1873 his superiors sent him to Paris, where for upward of three years he was an efficient member of the Faculty of the College of the Order at Neuilly. In September, 1875, his superiors transferred him to Notre Dame, where he was appointed to the professorship of the Latin language and literature in the University. On the 28th of August, 1877, he was ordained priest and named Vice-President of the institution, with which he remained connected until the day of his death. In 1881 he was elected President, and in 1886, in addition to his other duties, he was elevated by the General Chapter of the Congregation of Holy Cross to the responsible position of Assistant Superior-General.

Thus is traced an outline of the remarkably brilliant and successful career of one called away from the scene of his labors in the prime of manhood, but one whose name is imperishably associated with the advancement and prosperity of a great institution of learning, renowned far and wide. Father Walsh was eminently fitted by nature and study for the distinguished office which he occupied.

He was possessed of talents of a high order, exceptional and varied, perfected by a thorough course of study, which, together with genial, social traits, characterized him as a model educator and director of the youthful aspirant after knowledge. Quietly and unostentatiously, yet none the less faithfully and successfully, he performed his work. He has left an impress upon the age in which he lived, and his memory will long endure for the good of his fellowman. May he rest in peace!

Notes and Remarks.

One often finds an appreciation of Catholic truth coming from very unexpected sources. There is, too, a blind groping toward the light easily traced in the speech and writings of those whom we are wont to consider ultra-Protestant in their tendencies and convictions. In the sermons of Dr. Talmage this is easily noticeable. "The name mother is," he says in a recent discourse, "the watchword, the talisman, of life. Indeed it is the very object, almost, of prayer, when the mother is translated. As the Catholic devoutly prays through the Virgin Mary, so you and I pray devoutly through our mother; not because we really believe she is a mediator, but because we want to have some sense of sympathy up there, and the mother has it. We get a hold on the beyond through her."

It has become an axiom that no unbelieving astronomer can be sane, and so it is not surprising that so many devout women have taken delight in measuring the distances of the heavenly bodies and studying the stars in their courses. Among these scholars of to-day one deserves especial mention. Miss Agnes Mary Clerke, an Irish gentlewoman, has borne off the Actonion prize of one hundred guineas, awarded by the Royal Institute. This reward was offered to the one who should put forth the best work, in any department of science, which should most

fully illustrate the wisdom and goodness of Almighty God. Miss Clerke's work upon astronomy was thought to do this; and, considering the wide competition, and the comprehensive application of the word "science," her success seems almost a marvel.

Miss Clerke's astronomical studies have been prosecuted under most unfavorable circumstances; but she has surmounted all difficulties, and will henceforth take high rank in the scientific world. She is said to be, moreover, a most gracious woman, of the kindest impulses and warm heart.

Some idea of the extent and importance of the work done by the Rev. Father Callaghan and his devoted assistant, Mr. McCool, at Castle Garden, in behalf of immigrant girls, may be gained from the statement that within a year no fewer than 4,000 of these young women were cared for. Though especially designed by its founder, the lamented Father Riordan, for Irish girls, the mission extends its help to immigrant girls of all nationalities and creeds, providing them with a home until relatives or friends come to claim them. These claims must be well established to satisfy Mr. McCool, whose untiring vigilance has saved many a poor girl from falling into the hands of worse than murderers.

The French painter Tissot is now engaged upon a series of biblical paintings, which he wishes to make not only the greatest artistic work of his life, but an act of religious homage as well. The series will consist of three hundred and sixty pictures, and M. Tissot has prepared himself for the work by careful explorations in Palestine. The paintings will be exhibited in London and Paris, after which they will be reproduced and published, with notes, in a large volume to be called "The Life of Christ."

Herr Friedrich Nietzsche, a young prophet of the "modern" school in Germany, and who was spoken of as "the philosopher of the future," has been afflicted with incurable madness. He had long since outgrown Christianity, but regarded his own system of

morality with the utmost complacency. A little thing like madness will not seriously interfere with Herr Nietzsche's aspirations; in fact, a touch of insanity will make him indeed "the philosopher of the future."

Far-off Australia has contributed her quota to the long list of noble men whose names are writ in letters of light upon the roll of Holy Church. Archbishop Reynolds, who died last month at Adelaide, was a native of Dublin, and, after finishing his preliminary studies, prepared himself for the priesthood in Italy under the ascetic rule of the Benedictines. But the missionary spirit burned warm within his heart, and at the age of twenty-three he had strayed still farther from the land of his birth, finding in South Australia the labor for which his soul longed. There he stayed and there he died, a prelate full of honors, and, what was more to him, a pastor whom the people loved. The churches and convents which have risen on the fair plains of Australia are the best monuments of this good and gifted man, who was a father to his spiritual family, a friend to every living being, and a zealous servant of the most high God. May he rest in peace!

It often happens that in small parishes there is some bright boy who would become a worthy candidate for the priesthood, but who is deterred by the insufficiency of means. A little pamphlet sent out by a priest of the Congregation of the Mission, Niagara University, gives practical advice concerning the establishment of scholarships in parishes which are obliged to exercise a wise economy in the disbursement of their income. The plan seems eminently feasible, and must certainly have a wholesome effect upon those who carry it out, as well as upon the recipient of their generosity.

The Silver Jubilee of the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, of the Diocese of Rochester, was celebrated with great pomp recently in the cathedral of that city, in the presence of a distinguished gathering. But far more gratifying to the Bishop than all this ceremony could be was the fact that he was able to

announce a gift, from one of his flock, of \$20,000 for the endowment of a professorship in the diocesan seminary. The new chair is intended to perpetuate the memory of Mr. James Cunningham, of Rochester; and Catholics everywhere must applaud the piety and wisdom that are thus to preserve the memory of a worthy man. Among the prelates present at the celebration were the Most Rev. Archbishops Corrigan, Williams, Walsh, and Cleary; the Rt. Rev. Bishops Wigger, Ludden, McNeirny, McDonnell, and Gabriels, besides a large concourse of local and visiting priests. Bishop McQuaid was heartily congratulated on the condition of his diocese, and the progress it has made during the past quarter of a century.

It is regrettable that so many Catholics seem to have lost heart for parish schools just when non-Catholics are beginning to realize their importance and to understand the position of Catholics. The *Boston Herald* in a recent issue observes: "Our impression is that the feeling against parochial schools is not so strong as it was. One of the most able and popular of the orthodox clergymen in this vicinity declared on Sunday that he respected the Catholics for their desire to superintend the religious education of their children." This utterance, coming unsolicited from the stronghold of ancient Puritanism, may be regarded as a genuine sign of the times.

The message which the Holy Father spoke into the phonograph, and which it was expected would reach Chicago in time for the opening of the World's Fair, has now been reserved for one of the meetings of the Catholic Congress. The phonograph has been so perfected of late that the message will be heard by all present without the aid of the hearing-tubes.

The great men of the world are seen usually in half-light, and many of the failings and peculiarities which puzzle us would be swept away or softened if a fuller light were vouchsafed. Such a light has been thrown upon the life of at least one German poet by the recently published "Family Life of

Heinrich Heine," to which a writer in the *Irish Monthly* draws attention. Heine's deep affection for his sister was equalled only by his life-long, reverent love for his mother. His character was by no means irreligious, and for the poet's own sake we are no less gratified than surprised to note his frequent references to "our dear Lord." To correct first impressions when they are unfavorable to another is not only a duty but a pleasure.

A reporter of one of the great dailies, as they are called, tells gleefully how he forced his way into the "Retreat" of the "Anglican nuns" at Peekskill, N. Y., recently, and offers what he considers an amusing narrative of their modest demeanor, their many prayers, Signs of the Cross, prostrations, etc. One could almost smile at the doings of these make-believe "Sisters," were he not indignant at the impertinence of the reporter, who outrageously thrusts himself into the presence of ladies, contrary to their expressed wish, and then coolly insists on "writing them up" with vulgar comments. Whatever else the reporter has done, he has certainly written himself down an impudent coxcomb, and the people of America will regard with contempt his very crude efforts to amuse them.

The news that the Emperor of China has done honor to a Catholic missionary is decidedly a strange sensation. Last year the Emperor of Germany requested Mgr. Auzer, Bishop of Chantoung, to act as Protector of the German Catholic missions among the Chinese. He has now been made a Grand Mandarin of the Celestial Empire,—an act that is intended to compliment Mgr. Auzer as well as the German people.

The sermon delivered by Father Bridgett, C. SS. R., at the re-dedication of England to the Blessed Virgin and the Prince of the Apostles on the 29th ult., was worthy of the solemnity which called it forth. It was learned and unctuous; and if Father Bridgett's words can be taken as representative of the spirit of English Catholics, there can be no doubt of the glorious future of Our Lady's Dowry.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

How a Mother's Prayer was Answered at Last.

BY SADIE L. BAKER.

II.



HE time came when Will must fit himself to take a man's place and do a man's work in the world. He would be a carpenter, he said, like St. Joseph. His mother, with a sigh for the memory of her father and of her husband, let him do as he would. It was a bitter disappointment; she had toiled and saved so many years, hoping to give the boy an education worthy the grandson of her father, the good old doctor, or the son of the brilliant young lawyer whose future had promised so fair. Not that she would have him follow in their steps. Temptation would beset him in either path. Her one hope had been to give him to the service of the Lord; to sit in the church while her son ministered at the altar; to receive from his dear hands the Bread of Life. Surely then he would be safe, and she could depart in peace.

She laid that hope away, as she had laid many another. Her boy must never know that she cared. Perhaps it was better so. He had always been fond of

tools. Her thoughts went back through the centuries to that other carpenter's home, where the Blessed Mother of Our Lord kept the house, while her Divine Son wrought beside St. Joseph with saw and plane, and so blessed the workers of the world forever.

When Will came home to dinner the first day of his new work, flushed and eager, with his coat over his arm, and his hat pushed back from his merry face, laughing and blushing, half shy, half proud, he drew from his pocket his first shaving, long and smooth and curled to the end. Theodora laid it away in a box that held other treasures—her mother's rosary, her father's wise-looking spectacles, a curl of her young husband's hair, and the roses and a knot of ribbon she wore when they were married.

Those roses! She took them from Will's dead breast; the poor withered petals crumbling at a touch, all their color faded, only a faint fragrance left. They whispered a message of hope and comfort in those awful hours when she knelt alone with her dead. "All the long years," she said to herself, "when his love for me seemed to be dead, when no word or look came to me from the depths in which he had sunk to tell me that he remembered it, even as a dream is remembered, he yet kept next his heart the flowers I had worn. So he may have cherished some blossom of faith, some faint hope, some spark of love for the Father of us all; hiding it as

he hid my roses, and only the dear Lord knew it, as only I know this."

She made a little feast for her boy at night, and put on a new dress—only a calico, but it was pretty and becoming. With the rose on her breast, the bloom coming back to her cheeks and the sparkle to her eyes, in her pride and joy over her tender, manly boy, Will declared there was not a girl in town half so pretty. He ate hot biscuits and honey enough to satisfy any appetite but a boy's; and then, with the edge of his hunger as sharp as ever, attacked the cake and custard; chattering all the time of the coming years, when he would take care of the dear mother. And at last, with a merry nod, he went off whistling, to shut up the hens, bring in the eggs, and water the flowers.

His mother listened, as, her own light tasks done, she heard him in the little kitchen busy with homely trifles that would make her work easier on the morrow. How dear was the sound of every footstep! How precious every tone of his voice! Surely she was blessed beyond most mothers. The whisperings of the terrible fear that had sounded in her heart so many years were almost silenced. Still she prayed, even when he came in and nestled close beside her like a little child, for the twilight hour. Her voice that night as she sang to him sounded so glad and triumphant, so like a hymn of gratitude for some great mercy, that the boy looked at her in wonder.

The time came when Will worked for both. She had earned a rest, he told her gayly, as he took from her burden after burden, till only the lighter household tasks were left. But she could not rest until she and her boy rested together in the peace of the Lord in heaven. Hour after hour she sewed as when she toiled for daily bread. When the mother of a brood of scantily clad little ones undid, with a thankful heart, a bundle of warm clothing, she found no name, only a

pencilled scrap: "Pray for the one dearest to me." Baskets of delicacies to tempt the appetite of some invalid who had never dared hope for such dainties, boxes of blossoming plants for poor children who had never owned a flower,—all were sent with the same plea for prayers.

A railroad and great factories had come to the country village and changed it to a busy town. In the summer fevers ran riot in the crowded tenements by the river. Theodora seemed to fear no infection, to feel no fatigue. She nursed the sick when even their own families shrank from them, prayed with the dying, coffined the dead, and comforted the mourners. Will remonstrated sometimes; but she bade him notice that her eyes were growing brighter, her cheeks fuller, and her hair no greyer; and, with a merry jest over her vanity, he said no more. She always kept free the hours when Will was at home: the twilight, when she sang to him; and the evenings, when they talked together, or Will read to her.

As the years went on, gradually there came a change. Will still sat with her in the twilight; but, rarely at first, then oftener, she spent the evenings alone. At last she could not shut her eyes to the truth. She remembered too well. It did not need that he should come reeling home in the darkest hours before morning, supported by a scoffing pair, who wanted "the fun of taking the good boy home to his pious mother." Even the leader, to whom all good was a jest and evil a delight, shrank before the white face and blazing eyes that met him at the door. The mocking words died on his lips. Silently they laid him where she led, then slunk away and left her alone with her agony,—alone, only she waking while others slept; alone, she thought, as was the Lord of all in Gethsemane; alone, to drink to the dregs the bitterest cup ever pressed to mortal lips.

The blow had fallen at last; and, after

the first fierce anguish, she grew calm,—strong to bear, as are all who trust in the Lord. She went in from time to time to bathe her boy's bloated face and hot hands, to shade the light or smooth the pillows; and, as toward evening he grew more restless, she busied herself with a dainty supper. The fragrant coffee, the juicy steak, the delicately browned toast, were all as Will liked them.

She carried the tray in and tried to rouse him. He sat up with a groan, and stared stupidly around for a minute. Then, as his heavy eyes met hers, so full of love and pity, sorrow and pardon, he cowered back and hid his face with his hands. She drew the dark head down on her bosom, and laid her cheek against his. Holding him so, she felt him tremble in her arms, then a storm of sobs shook him. When he grew quiet, she smiled through her tears,—a faint, sad smile, still one that promised him love and forgiveness and help. She brought fresh coffee and toast, and coaxed him as one might coax a sick child to eat.

"I will, mother," he said at last; "only leave me alone to-night. Good-night mother. Truest, tenderest heart on earth, good-night. Ask God to bless me. Say again you love me and forgive me. Kiss me once more. Good-night, my own dearest mother,—good-night."

He held her close, looked long in her face through streaming tears, kissed her again and again, then turned away and hid his face in the pillow; and she went out softly and closed the door.

Sitting alone in the twilight, she sang the old hymns, one after another. She tried to think what she should say to her boy, but her thoughts only shaped themselves in the familiar words—the cry for mercy and strength for her son. While she sang the moon came up, and at last the chime of the clock striking ten roused her. She pushed the door of Will's room

open softly, and went in. His eyes were closed as if he were sleeping. She moved around, with the noiseless step taught by her watching in sick-rooms, putting everything in order. She set on the table fresh water, a plate of fruit, and a few flowers, one of Will's roses, and a spray or two of mignonette.

The window was open, and the full moon flooded the room with white light. Will lay full in its radiance. His mother knelt by the bed for a long time, her face hidden in the pillow on which his head rested, praying with a faith that would not be denied for the soul of her child. Rising at last, she looked at the face that, spiritualized by the touch of the moonbeams, seemed of almost unearthly beauty. She leaned over it, as if she were learning by heart every curve and tint; the clustering short black curls, the long dusky lashes, and straight, thick line of the brows; the veined lids shut closely over the large dark eyes; the white forehead and oval line of the cheek; the beautiful curves of mouth and chin,—beautiful even though weak; the silky moustache of early manhood; and the strong, shapely hands folded over the broad breast.

She leaned over him, touching softly his hair, his cheek, his hands; kissing him, pressing back the tears that almost blinded her to look in the face that had no answering glance; murmuring fond, foolish words to the ears that were deaf to her voice; saying good-night as we say good-bye to our dead before the coffin lid shuts them from our sight forever.

She turned to leave the room, then bent over her boy again, and lifting a curl from his temple, severed it deftly; and slipping a pearl rosary from her wrist, twined it around his clasped hands; whispered once more her message of tenderest love, of fullest forgiveness; then, with one last blessing, one last kiss, one last good-night, she went away and closed the door.

Floral Stories of Two Empires.

When the great Napoleon was exiled to the island of Elba, he said to some of his confidential friends, "I will come back with the violets"; meaning, of course, that he would return in the spring, as surely as the little purple blossoms bloomed. It was for this reason that his followers decided to use the violet for their emblem; and every true adherent of Napoleon wore a gold ring ornamented with an enamelled violet, and within it the motto, "It will come again in the spring." When they toasted their exiled Emperor they would raise their glasses and say: "To the health of Corporal Violet!" The signal of his return was to be the general wearing of their chosen flower. And when it was noised about that he had landed at Fréjus, a great many flower-women were suddenly seen on the Paris streets, with large baskets of violets, for which they found a ready sale; for no friend of the first Empire was seen that day without a bunch of the modest little flowers in his buttonhole.

But for the reason that Parisians are all fond of the violet, it was found necessary to take some precautions before addressing an acquaintance as one of the Bonapartist party; so one would say to a citizen thus decorated: "Do you like violets?" If he answered, "Oh, yes!" it showed that he was unaware of the conspiracy. But if he said, "Quite well," he would be known as one pledged to the Emperor's cause; and the first speaker would remark, "It will come back in the spring," and pass on. Every school-boy knows the sequel of all this planning, and what a disastrous home-coming the landing at Fréjus was for the unfortunate Napoleon, in spite of the number of his friends who wore the violet for his sake.

If we skip a period of history, we have another pretty story in which a flower

played a part. The wars between Austria and France were over, and Louis Napoleon, nephew of the great Emperor, was on the imperial throne of France. As the great General Niel, fresh from his bravely won victories, was returning to his beloved country, a peasant, overcome with admiration of his valor, begged him to accept a basket of yellow roses. Touched by this appreciation, the General not only received the gift, but carried the roses to a florist in Paris, who succeeded in making one of the stems take root and develop into a fine rose-tree. When it bloomed the General took it as a gift to the beautiful Empress Eugénie, then at the height of her power.

"Truly an exquisite rose," she said. "But you have not told me its name, General."

"Why, really, it has no name," he answered.

"Then," said the Empress, with a roguish glance, "I will give it one. It shall be called the *Maréchal Niel*."

And she produced from its hiding-place a jewelled *baton*, used only by Marshals of France, and handed it to the astonished officer.

Thus it was that a rose and a man received a title at the same time.

A Short Road to Perfection.

If you ask me what you are to do in order to be perfect, I say, first, do not be in bed beyond the due time of rising; give your first thoughts to God; make a good visit to the Blessed Sacrament; say the Angelus devoutly; eat and drink to God's glory; say the Rosary well; be recollected; keep out bad thoughts; make your evening meditation well; examine yourself daily; go to bed in good time,—and you are already perfect.—*Cardinal Newman*.



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

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Homeward.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

WEARY footsteps homeward faring;
Weary shoulders homeward bent;
Weary faces, each one wearing
Just a touch of heart content.

Watching thus the laborers, wending,
Close at nightfall, through the gloam,
"Lord, to each, at each day's ending,
Grant," we pray, "a peaceful home!"

The Ark of the Covenant.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

WE read in Holy Scripture of two arks—the ark of Noe and the Ark of the Covenant. Both of these arks were made by divine command, expressly to be a means of blessing and salvation to mankind; and were fashioned with extreme care, in accordance with minute instructions and directions given by God Himself. Thus they may be said to have been His work, although human instrumentality was employed in their construction; and for

this reason are typical of Our Lady, who was the special work of God's hands, planned in the divine counsels from all eternity, preserved from the taint of sin, enriched with graces, adorned with virtues, prepared and fitted for a high and glorious purpose. As the ark built by Noe for the salvation of the human race alone floated upon the surface of the waters, when the guilty children of Adam were submerged in the flood their sin had brought upon the world, so Mary alone escaped the deluge of universal corruption, and became an ark of safety for those who have recourse to her.

Far more complete and perfect is the comparison which may be traced between the Ark of the Covenant—the precious and beautiful Ark, the greatest treasure of the people of Israel—and her whom Christians are accustomed to address under this very title of *Federis Arca*. And is not this her own peculiar title? Who else but Mary is to us the pledge of peace, the constant reminder of the perpetual covenant made by God with mankind under the New Dispensation, when He espoused our human nature and united it to His divinity? The description given of the Ark in the Book of Exodus indicates its typical character. For as the detailed description of the Temple is not given merely that we may know the form and structure, the elaborate decoration of the building, or for the sake of glorifying the skill displayed

in its architecture—the cunning of the goldsmith, the handiwork of the artificer,—but that we may trace the mystical significance of every part, so the account of the Ark of the Covenant is not without its object and purpose. The Holy Spirit did not inspire the sacred writers to describe earthly glory, but to tell us the things of the Spirit; that from the beauty and fitness of the type we may learn the glory and excellence of the thing typified.

We read of the Ark of the Covenant that it was a chest framed of setim-wood, overlaid with the purest gold within and without. It had a golden crown, and a cover of solid gold, which was called the propitiatory or mercy-seat, whereon the radiance of the divine glory was at times seen to rest. Two cherubim, also of solid gold, were placed one on each side; their wings extended over the Ark, so as to form as it were a throne for the God of Majesty, of whom we are told in the Psalms that He sitteth upon the cherubim. What a beautiful representation this affords of the all-glorious Virgin, who is the throne of mercy, by whom God delights to make His mercy manifest to mankind, over whom the angels watched with jealous care and vigilance, covering with their wings her who was to be their Queen to all eternity!

The Ark was made of the most costly materials and constructed with the utmost care, in order that it might be a fitting receptacle for the tables of the law, written by God's own hand, delivered by Him with all solemnity to Moses on the cloudy summit of Mount Sinai. Mary, the mystical ark, was prepared from all ages for the unspeakable dignity of receiving the great Law-Giver Himself, and sheltering Him within her sacred breast. She it was who gave to the world Him who came not to destroy but to fulfil the law, to perfect what was imperfect in the code of Moses, to complete what was unfinished. The Ark was plated with pure gold—the most precious metal—both within and without,

to show honor to the tables of the law and other treasured relics it was to contain; for that which is holy is not placed in that which is vile.

How much more was our spotless Mother adorned with every perfection when Almighty God deigned to prepare her for His own abode! “All the glory of the King's daughter is within, in golden borders,” we read in the Psalms.* She is adorned within by that pre-eminent grace which is amongst virtues what gold is amongst metals, precious and rare—humility, priceless in the sight of God, the distinguishing virtue of her who possessed all virtues. The Blessed Virgin mentions her lowliness as having been regarded by the Lord,—as being the chief reason why He chose her, His handmaiden, and made her a tabernacle worthy of Himself. And what is the outward covering of the Virgin-Queen? We are told that she stands at the King's right hand, clothed “in gilded clothing: surrounded with variety.”† This golden raiment wherein she is arrayed—her outward glory and brilliance—is charity. Like the seat of gold King Solomon made for himself, the midst of it covered with charity for the daughters of Jerusalem, this throne of gold, this dwelling-place of the Most High, our Blessed Mother, is likewise covered with charity; and her charity, too, is for the daughters of Jerusalem. It is for us, for her children, that she possesses this covering of charity. God has bestowed upon her the treasures of His graces and the richness of her love, that they may overflow upon us, and distil as the dew from her merciful hands. The Lord created her that He might ‘pour her out upon all His works, and upon all flesh according to His gift, and hath given her to them that love Him.’‡

The sacred Ark of old was a continual source of blessings to the people of God.

* Ps., xlv, 14. † Ib., xlv, 10. ‡ Ecclus., i, 10.

The greatest misfortune for the Jews was when their enemies bereft them of it; their greatest happiness when it was recovered and brought once more, with triumph and joy, into the city of David. Wherever it was sheltered and duly honored with pious devotion, its presence was marked by singular favors. Thus it is recorded in the Second Book of Kings (ch. 6) that "the Ark of the Lord abode in the house of Obbedom three months; and the Lord blessed Obbedom and all his household. And it was told King David that the Lord had blessed Obbedom and all that he had, because of the Ark of God." Wherever Mary, the living ark, comes, she brings grace and blessings to the hearts that love and venerate her. When she went to visit her cousin Elizabeth, her presence was a source of benediction to the household of Zachary during the three months she abode there. At the very first words of her salutation, Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, and St. John Baptist was sanctified in his mother's womb; the Incarnate Word thus working, through her means, His first miracle in the order of grace.

The material whereof the Ark was fashioned was wood, but wood of no common kind. It was incorruptible: the ravages of time had no power to make it decay. So it was with Mary's human nature: her body was not to see corruption. It had been preserved from the corruption of sin, the taint of our fallen nature; not redeemed, like the rest of the saints, from sin and Satan, but purchased, redeemed beforehand, to be perfect and immaculate; and it also was to be preserved from the corruption of the grave, the penalty of sin. She was assumed into heaven.

"Holy David" (we quote the words of a pious writer) "had a prophetic view of the glorious assumption of Our Lady when he said: 'Arise, O Lord! into Thy resting-place; Thou and the ark which Thou

hast sanctified.'* Arise, O Lord! into Thy resting-place. Behold the resurrection and ascension of Jesus Himself, who as God, by His own power, raised Himself from the grave and went up into heaven. And what is the ark of His holiness but His own Blessed Mother, the sacred ark in which for nine months He reposed? It was meet indeed that she, who was pure from all sin, uncontaminated by the stain of our nature, the Mother of the Holy One, like Him should not see corruption. Could we for a moment think that Jesus would leave the spotless flesh of His Mother—that flesh which was in Him indissolubly united to the divine nature by the mystery of the Incarnation,—could we think that He would leave it to moulder in the grave? Would He allow the worm to prey upon it? Oh, no: perish such a thought! When He went forth to battle against the enemy of our souls, and, 'having joy proposed to Him, underwent the Cross,'† think you not that part of the joy and glorious recompense which His sacred humanity looked to was the glorification of His Most Holy Mother? As Jesus is made so much better than the angels, having inherited a more excellent name than they,‡ so is Mary worthy of a glory above that of angels and saints from her very title of Mother. It was fitting that the Mother of God should be exalted above all the saints in not paying the tribute of our nature—'Dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return.'§ It was fitting; for she was the Mother of the Most Holy, and herself immaculate also, and free from the slightest taint of sin. Therefore we piously believe that the Eternal Son raised His Mother from the grave, untouched by corruption as He was Himself, and placed her gloriously upon the highest throne of heaven, at His right hand."

* Ps., cxxxi, 8.
‡ Gen., iii, 19.

† Heb., xii, 2.

‡ Heb., i, 4.

Who indeed can doubt that as the Ark of old was to be kept in the Holy of Holies, the sacred part of the Temple, where none save the officiating priest was permitted to enter, so Mary, when assumed into heaven, was placed upon a throne of glory near to the throne of God? The Beloved Apostle had a vision of this sublime mystery, which all the redeemed will one day behold. He saw the temple of God, the dwelling-place of the Holy Trinity, opened in heaven, "and the ark of His testament was seen in His temple. . . . And there appeared a great wonder in heaven: a Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars."* For, after the supreme and ineffable Trinity, the heavenly palace hath nothing worthier, nothing fairer than thee, *O Fœderis Arca!* Thou art the Daughter, the Mother, the Spouse of the Most High God.



The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIX.—IN AGONY.

COLONEL CARTON relapsed into his stupor, leaning his head upon his ivory-handled stick. Giles threw himself into the wide basket chair near him, and watched him as a mother watches a sick child. He seemed to be asleep. The fire in the grate—the evening had turned chilly—appeared to be the only live thing in the room, which had grown sombre in the deepening twilight.

The Colonel suddenly raised his head.

"I must have been asleep, Giles," he said; "for I forgot for a little while."

Giles rose, but did not speak. His father dropped his head into his hands

again. Giles sat there, asking himself whether any agony could be greater than his. Had any man ever been hurled in so short a time from contentment, which knew not even a shade of fear, to an abyss of terror and shame? A few weeks ago and his friends might have said, as they had said of Longfellow at one time: "Any change must be for the worse." Now any change—yes, even his father's death, which during all his life he had most dreaded—would be for the better.

He had exhorted others to pray and to be resigned: now he seemed to be possessed of a dumb devil. He could not pray. Up to this time he had thought himself to be sincere in all the exhortations he had made to others to bear their crosses; but in all the congregation to which he had ministered there had been no cross like this. His father a murderer, on his own confession; he doomed to a future without Bernice! How small the causes of their earlier differences—for they had quarrelled once or twice—seemed now! Even, as he looked back, it appeared to him that the matter of their great breach was not so hopeless a thing as it first seemed. After all, he could have remedied that. A man's faults can be corrected, if he wills it. But the dark results of them are different. He could, he said to himself, have tried to realize Bernice's ideal. How could he undo the awful consequences of his act of indecision? In other difficulties there had always been some room for hope; in this there could be no hope.

Life henceforth must be a great dread. Giles shivered, and nervously stretched out his hands for help, as he thought of the scandal which would be sure to follow Ward's revelation. He could only do his best to prevent this by getting his father out of the country as soon as possible; and after that a life of exile, even if Ward could be hushed up! Not only would there follow a life of exile, but he would live

* Apoc., xi, 19; xii, 1.

with the bitter knowledge that Bernice Conway could never be his wife. Edward Conway had behaved like a man; he was grateful to him; he would not be unworthy of Bernice,—but it was all too bitter to think about. Giles had never put a high value on wealth; he had never been poor, so he had no illusions concerning it. But in this time of intense agony he found a consolation in the thought that he could buy a refuge for his father somewhere. Exile was repugnant to him; he had lived too much abroad not to be anxious to live at home. There was no help for it: he must find a city of refuge.

His father aroused himself again.

“Giles!” he said.

Giles jumped at once from his chair.

“Shall I get you a glass of sherry, father?”

“No,” the Colonel said. “Do you remember how proud Dion Conway was of his Amontillado? Dion had good points, but what a temper! Well,” he added, with a long sigh, “he is dead. Giles, have you ever done anything in your life which you regret intensely,—which you can never repair?”

“I regret, above all things, my hesitation on that night. If I had only gone to Willie Ward!”

“Nonsense, Giles!” said the Colonel, with some of his old fire. “What good could you have done? Spread the small-pox? I am quite sure that if you had believed, as the Catholic priest believes, that your presence was necessary, you would have gone at once. It wasn’t worth your while risking your life just to read the Bible to that boy, was it? His mother could have done it as well. It taught you a lesson, Giles. I’ve noticed that since then you haven’t gone in so much for aping the Romanists.”

Giles’ color rose.

“We never meant to ‘ape,’ as you like to put it. I have always been anxious for the truth, father. I have never been

insincere, nor have I meant to make a toy of religion.”

The Colonel raised his head higher. A man can bear only a certain amount of wretchedness; he collapses after a time, or he revives and faces, or forgets for the moment. Besides, the Colonel saw his son’s suffering; and, being in reality the stronger man of the two, he wanted to divert his thoughts from it.

“Well,” he said, with a keen glance at his son, “I was never much of a religious man myself. Predestination stopped me short. At Chancellorsville I was badly knocked out by a stray bullet from the woods; and there was a priest came to me, because somebody told him I was a Romanist. I struck him on predestination; but he said that prayer was better than argument, and left me for a young private who had a leg shot off. ‘If prayer ever does anything for me,’ I shouted after him, ‘I’ll be a Christian.’ He waved his hand. He died of cholera in Memphis afterward. No, Giles: you couldn’t be of any more use to Willie Ward than you are to me,—I mean as a priest.”

Giles did not answer; he felt that it was true. A dark, sullen feeling of despair was creeping over him. He aroused himself to answer his father; if this mood could be encouraged, the Colonel might be persuaded to go away.

“I don’t see my way clear,” Giles said. “I begin to feel that, in spite of the foreign ways, the Roman Church may be right, after all. I took to the Anglican form, you know, father, because I needed a settled belief; and who can help loving the English ways when one’s mother and all one’s ancestors were English? The vestments and all the ceremonial appeared beautiful to me when they came through English hands. But in France and Italy and here in America they seemed foreign. It is a matter of prejudice; and since I have suffered I see it so. But I have never been insincere, nor are the people with

whom I prayed and longed for the Light insincere."

"It always seemed very queer to me and amusing, too," said the Colonel. "You and the other Ritualists seemed like a lot of young lieutenants done up in aiguillettes, playing at being soldiers; and there near you was the old grizzled Roman Church, like a powder-scarred general. Dion Conway and I often laughed about it."

"If Catholics laughed and jeered less at us," said Giles, bitterly, "and helped more to make us *know*, we should perhaps understand more quickly. Who thinks that Dr. Newman was insincere when he wrote 'Lead, Kindly Light'? It is not Christlike, father. Some of us like the fashion of the thing, some of us like the beauty of the worship, but most of us are tired of the husks of Protestantism and long for the Sacraments. Even Father Haley made a joke at me one day; but no man has been kinder since I asked him if ridicule ever made a convert."

The Colonel groaned; the remembrance of his position came upon him again.

"O Giles!" he said,—"O dear boy, I can not endure this! I would kill myself, if it were not for the scandal. You go!—you change your name, and begin life somewhere, and leave me here. Ward hates me, and he won't be silent long. And I wonder what Tim Conway knows? He's prowling about somewhere. I wish I could see your Father Haley. He might help me. These Roman priests wouldn't shrink from you, if you said you'd killed a man. They hear all sorts of horrors; they know what human nature is."

Giles knelt near his father's chair and put his arms about him.

"Father," he said, "we can bear it together. We shall never part. There's some consolation in that."

"What! In your ruined life, in a disgraced name? Your love," said his father, lowering his voice, "is a consolation and an affliction. Giles, I could bear it better

if I had no son. To have my boy called the son of a—"

The Colonel put his hand on Giles' shoulder, and a great sob seemed to tear and rend his breast. Giles put his arms closer around him, and held him as if he were a little child.

"I will go anywhere, Giles,—anywhere with you, since there is no other way," the Colonel muttered.

"Thank God!" Giles said. "And to-night. Say a prayer, father,—just a little prayer."

His father's face had so changed that Giles feared he was dying.

"A prayer? What for?" asked the Colonel. "God can't put life in the dead,—and that's all I care for now. I will go to-night—anywhere! But I *must* see Bernice Conway first. I must speak to her. I must tell her the truth, and she will forgive me. Poor little Bernice!—to think what I've done to her! Giles," he added, sharply, "go—send the carriage for Bernice at once. I will not go until I see her."

Giles went out to obey. There was no help for it. He hastily wrote a note to Lady Tyrrell, and gave it to the coachman.

"My father wants to see Bernice *alone* for a moment. The carriage is waiting."

Fifteen minutes later, Bernice stepped into the brougham. When she threw back her wrap and advanced, with a face full of womanly pity, toward his father, Giles thought he had never seen, outside of some of the old pictures, a more lovely face. His father made a motion, and Giles left them together.

When Giles went back again, his father was standing, pale, silent, even more broken and older than before, in front of the fire. The lamps were lit, and Bernice sat in the shadow, with her hand screening her face from the light.

"She has forgiven me," the Colonel said. "I have told her all. She says she understands; she says she knows that I

would not wilfully hurt my old friend."

"I understand," Bernice said, rising.

"I can only believe and pray. I *do* forgive you with all my heart; for I know *he* would want me to do so. We shall not meet again, Colonel," she added, lowering her voice: "let us kneel together and say 'Our Father.'"

"What is the use of praying?" asked the Colonel, desperately. "It can't bring the dead to life, and that's all I want."

But Bernice took his hand in hers, and began the "Our Father." He sank to his knees; and she, kneeling now, went on with the prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." The Colonel followed her; and when Bernice added that other prayer she had just learned, ending with the words, "Pray for us now and at the hour of our death," Giles joined with all his heart.

The Colonel touched the hand Bernice gave him timidly with his. Giles lifted the curtain as she was about to pass out.

"Wait," she said: "there is somebody coming in. We may never see each other, Giles," she went on, tremulously,— "we may never see each other again. You may forget, but I never will. Had I been more tolerant and more loving, this could not have happened. O Giles, I know it is hard,—but good-bye!"

A man pushed past them into the room; he had just been admitted.

The Colonel started from his place. The man, dressed in a gray suit, advanced into the circle of the light.

"Tim Conway—" began the Colonel, trembling.

"No," said a voice he knew: "it is Dion Conway!"

Bernice threw herself into her father's arms.

"The dead," said Colonel Carton, turning as if dazed to his son, "have come back to life! Is it true, Giles;—is it true? Am I dreaming again?"

(To be continued.)

Views of Education.*

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.

'Tis in the advance of individual minds that the slow crowd should ground their expectation eventually to follow.—*Browning.*

I.

THE popular idea of education is that it is a process whereby the young are fashioned into money-earning machines. Whether the machine be called an artisan, a merchant, a lawyer or a physician is of minor importance. The ideal of the State is good citizenship, the ideal of the Church is Christian obedience; but where shall we find a school which simply aims to bring all the scholar's endowments into free, full and harmonious play? Who understands that man is more than a money-earning machine, more than a citizen, more than a member of a church, being nothing less than a son of God, who is infinitely strong, all-knowing, all-loving, all-fair? Go boldly forward along the path thy inmost heart feels to have been made for thee, nor stop to ask whither it lead. The way is thine, the end is in God's keeping. Education is emancipation: it breaks down the prison walls in which the soul is immured, takes it into the light, and bids it soar through the boundless universe, upborne on the wings of truth and love.

Every organism holds within itself the seed of something better than itself, for the infinite God lives within and broods over all. To remain stationary is hardly better than death; imitation is a kind of servitude; the unfolding and upbuilding of one's own being is life and liberty. Political liberty is not freedom: it is, at the best, but opportunity to make one's self free. An enlightened mind is a sanctuary where no tyrant may enter. There the Eternal stands guard. He who leads

* A paper read before the World's Congress of Representative Youth, in Chicago, July 18, 1893.

the mind to new worlds or to new ways of contemplating God and the universe is a general benefactor, whose life-enlarging influence all who think shall feel. The tendency which is in things and times requires the shaping and guiding hand of great personalities to turn it to human purposes and ends. An original force is from God and without inner limitation. Its boundaries can be fixed only by its environment. Repression inevitably turns to evil, and the teacher does best work when he wisely stimulates and directs the energies of his pupils. The best school is that which best helps the free and healthful development of each one's individual endowments; which best enables the youth to become such a man as God and nature intend him to be, not such a one as another's whim would make him. He whom the wanderer's heart drives to far lands, saddens his friends who love to stay at home; he whom a divine thirst for truth impels ever into new regions of thought, grieves his near ones whom conventional opinions satisfy. To become an ethical fact, to have moral worth, knowledge must pass into action. When scholars become doers, the new order will begin. In the presence of whatever system of thought, ask yourself whether it can be made a rule of life; for life, and not speculation, is the test of truth.

Our educators take advantage of the ignorance and inexperience of the young to draw them away from true ideals. They educate with a view to institutions, and not with a view to the Eternal. Their idea of truth is that it is a conventional something; their God is current opinion. The preservation of institutions can never be the end for which we educate. On the contrary, a right education would form a race which would create for itself a higher and nobler environment than any we know. Individuality of power and culture is the ideal each one should strive to attain. Each soul, worth calling a soul,

comes into this world unlike all other souls, and the urgency of God and nature within it cries out: Be thyself, not another. Do the work, speak the word thou wast born to do and speak. God makes each one; the inner voice each one hears is God's; become God's man, and let God's word find embodiment in the air thou coinest into human speech. Be not a machine to utter again what others have said: be an aboriginal soul, alive in God, acting and speaking from out the infinite source of all things. It is not conceivable that God should wish to dwarf or paralyze human activity. Let no lesser power, then, bid us keep reason and conscience in abeyance.

Public opinion is a tyrant, who would make men cowards and hypocrites; and it is so easy to make them cowards and hypocrites. That which dwarfs or darkens our being, though it should bring boundless wealth or endless fame, is simply evil. For what life-period do we educate? Childhood and youth are sacrificed to manhood, manhood to old age, which, for the few who reach it, is made miserable by this vicious philosophy. Strong, free and joyous self-activity, during the whole course of life, can alone develop high, gracious and noble men and women. Whoever or whatever impedes thought and love is evil. Once we accept repression as a legitimate principle, there is no degradation to which we may not descend. Uniformity and equality are possible only when the play of man's nobler faculties is hindered. Why should we think it desirable to make all men alike since God makes them unlike, and since the more truly they are alive the greater their unlikeness becomes? Passion is the surging of life's current, and the effort to weaken or destroy it is an attempt on life. The wise educator seeks not to lessen passion, but to increase the intellectual and moral power by which it may be controlled.

Life is the supreme good, and whatever lowers or impoverishes it is evil. God can not place Himself above truth, and a real mind would not suffer dictation from a parliament of mankind. Live not in a great city, for a great city is a mill which grinds all grain into flour. Go there to get money or to preach repentance, but go not there to make thyself a nobler man. The tendency to place education—elementary education at least—almost wholly in the hands of women is wrong. The educator's secret lies in the power to stimulate, and this power man possesses in a very much greater degree than woman. He is the active, she the passive principle. The result of the social evolution, of the reign of democracy, seems to be the destruction of the finer varieties and the formation of a homogeneous mass of coarse fibre. The making use of human beings as means rather than ends is immoral. In this lies the condemnation of our industrialism.

The decisive inequalities are those of mind and heart. The great dividing line is that which separates the wise from the foolish. All work is like a task set a child: its chief worth lies in the exercise it compels, in the education it gives. The truth we seek more than that which we possess rouses and educates our powers. The temper in which we face the intelligible universe, rather than the power with which we deal with its problems, is the test of mental character. Look at the world in the pure light of thy own reason, and not through the medium of books and systems. He whose superiority rests upon inner excellence may say to his fellowmen: Provide for me while I feed your minds and souls. To do work one loves is to be happy. Blessed is he who having found the highest thing he is able to do gives his life to the task.

All opinions may be entertained except those which weaken and dishearten. The test of the worth of a living faith in God

is the strength it gives, the courage it inspires. The objection to culture is that it opens up a world of delightful views, in which we rest, feeling that action is vain. If our whole nature consciously bathed in the being of God, we should not only be purer and holier, but we should have more talent, more genius, more ability of every kind. To believe this is something, to know and feel it is joy, strength and freedom. To make the mind the mirror of all that is, is not enough: we must blend with all that is, love it, recreate it, and make it our own. They who bring the noblest gifts, bring them to men too dull to know their worth; and years, centuries sometimes, pass before the divinely great are understood. An original sinner more readily finds pardon than an original thinker. What we are decides our tastes,—it is well with the mole in its burrow, it is well with the swine in its trough. The crowd are willing to proscribe the culture and virtue which are a reproach to them; their hatred is a form of envy. Men are not equal, and were they so, there would be no hope of better things. The multitude move, and have always moved, in a world of low thoughts and desires; and the few who, daring to be unlike the many, rise to higher modes of life, are the benefactors and civilizers by whom progress is made possible. The doctrine of equality is a prejudice of the weak and ignorant, whose conceit persuades them that none are strong and wise. The best are corrupted and disheartened by the crowd who have neither knowledge nor courage. Whatever the compound, the chemical elements are the same; and among savages and barbarians the individual is but an atom, an undistinguished part of a homogeneous mass. Hence the measure of the progress of the individual is the firmness and distinctness with which he stands for himself alone.

The only right opposition to inequality is universal opportunity for the best

education. The fundamental law is the promotion of God-given endowments; and in a wisely ordered state there should be those whose office would require them to seek for the best talent, and to give it the best nurture, that no original power might be hindered from unfolding itself. Love of company is a chief obstacle to improvement. We can not remain alone; and when we are together we bore, stupefy and corrupt one another. We meet to sink into the lower life of eating and drinking, of gossip and play. To be fit to be alone is the first condition of progress. Another obstacle is the labor to which the multitude are condemned. Their work is like the alcohol and tobacco it enables them to buy: it is a deadening of sensation, a refuge from consciousness, a partial escape from life. Thus the many are bestialized that the few may keep company, eat, drink, and dawdle. Were there now some inspired hero to go through the world re-uttering the psalmist's cry, "In my indignation I said, every man is a liar," the echo from all hearts would be: We know it. But only fools tell the whole truth. Even the pious will never understand that it is better men should lose faith than that a lie be told. He who should stand with perfectly frank open-heartedness before the public would now be looked upon as lacking mental balance. He would be like one who, single and defenceless, presents himself to an armed and angry mob.

Is it not the tendency of democracy to make men insincere and hypocritical, since when the law makes all equal, the able resort to cunning and deceit to assert their superiority? What the barons accomplished by brute force, our successful men reach by smartness. Genius is best sense, and its essential quality is sincerity. It is fidelity to fact, to the thing seen and felt. It is the great educator, and teachers who lack genius do their best work when they bring their pupils into sympathetic

communion with the masterpieces of creative minds. When a youth first gives his heart to some hero, who to him seems Godlike, he enters the vestibule of the temple of culture. How many of the best and bravest has not Plutarch made conscious of the divinity within them! The lives of warriors—"of those who waged contention with their time's decay"—are alone worthy to be written. Let popular men sink into oblivion with the populace that made them.

The worth of striving depends not upon the success, but upon the fidelity and perseverance with which we continue to hope and labor. The stayer wins whether the weapons be brawn or brains. Intellectual insight is the purest ray that falls from heaven, and they who seek to break or obscure its light with the grime and smoke of prejudice and passion are the devil's minions. Knowledge problems are but a small part of education. Man is not pure intellect: he is life; and life is power, goodness, wisdom, joy, beauty, health, yearning, faith, hope, love, action. Make your man a mere science machine, and what more is he than an animal that measures, weighs and calculates? When you have told me all that is known about the atoms and stars, you have brought to my notice but lifeless facts, whereas I crave for truth—truth athrill with life. The perfect man is not merely a knower and thinker, but he is also one who lays hold on life and does as well as he thinks.

The test of the value of learning is its effect upon the conduct of life. There is a right and a wrong faith, but what we believe determines character less than the force and intensity with which we believe. Hope may quicken or may deaden the soul. He whose main hope is that he shall die rich has begun to dig the grave of his nobler faculties. What we yearn for is the test of our civilization. If material ends are our ideals, we are no better than barbarians. When we are unable to believe in

the divinity of love, the source of life runs dry within us, and our life withers like a tree whose root has been cut. Love beautifies, hate distorts the object we contemplate. That man is God's son is a noble faith, but one which daily contact with human beings tends to destroy; and they who, in spite of disenchanting experience, continue really to hold this faith live the life of Christ. The liberty which is favorable to high and heroic personalities is the best. Priceless things alone are good—genius, holiness, heroism, faith, hope and love. What has a price has small value. The past was not what it appears to us to have been; the future will not be like anything we can imagine; the present is ours, and we should use it to do the highest which through us is possible.

An encyclopædia is not the book a wise student chooses for purposes of self-culture; a man whose brain cells are stored with innumerable facts is not the kind of teacher an enlightened educator selects for the training of young minds. The teacher's value lies more in what he is than in what he knows; and bookworms are, as a rule, incompetent educators. The sublimest emotions take us nearer to God, to the inner heart of being, than intellectual views. Hence literature, poetry above all, the child of the exalted moods which the sympathetic contemplation of the Infinite and of Nature creates, has greater educational value than science. God and His universe are more than all our facts. Wouldst thou go to the relief of the unhappy? Give them courage, faith, hope and love,—not money, but a new heart.

In literature and in works of science there is a revelation of the best thoughts and the most accurate knowledge the greatest minds have possessed; but the revelation is for those alone who make themselves capable of receiving it: from the rest it is hidden. In literature, as in all things spiritual, quality is everything, quantity goes for nothing. A phrase

outweighs whole volumes. He who seeks to become wise should have leisure, and often be alone with the noble dead, who for enlightened minds live again as friends and helpers. From the day Alexander crossed the Hellespont to conquer the world until now, superior intelligence and courage have triumphed over numbers. Majorities do not rule: they are but weapons in the hands of a wise and high-spirited or a cunning and corrupt minority. They who feel the need of belonging to the majority know not the infinite worth of truth and love.

The imperfectly educated mind is fond of controversy, as rude natures take delight in quarrels. When a thought comes fasten it with the pen, as you hang a picture on the wall. Thou art taller than I? I will plant a grain of maize, whose tassel in three months shall overtop my head; but I am more than the stalk. Art stronger? A yearling bull is too, yet I am more than it. Hast higher place? So has yonder eagle on his jutting crag, but mind outsoars the reach of wings. Art wiser and nobler? I bow to thee and am thy servant: be thou my master. If thy influence be evil, desire that it perish; if it be good, the wise and virtuous will wish it to survive. He whom notoriety intoxicates is a vulgar fellow: the love of fame itself is an infirmity; Godlike is he alone who lives for truth and love. The multiplicity and emptiness of books bring concise and pregnant writing into favor; as the increase of knowledge, rendering the compassing of it by one man, even in a single science, impossible, drives the learned into specialties. The thoughts which as we write them seem warm and glowing as the heart's blood, look cold and dead on the printed page. They are like guests who still remain when the song and dance are done, when the flowers have faded and the lights are out.

An important end of education is to render us conscious of our ignorance; for

this consciousness will impel us to seek knowledge. A new truth which offends our habitual thinking hurts like a blow. It is as when we heedlessly strike the foot against a stone, and grow indignant, not because we were careless, but because it was lying there. Culture alone can overcome this unwillingness to accept unpleasant truths. All things that are done are done in time, and our ill success is often due to the belief that we can accomplish at once what only time can bring about. The best work is done by hard work. All men have the right to know whatever is true, to love whatever is fair, and to do whatever is good; and the aim and end of education is to help them to all this. We all live in the midst of a paradise which might be ours, but which for most of us is hopelessly lost. They who make pastimes life-occupations, whatever their titles and possessions, are but vulgar triflers. When an idea or a sentiment takes hold of a people and gains such sway as to impel them to heroic enterprise, it exalts, ennobles and civilizes; it issues in deeds which mark historic epochs, and remain as imperishable evidence of the creative force of enthusiastic faith in the worth of truth and love. In individuals also the purifying and strengthening influence of persistent devotion to intellectual and moral ideals manifests itself in new power of thought and fresh delight in life.

Suggestion is an educational force of the first importance; for the mind is quick to respond to intimations rightly made, but grows listless and inattentive when truth is made plain. The suggester excites curiosity and sets reason and imagination to work, while the demonstrator puts us to sleep. Prove as little as possible, but set the young dogs on the scent of what you would have them run down. Whatever starts the play of the intellectual imagination is profitable and delightful. The pleasure and instruction we find in

a poem or a painting, a building or an oration, are due largely to the power with which they compel the mind to exercise itself. He who provokes multitudes, who forces them to recognize that their conceit is but a form of ignorance, hypocrisy or vulgarity, is a benefactor, but the adulators of the people are confidence men. Where there is right education the future need not be considered; for each hour brings its reward of fairer and richer life. The maxim, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, applies also to the good. Do now the best thou canst do. This is thy whole business, and the rest may be left to God.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Legend of St. Dominic.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

☉NCE, in the days when faith was sun
of life,

Fixed ever in its firmament, though screen
Of darkness veiled, or cloud might intervene,
And all its humble daily paths were rife
With odor of sweet sanctity, it fell
That, worn with prayer and from long penance
faint,

Sat with his brethren Dominic the Saint;
Waiting the welcome summons of the bell
To break their morning fast; for now the sun
Three hours beyond its noontide course had
run.

In holy speech and holier silence sped
The lagging time, until the brothers twain
Who sought for alms—and sought, alas! in
vain—

Returned with empty hands. "One loaf of
bread,

O Master!—one poor loaf, and nothing more,
For all our pleading would the townfolk give
To those who by the gifts of love must live.
And as but now we reached the convent door,
A starving beggar loud for food did call
In God's dear name; and lo! we gave him
all."

"Now praised be He who granted ye such grace,"

Spake Dominic, "as thus to read His will,
And, hungry, give to one more hungry still!"
Then, with a smile that lit the sombre place:
"Come now, my brothers; since He deems
it fit

That root nor crust within the pantry stored
Is left to place upon the frugal board,
Let us in our accustomed places sit,
And drink a cup of water; while with prayer
The soul makes up the body's lacking fare."

But scarce about the table were they met,
Than the dark room grew fair with sudden
light;

And two came in with shining garments
white,
Who at each hand a wheaten loaf did set,
With one full cup of wine, which in the
midst,

Before the Saint, they placed. Then vanishing,
They were not; but such fragrance left as
spring

Doth waft when little flowers are open kissed;
While every head, in lowly reverence bent,
Did bless the Lord, and eat whereof He sent.

Three days the gracious manna fed their
needs,

Three days the brimming cup from lip to lip
Did pass; nor lesser grew, though each might
sip

Its temperate cheer. Then, taking pious heed
Of charity's sweet law, the food they gave
To want more pitiful; which could not feel
Their heavenly trust, nor know that faith can
heal,

Nor that believing souls can lift and save.
Such tender love the Master did bestow
On Dominic, His servant, here below.

THE Church in the midst of the world
is the bush that burned with fire and was
not consumed. The stem of the bush is
enveloped in flame, and the fire which is
winding about it spreads through every
branch and reaches to every spray; but
the bush is imperishable, because it is
of God.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Memories of Hawaii.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VI.—A VILLAGE AND A HALF.

WHEN a village is as small as a village
dares to be, and yet within three
miles of it there is a settlement still
smaller, may I not refer to them jointly
as a village and a half? The inhabitants
of neither would approve of it; but these
are studies of life on an island in the
Hawaiian Archipelago, and for truth's sake
I must not spare the feelings of the good
people who dwell there, and want to pride
themselves on that fact.

She is very prim and very pretty, this
rustic hamlet, when seen from the deck
of the *Kilauea Hou*, off Kahului, fresh
from her shower-bath of recent rain, and
shining in the morning light. She is
very pretty, indeed; but with a touch of
New England primness, that scarcely
harmonizes with the half-savage beauty
of the mountain and the gorges that have
brought her many a transient guest.

It may be said of Wailuku—and this
is between you and me and the post—
that the early bird, hastening inland
from Maalaea, the God-forsaken, at some
unearthly hour, finds not so much nor so
little as a worm to break his fast withal;
and that, though he were sworn, he could
not for the life of him tell just at what
moment the cacti cease from troubling,
and the settlement begins.

There is a street that starts off well
enough, with a hall of justice on the one
hand, and a church with a veritable spiked
spire on the other; yet no sooner has one
taken heart at discovering a lodging-house
and an art gallery, than one plunges
headlong into rival Chinese restaurants.

Turn to your left, and you find the
umbrageous shade of gardens, and see
the steep roofs of a quaint building or

two that antedate the age of modern conveniences. They came around the Horn, no doubt—wee windows, rose-embowered "stoop," and seven or more gables, just as they were shipped from a land where witches were burned in other days for looking and acting less queer than these habitations dare to look and act to-day.

On your right there is a post-office—and a brand-new one, too; and then, for a few paces, there are shops on both sides of the street—Main Street if you please; but after that the buildings range themselves in single file upon one side of the way, and stare blandly at the leagues of waving cane that stretch out toward the sand-hills which form a near horizon. There are modest homesteads, with a small English chapel in their midst, a watch-mender and a smithy lower down, and at the foot of the gentle incline there is something in the air that tells you you are approaching the busy mart. The next instant you turn the corner, and lo! the Forum on market-day! If you had followed Main Street but a step farther, you would have lost sight of the town; for it would have been all at your back.

The Forum of Wailuku—a brown street embedded in reddish-brown dust, flanked by two rows of small buildings with an original angle to every roof; shops, billiard-rooms, coffee-houses, stand shoulder to shoulder, while a brilliant barber-pole enlivens the vista; troops of men and beasts flock in the middle distance. Flower, fruit and fish stalls on one side of the street are offset by a score of itinerant venders of similar wares, squatted upon the grassy slope over the way.

The lamented Laureate might trace his "murmur of innumerable bees" to the Forum of Wailuku on market-day, albeit the busy ones are only busy idling, and are evidently wingless; full half their day is spent in inhaling odors and exchanging gossip for gossip with all the mouths within ear-shot.

Would you have a handful of green and juiceless peaches about the size of almonds, or a netful of guavas cool from some mountain vale, or mangoes fat and over-ripe, the last of the lot? They are yours, and half the Forum will turn to bear witness that the same are cheap and desirable.

There are melons yonder, and a broken dozen of eggs; here are fish, a fowl or two, together with a single claw of bananas, and as many oranges as a well man could squeeze dry before breakfast,—all held at a tolerably high figure; but, then, there are so many willing hands to pass them out for inspection, and such a wealth of smiles thrown in, that the bargain is irresistible. Waver even for a moment, and you may go your way with the coin of the kingdom. It is all the same to these merry merchants.

If the love of money is the root of all evil, then the root has not entered the Hawaiian heart; and I, for one, notwithstanding some inconveniences, am glad of it.

And the lions of Wailuku—where are they, I wonder? There in the Catholic mission, in the lower angle of the town, with its picturesque chapel—no one knows how picturesque till he has looked within it on a feast-day; and there is the thriving school of the Brothers of Mary, and the hospital of the serene Sisters; and lower down is the railway station and the Kahului turnpike. Under the hill that shelters the Mission are the tombs of the departed; and yonder is that living sepulchre, the sea. Where, indeed, are the lions of Wailuku?

There is Main Street, that extricates itself from a cornfield to run up hill and take a lover's leap into the mouth of the famous Iao Valley; and High Street, that begins bravely, but gets discouraged in a single square; and Market Street, which is the Forum, but even this dips suddenly into the brawling Luku—or would but for the long bridge, over which

it is a crime punishable by law to pass faster than a walk.

As for the other streets, whose names I have never heard breathed above a whisper, it is like cutting across lots to go through them; in fact, it may also be said of Wailuku that she is minus her suburbs, and that one has only to climb over a fence to get into space. Perhaps it is providential that it is so.

They were sitting on the veranda when I passed up the street the other day—some of the representatives of the town, male and female; they were still sitting there when I returned hours afterward; they will be sitting there when next I awaken the echoes of Wailuku with the sound of an unfamiliar footfall.

It is a gentle life they lead. The even tenor of their way is broken only at respectable intervals—as, for instance, when the *Kilauea Hou* comes to port, or as, in the course of time, the primitive train rolls into the primitive Wailuku station. Then there is a charge of comparatively empty expresses through the drowsy village streets. This is but the distraction of the moment; anon you shall see how these same expresses, that seem to have been suddenly materialized out of nothing, shall resolve again into nothingness, to be seen no more for days together.

That Wailuku has at some former period so far forgotten her reserve as to plunge into a round of worldly gayety is evident to the naked eye; for the faded trophies of the circus still cling to the edges of the town. The astonished wayfarer may mark how the trick ponies drive one another in chariots of fire through billows of red ochre; while athletes, like angels heedless of the law of gravitation and who seem native of another planet where masculine physique is faultless, disport 'twixt heaven and earth, and cover themselves with glory—and spangles. So dwells in the memory of Wailuku the one indiscretion of the authorities, kept green by its

damning evidence of posters that survive the war of elements, and the scent of the sawdust that hangs round it still.

Must I add that Wailuku has lost her one celebrity? He was master of a large school at Cahors, in the south of France, during the Revolution of '48. The air was freighted with rumors, and rebellion threatened every hour. One day a stalwart pupil of about eleven years rushed into the play-ground, waving the red flag, and shouting at the top of his lungs the "Marseillaise." The whole school was at once in arms. It seemed that the revolutionists were about to carry everything by storm; but the master, seizing the young Republican by the shoulders, boxed his ears soundly, and sent him home to his father. The insurrection was crushed in that locality, and you doubtless know the rest of the history by heart; but perhaps you do not know that the master who restored order in that juvenile rebellion was Father Leanore, formerly of Wailuku, and now at the Cathedral in Honolulu. The lad was Leon Gambetta, late President of the French Republic.

Down the dusty road that winds between the sand-hills; over the low bridge that resounds like a drum as the hoofs of the flying horses crash across it; in the edge of the far-spreading cornfields, between the mountains and the sea, is the fragmentary settlement I call half a village.

Let not the dwellers in Squidwater revile me if I refer to them with seeming levity. In the wide world there is not one who loves them more truly than I. You should have seen me last twilight, O my friends! as I paused alone upon the lights above Squidwater, and marked how its stars shone like glow-worms among the taro patches far below one, while the fragmentary village burned its hundred tapers at my feet. There was no sound, save the voice of many waters,—waters small and great, that streamed and cascaded and rivuleted out of the green gorges

above me, fertilizing this secluded vale, and giving it a character quite single to it.

No one would suspect from a glance at the cross-roads, the mill, the Maison Rouge—from which I write you,—at the smithy, or even the manor-house, that Squidwater could boast more than a good haul of squid; but I have seen, from the lights above us, how the grass-house has not yet gone to seed in the suburbs, and that the four winds of heaven rend the banana leaves which screen many an exclusive home circle hereabout, and shake down the plump *papaia* upon the domestic hearth, whose fires light the dim edges of the wilderness beyond us.

We are not always so silent at Squidwater. There are times when the mill puffs and blows from dawn till dark and after; when the groaning carts come heavily-laden from the fields; when the heart of the bullock-driver is lifted up, and a racket is heard in the land; when, indeed, there is but one sound that is unknown of Squidwater—to wit, the voice of the sluggard.

O busy island-world! How glad I am that the tail end of the season has come, that the telephone is down, and that we know nothing of the doings of states, kingdoms, principalities and powers, beyond our private horizon—a rim of tawny hills, walling us in like a shallow bowl!

For the time being Squidwater is an Arcadia, of which Virgil might have sung, and where Horace might have found repose, had it only been within their reach. Multitudinous carts are stranded in a hollow square, each tipped at an angle of forty-five degrees; the trash-grounds so lately of a flaxen hue have grown a dusty brown. We are a community of husbandmen, going afield at daybreak, tilling the soil, sowing seed, nursing the ratoons, pruning the vigorous young cane, and looking forward to the day when these golden-green acres shall nod again with

plumes like puffs of smoke. When that day comes, it will be time to think once more of the mechanical industries or of scoring up the profits of the year.

The other day, when I had been lounging for hours in a wee balcony, about the size of an opera box—it is the specialty of the Maison Rouge, and my delight,—looking off upon the mountains and the sea, it occurred to me that I had not yet paid my respects to the vacuum pan or the jolly boy who keeps his finger upon the feverish pulse of that one-eyed monster. So down I went to the mill, and climbed into the gallery, where the atmosphere is seven times heated, and the surroundings positively infernal.

While hugging the vacuum, and feeling quite cool by comparison, I thought of the ingenuity of Dante, who pictures a cold corner in hades, where the sinful freeze forever in seas of imperishable ice; and I imagined one of these lost ones, whose words drop like hail upon the glacier under his chin, imploring one balmy gust from the heart of a boiling-house—like ours, for instance. At that moment there arose a din from the bullock-drivers; it was caught up on the trash-grounds and echoed throughout the mill; and upon the top of it all some one set the steam-whistle ablowing, and it blew a long, loud blast that filled all the valleys on our side of Maui to overflowing. I thought it would never cease; and it didn't until a sharp order from headquarters put a stop to it. Then I learned that the very last load of cane had come in from the fields, and its arrival was the occasion of the tumultuous rejoicing.

The boyish *abandon* of the moment was contagious: we all laughed like children and skipped for joy, without exactly knowing why. The work is not over by any means. In the sweat of our brows we still eat bread; the cattle tread the dark furrows on the hillside; the hoe swings merrily in the sunshine, and at nights we

see the furious forked tongues of flame licking the dust in the stubble.

It is true I have not much to do with all this, save to observe it and retain an impression. I, too, am simmering down like the coolers in the mill yonder, and sugaring as it were, and perhaps getting three grades of experience. For the flow of meditation is uninterrupted at Squidwater; and, then, there are books galore; and last, but not least, there is the lust of the eye satiated with the beauty of the earth and with the splendor of the sea.

There are times when the tumultuous clouds heaped upon Haleakala make for themselves a twilight at mid-day; times when the rainbows are shattered against it, and there are splashes of sunlight upon its awful slopes. And there are times when it seems to rise in majesty and tower into the seventh heaven of the afterglow.

Across the sea sweep the curtains of the rain, and the waves cry out to us and cushion the beach with foam. This is for the eye only, to delight and satisfy it; and it is well for us that it is. So far we are a quiet people at Squidwater; and within the precincts of the Maison Rouge we are perpetually at peace. The albuminous, long-fingered squid are not more so, nor the lake sleeping among the sand and rushes at the top of the village street.

With the evening comes complete repose; no sound now save the unceasing sibilation of the mountain streams. The coolies emerge from their quarters and bathe by the brookside in a state of absolute Chinese—and then disappear in the gloaming.

Nothing is visible thereafter save that Jack-o'-lantern, the night watchman, who, like a reversed Diogenes, seeks vainly for the improbable—a dishonest man. At last, when the late moon blooms in a vague cloud, like a passion-flower, I fold my hands in silence, and deep sleep descends upon the Maison Rouge at Squidwater.

(To be continued.)

The Coming Catholic Congress.— Announcements.

THROUGH the kindness of William J. Onahan, Esq., we are able to publish a list of the papers to be read at the Columbian Catholic Congress next month. The following have already been received and accepted:

"Woman's Work in Art," Eliza Allen Starr; "Woman's Work in Literature," Eleanor C. Donnelly; "Woman in the Middle Ages," Anna T. Sadlier; "Pauperism: The Remedy," Dr. Thomas Dwight; "The Future of the Negro Race in the United States," the Rev. John R. Slattery; "German Immigration," Dr. A. Kaiser; "Italian Immigration," the Rev. J. L. Andreis; "The Missionary Outlook in the United States," the Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P.; "The Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on the Condition of Labor," the Hon. Judge Semple; "Societies for Catholic Young Men," Warren E. Mosher; "Public and Private Charities" (two papers), Thomas F. Ring, Richard R. Elliott; "The Apostolate of Home and of Society," Katherine E. Conway; "Life-Insurance and Pension Funds for Wage Workers," the Hon. E. M. Sharon; "The Society of St. Vincent de Paul," Joseph A. Kernan; "Our Twenty Millions Toss," M. T. Elder; "Public and Private Charities," Dr. Charles A. Wingerter.

In addition to the foregoing list, the subjects given out and the writers who were invited to prepare papers for the Congress include the following:

"The Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on the Condition of Labor," the Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson; "Columbus: His Mission and Character," Richard H. Clarke, LL.D.; "Consequences and Results of the Discovery of the New World," George Parsons Lathrop; "The Relations of the Catholic Church to the Social, Civil and Political Institutions of the United States,"

Edgar H. Gans; "Isabella, the Catholic," Mary Josephine Onahan; "Rights of Labor: Duties of Capital," the Rev. W. Barry, D. D., the Hon. John Gibbon, LL. D.; "Poverty: Cause and Remedy," the Hon. M. T. Bryan; "Working Men's Organizations and Societies for Young Men," the Rev. Francis J. Maguire, the Hon. H. J. Spaunhorst; "Life-Insurance and Pension Funds for Wage Workers," Col. John A. McCall, Prof. John P. Lauth; "Immigration and Colonization," the Rev. Michael Callaghan; "Intemperance: The Evil and the Remedy," the Rev. James M. Cleary, Ellen M. Cramsie; "Condition and Future of the Negro Race in the United States," Charles H. Butler; "Condition and Future of the Indian Tribes in the United States," the Rt. Rev. Bishop McGolrick; "The Independence of the Holy See," the Hon. M. F. Morris; "Woman in Her Own Field," Rose Hawthorne Lathrop; "Catholic Higher Education," the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane; "Needs of Catholic Colleges," Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D.; "The Catholic School System," Brother Azarias; "Catholic High Schools," the Rev. John T. Murphy, C. S. Sp.; "Alumnæ Associations in Convent Schools," Elizabeth A. Cronyn; "The Work of the Catholic Reading Circles and the Summer School," Katherine E. Conway; also "Woman's Work in Religious Communities."

The following are among the speakers invited to address the public evening meetings to be held during the Congress: The Hon. Bourke Cockran, the Hon. Frank Hurd, the Hon. William L. Kelly, the Hon. Judge Moran, the Hon. John Rush, the Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil, the Hon. James B. Carroll, the Hon. Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, the Hon. James W. Bryon, Col. Robert M. Douglas, the Rev. Patrick Cronin, the Hon. William P. Breen, the Hon. John O'Neill, the Hon. T. A. Weadock, the Hon. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, the Hon. Peter Doyle, and Gen. George W. Smith.

The Death of Father Granger.

IT was a saintly life that closed on Wednesday, the 26th ult., Feast of St. Anne, when the Very Rev. Alexis Granger, C. S. C., was called to his eternal reward. Perhaps no man of his time accomplished so much good and attracted so little attention. He was one of those quiet workers in God's vineyard whose lives seem cast in narrow circles, but who nevertheless exercise a far-reaching influence over the minds and hearts of their fellowmen. He seldom left the quiet shades of his beloved Notre Dame, he never appeared on the platform or in the public prints, and yet there are thousands of young men in the world who owe what is best in their lives to his saintly influence; and good priests in every State in the Union who attribute their vocation, under God, to his pious counsels and the example of his holy life.

Father Granger's career was closely identified with the development of Notre Dame. He was one of the first who volunteered to accompany its founder, Father Sorin, from France on his arduous mission; and his labors on behalf of the Indians and the few scattered whites who gathered around the mission cross were unceasing. In a few years his labors were further increased by the advent of students who came from the neighboring States to Notre Dame in quest of education. These soon became his chief charge; and the best efforts of his life were put forth in directing them aright, in winning their young souls to the service of God.

Like most of his countrymen, Father Granger had an affectionate love for the Blessed Virgin; and, after Father Sorin himself, he had most to do with making Notre Dame a rallying-point for her clients. In the early days, when there was no steward—nor indeed much need of one,—he taught the little community to look trustingly to Mary; and when the annals

of Notre Dame come to be written, numberless incidents will show how well-founded was this confidence.

His humility was unconquerable, and it was perhaps for this reason that he was gifted with such peculiar graces in the confessional. His penitents frequently came from long distances, and none of them ever forgot the unction of his counsels or the gentleness of his reproofs. Even during his last months, when obedience compelled him to temper his zeal with prudence, he abated little of his former labor. He knew no fatigue wherever there was good to be done.

His life was singularly unworldly. He knew the world only as a great battleground on which souls were to be won to Christ. No hermit ever lived in greater recollection of spirit, and he was interested in nothing that did not refer in some manner to the glory of God. An ideal religious and a model priest, he passed away in his seventy-sixth year full of merit, leaving the world richer by the example of his holy life. Peace be to his soul!

Notes and Remarks.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers this week the first part of the paper on Education read by the Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding, D. D., before the World's Congress of Representative Youth in Chicago on July 18. It abounds with suggestive, practical thoughts, which will be found replete with instruction for all interested in the great work of training the youthful mind. The eminent prelate is a master of the subject upon which he writes, and is devoted heart and soul to the cause which it represents. His utterances have commanded attention everywhere; and the educational world, in this our land, looks to him as to a master-mind and guiding spirit.

The good influence likely to be exerted by the Catholic Summer School on the non-

Catholic public is shown by the following editorial paragraph in the *New York Sun*:

"Those people who entertain the opinion that the priests of the Roman Catholic Church live only in the past, deal only with traditions, know nothing outside of dogmatic theology and the old schoolmen, are afraid to speak their own minds, can not get beyond Church Latin, and stand in terror of modern science, criticism, speculation and progress, ought to pay a visit to the Catholic Summer School up at Plattsburg. The lectures of Father Zahm on science and of Father Doonan on logic this week would have been instructive to Darwin and to Chancellor McCosh, if they had heard them. It is possible that even Moody and Sankey or Talmage and Briggs might be edified by hearing the Plattsburg lectures. Father Zahm's scientific discourses were as free in their rationality as Dr. Doonan's were rigorous in their ratiocination. These priests do not seem to be afraid of any truth that may be discovered, nor of any of the revelations of nature or of life. After them come Father Hewitt, Brother Azarias, and about a dozen other priests and erudites, who will, perhaps, make it evident that they do not wear shackles any heavier than those that are worn by Doonan and Zahm."

In view of the recent utterance of President Eliot regarding the Harvard Law School, we could wish that he, too, had been present at these lectures.

At the Commencement exercises of Manhattan College the Hon. Bourke Cockran offered the graduates some sterling advice. One might easily imagine the silver-tongued Dougherty himself uttering this noble sentiment: "I have said that we are no longer in danger of invasion by an armed band of foemen. No longer does any one try to take the cross down from over the steeple of our churches, to overturn altars, or to profane sanctuaries. But there are forces at work calculated to take the spirit of truth from your bosoms, and to overturn in your minds that reverence for the Christian faith, to which, if you are to be successful and creditable and useful in your day, you must ever remain loyal." No fitter words could be addressed to young men about to enter into the lists of life.

The *Catholic Times* revives the statement that Lord Beaconsfield died a Catholic, and adduces the strongest argument we have yet seen in its support. When Disraeli died, the English churchmen deplored the fact that no minister of the Established Church was

present at his last moments. Later on it was rumored that Father Clare, a Jesuit and a warm friend of the statesman, had been allowed to enter the death-chamber. But the climax was reached when the *Porcupine*, a Radical paper with decidedly anti-Catholic tendencies, announced, on information derived from the family of Lord Beaconsfield, that the dead statesman had been admitted into the Church on his death-bed. Of course the non-Catholic papers denied the statement; but when the *Porcupine* offered to prove it to their complete satisfaction, the matter was speedily hushed up. The one link that is missing in the testimony is the avowal of Father Clare himself. When questioned he maintained a studied silence; and, so far as we can learn, he never spoke about the matter. Beaconsfield's conversion would be no great surprise to students of English literature. His books abound in complimentary references to Catholic prelates, and he has frequently expressed his admiration for the character and history of the Church.

The recent "unpleasantness" in Montreal, provoked by the blasphemous utterances of a pagan against the Blessed Virgin in her own city, ought to remind Catholics of their duty on such occasions. There will always be slanderous mountebanks—"escaped" nuns and perverted priests—to try our patience; and the only dignified course of action is to ignore the libel, to face it calmly, and to live it down. In no people on the earth is the sense of justice so strong as in Americans, and it is only necessary to convince them of error in order to win them to truth. Explosive frenzy such as the Montreal mob exhibited is wholly powerless to effect what a gentle life, a kindly deed, or a "soft answer" might easily accomplish.

An artistic piano from the factory of Sohmer & Co. draws admiring crowds around it at the Columbian Exposition. The "Golden Upright" it is called, the entire case having the appearance of having been dipped in a bath of liquid gold. The designer has appealed to the artist soul, and the carving is a triumph of skill as well as beauty.

It is needless to say that, in richness and sweetness, the tone of this wonderful instrument is worthy of its setting. The piano has been given to endow a scholarship in the New York Conservatory of Church Music, and is to be disposed of at a grand concert on the 22d of November, the Feast of St. Cecilia, patroness of sacred melody.

This Conservatory, which is under the careful and able direction of Father Joseph Graf, has for its object the training of organists and choir-masters, and its staff of teachers includes the leading Catholic organists and composers of New York city. The advantages of a thorough course at this admirable institution can hardly be overestimated.

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. Felix Guédry, C. M., formerly pastor of St. Vincent's Church, Chicago, whose death took place a few weeks ago, in New Orleans; and the Rev. Leo G. Thébaud, who peacefully departed this life at Madison, N. J., on the 12th of May.

Sister M. Simplicita, of the Sisters of Loreto, who was called to her reward on the 13th ult.

Mr. P. Barden, who died suddenly in Philadelphia on the 4th ult.

Mr. Andrew Friedle, of Gardenville, N. Y., whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 21st of June.

Miss Stasia Coady, whose life closed peacefully on the 26th ult., at Pana, Ill.

Mr. John F. Cotter, of Fredonia, Wis., who passed away on the 3d ult.

Mrs. Mary White, who died a holy death on the 5th ult., in New York.

Mr. Thomas Keresey, Jr., and Miss Mary J. Strype, of Brooklyn; Mr. Robert H. Bogue, Baltimore; Mrs. Catherine O'Reilly, Reading, Pa.; Miss Mary A. Shenk, Delphos, Ohio; Mr. John Quinn, Bellevue, Del.; Mrs. Nancy Doherty, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. John Finnegan, Fillmore, Iowa; Mary J. Ward, New York; Mrs. Mary Foley, Chicago; Miss Margaret Maher, Middletown, Ohio; Mrs. James Foley, Chelsea, Mass.; Mr. David Leahy, Boston; Mr. John Craven, Dublin; Mrs. Mary Byrne-Murphy, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Maurice Drislan and Miss Annie Barrett, Fall River, 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.

*

A Vacation Lesson.

THIS is vacation, and ain't I glad!
 I've nothing to do all day.
 I'll sleep all I want; and when I'm up,
 I've only to eat and play.
 I'll live as the birds, for they are free;
 Or the laughing summer stream;
 Like the drowsy bee I'll hum along,—
 The days shall be as a dream.

But lo! as Ed looked, he saw the birds
 Were busy the livelong day:
 They sang and they chirped and flew about,
 But to make earth seem more gay.
 The stream carried life to trees and flowers,
 Though it seemed to gaily sing;
 The bees gathered honey for their hive,
 To last from fall to spring.

And this was the lesson that he learned
 That happy summer day:
 There's always something for us to do,
 Yes, even in time of play.
 Be merry and cheerful all day long,
 Take plenty of time to rest;
 But never be idle, and you'll see
 Vacation will be blessed.

THE reading of books, what is it but
 conversing with the wisest men of all
 ages and of all countries, who thereby
 communicate to us their noblest thoughts,
 choicest notions, and best inventions?—
Isaac Barrow.

Sight-Seeing at the World's Fair.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.



IT was the first week of
 vacation. Upon the shady
 veranda of a pleasant coun-
 try, home within a few
 miles of New York city,
 the three young people of
 the Kendrick family were discussing their
 prospects for the holidays.

"I wish we could go to the World's
 Fair," said Aleck, who, seated at the top of
 the steps, was busy with his fishing-tackle.

"Well, we can't," replied his sister
 Nora, swinging indolently to and fro
 in the hammock. "Perhaps father and
 mother may go; and father says he would
 like to take us all, but he is unable to
 afford it. What differences there are in
 the world!" she continued, discontentedly.
 "Here we can not have this little trip,
 and yet our cousins, the Colvilles, are
 travelling all over Europe. How I wish
 we were as well off as they are!"

"But we are better off; for they have no
 mother," interposed gentle Ellen, who, at
 a rustic table, was arranging several vases
 of flowers to be placed about the house.

"I meant if we were only as *rich* as
 they," explained Nora; but somehow the
 little feeling of envy which had arisen in

her heart died away, as there came to her suddenly a sense of the blank there would be in her life if she had not her mother to turn to in all her small troubles, as well as in her careless happiness; and she vaguely felt that there are indeed different kinds of riches, and many things that money can not buy. She sighed impatiently, however; and, catching up her hat which had fallen to the ground, exclaimed: "I believe I'll go up to the tennis-court. Some of the girls will be sure to be there; and I might as well have a game as dally round here all the morning."

The family were at luncheon when she returned.

"I stopped at the post-office, mother," she said; "and here is a letter for you."

"From Uncle Jack!" cried Mrs. Kendrick, breaking the seal. "Here is grand news for all of you," she added, presently. "Uncle Jack will be here on Monday, and he invites you young folk to visit the World's Fair with him."

"Hip-hip-hooray!" exclaimed Aleck.

Nora looked dazed, as if she could hardly realize that what they had wished for so much was really about to happen.

"Do let me see what he says," she asked, impulsively.

Mrs. Kendrick laughed and handed her the letter, which she proceeded to read aloud, amid many interruptions in the way of delightful comments. Even Ellen was aroused from her usual quiet pleasure in whatever was going on, and became excited and enthusiastic.

The following days were devoted to preparation, and when Uncle Jack arrived he found his nieces and nephew ready for the journey. Uncle Jack Barrett was Mrs. Kendrick's brother; and the children called him an old bachelor, although he was not really at all old.

The next morning he set out with his party for Chicago. The young people were unused to travel, and did not find it tedious to spend so long a time on the

train; there was so much to be seen from the windows as they were carried swiftly farther and farther from home. Then, too, the handsome, vestibuled train itself was interesting, with its platforms enclosed by glass doors, so that one could pass from one end of it to the other with comfort and safety, even when it was running at a high rate of speed; and the luxurious sleeping, dining and drawing-room cars.

"Why, it is a kind of royal establishment on wheels!" remarked Nora.

"And you are the prince and princesses off for a lark; while I am the majordomo, or master of the revels," said Uncle Jack.

By the afternoon of the second day they had nearly reached their destination. As they approached the Metropolis of the West, they could hardly restrain their impatience. At last, outlined against the blue summer sky and bathed in sunlight, one after another the beautiful white buildings of the Columbian Exposition arose before them.

"How lovely!" cried Nora and Ellen in a breath.

"By jingo, it beats all my expectations, and I'm sure that is saying a great deal!" exclaimed Aleck.

"The Exhibition grounds may well be called the White City," said Ellen. "What a great place it is, with its many streets and avenues! And see the throngs of people walking about!"

"How bright and gay everything looks!" added Nora. "See the flags flying! And—listen! Don't you hear the music of the bands?"

"Yes: it is a city without one dark corner; almost unreal in its beauty; built as it were of snow and sunshine," Mr. Barrett continued, meditatively.

"Ah, this I know is the Midway Plaisance!" said Aleck, leaning out of the window to look down into the long avenue, which for some blocks runs parallel with the railroad.

"The Plaisance is without doubt the

most curious thoroughfare on the globe," said Uncle Jack; "for here are to be met representatives of all the races—black, brown, white, yellow and red,—from the Esquimaux of the Arctic regions to a Dahomey village from the equator."

"I should like to jump right down into the midst of it all," began Aleck.

"I dare say you would land on top of that queer Oriental pagoda, or break through the roof of one of those tropical-looking huts," laughed Ellen.

Now the motley sights and varied sounds were left behind, and the train steamed into Chicago. Here the noises of traffic, the whir of the elevated railway and cable cars, the rush and activity of business, and the crowd of people, made the girls' heads dizzy, and even confused Aleck a little.

"Gracious! this hurry, hurry everywhere makes one feel so helpless," sighed Nora. "It is worse than New York."

They were amazed to behold street after street, any one of which might be mistaken for the great main artery of commercial life; and the sight of so many tall buildings, some numbering fourteen stories, greatly astonished them.

Notwithstanding their interest in everything they saw, Nora and Ellen especially were glad when they reached the hotel.

In good season the next morning our party presented themselves at the 57th Street entrance of Jackson Park. Click went the turnstile as one by one, having given up their tickets, they were allowed to pass, and found themselves at last within the precincts of the grandest exposition the world has ever seen.

"Opposite is the electric elevated railway, the first ever built. It runs from station to station within the grounds, and is called the Intramural," explained Uncle Jack. "Would you not like to ride on it to the point at which we are aiming?"

"Oh, no!" protested the girls. "There is so much to be seen at every step, we would rather walk."

"You will perhaps be of a different opinion to-morrow," laughed he. "But by going afoot you will certainly soon get an idea of the extent of the grounds, which are four times the size of those of the great Paris Expositions of 1878 and 1889. First, you observe, we come to the State Buildings. We can not stop to inspect them now, but we will go a little out of our way to get a view of the most noted ones. That clock tower is upon the Pennsylvania Building, which is a reproduction of old Independence Hall in Philadelphia, where the Declaration of Independence was signed, and from the steeple of which the freedom of the United States was proclaimed. Beyond it is the costly edifice erected by the State of New York. It is built upon the plan of one of the ancient Knickerbocker residences, which was for years one of the historic landmarks of the Empire City. A little farther on, you see the headquarters of Massachusetts, modelled after the Hancock House, Boston, where Dorothy Hancock gave her famous reception to the officers of the French fleet. The State Buildings, you understand, are to serve as headquarters and furnish pleasant resting and meeting-places for the people of the respective States who visit the Fair, and also for special exhibits. You will see the names on the flags floating above them, and also over the doors."

"That is a picturesque and venerable-looking one just beyond us," said Ellen.

"It is the California Building," returned her uncle; "and was made to resemble as much as possible the old adobe missions or monasteries of the Jesuit and Franciscan missionaries, who, you know, first penetrated into that then unknown land from Mexico, Christianized the Indians, and taught them to cultivate the wilderness. The towers upon the four corners are named after the mission belfries, and in them swing some of the ancient bells brought from Spain more than two centu-

ries ago,—the bells perhaps which, within the vast territory now known as the United States, first awoke the echoes of mountain or woodland, and broke the silence of the valley with the music of the Angelus chimes, or the call to Mass or Benediction. That large edifice farther along is the Art Gallery; and this one in front of us with the dome, the Illinois Building.”

They had now reached the Lagoon, a limpid lake with a wooded island in its midst, like an emerald set in crystal.

Here Ellen began to show signs of flagging.

“Ha-ha, Eilly Bawn! beginning to be tired?” laughed Uncle Jack. “Well, we must have trudged a mile already. Suppose we vary the program by taking one of the omnibus boats that ply to and fro between the buildings?”

They waited at the water's edge; and soon a little launch, with a gay awning, glided up, took them on board, and then continued swiftly and noiselessly upon its course.

“What a remarkable little craft!” said Aleck. “I see no steam-power, and it has neither sails nor rowers. What makes it go?”

“Electricity,” answered his uncle. “Its only machinery is a small battery. Perhaps soon we shall see great ships like the *Campania* propelled by the same force.”

Seen from the water, the marble-like palaces upon every side seemed even fairer than before. New and more majestic ones came into view at every turn of the Lagoon.

“Could there *be* a lovelier scene!” exclaimed Nora.

“It is hard to imagine one,” answered Mr. Barrett. “Yet, look now!”

The launch swept under an arched bridge, and presently passed beneath a second one; and they found themselves floating upon the central lake, called the Great Basin, which reflects the splendor of the quadrangle known as the Grand Court of Honor.

“This Court is the centre of the beauty and magnificence of the Exposition,” said Uncle Jack.

“Isn't it all like a dream city?” murmured Ellen. “I am almost afraid of awaking and seeing it dissolve into air. It seems as if it must have been conjured up by some poet's imagination or some magician's skill.”

“Well, it wasn't: it was built by plain, everyday workmen; and there isn't the least danger of its fading away, so you need not be anxious,” said blunt Aleck. “It is a picture that a fellow can never forget, though,” he added, appreciatively.

“That stately colonnade, which forms one side of the Court and connects the two Grecian buildings at either end, is called the Peristyle,” explained Mr. Barrett. “Between its graceful columns you catch a glimpse of the blue waters of Lake Michigan, the strand of which is just beyond it. See how the sun gilds the Corinthian pillars and the statues, and again glints them with silver, or casts a shadow into relief. The sculptured group crowning the triumphal arch, in the centre of the colonnade, is called the Columbus Quadriga. It represents the Discoverer as he is supposed to have appeared in the *fête* given in his honor on his return from his first voyage, and shows him (as you will notice when we approach nearer) standing in a chariot drawn by four spirited horses, and leaning on his sword.”

“And there in front of the Peristyle is the colossal bronze-gold statue of the Republic, which we have heard so much about!” cried Nora.

“Yes,” said her brother. “I read somewhere that her ladyship is sixty-five feet tall, and her nose thirty inches long. Honest and true!” he went on, as the girls giggled incredulously. “It said, too, that she could hold all four of us in her hand.”

“I don't believe there was a word about *us*,” declared Nora, mockingly.

"Well, four persons I mean," corrected Aleck; "and that she would require a ring ten inches in diameter to fit her finger."

"What a giantess!" laughed Ellen. "Is that the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building at the left, Uncle?"

"Yes," was the reply. "It covers thirty acres of ground. Here are gathered some of the finest exhibits of foreign countries and the United States. Beyond it are the Electricity and Mining Buildings, and on the opposite side of the quadrangle those devoted to mining and agriculture. Turn now and look across the water to the end of the Lake opposite to the Peristyle. There is the Administration Building, which you will perhaps consider the most beautiful of the group, because of its graceful outlines and majestic, gilded dome. It completes, you see, the Grand Court of Honor. In front of it, rising out of the Lake, is the Columbia Fountain."

"I am glad I read the description of it beforehand; I can understand it so much better," said Ellen. "The figures represent Columbia enthroned in a triumphal barge, guided by Time, heralded by Fame, and rowed by eight standing figures, representing on one side the arts, and on the other Science, Industry, Agriculture, and Commerce. Notice, Nora, it is drawn by eight sea-horses mounted by outriders. Look how the spray dashes about the horses' manes!"

"I suppose those are the much-talked-of electric fountains on either side of it," said Aleck.

His uncle nodded in assent, adding:

"They throw streams of water one hundred and fifty feet high, and of all the colors of the rainbow; but they can be seen to advantage only in the evening."

Alighting from the electric boat, our friends now ascended the terrace to the walks of the Court of Honor, and wandered on, delighted with the beauty of the scene.

(To be continued.)

How a Mother's Prayer was Answered at Last.

BY SADIE L. BAKER.

III.

Worn out with long watching, Theodora slept heavily; and when she woke the sun was shining brightly. She dressed hurriedly, listening for some sound from her boy's room, some step in the kitchen below; but all was quiet. Outside there were the songs of the birds, the sound of the fitful summer wind in the tree-tops, and the far-off roar of the waters of the dam mingling with the near rush of the swift current of the river, foaming and eddying over its rocky bed.

An undefined uneasiness, a fear of she knew not what, quickened her steps as she went through the little house, coming at last to her boy's closed door. She tapped lightly, her heart beating so hard that she could hear its muffled sound in her ears. Again and yet again she rapped, then pushed the door open with a shaking hand, and, leaning against it for support, looked around the empty room.

Everything was as she had left it the night before, only the flowers were gone. Scarce knowing what she did, she went from room to room, seeking her lost; out in the garden, calling his name; searching every nook, as if her son were once more a little child hiding in play from his mother.

Coming back to the oratory to kneel in voiceless prayer at the crucified feet of her Lord, she paused for a moment before the altar Will had fashioned for her,—his last Christmas gift, the work of his own hands. In the central arch was set an engraving of St. Joseph at his carpenter's bench, with the Holy Child Jesus working beside him; in tiny alcoves on either side, a crucifix and a statue of our Blessed

Mother with her Divine Son cradled in her arms; and lower a carved panel of the Good Shepherd bearing His lost sheep home on His bosom.

Will carved the panel himself, working at it hour after hour; his mother sitting beside him, watching every touch, while the knitting-needles moved swiftly in her fingers. The loving face of the Good Shepherd bent over the poor wounded sheep held so tenderly in His arms, the tangle of thorny branches at one side, the border of interlacing vine-leaves and wheat-ears, were perfect in her eyes. The work kept Will at home many an evening, when he longed to be away with the jolly comrades who welcomed him so royally.

Now as her desperate eyes searched every corner of the room, that was all open to the light of day, she saw a folded paper at the feet of the Blessed Mother. She seized it with trembling fingers, sank on her knees, and, every breath a prayer, read:

DEAR, DEAREST MOTHER:—I know how I have sinned, and I know how perfect are your love and forgiveness. But I can not stay here, where I have disgraced you and myself. I am not brave enough or strong enough. Perhaps somewhere else I can conquer the terrible thirst that almost maddens me as I write. So I am going away, and I will never come back until I have proved my manhood.

I was awake to-night when you came in my room. But I did not dare to speak or open my eyes, though my heart was breaking. I have stolen in for one last kiss, one last look at your dear face. I am writing in the moonlight at your window; and, hard as it is to leave you, I must go.

How I love you I can not tell. How you love me and pray for me I well know, and will never forget. O my mother! When you see me again, I hope to be worthy of your love.

Dearest, best, truest of mothers, good-bye!
Your own loving

WILL.

She read the words, trying to grasp their meaning. Will was gone,—so much she realized. Then the lines grew blurred, the room whirled around her. Shivering with a cold chill in the warm summer air, she groped her way to the bed, and cowered down on it, hiding her hot, tearless eyes from the light. Then a fire burned in every vein, livid crimson blazed on her cheeks, a fierce pain throbbed in her temples. Will wanted her, Will was calling her,—the one thought in her tortured heart and distraught brain. She tried to rise, but fell back helpless; and lay there, sometimes in a stupor that looked like death, sometimes moaning in delirium. So they found her when they came to look for Will, who had gone and left no trace: vanished as utterly as if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

In the night a store had been entered, —a little shop standing apart from others. The man who slept there had made a good fight. He lay dead on the floor, with one of the robbers dead beside him—one of the two who led Will home,—and the other was missing.

It was in vain that Will's employer pleaded his good character. "Only a little wild," he said; "never vicious." He spoke of his industrious habits, his sterling honesty, the shock it would be to his mother.—"He had been drinking with the two the previous night, when the deed was no doubt planned; had drunk with them before. If he can prove his innocence, well and good; if not, he must suffer," they answered him grimly; and, sick at heart, he went with them,—went to find only the poor mother raving in the delirium of brain fever, Will's note clutched in her hot fingers, prayers and words of endearment for her boy strangely mingled together in her ravings.

There was little to be learned here, and that little looked dark for poor Will, as even Mr. Stone owned, with a woful shake of his hard Scotch head. But in the next

breath he averred stoutly: "I have not worked beside Will Hammond, boy and man, for ten years to believe this black thing of him now. He could no more have done it, drunk or sober, than I could or you." Which opinion, with characteristic obstinacy, he continued to repeat in season and out of season, at home and abroad, until even those who had been most sure of Will's guilt allowed a saving doubt to creep in.

Meanwhile good Mr. Stone cared for Will's mother as if she had been his sister. There was no fear of want. Will was a good workman; and Mr. Stone, proud of the bright, handsome boy, had trained him in his own thrifty habits, and all his savings were invested in his mother's name.

The scores of poor souls whom Theodora had helped and comforted, by whose sick-beds she had watched, whose dead she had robed for their long sleep, almost fought for the privilege of being near her; and Father Conway sent a sweet-faced Sister of Charity to rule over the undisciplined horde.

No word came from Will; and in a few days, save in the sick-room where Theodora battled for life, he was almost forgotten,—almost, not quite; for one evening, in the very saloon where he drank and caroused that last night, there was a lad, a bright-faced, clear-eyed boy, so young and unused to such scenes that he flushed scarlet and moved uneasily in his seat at the ribald songs, the more ribald jests; yet stayed on, because he feared the jeers of his older comrades. To drown the whispers of his Good Angel perhaps, he rang a silver dollar down on the counter, and called for "drinks for the crowd."

Suddenly a blear-eyed man reeled from a dark corner, where he had hidden to look longingly at the revel. He pushed his way through the noisy crew until he stood beside the boy. He laid his hand

on the lad's shoulder, and straightened his bent form, something of the old fire coming back to his eyes, something of the old dignity to his carriage. Crowding around the two with glasses in hand, all waited with pleased, expectant faces.

The old man—old before his time—had been a rising young politician, famed for his ready eloquence, one of the brilliant group that gathered around poor Will Hammond,—the last one left. Now and then, at longer and longer intervals, the old flame flashed up and burned for a little time.

"Boy," he said, his husky voice growing clearer with every word until it rang through the room, "thirty years ago I too had a future before me.—Man or devil," he turned in a sudden fury to the proprietor, his eyes blazing, one hand still firmly grasping the boy's shoulder, the other stretched out, his finger pointing, "look at us! Look well at your work! I too was made in the image of God. Whose image is stamped on me now? I have fallen so low that for me there is no redemption. I have forgotten how to hope. If I believe, it is as devils believe and tremble; and love is a stranger to me. All who ever loved me or claimed my love are lying under the sod on yonder hillside; dying, more than one, broken-hearted because of my sin. But, poor, degraded beggar and sot though I be, I have yet more manhood left than you. Out of the depths I will lift up my voice, put forth my hand to save such a one as this lad. To-night you refused to sell me a glass of whisky, and now look here! In the name of the God whom we both outrage, in the name of justice if you have no mercy, give your devil's drink to me and such as I. We are lost. The fierce fire in our veins—the fire lighted by this flame," he touched the boy's glass,— "has burnt out all the manhood, everything good and noble, and left only poor, pitiful, blackened wrecks of humanity.

Give us what we crave and let us die; what matter how soon!

"Boy," the voice thrilled with the sweetness that had held and swayed a multitude at his will, "it isn't a long journey you are entering on. Such as you are begin it, such as I am finish it. You come of a brave race," he went on, his eyes growing keener, as if he would read the lad's very soul. "Your grandfather's name was first on the roll when our country called for defenders; and your father fell with his face to the foe, and died in my arms. You are no son of theirs, if you are a coward and afraid of the laugh of such as these."

The hot blood dyed the boy's face scarlet; then he shuddered as his quick glance followed old Tom's around the circle of faces, marked everyone by the finger of the destroyer. He dropped the glass; and as he looked down on the whisky splashed in little pools, he registered a vow in heaven; then turned about, and followed old Tom, who had shambled out of the room.

"Don't you be too sure of that," said an old farmer a few days after, as he lounged in his wagon before the post-office. "Mark my words, you've lost Charley Merideth once for all. He's got all the old Squire's grit, and mebbly a *leelle* of his own besides. They say that Charley and his grandfather just had it rip and tuck that night when he came home. But Charley up and told the whole story; and vowed he'd keep old Tom, and do his level best to make a man of him, if he had to give up school and go out to day's work to do it. Fact is, the old Squire can't no more hold out against that boy than nothin' in the world. Then, too, Charley's father and Tom were great cronies in their young days. Old Tom'll *have* to reform more or less, with Charley and the Squire both after him.

"Charley makes me think of that off

mule of mine," he went on, flicking that sagacious animal with his whip. "Now, Jack's the most troublesome, contrary beast on the farm; and *obstinate*—well, obstinate as a mule; and yet he's the most reliable critter I've got. Just get that hard head of his sot right, and he'll get there or die pulling. You fellers pretty near got Charley. But he's all right now. He's made of different stuff from Will Hammond." And, with a parting chuckle, he gathered up the reins and drove away.

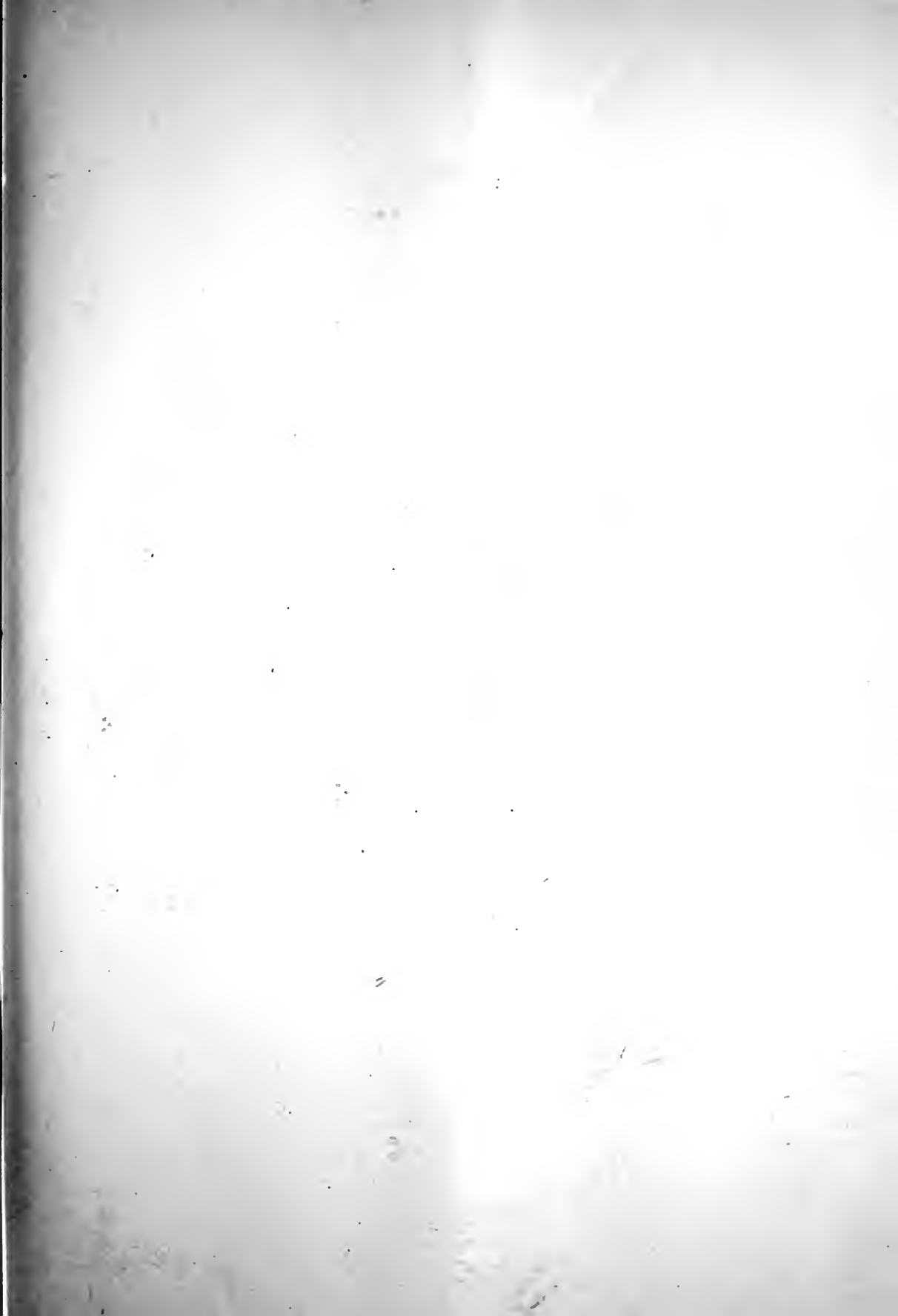
And it may as well be said here that the vow Charley took that night he never broke. And old Tom, prayed for, loved, sheltered, tended and encouraged, falling more than once, but never deserted by the brave lad he had saved, came at last, through great tribulation, out of the depths to an honorable old age.

(To be continued.)

Devotion to Our Blessed Mother in the Olden Time.

In every part of old London may be found names and signs which indicate how deep was the reverence that was paid to Our Lady when England was fitly named her Dowry. Maiden Lane, for instance, is on a small estate which belonged to the Mercers' Company; and this company, or guild, having for its badge the head of the Blessed Virgin, or Maiden, gave its name to the street.

In many places in this locality the Head of the Maiden is yet to be seen,—the sign or emblem which, after the old fashion, was used instead of the letters of to-day. And we can fancy our forefathers telling with due reverence how, in going to London, they would put up, not at the Victoria or the Something-Else with a high-sounding name, but at some quiet inn, "at the Sign of the Maiden."





THE CORONATION.
Domenichino.



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

VOL. XXXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 12, 1893.

No. 7.

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Our Queen Love-Crowned.

THE term of love's probation now was past,
 And Mary's ever-virgin soul was free;
 Her body, temple of sweet purity,
 Was not to nature's devastations cast,
 But was upborne by angels to the vast
 And glorious home of perfect harmony
 Where soul and body rest eternally,—
 The twilight years of yearning crowned at last.

Ah! long, sweet Mother, were thy waiting
 years;

And yet each one was meted out by love,—

A love that kindled into day the night,
 And made a solace of thy very tears;

A love that bore thee to Itself above,
 And crowned thee Queen in realms of
 endless light.

The Assumption of Mary.

BY THE REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.



AFTER the Ascension of her
 Divine Son, this world no
 longer possessed any attrac-
 tion for Mary. From that
 moment she was an exile on
 earth. Her heart was above; for was not
 Jesus, her treasure, there? And did not His
 own sacred lips once say, "Where thy

treasure is, there is thy heart also"?* Her
 life on earth had been pre-eminently one
 of sorrow; still in the midst of all her
 sufferings Jesus was with her. With Him
 clasped to her bosom, even Egypt was no
 exile to her. In Bethlehem, in Egypt, in
 Nazareth, and even on Calvary, her Son was
 with her; and, although she suffered, she
 was exactly where her heart would have
 her to be. Terrible, then, must have been
 the change she experienced when Our
 Lord had ascended, and when first she felt
 that she was in the world alone.

To the merely human mind, it would
 seem that, like St. Joseph, she should
 have quitted this world before her Son,
 or at least have gone with Him; but the
 ways and the thoughts of God are not
 like ours. By the will of God she was
 destined to remain long upon earth, and
 to witness the early struggles of the
 infant Church. He whose 'wisdom reach-
 eth from end to end' had His own motives
 in leaving Mary so long after Him.
 Perhaps it was that she might witness to
 the first converts the mystery of the
 Incarnation; or that she might assist the
 Apostles by her wise counsels; or that the
 bonds of affection and confidence between
 herself and her adopted children might,
 by actual contact, be more closely drawn;
 and that they, having acquired the habit
 of seeking her assistance—feeling the

* St. Matt., vi, 21.

power of her intercession whilst with them here—might be encouraged still to have recourse to her after her departure. Be it as it may, Mary must have been many years on earth after Our Lord's Ascension before death was sent to loose her captive soul. The general opinion seems to be that she was about seventy-two years of age at the time of her death; so that, accordingly, she must have remained nearly twenty-three years on earth after Christ's Ascension.

The Holy Virgin died at Jerusalem, in the house of Mary the mother of St. Mark. It is said that the Archangel Gabriel, who announced to her the great mystery of the Incarnation, was sent to tell her of the approach of her dissolution. As her death drew nigh, the Apostles and Christians of Jerusalem gathered to be present at that glorious scene. St. Jerome says that at the last moment of her life the chamber in which she lay was filled with heavenly music, and that a supernatural light, of surpassing brightness, shone around her. Many miracles were wrought in the city. All the sick brought to her sacred body after death were cured; and St. John Damascene says he learned from the most ancient traditions that those miracles were extended even to the unconverted Jews.

They buried her in Gethsemane, outside of Jerusalem. Juvenal, the Patriarch of that city, who lived in the fifth century, relates, in a letter to the Emperor Marcian and the pious Empress Pulcheria, that the Apostles and faithful kept watch, day and night, for three days at her tomb; and that the same sweet music was unceasingly heard which had begun at the moment of her death.

But that sacred body, which had been created for so great a purpose—to be the living tabernacle of the Most High,—was not allowed to remain in the tomb; for the Lord would not permit "His holy One to see corruption." It is the belief of the

Church that God permitted Mary to remain in the tomb but three days, like her Divine Son; and that on the third day her pure soul was reunited to her body, and she was assumed gloriously into heaven.

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin is not an article of *defined* faith; hence it is in the same position as the Immaculate Conception was before its definition. It is universally believed in the Church, and has been so from the first ages. It has never been *denied*, and consequently there has never been any necessity to define it.

It is reserved for all God's saints to be assumed, body and soul, into heaven on the day of general judgment. Mary's assumption, before the time, is a privilege which reason at once agrees to and approves. For it is not reasonable to suppose that the body of the Mother of Christ was left by God in the grave; and that her sacred body is to-day a handful of dust blown about by the winds or trodden under the feet of men, just the same as is the body of Judas who betrayed Him. The honor of her Divine Son seems to require her assumption. Moreover, Jesus being perfectly human as well as divine, His Sacred Heart, full of tender love for His Mother, would naturally desire that assumption. With the desire, and the power to accomplish it, it is in the highest degree reasonable to conclude that the Sacred Heart of Mary, which gave Him His humanity, and upon which He pillowed His infant head, is to-day, not scattered dust, but a heart living, loving, and throbbing with heavenly joy in the kingdom of her Son.

But we may venture even to say that Mary had a right to the glory of her assumption. Death and the humiliation of the grave are the penalties of sin; but Mary had never been touched by sin: why, then, should she suffer the penalties of sin? The Church admits, in the Mass

of the Assumption, that she died; but death was not inflicted on her as a punishment; death for her was not necessary. But she endured many things besides death which were not of necessity. Her purification, after the birth of her Divine Son, was surely unnecessary. Sufferings of every kind are penalties of sin; hence no suffering could be necessary for her, who was sinless. Yet, at the presentation of her Divine Babe, the prophet foretold that 'a sword of grief should pierce her soul also.' The fulfilment of that prophecy earned for her the title of Queen of Martyrs. Her Son came to suffer, because He took upon Him the sins of the world, and by His sufferings saved us. The sufferings of Our Lady could not save the world, and were therefore unnecessary for the world's redemption. Mary's close connection with her Son caused all her sufferings. As the first and most perfect of all Christians, she should be most like to her Son; for this is Christian perfection, to become like Christ. "Take up your cross and follow Me," is His command to all His followers. Mary would not be an exception to that condition. Herein we find the reason of her death as well as of all her sufferings: she should be like Him in all things,—like Him in innocence, like Him in humiliation, poverty, sufferings, and death. But should her likeness to her Son cease at death? Rather should we not expect it to continue and be completed by her assumption on "the third day"? And this is the tradition in the Church, believed and handed on from age to age.

St. John Damascene and most of the Greek and Latin Fathers say that St. Thomas was the only one of the Apostles who was absent from the funeral of the Blessed Virgin; and that when he arrived and found she was dead and buried, he begged them to open the tomb, that he might look once more upon the holy face of her who had given birth to his Lord

and Master. The Apostles concluded to grant his request. The tomb was opened; solemnly and reverently they entered, but lo! the body of the Virgin was not there. Surprised, they looked at the place where they laid her, and there found only the grave-clothes in which the body had been wrapped. Filled with joy instead of sorrow, they closed the tomb, full of faith in what was so evident to their senses; and blessed God who made Mary like to His Son, not only in her sufferings and death, but also in her resurrection and assumption. Thus the same Apostle, who, although by his incredulity, was made so valuable a witness to the resurrection of our Saviour, was also, by God's providence, the means of proving the assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

The fact that the Church, since the fourth century, has solemnly commemorated every year the Assumption of Our Lady stamps this tradition with her authority, and is a proof of its truth. Another proof is that no relic of the body of the Mother of God has ever been found in any part of the Church. The great St. Augustin, fifteen hundred years ago, in a discourse on the Assumption of Mary, thus refers to this fact: "The Divine Saviour causes the bones and ashes of His servants to be everywhere honored; He authorizes the worship paid to them, by all manner of prodigies. Would He leave the relics of His Holy Mother in darkness and oblivion, without honor, if that holy body had remained on earth, if He had not speedily removed it to heaven? Was it becoming," he asks in the same discourse, "that the Saviour should leave in the tomb, so pure a body, from which His own was formed, a flesh which was in some sort His own? No, I could not believe," he answers, "that the body in which the Divine Word had been made man, should be given as a prey to worms and corruption. The very thought strikes me with horror."

The Assumption of Our Lady is full of hope and joy for all Christians. Her entrance into heaven was a triumph for the whole human race. Our Blessed Lord entered heaven on the day of His Ascension, the first human conqueror that ever entered there. But, as God, He had been always there; and although He entered as man, being God also, His entrance does not present itself to our minds as distinctively that of a human being. Not so in the Assumption of Mary. Great as are her perfections and privileges, she is, nevertheless, wholly and only human. She entered heaven the first human being, not divine, that had ever passed the holy gates. It is this fact that makes her assumption so joyful and hopeful for us; it is this that makes it a triumph for the human race. In her assumption into paradise the great promise of Christianity, the dearest hope of Christians, was confirmed and fulfilled. We all hope to enter heaven, body and soul reunited; this hope is confirmed forever by the Assumption of Mary.

What a change for her was that enrapturing vision of light and joy which suddenly burst upon her bodily eyes after a life so dark and sorrowful! Think of the tumultuous joy of the angels as they welcomed their Queen. Think of her meeting with St. Joseph, the faithful guardian of her life. And think of that meeting between the Mother and the Son. Heaven never witnessed a scene like that before. The angels and saints made way to let those two hearts meet—Jesus and Mary, never again to separate.

I AM no more surprised that some revealed truths should amaze my understanding than that the blazing sun should dazzle my eyes.—*Hervey*.

WE do not know how strong the human mind can prove itself until we see it consecrated to the Truth.—*Trail*.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXX.—THE MAJOR.

IT was over. The grief, the fear, the doubt were gone. Bernice Conway had her father again. They were in the study together, and they were silent. He had risen from the grave; her hand was in his; a miracle had happened,—for as yet she did not know the natural causes which had brought about his return. His hair seemed thinner; there were new lines in his face; his look was calmer than before; and his dress was, somehow, worn with a different air.

Lady Tyrrell stood outside the study door. Under ordinary circumstances, she would have boldly entered. But there was something so sacred about the meeting of this father and daughter, whom death had separated for many days, that she felt herself forced to respect it. She would have paid this sentiment the deference of listening at the keyhole, but the key was unfortunately in the lock. She remained standing in the doorway, wondering at the silence within.

Bernice was overwhelmed with a sense of her own unworthiness. What was she that God should be so good as to give her father back to her? What ecstasies of joy and gratitude ought to be hers! And yet she was as calm and composed as if no unusual grace and gift had been given to her.

It seemed as a matter of course that her father should be there in the big leathern chair, and that she should be kneeling beside him. She could hear the clock strike as usual; the big white cat brushed against him and purred. Bernice in her daydreams during the last sad months had imagined that he was back, and she had greeted him in her

imagination with rapture. There was no rapture now, only contentment. He was near her: that was enough. Afterward, when she became a Catholic and received the Blessed Eucharist, the memory of this meeting consoled her. And whenever she reproached herself with a lack of the fervor she felt she ought to have at the supreme moment, she remembered how quietly content she had been at the coming of her earthly father, and she knew that the greatest joy is serene.

By degrees the Major told his story,—only by degrees; for he, too, seemed to prefer to be silent. He sat there in the big chair, content to rest his hand upon his daughter's head and to think.

He had, he said, fallen down the bank. He had clutched at—when he paused here Bernice knew whose name he might have mentioned,—and his foot had struck against a projecting rock. He could not recover himself: down he went, bruising his hands in attempts to clutch the dry vines on the face of the bank. Once he hung for a minute or two in a sort of net made by the ropes of the wild wistaria. For that moment he thought he was safe,—but only for that moment. The net parted—the strands, weakening as they separated, broke as he grasped them. Again his overcoat caught on a piece of rock, and he hung between the sky and earth; but the silk lining gave way and again he fell.

After this he had known no sensation, until he opened his eyes and saw, in the full moonlight, his brother, Tim Conway, standing before him, and in the act of thrusting his arms into a coat rougher than his own. Tim looked straight into his face.

"I knew you weren't dead, Dion,—only drunk. I've seen you this way before. And as I know what your temper is when you're in this condition, I'll not ask you for anything. In fact, I've helped myself: I've changed clothes with you, you old

hypocrite! I feel like a gentleman once more. I'm going to jump on the next train, and at the station, I'll let 'm know where you are."

The Major could not answer him; there was a sickening pain at the top of his head and his tongue seemed paralyzed. Tim, with a laugh, drew a flask from the Major's overcoat and forced some brandy into his mouth.

"There," he said, mockingly; "don't say I haven't divided."

The Major knew no more for a time, except that he crawled some distance to the railroad track. He heard voices vaguely, seeming to come from beyond the dull ache in his head. He felt himself lifted. After that life had been a blank until he had found himself in a white-walled room, upon a bed, with a doctor and a Sister of Charity near him. Who he was, he did not know. He, Dion Conway, had forgotten his name; had forgotten Bernice, Swansmere—all his former life. The Major confessed this, with a rising color.

"Ah, Bernice!" he said, "that has made me humble: to be struck down by God and made as helpless as the most ignorant little child."

The Sisters, into whose hospital he had been brought, called him Joseph Vincent, after two saints, their patrons. They told him that he had been picked up by a brakeman on a freight-train, near one of the Hudson River stations. The brakeman had discovered the wound on his head, and the police authorities had sent him to this hospital when he reached New York.

Joseph Vincent had been well cared for. Kind people had come to see him; and the Sisters, discovering that he had not forgotten how to bless himself, had taught him his catechism. He remained about the hospital as a helper, docile and anxious to be useful, striving sometimes to remember things that floated shapelessly before him, but never grasping them.

So it came to pass that old Joseph Vincent, who had come to the Sisters in the clothes of a tramp, was as a little child; and, with the faith of a little child, he made what the Sisters called his First Communion. They even taught him to read, and he learned the prayers of his childhood over again with difficulty. So devoted, so pious, so anxious to be kind was he, that the Sisters laughed and said he was of their community.

But by degrees he grew stronger; and one day in the late spring, when he was contently obeying an order of the young doctor who happened to be in the ward, the truth came upon him. Something in his head seemed to burst, and, like a flash, he knew that he was no longer Joseph Vincent, but Major Dion Conway, with a dear child waiting for him at Swansmere.

The Sisters had become so accustomed to strange things—knowing humanity as one in a hospital learns to know it,—that they were not so amazed as other people might have been. They hunted up an old *New York Sun*, with an account of the finding of the supposed body of the Major in the river. He understood who had died; he supplied the missing links very slowly. He understood now that Tim Conway, who had attired himself in his clothes, had made for the train, missed his footing, and been cast, cut and mangled, into the river. And this, after the Major's return and the exhumation of Tim Conway's body, was the explanation accepted by the newspaper and the people of Swansmere. There never has been any other.

The Major had hesitated to return at once to his own house. The Sisters urged him to write, but he was too impatient for that. He had started for Swansmere; and, once there, he was filled with doubt as to the best manner of revealing himself. He had smiled to himself and called himself Rip Van Winkle. He was in

this state of doubt when he had entered Ward's house.

Bernice listened to his story as if in a dream; she held his hand, from which the old ring was gone—it had been buried on Tim Conway's finger,—and kissed it from time to time.

"My child," the Major said, tremulously breaking the silence which followed this story, "I have learned the value of faith. I have returned, heart and soul, to the Church of my fathers. And I ask you, out of your love, to try to understand how beautiful, how true it is."

Bernice rose and took her father's head between her hands. With shining eyes she kissed him.

"Father," she said, "I *know*,—I, too, have found the truth."

"Thank God!"

The father and daughter did not speak. Lady Tyrrell, who had managed by getting her ear close to a crack in the upper panel to hear the greater part of the Major's explanation, could bear the silence no longer. She pushed open the door.

"What *is* the matter?" she demanded. "Are you *both* dead this time?"

The Major started to his feet. Lady Tyrrell's entrance was a discord.

"I must apologize for this intrusion," she said, perceiving the expression of his face. "But you have been away so long; and," she added, with a touch of malice, "there was an unfounded rumor that you had gone to heaven."

"And you never expected to meet me there," said the Major, with some of his old grimness.

"It would have been a great surprise, I confess," said Lady Tyrrell, demurely. "There is somebody in the drawing-room waiting to see you. I fancy it is Giles Carton. He asked for Bernice, too. I know what people are in moments of agitation. We lose our heads,—all our generous impulses come into play. When

I heard that you had come back, I gave Maggie a five dollar note to pay the milkman, and never thought of counting the change. So don't let Bernice decide impulsively about Giles Carton until I have had a talk with you."

"Giles Carton?" said the Major, looking at Bernice. "I thought that Bernice had entirely given him up,—but she shall do as she pleases, of course. Only, if you are about to become a Catholic, Bernice, a marriage with a Protestant minister—"

"Giles is going to be a Catholic, too, papa," Bernice began.

She was interrupted. Giles appeared in the hall, on his way to the study. He had overheard Bernice's last words.

"Yes, Major," he said, with a glowing face. "I no longer pretend to an office which I have no grace and no right to fill. I can see no safety for myself, except in the Church to which I have been unconsciously tending, in spite of all the fripperies and fads about me. Major, I think Bernice will take me as I am, and forgive the past."

Bernice put her face against her father's shoulder.

"I am the last man in the world to stand in the way of your vocation, Giles," the Major said, smiling. "And it seems to me that Bernice is willing."

"Major," Lady Tyrrell almost shrieked, "you are ruining yourself! Bernice *must* marry Edward Conway. He is the heir of that Southern money. I told you not to be hasty."

The Major's lips tightened.

"Another time, Lady Tyrrell," he said. "I don't care to talk business to-day. And, Giles, since it is all right with you and Bernice again, bring the Colonel around to dinner to-night, and we'll open a bottle or two of the Amontillado."

Lady Tyrrell raised her eyes and hands toward the ceiling, as if averting a curse.

(To be continued.)

The Caliph's Question.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

ACHMET, the caliph, wandered o'er the strand,
His smiling flatterers ranged on either hand.

The caliph spake—each satrap bared his head;
'Twas sunset time: the evening skies were red.

And while, with naked brow and bended knee,
They paid him court, "I have a thought,"
said he.

"What is the rarest thing on earth?" And
Bai,
The gravest of them all, made bold to say:

"The rarest thing on earth, my King and
Lord?
Fidelity. I swear it by my sword!"

The caliph smiled, and, scornful, shook his
head.

"Nay, nay! My very dogs have that," he said.

"Unselfishness!" with daring front, cried one.
"Can there be aught more rare beneath the
sun?"

The caliph frowned. "Your wits are dull,"
he said;

"That trait belongs, I take it, to the dead."

The jester ventured: "Master, I would call
Sincerity the rarest thing of all."

"Fool, thou art right," the stern-browed
monarch said,—

"Ah, right indeed!" and raised his haughty
head.

"And if it could be bought for any price,
Or were there some keen craft or rare device

"By which the stuff my vessels might import,
I'd have a cargo straightway brought to
court."

He passed; they followed him along the shore
With whispers low,—the caliph spake no
more.

SILENCE makes us good-hearted, as
judging makes us little-minded.—*Faber.*

Views of Education.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

IT is easy to speak lightly of words, as though they were mere idle sound; but an opinion or a belief which has once gotten itself rightly barricaded behind verbal breastworks, will withstand the onslaughts of armies and of centuries. Writing about books is, for the most part, idle writing; for each one must discover for himself the book or books he needs, and it is sufficient that he know there are but a few that are good. Books are saved from oblivion by quality of thought and style. Without this even the most learned and profound are soon superseded or forgotten; for the learning of one age becomes the ignorance of another; and true thoughts badly expressed pass into the possession of those who know how to give them proper embodiment, just as the story becomes his who tells it best. The best books are praised by many, read by some, and studied by few. The inventor of the telephone sets tens of thousands talking to one another from a distance, but their talk is the same old story they have been telling face to face these many centuries. Never shall mortal make a machine which will teach them to think nobler thoughts or to say diviner things. If the bodily eye needs much training that it may see rightly, distinguish accurately among the myriad forms and colors, how shall we hope, without discipline and habitual effort, to acquire justness of intellectual view, ability to see things as they are?

A man's accidents, such as wealth or position, may give him importance while he is alive; but once he is dead, only what was part of himself, as his genius

or his virtue, can make him interesting. The craving for recognition should be resisted as we resist an appetite for strong drink. To look for praise or place is to work in the spirit of a hireling. That alone is good for me which gives me freedom and opportunity to lead my own life, to upbuild the being which is myself. Since human power is limited, that which is spent in one direction lessens the amount which might be used in another. The nerve force the sensualist consumes in indulgence, the higher man evolves into thought and love. Favor rather than opposition hinders development of mind and character. If self-culture is our aim, let us be thankful for foes, and deem ourselves fortunate when the world permits us to pass unnoticed. Should God lead me to a higher world and offer whatever I might crave, I should ask for the clearest intellectual insight and the purest love.

Half of all that is printed is harmful, and of the remainder more than half is superfluous. It is a problem whether the daily newspaper will not eventually submerge both intellect and conscience. They who live for truth and love should renounce all hope of financial, political and social success; for those whose home is in higher spheres are not recognized, and should not care to be recognized, by the dwellers in lower worlds. There is a kind of talent which needs encouragement, but it is of the sort which is hopelessly inferior. A Godlike power thrives most when men are heedless of its presence; and the best work has been done by those who received little praise while they were living, and who cared little what should be said of them when dead. Where the individual dwindles, man becomes, not more and more, but less and less; for man exists only in the individual. Let not thy study be to provide for thy present wants or whims, but to do the absolute best God has made thee capable of doing.

Talent is inborn. It unfolds itself, however, only under certain conditions. To provide these conditions is the business of the educator, and whatever else he may do is harmful. He who has gained a higher point of view, looks with a kind of hopeless sadness upon those whose eyes are blinded by ignorance or passion.

In whoever is destined to achieve distinction the spirit of discontent lives like a god. "To accustom mankind," says Joubert, "to pleasures which depend neither upon the bodily appetites nor upon money, by giving them a taste for the things of the mind, seems to me the one proper fruit which nature has meant our literary productions to have." Early ripeness, long life, and youthful-minded old age are the conditions required for the best development of man's powers. They who see things in a new light influence opinion, but mere makers of syllogisms and propounders of arguments speak and write to no purpose. To have value, knowledge must be intelligence and not merely erudition. It is for the mind, not the mind for it.

The philosopher, poet or man of science who says he has no time to waste in getting rich, speaks, in the opinion of the crowd, sheer nonsense, though he simply expresses the generally received truth that what we are is of more importance than what we possess.

As distance seems to bring the stars close together, so in remote epochs great men and great deeds appear to stand thicker. This is but a form of the illusion which perspective always creates, and to which we must also attribute the prevalent notion that in ancient times heroic virtue was less rare than in our own. "In cheerfulness," says Pliny, "lies the success of our studies." We live only as we energize. Energy is the mean by which our faculties are developed, and a higher self-activity is the end at which all education should aim. Whatever else may succeed with us, we all

fail in love, and in this lies the essential sadness of life. He who can not perform noble deeds will not be able to write in a noble style. He who takes interest in a pugilist rather than in a philosopher or a poet is as though he were a dog or a cock. The lack of money may cause discomfort, but the lack of intelligence makes us poor, the lack of virtue makes us vulgar. Lack of money may be supplied, lack of soul never. The money we owe enslaves us, the money we own corrupts us. Whoever can influence men, should strive to make them more courageous, more enduring, more hopeful, simpler, more joyful.

"Books," says Emerson, "are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire."

There is no phrase more suggestive than this of the Gospel—to "throw pearls to swine." This is what the makers of literature have been doing from the beginning; and that which still survives as literature is what a few heavenly minds have picked up from beneath the hoofs of the herd, whose uplifted snouts pleaded for swill, not for thought. Descartes and Spinoza, like Plato and Aristotle, hold that blessedness consists in knowing in so living a way that to know is to admire, to love, to be filled with peace and joy. A man of genius is like a barbarous conqueror: he slays the victims he despoils, and so what he steals seems never to have belonged to others.

"The philosopher," says St. Evremonde, "devotes himself not to the most learned writings to acquire knowledge, but to the most sensible to strengthen his understanding. At one time he seeks the most elegant to refine his taste, at another the most amusing to refresh his spirits." Whoever reads to good purpose seeks to place himself at the writer's point of view. He reads for inspiration and knowledge, not

to find fault. There are many whose view of education is that it is a process of taming, like the domestication of animals. They strive to subdue the child and make him pliable to another's will; and when he has become thoroughly tame, they think he is well educated. A tame horse, however, if we consider its own good, is inferior to one that is wild; and whoever or whatever is overcome and made subject is weakened and dispirited. Whatever we teach boys, girls should be taught the science and art of education itself; for three-fourths of them will become mothers. And education is a mother's chief business, in which, if she fail, schools and other agencies are powerless to form true men and women.

What gives pleasure is of little moment, what gives power and wisdom is all-important. The degenerate seek ease and comfort; the strong love adventure and danger, hardship and labor. To lead a moral and intellectual life is to make one's self, physically even, attractive.

When the discerning perceive that an author addresses himself to a circle, a party or a class, they care not what he says; knowing that if it were worth writing, he would utter it simply from his inner being, and without thought of impressing others. A book chance throws in our way, an acquaintance made by accident, changes the whole course of life. We are strong when we follow our own talent, weak when another's leads us. Whoever is made free, frees himself. This is the meaning of the Gospel phrase: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Another may break down prison walls and strike off fetters, but this liberating truth each one must teach himself, or never know it at all. Duration rather than intensity of high and passionate feeling makes the man of genius. The human race is so poor in men of real intellectual force that when it finds one it receives him gladly, whatever

his defects or perverseness may be. Whoever impels to high thinking gives pleasure, and of a nobler kind than that which a fair scene or rich wine or delightful company can give. Why should the American who is most alive be able simply to make the most money? Why should he not think the highest thought, feel the deepest love? Sensation lies at the root of thought. We really know only what experience, suffering and labor have wrought into our very being. Hence the young have no true or deep knowledge.

In educating, as in walking, we have an end in view. In educating this end is an idea—the idea of human perfection; and to develop and make plain this ideal is more important than any of the thousand questions with which our pedagogical theorists are occupied; for to say we live by faith, hope, love and imagination is but a way of saying that we live only in the light of ideals. A student wrote this over his door: "Who enters here does me honor, who stays away gives me pleasure." "To read to good purpose," says Matthew Arnold, "we must read a great deal, and be content not to use a great deal of what we read."

A cultivated mind entertains all ideas and all facts with attention, just as a polite and brave man is gracious to all comers. The painter studies the body in nude models. Let the thinker, if he would know the value of his thought, strip it of verbal ornament. The showy dress of words but hides the lack of truth, as a fine phrase makes its content credible. "Not more than one in one hundred thousand of the books written in any language," says Schopenhauer, "forms a real and permanent part of literature."

In literature is preserved the essence of the intellectual, moral and imaginative life of the best minds. A good book may easily be more interesting than its author; for there we find pure and refined what in him was commingled with baser matter.

I can not read all books, but I can read many; and the writers of the many I read have read all that is worth reading. The journalist is an alarmist. His newspaper sells in proportion to the excitement he succeeds in creating. Wars, disasters, panics, famines, plagues, outrages, scandals, form the element in which he thrives. His readers lose the power to remember, to think. They lose the sense for simple truth and beauty, for proportion and harmony. Like the readers of cheap novels, they become callous, and can be roused to momentary attention only by what is startling or monstrous. The journalist seeks what will make immediate impression; a real mind looks to truth and to permanent results.

No one actually holds within his memory one ten-thousandth part of the information contained in a book such as the British Encyclopædia, and he who knows most of the Encyclopædia is probably a man in whom there is little spontaneity, little of that mental quality which gives one's thought personal, that is real, charm and worth. "Truth that has been merely learned," says Schopenhauer, "is like an artificial limb, a false tooth, a waxen nose: it adheres to us only because it has been put on."

The right to punish implies the duty to teach and educate. Once we have gained insight into life's meaning, we see how nearly all men, like hounds astray, are following scents which lead nowhere. He who writes with care day by day will learn at least how to say things. For the education of men, which is the highest human work, one heroic, loving and illumined soul is worth more than all the money-endowments. How poor are they who have only money to give! May it not be a consciousness of the small value of what they can bestow that hardens the hearts of the rich? They who give money give like those who give food; they who give truth and love give like God.

As the miser lives ever, in thought, with his gold, the lover with his beloved, so the student lives always with the things of the mind, with what is true and fair and good. High purpose and the will to labor mark those who are predestined to distinction. To have knowledge but no skill, no ability to do any useful thing, avails nothing. Herein lies the defect of our education: we are taught everything except how to work wisely, bravely, and perseveringly; how to strive not for money and place, but for wisdom and virtue. Learning without faculty leaves us impotent, and may easily render us ridiculous. In each soul there is a world in embryo, and the teacher's business is to help it to be born. To interest the young in themselves, in the world that is in and around them, that they may realize that its implications are divine, is a chief part of education. The best help is that which makes us reverent, self-active and independent. Work reveals character. We know what a man is when we know, not what his opinions and beliefs are, but what he does or has done. Our highest aspirations reveal our deepest needs. Better be one whom men hate than one whose ideal is good digestion, good clothes, and general comfortableness.

The true educator strives to draw forth and strengthen the sense for truth and justice, and to develop a taste for the purer and nobler pleasures of life. His aim is to make men good and reasonable, not to make them smart and eager for possession or indulgence. The discipline of sorrow, of sorrow of a great and worthy kind, has a high educational value. More than anything else it purifies the sources of life and forms character. Every choice spirit seeks some fortress, some soul-sanctuary, where he may live for truth and God, far from the crowd who neither know nor love. You are not I, your good is not mine. Go forward, then, and prosper; your gain can never be my loss. We

thoroughly understand only what we have outgrown. Intellectual progress is an approach to truer estimates of values. A man is what he is and who he is, not by virtue of wealth or office, but by the quality of his thought and life. "Thinking and doing, doing and thinking," says Goethe, "is the sum of all wisdom; so recognized and practised from the beginning, but not understood by everyone."

Memories of Hawaii.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VII.—IN AND OUT OF EDEN.

WERE it possible to observe the three unities, I should send you these lines scratched with a thorn upon a folio of plantain leaves. As it is, I have but to jab my pen into the fleshy stalk of this highly decorative vegetable, inscribe a couplet on the hem of my handkerchief, dip it into the fountain at my feet, and the lines at once become indelible, like the memory of this peerless vale.

You see how impossible it is for me to write of Iao without gushing; therefore, dearly beloved, let us gush!

Iao is a profound mystery. One must get into the heart of her and lodge there for a time before she begins to reveal her manifold beauties. She has a thousand moods, and these might easily exhaust a whole volume of new adjectives, were such a treasure to be discovered now. She is as coy as a virgin, as inconsistent as a coquette; she smiles and weeps in the same breath, and threatens you with the bolts of Jove, while she lures you with a breath as fragrant as the first lisp of love.

Alas! how many silken leaves of the banana might one cover with such rhapsodies as these, and, as yet, have revealed nothing of the charms of Iao!

A vale of mystery is she, in no way to be compared with any other in the Kingdom, yet worthy to be named with the most famous on the earth. Waipio and Waimanu dazzle as you pass them upon the sea. Halawa, on Molokai, and the girdle of valleys that beautify remote Hāna, at the foot of Haleakala, are all charming. Like voiceless sirens, they waylay the mariner; and, for aught I know, are as dangerous as were the tormentors of Ulysses. But it remains for Iao to veil herself in vapors, put on her crown of cloud, withdraw into the fastnesses of the mountains, and there await her votaries.

From the upper edge of Wailuku one looks into the mouth of this valley, a wild gorge that soon retires into the mists and vapors. The very clouds seem to reflect the prevailing tints—green flecked with gold, and gold tempered with green,—a soft, changeful light born of sunshine and verdure.

There is a little settlement in the very throat of the valley—a few primitive cots, with *kalo* patches on one side of them, and a screen of vigorous banana trees on the other. Cattle feed in knee-deep grass; goats perch upon the low stone-walls, and sniff at the tender sprouts just out of reach. Natives lie in the shade and wait for the harvest, which is already ripening. Down through the midst of this peaceful picture bursts a foaming torrent; and, following up the margin of the flood, crossing and recrossing it again and yet again, we enter into the heart of Iao.

Now, blessed be the damp and sedgy trail, and the broad, deep fords, with rolling stones in the bed of them! Blessed be the very gate that stops our way just as our blood begins to leap and our eyes to glow with glimpses of that inner world,—a world untenanted, save by the noiseless winged creatures that float over it like airy sentinels! And blessed be the silent man who came out of the wood and let

us into the depths thereof with a key! He must have been dumb, and his key likewise; for it turned noiselessly in the lock. Even the chain that fell upon the gate, as it swung open, clanked softly, and the keeper turned to follow us with his quiet eye. It was thus we entered the sanctuary of Iao; and, speechless, passed under the boughs in single file, and were locked in with the mysteries not yet revealed.

Was the valley of Rasselas like this, I wonder? Only at one point does the eye run down the narrowing seaward gorge, to spy out the world, and find it pleasing. For the most part if one can for the moment, turn away from the compelling majesty of Iao to look back upon the plains and the sand and the sea yonder, they seem mean by comparison; but with a single leap here is paradise regained. Height, depth, breadth, eternal summer, living light, shadows profound, and an atmosphere that breathes terrestrial joy,—all, all are here.

Yonder leap the streams from heaven to earth, some like momentary, foamy comets shot in the wake of a passing shower; others slipping like pearls through the green meshes of the fern; some again throbbing like veins charged with quick-silver; “and some like a downward smoke, slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn”; but all silent and far away.

Only the gurgle of the stream in the bed of the valley is echoed here, or the sudden flutter of wings in the boughs above us; or, perhaps, the deep sigh of the wind in some remote depth, as if our approach had disturbed the slumber that possesses Iao.

There are pyramids of fern trees, that tower from the earth to the clouds. There are perpendicular walls, across the face of which the birds fly without pausing, and where I doubt if they can find rest for their muffled feet. There are sharp shafts of rocks that cleave the clouds like javelins; and, between them, abysmal shadows in which the snow-white birds fade like falling stars.

There is a table-land in the midst of this incomparable amphitheatre, from which the whole valley is seen at its best. Here take your last look. Every hour is a new revelation. The bosom of the vale is oppressed with the shades of night, but the peaks that surround her are as brilliant as if cloaked with the golden-tinted, feather robes of royalty. There is a storm raging yonder, but we are lapped in calm. Currents of air drive scurrying clouds through dim, aerial passes. They troop like the sorrowful brotherhood of the Misericordia—ghosts, every one of them, come to bury the ghosts that haunt this valley, and will not be laid for evermore.

Through the gorge yonder I see a panel picture,—a picture slender and tall; a strip of rich green canefield; a strip of yellow beach; the exquisite silver sickle of the sea; one slope of the distant headland, and then bright blue sky to the very zenith. That is quite another world than this, O dreamer!—one that is laid wide open to the horizon. Through it the winds rove. It is burning and bleaching in the sun. But among these hanging gardens the league-long creepers pour cataracts of blossoms from the cliff. The fruits ripen and fall in their season, and the dews nightly feed these unfailing fountains when that land yonder lies parched and dead.

Of all this inner valley not a rood but is Nature's own. Iao has been, and shall always be, the temple and the throne of beauty. Grove upon grove crowns her terraces; garden upon garden perfumes her cloudy lights. Babylon indeed is fallen, and its grandeur is laid waste; but Iao the solitary, whom art may not approach nor utility desecrate,—Iao, clothed in perennial splendor, savage, sombre, serene, shall endure and reign forever.

Let the frivolous, who know Hawaii, and who believe themselves especially acquainted with the island of Maui,—let them laugh if they will when I take them

out of the Eden of Iao to Kalepolepo by the shore. It is out of Eden, I am free to confess; but let those that sit in the seat of the scornful keep their seats, for there are worse places in the Hawaiian world than Kalepolepo, and they probably occupy one of them.

Not that I consider Kalepolepo the queen of Hawaiian watering-places; still if Midas were to expend as much money upon it as has been lavished upon certain unpromising summer resorts I wot of, Kalepolepo might easily take the palm—whether royal, cocoa, wine, cabbage, screw, fan or native palm.

Kalepolepo is not puffed up, is not boastful of her architecture, her waterworks, or her public or private gardens. She sits quietly upon the hem of the desert, the sand drifting in upon her inch by inch; the sea playfully reaching up to her, as if to drag her down into the depths. Patience on a monument smiles not more blandly than she—and she has two griefs to smile at: first, there is her loss of prestige; second, there is the aggravating self-importance—the momentary and remittent, but nevertheless undeniable, importance—of her rival, Maalaea!

Forlorn Kalepolepo, I salute thee! In memory of other and happier days, and for the sake of the solemn night I passed within your borders, I drop the silent tear.

We had left Lahaina in the afternoon, my guide and I. We hoped to reach Ulupalakua by sunset; but, coming over the hill of difficulty, just above Maalaea, the wind loosened the shoes of our horses, so that by the time we had reached Kalepolepo the beasts were barefooted. Here the guide promptly unearthed a parent, and tearfully asked leave to hang until morning upon the maternal bosom. As we were about making the tour of the island, it seemed cruel to refuse him this request. I listened to the voice of nature. I slept at Kalepolepo—but this was years ago.

Later it was revealed to me that my

guide—he was but a lad then—had mothers at convenient distances throughout the sea-board of Maui; that he was the pet of a much be-mothered family; that his quasi-progenitors all wailed in the same key; that the voice of nature, so to speak, was seldom if ever hushed; for no sooner had the last farewell died away in the distance than a fresh wail was lifted up among the hills ahead of us. Our feet were literally bathed in tears before we could get out of the saddle; in fact, we were pretty damp most of the time. I never before had so much emotion for so little money; and as for the guide, he was probably the least boy for the amount of mother that the world ever saw. And it all began at Kalepolepo. The oldest inhabitant dwelt in an antiquated rookery; and, naturally enough, his name was Noe. Noe was still in possession; but the family and the animals had gone out of the ark, as it were,—at least, *most* of the latter had gone.

It was a dim ark, with lower halls and upper chambers and a hurricane deck, for aught I know. It looked as if it had quietly stepped ashore in a spring-tide, and was rather glad to get in out of the wet. I remember the huge haircloth sofa, such as they used in Noe's day; and the mountain chain of spiral springs set all awry by some internal convulsion in the bed of that sofa. I settled down among the numerous valleys before morning, and slept like Giant Despair. I remember other pieces of dark, quaint furniture of prehistoric mould; and, while waiting for the approach of sleep, I thought of the days when the ark was the resort of ancient mariners, very like Captain Marryat's "King's Own," who were doing business on great waters—a very brisk business, too,—and came to Kalepolepo to bargain for hides and potatoes and watermelons.

Those were piping times; but oh, what changes have come over the spirit of that past!

Dana had not yet written "Two Years before the Mast"; Herman Melville was vagabondizing from Cancer to Capricorn, gathering material for those most delightful of all books of adventure, "Omoo," "Typee," "Moby Dick," and "White Jacket." Monterey was still thoroughly Mexican; California gold not even dreamed of; but Kalepolepo had store-houses bursting with bushels of potatoes, almost as good as so many nuggets of gold. She supplied the whaling fleet that summered in the Arctic, and long after gold had glorified the Pacific Coast she was shipping luxuries to the hungry miners.

Ah me! Kalepolepo had her attractions then. What if her solitary boulevard could boast no shade? The solid sands were paced by the light-footed nymphs, who came hither to dazzle in silks and satins and fine feathers; and the flower of the fore-castle—no doubt some true blue-bloods among them—scattered dollars like dross.

There was good eating and good drinking then. Many a night the walls of the ark must have rung with revelry; and, if the night were calm without, there were music and laughter upon the silver sands, and the cocoa palms yonder nodded in the moonlight, as much as to say: Well, never mind what they said; for it is all done with now!

The ark is still here, creaking a little in the winds that blow bravely at Kalepolepo. The old sheds are here that were filled and emptied so frequently; some of the original huts are still standing, and a few new ones have sprung up—prim wooden boxes, such as expel the airs of heaven and condense the blasts of the pit.

Just over the ridge there are juicy, large watermelons ripening in the sand; and at times—alas for the rarity!—somebody rides through the place, in the glare of the sun, looking in vain for the inviting vine and the fig-tree of refreshment. But, for all this, Kalepolepo has her memories; and these are what Maalaea has not—at

least, none that she has any reason to be proud of.

It was at Kalepolepo that Kamehameha the Conqueror beached his canoes. If the oldest inhabitant of Maalaea claims this distinction for his port, believe him not. I have the facts from an eye-witness. The sea was dark with victorious canoes; Kamehameha landed at Kalepolepo, and a *kapu* was put upon the nearest stream. It became sacred to royalty, as was the custom, and is known as Waikapu to this hour—that is, forbidden water.

Presently the monarch began his march; and at the second stream a great battle raged, so those waters were called Luku. Luku—"to slaughter, to slay as in war, the destruction of many at once." Wailuku! only to think of her unimaginable tranquillity in this year of grace!

The enemy was defeated and put to flight, and a third stream was called Ehu. Ehu—"to scare away, as hogs or hens," or as faint-hearted and sore-footed foes. Waiehu is a meagre rivulet, that seems to have wasted away under the influence of this withering epithet.

There over the hill and down into the dale of Waihee rushed the panic-stricken hosts. As for the word *Hee*, it may mean, probably does mean in this case, utter rout, or to be dispersed in battle; and well they must have been who fled before Kamehameha, inasmuch as Waihee is the jumping-off place; after it—the deluge!

That is the legend of the four waters, given me by one Paahao, of Waihee, who knew Kamehameha; whose hand I shook, which had been shaken by Kamehameha the great; who is the proud possessor of a pipe, the gift of the conqueror after he had buried the hatchet and was willing to smoke in peace.

The other day I called on old Paahao. We were sitting in an arbor of castor-beans when the venerable savage asked me for a smoke. Alas for the depravity of this people! I took the cigarette from

The Evil of Divorce.

between my lips, and inserted it in the cavity which he still uses as a mouth. The aperture closed about the pernicious weed, like a sack gathered up with a cord. Then he drew mightily again and again and again. His cheeks fell in. I began to fear that his suction, though audible, was defective, and that he was not able to fetch even a thread of smoke from the delicate wisp of paper that was gradually sinking into his face. But with wonderful energy he still worked at it; and at last, taking the live coal from his lips, he quenched it between his thumb and finger as deliberately as if it had been a pellet of chalk. Then, and not till then, did he begin to smoke; but having once begun, it was indeed *he* who was smoking. Dense volumes of vapor welled up out of the depths of him. He was oozing at every pore. Thick clouds obscured him. Like a frightful example of spontaneous combustion, he faded away before my very eyes. Then out of this pillar of cloud came a faint voice. Was it a voice of warning or exhortation? No, it was not the advice so freely offered by those who can not smoke to those who can. On the contrary, it was a heartfelt *Aloha*, wafted to me from another country and another age, as it were; for Paahao smoked his first pipeful with his old friend Captain Cook, and he was at that moment flourishing, like the bay-tree, in the one hundred and twelfth year of his age.

As I grasped his hand at parting, it was with inexpressible anguish that I realized how, in my possible threescore years and ten, though I were to smoke like a furnace night and day, I can never hope to rival this human volcano. So I turned sadly from him, and left him sitting in his bean arbor, belching at intervals a pale-blue vapory ring or two, and smiling to himself, down by the rice-paddy, overlooking the haunt of the dreamy squid.

(To be continued.)

THE statement can not be too frequently made that one of the greatest evils with which our modern social organism is afflicted is the widespread liberality of existing divorce laws. A writer in the *North American Review* stigmatizes this most emphatically, and presents a phase of the question very uncomplimentary indeed to our Western States; but at the same time, it may be said, it finds its realization in our pioneer New England States. The words of the writer are well worth reproducing. He says:

"As the scope of the law [of divorce] is little by little enlarged, an increasing number seek and obtain divorces, and after a while it becomes a perfectly respectable thing to contract what might be termed experimental marriages. In the West, especially, society receives back divorcees. The palaces of the well-to-do are open to them. Churches do not cast them out, and ministers welcome them at their Communion tables. They may occupy positions of trust and honor, two or three divorces to their credit side notwithstanding. And we are told that such sights have no influence on the growing generation of boys and girls. This is not true. Teach the rising generation by object-lessons, at an age when impressions are deep and lasting, that men and women may, without losing caste, divorce at pleasure, and the notion of the sanctity of the family life is undermined. Let the newspapers dish up to the public, as they invariably do, all the details of divorce proceedings, and joke about them, and the sanctity and morality of the family must necessarily be sapped."

It is true, indeed, that great harm is done by the publicity given to divorce proceedings in the newspaper reports. At the same time it is encouraging to think that the formation of a better public sentiment will do much toward counteracting the evil and cease to furnish any reason for the nauseating details "dished up" by the public press.

The Queen of England proscribes the reception of any divorced person; and this proscription has its salutary effect, limited though it may be. But it is the expression of a truth that wherever the influence of the Christian religion is permitted to be felt, those who would act counter to its

fundamental social law—the indissolubility of the marriage tie—are placed “under the ban.” The fact remains incontrovertible; and it gives the brightest hopes for the future of society that men and women of the present day, with minds unprejudiced and hearts free from the thralldom of passion, will refuse to mingle in the company of the divorced, or at least show their repugnance in being thus associated. It is consoling to note also that the abiding sense of right and wrong implanted in the soul of every human being is sure, in one way or another, to manifest itself; and God’s law may never be violated with impunity.

Notes and Remarks.

The scientific world suffered a severe loss in the death of Father Benito Vinez, S. J., who passed away last month at the Jesuit college in Havana. He was an authority in meteorological science, and his observations of the West Indian hurricanes led to the modification of the laws of meteorology. He held constant correspondence with the more important scientific societies, and his publications were eagerly sought after by scientific students. The historian Froude, in his essay on “The English in the West Indies,” describes a visit paid to Father Vinez in company with a Marquis who had been educated by the Jesuits. Mr. Froude concludes his narrative with these words: “As we took our leave, the Marquis kissed his old master’s brown hand. I almost envied him the privilege.”

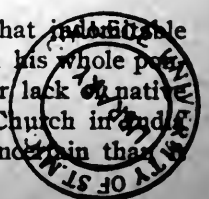
All Catholics, and many other interested persons, have been curious to know why the Queen Isabella Association suddenly ceased to be heard of, and why the projected statue of the friend of Columbus has no place in the Columbian Exposition. Miss Eliza Allen Starr has, in *The Seminary*, satisfied all inquiries, and at the same time given voice to a scathing

arraignment of the managers of the World’s Fair. The statue of the Catholic Queen was refused a place because there was no room for it! Those who have trod the weary miles in Jackson Park can have some conception of the absurdity of this pretext. No room for a Queen Isabella pavilion when temples were erected for the followers of every heathen rite which asked for representation! Was it bigotry which was at the bottom of the curt refusal? The list of members was by no means confined to Catholics, including the name of Mrs. Harrison, a Presbyterian, wife of the ex-President.

But the Queen Isabella Association still lives; and the statue made by Miss Hosmer will occupy a suitable place outside the gates, as it is not welcome within them. And as the change in affairs necessitated a change of front, it is the statue of Isabella the Catholic, instead of Isabella of Castile, which will remain in Chicago; for that is a condition, a permanent witness of the triumph of justice and truth over the barking wolves of prejudice.

The Corpus Christi Monastery of the Dominican nuns at Hunt’s Point, New York, has recently been enriched by the erection of a beautiful memorial chapel, the gift of Mr. John D. Crimmins. The altar is also due to his munificence. Above this altar, instead of the usual window, there is a niche in which the Blessed Sacrament is to be placed for perpetual adoration by the religious. It consists of a Gothic arch of purest marble, supported by onyx pillars. The pedestal for the remonstrance is adorned with precious gems, and is said to represent the careful savings of many years of one who desires to be unknown. The niche is the gift of a daughter of James and Rose Conway, a worthy couple, whose consistent lives and unostentatious charities will long be remembered by the Catholics of the Archdiocese of New York.

The Holy Father, with that indefatigable vigilance which has marked his whole pontificate, has observed that, for lack of native clergy, the progress of the Church in this country has been slower and more uncertain than



should be. In a recent Encyclical he says on this point: "The Catholic faith in the Indies will never have a sure defence, its propagation in the future will not be sufficiently well guaranteed, so long as there is lack of ministers chosen from the natives of the country and trained to the sacerdotal offices, who will not only be an aid to the foreign missionaries, but will also be able in their own cities to administer the life-giving Sacraments of the Christian religion."

Farther on the Holy Father gives the reasons for the partial failure of the foreign clergy: "For the work of those apostolic men who leave Europe and enter India finds many obstacles, especially in a want of knowledge of the vernacular, which is acquired only with difficulty. Besides this, there is a difference of ideas, and a manner of living to which it requires many years to become accustomed. Hence, since the masses lend an unwilling ear to the voice of strangers, it is clear that the work of native priests will bear far greater fruits." Late dispatches announce that the Propaganda, acting on the Pope's recommendation, has already established several new schools for the education of a native clergy.

In a recent conversation, Mgr. Hutchinson, O. S. A., Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Queensland, described a very edifying custom that prevails among his people. The chief industry of the district is pearl-fishing, and the divers are nearly all Catholics. So earnest is their faith, that the diver invariably insists on having a crucifix hung around his neck in the pursuit of his dangerous avocation. It sometimes happens that a diver forgets his crucifix; but as soon as the omission is discovered, he immediately signals his companions to raise him to the surface; then, having received the cross, he goes down contentedly to resume explorations.

The Astronomical Congress to be held in Chicago on the 21st inst. will be under great obligations to Catholic *savants*. The celebrated astronomer, Padre Denza, of the Vatican Observatory, will transmit a paper

on "Astro-Photographic Investigations." Stonyhurst, too, has been laid under contribution, the Rev. Walter Sidgreaves, S. J., contributing a *résumé* of the "Stonyhurst Solar Investigations." As our readers are aware, the astronomical exhibit at the World's Fair has already been enriched by a complete set of the publications issued by the Vatican Observatory.

A noble woman, whose generosity is equalled only by her modesty, has given to Oakland, California, a memorial church of which any parish might be proud. It is presumably bestowed in memory of her deceased husband, and was recently dedicated to God. So closely was the name of the donor kept a secret that it was not until this occasion that the curiosity of the people was gratified, and then it was mentioned as simply and in as few words as possible. Mrs. James Canning, an elderly widow, without children, declares that her exclusive object was the honor and glory of God, and she desires only to be considered His almoner. The edifice proper was built at a cost of about \$150,000. Windows, an organ, and Stations of the Cross have been added by the munificence of other devoted women.

The courteous action of the Rev. Mr. Giffin, pastor of the Baptist Church, Long Island City, has called forth words of approval from all the leading metropolitan journals. It appears that St. Mary's Church, Long Island City, was recently destroyed by fire. The next day the pastor, Father Maguire, received a letter of sympathy from Mr. Giffin, who also offered him the use of his own church until the Catholic congregation should be better provided for. The Rev. Mr. Weeks, of Ravenswood, did the same. A temporary altar was erected, and the next Sunday witnessed the unusual sight of a Catholic priest vested for Mass in a Baptist temple. Mr. Giffin's conduct was Christian and charitable. Heretofore it has been tacitly understood that Protestants, divided on every other point, were a unit in opposing the progress and vilifying the practices of the Church. Coming as it

does from a minister of the sect which is perhaps least kindly disposed toward the faith, this generous act has unusual significance. It is a genuine sign of the times, and indicates the direction in which the breeze of popular conviction blows.

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There has been much hopeful talk of late years about a reunion of Christendom. Of course all Catholics understand that if such a reunion is actually to come about, our separated brethren must enter at the same door by which they went out. Still, there are many contingencies in which the united action of all Christians might compass results that are beyond the reach of any of the denominations taken singly. In the preservation of public morality, for instance, and in stemming the tide of modern infidelity, while we must always regret that there are large masses not directly under the influence of the Church, we ought to be glad of any power for good that Protestantism can exert in this direction. There can be no doubt, either, that a kindly act, such as Mr. Giffin performed, may induce a wholesome familiarity with Catholic doctrine, and open the church-door to many Protestants in good faith, who, awed by the uncanny spirit with which early prejudice has invested the Church in their minds, stand wavering beyond the threshold.

The death is announced of Miss Mary M. Meline, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a well-known Catholic writer and lecturer. She was giving a course of lectures in one of the eastern cities a few months ago, when she was stricken with paralysis, from which she never recovered. Miss Meline had been closely identified with all the important intellectual movements that have been inaugurated by Catholics of late years, and she was an indefatigable worker in the cause of Catholic literature. She was literary by right of birth,—her father being a man of unusual parts, and her uncle the celebrated Colonel Meline, whose "Life of Mary Queen of Scots" caused Mr. Froude so much uneasiness on its first appearance. May she rest in peace!

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REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES SANTLEY,
STUDENT AND SINGER. Macmillan & Co.

In these memoirs the author, Mr. Santley, takes his readers behind the scenes, so to speak, of theatrical life, where much of the glamour of the footlights vanishes in the glare of hard, disagreeable facts. The book concerns itself chiefly, however, with the career of the writer, whose early ambition led him to cast his lot with those who aspire to win fame and fortune in the world of tone. His stay in Italy for the purpose of voice culture and the mastery of the Italian language, his struggles with poverty and all the ills the operatic student is heir to, are graphically described in the first ten chapters; while, incidentally, much information is given relative to the greater and lesser lights of the stage of that day. The remainder of the book recounts, with a frank, straightforward honesty, the failures and successes, the praise and blame, that fell to his lot, once embarked upon a theatrical career. Anecdotes of men and women, who in days gone by sang themselves into the good graces of European and American audiences, enliven its pages; and not a little light is thrown upon the methods of certain theatrical stars. A notably pleasant chapter is that descriptive of Mr. Santley's concert tour in the United States, in which also are given his opinions of matters and things American, his praise of the hospitality enjoyed on these shores, and his tribute to our postprandial oratory in general, and that of the late James T. Fields in particular.

The book can not fail of doing good, as it shows what can be accomplished by courage and perseverance, even in the face of neglect and disappointment; while the too sanguine aspirant for footlight honors learns that he must serve a long and severe apprenticeship to labor, want and adverse criticism before he can claim the right to be heard. There are occasional lapses of style, and at times a disposition to take liberties with the "Queen's English"; but these faults can be condoned, especially as the writer disarms criticism by disclaiming any pretensions to literary

ability,—his only aim being to give the public a plain, unvarnished recital of facts. The type, paper and binding of the book are exceptionally fine.

REMINISCENCES of EDGAR P. WADHAMS, FIRST BISHOP OF OGDENSBURG. By the Rev. C. A. Walworth. Benziger Brothers.

This sketch of the life and work of Bishop Wadhams forms a very interesting and instructive study. It embodies a portrayal of that "Oxford-like movement" among non-Catholics in our country, away back in the Forties, which led men like Brownson, Hecker, McMaster, as well as the subject and author of this quasi-biography, into the true fold. The book, therefore, possesses a charm and attraction peculiarly its own, as it delineates the character and qualities of a prelate through whose unostentatious zeal and devotedness so much good for religion was effected in a comparative wilderness in Western New York. A preface to the work is contributed by the present Bishop of Ogdensburg, the Rt. Rev. H. Gabriels, D. D.; and its interest is still further increased by a number of illustrations—portraits of Bishops Wadhams and Gabriels, and Father Walworth, also pictures of localities wherein the salient stages of Bishop Wadhams' life-work had been placed.

A MARRIAGE OF REASON. By Maurice Francis Egan. John Murphy & Co.

This society novel, which formed a leading feature of the first volume of *The Rosary* while running therein as a serial, has been brought out in handsome style, and makes an attractive volume of more than three hundred pages. The story is brightly told,—comment, by the way, that is rather matter of course as to all Dr. Egan's narratives; and it inculcates an excellent and timely lesson,—a comment truer of Dr. Egan's stories, be it said, than of those of many of his compeers in the art of fiction. Katharine O'Connor, the heroine, is a thoroughly Catholic, sensible and lovable product of judicious convent training. Lady Alicia St. John, or, as Katharine calls her with the privilege of relationship and intimacy, Biddy Singen, is something of a departure from the stereotyped Irishwoman so well known to admirers of trans-Atlantic fiction;

and Mrs. Percival is a type of aristocratic Catholicity that we should like to think non-existent. Mrs. Sherwood is a devotee of fashions and fads, who is blessed with a husband far too good for her, and whom the author should in strict poetic justice have reduced to the necessity of once more carrying her basket to and from the market. Walter Dillon, a frank, friendly and humorous young architect, is the only male character in the story at all eligible for the task of making Miss O'Connor change her name; and most readers of this sketch of social life in Philadelphia will conclude that the inevitable marriage is one of reason, after all. The book should prove a popular addition to all Catholic libraries on whose shelves healthy fiction finds a place.

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:

Very Rev. Joseph A. Boll, V. F., of the Diocese of Harrisburg, rector of St. Francis Xavier's Church, Gettysburg, Pa., who yielded his soul to God on the 26th ult.

The Rev. Father William, a well-known priest of the Congregation of the Passion, whose happy death took place in Pittsburgh, on the 28th ult.

Sister Mary Agnes, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who was called to her reward on the 5th ult., at Troy, N. Y.

Mr. Jeffrey Mockler, of Clontarf, Minn., who passed away on the 17th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Charles Reynolds, who departed this life on the 10th ult., at Nantasket Beach, Mass.

Mr. Roger A. Brown, of Philadelphia, who died on the 27th ult.

Mrs. M. A. Burke, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 21st ult., at Springfield, Ill.

Mr. John Courtney, of Lowell, Mass., whose life closed peacefully on the 23d ult.

Mr. Michael J. Quinn, who breathed his last on the 22d ult., at Minneapolis.

Tobias James Purcell, New York; Mrs. Margaret Maguire, Cohoes, N. Y.; Timothy and Mary Muldoon, Troy, 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.

*

Sight-Seeing at the World's Fair.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.



OW," said Uncle Jack, "I am going to take you to the spot that is, as it were, the heart and soul of the Exposition; since it represents the origin of all this magnificence, and about it cluster the poetic associations of the discovery of America. Let us visit La Rabida."

From the splendid Court of Honor, with its stately architecture, its sparkling fountains, its mirror of waters spanned by gleaming white bridges, and bordered by marble-like balustrades, and terraces of velvety grass adorned with statuary and sculptured vases filled with flowers,—from all this beauty he led them to a comparatively-isolated part of the grounds. Here, on a rocky elevation just above the beach upon which the waters of Lake Michigan break in ripples of foam, they beheld a plain adobe building, with small windows, and a peculiar red-tiled roof, surmounted by an iron cross.

"Why!" exclaimed Nora, as she glanced up at its ancient-looking walls, "are you indeed a magician, Uncle Jack, and have you transported us back into the Middle Ages? Is this the blue sky of Spain

above us, and will the gate of this old monastery be unbarred for us presently by a monk in a brown Franciscan habit and with sandalled feet?"

"It is easy to imagine so," replied her uncle, laughing.

Ellen said nothing. The tears started to her eyes, she could not exactly have told why. No doubt, however, it was because she felt the contrast between this austere, monastic solitude and the brilliant scene they had left; and yet realized that it was the hospitality of this humble monastery in Spain, four hundred years ago, that made the latter possible.

As if divining her mood, Mr. Barrett remarked:

"How astonished good Father Perez would have been if he could have seen the vision of this dream-like, shining city by the Lake, the symbol of the greatness of our country, arise before him as the outcome of his simple and pious act of kindness to a friendless stranger! Is it not a wonderful illustration of the old truth that good deeds are mariners sent forth with blessings upon the ocean of time, whose course we can not follow, and the far-reaching effects of whose influences we can never trace?"

"We know the story almost as well as we do our prayers," interrupted Nora: "how Columbus, a weary and penniless wanderer, paused at the door of the monastery to ask the alms of a bit of bread and a drink of water for his little son

Diego. The Brother porter invited them in, and set refreshments before them. While they were resting the superior, Father Juan Perez, happening to pass, noticed that this grave, thoughtful man was very different from the usual wayfarers who came to avail of the charity of the monks. He stopped to talk to him, and learned that the stranger was a navigator, who had sailed many seas, and had strange notions about the shape of the earth, and being able to get to India by crossing the ocean; that he had spent years at the court of Portugal, trying to prevail upon the King to fit out an expedition for him; and had received many promises, only to meet with disappointment in the end; that he was now on his way to ask the aid of the sovereigns of Spain. Father Perez, being a very learned as well as a holy man, at once became interested in his great plans; especially as he realized that Columbus thought more of bringing the light of the true religion to the heathen in the lands which he was sure lay beyond the sea than of anything else. Although living so retired and humble a life, the kind monk knew powerful people at court. He gave his guest letters to them, and promised to take care of the little Diego during his father's absence. So it was through the help of this friend that Columbus was able to lay his plans before Queen Isabella."

"Bravo, Nora! I hope you know the last page of your American history as well as you do the first," said Aleck, with a wink at the others.

Nora shrugged her shoulders, and Uncle Jack smiled as he said:

"Thus, I suppose we may say, the unbarring of the door of the monastery to Columbus was in effect the opening of the gate of the West. The original Santa Maria de la Rabida, or Our Lady of the Frontier, was so called because it was situated upon the boundary of the country of the Moors. The history of Columbus shows that it

was an outpost of civilization and Christianity as far as the lands of the New World were concerned also: stretching out its charity toward them, and sending forth its light from the quiet cell where the saintly Father Perez studied and prayed."

Passing through a low doorway, they now entered the chapel.

"These solemn arches, and the dim light which comes from the little windows way up near the roof, make one almost feel as if it were the very chapel where Columbus knelt before the high altar, and where Father Perez offered Mass to obtain God's blessing on his cause," said Ellen.

"The altar is wanting," replied Mr. Barrett; "but that picture of the Holy Family upon the end wall is the very one that once hung above it, and these smaller ones also once graced the sanctuary of the old La Rabida. They were loaned by Pope Leo XIII."

"What quaint old kneeling benches!" Nora said. "And see this tall cross of mahogany, a fac-simile of the one raised at San Domingo four hundred years ago."

"Look at this anchor near the sanctuary rail!" cried Aleck. "It seems half rusted away. It is thought to be the anchor of the *Santa Maria*, and was found near the spot where she was wrecked."

"In the paintings that surround us we have the whole history of Columbus, and the portraits of those who had to do with him, or with the Spanish court of his time," Mr. Barrett observed. "Here the kind face of Father Perez looks down upon us; there Ferdinand and Isabella hold audience, and about them are grouped *infantes* and *infantas*, ecclesiastics and grandees,—very important personages no doubt, to judge from their imposing air, but whose names we haven't time to look up in the catalogue. Come and examine the old manuscripts from the archives of the Vatican. These and the Spanish memorials and historic papers connected

with Columbus make La Rabida indeed the treasure-house of the Exposition. They are in these glass cases ranged about the chapel. The officials at either end of each case are United States soldiers; and the muskets upon which they lean are loaded, for they are here to guard these priceless relics."

"I should think they *were* priceless!" exclaimed Aleck, reading the description. "Here is a bull of Pope Alexander V. addressed to the sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella, called forth by their letters to him announcing the discovery of a Western World, and granting them the same privileges of dominion over the new lands as were given to the King of Portugal on the west coast of Africa. And here are two of Pope Alexander VI.,—one commending the further discoveries of Columbus, the other confirming the first missionary priest to this Continent. The Alexanders had a great deal to do with it, you observe."

"Having found that out, I suppose you will be prouder of your name than ever," laughed Nora.

"Notice, too, these bulls of Popes Julius II. and Clement VII., which also relate to America; and these old maps and charts of the sixteenth century, which are marked as belonging to the Propaganda," said Ellen.

"This one with the curious line drawn across it is the celebrated Borgian map; and that is the historic line traced by Pope Alexander VI., to settle the disputes of Spain and Portugal as to their rights to the New World," said Uncle Jack. "The Pope's pen indicated just what amount of territory each should have; and proud and haughty as their sovereigns were, they bowed to his decision."

They proceeded now to inspect the Spanish documents.

"Oh, can you realize it?" cried Aleck, with enthusiasm,— "that faded and tattered sheet of vellum is the very parch-

ment signed and sealed by Ferdinand and Isabella, and given into the hands of Columbus, commissioning him to set out upon the unknown seas and seek the new lands he promised, under the banner of Spain."

"And next are the actual royal letters patent from the sovereigns of Castile and Aragon, commanding the people of Palos to furnish Christopher Columbus with two caravels for the voyage," said Ellen; "and ordering that he may take without charge anything needed for the expedition."

"Here are half a dozen more about his second voyage," announced Nora. "Why, we shall become quite familiar with the royal signatures! And see this letter written by the Queen to Columbus in 1493, returning a book he had lent her, asking him to send her a certain sailing chart, and urging him to depart as soon as possible upon his second voyage."

"Well, Isabella wouldn't take a prize for penmanship in any school nowadays," declared Aleck. "This looks as if her pen had set out on an exploring expedition for itself."

"Now we come to the letters of Columbus," Ellen said. "One to the Pope, several to the King and Queen, and a whole series to his son Diego. To think that those words before us were written by the Discoverer of America!"

"He writes 'Christopher' with a cross, as we sometimes do Xmas," said Aleck.

"And beneath the signature of all his papers are the initials X. M. J., which signify Jesus, Mary and Joseph, and show that all his enterprises were undertaken in these holy names," added Uncle Jack. "Last, but certainly not least, we come to the will of Columbus. By reading the translation, you will see that he who gave a new world to Spain was able to leave to his family little besides a heritage of royal promises, many of which were never fulfilled."

After inspecting this precious manuscript, our party passed out of the chapel into a low corridor; and the next moment the girls exclaimed with delight, as they found themselves again in the sunlit summer air, within the enclosure of the monastery. It was a peaceful picture, that retired spot; with a restful bit of green-sward in the centre, shaded by a dwarf palm-tree. Around the four sides of this *patio*, or court, ranged the cloisters, or arched, open galleries, two stories in height, with the spaces between the arches of the second tier bright with a profusion of growing flowers, and blooming, trailing vines, like little hanging gardens.

Shut in thus from all the sights and sounds which told of the actual world in which they lived, with the sunshine reflected from the adobe walls, and overhead a glimpse of azure sky, our friends might readily fancy themselves in the original La Rabida of Andalusia, within the same cloisters where the great navigator gained new courage, where he unfolded his plans to the discerning monk, or paced up and down with his young son; while the boy, half sadly, half in joy at the rift in the clouds that had obscured their fortunes, listened to his parting words.

Upon the walls they saw the old scenes portrayed: the wanderer and his child at the convent portal; Columbus at the court of Castile and Aragon; the historic Bridge of Pines, where he was overtaken by the messengers of Isabella after he had left the court, discouraged and indignant at the delays and the idle promises of Ferdinand; and Columbus receiving the farewell blessing of Father Perez upon his departure from Palos.

Our friends now entered the cells, noticing upon the rough doors the old-style latch-strings. The walls, instead of being rude and bare as in monastic days, they found now, like the cloisters, hung with souvenirs of the hero-mariner.

"Oh, how interesting!" cried Nora. "Here is a picture of the house in Genoa in which Columbus was born, and another of the church at Lisbon where he was married."

"I have discovered something more attractive still," called Nora. "These old, worm-eaten pieces of wood are a door and jambs from the original La Rabida."

"And come here!" cried Aleck, with boyish enthusiasm, as he paused before a similar relic. "Here is the actual door of the house in which Columbus lived with his wife Felipa at Funchal in the Madeira Islands. These near it are three of the window-shutters, and this block of wood was one of the doorsteps. Just think, his feet must have passed over it many times a day!"

"I have found some ancient bricks and tiles from the Spanish monastery," said Ellen; "the catalogue states that they are supposed to be sixteen centuries old."

"Jingo! that makes our four-hundred-year-doors quite modern, Nell!" laughed her brother.

"Now we come to the relics of Columbus in the New World," explained Uncle Jack.

"Ho-ho!" chuckled Aleck. "Look at these funny engravings of the wonders of the strange lands of the West! I suppose they were drawn from the descriptions of the curious things to be seen there, as given in the yarns of the sailors. See this whale swimming round with a ship on his back. And *do* look! Here near his head is a kneeling congregation and an altar, and a priest is beginning to say Mass."

"I wonder they didn't build a church there too," Nora said. "Here is a representation of the landing of Columbus, with the Indians coming to meet him and his followers," continued she. "What queer seats they bring for them—pieces of wood carved in the shapes of beasts, with short legs!"

"But now we have reality again," interrupted Ellen. "These stones piled in a corner are the remains of the first church built upon this Continent. It was erected by Columbus at Isabella, the earliest civilized settlement. These other stones near it are all that is left of that first little city of America."

"Observe well this old bronze bell," said Uncle Jack; "for it was the bell of that primitive edifice, and the first that rang the summons to the services of the Church in the New World. It was brought from Spain, and was known as the Bell of the Fig-Tree; no doubt because, before the church was built, from the green branches of one of those beautiful trees its voice called the natives to the worship of the true God. When the old town was deserted for the new one of La Vega, nearer to the gold mountains of Cibao, the bell was taken too. But the latter place was destroyed by an earthquake, and for more than three hundred years this interesting relic was lost. One day a shepherd, examining the ruins of the ancient chapel of La Vega, found it amid a tangle of vines, half buried in the earth. It was taken to San Domingo, where it is held in great reverence; and was loaned by the Government of the island for the Columbian Exhibition."

"Ah, now we see Columbus returning in triumph!" exclaimed Nora, stopping before a picture of the Discoverer offering at the feet of Queen Isabella the gold and jewels of the new Indies, and presenting to her the natives whom he brought back to Spain, to show what manner of people dwell in those distant parts."

"But how soon it is followed by the record which proves the forgetfulness of princes and the ingratitude of those who had profited most by his discoveries!" said Mr. Barrett. "Look at this old manuscript. It is the letter of Francisco Roldan, which caused Columbus to be deprived of his honors and sent home to

Spain in chains. Roldan was a man whom the Admiral had loaded with favors, but his thirst for power and his jealousy caused him to seek the ruin of his benefactor. There you have the picture of this noble Christian hero in chains, and beyond a photograph of the cruel fetters themselves."

"And," cried Aleck, setting his teeth—for somehow the sight of these things made him feel fierce, although it all happened so long ago,—"here are bits of wood from the timbers to which he was chained."

They saw, too, the letter which he wrote to a friend at the Spanish court, complaining of the indignities heaped upon him; and felt a satisfaction in learning that it fell into the hands of Isabella, who endeavored to atone in part for the injustice done him by the council of the Indies, which, unfortunately, too often overruled her wishes.

It was sad to remember, however, that he was never reinstated in his honors and privileges; and by the time our young people reached the large painting of the death of Columbus, which hangs at the end of one of the long galleries, they realized the pathos of the story as they never had before.

Then Mr. Barrett showed them a facsimile of the casket in the Cathedral at San Domingo, which contains the remains of Columbus; and, leading them back to the chapel, pointed out, in one of the cases over which the soldiers stand guard, a tiny crystal locket, which contains a pinch of the dust found, in that casket when it was last opened,—the dust of the great navigator, the hero as religious and patient as he was adventurous and brave—Christopher Columbus.

(To be continued.)

THE chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.—*Johnson.*

How a Mother's Prayer was Answered at Last.

BY SADIE L. BAKER.

IV.

Theodora did not die. The fever burnt itself out, and slowly health and strength came back. They did as they would with her; for Will's sake she must get well. Only one thing she refused: she would not go away for a time, as they wished. She would be more at peace where every spot spoke to her of her boy. And Will might come any day; any hour she might hear the dear voice, see the loved face. How would it be with him if he came and found no mother to welcome him?

One thing she was able to do. Sitting beside her, holding her hand as if she had been his own daughter, Mr. Stone told her the story of the robbery, the murder, the suspicions against Will, and his own sturdy belief in his innocence. The doctors said the men had been dead for hours when they found them in the early morning; that they must have died before midnight.

"It was after ten," she said quietly, "before I went to Will's room, and twelve before I left it. Then I could not sleep for a long time, and afterward Will had come to write his letter. Not," she added, a little proudly, "that any one who knew my boy would believe the story; still, I am glad that even malice can not suspect him."

At last such measure of health and strength as she was ever to know came back to her, and she took up the burden again, never to lay it down while life lasted. Whatever work her hands found to do she did, praying as she toiled. She kept the house bright for Will's coming. She found time to visit the sick, to watch with the dying, to lay flowers tenderly

about the dead, to comfort with her loving sympathy those who mourned; and, hardest of all to a breaking heart, to rejoice with those who rejoiced.

Night or day, the door of her home was never locked. When Will's hand touched the latch it must open for him. His room was ready, and some dainty he had liked in his boyhood kept waiting for him. And always, when evening came, she brushed back her hair—white now as snow—as her dear boy liked to see it, and pinned a rose in the folds of muslin over her breast; then sat in the twilight and sang the hymns Will loved. Strangers smiled sometimes as they saw, through the open window, the white-haired, faded woman, with a rose at her breast like a young girl, and heard the feeble voice quavering over the old tunes. But those who knew her felt their eyes grow wet, and joined their prayers to hers.

A half score of years went by. The chapel on the hill was now a great church, with stained-glass windows and carved altars; but the shady hillside, where the faithful departed slept in peace, was unchanged. Father Conway here rested from his labors and the good works of a long life, and the love and prayers of his people followed him. Father Merideth ministered in his stead. It was not what the old Squire had wished. He had planned a future for his boy full of all the joys and triumphs of earth. It was bitter hard at first; but now as he knelt in his place at Mass, with a big prayer-book in his hand, and a great pride and joy in his heart, he was well content.

Tom Jackson, sober now this many a year, followed Father Merideth like a shadow; and tended him with a love and reverence that were affectionately submitted to, because Tom's old heart would be broken if they weren't.

Theodora was fifty-five, but she looked as if she had passed the allotted three-score years and ten. Not one of her

friends felt all the anguish of waiting, the love and hope of that poor mother heart, as Uncle Tom did,—Uncle Tom now to everyone, and it was the name he liked best. He did for her what no one else could. She let him roll and mow the grass-plot, and dig and weed in the garden. The basket of delicacies to tempt her appetite she took unthinking, because there was always some dainty that Will would like. And when Theodora's failing strength told him that the end was near, Uncle Tom installed a woman, strong of arm, but light of foot and soft of voice, who had known sorrow and want. He silenced Theodora's objections with the old plea: "You must save yourself for Will; you must be well when he comes." He never said *if* Will comes: he never talked to her of the certainty of Will's death,—that he surely would have written, sent her some word, some token, if he yet walked among men. He just hoped and prayed, loved and waited for her boy with her. And oh the comfort of it to her poor heart!

People often smiled as the old man passed them, and said: "He is old and failing fast; he is growing quite childish." Perhaps; but he had surely sat at the feet of the Beloved Disciple and learned well his lesson—"Little children, love one another."

Theodora's journey was almost done. The tired feet were nearing the end; the weary hands would soon be folded in rest, the tearful eyes close in the last long, dreamless sleep. But—thank God for the sure hope of a glorious immortality!—she could still pray without ceasing for her boy. They moved her bed, so that she could lie and watch the road over the river and into the beautiful country, for her boy's coming,—her *boy* still. And Mary kept all in order as Uncle Tom bade her.

When the end came, Uncle Tom, his heart yearning with a great love and pity,

told Theodora that she had only a few hours left. For a moment the dark eyes were dim with the agony of the loving, human mother. Oh to see once more the face so dear to her before her eyes closed on earth; to hear once more the voice sweeter to her than all else beside, before the sounds of life were dulled to her ears; to clasp his hands, to feel his head on her bosom, his arms about her! Then a look of such faith and hope and love flashed over the dying face as almost transfigured it; and, through her streaming tears, she whispered:

"My Father in heaven knows best. I can pray for my boy when I kneel at the feet of my crucified Lord as I can not here."

And Uncle Tom told her as well as he could for the sobs that choked him:

"I will wait for Will as you have waited, pray for him as you have prayed. So long as I live the door shall be kept open, the house shall be bright, his room ready, the little feast spread. And if I die before he comes, Father Charley will do it."

Theodora's eyes followed Mary as she went about the room, making everything bright and fresh for the Lord who would come soon to His poor child for the last time, to go with and strengthen and comfort her as she passed down into the valley of the shadow of death. The white curtains and the covering of the bed and simple furniture were spotless; the soft May air, sweet with the perfume of lilacs and blossoming fruit-trees, came in at the open window; the little altar—poor Will's last gift—was fair with spring flowers, and bright with lighted candles. And all the time the thin fingers dropped one by one the beads of her rosary, the white lips moved in prayer. When the last Sacraments had been administered, and those who knelt around her prayed for the passing soul, her prayers were still for her boy.

Friends came and went. Father Merideth's mother knelt beside her son and

old Tom, who never left her. The Squire himself, his eyes dim as he thought of the night when his boy came home with Tom, and wished with vain regret that help had come to Will too, waited with the poor she has succored and some who had known and loved her when life was bright before her.

As they watched, the pain of the last agony faded from her face, and, with a prayer for Will on her lips, she fell asleep. They thought she would never more waken on earth; but when the twilight shadows were gathering she opened her eyes and looked around, but saw not the faces bending over her. She sat up with the strength that comes to the dying; she held out her arms, then clasped them close, with a look of rapture, as if she folded something dear beyond words to her heart. She swayed softly to and fro, as a mother hushes a child to sleep on her breast; her lips parted in a smile, and sweet and clear came the strains of an evening hymn. Feeble as she was, she sang it through; then bent, as she had so often done, to kiss a dear dark head, and with her last breath whispered: "God keep my boy!"

While Father Merideth's full voice rose in the beautiful prayers of the Church for the departed soul, Uncle Tom laid her tenderly back on the pillows, closed her eyes and folded her hands. Tom it was, too, who stole into the room where Theodora lay confined and ready for the grave, and, lifting her hands, laid a scrap of paper on which he had pencilled her last words, with two or three roses crimson and fragrant from the bush in the window; then laid the crucifix back in her fingers, and left her, with the prayer for her boy lying between her folded hands and her still heart. When she had been laid to rest, he trimmed and watered the sod over her grave, and planted at the head a slip from the red rose.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Kaffir Chief's Answer.

A missionary to South Africa recounts an extraordinary interview with a Kaffir chief, to whom he was imparting the message of Christianity. "Your tidings," said the wild black man, "are what I want, and I was seeking before I knew you. Twelve years ago I went to feed my flock. I sat down upon a rock and asked myself sorrowful questions;—sorrowful, because I was unable to answer them: Who has touched the stars with his hands? The waters are never weary: they flow from morning till night, from night till morning. Who makes them flow thus? I can not see the wind. Who brings it? Who makes it blow and roar and terrify me? Do I know how the corn sprouts? Yesterday there was not a blade in my field, to-day I found some. Then I buried my face in my hands."

A Monk's Lesson.

It is related of two monks that one of them expressed to the other his regrets that he could not say his prayers without distractions. His companion declared that he was not troubled in that way.

"Aren't you?" said the other. "Well, if you will recite the *Pater Noster* without harboring any thought but that expressed by the words of the prayer, I will give you my horse."

"Agreed," said his companion; and, sinking on his knees, he began: "*Pater noster, qui es in cœlis, sanctificetur nomen tuum*—I wonder if he will give me the saddle?" thought the monk. "Ah, Brother, I was mistaken! I trusted unwisely in my own powers. I can not do it."

Nevertheless, the lesson was not lost upon him; but, applying himself to the task, he soon acquired such a power of concentration as to become an earnest, devout monk, and a great scholar besides.



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

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A Sea-Song to Our Lady of the Assumption.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

ALL 'day among our rigging fair,
The west wind crooned from shore,
Behind us frowned grief, toil, and care;
Joy, freedom smiled before.
And soft we sang, as twilight pale
Fell round us dreamfully:
"Mother of Mariners, all hail!
Hail, Queen of earth and sea!"

The moon was white upon the wave;
The stars, on wastes forlorn,
Were like the lilies in thy grave
Upon Assumption morn.
And still we sang, 'neath silv'ry sail,
Our faces to the lee:
"Mother of Mariners, all hail!
Hail, Queen of sky and sea!"

Thou art our Moon, O Mary sweet!
Thou art our polar Star!
We follow on thy shining feet
Across Death's moaning bar.
No cloud shall then thy pure face veil;
We'll sing eternally:
"Mother of Mariners, all hail!
We've reached our Port—and thee!"

SEA ISLE CITY, N. J.

PRAYER is like opening the sluices between the great ocean and our little channels.—*Tennyson.*

Did Pope Clement V. Buy the Tiara?

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.



HE commonly received account of the election of Clement V. is based solely upon the narrative of John Villani.* This author tells us that after the death of Benedict XI., on July 27, 1304, the Sacred College found itself divided into two nearly equal factions,—one headed by Matthew Rosso Orsini and Francis Gaetani, the latter a nephew of the late Pontiff; and the other led by Napoleon Orsini dal Monte and Nicholas da Prato. After nine months of useless conclave, the Cardinals da Prato and Gaetani agreed, says the Florentine historian, that the Gaetani party should select three capable Transalpine candidates,† and from these the other faction should, in forty days, choose one on whom all could unite. In accordance with this compact, the choice of the Gaetani cardinals was Bertrand, de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux, who, although a friend of the defunct Pontiff, "and no friend of the French King, because of injuries which his family had received during the Gascon war, at the hands of Charles de Valois,"

* "Florentine History," b. 8, c. 80; Venice, 1562.

† An Italian cardinal would have been unacceptable to Philip the Fair.

brother of Philip, was known, nevertheless, as "one yearning for honors and power; and being a Gascon, as therefore by nature a covetous man," and one likely to come to terms with the monarch. The agreement of the two contending parties, continues Villani, was reduced to writing; and, without the knowledge of the Gaetani faction, the Da Prato cardinals sent the document, in eleven days, to Paris, "warning the French King, in their letters, that if he wished to recover his standing in Holy Church, and to rehabilitate his friends the Colonnas, he should be reconciled to his enemy, Raymond (read 'Bertrand') de Got, seeking him and offering him great advantages. . . . The King dispatched amicable letters to the Archbishop, asking for an interview; and in six days, attended by a small and trusty retinue, he held a parley with the said Archbishop in a forest near the Abbey of St. Jean d'Angély. Having heard Mass together, and having sworn fidelity on the altar, the King addressed fair words to the Archbishop, trying to reconcile him to my Lord of Valois." Then, according to Villani, Philip said to the prelate: "You perceive, Archbishop, that I can make you Pope if I so desire. Now, I promise that this honor shall be yours if you pledge yourself to grant me six certain favors." Stupefied with joy, says our chronicler, Bertrand threw himself at the royal feet, crying, "My lord, now that I realize that you love me more than any other does, and that you propose to render me good for evil, you have only to command, and I shall obey." The monarch then raised the Archbishop, kissed him, and said: "These are the six favors I request: Firstly, that you reconcile me entirely with the Church, and pardon me for the evil committed in the capture of Pope Boniface. Secondly, that you restore me and my followers to communion. Thirdly, that you allow me to take, for my Flemish war, all the tithes in my kingdom during the next

five years. Fourthly, that you promise to annul the memory of Pope Boniface. Fifthly, that you confer the honor of the cardinalate on my Lord James and my Lord Peter Colonna, and restore them to their pristine state; also that you raise certain other friends of mine to the purple. The sixth favor I shall communicate to you on some other occasion; it is at present a secret, and is very important." * Bertrand agreed to grant these requests, even swearing, adds Villani, on the Body of the Lord to keep his word. The parties then separated; and Philip immediately wrote to Cardinal da Prato that their Eminences might proceed with the election of the Archbishop of Bordeaux, said prelate being his "perfectly confidential friend." The Florentine historian then notes that this message of the King reached Perugia in thirty-five days (from the time of Gaetani's letter to Philip), and that Bertrand de Got was therefore elected to the pontifical throne.

The above narrative of Villani, certainly very coherent and calm, was repeated by all the olden historians. St. Antonine, Genebrard, Baluze, Pagi, the authors of "Christian Gaul," those of "The Art of Verifying Dates," Fleury, and even the great Muratori, receive it without any express questioning. † No wonder, then, that such writers as Giannone, Duchesne, Sismondi, and Hallam greedily accept it, and adorn it with their own amplifications. But the prince of modern historians, Cantù, exposes its weakness when he asks whether Villani was a third party to the absurd colloquy. "The people simply

* They who accept the narrative of Villani wander into conjectures as to the nature of this sixth favor. The Florentine himself (b. 8, c. 101) and Masson ("Life of Philip the Fair") hold that Philip wished Clement to give the Empire to Charles de Valois; others believe that the Empire was to be restored to the French permanently.

† Raynald seems to have some misgivings as to its truth; for he says: "If these things are true, what else than trouble for Christendom was to be expected?"

reduced to fact the ideas generated by the sequel." * The judicious Mansi also rejects the story. † The Abbé Christophe gives many good reasons for preferring the very different narrative of Ferretti of Vicenza. ‡ And now, we would ask, of what authority is Villani? His diction is certainly Tuscan in its purity, and he is an ingenuous chronicler when he is unfettered by prejudice; but his writings are not always to be received as Gospel truth. Muratori, than whom no better judge in matters like this can be desired, says that Villani "gives us not a few fables when he describes remote occurrences"; § and that in regard to the time of Frederick II. and the following period "he is not always to be believed." || And we know that Villani was very bitter toward all the Avignonesse Pontiffs, and that he was ever ready to suspect each one of them of culpable condescension toward the French monarchs. Therefore, when he is uncorroborated by even one contemporary or quasi-contemporary authority, we should not rely implicitly upon his assertions; especially when, as in the present case, they present intrinsic marks of inaccuracy, and perhaps of falsehood. His story of the forest interview is not even hinted at by any one of the many contemporary biographers of Pope Clement V., such as Ptolemy of Lucca, John of St. Victor, Bernard of Guido, Amalric of Rossillon, or the anonymous Venetian. Similar silence is displayed by Ferretti of Vicenza, who finished his "Chronicle" in 1330, and who narrates in detail the acts of the Conclave of Perugia; by Pepin of Bologna, who wrote down to 1314, and was a severe critic of the Popes; by the "Chronicle of Parma"; by Dino Compagni, Trithemius, Matthew of West-

minster, and the Continuator of Nangy.

Certainly this argument is purely negative; but it acquires force when we consider the intrinsic evidences of unreliability presented by Villani's tale. For instance, if we are willing to believe that the Guelph cardinals quietly granted forty days of delay to their opponents without suspecting any snare, which we find it difficult to do, we can not believe that even the Ghibelline cardinals would have descended to such infamy as is implied in the alleged compact with Philip the Fair. The documents concerning these personages which have come down to us show that they wished, indeed, to elect a Pontiff who would be friendly to Philip, but not that they were capable of laying the tiara in the dirt. Consider, for example, Cardinal Nicholas da Prato, to whom Villani assigns all the wire-pulling in the intrigue. From all accounts, this learned Dominican was an honorable man. Raised by the severe and uncompromising Boniface VIII. to the See of Spoleto, made Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia by the discriminating Benedict XI., he had successfully filled the office of peacemaker in Tuscany and the Romagna when faction fury was at its height. Albertino Mussato, a writer much lauded by Muratori, calls Da Prato "a man of great learning and wisdom." Dino Compagni styles him a man "of humble parentage; but gracious, wise, and of profound science." Even Villani says that he was "very learned in the Scriptures, subtle, wise, foreseeing, and very practical." It is difficult to believe that such a man, who, both before and after the pretended bargain, was always devoted to the true interests of the Church, would, for no advantage whatever, place the tiara at the disposal of so ambitious a sovereign as Philip the Fair. What had he to gain by such infamy? He had attained, as Bishop of Ostia, and therefore Dean of the Sacred College, the highest dignity in

* "Universal History." B. XIII., c. 6.

† Notes to the "Annals" of Raynald.

‡ "History of the Papacy in the Fifteenth Century." Paris, 1853.

§ Preface to his edition of Villani.

|| "Writers on Italian Affairs." Vol. XIII., pt. 3.

the gift of the Pontiff. What could he obtain from Philip? History does not record that he received anything; but Villani does record that Nicholas da Prato strenuously opposed Philip's two dearest wishes—the condemnation of Pope Boniface VIII., and the election of Charles de Valois to the throne of the Holy Roman Empire.*

Another intrinsic proof of the unreliability of Villani in this matter is found in his assertion that Bertrand de Got had been a foe of Philip, and that the reason of enmity was to be found in the injuries suffered by the Got family at the hands of Charles de Valois during the Gascon war. Not only do the records of the time recount none of these injuries, but they show that in this struggle a brother of Bertrand combated on the royal side, and received as a reward from Philip the counties of Lomagne and Auvillars. Again, that there had been no dissension between Philip and Bertrand before the pretended interview, is evident from the fact that, during the five years of the tenure of the See of Bordeaux by the latter, he was covered with honors by the King, and obtained an increase of the privileges of his bishopric, as is manifested by the patents collected by Rabanis in the archives of the Gironde. And all these concessions bear dates between March, 1300, and April, 1304. We must conclude, therefore, that the cardinals who met at Perugia in July, 1304, regarded Philip and Bertrand as friends, and that they would not have felt any need to urge the monarch to be reconciled with the Archbishop.

Again, we must remember that it is only in the pages of Villani that Bertrand

de Got appears as "a grasping Gascon," ready to swear on the Body of Christ that he will reduce God's Church to slavery. Everywhere else he stands conspicuous as a virtuous prelate as well as a man of spirit; and we are not obliged to recur to any such theory as that of Villani to account for his elevation to the Chair of Peter. His virtue was well known to the Roman court, especially his prudence, as evinced during his negotiations with the sovereigns of France and England, to each of whom he was a subject.* It was not strange, therefore, when the electors deemed it wise to select a Transalpine prelate for the papacy, that they should think of Bertrand. While Pontiff, Clement V. was certainly over-condescending to King Philip the Fair, but he was never sacrilegiously vile, as Villani depicts him in the woods of St. Jean d'Angély; nay, this same historian describes him as resisting those desires of the King which he is said to have wickedly promised to gratify. And since we are speaking of these wishes of Philip, it is well to note that from their very enumeration by Villani arises a reason for suspecting the worth of his narrative. Take, for instance, the first two requests. Their object had already been attained. In April, 1304, Pope Benedict XI., the successor of Boniface VIII., had absolved Philip, his followers, and all France, from every censure,† excepting only the sacrilegious Nogaret, the prime author of the crime of Anagni,‡ and the wretched Sciarra Colonna. It is absurd, therefore, to suppose that Bertrand and Philip incurred the guilt of simony in order to obtain things already legitimately granted.§ Another error in the recital of

* Villani tells how the Cardinal freed Clement from the importunities of Philip concerning the condemnation of Boniface VIII., by advising him to submit the affair to a general council; and how he settled the imperial aspirations of Charles by having the Pope ask the electors to elect immediately Henry of Luxembourg.

* Edward I., of England, was also Lord of Guienne; and Bordeaux was its capital.

† Martene: "Collection of Old Monuments," Vol. I., col. 1411.

‡ Nogaret was not pardoned, even by Clement V., until 1311.

§ Strange to say, Villani admits this reconciliation in his 66th chapter.

Villani must also be noted as militating seriously against its historical value. He asserts that the election of Clement V. was effected by "compromise," as it is technically termed, and by the unanimous consent of the electors to the vote of Cardinal da Prato. Now, the solemn decree of that election, preserved in the Vatican, and first published by Raynald, informs us that the choice was made by secret ballot; that of the fifteen voters, all mentioned by name, ten voted for Bertrand; that then the other five joined the majority by "accession"; and that finally the result was proclaimed, not by Cardinal da Prato, but by the rival leader, Cardinal Francis Gaetani.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXXI.—WILLIE.

SWANSMERE lived in a whirl of excitement after the Major's return. It was most grateful to him for the new sensations he had given it. The *New York Herald's* "story," printed on the first page, with a portrait of everybody concerned, was thought to be the biggest advertisement Swansmere-on-the-Hudson had yet received.

The Major was welcomed, not only as a returned friend, but as a public benefactor. He, chastened as he was, chafed under the insinuation that he had taken too much champagne on that eventful night. But, to save appearances, he bore it with as good a grace as was possible. For weeks after his return he spent every afternoon with Colonel Carton. They had business to look after, and serious business too; for Edward Conway had told the story of the stolen money.

Conway had another interview with Ward as soon as Willie began to recover from the effects of the hemorrhage. Ward had thrown the notes into the kitchen fire. He understood that they were valueless now. At the last interview, Ward had said:

"Your story may be a lie, Mr. Conway, but I don't care. Fight it out with those two wolves. You'll find it hard to drag the money from their fangs. Fight it out! Everything on earth is against me. If there be a God, He, too, is against me. You are young, and I wish I were; I should begin over again in a different way. I should not live for ideals: I should be selfish,—I should be as gross and material, as money-grubbing as either Conway or Carton. Your materialist doesn't suffer: he is selfish."

Ward looked at Conway with a glance in which scorn and pride were blended. Conway met it quietly.

They stood on the bank near the boat-house Ward had built for his son. Jake Strelzer had rowed out in his boat to gather a handful of the wild wistaria which grew on a rock rising above the current of the river. Jake's boat-house adjoined Ward's; and, since Maggie and Jake were to be married in a week's time, Jake was careful to arm himself with a big nosegay of wild flowers as an offering to Bernice when he called on Wednesday and Sunday nights. Both Ward and Conway were silent, watching Jake pull the flowers from the side of the perpendicular rock. He stood up in his boat, and made an attempt to climb for a long branch of the purple blossoms; the effort was unavailing.

"Jake," Ward called out, "you can not do it,—that rock is as smooth as glass.—I guess you were going to say something," he added, turning to Conway.

Conway did not answer at once. The two walked slowly toward Ward's house, and Ward invited him into the house. Conway accepted the invitation. Willie was asleep upstairs. After a time Conway said:

"You have, as I understand it, Mr. Ward, formed ideals of your own,—ideals which led you to hold the whole world in contempt. Submission and humble faith and obedience were left out of your scheme. You liked to think that you were an altruist, simply because your opinion held you above other people. Was not that pride? And is not pride a form of selfishness?"

"It has been the pride of an honorable manhood," answered Ward, frowning. "I am no prouder than Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus or Emerson."

"I see you take pagan models," Conway said. "I do not mean to argue, but your pagan ethics have no place in a Christian world. With us Christians pride is the first of sins."

"With me slavish submission to the will of an imaginary Being is the worst!" cried Ward, with passion. "And you would have me adore this Being, who is killing my son, who lets the rich flaunt and jeer at me; whose worship makes my wife a creature of superstitious fears, hesitating to obey a command of mine rather than jeopardize her soul. It is the duty of a wife to die with her husband; last night," he went on, as if talking to himself, "I told her so. 'If Willie dies,' I said, '*we* must die, too.' She was horrified. Better the pagan ideals than such Christian cowardice."

Conway looked at Ward's drawn face, and his feeling of repulsion gave way to one of pity.

"Mr. Ward," he said, rising from his chair—the two had been talking in the little parlor,—"you are an altruist: you live only for others—for the race; and yet the keynote to all you have said is the word 'I.' *There* is your weakness. The only altruist was Jesus Christ. He died for the world."

Ward looked almost fiercely at Conway.

"If Willie lives, he is lost to me. He may be a priest, or perhaps a monk. At any rate, your Church has him in its

clutches. There is one thing your God can not do—conquer me!"

"He is all-powerful," Conway said, reverently. "Good-bye."

Ward walked out into the entry with him, and closed the door, without another word. Conway walked slowly toward Father Haley's house. Susanna, busy pursuing imaginary stains from the front porch, dropped her broom at sight of him, and rushed into the house, that she might open the door with dignity.

The thought of Ward was heavy upon Conway's mind. There was something Satanic in the man's attempt at defiance, and something pitiable and human too. He was full of this as he walked into Father Haley's room, where the priest was busy at his desk. Father Haley looked up; he was always glad to see Conway. And, when he had finished his letter, Conway told him what was on his mind.

"Why, you talk like a priest!" Father Haley said, when Conway had poured out all the thoughts which the words of Ward had aroused in him. "At this moment—the moment of a crisis, when, as you have told me, you and your sister may claim your rights and be rich,—you are thinking of this wretched creature! My dear boy, there is no doubt of your vocation in my mind,—there hasn't been for some time," added Father Haley, with a twinkle in his eye; "although all Swansmere expects you to marry your cousin."

Edward Conway started; he looked hurriedly into Father Haley's face to see whether he was entirely in earnest.

"I am sure, Father," he said, "that I would give my life to bring that wretched creature, as you call him, to God."

"Conway," said Father Haley, "why not give your whole life to the service of God and the care of souls? If you had a passing liking for Bernice Conway, even if you were attached more deeply to her than you were aware, her reconciliation with Mr. Carton—"

Conway reddened, and then laughed.

"I assure you, Father Haley," he began—then he laughed again. "What matchmakers you priests are! I assure you that would never have stood in the way. You have half guessed my secret: I have always desired, above all things, to be a priest. To-day, when I felt so powerless to help Ward, I had the desire more strongly than ever. Two things have hitherto been in the way. I have always felt that I am too imperfect to be a priest of God—to partake every day of His Body and Blood,—to perform the most ineffable Mystery."

"We are all unworthy," said Father Haley,—“all! But God supplies what the man lacks. I was an orphan, neglected, uncouth, uneducated; but I had the one desire, and God heard my prayer. I am unworthy, as you must see,” he added, humbly; “but He makes use of me.”

Conway gazed at Father Haley's plain, somewhat coarse face, now glowing with something more than human feeling. It was suddenly borne in upon him that he had all these years unconsciously doubted the power of God, and laid more stress on the man alone than on the man illuminated by the grace of priesthood.

"There was another thing against me," he said, after a pause. "My sister Margaret and Judith Mayberry—you have heard me speak of Judith—are dependent on my exertions."

"And what becomes of the money which Colonel Carton and Major Conway have borrowed all these years? Lady Tyrrell, who did me the honor to call on me this morning, enabled me to piece out that story. She came," Father Haley went on, with a laugh, "to warn me that Bernice was contemplating a mixed marriage. I told her that Mr. Carton was to be received into the Church. But to return to your money: I guess neither the Major nor Colonel Carton will let your sister starve."

Conway's face lighted up. He shook

Father Haley's hand warmly, saying nothing. He left the room and went over to the church. The red lamp burned like a ruby in the cool air which had twilight shades in it. It was after twilight in reality when Father Haley touched him on the shoulder. Conway was prostrate before the tabernacle.

"Come, Mr. Conway," Father Haley whispered. "There has been evil work."

Willie Ward had recovered from the immediate effect of the hemorrhage. He was white and thin. The doctor said little: a convalescent who had gone backward as Willie had done, was not a promising patient. Willie was restless: he could not bear to have his father out of his sight. It seemed as if his father's thoughts were open to the boy. A few hours after Conway's talk with Ward, Willie had called him as soon as he came home from work. Mrs. Ward had gone out on some housewifely errand, and the father and son were together. Willie held his father's hand.

"How hard that hand has worked for me!" he said, softly. Then he gradually fell into a sleep. His father disengaged his hand after a time, kissed him lightly on the forehead, turned and looked at the white cheeks, on which the long lashes fell, and, with set lips, left the room.

Shadows were in the air. Ward stood a moment at his door, and then went upstairs again. He had forgotten to notice whether the boy was covered warmly or not. He adjusted the quilt,—the homely red and blue patches in it, his wife's work, struck him with a pang as he did it. The slight movement awakened Willie. His father did not look at him again. He went downstairs; and the shadows of night fell more thickly.

Willie raised himself in bed. He was fully dressed; for he had been permitted to walk around his room during the day. He called out:

"Father!" There was no answer, and

a great dread filled him. He threw on the thick shawl which lay on the chair at his bedside, and went downstairs. His head swam; he tottered dizzily; when he reached the door, he saw his father striding toward the river,—toward the point where he had built the little boat-house. It faced the great rock just outside the middle current of the stream.

Willie no longer tottered: he pushed his way through the young leaves of the shrubs which choked up the lane leading to the boat-house point. He lost sight of his father. He called out for him, but his weak voice died away in the twilight.

Once out of the lane, he could not move fast, and the shawl caught in the blackberry bushes and young trees. He saw his father's figure on the hilly bank beside the boat-house. It was outlined sharply against the opaline western horizon. Willie tried to go faster; his feet were clogged as if in a nightmare, and he could not cry out. Jake Strelzer was lying on the opposite bank, his boat drawn up on the beach. Willie tried to attract his attention.

Ward raised his arms and disappeared from sight. Willie heard the splash of water. A cold wind seemed to oppose him, but he reached the bank. He saw his father's head above the surface.

"Father!" he cried out. "Father!" Ward turned his eyes toward him. "Father, keep up! You *must* not die!—keep up! I can save you."

Willie was the best swimmer in Swansmere; he had almost lived in the river since he had come there. He tore off his stockings and the light slippers he wore. He plunged into the river, and made for the spot where his father seemed to be struggling.

"Go back!" Ward cried,—*"go back!"*

Willie did not hear. He reached his father, who still kept himself afloat. Ward was not a good swimmer, but he seized the boy in his left arm; and, flinging him-

self forward, he grasped with his right hand the vines that clung to the grey surface of the rock.

Willie hung limp in his arm.

"O father!" he said, "why?—why? We love you so!"

Despair and horror contorted Ward's face as he heard these words. His hand was losing its grasp upon the slippery stems.

"Let me go, father," Willie whispered, "and *live*,—for God's sake, for mother's sake! Let me go!"

"If I could only live now!" said Ward, as he measured the smooth wall of the rock with his eyes. "O God, you have conquered! O Christ, I am punished!"

Willie raised his eyes hopelessly to the rock, and swept the bank with them. Ward called for help with all his might; but Strelzer seemed to be asleep. The boy could only whisper.

"We must die, father," he said. "If you love me—if you love me say, '*O my God, I am heartily sorry for all my sins, because they have offended Thee.*' Say it, father!"

Ward pressed his son closer to his heart. The vines, wet and smooth, were slipping from his grasp. He uttered a long, wild shriek, that startled men along the shore.

"Say it, father: '*O my God—*'"

Ward repeated the words after his son. The vines slipped from his fingers. He still clasped Willie with all his strength. "Now and at the hour of *our* death," Willie murmured. And then loudly, clearly, Ward said into the ear of his child: "Because they have offended Thee,—because they have offended Thee!" he added, passionately.

Large bubbles, tinged with that opaline reflection from the western sky, marked the spot where the father and son sank. Jake Strelzer had at last heard that shriek. He threw the oars into his boat. One of them fell into the river; he did not wait, but sculled toward the rock. He was in time to seize Willie as he came to

the surface. The boy spoke to Jake, whom he recognized, and gasped out to him how his father had died.

As they touched the shore, Willie spoke the Sacred Names,—and the group from Swansmere saw Jake, with tearful eyes, step ashore, with the body of the dead boy in his arms. His mother was not there. Father Haley and Conway broke the news to her, as she hurried home in fear lest her child had needed her.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Heart's-Ease.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

BENEATH the sun, the valley mold
Grew bright with sweeps of rose and gold;
The river shores, all green below,
Were washed with drifts of perfumed snow.

“But,” mourned the stranger, “here no more
The clover blooms beside the door;
Not all these tints of flame are worth
To me our heart's-ease of the North.”

She sowed the seed in that drear land,
That burning, blighted, breathless sand;
But as they started, saw them pale
Before the desert's sultry gale.

Her heart within her seemed to pine
And wither at the evil sign;
She longed, through hot, rebellious tears,
For the lost groves of youthful years.

They lived at last, and gold and blue
And ruddy purples flashed in view;
Then, too, there blossomed in her eyes
The heart's-ease of the quiet skies.

Then, not till then, she loved the earth
That gave familiar flowers birth,
And touched with hands that moved to bless
The flowers that brought her happiness.

We find, O friend! new blossoms far
Beneath the warmer, Southern star;
But never one for sweetness worth
Our simple heart's-ease of the North.

Memories of Hawaii.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VIII.—THE LAND OF CANE.

KAHULUI has much to be proud of, and I dare say she is as proud as she has any reason to be. Most of us are, and this would be a sorry community if it were not so.

I don't know if any local poet has as yet tuned his lyre in praise of Kahului, or if the indigenous prophet has foretold the greatness of her future; but any one who knows anything of this breezy port of entry, will not find it difficult to accept such a prophecy without much margin.

Hers is not the ephemeral prosperity that fell to the lot of Kalepolepo in the halcyon days. She is backed by thriving plantations that gladden the highlands and the lowlands of Maui. She boasts her own mercantile marine, her custom-house, her railway, and her wreck in the harbor, of which only the spareribs are remaining.

There is a court-house of brick and a club of good fellows, and far more spirit among the people than might generally be looked for in a town of her size; for Kahului is not a “city of magnificent distances,” as yet.

Were it not that I am shortsighted, I might have been a land-owner of some consequence before now; for I well remember the day when I rode over the site of this city, following the cattle tracks in the stunted stubble, and wondering what manner of beast it might be that hunted in that region for refreshment.

Blinding sand-hills shut out the horizon on the one hand; blinding sea-hills break into avalanches of spume and spray on the other hand; and between the two lies a perennial drought—the abomination of desolation.

I didn't care to possess it then; I would

not like to hold a squatter right within a mile of it now—unless I could be sure of disposing of it for cash in season to take the first outward-bound train.

Yet the town is full of wholesome people, who seem obliviously happy; and what man will gainsay them the right to be so, or compel them to show cause? They know a great deal more about the secret charms of Kahului than we do,—vastly more, no doubt, than we can ever hope to know.

She has her dock jutting out into deep water; her barges, like floating docks, that easily accommodate themselves to the varying tides. She has also her Oriental eating-houses—how appetizing that sounds!—her billiard-balls, her ton-sorial artist, and—well, one of the best-furnished shops in the Kingdom.

There are boating-parties, serenades, and late suppers on board the crack craft from the coast; polite visitations among the neighborly; and on Saturday nights, or at least on some of them, much hilarity when the Spreckelsville boys come to town.

The little dock is crowded whenever the steamer comes in. It is crowded again on the departure of the boat. One would almost imagine that there are nothing but meetings and partings in Kahului; for between the acts she is not a frolicsome burg. If one were disposed to be ungracious, one might say that, outwardly, Kahului discovers the unpicturesque disorder which is characteristic of all border settlements.

Everywhere one sees evidences of prematurity. If she has a street, it can hardly, even by courtesy, be called straight. The houses seem to have sprung up, like toadstools, wherever it was most convenient. A better figure, perhaps, is that, like a bed of ostrich eggs, she seems to have hatched out in the sun-baked sand; and, judging from the almost total absence of verdure, one might add that, like the ostrich, the inhabitants are accustomed to bury their heads in the arenaceous

deposits, and imagine themselves covered.

I wonder if any green thing will take root and grow here—anything beside the thick, rank grass, and the fat-leaved sea-convolvulus, with its briny sap?

I wonder, if the sea were to rise and pass over it, whether the town would take on a fresher look and show a bit of color here and there? She is of a sandy complexion and all of one tint. The mud villages of the Egyptian Nile are not more so. She is right in the wind; and the booming trades, damp with spray, might cloud the glass in the rattling windows with salt; yet she seems knee-deep in desert dirt, and the biting sun fastens a sharp fang upon her, and keeps it there all day.

In spite of this, she is lusty and ambitious, and, I doubt not, hopes to divide the Kingdom's commerce with the capital. She already has her depot and noble warehouses, and a spread of side tracks, like a skeleton fan, strung full of freight-cars that have evidently seen service. She has her daily trains running up and down the coast, with an elastic "time-table," one "to suit all sights and to suit all ages." Moreover, she has a diminutive locomotive that is positively the most obliging of its kind that ever ran on wheels.

It must be that "the last man" is a myth in Kahului; for no one was ever known to get left there. After sitting for a long half hour on the uncovered platform-car that does Pullman duty on this line, after steeping in the sunshine or scorching in the wind until patience perishes from sheer exhaustion, the little locomotive comes in out of the meadow as frisky as a corn-fed filly, and the tourist tightens his hat-band for instant flight. But the locomotive is only pirouetting in a burst of enthusiasm and steam, rehearsing a kind of glide-waltz among the side-tracks. It slides off in one direction to lead up a co-partner, then glides away in another to draw out a bashful mate from

the seclusion of the wood-piles. Perhaps it is the german and not the glide-waltz; for when there are enough of these partners in waiting, the whole of them are sent bowling down the main track, where we receive them with a bang and a suppressed shriek. The dance is kept up so long as there is anything to be gained by it, and long after there is any fun in it; and then when Hope and Despair have been sandwiched as deep as a jelly cake, we actually get started for Wailuku, Spreckelsville or Paia, as the case may be. But even now the last man, woman or child does not hurry; for any one may toddle across lots, having wound up a conversation and punctuated it, and comfortably board the train in the suburbs.

All trains are accommodation trains—that is, if one is in no hurry. I believe the obliging engineer would, if so desired, reverse and go back to pick up the point of a joke; and, though in calm weather or on holidays he may encourage a brief spurt with some gallant horseman on the salt flats, beyond the town, it would probably not interfere with the schedule or the sentiments of the railway company if he were to slow down to get out of the way of a fly on the track.

I can assure you that it is a great convenience to be able to mount a pyramid of freight when the two benches of the passenger-car are filled, even though a portion of that freight be animated pork. It is joy to roll down the metals on an easy grade. Although the passenger accommodations are primitive and limited, the fare is reasonable enough. Travel on this line seems to be looked at in the light of a "lark"; and the travellers are apparently the jolliest people in the world until the locomotive begins to blow a whistle—a piercing, ear-splitting scream that is positively paralyzing. But good-nature is soon restored, especially if we are approaching Kahului. The array of inebriated-looking out-houses is diverting; and the habit of

leaving hogsheads of fresh water at the rear elevation of those residences inhabited by water-drinkers—dropping them on the wing, as it were—is an amusing characteristic of the railroad employees. Finally, we are all perfectly happy when the trowserless small boy, striding the fence in the foreground, waves the surplus of his solitary garment and shouts a wild "Hooroo!"

Only to think that I might have owned the whole parish—been a bloated capitalist—by this time, and have called the place Something-ville! Is it chagrin, I wonder, that causes me to confess myself bored? Is it because the palms of my hands are parching, and there is sand in my boots, and my throat is filled with dust, that I am constrained to whisper in your ear that Kahului at present looks just a little as if the wind blew it in?

Kahului is the seaport of Spreckelsville. Of course you have heard all about Spreckelsville. It was probably your ear for euphony that caught the faint sound as it fell the first time you heard the word uttered; and to your last day it will ring loud and clear in the fine harmony of Hawaiian nomenclature.

Spreckelsville! Think of the multitudinous waters that are associated with Hawaiian localities, and fly to Spreckelsville for relief! After such a babbling of water-brooks, and of waters that sparkle or leap or sleep, or are imprisoned,—of waters that are sweet or bitter, silent or songful, sacred or profane,—waters of life-everlasting, or of death and destruction; after seas that jet, or rush rudely, or stand still; that threaten or beguile, or do anything that seas may do to make a namesake of the land or lea that lies nearest them,—how refreshing to come upon such a name as Spreckelsville, with its numberless beautiful associations!

Sit still, my heart! Sing, O muse, of Spreckelsville! Let the prodigious extinct crater claim to be the habitation of the sun, and the groves above the brow of

yonder hill boast "ripe bread-fruit for the gods." We will show them what's in a name; for we can prove to the satisfaction of any nasal organ in Christendom that one bottle of the extract of Spreckelsville (there is a small lake of it down by the railway, to the windward of the Sprecklesville headquarters) will smell as sweet, though you were to call it by any other name in the whole Hawaiian vocabulary.

You must have heard how the modern Midas, with a touch of his magic wand, has made the desert to blossom as the rose. Great Christopher, what a desert it was in my day! And to think that you or I might have possessed ourselves of Spreckelsville, when it was called Puunene, for a mere song—that is, if we had cared for it, and known how to sing!

It was one of the waste places of the earth; its only apology for existence was that it afforded an extremely disagreeable passage from East to West Maui. If the Red Sea had forgotten to close up again after the Israelites had gone through it dry-shod, the physical geography of the passage would no doubt resemble the site of Spreckelsville, and of the plantation, as it was when I first knew it.

The four winds of heaven used to meet there, and raise *cain* long before Sir Claus Spreckels ever dreamed of doing it. There were mounds of dust, like brick-dust, where the winds wallowed. When they grew tired of that sport, they used to join forces and waltz madly among the dust-heaps. You should have seen them then! The dust grew restless and began to rise and whirl; it took the shape of a cylindrical cloud, buzzing like a top, and climbing into the very sky. Higher and higher it climbed, reeling dizzily, twisting and curving as gracefully as a swan's throat. It was spun like a web out of that dust-heap; and when the fabric was complete, it trailed slowly along the arid plain. It had a voice, too,—a horrible voice, that hummed and muttered while

the weird thing was spirally ascending; and then, when it was about a mile high, it started out across the waste like an avenging spirit and passed on over the sea, or was drawn up into the heavens and dispelled.

Sometimes there were two or three of these dust fountains abroad at one time. Water-spouts are pretty enough when you look at them from the windward; but dust-spouts are far prettier, for they are like great amber tubes; and you almost wonder that they don't snap and fall to the earth in fragments as they writhe in airy space.

All these spectacular displays have given place to developments of a very practical nature. If you had asked me a few years ago what I thought of the isthmus of Maui as an investment, I would confidently have assured you that there was not a spoonful of good soil to be had for the digging from one end of it to the other. I would have suggested cutting a canal through the middle of it; so as to avoid, if possible, a repetition of the accident that befell a certain navigator some years ago, who came near running down the island and beached his ship below Spreckelsville, while heading for Lanai.

But, after all, how little we scribes know of these things! Perhaps the Pharisees are better posted. At any rate, it seems that one has only to flood the sand, and all the latent life that is in it buds and blossoms and bears fruit, so that in a little time you would not know it had ever been anything other than a garden spot.

Midas needed innumerable hands to do the work he had planned. His sails whitened the seas, his hordes swarmed in upon the parched plains, and were gathered into various camps and clans under a head centre, who lived in a shadowless big-house. He wanted water. With a wave of his hand, lo! Claudian aqueducts poured mountain torrents into the lap of the wilderness.

Then the sowers went forth to sow and the reapers to reap; and by the time the

mills—not the mills of the gods, that grind slowly but grind exceeding small—were well agoing, one could see almost at a single glance how the green shoot plumed and ripened, and the juice rippled and bubbled through mysterious processes, till it fell into yawning sacks in a shower of snowy flakes.

Pardon me if my language is somewhat inflated! It is a custom one easily acquires in a community where everything is done on the Spreckelsville scale. And don't look to me for figures, save only the figures of speech; the weights and measures are all set down in their proper places; and when I have acknowledged the immensity of this particular enterprise, I have done all that can be expected of me in that line.

Progress—the ogre of the nineteenth century—Progress, with a precipitous *P*,—is the war-cry at Spreckelsville. In her track the steam-plow is rampant, and here mechanical ingenuity can go no further at present. The vacuum-pan is as big as a balloon; there is a forest of smoke-stacks over the engine-house; so that that portion of the settlement looks like the levee at New Orleans in the cotton season. When the wind blows—did it ever cease at Spreckelsville?—and the pebbles begin to pour upon the roof, you would imagine a broadside of Gatling guns brought to bear upon the settlement.

Yet the desert blossoms, as stated above, and the transformation is little short of miraculous. Do you wonder that I am deeply impressed at the numberless green acres of cane,—acres that stretch even to the horizon, and cane that is brought up by hand, as it were? Do you wonder that I am awestruck when I see armies marshalled forth from the several camps, and dispatched to their respective fields, as if by magic or machinery?

It is true that, barring the green tinge of the growing crops and the brick-red dust on the borderland, this plantation is monotony exemplified; that in the artistic

eye it is, and probably always will be, without form and void; that its scattered camps are like barracks of the barest and bleakest description. Umbrageous is a word which will probably never find place in the lexicon of the still youthful Spreckelsville.

Now, if I were a prominent shareholder, I would at once suggest that we “rub out and begin again”; that we spend less money in splurging and more in civilizing; we would not spread over so much land, very likely, but we would not spread it so thin. After all, what is your sugarcane but a larger and juicier kind of grass? And what is the sugar market but a delusion and a snare?

It has been the custom in some quarters to speak lightly of the Spreckelsville boys. Their name is legion. I can honestly say that they, at least, have some style about them. When I hear trousers fondly called “pants,” and see spring-bottom editions of the article, which marks the year one of the Christian era in this Kingdom, flapping over a two-inch hoodlum heel, I assure myself and you that the wearers of those garments have not yet descended to the level of the “poor whites,” some of whom have slunk away into the unvisited recesses of these islands. Poor whites, indeed—a hopeless element, known through the South Pacific as *Beche de mermen*.

At Spreckelsville the interest in athletics is retained. They still live in the hope of getting out of the Kingdom at some future day; and at Spreckelsville, more than at any other place I know of, the masculine sentiment of republicanism is nourished in all its vigorous virility.

It is refreshing to see so large a body of young men successfully fighting against the voluptuous allurements of the climate; and it is not to be wondered at if, at times, some unlucky one is a temporary study in black and blue; or that the prodigal sons troop down to Kahului on Saturday night, to waste their substance in riotous living.

In a community like this, where everything is done on a great, I may say on a *very* great, scale—let us spell *Great* with a pot-bellied *G*,—an escape valve is absolutely necessary. Perhaps nowhere in the world is an escape valve more necessary than at Spreckelsville—and here, if you please, we will spell *Spreckelsville* with an abnormal *S*.

(To be continued.)

A Noble Irishwoman.

BY KATHARINE (TYNAN) HINKSON.

IN the first week of July there passed away, in Dublin, Sarah Atkinson, one of the noblest and sweetest personalities of our time or any time. By her full name she will probably not be known to many outside her own city of Dublin. Her masterly biography—"Mary Aikenhead, Her Life, Her Work, and Her Friends"—she signed only with her initials; and the same inexpressive signature she attached to those learned and luminous articles which she contributed to many Catholic periodicals. She was a woman of great intellect. One only needed to look at her—her broad, beautiful forehead and girlishly bright eyes—to perceive that. She had also literary skill, a gift of style, much learning, and just that transmuting vein of poetry which goes to the making of the finest prose writers. If she had used her powers otherwise than she did, she would have left behind her a great literary reputation. As it was, she devoted them to the advancement of Irish and Catholic literature, the service of Truth, and the glory of God.

Her one book was the life of the foundress of an order of Catholic nuns,—a much-hampered work; for in writing such one has to leave again and again the

great central subject to diverge into annals of this and that foundation. It is very difficult to make such a book free of pettiness and chitchat. The Sisters of Charity were wise indeed that they trusted their biographer with a free hand. The book, despite all difficulties, is a masterpiece; so broad, so luminous, so comprehensive, that I hesitate to place any biography higher than it, except that biography of all time, Boswell's Johnson. Mary Aikenhead lives for those of us who know this great life, as an Irish foundress and saint, most human, broad, and kindly, and with an exquisite quality of humor, that sparkles at us out of the pages with a haunting pleasantness. The preface to the biography is a lucid history of Ireland in the penal days; and it is the fault of its subject that the whole book has not the vogue it deserves. Some of the English reviews, especially *The Guardian*, the organ of orthodox Anglicanism, greeted it enthusiastically; as did Mr. Lecky, easily first of modern historians.

Mrs. Atkinson's papers, which would have been eagerly welcomed by the organs of learned societies or the high-class reviews, she gave unsigned to the *Irish Monthly*, or some such Catholic magazine in need of a helping hand. One of her subjects was the history of old Dublin, and she had a fine library dealing with it; another was Irish hagiology, and under her hand the histories of St. Fursey, Angus the Culdee, and many another obscure Irish saint, became indeed fascinating.

She was always to be found at her desk in the time between breakfast and lunch. Her home was a big, roomy, old-fashioned house on the top of Drumcondra hill, northward of Dublin. I have never known anything like the purity of that house. It was so clean that the most vigilant sunbeam found no mote to float in it. One has heard of the odor of sanctity: the house was fragrant with that indefinable quality. Around Mrs. Atkinson at her

desk, in that room high over the city, was an atmosphere most light, bright and joyful. She had great beauty of countenance: a broad forehead, regular features, delicate skin, and "eyes of youth" like Anne Page, startlingly vivid and shining in the face of a woman no longer young. But these did not make up her great beauty: it was the shining of the soul behind her face. The beauty of holiness, they say. Well, I have known many holy people who oppressed one with their extreme sanctity. They made one feel somehow unfit for their rapt presence. But Mrs. Atkinson was one of those who, closely united with God, was yet of human-kind; and, perhaps seeing God in His creatures, was kind to them with a great tenderness. One never seemed to intrude on her. She was ready to drop her pen in the middle of a sentence and welcome one, and then to show the kindest interest in all one's affairs.

They were such high old rooms. The window-sill was full of flowers in bloom—always in bloom, it seemed to me. The walls of books rose either side the fireplace. On the mantel-shelf was a picture of St. Barbara with her tower. Mrs. Atkinson generally sat at the table, among her writing materials, in the front room. Beyond the open folding-doors was the dining-room, with more books. Outside the dining-room window was a carefully tended and fragrant flower-garden. The boughs of a big sycamore were over against the window,—a sycamore much frequented by nesting birds, whose spring secrets you were well acquainted with if you were curious in your point of observation.

Just round the corner is the exquisite church of the Redemptoristines, a very jewel of church-building, where the Perpetual Adoration is carried on. There, winter and summer, wet or dry, Mrs. Atkinson was to be found at the four o'clock benediction. I have sometimes met her going or returning, in cloak and pattens, a

picture of cheerful serenity. It is hard to realize that she has gone home to God, and so much sweetness lost out of the world. I have never known any one in whose presence one felt such an uplifting of the heart.

Bitterly as we miss her, we have many mourners with us, in the penitentiaries, hospitals, orphan asylums, and other charitable institutions of Dublin. Her charities were so manifold and so incessant that one wondered how she found time for her writing, her friends, and those nearest ones whom she never failed. I heard before I ever saw her that she had extraordinary influence with refractory female prisoners; and that in a specially desperate case, when chaplain and matron alike had failed, she would be sent for. In the refuges she was as powerful.

I remember once, when we went to visit a political prisoner at Kilmainham—it seems to me now that it was a great honor to have been in her company—that while we waited in the dark hall behind the monstrous gates, she talked of the treatment of women in prison, telling me with great tenderness how the fear and the loneliness of solitude and punishment often provoked outbursts of frenzy. She spoke of the prisoners as she might of so many children, frightened and in the dark.

I remember again visiting a patient in a Dublin hospital one wet winter Saturday. Outside, the streets steamed with rain; and inside, the dark shadows crept up the great, blank walls, and the unadorned ward looked unutterably dreary. While I was there Mrs. Atkinson came in, in her long cloak and black bonnet, her arms laden with packages. She stopped at every bed; for every patient she had a few cheery words and a little gift: there was an orange for one, a story-book for another, a package of tea for a third. Her face brightened the dreariness; and as I looked after her, I thought her indeed a ministering angel.

The workhouses, too, received her benefactions. I saved my papers for her for years; and I remember her telling me, with intense enjoyment, of one old workhouse woman who longed after a certain very frivolous fashion and society paper which I used to supply. "I'd rather do without me tay or me tobacky," said this old lady, "than not know of the fine weddin's, and the dresses the ladies is wearin'." She was specially glad one time when I gave her a bundle of *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*.

Another place she loved to visit was the Hospice for the Dying, at Harold's Cross, of which her sister, Mrs. Gaynor, is the beloved Reverend Mother. Another sister is Reverend Mother at the Stanhope Street Orphanage and Training School for Girls. Both these institutions are conducted by the Irish Sisters of Charity, Mary Aikenhead's spiritual children. She loved to go to the Hospice by its avenue of overhanging chestnuts; and, after visiting the dying folk, who are so strangely happy, to sit under the noble trees, which are among the few relics of the fragrant garden that once was there, and look at the beautiful blue-grey mountains. Almost everywhere in Dublin that there was good work adoring Mrs. Atkinson's face was known and beloved.

I say again that she was the most entirely human holy person I have ever known. She never irked one with a sense of one's own unlikeness and unworthiness, as so many holy people do. I never remember that she talked on holy subjects. She only made one feel the beauty and loftiness of holy living. She was very alert about books, music and pictures. Dublin literary and artistic folk often met at her hospitable board. How happy such reunions were, with Dr. Atkinson's dear and kind hospitality, and his wife's beautiful face shining impartially on us all! There is a verse of an old poet which always seems to me written for her:

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books."

I never knew a face so comforting, and it is hard to realize that it shines no more on earth. Yet one is greatly privileged to have known her. Such a large mind, an even judgment, a tolerant view of all mankind. The unprejudiced, clear way of looking at things was very refreshing in a country where we are always vehement. She had known great sorrow, but it had left no corroding lines on her face. The years had but moulded her face to a firmer, nobler beauty. One thinks of her as of some cheerful, diffused light and warmth; and says over to one's self, in thinking of her, Henry Vaughan's exquisite lines of his dead friends:

"They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone stand listening here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear."

For, with her face in one's mind, neither murk nor cloudiness were possible.

The Use of Fans in the Early Christian Churches.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

IT is not generally known that fans were used during the celebration of Mass in the early Greek and Latin Churches, and were considered indispensable to the ceremonial of the Holy Sacrifice. An idea prevails that the fan has been from time immemorial an exclusively secular article; that it was originally manufactured for the purpose of providing the members of the fair sex with an antidote for summer heat, and to protect their delicate satin cheeks against any possible sunstroke. This is, however, an erroneous impression. I find, on examining several quaint old French and Latin tomes, that, so far at

least as Christians are concerned, the fan was regarded as an ecclesiastical accessory to worship before it was employed for the uses to which it has been devoted during the past few centuries.

In the eighth chapter of the ninth volume of a Latin work dealing with the Apostolic Constitutions, it is said that during the celebration of Mass in Eastern churches, from the Offertory to Communion, two deacons stood at either wing of the altar, holding in their hands fans of peacocks' feathers, with which they either sought to cool the temperature of the officiating clergyman, or prevented flies and other insects from hovering around the Holy Bread or dropping into the chalice. It must be remembered that in those early days of Christianity the faithful had no spacious or well-ventilated cathedrals in which they could worship the Lord their God. The Holy Sacrifice had to be celebrated often in dingy, ill-aired rooms, and sometimes in catacombs, when pagan persecution was still more or less rampant throughout the length and breadth of Europe. There was, moreover, another object for the use of the *flabellum*, or fan, during Mass, if we are to credit Photius in his "Bibliothèque," who quotes a curious passage from the writings of a monk named Job, according to whom fans were also employed to attract the pious attention of the congregation to the painting of the Dead Christ that lined the wall over the high altar, and thus help them to contemplate the adorable realities of the Eucharistic mystery.

The Latin Church also adopted the *flabellum* in its services. Fans were chiefly meant to ornament the temples of worship during important festivals. They were arrayed in artistic arches over the door and around the altar. The figure of a fan was found in an old fresco of St. Sylvester recently discovered; while an antique sarcophagus represents the Magi adoring Christ in the Manger of Bethlehem,

holding *flabella* in their hands. According to Duranti, in his work entitled "De Ritu Ecclesiastico," St. Hildebert sent a fan as a present to one of his ecclesiastical friends for the latter's church; and mention is made elsewhere of many similar gifts by others for a like object.

These fans were generally made of peacocks' plumes. There were several, however, manufactured from palm leaves. One of the fans, used by the Greek Catholics, was in the form of a six-wing cherubim. We are informed by the author of "De Rebus Liturgicis" that the fan of the Maronites of Armenia was of a circular shape, wrought from thin leaves of metal, from which tiny silver bells were suspended.

The *flabellum* still continues to be patronized by the Greek and Armenian Catholic priests; but its habitual use in divine service was abandoned by the Latin or Western Church toward the close of the fourteenth century. The only occasion on which it is now employed in the Roman Catholic ritual is at the Vatican, when, in the course of specially important ceremonials, the Holy Father is escorted in a sedan-chair, ornamented with two large beautiful fans, into the Cathedral of St. Peter.

The only *flabellum* connected with the Catholic Church proper which has survived the ravages of time, as well as those of Vandal hands, is that of the Abbey of St. Filibert of Tournus, the origin of which dates as far back as the ninth century. This precious relic of a far-away past is well preserved, and is in the keeping of a certain M. Carraud, of Lyons, who had it exhibited in the Museum of the History of Labor at the Universal Exposition of Paris, held under the auspices of Napoleon III. in 1867. Quaint religious verses and paintings adorn its satin leaves, while its beauty as a work of art has been praised by all who have seen it.

Among the fans no longer in existence,

which are referred to in the inventories of various English and French churches and cathedrals, the Marquis de Laborde, in an interesting volume on the subject, entitled a "Glossaire de Moyen Age," cites a silver *flabellum* of St. Riquier; a silken one of the Cathedral of Salisbury, England; one of silk and gold, which belonged to the church of Amiens, France; and one of peacocks' plumes, which adorned a niche over the high altar of St. Paul's, London, before that Cathedral fell into the hands of the unfaithful.

When the fan lost its sacred character, having no longer its place in the sanctuary, except in Eastern Europe, lay people began to utilize it—particularly in the summer months—for defensive purposes against the sun. These objects of art were, however, so costly, owing to the high prices paid to the skilful operatives who were engaged on them, and to the sumptuous material of which they were made, that few outside the then eclectic circles of nobility could afford such luxuries. Men rarely used them; as such use on their part was looked upon as a sign of effeminacy, which in a warlike age was a deep stain on the escutcheon of any gentleman, however blue his blood might have been. No *châtelaine* in France, Switzerland, Flanders or Italy would consider her "make up" perfect unless a fan dangled at the end of a gold chain suspended from her girdle. These ornaments were composed of the feathers of parrots and ostriches, supplemented by those of a peculiarly fine breed of crows indigenous to Indian skies. The handles of these fans were generally of rich ivory, inlaid with precious stones.

Among the artists engaged on the *flabella*, while they were still in favor with ecclesiastics, were several hermits, whose toil was a labor of love. The Abbé Martigny, in his interesting "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," assures us that

sacred fans, as well as other church ornaments, were manufactured by the monks of Syria, whose cultured tastes were exercised at the time for the sole purpose of adding to the beauty of the temples of God. The same authority thinks it probable that St. Jerome was an accomplished adept in the same art during the long hours of his solitude in the bleak desert of Chalcis; and that St. Fulgence, Bishop of Ruspium, while still an *abbé* employed his leisure moments on a similar occupation.

A Word Out of Season.

IT is the fashion of the thoughtful and thrifty person to look ahead, to provide things in advance. He is never caught napping, never discovered in a sudden emergency without a little put aside for just such an unforeseen occasion; never found off his guard by sudden calls upon his purse or sympathy; never surprised by the coming of the blasts of winter or summer's heat. If this person be a woman, she is even more a triumph of system and forethought. Her larder knows no emptiness, her family wardrobe no weak points. Unexpected visitors do not disconcert; monetary stringency does not alarm. She is so valiantly equal to any occasion that it may be said that she grows more cheerful with the adversity under which a less thrifty and admirable person would sink dismayed.

Just now this good creature is employing her summer leisure in gathering together or constructing various articles of more or less intrinsic value, which are to be distributed at Christmas-time to an ever-increasing circle of friends and kinsfolk. In this she is abetted by the inane newspaper column supposed to be devoted to topics feminine. Well-meaning correspondents advise an anticipation of the gift season, and urge summer loungers,

and women in general, to take time by the forelock by an early providing of a stock from which to draw at that busy time.

It is not too early for the thoughtful to venture a protest against this conventional Christmas prodigality, which masquerades as thrift; and to suggest that a vacation, if one is so fortunate as to have any, can be better employed than by assisting to perpetuate a custom which, innocent and suitable enough at first, has assumed proportions that threaten the real sentiment of the most holy and happy season of the Christian year.

The simple and delicate gift, once offered to a friend in memory of God's great Gift to mankind, has become metamorphosed into an expensive token, which demands a like return. The bad taste and vulgarity of this exchange of valuables among the wealthy is obvious; among the poor it is a slavery. Occupation of a different sort from embroidering costly trifles upon a summer hotel veranda, or picking up art treasures in anticipation of the annual drain upon one's pocket-book and ingenuity, may result in partial reform. A country trip given to a city waif or an overworked sewing-girl, although it may consume the "Christmas money" so carefully hoarded, will be a more acceptable gift to Him who was once a little Christmas Child than any amount of the conventional and inappropriate barter which has become so great a burden, and which has no meaning, religious or otherwise.

Advice similar to this will, of course, be spread broadcast as the holidays approach; but it will then be too late: the thrifty person will have done her work. Hence this unseasonable reminder. Catholics ought surely to keep to the spirit of the season, and midsummer is not too soon to begin to meditate upon the best way to effect a salutary and much-needed change.

"He gives not best who gives most;
But he gives most who gives best."

Notes and Remarks.

The spirit of poetry has invaded Jackson Park, and the result is the prettiest incident of the Columbian Exposition. Mr. W. E. Curtis has enclosed the original commission granted to Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella in a glass case, and placed it upon the altar of the Convent of La Rabida. Encircling the precious case is the legend: "This is the beginning of American History." A solemn soldier in uniform stands guard beside the document, and a placard invites the masculine public to view it with uncovered heads. The action of Mr. Curtis was an inspiration. No more appropriate place could be found for the commission; it is just where the saintly Discoverer himself would have placed it.

The *Moniteur de Rome* announces the transfer of Mgr. Joseph Rademacher, Bishop of Nashville, to the See of Fort Wayne, made vacant by the death of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger. Mgr. Rademacher is well known to the clergy and laity of Fort Wayne, and the news of his appointment has been received with much rejoicing.

The reports published in the secular journals to the effect that Fort Wayne had been raised to an archbishopric, with sees in Illinois and Iowa as suffragans, originated with some penny-a-liner, whose judgment is as much at fault as his geography.

The financial strain in the United States suggests to the New York *Sunday Sun* a series of reflections, in which there is far more truth than comfort. Contrasting the religious temper of the nation at the present time with the spirit which prevailed just before the war, that journal observes:

"After the panic and business depression of 1857, the Great Awakening occurred. It was a religious revival, remarkable for its extent and its fervor. At midday the Fulton Street prayer-meeting was crowded for months together with distressed merchants. Religious services for prayer and exhortation were held in theatres. The churches had to provide extra meetings to satisfy the demand for public opportunities to make confession of sin, and send up supplications to the mercy of God at a

time when the wit of man was hopeless of finding a remedy for the prevailing distress. . . . The present depression in business is not leading to any general expression of faith like the Great Awakening of 1857. It is occurring amid prevailing religious torpor, rather. The looking for relief is not to supernatural agencies, but to natural. It is a change which indicates a religious revolution of tremendous importance."

The *Sun* intimates that the "religious torpor" which has seized upon the public mind is due to the fact that most Protestants have lost their hold upon the Bible. Catholics, who do not feel themselves at the mercy of the "higher critics," have lost not one shade of their confidence in the over-ruling Providence of God. However, it must be admitted that our religious enthusiasm has been sadly dampened of late by passionate discussion and barren controversy.

The twenty-third annual Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was held at Springfield, Mass., closing on August 3. A large number of delegates were in attendance. The reports of the officials showed a most prosperous condition of the Union, the increase in membership being especially large this year. It was also announced that the "Bureau of Temperance Truth," organized for the dissemination of the principles of the Union, has proved to be a success morally and financially. Many able addresses were made, and a resolution was adopted expressive of the loss caused to the Union by the death of the lamented President Walsh, of Notre Dame University, who was an indefatigable worker in the cause of temperance. Many new measures of policy were discussed; and, after the election of officers for the coming year, the Convention adjourned, to meet next year in St. Paul, Minn.

In the July number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, the editor, the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, prefaces the publication of the Holy Father's recent letter on the School Question with a "note," which calmly and dispassionately presents an admirable statement of the whole situation. The reticence of the *Quarterly* during "our educational civil war" was due to a desire to allay the angry feelings of contending parties, and

bring about a reconciliation between them, so far as the influence of a quarterly periodical could effect it. The following extract from the "Editorial Note" gives the gist of the differences which caused the controversy, and, in accord with the Pontifical letter, shows the common ground upon which all may stand:

"Now that the voice of supreme authority has quelled the storm, we begin to wonder why this controversy should have arisen. We can quite understand how, after it had arisen, both parties should become excited. On one side, the friends of the parochial schools feared, and not without reason, that deep injury would be inflicted on these institutions. It is certain that many children were withdrawn from these schools because of the misinterpretations of the proposition of the Apostolic Delegate. One school in the West lost three hundred children in a few weeks. His Excellency's subsequent declaration that he was the friend of parochial schools, followed so quickly by the Papal document addressed to the American Bishops, has prevented further defection, which, otherwise, would certainly have appeared at the opening of the next scholastic year. Can we wonder that people who have made such sacrifices to build and maintain their parish schools should be thoroughly alarmed and indignant at such a prospect? On the other hand, some of these good people were represented, in the heat of controversy, as holding the principle that the State should have nothing to say on the great question of the education of her own citizens. She has the undoubted right to provide for their education, and, in a country like this, where every man is a voter, and thereby a ruler, to see that they have the necessary qualifications to discharge the duties of their citizenship."

Dr. Richard H. Salter, a venerable and distinguished Catholic gentleman of Boston, passed away last week, at the advanced age of eighty-six. Dr. Salter was an earnest student as well as a successful physician; and it was this circumstance, aided by the grace of God, that brought about his conversion to the true faith. He possessed a noble character and a genial temperament, and his ardent faith found expression in many a deed of charity done in secret. Let us hope that the Father "who seeth in secret" will repay him.

It was a holy and a useful life which closed on the 7th inst., when the Rev. Joseph Alizeri, C. M., to whose poems* we have frequently drawn attention, breathed his last. His death, though unexpected, found him

not unprepared; for he had been a faithful religious from early youth. Though born in Italy, his life-work was in America. After his ordination he was engaged in missionary labors in the Western States, and he bore the toil and privation inevitable in that day with heroic courage. He was afterward summoned to Niagara University, where for more than forty years he has held a professorial chair. His Latin poems have made him well known; and he was, besides, an able theologian and an accomplished linguist. He was over seventy-two years old at the time of his death, and he has raised up many priests throughout the land to call him blessed. May he rest in peace!

The Rev. Director of the Work of Mary Immaculate, in Paris, acknowledges with many expressions of gratitude the receipt of the consignment of 755,000 cancelled stamps, sent from Notre Dame a few weeks since. He desires to thank all who contributed to the collection, "representing so much care and zeal," and declares that it will do much to promote the Work of Mary Immaculate. We learn that this consignment of stamps was the largest ever received, but we like to believe that the next will be still larger. The Work of Mary Immaculate is an apostolate to which almost every one can contribute a little,—and every little helps.

An interesting feature of the Catholic Summer School was the attendance of a Jewish Rabbi from Montreal, with his wife and family, all of whom wore conspicuously the tasteful badge of the School, which consists of a bow made of the Papal and American colors entwined. More interesting still was the Rabbi Veld's appreciation of the Summer School, expressed to a correspondent of the *New York Sun*. The Rabbi is reported to have said, in answer to a question touching the actual work of the School:

"Although in its infancy, the Catholic Summer School is doing work of a distinctly higher intellectual character than is attempted in other institutions of a similar nature. Here the work is entirely of a university type; and, as you see, Plattsburg has taken on, for this summer at least, the appearance of a university town. I found that the lecturers,

especially the Jesuits, were profound thinkers, who had made a thorough study of their respective subjects, and apparently were animated with the single purpose of enlightening their hearers, irrespective of their creed. The subjects were treated in a clear, conversational, yet scholarly manner, that proved immensely interesting, and caused me often to regret that the lectures could not be extended. . . . Everywhere I was treated as one of their own, and I received every opportunity of getting the information I sought. In a word, I found the authorities and my Catholic fellow-students far more liberal and tolerant than those who travel on a platform of avowed liberalism and professional toleration. I was not surprised at my treatment, since historically this is what I should look for. In the past the Roman Catholic Church has always been the protector of the Jews. Nowadays it is Protestant Germany and 'holy Russia' that mob and persecute my unfortunate co-religionists."

Amidst unusual pomp and circumstance, and in the presence of many distinguished prelates, the Rt. Rev. Tobias Mullen, Bishop of Erie, celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his consecration on the Feast of Our Lady of Angels. Thousands of his own people met to do him honor, and the whole city was arrayed in festal garb. The crowning event of the celebration, however, was the dedication of the grand new cathedral, under the patronage of St. Paul. Cardinal Gibbons preached an earnest sermon, in which he eulogized the zeal and piety of Bishop Mullen, and congratulated him upon the peace and prosperity that have characterized his administration. Among the visiting prelates were Archbishop Ryan, and Bishops O'Hara, Phelan, McGovern, Ryan, and Horstmann.

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Following close upon the *fêtes* of the diocese of Erie came the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the See of Columbus, Ohio. By a happy coincidence, Mgr. Watterson, the learned and pious Bishop of Columbus, commemorated at the same time the twenty-fifth year of his sacerdotal career. The occasion was a notable one for the Catholics of Central Ohio, who manifested in no uncertain manner the affectionate reverence in which they hold their chief pastor. After many years of devoted effort, it was fitting that the Bishop and his people should pause and renew their courage by a glance at the work they have accomplished.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

How a Mother's Prayer was Answered at Last.

BY SADIE L. BAKER.

(CONCLUSION.)

V.



HE spring days passed, then summer came. The door of Theodora's home was never latched by day, never locked at night. Everyone knew the pitiful story of the

poor mother heart that had slowly broken in those rooms, and they were sacred. The most lawless vagrant stopped before the unlatched gate, the open door. Iron bars and bolts of steel could not have protected the house as did the memory of a pale, eager face watching at the window, the sound of a voice singing in the twilight.

Every day Uncle Tom gathered the fruit and vegetables that ripened in the garden, the flowers from the beds, and carried them to the sick and the poor. Even Father Merideth, who robbed himself of rest, and seemed to know no fatigue as he went about his Master's work, whom little children loved and aged people blessed, was not more welcome than the gentle old man, who never dreamed that he was of use in the world, unless it were to see that his beloved

Father Charley took time to eat and sleep.

One day in the early autumn the air was so warm, the sky so blue, the clouds so white and fleecy, the fitful wind so light, that it was almost like summertime; but now and then a leaf floated down, crimson or yellow; goldenrod and asters brightened all the roadways; sumach blazed from the hill-sides, and crickets chirped in the grass.

As Uncle Tom sat at the open window of Theodora's house, resting before going home, he heard the gate open and footsteps on the gravel walk. Thinking he might be later than usual, and Father Charley had come for him, he looked out smiling—but sank back in his chair behind the curtain, breathless and trembling. There, leaning on the gate, the dark eyes searching eagerly, fearfully, the open doors and windows, with a weary, wistful look of love and longing, as he watched for his mother's face, listened for his mother's voice, stood Will Hammond!

Uncle Tom waited as Will slowly passed up the walk and through the open door. There he met him, and put his hands on his shoulders with all the love and pity of his tender heart shining in his old face, and trembling in his broken voice.

"Will, poor lad!" he said, as Will stood glancing at him with unrecognizing eyes; while his gaze searched the room, and his lips vainly tried to frame some question. "Don't you know me, Will? Old Tom—don't you remember?" She's

at rest in heaven. Her last breath was a prayer for you. She"—he stopped; for Will, who had looked at him with a great horror and anguish in his eyes, his face growing every moment whiter, fell fainting at his feet.

Old Tom bent over the unconscious form, noting the grey hairs, the deep lines on the face, the pitifully thin form, while he did deftly such things as he could.

When Will's eyes at last opened, and the first storm of his grief had spent itself, Tom half led, half carried him into the little sitting-room, and, sitting beside him, told all Will longed to know and feared to ask—every little detail that could speak of peace and love and pardon to this poor penitent. Tom told him tenderly of the place ready at the table; of the room that was kept always as if the son had but gone to his work in the morning, and would come again in the evening; of the door that was ever open, night and day; of the mother voice that had sung in the twilight the hymns her boy loved, as she sat and waited, with the rose on her breast; and had still sung on as the shadows of the night of death closed around her.

"I put some of the same roses on her heart, Will," he said, as Will's thin, hot fingers closed tighter on his hand. "With the last words she said, 'God keep my boy!'"

Will listened silently until the story was all told, keeping back the tears from his hot eyes, forcing down the sobs and cries that almost choked him. He could not fail yet. Not until he had knelt by his mother's grave, and asked forgiveness there, could he yield to the weakness, the strange torpor, that weighed on him like a heavy hand.

Presently Uncle Tom went away, and came back with a dainty lunch—milk and bread, fruit and cakes. Will drank the milk with feverish eagerness, but he could not eat. His dark, bright eyes seemed

darker and brighter than ever, as he looked wistfully into the old man's face. Dear, tender old Tom! From the depths of his own dark past, by his heavenly Father's perfect forgiveness, he seemed to divine poor Will's every wish.

"Everything is just as your mother left it," he said, gently. "I will wait for you here."

Will went away with bent head, walking slowly and uncertainly, like an old man. His breath came in quick gasps as he went heavily up the stairs. Tom waited below, looking out at the peaceful autumn afternoon with troubled eyes, that saw nothing of its beauty. He heard Will go slowly from room to room; he knew when he threw himself down on the bed in his own room, where Theodora came to look her last on his face; when he knelt before the altar, where she prayed so often for her boy; when he fell beside her bed, and buried his face, with a bitter cry, in the pillow where her dying head had rested.

He looked as if years had passed over his head when he came back, but he was calm and seemed stronger. He sat beside Uncle Tom, and the old man told him simply of the night when Charley Merideth led him home, the wild fight with temptation that followed, and the peaceful years since.

Will listened quietly; but all the time his eyes grew more brilliant, the hectic crimson burned brighter on his cheeks, and the muffled beat of the pulse sounding in his ears was so fast and loud it confused him a little. And through it all, in his fevered fancy, he seemed to hear his mother calling over and over, "Will! come home now, my boy!—come to mother dear," just as she had done so often when he was a little child.

Speaking quietly, he told his story. Of the terrible temptation, the fierce thirst that burned within him,—the mad, wild longing that he would withstand sometimes for weeks, until at last it

would conquer, and he would fall, only to renew the bitter fight. Through it all, he never quite lost hope. He fell, only to struggle to his feet, and try once more. And at last there came a time when the burning thirst still tortured him, but he was strong to endure it.

"Every morning," he said, telling the story to Tom, as he had hoped to tell it to his mother, "I stopped to pray in a church on a quiet street. It was a poor little church, but I liked it. Over the altar was a picture of the Good Shepherd bearing His lost sheep tenderly in His arms; and I fancied it was like the panel I carved for my mother. When I went away, it seemed as if the loving Shepherd went with me, and my mother was on the other side; and the thought made me strong to resist the temptation that lay in wait for me at every turn. All the time I worked and managed to save a good sum, thinking that at last I could go home to my mother. Then, some way, I began to cough, and had to quit work for many weeks; and finally I grew so weak that I dared not wait any longer. I started, and when my money was all but used up I walked."

He broke off suddenly; and, turning his head away, looked longingly over the river, where the headstones shone white in the afternoon sun.

"I stopped this morning at a church in the country," he continued. "A white-haired priest, with a face like a pictured saint, was just coming out. I went back with him and made my confession—all the sins of my whole wasted life. I wanted to come to my mother with the peace of God's pardon in my heart, and I thought we would kneel together and receive Holy Communion to-morrow. Mother left this on my arm the night I went away." He drew up his sleeve, and showed a rosary twined around his wasted wrist. "It has been there ever since," Will said quietly, touching the beads reverently. "I brought her a little gift; I knew she would under-

stand all I meant it to say. Will you take it now, for her sake and mine, and pray for us both sometimes?"

He looked wistfully into Tom's face as he laid a box in his hand. The old man took a little silver rosary from the box, kissed the crucifix reverently, and passed the beads through his fingers with lingering tenderness, as Theodora might have done. It comforted Will, though he said no word.

Will rose and looked all around. How dear it was—the home of his childhood! He thanked God that he had seen it once again. Nothing had been changed: the same flowers blossomed in the window, his mother's chair stood there always. He bent and kissed it with quivering lips. He looked beyond the river, sparkling in the sunshine, to the churchyard, where the beloved of the Lord, to whom He had given sleep, rested in peace; and over all shone the gilded cross on the church spire. The shadows were lengthening, the evening was near, the night was coming,—the solemn night, wherein no man can work.

Tom laid his hand on Will's shoulder.

"You'll go home with me now, Will," he said, wistfully. "Father Charley will know how to comfort you. Come with me, boy! I can not leave you alone."

"Not yet," Will answered. "I want to ask my mother's pardon by her"—he turned his face away. After a time he said: "I want to be there in the twilight. After that you shall do with me as you will. Good-bye, dear old friend! God in heaven bless you for all you have done for her and for me!"

And Tom answered:

"Good-bye for a little while. I will come for you."

Will gathered a few flowers, his mother's favorites—sweet-peas and mignonette, and a rose from the little bush,—and, with one last long look, went away. Tom watched him as he passed slowly down

the street; then he knelt before the altar in Theodora's room, with Will's rosary in his hands, and prayed while he waited.

Weak and weary as he was, Will forced himself to go steadily on, until he stood by his mother's grave. The wind whispered and sighed in the branches of a pine-tree above it; and there were buds and blossoms on the rose-bush at the head.

As Will stood there an overblown flower, shaken in the wind, fell in a crimson, fragrant shower over the sod. He threw himself on the ground and hid his face in the grass, with a bitter cry: "O mother! my mother, my mother, forgive me!"

He felt a sudden, sharp pain, a strange, choking sensation; then the blood bubbled from his lips. How plainly he could hear his mother calling: "Will darling, come to mother! Come home, my son!" And that other voice, sweeter and dearer even than hers! Listen: "Come unto Me." Could it be the voice of the Good Shepherd calling His poor lost wanderer,—the tender, loving Shepherd, who had given His life for His sheep?

The organist was practising in the church; as the sun went down she sang an evening hymn. Will thought he was a child again, clasped in his mother's arms, while she sang to him in the twilight. A rose, swayed to and fro by the wind, brushed against his cheek. He smiled, and, folding his hands together, whispered a little prayer; then, with his head resting over his mother's dead heart, fell asleep in the peace of the Lord. And his mother's prayer was answered at last.

Do you not, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? Had not the gaze of her tender eyes stolen into your senses long before you woke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace and love and fresh-springing joy?—*Thackeray.*

Sight-Seeing at the World's Fair.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.—THE CARAVELS AND THE VIKING SHIP.

From La Rabida the Kendricks and their uncle proceeded to inspect the Spanish caravels, riding at anchor upon an inlet of the Lake opposite to the monastery.

The *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*, supposed to be exact counterparts of the little fleet of Columbus, made a beautiful picture as they rested upon the silvery waters, with the sun shining full upon them, shedding a glory upon their antiquated hulls and rigging, and on the banner of Castile and Aragon, and the pennant of the Admiral of the Ocean Seas floating from their mastheads.

"I know that the largest, with the high bows and stern, is the *Santa Maria*, the ship in which Columbus himself sailed," said Nora.

"Yes," Ellen answered. "Of course it is readily distinguished by the quaint image of the Madonna upon the prow. What a beautiful custom it was for mariners to put their vessels under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin and the saints in this way!"

"Yes, and it is still the practice of the seamen of Catholic countries," answered Uncle Jack.

"The second ship must be the *Pinta*, which, I remember to have heard, is built much after the same model as the *Santa Maria*," said Aleck, after a pause; "and so I suppose the little one, that seems as if it had been cut down in front, is the *Niña*—"

"How small they all are!" interrupted Nora. "What a wonderful undertaking for Columbus to set out upon the ocean

with such ships! It is not surprising that the sailors were afraid."

They went on board the *Santa Maria*, Uncle Jack assisting the girls down the steep ladder that leads to the low main-deck, situated in the centre, where the ship looks as if it had a piece cut out. Here they found themselves among the crew.

"How foreign they appear, with their dark faces and flashing eyes, their gesticulating, and their chatter in a strange tongue!" whispered Ellen. "They seem indeed to have come from the farthest parts of the earth."

Nora watched them with fascinated curiosity.

"Although slight and short of stature, these sailors are little and hardy, with muscles of iron, adventurous spirits, and remarkable powers of endurance," said Uncle Jack. "I presume the crew of Columbus were much the same. Undoubtedly they were among the best seamen of the time; and, notwithstanding that they mutinied and gave him trouble, it was not until after they had ventured much farther upon the unknown ocean than had ever been recorded, in even the most extravagant traditions of the sea."

Some of the men were engaged in the fore-castle, cooking their rations, etc. Uncle Jack spoke a few words to a sailor in his native language, and the effect was magical. The latter's countenance brightened; he smiled, showing his white teeth; touched his hat, and bowed as profoundly as if saluting a great *hidalgo*. Then he grew voluble, and the girls listened in pleased amazement at the vehemence with which he poured forth the rich and sonorous Spanish. With ready courtesy he pointed out the various objects of interest. In the open space at the stern they saw many specimens of the arms used by the fighting men of Columbus' day.

"How these long lances and swords and battle axes make one realize the tales

of the Crusades and of the wars with the Moors!" cried Aleck.

He and Uncle Jack now became interested in the armament of the ship, and walked to and fro examining it.

"You observe," said Mr. Barrett, "the *Santa Maria* has four small carronades on the upper deck, and four breech-loading guns on the gunwale."

"What queer contrivances some of them are!" said Aleck. "For instance, those large guns lashed with ropes to heavy blocks of wood to keep them steady. They look like the pictures of buccaneers' cannon. And these *stone* balls—what were they for?"

"They were the kind of cannon-balls used at the time," said Mr. Barrett.

The good-natured sailor showed them the method of loading the small cannon mounted on the rail; how a flat, curved pin holds in position an iron receptacle, which, upon the withdrawal of the pin, is readily removed. In this are placed the charge of powder and the stone ball; and the priming and firing are done in a very simple manner. Mr. Barrett remarked also the arrangement by which these guns may be pointed upward or horizontally. The odd-looking blocks for the tackles, which are used for raising the heavy yards, attracted Aleck's attention; he examined the old windlass too, and the curious method of securing the cable.

The girls were glad when the party proceeded at last to inspect the cabin, which extends across the stern of the ship, and is said to be an exact copy of the one occupied by the great Discoverer. Here they saw upon the walls armor such as he wore, and ancient swords like those he used; while the furniture of the simple little room consisted of a quaint bedstead, a wardrobe, two uncomfortable-looking chairs, and an old table, on which were several antiquated astronomical instruments, a curious old chart, a compass, etc. But from all these relics their gaze

naturally turned to the centre of attraction: a time-faded painting hanging between the two little porthole windows at the end of the cabin.

"There is the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor which Columbus loved!" cried Nora.

"Hardly the original," answered Uncle Jack; "but at least it is the same dear face to which he raised his eyes when hope was darkest, and which ever suggested patience and renewed confidence in God."

Our young people saw also a copy of the standard of Columbus—a banner with the Crucifixion portrayed on one side, and Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception on the other.

Having explored the *Niña* and the *Pinta* also, they next went on to visit the Viking Ship, which was built in Norway, and brought to the World's Fair as a memorial of the alleged discovery of America by the Norsemen in the tenth century.

"Of the stories of voyagers who are said to have reached the Western Continent before the time of Columbus, the earliest is that of St. Brandan, of Ireland," explained Uncle Jack. "Tradition affirms that in the sixth century he sailed up the Chesapeake Bay as far as the mouth of the Susquehanna; and later, descending the coast, found the Potomac River. Following this, we have the tale of the Norsemen, which begins with the fact that about the year 860 some of the bold Norse Vi—or *sea-kings*, who were really pirates,—established a republic in Iceland, which lasted four hundred years. A century after the discovery of this peninsula, Eric the Red founded a colony in Greenland; and not long afterward a Viking named Bjarne, while seeking this colony, was driven out of his course by a storm, and is supposed to have sailed as far south as Nantucket. Returning to Norway, he sold his boat to Lief Erikson (son of Eric the Red), who set sail with a

large crew, found the lands as Bjarne described them, and called the country Vinland, because of the grapes there. He is said to have spent the winter upon the coast of Massachusetts. In the spring he returned to Greenland, and his brother Thorwald took his ship and went to Vinland. The latter established a town there, but was killed by the savages, so the story goes. Some antiquarians claim that there are traces of the Norsemen in New England; but the tales of their explorations and exploits are largely made up of poetic legends. They were assuredly remarkably daring mariners for their time, however."

"And their queer boat is very interesting," said Aleck.

Among the group of persons on the deck was a young man whom they recognized.

"Why," exclaimed Ellen, "there is Mr. Ned Champney!"

It was indeed the brother of one of her school friends.

Mr. Ned saw them immediately, and came over to speak to them.

"I belong to the party of Harvard students who volunteered to help the Norwegian sailors to row this ship through Lake Erie," he said. "And a jolly time we have had of it."

He then went on to explain all about the singular vessel, saying,

"It is a reproduction of an old Viking ship found in a mound on the coast of Norway, and supposed to be that of Gogstod, in which, according to the Norse custom, the fierce old hero was laid to rest somewhere about the year four hundred."

"But," began Nora, "this is hardly larger than a big open row-boat. We thought it extraordinary that Columbus should venture upon the ocean with the caravels; yet how much greater must have been the risk in this little craft, tossed about like a cockle-shell by the waves!"

"I have been told that she is in reality much smaller than Erikson's ship," admitted Mr. Ned.

"And, with due regard to the hardihood and bravery of the old Vikings," said Uncle Jack, "we must remember that in their voyages they were never at a great distance from the shore. They, as it were, crept over to Iceland, and thence to Greenland. If indeed they reached the mainland now known as America, it was by following along the coast. They never set their course westward, across the wide and unknown seas, as Columbus did."

"Their vessels certainly seem intended only for such coasting trips," said Ellen; "but this one at least is very picturesque, with its single mast, and curving and gilded bows and stern. Notice that splendid shining dragon at the prow, Nora. Would you not like to watch it gliding through the waters?"

"Yes: you should see the good ship under way," cried Mr. Ned, enthusiastically; "with her square, striped sail filled with the breeze, and her crew of nearly fifty oarsmen plying their long oars between the line of warriors' shields which form an additional bulwark upon either side. It is a stately and imposing spectacle, and reminds one of the majestic barges and galleys of imperial Rome. On board indeed there is no similarity; for here everything bespeaks the hardships and exposures of a rough, seafaring life. You observe there is no enclosure for cabin or fore-castle; nothing in the way of shelter for the sea-king and his sailor subjects, or their modern representatives, but a canvas awning. And the two small boats at the foot of the mast appear to be the only provision against emergency."

"I suppose that is the old Viking standard floating from the masthead?" said Aleck.

"Yes: it is the red war flag, which for several hundred years held supremacy and carried terror with it upon the Northern

Seas," was the reply. "Those are the Norwegian colors flying at the stern, and you need no introduction to the Stars and Stripes at the bow. The guns of the ship are quite as queer, you see, as those of the caravels."

(To be continued.)

The Founding of Bagdad.

The people of Bagdad have a strange legend concerning the founding of their city. Once, they say, an Arabian caliph was riding along the bank of the river Tigris, when, struck by the beauty of the surroundings, he resolved to build a city there. He immediately told his courtiers of his design, and they tried to discourage him. He was turning the matter over in his mind when an old hermit issued from the forest.

"My son," he said, "tradition tells us that a city will be built here, and the name of its builder will be Moclas."

"There!" said the courtiers. "The matter is settled; for that is not your name."

But the caliph got off his horse, knelt on the plain and gave thanks.

"When I was a little lad," said he, "I stole my nurse's bracelet and pawned it. Thereupon she ever afterward spoke of me as Moclas, after a great robber of that time. This old man could not have known of the name she gave me, and I believe I am to be the city's founder."

And so it proved; for he built Bagdad.

A Hungry Boy.

"WILLIE," said mamma, "I left some cake on the shelf a while ago; it isn't there, and where it has gone - I would really like to know."

"I gave it," he said, "to a little boy as hungry as he could be."

"God bless my darling! And who was the lad?"

"Well, mamma, the boy was me."



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

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An Envied Lot.

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

WHO with envy hath not murmured
 Simon of Cyrene's name?
 Who but in his heart hath whispered,
 "Would my office were the same!"
 What were trials, woes or anguish,
 What were any pain or loss,
 Could we help, as did blest Simon,
 Christ our Lord to bear His Cross!

May we not thus aid our Saviour,
 Help Him on His doleful way?
 Surely yes; and not once only,
 But with each recurring day.
 Simon's lot one need not envy,
 Unto whom this truth is known:
 That the Cross of Christ we carry
 When for Him we bear our own.

A Martyrdom on the Ocean.

DURING the time that St. Francis Borgia was General of the Society of Jesus he sent out, at the request of Don Sebastian, the King of Portugal, a band of missionaries to Brazil and other dependencies of the Portuguese crown in South America, to preach the Gospel to the heathen inhabitants of those countries.

Somewhat later he commissioned Father de Azevedo, a Portuguese of high birth and rare merit, to go out to Brazil, to encourage his brethren who were laboring there, and to report upon the state and prospects of the mission. On his return to Rome, Father de Azevedo informed the General that the fields were white for the harvest, but the laborers were few; in a word, that multitudes of souls were perishing for lack of priests to baptize and instruct them. On hearing this, St. Francis determined to send a considerable number of Fathers and Brothers to carry on the good work, with Father de Azevedo, whom he nominated Provincial of Brazil, as their superior. He authorized him to select from the different provinces of Spain any Fathers who should express themselves as desirous of joining the band. And since a sufficient number of trained religious could not be spared without injury to the work the Society had already undertaken in Europe, he furthermore bade him recruit the ranks by admitting as novices men of piety and fervor, who were willing to offer their lives for the spiritual conquest of Brazil.

Acting in conformity with the orders he had received, Father de Azevedo gathered together a band of sixty-nine missionaries, with whom he set sail from Lisbon in June, 1570. They were distributed in three ships; the greater number—of whom a large proportion were novices,

some of them very young men—were under the care of Father de Azevedo, on board a merchant vessel, the *Santiago*. Besides these three ships there were four more, which were taking out the newly-appointed Governor of Brazil, a Portuguese knight and a good Christian, who rejoiced to make the voyage in the company of so many priests and religious. The Rule and exercises usual in the Society were strictly observed by the Jesuits on board ship; moreover, they gave instruction to the crew and passengers, preached sermons, read aloud the lives of saints, recited the Rosary and litanies on deck, and sang the *Salve Regina* every evening. On festivals Father de Azevedo used to place on a small altar a picture of Our Lady which had been given to him by St. Francis, a copy of the famous picture attributed to St. Luke. Before this painting he kept a number of tapers burning in honor of her who is called Star of the Sea, and whom he loved to invoke under that title.

When, at the close of a short sojourn on the island of Madeira, where a house of the Society had recently been erected, they were about to put to sea again, Father de Azevedo found that he and those who sailed with him would have to separate from their brethren in religion; since the *Santiago*, for the sake of trade, had to stop at the Isle de la Palma, one of the group of the Canary Isles. He therefore assembled the little band under his immediate charge, and told them that the portion of the voyage upon which they were entering was one of no small danger; for the waters were infested with privateers, who would be almost sure to attack a vessel sailing alone. Furthermore, as these freebooters were heretics, there was little mercy to be expected at their hands. He therefore desired that if any one amongst them did not feel that he possessed the courage and fortitude to face peril and even death itself for the

religion of Christ, he should at once say so, and join his brethren on one of the other vessels. Out of the forty-four whom he addressed only four—and they were novices, who ultimately left the Society—acknowledged that they feared to encounter such risks, and asked to remain in Madeira. Their request was granted; and the *Santiago*, parting from her escort, went on her way to the Canary Isles.

Just as they neared the port for which they were bound, a squadron of five vessels, commanded by a French captain, a well-known freebooter and a bitter antagonist of Catholics, hove in sight and bore down upon them. A large, well-equipped galleon, the captain's ship, opened fire on the *Santiago*; after a short resistance, she was grappled with and boarded. Father de Azevedo, with his fellow-religious, stood upon the deck; he held aloft the portrait of Maria Santissima as the standard round which his little army rallied; and, after they had all joined in singing the Litany, he exhorted them to stand firm, and lay down their lives in defence of their holy faith. All were prepared for martyrdom; not one even of the youngest showed a sign of trepidation when the heretic captain gave orders to his men to put the missionaries to death. "Away with these Papist dogs," he cried, "who desire to spread their pestilential doctrines in Brazil! Pitch them headlong into the sea."

Father de Azevedo was the first to fall. Whilst he was addressing a few last words to his companions, his head was cleft open by one of the heretics, and the picture he held was besprinkled with his blood. The heretics sought to take it from him as he lay prostrate and bleeding on the deck, but, although they employed force, they could not loosen his tenacious grasp. Nor when they had dispatched him with their swords did they succeed any better: in death as in life he held tightly clasped

the effigy of his Queen, and with his last breath he declared that he died for the faith of Christ and His Blessed Mother. Singular to relate, when he had expired, his feet drew together and his arms became extended in the form of a cross. In vain did his enemies bend his arms down by his sides and double up his knees: as soon as they let go their hold, the limbs resumed their former position. So at length they cast him overboard, with the picture still in his grasp.

Animated by the example of their valiant leader, the other missionaries conducted themselves no less bravely. Bound hand and foot, with the names of Jesus and Mary on their lips, they too were thrown into the sea and swallowed up in the waves. Only one escaped: the Brother who had acted as cook to the community was spared, as the pirates had need of his services. They took him with them to France, where, on being set free, he was able, by the providence of God, to carry the sad tale to his superiors.

The loss of these brave warriors of the Cross was known in Spain at the very moment it occurred. The seraphic St. Teresa, who had a near relative amongst their number, saw the whole band going up to heaven glorious and triumphant, each bearing a martyr's palm, to receive the reward of their labors, when those labors had but scarcely commenced. The number of forty was made up; for in the place of the Brother whose life was spared we may reckon the nephew of the commander of the *Santiago*, who had been so impressed by the preaching of Father de Azevedo, and the edifying life of his companions, that he desired to enter the Society; and, although not yet admitted into their number, he had quietly taken his stand amongst them when the moment of sacrifice came.

The body of Father de Azevedo when thrown into the sea did not sink, but was carried by the waves toward the

port of Bahia, where after a few days it arrived, still in the form of a cross, and was picked up by a passing vessel near the entrance of the harbor. No sooner was the body laid on the deck of the little bark than the tightly-clenched fingers relaxed their hold, and gave up to the charge of the master and crew, who were good Catholics, the treasured picture, which all the efforts of the heretics had been unavailing to wrest from their grasp. The impression of the fingers in which it had been so long and so firmly clasped was left in marks of blood upon the picture. The remains of the martyr were taken ashore by the sailors, and reverently carried to the Jesuit house in Bahia.

Thus not only by the crown of martyrdom did Our Lady recompense the fidelity of her loving servant, who refused, even after the spirit had ceased to animate his mortal body, to relinquish his hold on her image, lest it should suffer desecration at the hands of unbelievers: she testified her appreciation of the devotion he displayed by preserving that body miraculously, and guiding it in safety over the wide ocean, to a spot where it would receive pious and reverent interment.

Ave Maris Stella!

E. S.

PUT your heart into the search for a friend, freely offer assistance to any of the crowd who need it, and sooner or later you will find a hand outstretched toward yours, and your soul will meet its likeness. Do not imitate those who, shut up in their individuality as in a citadel, indifferent to all passers-by, yet send forth on the four winds of heaven the melancholy cry: "There are no friends!" They do exist, be sure of it; but only for those who seek, for those deeply interested in the search, and for those who do not remain content to spin out the thread of life in a corner, like a spider's web, intended to catch happiness.—*Souvestre*.

The Vocation of Edward Conway.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXXII.—THE END.

JUST as the first red rose was bursting from its green prison, Mrs. Ward's mind came back to its normal state. For days after her husband and Willie had been laid away to await the Resurrection she knew no one and spoke to no one, except Bernice. Bernice had spent every possible hour with her. From the moment Father Haley had broken the news to her until late in May, she lay still, as if stunned. She had no fever; she had not seemed to be bodily ill; she was quiet, dazed,—her mind seemed to have gone into another world. She had looked for the last time at the faces of the two, and then relapsed into torpor. She would take food from Bernice at times; she moaned occasionally as one heart-broken; she spoke only once or twice. Once she said: "Where is Willie?" And another time, she took Bernice's hand in hers, and murmured: "You were always good to him."

At last Bernice persuaded her to walk down into the parlor, which Susanna and Maggie had kept with scrupulous neatness. On the table lay Willie's little picture of Our Lady. She picked it up, and for the first time tears came into her eyes.

"He has gone to *her*," she said,—"*he* has gone to *her*."^{JMS}

Bernice fancied she saw a trace of jealousy in the face of the mother as she said this; but, after they had sat for a time in the little room, Mrs. Ward kissed the picture and placed it between the leaves of her Bible.

She seemed afraid to ask after her husband. One day she did ask Bernice how he died; and she was told gently,

with no word of Jake Strelzer's story changed or softened. Then she burst into violent sobs.

"Oh, I can't bear it!—I can't bear it! And he clung to Willie, and he said the prayer! Oh, if Willie had lived to tell me so with his own lips! We were so happy in the beginning; for James was a good man,—that is, he was good to me and Willie. And we were happy, so happy once,—in the beginning."

Finally she closed the house and went to live with Bernice. And when Bernice was married she watched over the young wife as she had watched over Willie, and seemed serene and resigned.

It was hard to arrange the Major's money-matters. He examined Edward Conway's proofs, and willingly agreed to return, with fair interest, the money Ward had put into his hands. It had long ago passed out of Colonel Carton's. But the Major had for many years lived beyond his means; he had mortgaged everything available to strengthen his interests at Swansmere. And his payment of any sum to Edward Conway and his sister was a matter of the future.

"Of course," Lady Tyrrell said—she had forced herself into all the business conferences,—"*you will sell Dion out, and serve him right. I don't see what Bernice sees in that stick of a Carton, when she might have had you!*"

Conway's face looked somewhat careworn; but he smiled at this, and replied, with a bow:

"You do me too much honor, Lady Tyrrell."

"It would serve Dion right, I say!" Lady Tyrrell snapped. "The idea of letting a girl like Bernice marry whom she chooses! It's just disgusting! If my nephew, Brian Thorndyke, were not kept well in hand, he'd lose his head. I have not heard from him for an age, though I have written half a dozen times. You ought to know him. He's not unlike you,

but not so good-natured. To think of your letting that Giles Carton cut you out! Well, I suppose it can't be helped. And Giles is going over to Rome, too. It's a great impertinence to treat you as he has done, and then expect to worship at the same altar. As soon as she heard of his treachery, Alicia McGoggin went over to the Theosophists, and she is now learning all about astral bodies from Zenobia Winslow. I *do* pity Ethel Van Krupper from my heart. *How* she must feel!—for, of course, she will never be sure that Giles will not tell all her confessions to Bernice.”

Lady Tyrrell concluded by wishing earnestly that her Virginia letter would come.

Conway was anxious for a Virginia letter, too. His sister Margaret had signified her intention of coming North; but as yet he had heard nothing definite about it. There had come a short note from Judith Mayberry, regretting that Edward had not recovered the precious *tazza* when he found out who had the stolen money. He had brooded over Father Haley's words. It had become plain to him that his desires set toward one direction—the highest, the holiest. And the prospect of having Margaret provided for out of the recovered money made his hope burn bright. That was all over now. An examination of the Major's affairs showed him that the repayment, even were those affairs most carefully managed, could not even begin for several years; for the very house the Major lived in was heavily mortgaged. Conway had scarcely dared to think of the desire of his heart when there had been no hope. But Father Haley's word, uttered on the day of the death of Ward and his son, had forced all his thoughts and hopes upon this desire, so long hidden except from his confessor.

Bernice and Giles were to be married, very quietly, in a week's time. Already

Father Haley's church had been enriched by Colonel Carton with a new organ, a thank-offering from that gentleman. A warm invitation had gone off to Margaret from Bernice, who was to have only one bridesmaid, and she had chosen Margaret. As yet there had come no reply. Bernice, who was to be received into the Church with Giles three days before the wedding, was too much occupied to be anxious. But Conway was very anxious. He went to the post-office twice a day. On the Monday before the wedding—it was to take place on Thursday—a letter and a telegram came from Virginia. The letter was for Conway; he read it, and laughed aloud. The telegram was for Lady Tyrrell; she read it, took to her room, and sent for milk punch.

Conway's letter was from Margaret. It ran in this way:

“I was about to fly Northward, to save you, I must confess, as I thought, from falling a victim to the fascinations of Bernice Conway, when Judith suddenly raised an objection. I could not travel without a chaperon, she said. ‘We are poor,’ she announced, in that doleful tone you know so well; ‘but we have not fallen *that* low.’ Of course Judith would rather die than venture herself among the atrocious Yankees. Tears, expostulations were useless; you know what Judith is on a subject of social etiquette. On second thoughts, my fear of your breaking your heart for any girl vanished. I have guessed more than you think. When we women love deeply, we can see into the centre of the earth. I guessed long ago that you wanted to be a priest, and that Judith and the old plantation and the cranberry swamp and I stood in the way.

“Now, dear child, you can be rid of us all at once. The plantation can be sold to-morrow to a New-York capitalist, Mr. John Longworthy, who is living here; and the sum he offers would keep us all

in comfort as long as we live. And as for me—well, it happened this way. That Mr. Brian Dermot Thorndyke I mentioned to you before has been down here, buying up land for a British syndicate. Judith saw him at Mass every Sunday, and wondered who he was so constantly that at last my attention was called to him. It turned out that he had a letter of introduction to you from a friend who had been at Stonyhurst with him. Of course we tried our best to be polite when he called; and then Mrs. Longworthy—the nicest woman, with the loveliest voice and a tongue that *can* be a little sharp—asked us to dinner several times. He was always there, and he always took me into the dining-room; and it seemed as if I had known him all my life. Judith gave a dinner too, and he came. Such a fuss, with all the best china out, and every piece of old silver—I cleaned it till my arm ached—on the table.

“Well, just as I was most *terribly* anxious about you and *dying* to get to New York, Brian came in one day and asked for me. And then—well, he wanted me to marry him. (He is so good and kind, and he reminds me so much of you.) He said he should have to go back to Ireland within a month’s time, and that I must take him at once. And I said yes. You are shocked, I know; but Judith and our dear old pastor and Mrs. Longworthy approved when I told them. Mrs. Longworthy is just lovely, and she has been so kind and sympathetic.

“But the question of a chaperon came up again; so one day, when we were talking it over, Brian—some of his people call him Dermot; which name do you like?—said that we might as well be married and go on to ask your blessing. And so we were—yesterday morning at eight o’clock, at Nuptial Mass; and Esther Longworthy sang. To-morrow we shall start for Swansmere, for your blessing. I am sure you will give it when you see

Brian. I don’t care much about living in Ireland; but we are coming back to old Virginia when his affairs in Dublin are settled.

“I enclose Mr. John Longworthy’s offer for the plantation. He wants to make it a colony of wage-workers from the crowded cities. It seems to me to be generous. We shall meet soon. And in the meantime pray for me; and remember that, if you do not sell the place, Brian and I will take care of Judith. You are free to enter the seminary when you like. I have guessed your secret, haven’t I?

“MARGARET.”

There was enclosed a memorandum from Mr. John Longworthy.

The telegram to Lady Tyrrell had contained these words:

“Margaret Conway and I were married this morning. We shall see you in a few days.

“BRIAN D. THORNDYKE.”

The happy lovers came, and Conway found much to admire in the cheerful young Irishman whom Heaven and Margaret had given him as a brother-in-law. He was glad enough to accept Mr. Longworthy’s offer, and on the day after the marriage of Bernice and Giles he started for the seminary.

When the bustle of the wedding was over, the Major and Colonel Carton stood together watching the departing train as it shot away from the station.

“Well, Colonel,” said the Major, “we are getting old. I fear death less than I ever did before; but I can not help wishing that I had learned some lessons sooner in life.”

“There are things worse than death, Major; and I have felt them,—things a thousand times worse than death. Come, comrade, let us be cheerful. Our children are happy. And I have made Father Haley the blithest man in Swansmere: I have

given him. Giles' little church. And yet, Major," added the Colonel, "I am sad. I am growing old, too."

"Young Conway's was the happiest face to-day at the wedding. I envied him," said the Major, with a sigh. "He has learned a lesson which you and I are just heeding."

"A lesson?" asked Colonel Carton, as they turned their steps toward their lonely houses.

"The lesson," said the Major, with reverence, "that the way of God should be followed, in spite of all. He is true to his vocation."

Lady Tyrrell announced, after dinner, that she had engaged her cabin on the *Alaska*.

"I have had enough of America," she said; "all roads seem to lead to Rome here. When I think of St. Genevieve in the hands of the papists, I want to leave the country just as soon as I can. Besides, there is not an ounce of good tea from Alaska to Mexico."

She kept her word. Nobody in Swansmere even pretended to regret her departure. But Susanna Mooney never lost an opportunity of declaring that Lady Tyrrell was an elegant performer on the telephone.

When Giles and Bernice came back to Swansmere, they heard that Conway had finally made his choice; and he wrote that he had been confirmed in the decision by the example of Father Haley, who could never be made to understand what he had to do with "the vocation of Edward Conway."

It is not always the greatest philosophers, the most learned theologians, the ablest reasoners, or the most eloquent preachers, that have the most converts, or that are the most effectual in drawing the intellectual, the cultivated, and the refined into the Church.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Face to Face.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

IF your heart were pure as the virgin gold
Which lies in the earth's dark breast,
So deep that the fingers of Greed and Gain
Were never upon it pressed;

If your soul were pure as the new white snow
That down in the valley lies,
That never has sunk under Traffic's heel,
And knows only sun and skies;

If your mind were clear as the cloudless deeps
Where the worlds their circles draw,
Where only God and His angels are,
And the untold beauty of law,—

You would cease this questioning search for
heaven,

For a God these bitter cries,
And rejoice in beholding Him Face to face
In His gardens of Paradise.

Did Pope Clement V. Buy the Tiara?

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

STRONG as are the reasons already adduced for the rejection of the tale of Villani, they become almost trivial when compared with an argument presented by M. Rabanis in an apposite work on this subject.* Had the documents which this investigator unearthed been earlier known, many painstaking and zealous polemics would have been spared much chagrin. While Rabanis was delving in the archives of the Gironde in search of documents which might elucidate the history of the English domination in

* "Clement V. and Philip the Fair. A Letter to M^r Ch. Daremberg on the Interview between Bertrand de Got and Philip the Fair at St. Jean d'Angély." Paris, 1858.

Guienne, he came upon a record which threw light upon another subject of equal interest to him—namely, the Pontificate of Clement V. Bundled among a lot of parchments referring to the rights and possessions of the See of Bordeaux, was a Register of all the movements and acts of Archbishop Bertrand de Got during a pastoral visit through his entire province, made from May 17, 1304, the day of his departure from Bordeaux, to June 20, 1305, the day when he received, in the Priory of Lusignan, the announcement of his elevation to the papal throne. In those days such registers were accurately drawn up and jealously preserved; for the suffragans and parish priests had rights to guard, as well as duties to perform toward the metropolitan visitor and his retinue; and these registers were safeguards against extortions. The document discovered by Rabanis is a French translation, made in the sixteenth century, of the original Act known to Duchesne, who, writing his "Life of Clement V.," in 1653, styles it "an ancient Register still preserved in Bordeaux," and cites it as an authentic account of a pastoral visit by Bertrand de Got. The authors of "Christian Gaul," writing in the beginning of the eighteenth century, were also acquainted with this Register, and they quote it in their article on Bertrand. On examination of this document, Rabanis found that he possessed proof that the pretended interview, so particularly described by Villani, could not have taken place. Nor did he neglect to compare his discovered information with the Acts which referred to the movements of King Philip at the time of Bertrand's pastoral visit. The result was a confirmation of the proofs obtained from the records of that journey.*

Following the argumentation of M. Rabanis, we must first discover the precise date of the alleged colloquy between the two distinguished plotters. We find no trouble in this task, thanks to the excessive minuteness with which Villani endeavors to gain credit for his fable. He tells us that it took thirty-five days for the transmission of the message of Cardinal da Prato from Perugia to Paris, and for the arrival of the royal reply; and that then their Eminences immediately proceeded to the election. Now, it is certain that the election took place on June 5, 1305; therefore, thirty-five days back, the date of the courier's departure from Perugia for Paris, was the 1st or 2d of May. If we consider Villani's dates, and the nature of the business, eleven days (Villani's time) were consumed in the courier's trip to Paris; six days (Villani's time) then passed before Philip reached St. Jean d'Angély. One or two days ought to be added for preparations, accidents, etc. Therefore, it must have been the 18th or 20th of May when Bertrand and Philip met; and this date will appear the more probable one, if we reflect that the King had to return to Paris and then dispatch his reply in time for it to reach Perugia by the 5th of June. Where now were the two conspirators, we will not say on these precise days (the 18th to the 20th), but even about that time? As to the whereabouts of Bertrand, we are informed by the diary of the pastoral visit.* After he had visited the dioceses of Agen and Périgueux, Bertrand found himself, in the middle of December, 1304, in that of Poitiers. He passed the beginning of 1305 in Maine, the Sevres, and Vendée. On April 18 he celebrated Easter at Luçon; then, going along the coast from parish to parish, he

* Rabanis first published his thesis in a memoir in 1846; but, at the request of M. Daremberg, he amplified the original, and produced the book before us.

* The ecclesiastical province of Bordeaux then contained, besides Bordeaux, the dioceses of Agen, Périgueux, Poitiers, Angoulême, and Saintes.

was at Beauvoir-sur-Mer on May the 10th; he visited the Priory of Fontaines on the 12th, and the Abbey of Frontenaux on the 13th; he then remained four days at the Priory of Chaise-le-Vicomte; on the 18th he was at the Priory of Les Essarts; on the 19th he went to Monchamp; the 20th found him at Segornay-le-Puybeliard, and the 21st at Chasteaumur; the 22d was spent at Treze-Vents, and the 23d at the Abbey of Mauléon; he then visited Mallièvre, and on the 27th he celebrated the Feast of the Ascension at Bressuire. We learn, therefore, from this Register that from the 18th of May to the 20th Bertrand was in the priories of Essarts, Monchamp and Segornay, the nearest of which was twenty leagues from St. Jean d'Angély. In those days he could not have travelled such a distance and also kept his appointments, as we see he did. The roads of France were then no roads whatever; nor had they been such, any more than those of the rest of Europe outside of Italy, since the days of Charlemagne.* And through the entire months of April and May, according to these Acts, Bertrand was not near the designated forest.

But where was Philip at this time? The public acts of his reign furnish irrefragable evidence as to his residences,

* Even in the time of Francis I., 1515-47, there were only three carriages in Paris,—one belonging to the Queen, one to Diana of Poitiers, and the third to Rene de Laval. The first public conveyance is heard of in 1587, and it ran from Paris to Orleans. Travelling was performed altogether on horseback or in litters. Italy, of course, had fine roads; but in France the weak successors of Charlemagne had neglected the roads which that monarch had made out of the ancient Roman routes. In vain had Philip Augustus tried to introduce something like the old system. In England the first turnpike is found in the reign of Charles II. From all this we perceive the absurdity of supposing that Bertrand de Got travelled twenty-five leagues in a very few hours, as, according to Villani's story compared with the Register, he must have done in order to be supposed by his retainers to be, during this time, enjoying the rest of the just in his ostensible lodgings.

and as to the time he passed in each.* During the whole of May he was never nearer to St. Jean d'Angély than Poissy, which was at a distance of one hundred and twenty leagues. In the latter part of April he was at Plessis, near Senlis, at Villers-Cotterets, near Soissons; and at Paris, which he left on the 3d of May. From the 3d to the 18th he was at Germigny in Brie, at Becoiseau, and Châtresous-Monthéry. On the 19th he was at Poissy, and on the 25th at Cachant, near Paris. On the 1st of June he was again at Poissy. A partisan of the Villani theory may urge here that precisely during these six days—between the 19th, when the records place him at Poissy, and the 25th, when he was at Cachant—Philip might have spurred to St. Jean d'Angély, held the famous parley, and returned. But we must recollect that on the 20th Bertrand was at Segornay; on the 21st at Chasteaumur; on the 22d at Treze-Vents; on the 23d at Mauléon (certainly we may pause here; for Philip had to be back in Cachant on the 25th); and the nearest of these places was too far from the alleged rendezvous to permit of Bertrand's being there, unless we believe that some kind fairy substituted another man in his place, giving to that substitute the name and appearance of Bertrand, fitting him for the making of pastoral visits and the administration of Confirmation, etc. But, granting for the moment that Bertrand could have reached the forest at the supposed time, how could Philip have made what was really a cross-country ride of two hundred and forty leagues in less than six days? That would have been his task if he left Poissy on the 19th, held the alleged interview, and was at Cachant on the 25th.

But enough has been adduced to show that Villani's tale of the interview in the

* "Memoirs of the French Academy of Inscriptions," Old Series, Vol. XX.

woods of St. Jean d'Angély is a fable; that the presumed intrigue of the cardinal-electors has no foundation; and that no compact existed between King Philip the Fair and Bertrand de Got. What, then, is the truth concerning the election of Pope Clement V.? We know of no olden author who vies with John Villani in portraying the hidden motives and actions of the great (modern times have given us a Duc de Saint-Simon and a Voltaire). But, in default of such contemporary aid in investigating the conduct of the conclave of Perugia, we are content to rely upon Ferretti of Vicenza, who at least agrees with all the monuments of the time that have reached us. According to Ferretti, Philip the Fair used every art, through the deposed Cardinals James and Peter Colonna, to secure the election of a Pontiff who would be favorable to his interests. Other monarchs also had their special views to forward; while the Orsini cardinals, Napoleon and Matthew Rosso, coveted the tiara,—the former undoubtedly for himself, and the latter either for himself or for a nephew. But the Perugians soon tired of the delay, and forced the roof from the quarters of the conclave, trusting that exposure to the elements would compel the wranglers to come to a decision. The same citizens also blockaded the building, and prevented the introduction of any other sustenance than bread and water. Thus pressed, their Eminences, realizing that they could not unite upon an Italian, turned their eyes to the regions beyond the Alps, and the friends of Philip proposed the name of Bertrand de Got. This nomination pleased both Guelphs and Ghibellines; the former, because the prelate had been appointed by the heroic Boniface VIII., and had nobly defended that Pontiff; the latter, because he was friendly to King Philip. Accordingly, Bertrand was elected.

But why should Villani fabricate such a falsehood, and how could he expect that it

would be received as truth? We do not believe that the Florentine historian told a deliberate lie. He believed as most of the Italians of his day believed, and he regarded their apparently well-founded suspicions as incontrovertible facts.* The bribing proclivities of Philip the Fair were notorious, and the Italians became prejudiced against Clement V. because of his great condescension to that monarch. Above all, they blamed that Pontiff for transferring the papal residence to France,—an error which entailed much misery on their country, and was destined, as they speedily foresaw, to prove a source of agony to all Christendom. There were many tales current among the Italians of that period accounting for this reduction of their greatest glory to a "Babylonian captivity," and portraying Clement V. in no complimentary guise. Thus Bernardino Corio says that Bertrand de Got was chosen as Pontiff simply because the cardinals thought that he was dead;† and there were narrated many curious tales which showed that the indignation of the Italian clergy, as well as of the Italian laity, rendered them prone to credit almost anything which would derogate from the personal merits of Clement V.‡ But we are pleased by the course of several distinguished, though not Catholic, modern authors, in manifesting a disposition to do justice to the memory of this Pontiff. Thus Littré says: "No credence can be accorded to the anecdote narrated by the chronicler John Villani,

* See our article on "The Avignonesse Pontiffs," in THE "AVE MARIA" of November 30, 1889.

† In his "History of Milan," Corio says that the cardinals had just heard of the death of Bertrand; and that they thought that by electing a dead man they would gain time, and evade the starvation regimen to which the Perugians were reducing them.

‡ Dante, in his "Hell," canto 19, places Clement V. therein, because of the crime of simony. Villani tells how a papal chaplain had a vision of a fiery palace prepared in hell for Clement; and how, when the Pontiff was informed of the dream, "he was never again cheerful, and soon afterward died."

to the effect that the King and the future Pope met in an abbey in the depths of the forest near St. Jean d'Angély, and there entered into a bargain of sacred things, sealing it with an oath on the Host."* Renan admits that "the pretended interview of St. Jean d'Angély has been regarded as a fable for some time."†

Memories of Hawaii.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IX.—UP HALEAKALA.

SITTING on the balcony of the Maison Rouge at Waihee—a balcony that unconsciously affected the air of a proscenium box at the Grand Opera, and was certainly more comfortable and far less expensive,—sitting on the balcony, of the Little Red House at the Corners, I witnessed day after day and night after night such spectacles as were never attempted on any stage we wot of.

'Twas an ever-varying combination of landscape, sea-scape and sky-scape. The whole gamut of color—the seven-toned prism—met and mingled in exquisite harmony in one sweep of the eye. In no two hours of the day was this all-embracing prospect quite the same. I think I may safely add that in no two hours of any two days, or two weeks either, was that picture quite the same. There was the dusty winding road in the foreground; but delicious rain showers swept over the sea and went trailing up the road, and the road was quite another road after that. Or perhaps the bullock-carts laden with juicy cane-stalks came creaking down over the hill and the volume of oker-tinted

dust that followed them made a pillar of cloud by day.

Why, speaking of dust! I've seen from that very balcony of the Maison Rouge, away off in that strip of desert yonder, the meeting of two winds. When two winds meet, they waltz for a season before parting. In the giddy whirl of this waltz of the elements, their invisible skirts swept up so great a dust that the red-powdered earth spun itself into a long, slender, tapering column, that swayed and pirouetted in airy curves. 'Twas like the body of a serpent that is about to strike its adversary. Sometimes a pair of these would uncoil in midair, and soar serenely across the low, dusty isthmus that connects the two mountainous districts of Maui. Were they to come my way, it would behoove me to fly into some cave for shelter. And they are not to be trifled with. On land we call them dust chimneys. Happily, they are neither numerous nor long-lived. They are the only animated features in the landscape,—the only really animated features. Of course the clouds are ever with us, and the storm-cloud is one of these; but we fear the cloud less than the whirlwind with that exclamation point, the whirling chimney of red dust.

There is the sea, with its thousand changeful lights—the Eastern Sea. From my couch in the Maison Rouge I can watch the sun over the waves without raising my head from my pillow. If I grow weary of this matutinal diversion, I have only to turn, and there, from the opposite windows, my eyes rest upon precipitous slopes, greener than the greenest emerald, the groves climbing far up their flanks, the clouds pressing down upon their brows, while from the bosom of these clouds gush half a score of rivulets:

"And, like a downward smoke, each slender stream
Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall, did seem."

Ah, this is the lotus eaters' land! You know that after every shower a thousand

* In the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for September 15, 1864.

† Ibi, March 1, 1880.

streams are born; they don't last long—in half an hour or less they have run their course. But from the brow of every cloud-visited cliff, at any moment a stream may spring to life, and, running headlong into space, soon end itself.

"A land of streams! Some like a downward smoke,
Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumberous sheet of foam below."

Yet all this is merely foreground. What I'm trying to get at is Haleakala, the great extinct crater that is a perpetual delight to the eye as I gaze at it daily—yes, and far into the night, when the moon is shining, while I lounge on the balcony of the Maison Rouge at Waihee.

From a distance, Haleakala looks as sleek as a whale, and very like a whale. With a glass you may descry tufts of fuzz on its blue-grey sides. But you do not for a moment imagine that the fuzzy tufts are forests; that the whole slope of the mountain is gutted with ravines; and that the piebald patches scattered over its surface are jungles of wild weeds, grown wilder ever since the sun dried the deluge-damp out of the primeval soil.

Very few of the continental tourists who are called out of bed at an unwonted hour, and creep forth, covered with blankets and confusion, to see the sun rise on the Righi Culm, realize that the selfsame sun rises daily all the world over; and that there are sunrises we know of that might put the Righi to the blush, though her sunrise were of the deepest dye. Why do so few island tourists do Haleakala? Is she not the "house of the sun"? Shall the sun not rise in his own house, with all his paraphernalia about him, in as much state as upon any Alp in the world? Does he not refuse to rise at intervals upon the poles? And once up, does he not refuse to go down again, as if it were not worth his while? Where is his beam brighter, his glow fiercer, his reign longer, than in the

tropics? And where else do such pomp and splendor wait upon his in-coming and his out-going as along the equatorial seas?

Blankets we need on Haleakala, albeit we are in the tropics; and provision and hot coffee; a guide to lead the way, and another to keep him company—both to be utilized, perhaps, as human warming-pans when the cold hours of the night come on. Bottles of water are also indispensable, and a bottle of spirits, and enough of the sweet Indian weed to burn the night out between fitful naps that are but dream-glimpses of Labrador.

We set forth with breath enough to shout joyfully to one another, as we pass in Indian-file along the trail. All this time the earth is receding, and the top of the mountain in like proportion; it is as if the upward climbing path were elastic, and the two ends of it were being stretched out as we advance, leaving us to amble forever in the middle distance. But by and by come cooler currents of air, that flow over us,—invisible rivers of refreshment; the clouds that were a canopy become a carpet; the flying scud brushes our faces; we are at intervals enveloped in sudden and evanescent mists, that anon sweep noiselessly past, and become entangled among the deep, dark woods.

It is very still; sometimes it is very steep; but we know that we may ride to the rim of the crater without dismounting—unless by accident,—and that the air, which is already thin, will grow thinner and thinner to the last gasp on the tiptop of the globe.

We are an asthmatical crew, man and beast; legs and lungs are failing in concert. Oh, if one could only husband one's breath like the bagpipe, for instance, or blow one's self up like the balloon-fish against this hour of general debility! What a waste of energy goes on without ceasing in the worrisome little world down yonder! And what does one gain by it, save hastening his end?

Do very old people feel like this, I wonder? Five paces, and a halt for repairs; all things growing dim to the sight—men as trees walking,—and all sounds faint and far away, as if cotton were stuffed in their ears.

The mountain top was as red as a live coal when we came to it; the sun was gone, but he was not yet forgotten. So we set up our tabernacle in the midst thereof, and kindled a huge fire—for with the feast of the eye came faintness and famine of the stomach, as is usually the case. One can not travel far on the chameleon's dish; it has no staying qualities, and we must needs eat and drink and be satisfied before we sit down to a long and silent contemplation of nature. What a fright it was, the crater, when we first looked into it! A burnt-out furnace, in which the gods might have forged the stars; or a bomb, out of which they might have shot comets, if they had cared to. Only think of it: thirty miles around the brim; two thousand perpendicular feet down to the bottom of it in the shallow parts, and at some points the walls towering eight hundred feet higher yet! All this is one colossal crater, the greatest in the world, having within it nigh a score of lesser craters, cone-shaped excrescences, the largest six hundred feet in height, and these with funnel-like mouths, after the fashion of Stromboli, Vesuvius and Ætna.

The crater is a mixture of clay and shale, veneered with successive lava flows. It is as dry as a bone to-day. I doubt if a dove from the Ark could find so much as a green leaf for a token, since all the "house of the sun" has become as the abomination of desolation throughout its many mansions. In fact, it looks like the wrong side of the world.

At our camp-fire we brewed draughts hot as Tophet and sweet as Hyblæan dew. We stirred the embers and waited; for the night was chilly and dark, and there was nothing to do but wait. The

earth seemed to have sunk into space under us; we were alone on a rock in the sky. Presently something startled us; the night heaved a long-drawn sigh; then a shadow rose before us where no shadow had been before, and, half in fright, we turned toward the crater and met the sad moon face to face.

Immediately what had seemed to us hideous became beautiful; the vast, shapeless depths were spiritualized; the walls were silvered, and they gleamed like sculptured marble; the floor of the crater was one broad mosaic, the inner craters like the basins of dry fountains sprinkled with star-dust. We saw a sky-pavilioned temple, with shadowy buttresses, dim niches peopled with glimmering statues, and echoless colonnades stretching beyond the vision—but never a worshipper save we three mutes, clinging like animalcules to a pinnacle among the heights. How cold it was all that time!—as cold as the moon looks through a telescope; and, like the moon, naked for all the cold. But even if you get down to zero, or below it, on Haleakala, suffer not your heart to be troubled. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning.

It must have been about an hour before daybreak, after a night of exquisite unrest, when we were again hanging upon the rim of the crater. Ribbons of mist were streaming in from the windward-gap, floating airily along, under the shelter and the shadow of the walls, curling above and beneath the massive projections; sometimes white in the moonlight, sometimes lost in thick darkness. Then fold upon fold unwound from the mass of cloud that was continually gathering in from the sea; invisible hands bore it hither and yon, draping the rough rock, festooning every cliff, wreathing the spires, and clothing the barren peaks with a pale garment. And then the figure was at once lost; for the flood-gates of heaven were thrown wide open, and wave after wave

of cloud poured through in one immeasurable flood.

The gulf was filled to the brim; the whole earth and the world passed away; we were lost in a stormy chaos of impalpable snow. Away out upon the edge of it we saw a faint blue line: it was the horizon. Sometimes, in a lull, we caught glimpses of denser clouds: they were islands. I fancied I could almost see the globe bulging like an orange; and I thought how we must look at a dim distance, as we hung suspended in midair, boundless space above us, boundless space beneath us, boundless space on either hand; we swimming, a mere puff ball, in the translucent element, which is without beginning and without end; wherein we cast no shadow to speak of, the very shadow itself dissolving away in the space through which we swim insensibly,—the thought made me dizzy and faint. Why not rise up and take my Icarian flight, perchance landing upon some other planet; or, missing that, disappear an atom in the universe? Rare air makes one light-headed. Meanwhile the day broke tumultuously. We hearkened, but heard nothing. Yet the turbulent clouds were gorged, and from gaping wounds gushed rivers of golden blood in a deluge of insufferable splendor. It was the storming of the Citadel of Silence!

I know they imagine a vain thing who hope to make the sun rise before another's eyes. I know that there is neither speech nor language that can image it; that one glimpse of the reality is sufficient to confound the whole army of gazetteers. Yet we all try our hand at it, because it is our delight and our despair. We are flushed with the elixir that is drunk only upon the heights; its aroma is in our blood. O these heights! Is it any wonder that He went up into a mountain to pray, and that the blessed company of hermits and holy ones have followed in His footsteps since that day?

Turn now your endazzled eye on the full splendor of the east, where the Shekinah is unveiled in clouds of glory, ineffable symbol of the All-glorious! And symbolically—since everything in nature is symbolical—in the uprising of yonder sun behold the *Elevation of the Host!*

(To be continued.)

An Irish Nepomucene.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

IN the opening year of the fourth decade of the fifteenth century, complying with the repeated request of Nehemias O'Donoghue, who was then provincial of the Franciscans in the Irish County of Mayo, Edmund MacWilliam Bourke, the chief of the sept MacWilliam, founded at Moyne, in the barony of Tyrawley, and in the parish of Killala, and almost on the very brink of the historic River Moy, a convent of the Observantine friars, of which establishment the provincial became the first superior. The reason of this foundation was the refusal of the inmates of the neighboring monastery of Rosserick to accept the Observantine rule; in consequence of which refusal their house, dating from the year 1400, was placed under a temporary interdict and finally deserted.

The original intention in founding this Moyne Abbey was to build it at a place called Rappagh; but before MacWilliam was ready to put his plans into execution, according to a local tradition, a dove, whose singular movements attracted his attention, led him, as he followed its flight, to Moyne; where the bird traced the site of the abbey with its wings on the dewy grass that grew beside the river.

The Moyne Abbey, whose site was thus singularly designated, soon became one

of the most celebrated Observantine monasteries in the West of Ireland. During the first century of its existence as many as five provincial chapters of the Order were held within its walls. Among its inmates it counted representatives of many of the leading families in North Connaught; and a bell which subsequently hung in its tower, and which in the days of despoliation sold for £700, was presented to the Abbey by the Queen of Spain, in memory of a Spanish prince, who, having forsaken the court to enter the cloister, fell ill and died while attending one of the early chapters held at Moyne, where he was buried.

The monastery must have been stately and imposing; for forty years ago an ecclesiastical writer thus described it as it then appeared, despite the ravages of time and the vandalism of its later owners:

“The Abbey is still almost perfect, except the roof and some buildings on the north side, which were taken down about 1750, by the then proprietor named Knox, to furnish materials for a dwelling-house. The church is 135 feet long by 20 broad toward the east; from the west door to the tower the breadth varies from 40 to 50 feet; on the broadest space is a gable with a pointed stone window of fine workmanship. To the eastern wall of this portion of the building were two altars, having a *piscina* to each; between the altars, there is an arched recess, which would seem to have been a place of safety for the sacred utensils of the altars. Entering the west door—which was mutilated in 1798 by some Hessian defenders of the British throne,—a lateral aisle opens to the view the beautiful eastern window through the arch of the tower. On the right of the aisle is a range of arches corresponding with the height of that of the tower, all in hewn stone; the arches, which are hexagonal and turned on consoles, support the tower, which is nearly in the centre of the

church, and about 100 feet in height. The ascent to the summit of the tower is by a helix of 101 steps, and well repays him who mounts it, as the scenery around is of unsurpassable beauty. The monastic buildings, however, are fast tottering to destruction. In the centre of these buildings is a square, or arcade, built on plain pillars in couplets. The tower and church are in perfect preservation.”

To this Abbey at Moyne, in the earlier years of its existence, came as a novice a scion of the powerful northern branch of the Hy Fiachra family, the O'Dowdas, which gave the sees of Connaught a number of prelates eminent for their piety and erudition. One of those prelates, Bishop William O'Dowda, who presided over the diocese of Killala from 1347 until 1350, and became famous as the founder of churches and sanctuaries, built “the beautiful Abbey of St. Mary,” as the annals of the Four Masters call it, at Ballinaglashe; and St. Colgan, St. Aidus and St. Faila were all descendants of one branch or another of the Hy Fiachra.

Friar John O'Dowda, the Observantine of Moyne Abbey, after his novitiate and ordination, remained attached to that monastery until the penal laws compelled its inmates to leave their cloister and seek shelter and safety wherever they might. In 1579, during the terrible persecution of the Connaught Catholics instituted by Sir William Drury (the English deputy by whose order Bishop O'Healey was brutally murdered the preceding year), Friar O'Dowda was caught by the priest-hunters while engaged in hearing confessions in one of the remote mountainous regions of Mayo, and led back to the Abbey. There his captors offered him his freedom and promised him abundant rewards on the condition that he would disclose the secrets he had learned in the confessional, which, they imagined, would afford them certain information which they were extremely eager to possess. Like another Nepom-

ucene, the Irish friar indignantly scorned the offer; and his refusal of it so angered his captors that they bound his temples with the cord of his habit, and then, by the employment of one of their instruments of torture, twisted the ligature so tightly that his eyes burst from their sockets. His death soon followed.

Sixteen years to the month after the martyrdom of Friar O'Dowda, who passed to the eternal reward of his faith June 9, 1579, Moyne Abbey and its possessions, including an orchard and four acres of pasture lands, with all the tithes and appurtenances belonging thereto, were, for an annual rental of five shillings, awarded to Edmund Barrett, who, in the expressive Irish phrase, speedily went to destruction. The next possessors, the Lindsays, began the demolition of the Abbey by blowing the roofs off the building with gunpowder, and selling the bell aforementioned, which the Queen of Spain had presented to the friars. Nemesis overtook them also; and it was often said, before the total disappearance of the family from the barony, that a Lindsay could not set foot on the friar's lands without meeting with misfortune. So many evils befell the third owners, the Knoxes, that the last inheritor of that family became a Catholic in the hope of escaping punishment, and at his death was buried in the arcade that stood in the middle of the monastery. The next proprietor became a madman, and had to be confined in a Dublin asylum; so that as Wenceslas of Bohemia, after his infamous murder of St. John Nepomucene, learned to his sorrow that there was a God in Israel, it would appear that Heaven avenged the death of John O'Dowda by visiting its punishment on many of the individuals who ventured to assume sacrilegious possession of the shrine where the humble Irish Observantine friar fearlessly met his fate, and merited the glory and reward of martyrdom.

Ground Arms!

THERE are two topics of the present day, the consideration of which may well occupy the thoughts of thinking men. The first is the determined endeavor of the young Emperor of Germany to increase the standing army; the second, the profound wish of the Pope to see the disarmament of Europe. Whether the rumor that Leo XIII. intends to issue a solemn recommendation upon the subject to the great powers be true or not, we can not say; but it is evident that this great-minded and humane Pontiff is aware that the present "armed peace" of Europe, which is but another term for imminent war, is crushing the life out of the people, is hindering the progress of Christianity, and is hurling an insult into the face of Him who is the Prince of a disarmed, not an armed, Peace.

How many have taken the trouble to inquire concerning the war losses of the last century? The best accredited historical computations tell us that, simply in the civilized portions of Europe and the United States, nearly twenty millions of human lives have been sacrificed during that period. And this is not all. Multiply this stupendous number, if you would reckon the widows and orphans, the permanently disabled, the broken down in health and heart and spirit.

The treasure which has been wasted to accomplish this horrible Saturnalia of blood is simply beyond calculation. And it must be remembered that this treasure has not been taken from the coffers of kings or the vaults of the affluent,—no, but wrung from the savings of the peasantry and the common people—a war tax of blood.

It is believed by those who know our gracious Pontiff best that if he could accomplish the peace of the world before entering the "rest which remains for the

the people of God" one of the dearest wishes of his pitying heart would be fulfilled. He may not be able to bring about this heavenly revolution; but if *he* can not, neither can any man living. Time was when the whole Christian world united in prayer for peace; and not alone the peace of tranquil consciences, but cessation of wars and rumors of wars. Let us pray, then, betimes for the coming of a universal peace.

A little poem of Ruskin's, written, with the hopefulness of youth, many years ago, finds fitting place in connection with this subject:

AWAKE, AWAKE.

Awake! awake! The stars are pale, the east is russet gray;

They fade—behold the phantoms fade, that kept the gates of Day;

Throw wide the burning valves, and let the golden streets be free:

The morning watch is past—the watch of evening shall not be.

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to dust:

A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better trust;

Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet bar—

A noise is on the morning winds, but not the noise of war.

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops increase:

They come! they come!—how fair their feet!—they come that publish peace!

Yea, Victory! fair Victory! our enemies and ours; And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth with flowers.

Ah! still depressed and dim with dew, but yet a little while,

And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall smile,

And every tender living thing shall feed by streams of rest,

Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursling from the nest.

For aye the time of wrath is past, and near the time of rest;

And honor binds the brow of man, and faithfulness his breast.

Behold, the time of wrath is past, and righteousness shall be;

And the Wolf is dead in Arcady, and the Dragon in the sea.

A Touching Incident.

THE destruction by fire, a few weeks ago, of the Cold-Storage Building on the World's Fair grounds, when seventeen brave men, amid the flames, sacrificed their lives to duty, was most appalling. The sad facts are well known; but a touching, consoling incident occurred at the time, unobserved by most of the bystanders, which has been made public for the edification of all. With the crowd present at that terrible scene stood the Rev. Father O'Connor, of San Francisco. Whilst others were rendered frantic through horror at the sight, he looked steadily upward. He saw that no earthly help could reach the doomed men; and as they were forced, one after another, to drop down into the fiery furnace, Father O'Connor raised his hand, and, pronouncing the formula of conditional absolution gave to each, in so far as he was capable of receiving it, the remission of sins through the Sacrament of Penance. The thought of this must give much consolation to the families of the departed heroes.

In that supreme moment when eternity opens before it, the Christian soul longs for reconciliation with the God before whom it is called, desiring that, by His grace and mercy, it may be disposed to receive the benefits of the Sacrament through which the stains of sin committed after Baptism are removed. Thus the act of Father O'Connor, in the exercise of his sacred ministry, was in perfect accord with the loving spirit of Mother Church, whose mission upon earth is to seek after souls, and lead them to the Feet of their Heavenly Father.

JUST as there comes a warm sunbeam into every cottage window, so comes a love-beam of God's care and pity for every separate need.—*Hawthorne.*

Notes and Remarks.

One of the happiest results of the recent Eucharistic Congress at Jerusalem was the proposal to erect at Lepanto a sanctuary dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary. It is to stand opposite to the very spot where, centuries ago, the Queen of Heaven came to the rescue of the Christian hosts and stayed the progress of the Mussulman. It is also proposed to erect, at the town of Patras, a large column in honor of the Blessed Virgin of Lepanto. On this column, which will be easily visible to the passing sailor, will be inscribed the names of those who were prominent in the Christian fleet. May this union in the love of Mary prove the pledge of that other union which is to bring the East and the West together at the feet of the Vicar of Christ!

It is matter for rejoicing and gratitude that the services of so many able Catholic advocates have been secured for the Parliament of Religions, which is to open in Chicago on the 11th prox. The speakers have been admirably chosen, and the selection of subjects, representing a wide scope of argument, could hardly have been better. The importance of the occasion, it is plain, was fully recognized, and there seems to have been a disposition to profit by it to the fullest extent. The Parliament of Religions promises to be one of the most important of the Chicago congresses.

Catholic readers are always appreciative of the efforts made by the editors of Catholic newspapers to be up to the times, but there are forms of what is called enterprise that had better be left to the secular journals. It must be humiliating to those who have published, and exasperating to those who have perused, abstracts of the "New Encyclical" to learn that it is an imposture, one of many for which the New York *World* is responsible. The papal letter was alleged to be on the subject of Anarchic Socialism, and addressed to the Christian Powers. The Holy Father has published no such encyclical,

nor is it known that he contemplates one. The abstract of the "expected document" was the work of some unscrupulous and imaginative penman. His performance is so much ahead of anything ever before attempted by a newspaper correspondent that he deserves to be stigmatized as a rare monument of brazen mendacity.

It is well enough for Catholic papers to be abreast of the times; but it is decidedly better to be behind the times when it is a question of unfounded rumors, sensational reports, and "expected encyclicals."

The enormity of the offence of recklessly accusing our prelates of disobedience or disloyalty to the Holy See, and the wound such charges are sure to inflict, are shown by a remark made by the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan in the course of his well-considered address to his Excellency the Papal Delegate on occasion of his late official visit to New York. Archbishop Corrigan said:

"I count it a special grace that I made my studies in philosophy and theology under the shadow of the Vatican. . . . All one's subsequent study and reading in theological channels strengthen and intensify the convictions of early years. And one who has enjoyed such advantages counts it no glory, but rather a humiliation, that it should ever become necessary for him to avow that the thought even of resisting the Holy Father's will, much more of disobeying his positive enactments, never found lodgment in his mind. More than this one can not say. A virtuous matron shrinks from the very suggestion of proving that no stain has come to her womanly honor. After the guilt of offending God, a conscientious bishop feels no wound more keenly than that his faith be impugned or his oath of loyalty called in question."

This noble sentiment is worthy of the eminent Archbishop of New York, who spoke for all his *confrères* of the hierarchy as well as for himself.

The letter which President Cleveland transmitted in June last to the Holy Father, congratulating him upon his Episcopal Jubilee, does credit to the mind and heart of the distinguished writer. He declares that the pleasure attending his act "is much enhanced by the remembrance that His Holiness has always manifested a lively interest in the prosperity of the United States, and great admiration for our political institu-

tions." And these sentiments "are the natural outgrowth of the Holy Father's solicitude for the welfare and happiness of the masses of humanity, and his especial sympathy for every effort made to dignify simple manhood, and to promote the moral and social elevation of those who toil." In conclusion the President expresses his desire to place in the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff a book containing the official papers and documents written by him during his previous term of office.

One of the last notorious acts of ex-Commissioner Morgan during his late administration of Indian affairs was the abrogation of the contract with the Sisters in charge of the Indian school at Albuquerque, New Mexico. This bigoted action was taken upon a report made by one of his agents, which recent investigation has shown to be utterly false. Some weeks ago another agent, Mr. Cooper, after a prolonged visit to the school, reported that "it is an excellent institution, well-conducted, and consequently doing good work." Acting on this report, the contract with the Sisters has been renewed by the present administration. There is also assurance given that the Sisters will be recouped for the \$3,500 which they expended to support the school after Mr. Morgan had abrogated their contract.

It is a weirdly interesting story that is told in the current *Month*, under the startling caption, "A Convert through Spiritualism." It describes the wanderings of a student in those strange, unexplored fields that lie near the border-line of the spirit world. One of the most interesting and inexplicable experiences described in the sketch is this:

"On the first evening that I joined their circle, Mr. B— said to me: 'I see a spirit standing near you in the dress of a priest. He says he is a priest. He belongs to your family. His name is H—. He has been a long time in the other world. He wants you to pray for him. He takes a great interest in you.' I, who yearned above all things for communication with my husband, was, although interested, somewhat disappointed, and exclaimed with some vexation that I knew nothing of any such person, and that there were no priests in my family. 'He says there were once priests belonging to it,' Mr. B— replied; 'and he affirms that he belongs to your family.'

Curiously enough, it was not until long afterward, when I had been a Catholic perhaps about ten years, that I chanced upon some family documents mentioning a collateral ancestor, of the name given by Mr. B—, who was the last abbot of a certain Cistercian monastery in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. I may add that I am the first Catholic in my family since the Reformation. Supposing the communication to have been genuine, this might account for the interest expressed."

The writer also states that her experience distinctly contradicts the statement so often made, that spiritualists who become Catholics usually prove deserters after a short time.

A life of exceptional devotion and sacrifice was closed in Bruges recently by the death of Mr. Arthur Robinson, whose noble work on behalf of Catholic orphans has made his name a household word throughout the United Kingdom. Mr. Robinson came of a family that took just pride in having remained loyal to the faith through centuries of persecution; and he simply acted in accordance with the traditions of his family when he resolved to devote his time and fortune to the support of Catholic orphans. Few men are so sincerely mourned as he was, for few lives were so helpful as his. His greatest delight was to kneel before the Tabernacle to implore the blessing of Heaven upon the orphan asylum which he founded. He was a near relative of Mr. Wilfrid Robinson, a well-known and devoted worker in the cause of Catholic literature.

A statue of Cardinal Newman, for which it was expected a place would be given at Oxford, is to be erected in the London Oratory. The writings of this great Father of souls are his best memorial. It matters little where his statue is placed, since his fame is universal; however, we feel sure he himself would have preferred the Oratory to Oxford.

Chief among the sources of gratification to Catholic visitors at the World's Fair is our educational exhibit. Indeed it is one of the salient features of the Exposition. American Catholics have reason to be especially grateful to Bishop Spalding and Brother Maurelian, whose indefatigable labors in the

face of untold discouragements have made the exhibit what it is. Correspondents of the secular press have many times expressed their admiration of the extent and completeness of this exhibit, so creditable to Catholic methods and to Catholic educators. An unknown friend has directed our attention to an appreciative notice published last week in one of the Chicago papers, from which we are pleased to quote these words:

"What particularly strikes the visitor is the method displayed in these schools; for in the Catholic educational exhibit student work and normal work are shown. This is the test of a school's work: that it gives to the youth an education leading up from first principles to solid knowledge; that it trains the mind, forms the character, and develops the body. The kindergarten work is ranked with the best in the Exposition, while the grammar schools present an array of systematic papers on different subjects that is made the object of flattering comment. The convents are here seen in their real light—homes of culture and nurseries of the fine arts. The colleges come to the front in creditable competition with the best in the land, up to the standard in all academic studies, and pointing proudly to great men in all the walks of life as best proof of the vigor of their methods."

Creditable as our educational exhibit undoubtedly is, it would have been much more so had there been co-operation on the part of all who should have felt deep interest in its success.

The *Sacred Heart Review* is authority for the statement that the Rev. Mr. Russell, whose recent conversion has provoked much comment, was for some time rector of an Episcopal chapel in Florence. This circumstance is little in accord with the reckless statements so often made by non-Catholic writers, about the enormity of "Rome's wickedness" in Catholic countries. Mr. Russell's "going over to Rome" despite the "wickedness" is a very old story. Those who have enjoyed the best opportunities for studying the Church in Catholic countries are ever loudest in her praises.

Over a thousand persons from Kalamazoo, Mich., and neighboring towns took part in the annual pilgrimage to Notre Dame on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption. The spectacle of so many devout clients of the

Blessed Virgin flocking to a beautiful sanctuary, which hardly half a century ago was the scene of a little Indian village, was a source of real edification to Catholics, and to the old-time Protestant residents of the vicinity subject for wonderment. Accompanying the pilgrims were the zealous pastors, the Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, Fathers Cullinane and Kennedy, of Kalamazoo, and the Rev. Father Mulcahy of Paw. Paw. The Rev. President of the University of Notre Dame extended to the pilgrims a cordial welcome; and Dean O'Brien, on behalf of his people, left in the church of the Sacred Heart a beautiful banner of the Blessed Virgin, as a memento of the pilgrimage.

It is pleasing to note that within a few years the so-called "Continental Sunday" will cease to be—what for a long time it has unjustly been—a term of reproach against the Church. The movement recently inaugurated in Belgium for the observance of the Sunday rest is steadily gaining ground, and public opinion is so strongly in its favor that all opposition will be speedily removed. In a short time the influence of this movement will be felt in every Christian country on the Continent; and Sunday will no longer be the busiest day of the week. A day of rest, in accordance with the spirit of the Christian religion, will thus be allowed to a vast majority of laborers each week, and the observance of a divine precept be secured for the temporal and spiritual good of all.

The recent competitive examinations in New York, in which the pupils of the public schools were distanced in the race for honors by their Catholic rivals, has called forth the following statement from Mr. Joseph Howard, one of the best-known newspaper men of the metropolis:

"The reason for this remarkable showing is easily explained. The teachers in the Catholic schools are inspired by a higher motive than gain. The greater number of them belong to religious orders, and have been specially educated for the vocation of teaching. Personally, they receive no salaries; the money they get from some parishes goes into the common fund of their order, which cares for their absolute necessities and provides them with a home. They possess not a penny which they call their own. Living according

to a strict daily rule themselves, it is only natural that they should command order in their class-rooms. Political influence has nothing to do with their appointment. Experienced judges pass upon their capacity, and place them in the sphere where they will do the most effective service."

As the Baltimore *Tablet* suggests, this appreciative declaration, coming from the son of the man who brought Mr. Beecher to Brooklyn, is specially gratifying and significant.

Père Hyacinthe's "Testament," completed, as he says, at the age of threescore and six, and lately published to the world in French and English, has been received with the indifference it merits. The document is sadly interesting, as showing how far an apostate can go. The unfortunate man alludes to his mock-marriage as the most Christian act of his life. He pretends to await with serenity, "on the brink of the tomb, the sentence of God, the Judge of all." Time was when Père Hyacinthe would tremble for another far less guilty. There is little hope for this fallen priest, who for so many years has scandalized the Catholic world, and who now, on the brink of the grave, glories in his shame and exults in his iniquity.

The Holy Father has recently accorded to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus the privilege of a proper Mass and Office in honor of Our Lady della Strada. The feast will be celebrated as a double of the second class on the second Sunday of June. St. Ignatius had a special devotion to the Madonna della Strada, which he caused to be removed from the wayside shrine in which it was first venerated to the church of the Society in Rome.

A glance at the programme of exercises for "Catholic Education Day" at the Columbian Exposition, on September 2, reveals a rare feast, which the friends of true education will not willingly miss. Not to speak of "The Words of Welcome" to be spoken by Archbishop Feehan, whose zeal for education is so well known, the orator-prelates, Archbishops Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Hennessy, of Dubuque, will deliver addresses on educa-

tional topics, an announcement which of itself assures a large attendance. The laity will be represented by the Hon. T. J. Gargan, of Boston, and the Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, of the New York Supreme Court. The exercises will close most appropriately with a solemn *Te Deum*.

The people of Italy are now experiencing the effects of the "civil marriage" idea. Divorce has become so frequent of late as to call for a popular demonstration against it. A petition, signed by sixty thousand of the most influential women of Italy, has been presented to the Government. The petition prays for the abolition of divorce, but it does not aim at the root of the evil. If marriage is only a "civil contract," why should not husband and wife dissolve partnership by mutual consent? It is only when marriage is recognized as a Sacrament that the iniquity of divorce can be made apparent.

Obituary.

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

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

Sister Mary of St. Osmana and Sister Mary of St. Francis de Sales, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; also Sister Mary Clotilda, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Edwin C. Belden, of San Francisco, Cal., who was drowned on the 31st of July.

Mr. John Brennan, whose death took place on the 19th of June, at St. Augustine, Ill.

Mrs. Mary A. Kennedy, of Taunton, Mass., whose good life closed peacefully on the 3d inst.

Miss Jane Ahern, who died a happy death some time ago, at Charleville, Co. Cork, Ireland.

Mrs. Hannah Kelley, of Portland, Me., who piously breathed her last on the 12th inst.

Thomas Harney and Mrs. Mary McAlroy, of Galena, Ill.; Miss Katherine Lanigan, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Lynch, Helena, Mont.; Mrs. Ellen McBride, Fall River, Mass.; Miss Mary McFadden, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Bartholomew Ford, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Margaret Haffey, Fairbury, Ill.; and Mr. James Shields, Amboy, 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.

*

A Rhyme of Wise Boys.

THE poets have sung of the heroes young
 Who have rushed to the field of glory,
 And bartered their life in a noble strife
 To live for all time in story;
 They crowd their lays with unstinted praise
 Of the gallant boy and earnest,
 The undaunted youth, strong in faith and truth,
 Who braves stern faith at its sternest.

Now, here is a song for a goodly throng
 Of lads of all classes and ages;
 They are genuine boys, full of mirth and noise,
 Fond of fun in all its stages:
 For their future career no man need fear—
 They have given to Fortune retainers;
 And to help them succeed, here's a hearty
 Godspeed

To these wise boys, the Total Abstainers!
 FATHER CHEERHEART.

Sight-Seeing at the World's Fair.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IV.—MODES OF TRAVEL, OLD AND NEW.

AFTER our friends had taken
 leave of the young collegian,
 Mr. Barrett said:
 "Since we have obtained
 an idea of the equipments of
 Columbus and the Vikings,
 suppose we go and see the exhibition of
 the modes of travelling nowadays?"

A ride on the Intermural Railroad brought them to the immense Transportation Building, which, in contrast to the marble whiteness of the others, is of a dull Egyptian red in color, and of Moorish architecture.

"Notice the splendor of this vast archway beneath which we enter," said Uncle Jack. "Because of its beauty and richness it is called the Golden Door."

Passing through it, they beheld in every direction an apparently endless vista of long aisles, and exhibits from all parts of the world. Here they saw specimens of every known method of transportation—of all kinds of ships, for instance, from the primitive canoe hollowed out from the trunk of a tree, to the model of the ill-fated *Victoria*, the type of the formidable modern war vessel; and an entire section of a Transatlantic liner, giving the design of the new American steamships. It was great fun going through the latter, which is four stories high, and shows the complete interior of an ocean steamer.

"We can imagine we are just setting off for Europe!" exclaimed Nora, as she tripped along gaily.

It proved a short voyage, however; for Uncle Jack hurried them ashore again, as they said, and they found themselves in the midst of as many vehicles as one would encounter in the streets of London or New York.

"Now we can observe the progress of everything that goes upon wheels, from

the first thought of this means of getting about to—what shall I say?" said Mr. Barrett.

"To the bicycle," replied Aleck. "My! aren't those daisy ones over there?"

"But this fac-simile of an old Roman chariot is so much more interesting," declared Ellen.

"I am quite satisfied with these superb nineteenth-century carriages," sighed Nora, lazily.

"See all these great engines and fine trains of cars!" exclaimed her brother. "One might imagine that the Grand Central Depot of New York was set down in this corner of the building."

They inspected the Royal Blue Line Express of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; the luxurious Pullman train, perfect in all its appointments; and the White Train of the English Exhibit, which is similar to that which runs between Liverpool and London.

"Oh, isn't it pretty!" cried Nora, as they stood before the latter. "Wouldn't you like to ride in one of those white carriages, Ellen? Here is one with the door open, so we can get a good view of it. How comfortable it looks! Just like a hack, only larger, and with four seats on each side. Now I understand how people travel abroad; for Claire Colville wrote me that the same kind of carriages are used all over the Continent, although they are usually painted a dark color."

Uncle Jack and Aleck loitered to examine the locomotives, the different kinds of rails, etc., until the girls grew impatient. They were interested again, however, when they caught sight of the ancient engines, the queer, toy-like mechanisms from which the great Iron Horse of the present has sprung. Aleck, who had a taste for machinery, grew more enthusiastic and excited every minute.

"Some of these are reproductions of the exact size of the originals," observed

Uncle Jack; "but a number are the identical old engines."

"Well, here's old Samson!" exclaimed the boy. "No reproduction about that; for I'm sure it looks as if it came out of the Ark. What a little thing it is, with its six small wheels and the boiler encased in wood! What an odd smoke-stack too, just like a stove pipe!"

"Here is the Buffalo, built in Baltimore in 1844, and the first eight-wheeled locomotive in the world," called Mr. Barrett.

"I see that this funny one is the Camel," said Nora. "And it is very well named too; for doesn't the long narrow smoke-stack, with its slanted top, remind you of the head and neck of that awkward animal? And, then, it has such a droll, bell-shaped hump."

"Ha-ha!" laughed Aleck. "Here is an engine with its cab *on top* of the boiler. Looks as if it were riding horseback."

They saw also the De Witt Clinton and the Dragon, the latter so called because of its fiery breath.

"Don't despise the fac-similes," said Ellen. "Here is a quaint one of the Tom Thumb, which, the card attached to it says, was the first engine built, and the first to draw a train of cars on the American Continent."

"Ah!" exclaimed Uncle Jack, "that must be the one constructed by old Peter Cooper,—the same who, when he grew rich and famous, founded the Cooper Institute in New York, you know."

Aleck, notwithstanding the sign "Hands off," had been fidgeting about, patting and clapping every old relic, as if it were an ancient war-horse. He bent over to read the inscription on the Tom Thumb, and presently announced that the first train was run on the 28th of August, 1830, from Baltimore to Ellicott City—a distance of thirteen miles—in an hour and twelve minutes.

"Just think—that was only sixty-three years ago!" murmured Ellen. "And that

engineer you stopped to speak to said that some of those English locomotives back there can go sixty miles an hour—”

“Here’s another genuine old fellow,” interrupted Aleck. “The Atlantic, built in 1832. I see it is marked as the first of the grasshopper class. It really has some resemblance to a gigantic grasshopper; now, hasn’t it?”

“Would not you like to see it hop—*go*; I mean?” suggested Nora.

They smilingly agreed that they would; and Aleck darted off to look at Old Ironsides, and several others with ludicrously lofty and slender smoke-stacks.

“What do you think of these for chimneys?” he asked. “Just notice that one at the end. It must be seven feet high.”

“It is the Thomas Jefferson, the first engine to use anthracite coal,” replied his uncle. “In this next aisle we come to still older ones. Here is what I was looking for,” he added presently, pausing before a peculiar vehicle like a gun-carriage. “It is a fac-simile of the Cugnot, the first self-moving carriage, or locomotive, of which there is record in history; and was constructed in 1769–71 by Nicolas Cugnot, an officer of the French army. His object was to find a means for dispensing with horses and mules for drawing artillery. Singularly enough, his invention has never been availed of or perfected for that purpose. The first idea of the inventors who turned their attention to the subject was to make a passenger carriage for use on common roads. Here, however, is the very first locomotive that ever ran on a railroad and drew cars. It comes from Cornwall, on the borders of Wales, the country of Jack the Giant-Killer, you remember. And no doubt in the beginning the story of this prodigy was regarded as about as worthy of belief as the exploits of that doughty hero. It is known as the Trevithick Engine, having been constructed by a Cornish

miner of that name in 1804. Perfected, its speed was ten miles an hour. Near it we see a section of the peculiar strap railway on which it ran, and here also are two of the original cars.”

The girls and Aleck peered into them.

“What queer little things! It must have been like travelling in a bandbox in those days,” said Nora.

“They are more like the American than the English cars, judging from those we saw a while ago,” observed Aleck.

“Yes, that is a singular fact,” replied Uncle Jack. “But the origin of the latter is easily understood. The Englishman was accustomed to journey in his family carriage or by the stage-coach. To render the new mode of travelling popular with him, it must be made as nearly like the old as possible; and so his carriage, or one resembling it, was simply transferred to the railway running gear. The same was the case on the Continent. In France, as late as 1853, one could have one’s travelling carriage thus attached to a train, and continue to enjoy its comforts and seclusion during the journey.”

“You can see just how they looked; for here is a train composed of genuine old stage-coaches mounted on railway wheels,” called Ellen.

The young people stood laughing before it.

“Well! well!” ejaculated Aleck. “The clumsy, lumbering old vehicles look as if they had been suddenly aroused from a nap, and before they were fairly awake found themselves hurried along, at a break-neck speed, they do not yet know exactly where. They make me think of Rip Van Winkle.”

“Do you want to see a horse-legged locomotive?” asked Uncle Jack, who had wandered on.

Of course they did, and therefore hastened after him to view a reproduction of the Brunton (English) Engine, which

was built in 1803. They also made the acquaintance of Puffing Billy.

"Hello, old boy!" cried Aleck, addressing this burly member of the locomotive tribe. "Why, you *were* a strapping big fellow for those days; and a great blower, too, I should judge by the size of the smoke-stack with which you are furnished."

"Next," said Uncle Jack, "we find fac-similes of the Blücher and the Rocket, the first engines of Stephenson, whose improvements on the earlier models were so great that his invention is considered the basis of the locomotive as we have it to-day."

"I'm sure this looks antiquated enough," Ellen remarked.

"Let us go back to our own country," Aleck proposed, as if they had been travelling abroad.

Turning into another aisle, they discovered several of the original American engines which they had missed before. As they paused before a quaint steam-carriage, of primitive construction, Mr. Barrett said:

"We have seen the first engine which actually drew a train on this Continent; now, *this* represents the first recorded idea of steam propulsion in the Western world. It was invented in 1790, by a man named Nathan Reed, of Salem, Massachusetts. This and the Tom Thumb are reproductions; but now we will go and see the oldest original locomotive in America."

Uncle Jack led his party through many aisles and cross-aisles, and amid a maze of railway tracks, engines and cars, until they reached one of the great gates of the building. Going out and crossing a courtyard, they came to the exhibit of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which shows a whole system of tracks and signals out of doors, a handsome station, etc. Here, at one of the platforms where it had drawn up when it steamed into the Exposition

grounds, they beheld a very small, antiquated locomotive and train.

"I know!" exclaimed Aleck. "That is the old John Bull, still hale and hearty, and able to render service; since it came to the World's Fair as sprily as any of us, and brought all those cars with it."

"I suppose you will be comparing your aged uncle to the John Bull presently," complained Mr. Barrett, with mock seriousness. "But if so, then all of you must be the little cars which I have to drag along with me."

The others laughed.

"Isn't it an interesting old engine?" said Aleck, walking around it in delight. "See, this card says it went into service in 1831, and was first used on the Camden & Amboy Railroad. It was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and again at the Chicago Railroad Exposition in 1883. On the 17th of April of this year it left New York city under steam, and without assistance hauled these cars, known as the John Bull Train, the nine hundred and twelve miles to Chicago."

"When you can tear yourself away from that old relic, my boy, we will come down a little nearer to our own times," said Mr. Barrett, after a while.

They retraced their steps across the courtyard, and came to another engine, before which Uncle Jack paused, saying:

"In its way, this is almost as interesting a memorial as any you have seen. It is the Pioneer, the first locomotive that ever ran out of Chicago, the metropolis which is now the starting point and terminus of more railroads than any city of the United States."

Still Uncle Jack led on, till the girls declared they were "ready to drop" from fatigue; and Nora suggested that they would have to be sent home in one of the ambulance trains exhibited by the Red Cross Society, and intended for use in war times. At last he brought the party to a halt before a magnificent-looking locomotive

tive, which an employe was occupied in burnishing.

"See!" he cried, "the man evidently takes as much pride in his work as the Arab does in rubbing down the glossy coat of his steed. Notice how admiringly he regards it, much as the owner of Boundless might gaze upon that plucky race-horse, which won the great American Derby for him the other day. And well he might; for this is the locomotive which has made the fastest run ever attempted in America."

"What! Is this the famous 999?" inquired Aleck.

"Yes," was the reply: "the engine that recently drew the already famous fast train from New York to Chicago, and made during the trip the marvellous record of one hundred and twelve miles an hour."

(To be continued.)

A Painter of Bears.

Many distinguished artists have been more fond of painting animals than of portraying scenery or human figures. Rosa Bonheur, for instance, delights in making pictures of cattle; and Sir Edwin Landseer was at his best when putting the portraits of his favorite dogs on canvases.

Not long ago there was a Dutch painter who was known as the Cat Raphael, because he painted cats so well; and now a young Swiss is called the Bear Raphael, because he has such a wonderful way of making pictures of bears. In the city of Berne, where he lives, many bears are kept in the public gardens; and this young artist is never happier than when he is studying their habits and watching their movements. And, strange as it may seem to us, he thinks that bears are very agreeable animals, and that the reputation we have given them is entirely undeserved.

The city of Berne was once called "Baern," and was given that name on account of the many bears that roamed around it; and as Herr Hinnen was born there, he has had a fine chance to get acquainted with his four-footed favorites. His father was an artist, and the little fellow was brought up in the midst of paint brushes and pictures. At a very early age he showed that, if he were free to follow his own inclination, he would be an artist too.

One day his father found him in the woods sketching the outlines of a great bear upon a smooth flat stone, and recognized the portrait of the oldest and biggest bear in the town garden. He recognized, too, that here was genius of a fine sort, and after that the child was given every chance to learn. All animals seemed to love him, bears especially; and when he would go to a high place above their garden, they would try to reach up to him in a playful way. He often said that bears were not appreciated, that people did not understand them; and his mother and father were always afraid that he would go out into the forest to get acquainted with some that had not been tamed by the prison life of a bear garden.

Some of these bear pictures have been brought to the World's Fair, where we hope many of our young people may see them. The best ones, however, had to stay at home, as they were painted in fresco on the walls of public buildings in the city of Berne; and it is not easy to carry a whole house across the ocean, even to a World's Fair.

BUT what strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes?
Or lead us, willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone than we?
This books can do; nor this alone: they give
New views of life, and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise.

—George Crabbe.

AVE MARIA.

FOR TWO EQUAL VOICES.*

J. PLAG.

I and II
ad lib.

Organ.

Con espressione

p

A - ve, A - ve Ma - ri - - a gra - ti - a
A - ve, A - ve Ma - ri - - a gra - ti - a

ple - na Do - mi - nus te - cum be - ne - di - cta tu Be - ne -
ple - na Do - - mi - nus te - cum Be - ne -

mf

di - cta tu in mu - li - e - - ri - bus et be - ne - di - ctus fru -
di - cta tu in mu - li - e - - ri - bus et be - ne - di - ctus

f *mf*

* For 2 female or 2 male voices, or for one voice; or the 1st part may be sung by Tenor, the 2nd part by Messosoprano.

ctus ven - tris tu - i Je - sus.

fru ctus ven - tris tu - i Je - sus.

San - cta Ma - ri - a, o - ra pro no - - bis. San-cta Ma -

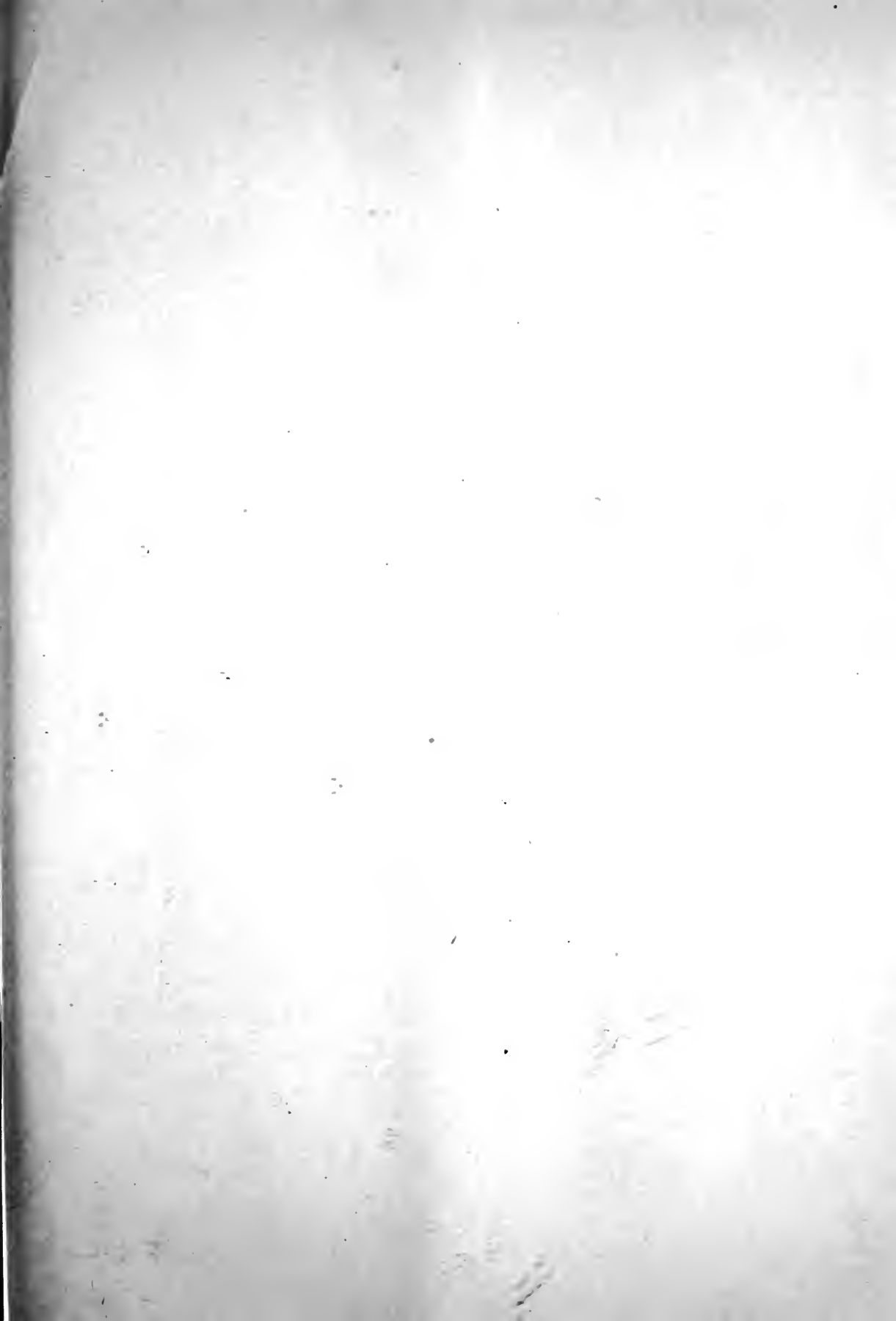
San - cta Ma - ri - a, o - ra pro no - - bis. Sancta Ma-

ri - a, o - ra pro no - - - bis.

ri - a, o - ra pro no - - bis.

San - cta Ma - ri - a, o - ra o - ra pro no - - - bis.

San-cta Ma-ri a, o - ra, o - ra pro no - - bis.





RT. REV. JOHN N. NEUMANN, C.S.S.R., D.D.



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

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The Joy of Life.

FOR all things below
The sunshine is bright;
The rose for the thorn,
The star for the night.

The field for the flower;
For the leaflet, the tree;
For the eagle, the air;
For the honey, the bee.

For the mountain, the cloud;
For the brooklet, its song;
For the bush and the bough,
The gay feathered throng.

In the joy of the whole
Each creature has part,—
So Peace for the soul,
And Love for the heart.

Our Lady of Campocavallo.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.



T. PAUL, writing to the Romans, says: "Where sin abounded, grace hath abounded more." And it seems that these words are true of the age in which we live. It is an age of heresy and unbelief, of forgetfulness and denial of God; yet it is an age wherein

our Blessed Lady, who is the channel of grace to mankind, is pleased to manifest her loving kindness and exhibit her supernatural power in a most striking and wonderful manner. In a recent number of the *Civiltà Cattolica* an account is given of some unwonted and marvellous occurrences that have been taking place for the last twelve months in the little church of Campocavallo, an obscure hamlet some three miles from the town of Osimo, and not far distant from the famous sanctuary of Loreto. They have served greatly to increase or awaken piety and faith amongst the inhabitants of the country, and the strangers who, prompted by curiosity or devotion, have flocked to the spot.

The little church in question owes its existence to the bounty of a private individual, who erected it at his own expense about twenty years ago. Over the altar is a large oleograph, representing Our Lady of Dolours holding in her arms the dead Christ. Perhaps it may be said more correctly to represent the taking down from the Cross, since Mary is seated at the foot of the Cross, and the Crown of Thorns is on the ground beside her. Her heart is seen pierced with seven swords; her knees support the lifeless body of her Son, from whose wounded side the blood still flows; His head rests upon her right arm. The Mother of Dolours is looking upward with eyes undimmed by tears; her

countenance is lighted up with a celestial brilliancy, as if she were lost in contemplation of the mystery of Redemption,—a mystery in which, in virtue of her divine maternity, she co-operates. This picture has occupied its present position for eight years, having been placed there by a good priest, who is accustomed to say Mass in the church on festivals for the convenience of the country people.

Until the Feast of Corpus Christi, June 16, 1892, nothing remarkable had been observed in connection with the picture. On that day some devout persons, who remained after Mass to pray before the altar, were startled to see drops of water trickling slowly down the face of the Madonna. They called the attention of the custodian of the church to the circumstance, the reality of which, after examination of the picture, he could not deny. He hastened to acquaint the parish priest of the nearest village with the fact; also the priest above mentioned, who had offered the Holy Sacrifice in the church a few hours previously. The next morning this same priest, whilst he was saying Mass there, saw the drops of perspiration upon the Virgin's countenance so distinctly that he was ready to affirm it upon oath. He had the discretion, however, not to proclaim that he had seen a miracle: on the contrary, he sought to account for the singular phenomenon from natural causes—the peculiar state of the atmosphere, or some such reason. But the news spread rapidly, and hundreds came to the church, not a few of whom declared positively that they had seen the Madonna shed tears, or at least perspiring freely. On the afternoon of that day a violent storm broke over the hamlet. All who were in the church pressed around the picture, and with outstretched arms implored aloud the protection of the Blessed Virgin. At that juncture the Madonna was seen by all present to turn her eyes toward the suppliants at her feet.

These marvels soon became the topic of conversation in all the country side: the name of Our Lady of Dolors was on the lips of everyone. When what had occurred reached the ears of the Bishop of the diocese, he immediately wrote to his clergy, bidding them receive these reports with the utmost caution, and forbear from expressing any opinion on the subject. Acting upon these orders, they for a time held aloof; but so great was the concourse of persons, of every class and condition, who came to venerate the picture, that the authorities found it necessary to appoint a resident priest to preserve order in the church, minister to the spiritual needs of the faithful, and receive the offerings that were being made. Not a day passed without the movement of the eyes being observed by some, often a large proportion, of the faithful who were praying before the picture. It is difficult to believe that so many individuals—and these not ignorant and untutored peasants alone, or fanciful and imaginative women, but men of sense and education—could be victims of an hallucination, of a mere optical illusion, repeating itself continually. Several trustworthy eye-witnesses made written depositions of what they had seen; from these we shall take a few extracts.

Sometimes the Holy Virgin drops her eyes, which, as has been said, are represented as gazing upward; or she raises them so high that the pupil is no longer visible to the on-looker from below. Sometimes she is observed to turn them from side to side, as if she were looking to the right and to the left; at other times she closes the lids, then reopens them and fixes her eyes once more on heaven. On these occasions the expression of her countenance is altered, its habitual melancholy becoming more or less marked. And all this, be it remembered, does not occur exclusively in the presence of a few witnesses, but in that of a multitude,—

of a multitude so vast that it can not be contained within the walls of the little church. Now and again the picture is taken down from the altar, and, in order to satisfy the devotion of the crowd, exposed for veneration outside the walls. All who are present do not invariably perceive each movement of the Blessed Virgin's eyes: it is remarked by one or two members of a family, whilst the others fail to discern anything. One man in the throng will observe the features change; but when he calls the attention of his neighbor to it, his appeal will meet with no response. Nor is it only adults, imaginative and excitable persons perhaps, from whose lips exclamations of wonder and amazement are heard: it is no unusual thing to hear the shrill accents of a young child, kneeling at its parent's side, call out in its childish voice: "Look, father—the Madonna is shutting her eyes! Why does she shut them, father?" Or again: "See how Our Lady is crying! Now she is turning her eyes,—she is looking this way!"

When it happens that the extraordinary movement is simultaneously seen by all who are assembled before the picture, a shout of astonishment and delight, mingled too with sounds of weeping, fills the little church. So great is the excitement of the people that it is no easy matter to obtain tranquillity for the services; the custodian is compelled to resort to the expedient of covering the picture with a veil at these times, in order to conceal it from view.

We will allow a few of the witnesses to speak for themselves and relate their own experiences.

The Very Rev. Father Piccini, Guardian of the monastery at Assisi, writes: "On July 21, 1892, I went to visit the picture of Maria Addolorata, in the church of Campocavallo. Whilst I was there I distinctly saw her turn her eyes from side to side. I am prepared to attest this statement upon oath."

A young doctor, finding himself in the neighborhood of Campocavallo, went twice to the church. On each occasion, he affirms most positively, he saw the eyes of the picture change in an unmistakable manner, whilst he was standing close to it.

In March of the present year, a resident in Osimo wrote to a friend: "The Madonna of Campocavallo continues to move her eyes. A few days ago the magistrate of an adjacent district, who had just returned from the church, came to me with tears in his eyes, saying, 'How is it possible any longer to disbelieve what is so plainly manifest? It is more than manifest: it is indubitable.'"

The Rev. Father Mortier, O. P., of Flavigny, wrote last April: "I declare that I distinctly saw the Holy Virgin of Seven Dolours, at Campocavallo, cast down her eyes and fix them upon me. She then opened and shut them several times. I beheld the same thing on a former occasion, when, in August of last year, I visited the church."

A religious, who came from Loreto, before saying Mass in the church saw nothing extraordinary; but immediately after, before he left the altar, on looking up to the picture, he met the eyes of Our Lady, who regarded him with tenderness. He noticed that she opened and shut her eyes rapidly several times, as one does in winking. A French lady who was present, and who had heard his Mass, corroborated the testimony of this religious.

It is useless to multiply these instances, as we might do indefinitely. As may be imagined, the wonders reported were duly noticed in the liberal and anti-Catholic periodicals, for they furnished an opportunity too favorable to be neglected to blaspheme the Church of Christ, and deride the credulity of Christians. But their hostility served for the furtherance of the truth, as it attracted attention to the facts related, and made them more widely known. Hundreds of persons, led by curi-

osity, came from the surrounding country, with the purpose of exposing an imposture, and casting ridicule upon religion. A large proportion of these, who came to scoff, remained to pray, convinced by the evidence of their senses that there was more to be seen in the little sanctuary of Campocavallo than human science or philosophy could account for.

During the summer of 1892 the influx of visitors increased so rapidly that the aspect of the tranquil little village was completely changed. The long roads traversing the surrounding plains were alive with carriages, coming in some instances from a great distance, and with processions of pilgrims from neighboring places. The coming and going was incessant; crowds might be seen encamped in the shade of the large trees around the church. As winter came on, the numbers naturally diminished, but not to any very great extent, and it was impossible to find suitable accommodation for the strangers. In order to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather, tents were put up and wooden hospices erected.

The number of persons who visit the shrine, and their conviction of the reality of the wonders witnessed, may be estimated by the quantity of offerings presented. These offerings do not consist only of money, but of jewels and gold and silver ornaments of every kind, which, with the enthusiasm and generous impulsiveness of the Southern races, the faithful have taken off their own person to lay at the feet of their Queen, in token of their love and gratitude. One gentleman had come from a distance to implore some favor from Our Lady. As he knelt at her feet, she fixed her eyes upon him. He was touched to tears; he felt at that moment that his petition was granted. The gift he had brought with him seemed by far too small; drawing a valuable ring from his finger, he added it to it, remarking to a friend at his side: "If I had a million

at my disposal, I would offer it to Our Lady." Even the poorest peasant can not be satisfied without making some offering, however homely and humble; and he appears quite affronted if any hesitation is shown in accepting what, perhaps, he can ill spare from his own needs.

These peculiar movements of the eyes, and the accompanying changes of expression which pass over the countenance of the Mother of Sorrows, have continued ever since the Festival of Corpus Christi of last year up to the present date. She has not ceased to turn a mournful gaze upon the lifeless body of her Divine Son, to raise her eyes to heaven, where her sorrows will be changed into joys; or to cast a sidelong glance of compassion upon the banished children of Eve, who in this valley of tears send up their sighs to her. And what renders them the more remarkable is that these phenomena are not visible at long intervals, in rare and isolated instances: they occur frequently, repeatedly, daily; they are not seen by persons who behold the picture from afar, but by those who are in close proximity to it; they are not observed in the twilight or by the flickering light of a lamp, but in the broad glare of noonday; not by individuals whose sight is failing, or whose eyes, fatigued by long and intent contemplation of the countenance of the Madonna, are consequently liable to illusion, but by strangers who have only just entered the church; and even by those who are unacquainted with what has drawn so many pilgrims thither.

Who that loves and honors Mary can fail to recognize in them fresh wonders of the Queen of Heaven, fresh signs of her loving kindness? They are, too, not sterile of results, but have been, and continually are, attended by marvellous cures, both spiritual and physical. Let the sick and the sinful cast themselves at the feet of the Queen of Martyrs, and in proportion to the faith that animates them will be the

graces she bestows on them. The revival of faith and devotion in all the country round about Campocavallo is most marked. Men who for years and years had neglected the Sacraments and lived as heathen, have been touched with compunction at the mere sight of the precious picture.

The instance is given of a coachman who had driven a party of friends to Campocavallo, and, whilst awaiting their return, entered the church. An insolent smile was on his lips; he did not even remove his hat out of respect to the sacred edifice. Ere long, struck by the devotion and tearful fervor of the people present, he took off his hat, approached the picture, and knelt down on the outskirts of the crowd. Shortly after rising up he left the church, and was found by a passer-by seated under a hedge, sobbing bitterly. On being asked what was the matter, he answered: "If God spares me till tomorrow, I mean to go to confession and begin a new life."

Amongst the cures of bodily ills that are recorded as having been wrought by Our Lady of Campocavallo is that of a comparatively young lady, who for twelve years had completely lost the use of her right arm through paralysis, and who suffered besides from a spinal affection of an acutely painful nature. Remedies of every description having been tried in vain, the sufferer determined to ask Maria Addolorata to afford her relief. She was accordingly taken to Campocavallo, where she arrived on August 9, and was immediately carried into the church, and placed before Our Lady of Dolors. Most earnestly did she implore the Divine Mother to intercede with the Man of Sorrows, over whose pallid form she was weeping, to obtain her restoration to health. To this effect she asked those who were kneeling beside her to join her in reciting the *Ave Maria* three times. "As we repeated the second *Ave* [such are her words] an indescribable sensation passed through me,

and I felt convinced that I was cured. I found I could use my arm with perfect ease; I rose to my feet without experiencing the slightest pain; I walked from the church without the aid of my crutches." The restoration to health of this lady created a great sensation; not only was the cure instantaneous and complete, but also permanent.

Many other wonderful cures and conversions are recorded; but until the Church, that alone has authority to decide, has spoken, nothing can be asserted as to their miraculous character. The Bishop of the diocese has announced his intention to appoint a commission to make rigorous examination of facts, and ascertain the reality and authenticity of the cures said to have been obtained in virtue of prayers offered before the sacred picture of Campocavallo. That nothing has yet been done in this direction need awaken no surprise, when it is remembered that for three years the Bishop of Tarbes kept silence respecting the numerous and startling cures effected at the Grotto of Lourdes, which several French physicians of high repute in the faculty, and of avowed atheistic opinions, acknowledged to be simply impossible by natural means.

The chapel, whose narrow precincts are far too limited in space for the multitude of worshippers, will soon be replaced by a large and handsome basilica, wherein the Queen of Martyrs may receive the homage of her clients. The foundation stone of the new edifice was laid on December 10, 1892, the anniversary of the Translation of the Holy House of Loreto. It is stated that nearly 20,000 persons were present at the ceremony. The work is proceeding rapidly, and contributions flow in from all sides.

May this token of the faith and piety of Italian Catholics, and their love for the Blessed Mother of God, avert the chastisements which their country has merited by its treatment of the Vicar of Jesus Christ!

Through Sorrow's Seas.*

I.

ON a bleak November evening a number of persons were sitting before the cheerful blaze that leaped and crackled in the great fireplace of the drawing-room at Château Pally. The wind moaned hoarsely through the skeleton branches of the giant oaks in the park without; angry gusts of rain lashed the windows as with whip-cord; and sudden squalls catching up the yellow, sodden leaves, whirled them fiercely away from the trunks of the parent trees, near which they had found their grave.

"You are dreaming, Gerald," said a middle-aged lady, addressing a young man with an engaging countenance, who silently watched the antics of the flames as they chased one another about the hearth and up the broad old chimney.

"It is true," was the reply. "To-night brings back to me memories that are photographed on my mind. Have you ever, in looking through an album, found a portrait of yourself taken when you were young? At the sight you again become a child. The past is before you more vivid than the present, and you behold yourself as you were in the long ago. Well, as often as I hear the moaning winds of November, I am similarly affected."

The members of the fireside group being all intimate friends, there was no danger of appearing impertinent in asking him what were the memories to which he alluded; and they accordingly did so.

Gerald was naturally expansive; despite his twenty years, he had preserved the native simplicity of heart and the delightful frankness that characterize boyhood. But at first he refused to accede to the request of his friends.

"It is too long a story," he replied.

"But this is just the kind of evening when long stories are appreciated," was the rejoinder.

At length, pressed on all sides, and unwilling to appear disobliging, the young man consented. The story he narrated was his own—that of his mother and his family. Thanks to an excellent memory, he had forgotten very few, if any, of its more important incidents. Most of these incidents, moreover, had impressed him strongly at the time of their occurrence; he had frequently recalled them; and as his mother had confided to him her personal impressions, he had all the material necessary to construct his tale. Interesting in itself, the story borrowed an additional charm from the circumstance of its being told by an eyewitness and an actor in its different scenes. We give it in his own words.

* **

I was ten years old, my mother was thirty-two; Emily, my eldest sister, was about twelve; and my sister Mary had been born only a few weeks before. We lived in Paris. Our dwelling was a hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain; but we were no longer its owners, my father having sold the property a few days previous to the date when my story opens. Father, sad to tell, was a confirmed gambler: he spent large sums in useless luxury; and the consequence was that wide breaches had already been made in the handsome fortune left to him by my grandfather.

Mother was profoundly unhappy; yet she experienced in my love for her some little consolation for her sorrow. Emily had been sent to a convent school, to spare her the sight of the strange scenes of which our house was occasionally the theatre,—scenes of which I understood very little at that time, but which still gave me occasion to admire the angelic patience of my mother.

This sombre autumn evening reminds

* Translated from the French of an unknown author, by A. B. O'N., C. S. C.

me of one very much like it. Mother was telling me some amusing story, playing the while with my curly tresses; my little sister was sleeping in her pretty blue and white cradle; and our old greyhound Hector, stretched out before the hearth, was also lost in slumber.

Suddenly father entered. He had spent two successive nights and the intervening day at the fatal green table. His face was pallid, the cheeks hollow, the eyes dull and sunken; and his walk seemed heavy and unsteady, like that of a drunken man. He placed his hat on a table, threw his overcoat on a sofa, and dropped into an arm-chair.

I saw my mother approach him and imprint a loving kiss on his anxious brow. Undeterred by father's dejected attitude or by the cold indifference with which he received the tokens of her affection, she tenderly pushed back his hair, which fell in disorder about colorless features; and, turning to me with a glance in which even I could observe terrible anguish, exclaimed:

"Gerald, come and bid your papa good-evening."

I obeyed at once. Father received my boyish caresses with coldness at first; then, all at once, he drew me between his knees, seized my two hands, looked at me fixedly and tried to smile. I smiled too, but my heart was full of tears.

"Why do you tremble?" said father, noticing my agitation.

"I am not trembling," I stammered in reply. The truth was that he frightened me by his fixed look, the change in his features, and the strangeness of his present behavior.

He bent over to kiss me, and I felt a hot tear fall upon my cheek. Mother noticed the tear also, and took it for a sign of repentance.

"Is there anything that troubles you, Arthur?" said she, in her gentlest tone.

He did not answer at once; but, putting

his head between his hands, seemed to reflect earnestly. A few moments later he turned toward mother, and, looking at her as though his eye would pierce to her innermost being, he exclaimed, in a choking voice:

"I am lost!"

I did not understand what he meant, yet his manner terrified me. Mother, however, with admirable composure, replied:

"No, Arthur, you are not lost, since you have your wife and children near you."

"Ruined, if you prefer the word," said he, thinking she had not understood him.

"Ruined! Then you count as nothing my love and that of your family? Those are the only treasures that can not be replaced. Poverty or want does not affright me; what I dread is your indifference and neglect. Ruin! what matters it? If we must live in some obscure corner, we will do so; if we must work, we will work. Only love us, my husband, and hope in God. He will surely aid us."

Father had imagined that his declaration would produce the effect of a thunderbolt; he was surprised at my mother's reply, at once so simple and so noble. He looked at her to see whether her calmness was real; and, as she returned his glance with a smile, said, half-distractedly:

"God! yes; and yet He gave me an angel."

He rose hastily, as if to escape from penitent thoughts, and was about to enter another room, when mother placed herself in the way, and said, beseechingly:

"Are you going to quit us already?"

For answer father took her in his arms and pressed her to his bosom. While the embrace lasted I heard mother call him the tenderest names, and assure him that that moment was the happiest of her life, since she felt that he still loved her.

"O Arthur!" she exclaimed, with a conviction born of faith and love, "no matter what sorrows the future holds in store for us, I feel myself strong to support

them with you. Misery is less obstinate when one is not alone to oppose it. And then, dear, there is always God to help us. He never abandons those who believe and pray. Ah! it is a long time since you have prayed; that is why you despair. Courage, Arthur, courage! your wife is near you, and will ever be, though troubles encompass you."

He did not reply in words, but I saw him return the affectionate caresses which mother lavished upon him. I felt happy at seeing them thus; yet, since mother wept on receiving his kisses, to which she had long been unaccustomed, I began to cry also.

This state of affair ended all too briefly. Father tore himself from mother's arms, and, as if ashamed of his passing weakness, repulsed her, to seat himself at a table covered with papers. Seizing a pen, he began to write. She wished to dissuade him.

"You are tired," said she: "why not take a little rest? Speak to us, who love you so much. A moment ago you embraced me and seemed happy, or at least more tranquil. What have I done since then that you should repulse me? Look at these pretty drawings that Gerald has begun to make," she continued, endeavoring to distract him. "He looks like you, does Gerald; he has your eyes—"

"Enough of this childishness!" interrupted father, impatiently pushing away my drawing-book, which she had placed before him. Then, resuming his air of anxiety, he said curtly that he had to write, and that he hoped he would be let alone. It was not a request, but an order. Mother understood, and made no reply.

She drew near the hearth, sat down, and mechanically took up a piece of embroidery. I was sitting on a stool at her feet, with a school-book in my hand; but I was so moved that I could not read it. Complete silence soon reigned in our apartment. Outside, the November wind sighed and shrieked, and the carriages

rattled over the pavement; within, there was only the monotonous ticking of the clock and the scratching of father's pen. Sometimes the half hour or the hour, rung out with silvery distinctness, would break the stilly quiet; sometimes, as the baby murmured uneasily in her sleep, mother would run to the cradle, and father would arrest his pen, glance at his watch, and then renew his writing.

I could not take my eyes off mother, who from time to time pressed my hand in hers. A little while before her tears had been sweet ones, now I felt she was weeping bitter ones, though they fell in silence. I saw them roll down her pale cheeks and fall on her work. The vague words of her husband gave her a foreboding of some approaching calamity. As she had said, conscious of being loved, she could support any trial; repelled by her husband, she was indifferent to any blow of fate.

She doubtless recalled her happy childhood and youth. She had often spoken to me of the sunny years she had spent with her father in Beaufort Castle, and the recollection of that bright period possibly aggravated her present suffering; for it is only too true

"That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

At the age of eighteen, mother had left these "happier things" to follow him she loved. To her youthful fancy the future appeared radiant with hope. The sweet and tranquil joys to which her father had accustomed her seemed but the prelude to a fuller and not less constant happiness. She foresaw, it is true, even in her brightest dream, that there would be some trials to bear, since no life can be wholly exempt from sorrow; but she accepted these in the knowledge that love would render them supportable. Now the trials had come, and, alas! the love was wanting; and this solitary affliction, which she had not foreseen, appeared terrible. For a long

time she resolutely refused to believe in the reality of her misfortune. With the angelic sweetness, the patience and self-delusion of a loving woman, she flattered herself that she could regain her husband's affection, which was drifting from her to the accursed gaming-table. The work of disillusionment was wrought slowly but surely, and at length there came a day when of all her stately hopes nothing remained but a mass of shattered ruins.

I thought of all this, which I understood only imperfectly then, but which I have since comprehended more fully. Father had said, "We are ruined"; and, in my exaggerated thought, it seemed to me that we should have no other resource than to go and beg, as I had seen the poor doing on the streets. I pitied my baby sister, sleeping there so quietly. I could already see cruel men approaching her, and, tearing away the blue silk drapery with which mother had adorned her cradle, rob her even of her clothes. I fancied that mother wept because she foresaw all this, and I too cried in sympathy with her.

Two hours passed in this manner, when a door opened and a servant entered with the tea-tray. Mother arose, poured out a cup of tea and took it to father, and then gave another to me. I was fond of tea, but that night the taste of it seemed bitter. There was silence again for a quarter of an hour, when, looking up and addressing mother, father said:

"Do you know at how much Beaufort Castle is valued? I can find no information on that point, and I have no distinct idea as to the worth of the old barracks."

"I do not know its value," coldly answered my mother.

"Did your father never tell you, then?"

"No; for he never thought I should need to know."

Father searched through a number of papers scattered over the table; then, rising impatiently, he unlocked a bureau drawer, saying as he did so:

"The deeds are here, are they not?"

"Yes," answered mother.

He took out a bundle of papers, broke the red riband that tied them, and glanced hurriedly at each. His search was apparently unsuccessful; for at length he angrily threw the whole bundle on the floor, exclaiming:

"The accursed barrack is more bother than 'tis worth!" He reflected a few moments; then, with some hesitation, asked: "And you, at what price do you value it?"

"I, sir," answered mother, with an indignation she could not control,— "I value that 'old barracks' at an inestimable price. I spent eighteen happy years there with my father, there my children were born, and there I had hoped to die."

Her answer was so replete with dignity, pain, and regret, that it completely overwhelmed father, who said not a word in reply. Mother had understood that the property left her by her father had been lost at the gaming-table, or at least that it was to be sold to pay her husband's latest debts; and she would have accepted the sacrifice as she had accepted so many others, without complaining, had it not been for the gratuitous insult she felt in the disdainful tone with which father had referred to her old home.

Father again consulted his watch, folded the papers on which he had been engaged, gathered those strewn about the floor, approached the hearth to warm his hands, and, saying that he was overcome with fatigue, declared he was going to sleep. He received my good-night kiss with coldness, and went into his bedroom. Mother took the lamp from the table and followed him into the room, closing the door behind her.

(To be continued.)

ONLY at night men hear the loud clock's beat,
And souls regain the anchorage of prayer.

—Rawnsley.

Bishop Neumann.

EDITED BY MARC F. VALLETTE, LL. D.

THOSE who delight to contemplate heroic virtue and exemplary piety, and who hold in higher esteem the things that please God than those that command the vain applause of men, will find this sketch, written with so much simplicity, yet so accurately, devoted to the memory of a zealous, laborious and charitable servant of God, who has left the impress of his work upon a great and prosperous diocese.

To write the life of a good pastor is to offer consolation to the flock that owes its vigorous growth to his wise and careful foresight. More especially is this consolation afforded to those who can trace back their recollections to the days when the shining light of his example guided them through the uncertain paths of life, and beacons them onward to that happier land, to which his thoughts were ever turned and his steps ever bent. They who

"Loved him living and lament him dead"

can never forget his saintly example and his instructive lessons during his too brief abode among them.

It will be a source of pleasure to all who appreciate true piety to follow the career of a religious, priest and bishop, who was not only a good pastor, but one of the best of those whom God grants to His people, to exemplify among them the man of His Heart and of His merciful promises: "I will give you pastors according to My own Heart, and they shall feed you with knowledge and doctrine."*

Bishop Neumann was a great man. He was not what would be called an eloquent speaker, but he more than made up for any lack in this direction by the solidity of his talents and the profundity of his

thoughts. His great modesty prevented his appearance as an author; but his literary abilities were well known among his brethren. His memory was prodigious, and his capacity as a linguist unbounded. He spoke not only all the dialects of the Austrian Empire, but was master of the various modern tongues of Europe in addition to the dead languages studied in his ecclesiastical course.

Such men as Bishop Neumann are rare in any community, and his loss was felt not only in America, but throughout Europe. He was mourned as a saint, and, as my readers are aware, steps have been taken for the introduction of his Cause in Rome. It is confidently hoped that he will soon be enrolled among the heroes of Holy Church. The poor, the fatherless and the friendless especially remembered him with gratitude. By his example he taught them how to bear trials and practise self-denial. He

"Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

I.—EARLY YEARS.

John Nepomucene Neumann was born on the 28th of March, 1811, in Prachatitz, an old and rather important town of southwestern Bohemia. His father, Philip Neumann, was a Bavarian by birth and a stocking-weaver by trade. He had emigrated to Prachatitz in 1802, and married there Agnes Lebus, the daughter of a respectable citizen of the town. Philip Neumann was an extremely sensible, industrious man, and highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens. His wife was a woman of superior merit. Simple and unpretending in her way of life, a determined enemy to gossip and detraction, she emulated her husband in practical benevolence and love of the poor. They were blessed with six children, of whom John was the third. He himself declared he was brought up in the "old Roman Catholic way"; and so successful were its teachings that he was punished only once by his father, and that

* Jer., iii, 15.

for a falsehood. This made an indelible impression on him, and even as bishop he often spoke of it with great thankfulness toward his upright father.

He had inherited his love for learning from both parents, and was a diligent and attentive scholar. One night his younger brother, Wenceslaus, who shared his room, went to their mother to say he did not know what was the matter with John, he was so restless and uneasy. Mrs. Neumann hurried anxiously to her son's bedside, and asked him what ailed him and why he was not asleep. "Mother," said the child, sitting up excitedly in his little bed, "how is it possible that the earth on which we live hangs unsupported in the air?"—"Let the earth hang, my son," answered his mother, smiling; "you have not to hold it, but to go to sleep, and to let your brother do the same."

The boy showed a charitable disposition when still very young. He was only a few years old when he saw a beggar child with a bag for alms. "Oh," said John, "if I only had a bag like that, I would go and beg also, that this little boy might get more!"

So great was his respect and reverence for divine worship and holy things that he was chosen to serve Mass, which office he fulfilled with the greatest respect and care. He would never break his fast before Mass when he had to serve it, so that on occasions of High Mass he was often fasting until afternoon. From the time of his First Communion—which he made when he was ten years old—the one thought and desire of the pious child was to become a priest. The straitened circumstances of his parents prevented him from letting them know this ardent wish; but he opened his heart to his master when he saw that his school-days were drawing to an end, and the latter facilitated matters for him.

In October, 1825, he was sent to the Gymnasium of Budweis, where he devoted himself to literary and theological studies

for eight years. For the first four years his progress was so slow that he grew discouraged, and would have given up his studies had it not been for the encouragement his mother and brothers gave him. An examination which he passed successfully roused him to fresh efforts, and he thenceforth made such rapid advances that he won the admiration of his professors as well as of his comrades. Besides foreign languages, mathematics, astronomy and natural history were the branches of science in which he most excelled.

Forearmed by the Christian education received from his childhood, he preserved his innocence through all the perils of a student's life, and his character grew daily firmer and more virtuous. One of his comrades described him at that time as "a mathematical spirit"; for, although cheerful and even gay in disposition, he detested excess of every description, and was always calm, measured and self-possessed. He was indifferent to food, rather old-fashioned in his dress, and determined on inuring his body to hardships.

Young Neumann must have inherited these qualities from his father. It is related of the old gentleman that on one occasion he was entrusted with a large sum of money, which he was to take to a certain place. To reach his destination he was obliged to pass through a lonely place in the forest. He had hardly entered upon this part of the journey when a man suddenly sprang out from the undergrowth, where he had been concealed, and rudely demanded the money he had learned Mr. Neumann had about his person.

"Stop a moment, my friend," said Mr. Neumann. "You want the money? Very well: I shall have to give it to you; but don't be so rude about it. Let us talk over the matter."

The robber was completely taken back by the wonderful self-possession of his victim, and awaited developments.

"Now, my friend," Neumann went on,

"I am a much older man than you are, and a much weaker one; so you need not be so rough in your manner. The money is not mine, and—by the way, do you use snuff?"

Here the old gentleman took out his snuff-box, opened it quietly, and, after taking a pinch himself, offered it to his captor. The latter, completely off his guard, took the proffered pinch and was about to carry it to his nose, when suddenly he received the entire contents of the box in his eyes. It is needless to add that while the robber was rubbing his eyes in astonishment, Mr. Neumann disappeared in the forest.

In the summer of 1831 young Neumann completed his collegiate course. The priestly vocation which he had felt from childhood had suffered no abatement of fervor, yet the tempter laid a snare for him at the very moment he should begin the special studies for an ecclesiastical career. Only a limited number of free students could be received in the seminary at Budweis; and Neumann, who had no influential friend to speak for him, thought it useless to apply, and almost determined on devoting himself to medical studies, for which he felt some attraction.

Strange to say, his father rather favored the latter plan, but not so his mother. She begged and implored of her son not to give up his vocation, and to apply for admittance to Budweis Seminary, however hopeless his application might appear. He yielded, and sent in the necessary written petition. To the surprise of all, he was at once accepted; and he looked on this as a direct manifestation of the will of Heaven.

The young cleric threw himself into his ecclesiastical studies with the same energy and ardor which he had shown in the gymnasium, and was soon one of the most promising students of the seminary. Two years later he was sent to the University of Prague, in which the Bishop

of Budweis held some free places at his disposal. This favor, which Neumann had asked in his zeal for thorough instruction, became to him a source of bitter regret. He had thought to find in Prague all the advantages of Budweis only in a much higher degree; but he was sadly deceived. In Prague the professors were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Josephite faction, and utterly opposed to the teachings and opinions which Neumann most cherished. The chair of dogmatic theology was filled by a master who, in Neumann's own words, "was more against than for the Pope"; that of moral theology by an incomprehensible philosopher; and that of canon law by a Josephite of the most pronounced type. "I could with difficulty," acknowledges Neumann, "so far overcome myself as to study matters of whose absurdity I had long since been convinced, and still less adopt views which I considered wrong and anti-clerical."

The seminary, in which he was obliged to spend the two years of his university course, offered a dismal prospect as to perfection in clerical training. Although not absolutely bad, a most worldly spirit reigned amongst the students; and nothing could have been more opposed to Neumann's childlike faith, simple piety, and high aspirations. He felt lonely and out of place amid comrades filled with the spirit of the world and their century; and so deeply did he feel his isolation that he frequently sought a retired place and gave free vent to his tears. Laughed at openly by his companions, he was looked on as an eccentric fellow by his superiors, who considered his ideas unpractical and visionary, therefore requiring eradication. The relations between them were strained and uncomfortable; and this weighed heavily on the young levite, who in vain sought for a helping hand and a guide for his soul in those around him.

His diary at this time is full of com-

plaints, and shows how he suffered; the more so as Divine Providence sent him many temptations and an overpowering melancholy just at this period. Yet he made the most remarkable progress in all his studies, as well as in the ascetic life, although almost his own master. Providence so willed it evidently; for, thus thrown on himself, Neumann acquired that firmness of character, love of solitude, tranquillity in contradictions, interior spirit and tenderness of conscience, so needful to the future missionary. The University of Prague was for him a school of life; and looking back on the years he had spent there, on the eve of leaving Europe, he saw them in a new light, and exclaimed: "Happy Prague! I bless thee, for I owe thee much."

(To be continued.)

O My Tired Soul!

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

① MY tired soul, may Jesus give thee heart!
Thy time is short. Nay, why thus dread
to go?

Dost fear to soar? Somewhere amid the glow
A new day waits below the horizon. So,
Smiling and radiant, from thy durance part:
Beyond is heaven.

Many have been thy faults, thy virtues few.
Thy sorrows? Of them lightly let us speak;
'Twould naught avail to stain the withered
cheek

With sad and fruitless tears. Nay, that were
weak

When joys too we have known, and friend-
ships true,

On this side heaven.

From wave to wave on the last stretch we toss;
My soul, be ready for the long, long throe.
Far in the west the sun is dipping low;
But Faith and Hope wait in the afterglow,
Calling thee from the shadow of the Cross
To rest in heaven.

Memories of Hawaii.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

X.—OF THE PATRIARCHAL PAST.

IT is not yet day when the Inter-Island steamer, bound to windward, comes to the port of Makena,—a port that looks as if a bite had been taken out of a not very appetizing coast. But here the wind is tempered; and the sea, during the prevalence of the trade-wind, is far quieter than at Maalaea.

If you are an expected guest, a saddle-horse, in charge of an amiable guide, awaits you, and without delay you begin the ascent of Haleakala. Three rather dreary miles lie between you and the homestead at Rose Ranch, two thousand feet above. The day breaks as you toil up the slope, through a wilderness of gigantic cactus; but the dust rises long before the sun does. Courage! There is rest and refreshment, and a cool, bracing atmosphere at the end of the journey; and from that elevation one looks back upon the tedious road in the superior and self-satisfied mood that usually succeeds any difficulty well surmounted.

Sparkling with the dew of the morning, Ulupalakua merges, as if by enchantment, from a maze of clouds. Sometimes they overshadow it like a great downy wing; sometimes, but not often, they take possession of it, and the garden is drenched with fog. The air is always deliciously pure; and the garden breathes a delicate odor, the fragrance of which varies according to the floral calendar of the year.

The welcome at the gate is followed by a breakfast, so soon as the stranger has had time to shake off the dust of travel; and then, by easy stages, he drifts on from one tranquil delight to another,—these delights growing more tranquil, but not less genuine, as they multiply.

Many changes have taken place since my first visit. Then the breeze sighed in the cane-fields, and the ox-carts were groaning up and down the winding roads from dawn till dark. There was a village full of plantation hands,—a busy village, peopled with mixed races, whose nationalities ranged from Japan almost to the Antarctic.

Cane-planting was the Captain's business, but tree-planting was his pleasure; and I know not how many thousand saplings were rooted under his very eyes; but there were many acres of them, and he watched their growth with ceaseless and loving care. We used to ride among the shrubs when they were scarcely up to our stirrups; and he would talk of his plans—not those, however, that had to do with the sugar market, or were in any way material or sordid,—and thus picture the estate, which was his joy and pride, as it would appear in after years. In his mind's eye he saw a highland garden, in the midst of groves, possessing singular climatic advantages, and commanding a view of marvellous breadth and beauty.

Comparative isolation, in this case, was a kind of advantage; for the Captain could at almost any moment declare complete independence, and look down serenely upon the little Kingdom that swam below him. The plantation hands were like members of one family. You could have ordered almost any one within sight to do your bidding, and it was done as a matter of course.

The Fourth of July was the great holiday of the year. The Stars and Stripes floated from the liberty poles at the homestead and the plantation office, and from the mast of a private packet that plied between the ports of Makena and Honolulu,—a trim schooner-yacht that was hardly afraid to try her speed with the old *Kilauea* in any sort of weather. But let me not cast a reproach upon the steamer that is said to have whetted her

keel upon every reef in the Kingdom; and when, after long years of faithful service, she was condemned, it required the aid of powder to dismember her. Yet if the prayers of the wicked could avail aught, she would probably have gone to the bottom at a much earlier period in her career.

Ulupalakua was originally the best exemplification of the patriarchal system in the Kingdom,—a system that came in with the American missionaries and has now about disappeared. From the veriest child that was destined to grow up and probably end his days on the plantation, to the old fellow who passed his declining years upon the lawn, with a camp stool and a pair of scissors clipping the grass blades from season to season, and his antiquated wife, whose sole duty was to "shoo" the peacocks from time to time, the laborers looked upon the Captain's word as absolute.

There were natives there whose parents were born on the place; and an old coolie who died some time ago—he seemed to have no wish to live after the dust of his master and mistress had been borne to the family mausoleum—had served thirty years under their hospitable roof.

Just here I pause to recall a picture of the past. How often a memory of it has haunted me!

The long table in the dining-room was filled with naval guests. The host, who through the somewhat formal dinner had wielded the carver with unruffled composure, although an Admiral sat on his right, was heartily commended when the viands were removed and the cloth displayed in all its original purity. Of course the Admiral's suite echoed the Admiral, and the applause was general. I believe we had no guest on this occasion less distinguished than the companions of the ward-room, but the middies had an outing somewhat later in the week.

Now the Admiral, who was uncommonly gracious, wanted to stake his ship,

then lying at Makana, within easy reach, that the Captain-host at Ulupalakua was qualified to carve a peacock at a Roman feast. (We had been dining on the queenly bird.) A responsive chorus of approval from the two sides of the table followed the gallant speech. By this time, wine and cigars being in order, the conversation became informal; but for the moment it had a noticeable peacock tinge.

"By the by," said the Admiral, in a high voice, which silenced all other tongues at the table, "I believe I have never seen a peacock with his tail spread, unless he were in a picture-book or on the title-page of a polka."

"What! never?" cried the Captain, for it was not a crime to say these awful words in those days. "Then satisfy yourself that the tail is not fictitious."

We all turned to the row of *mauka* windows, opening upon a terrace where a score of the foolish fowls were strutting in the pomp of their splendid plumage. You would have thought the Great Mogul had sent an embassy to treat with us, or that an Arabian night had been suddenly turned into day. The huge feathery disks were shimmering in the sun, now near its setting; the silken rustle of agitated plumage, the indignant rivalry, the amazing pomposity, the arrogance and conceit of the silly birds, whose bosoms were aglow with phosphorescent beauty, drew shouts of admiration and astonishment from our half-bewildered guests. But finally the clashing of the imperious beauties began to be alarming, and no doubt damage would have been done had not the pageant been fortunately dispersed by the unceremonious arrival of a pet dog. The whole flock took wing in dismay, filling the air with discordant, hysterical cries.

As I recall the Ulupalakua of that period, it seems to me that everything was done upon a rather impressive scale. At the time of which I write the ladies were at the

town-house in Honolulu or at the California coast. The Captain had left the capital to escort the Admiral to Makana, where the flagship lay for two or three days.

Ulupalakua hospitality began just as soon as a foot was set on shore. There were "cattle" enough to horse a cavalry company, or to stay the stomachs of a British regiment with the traditional roast; yet the herds would never have felt the loss.

The main house was roomy and wide open; cottages were scattered about the garden—such cozy cottages as bachelors delight in,—and at night every chamber was lighted, so that the whole garden and the premises were suffused with the glow of good cheer.

On the hill above the house was the billiard-hall; and beyond that, though not so far away but the muffled thunder, peal on peal, was audible in the garden, stood the bowling-alley. Between these was the happy medium, croquet.

Everywhere one saw evidences of business activity; for method was the Captain's mania. But over all the plantation, in guest-time, pleasure played like a smile; cart-wheels groaned to the music of *matinée* billiards, and the steam-whistle down at the mill was hardly more pronounced than the matutinal crash of tenpins. I can see them now, the blue jackets off duty, improving the shining hours with an earnestness that might put a bee to the blush; for, between the side-board and the *siesta*, time flew with the speed of a six-winged seraph.

The ladies were, indeed, absent on this occasion; and it is folly to say that they were not regretted. But, in the patriarchal period, a household like this seemed almost to take care of itself. When the young ladies were present and the guest chambers unoccupied—it sometimes so happened even at Ulupalakua—there came a cry from the garden: "Sister, do you see a dust?" And the sister upon the house-top said, wearily: "No!" Or

perhaps the marine glass was turned upon the far-distant horizon, vainly seeking a sail. No sail from day to day. Then the piano was played more wildly, the balls shot madly from their spheres in the billiard-hall, and croquet grew perilous. Sometimes in desperation the *ennuyées* dashed over the hills at a break-neck speed, on horses that were but half broken.

The navy was not so shy of us then as now. There was nearly always a glimmer of brass buttons in the tableaux of social life. Possibly their present disinclination to visit those remote shores is in consequence of premature decay. In other days many a young mariner, beautiful in broadcloth and bright buttons, and surcharged with the high and graceful accomplishments that are forever associated with the aspiring off-shots of Annapolis, found his way, as if by instinct, into the rose-garden of Ulupalakua. The shadows of the *kamani* avenue were known to him; and in the *kukui* grove, under the lea of Puumahoe, he has left his heart forever imbedded in the impressionable bark of some love-nourishing tree. If he didn't, it was because he was not yet up to the high-water mark of the navy.

When the social resources of the place were exhausted, and not till then, was the Admiral allowed to honorably withdraw from the siege of Ulupalakua. Jack Tar had relished his barbecued beef at Makena, and had had not half a bad time, though the port is a dull one between meals.

The sun had set nightly with great *éclat* (the sunset was one of the features of our entertainment), and the magnolias had filled their alabaster bowls with moonlight of the first quality—moonlight that ran over and flooded the whole land. The Hawaiian singers had sung themselves hoarse, and the clouds had come down—which they could very easily do, for we were two thousand feet above sea-level—to put a damper on our season of festivity. It was about time for the

Admiral to steam back to the capital, taking his host with him as a souvenir of his jolly experience.

Then followed a serene season of convalescence, during which I was alone in my glory the most of the day. Transient guests dropped in upon us and dropped out again, without so much as causing a ripple upon the peaceful current of life's stream. The latch-string hung within reach of everyone; and, I regret to add, the hospitality of the house was sometimes abused.

I had books without number—many choice ones, long out of print, such as one stumbles on among the private libraries scattered through the Kingdom. There were romantic trails, to be tracked only in the saddle; pigeon-shooting in the cavern half-way down the mountain slope, and bowls whenever the muscles began to feel limp and languid. It was a queer game of bowls I played, with a little native in charge of each separate pin, and my every ten-strike received with three cheers and a tiger by the combined force.

Looking back upon the many experiences I have shared there in times gone by, it can not be otherwise than that the memory of Ulupalakua is at once a consolation and a regret; for those days are over. They were over long ago, and 'tis hardly to be wondered at.

The entertainer's eye grows sharp as time advances, and, doubtless, not without reason; for it was often hoodwinked in the days when the veriest stranger was welcomed with a cordiality worthy of an angelic guest. Now there are lodgings to be obtained on most thoroughfares; and the coolie is ready to serve you with the best the provincial market affords, at a price within reach of a light purse.

If there was a house of public entertainment at Rose Ranch, it would be a most desirable resort for those who are beginning to succumb under the effects of the monotonous temperature of the lowlands. Think

of the nights in which blankets, and several of them, are indispensable luxuries; where at some seasons of the year a blazing hearth would prove the chief attraction. Think of the days that dawn in another zone, as it were, where temperate fruits are ripening and ruddying; yet from under the shadow of these alien boughs the eye of contemplation kindles at the vision of glowing sands, by glittering seas where forlorn palms nod and quiver in the heat.

The strange notes of unfamiliar birds are heard at intervals; for the woods are haunted by the shy progeny of those imported songsters, that seem not to have taken kindly to these islands. Once in a while a paraquet flutters in the edge of the garden, but the green solitudes farther up the heights offer superior attractions. Even the myna—that feathered Bohemian—finds the groves of Honolulu a fitter field for his gypsyism; and Ulupalakua resounds to the trumpet blasts of the peacock. But for these birds the quiet of Rose Ranch would take on a sombre tinge; for the sound of the grinding is still, and the “lowing” herds that abound here, if they have not a thousand hills to feed on, have yet ample room in which to wander and browse, and are for the most part out of sight and sound.

A cattle-drive used to be one of the more exciting pastimes, in which all joined with enthusiasm. If you desire to witch the world with noble horsemanship, let me see how you manage a mustang during a stampede in those vast orchards of prickly-pear, and I will answer for your chances in the game of witchery. Wild cattle stand not upon the order of their going; and they are as nimble-footed as goats when they get started for the cactus, which is like a rack full of reversed pincushions; never was there a more formidable *cheval de frise*. Yet the cattle munch the barbed thorns with amazing relish. There one rides with the Amazons

as at a tournament in the age of chivalry, and it behoves him to ride well. Perhaps it was for this reason that I preferred to witness the contest on the tennis lawn. The bowling-alley was long since blown down in a gale, and croquet gave place to tennis; for it is easier watching a game in which feminine grace and masculine agility are striving for victory, and the looker-on has only to approve with equal fervor and discrimination. Prospect Hill, that was a nursery when the Captain and I used to climb it, is now a forest; and the rows of solemn cypresses, the funereal urns, and the sad paths that surround the mausoleum, remind one of the terraces in a Florentine villa.

The host and hostess at Ulupalakua—peace to their ashes!—were not of the “faithful,” but in Christian love they gave a handsome acre to the mission; they likewise contributed liberally toward the erection of a pretty chapel, now visited at intervals by the priest on his holy round. There, in a sheltered nook—for the winds are sometimes wild on that semi-tropic highland,—long ago I planted an evergreen; and, by the latest returns from over seas, I learn that its branches are now beautiful and widespreading.

Ulupalakua when Englished means “Ripe Breadfruit for the gods.” There was a day when it was worthy of its name. That day is well-nigh forgotten. The noble estate has fallen to decay; 'tis like an unweeded garden grown to seed. The modern spirit of enterprise has crowded it out of sight. Being an ideal spot, it early fell a victim to the breathless energy which has transformed the Kingdom, and robbed it of its individuality and its chief charm.

Yet this is not a melancholy spot, even for those who remember the gayeties of the past; and if I dwell more upon the soft cadence of the evening breeze, the caress of drooping boughs, the silent shower of rose petals in the unvisited

arbor, than upon the jollity of the season, it is because they are characteristic of the Ulupalakua in repose,—a repose singularly grateful to a disquieted soul. And these will lead me ever to think of the place and to write of it very much as Peter Martyr wrote long ago of the Queen's Gardens in the Antilles: "Never was any noisome animal found there, nor yet any ravaging four-footed beast, nor lion, nor bear, nor fierce tigers, nor crafty foxes, nor devouring wolves, but all things blessed and fortunate."

(To be continued.)

A Unique Hostelry.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

HIGH up in the Bavarian Alps, about two hours' ride from Munich, there is a health resort which has the distinction of being managed by the grandson of a King. This fact alone would not be sufficient to attract the world's attention; for impetuous scions of royal houses have often gone into trade. There are features about this famous mountain hotel, however, which have rendered it the most unique hostelry in Christendom. The little village of Wildbad Kreuth is perched upon a mountain-side, 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. High as it is, the mountains surrounding it are much higher, and one of them always wears its cap of snow. Below the snow line the verdure is very rich, the country finely wooded; and Alpine roses, wild strawberries, the blue gentian and the edelweiss are everywhere. Little silvery streams sparkle as they dash down the hillside and empty into a large lake far below. There is fine hunting thereabouts, if any one cares to shoot the beautiful chamois or the red deer.

There is not an older health resort in

Europe than Kreuth. In the eighth century the Benedictines learned the health-giving properties of a wonderful sulphur spring near by, and thriftily purchased a large tract of land which included it. There, as members of their Order needed recuperation, they were sent to find health and strength in a hospital conveniently located. When the Benedictines became the victims of persecution in 1803, the hospital, being confiscated, was turned into a farm-house. In 1818 it changed hands again, coming into the possession of King Max of Bavaria, whose leading impulse was godly charity. The farm-house was once more made a hospital, and a wing added. Here the King brought poor sick people from the cities, and convalescence was rapid in the pure air.

When King Max died, his widow found a condition attached to her inheritance. This mountain property was hers, provided the poor people were entertained as usual. But there was a grave obstacle: the spirit was willing, but the Bavarian exchequer was nearly empty.

"What can we do for our poor people?" asked the kind Queen and her son. The result of a long consultation was a plan which has been faithfully carried out. Large buildings, capable of housing three hundred, were built, suitable servants engaged, and word went out far and wide that the summer hotel and famous sulphur spring of Kreuth were at the service of the public during the summer months. The result was favorable and immediate, the place being at once thronged with well-to-do guests; and it flourishes to-day. There is every effort made to make the resort first class in every respect and a corresponding price is charged.

On the last day of August the guests, who have been given due warning, depart, and the house is filled with the maimed, the halt, and the blind—the diseased of every sort, whom agents of the proprietor have been searching out for weeks.

Enough has been made during three months of thrifty inn-keeping to enable Duke Karl Theodor, King Max's grandson and the present proprietor, to entertain his impecunious guests until the snow flies, and to reserve a surplus whereby the hotel is again opened to the poor in the spring.

The class of people who most frequent this hospitable place consists of worn-out teachers, disappointed artists, and professional people generally,—the very ones to profit by such a holiday. Each one is invited to stay three weeks, and the most beautiful thing about the invitation is the way it is worded. "You are invited," says the agent, "to honor Duke Karl Theodor by paying him a visit." There is no pretence of charity: with the most exquisite tact each guest is treated as an equal by the host, and departs with self-respect unimpaired.

The Duke is one of the most noted oculists in the world, maintaining two hospitals exclusively devoted to treating the eyes; and whenever he visits Kreuth—which is often—his keen vision is instantly in search of any case needing his aid. The poor are given his almost priceless services gratuitously; the rich are charged good fees, which enable him to carry on his munificent charities. It is said that every cent, apart from what is needed for the most frugal wants, is set aside to be devoted to this purpose.

It is a pleasure to be able to add that this nobleman is a good Catholic; he is a brother of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

A BENEVOLENT action is not only an investment for the benefit of the receiver, but the accomplishment of a pleasant duty to the giver; and though lost on the obliged party, who knows not how to value it, need never be so to the benefactor, who may ever find in it a wholesome exercise for his sympathies and self-denial.—*Emile Souvestre.*

A Costly Experiment.

EVER since the subject of the enfranchisement of women first began to be discussed, it has been proclaimed by the adherents that the introduction of woman into the muddy pool of politics would be to purify it, as the housewife clears the pot of turbid coffee, or a thunder-shower scatters foul air. With the approach of women at the polls, they have maintained, the gentle manners of the drawing-room would prevail; the rough voter would withhold his oaths; Discord would give way to mild-eyed Peace; and, above all, corruption, as we apply the word to politics, would cease to be.

At the time when the subject of a Columbian World's Fair began to occupy public attention, these champions of the new method were early in the field. Here was the chance to make strides in behalf of the down-trodden sex as long as those which the giants of old measured with their seven-leagued boots. In some manner, no one seems to know just how, there arose a clamor for a building wherein to exhibit the handiwork of women, and for representation upon the administrative force. These privileges, notwithstanding the fact that no room could be found for a statue of the woman without whose help Columbus could not have set sail, were conceded.

Very soon the Woman's Building, an expensive structure of doubtful architecture, arose from the wild waste at Jackson Park, and the Board of Lady Managers received their appointments. But with its sessions mild-eyed Peace did not, to use the slang of the day, materialize; in fact, it withdrew to a distance, and in its place wild-eyed Discord had the floor. Those who were to show the world how public life was to be transformed by the amenities their presence would furnish began to call one another uncompliment-

ary names, and to hurl at one another's metaphorical heads invectives suited only to a caucus of ward politicians. There was evidence of undue influence in the matter of patronage; and, worse than all, an obvious desire—nay, a determination—to secure the money this wrangling was costing the Government, by prolonging the sessions as long as a dollar of the appropriation was in sight. This was, in a measure, prevented by the tact of the sensible President, Mrs. Palmer; but the Board did not adjourn in time to avert the deluge of criticism consequent upon its course.

The cause of woman suffrage has not been promoted by this costly experiment. On the contrary, those who have watched it most closely are firmer than ever in the opinion that the influence of womankind is most powerfully and beneficially exerted when wielded from the throne of a sheltered and well-ordered Christian home.

Notes and Remarks.

The cause of the beatification of the Venerable Curé d'Ars is being pushed forward, and there is reason to hope that ere long we shall see crowned with the highest honors of the Church this grand figure, whom God has raised up, in these times of impiety, for the glory of the priesthood and the revelation of the ineffable beauty of the supernatural order. On the occasion of the recent visit of the Bishop of Belley to Rome, the Sovereign Pontiff said to him: "I desire very much to proceed to the beatification of the Curé d'Ars. But," he added, smiling, "here we go slowly,—Rome is the Eternal City." The process is so far advanced, however, that probably before the end of the year the preparatory congregation will be held for the final examination of the heroic virtues of the servant of God; this will be quickly followed by two other congregations. The miracles will then be subjected to similar examination. The work of the advocates in regard to the

heroic nature of the holy man's virtues is almost terminated, and their investigations of the miracles will be completed before the Sacred Congregation of Rites shall have finished the examination of the virtues.

A notable feature of the Geographical Congress held recently in Chicago was the paper read by Mr. W. E. Curtis, who presented the result of an investigation of the documents in the Vatican Archives relating to America prior to its discovery by Columbus. Over 1,400 documents had been examined. They did not prove, however, the assertion of certain Scandinavian scholars that the voyage of Lief Ericksen was known to Columbus; but they furnished evidence that a Catholic bishop resided in Greenland at the time, and that he reported to the Pope that there were unexplored regions toward the south that were peopled by savages.

The sudden though not altogether unexpected death of the Rt. Rev. Bishop McMahon, of the Diocese of Hartford, took place on the 21st ult. He had lately celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of his consecration. Bishop McMahon was a man of strong character, but he had a tender heart, and performed many acts of charity which were known only to God. He had been an uncomplaining sufferer for many years, and few even of his intimate friends suspected that he was a victim of the disease to which he succumbed. The episcopate of New England has lost in Bishop McMahon one of its strongest and most devoted members. May he rest in peace!

A pretty anecdote, which illustrates his simplicity and poverty of spirit, is told of the late Father Mauron, Superior-General of the Redemptorists. A short time after the election of the new General, Pius IX. entered the Church of St. Alphonso to pray. After satisfying his devotion, he visited the convent; and, going straight to Father Mauron's room, he looked about carefully, opening boxes and drawers; and then, having examined the mattress of the bed, he turned to the astonished priest, saying, "Father

Mauron, I have looked into things here partly in jest, partly in earnest; and I find that you live in strict accordance with the example of your holy founder." It was this virtue of self-sacrifice that enabled Father Mauron to unite so happily the Neapolitan and the non-Neapolitan Redemptorists into one great religious family,—one of the most useful and flourishing in the Church.

Lady Burton's very diverting "Life" of her husband, the late Sir Richard, demonstrates two points very clearly: the first is that her wifely devotion was most admirable; and the second, that it entirely unfitted her to be Sir Richard's biographer. She says many things about her husband that severely tax now one's patience, then his gravity. Sir Richard had a "keen sense of humor," and was a "pleasant" man to live with, as the following incident will show. Soon after he became consul, a loud-mannered negro stalked into Sir Richard's office, clapped him soundly on the back in the most jovial manner, and asked him to "shake." Sir Richard vouchsafed a "quiet stare of surprise," and then, being in wondrous merry mood, turned to his colored canoe-men and called out: "Hi! boys, here! Throw this nigger out of the window,—will you?" The delighted canoe-men rushed forward and gleefully executed the command. The offending negro was forthwith flung out of the window. It is not recorded that *he* thought Sir Richard a "pleasant" man to live with. Toward the end of his life, the great Orientalist became a Catholic, and we like to believe that his conversion subdued his humor.

The festival of the Assumption was the occasion of special rejoicing for the clergy and people of the Diocese of Pittsburg, as it marked the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the see, with the consecration in Rome of its first Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor. But the particular commemoration of the Golden Jubilee was deferred to the Sunday following, when impressive religious solemnities were held in St. Paul's Cathedral. In accordance with the wishes of the devoted and beloved bishop, the Right Rev. Dr.

Phelan, who now so ably and wisely directs the affairs, temporal and spiritual, of the Diocese of Pittsburg, the celebration was wholly and exclusively of a religious nature, confined within the sacred temple, in a spirit of prayer and thanksgiving to God for the many blessings bestowed upon the see since its erection. The happy, charitable thought of the good Bishop is that this Jubilee year may be crowned by the completion of a monument, which shall be enduring for the good of religion—the Protectory for Homeless Boys. In his own words: "To fittingly commemorate this event, and to give public, external and lasting proof of grateful appreciation, it is recommended that St. Joseph's Protectory and Industrial School, now being erected in Pittsburg, be completed as a memorial of the Golden Jubilee of the Diocese. The objects of this institution are: To save well-disposed but destitute boys from the temptations and sufferings of poverty, the corrupting influences of enforced idleness and evil associates, and from the perils of the street."

Certainly this appeals to every Christian heart, and we bespeak for Bishop Phelan the realization of his hopes and aspirations.

The late Mr. Horatio Rymer, who died recently near Dublin, bequeathed about one hundred thousand dollars, the bulk of a large fortune, to charitable institutions. The instances in which wealthy men make such admirable disposition of their property are rare enough. Mr. Rymer had evidently pondered with profit the memorable utterance of Cardinal Manning: "It is a poor will that does not mention Christ and His poor among the heirs."

In his delightful volume entitled "With the Immortals" Mr. Marion Crawford has told us that when a nation ceases to protect property, religion and the marriage tie, it is upon the verge of dissolution. That the present condition of Mexico is due, in some measure, to the intolerant attitude of the Government toward the Church can hardly escape even the superficial observer. It is only a few months since a young woman who desired to become a nun set out for Texas to accomplish her pious purpose,

because she was not permitted to enter a convent in her own land. The Government minions promptly captured her, however, and led her back in spite of all protest. And now comes the Boston *Republic* with the announcement that Bishop Gillow, of Oaxaca, Mexico, is to erect an ecclesiastical seminary in San Antonio, Texas, it being practically impossible for him, under the existing laws of Mexico, to establish the institution in his own diocese. Catholics will probably hear no more of those brilliant lecturers who like to point to the bankrupt condition of our sister country as an effect of "Catholic" domination.

In a learned work which appeared recently in England the late Mr. Bradshaw, who had made a careful study of the history and development of the Office of the Blessed Virgin, thus sets forth the result of his studies:

"These Hours seem to me to have originated in a special commemorative service to be used during Advent in connection with devotion to the Incarnation; just as still later we find the 'Hours of the Passion' (*Horæ de Sancta Cruce*) and the Hours of the Holy Ghost' (*Horæ de Sancto Spiritu*) drawn up, apparently, as special commemorative services for use at Passiontide and Whitsuntide. As time went on, the constant public use of the full daily Hour service in church, at which all were expected to attend, fell off, while the clergy, being bound in any case to say their Hours, were allowed to repeat them privately. The laity were relieved from the use of the full Hour service of the Breviary; and these shorter commemorative services were then made of general application, instead of being supplementary devotions to be used merely during the season of the year to which they were especially appropriate. They thus came to be more constantly found in the layman's Prayer-Book. With the growth of the devotion to the Mother of Our Lord, the 'Advent Hours of the Incarnation' took the form, or rather the name, of 'Hours of the Blessed Virgin,' used constantly throughout the year."

The whole history of the Little Office, however, has never yet been written; there is still enough mist about its origin to furnish interesting occupation for Catholic scholars.

Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, so well known in the literary world, died at Plattsburg, N. Y., on the 20th ult. He had concluded an interesting

and instructive course of lectures before the Catholic Summer School when he was suddenly stricken with pneumonia, which, after, little more than a week's duration, terminated fatally. A native of Ireland, he was in the forty-fifth year of his age and the thirtieth of his religious life. His efforts to further the noble cause of Christian education, to which his Order is devoted, have exerted a marked influence upon minds and hearts of our day. He was a voluminous writer—the author of many books and of numerous essays for home and foreign magazines. More than once the pages of THE "AVE MARIA" were graced by contributions from his pen, which, while displaying the resources of a gifted mind, revealed a tender, heartfelt devotion to the Seat of Wisdom. His works attracted the attention of the great leaders of modern thought; and the lectures which he was called upon to deliver before non-Catholic as well as Catholic assemblages left an impress upon the minds of his auditors which was productive of the highest good. God called him in the midst of his labors. He had fought the good fight, and we may confidently hope that an ineffable crown of glory is his reward. 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:

Mr. F. A. Grever, of Cincinnati, Ohio, whose life closed peacefully on the 19th ult.

Miss Julia A. Fay, who died a happy death at New Bedford, Mass., on the feast of her patron, St. Anne.

Mr. Eugene J. O'Hara, of New York city, whose sudden but not unprovided death took place on the 19th of July.

Mrs. Mary M. Gibbons, who calmly breathed her last on the 16th ult., in Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Anne Flinn, of Lowell, Mass., whose happy death occurred on the 29th of July.

Master Joseph Parks, who met with a violent death on the 18th ult., at S. Amana, Iowa.

Mr. Joseph Schroeder, of Lafayette, Ind.; Margaret McCullough, Dubuque, Iowa; and Mrs. Elizabeth O'Rourke, New Bedford, 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.

*

Christ, the Gardener.

S. H., FROM THE GERMAN.

HE walked within the garden,
 'Twas full of stately trees;
 He passed them by unheeded:
 He did not care for these.

He bent down to the flowers,
 Their perfume was so sweet;
 They nestled in His pathway,
 And kissed His sacred Feet.

And one looked up to greet Him,
 As in its face He smiled.
 He plucked it for His bosom,
 That flower—a little child.

Sight-Seeing at the World's Fair.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

V.—A GLIMPSE OF EUROPE.



TODAY we will take a trip to Europe," said Uncle Jack the next morning, as his party entered the World's Fair grounds. When the girls looked up at him in puzzled surprise, he added: "I mean we will visit the great Building of Manufactures, where Europe comes to us, as it were, in the grand exhibit sent by foreign countries."

They started to walk, but presently saw approaching them two queer little hooded carriages, mounted upon poles, and borne on the shoulders of two swarthy Turks in the traditional zouave costume and red fez (cap).

"Oh, look!" exclaimed Ellen. "There is a sedan-chair! Does not it look as if it had just come out of a picture-book?"

"What fun it must be to ride in one!" said Nora. "I think I should feel like my own great-grandmother."

"You shall have an opportunity of judging, if we can find another chair for Ellen," said her uncle. "These fellows belong in the Midway Plaisance, but occasionally come into the other parts of the grounds."

He called to the men to halt; and, as no second chair was forthcoming, the girls agreed to take turns in riding in this one. After each had had her turn, Aleck concluded to try it also.

"I feel as if I were the Great Mogul being carried in state!" he exclaimed.

At last they reached their destination. Mr. Barrett dismissed the Turks and the chair, and they entered the building.

"Why, Uncle, this is a city in itself!" said Ellen.

"It is the largest structure of the Exposition, you remember," said Mr. Barrett. "The central arch is the greatest ever constructed for any edifice in the world. You may form an idea of its size from a remark of the chief engineer of the Fair,

who said the other day that if it were possible to put the Rookery—one of the largest of Chicago's great buildings—upon a mammoth wheelbarrow, and wheel it through the arch, it would not touch the sides or the top by several feet. One thousand cottages could find room within these walls; and, to come down to trifles, to complete the floor alone required five car-loads of nails."

Aleck gave a prolonged whistle of astonishment.

"What a grand glass roof!" said Nora. "It is as if the building had a sky of its own."

"The ground space is divided into regular streets," continued Uncle Jack, smiling. "If any of you happen to get lost, ask one of the guards to direct you to Columbia Avenue; for that is the name of this main thoroughfare. You see on either side of it the pavilions of the nations, of Europe principally, many of which are capacious buildings of themselves."

"That high Clock Tower which spans the Avenue, away down about half a mile yonder, looks like the picture of an old clock gate of some foreign town," began Ellen. "But hark!"

At this moment the voices of the chimes rang out from the tower in clear and beautiful melody; and our party paused to listen to the sweet music of "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."

"Bless me! we shall never make the rounds if we begin by loitering," said Uncle Jack, after a few moments; so they went on, to visit the Italian exhibit, the first on their right. Here the girls nearly went wild (or Aleck said they did) over the varied works of art that met their eyes upon every side.

Uncle Jack sighed, yet smiled, as he passed.

"These things bring back so many pleasant recollections," he said. "My dears, these are the beautiful objects you

would see in almost every shop-window if you were walking beneath the arcades of St. Mark's Square in Venice or through the streets of Florence. We shall see more of the treasures from Italy among the pictures and sculpture of the Art Gallery.

"Crossing to the Spanish section, we are, as it were, in the heart of Madrid. Spain has indeed the proudest exhibit at the Fair; for she can point to this whole grand country, saying, 'See what I gave to the world! I alone, of all the nations of Europe, listened to the great navigator, and accorded him the aid he asked.' But apart from this she has sent us a very interesting representation. The caravels, you know, are her gift to the United States in commemoration of Columbus. In one of the other buildings she shows models of the fortresses of Monjuisch and Corunna, which date back to the time of the Moors; and also one of the world-famed bridge of the Guadalquivir at Cordova, the foundations of which were laid when Our Lord was a child at Nazareth. Cordova, you know, is said to be the oldest paved city in Europe."

"How foreign everything seems here!" exclaimed Ellen. "See these rich, Oriental-looking carpets, and the lovely Spanish embroideries and fans."

"And the religious statues—how quaint yet sweet they are!" added Nora. "Look, here is one of the Infant Jesus, that appears very real; and He is holding a crown of thorns in His hands."

"Here is a portrait of the young King of Spain," said Ellen, presently. "He is a nice boy; but one almost pities him as he sits on the edge of the throne, and looks as if half afraid he may fall off."

"Some European thrones are not very secure nowadays," replied Uncle Jack; "but let us hope that his little Majesty may only be the more firmly installed upon his as time goes on. Now we come to the English pavilion. The front is a reproduction of Hatfield House, one of

the most famous old palaces of England."

"How delightful!" cried Ellen. "Can you not fancy, Nora, that we are sight-seeing in England with the Colvilles?"

"It will hardly add to its interest to you to know that beneath the original of this richly panelled ceiling Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth took their daily meals," continued Mr. Barrett.

"Notice the huge fireplace, Ellen, and the old tapestries."

"And the carved oak wainscoting, the heavy folding-doors, and the armor," added Aleck.

"Why, after seeing all this, I shall be able to talk quite as if I had been abroad," declared Nora, so seriously that the others all laughed.

It took some time to view all that Great Britain has to show, especially as the girls lingered a good while, Aleck thought, amid the exhibit of English Art China. But Uncle Jack said one was likely to see such fine pieces of Royal Worcester ware only once in a life-time. And when Aleck saw, amid the Cauldon china, twelve plates on which are painted the story of Evangeline, and was told that they are valued at \$2,000, he thrust his hands in his pockets, whistled softly to himself, and thought of the costly havoc the traditional bull in a china shop would make in that establishment.

In the German pavilion even Aleck, however, admired the beautiful Dresden china figures, the gay youths and maidens and frolicsome children, the fairies and elves, and all the glad company that seemed to have nothing to do but sport and be merry amid green fields and sunshine; and, then, the collection of paintings upon the celebrated Munich porcelain. Ellen took a special fancy to one of them, a Madonna, and longed to bring it home.

Here, too, they saw a fac-simile of the Reception Room of the imperial palace at Berlin, and one of a room in the palace of King Ludwig of Bavaria.

"I hope his Majesty won't object to my sitting on his doorstep; for I declare I can't go any farther," exclaimed Nora, sinking down as she spoke. The others were very willing to follow her example.

Presently, glancing at the clock in the tower, Uncle Jack cried:

"Really, it is past noon! Let us go to the *café* at the entrance to the building for lunch."

After a substantial collation and a half hour's rest, they were ready to resume their tour with renewed energy.

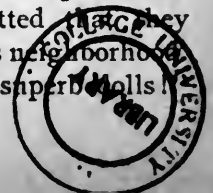
"Now we will go to the French section, which is directly opposite to Germany," said Mr. Barrett.

Here he led them first to see the Gobelin tapestries, which hang all around the walls of a large room, or hall.

"This kind of tapestry is the finest in the world, and these in particular are magnificent specimens," he remarked. "The Gobelin works are owned by the French Government, and no piece can be bought at any price. They are made entirely by hand, and it takes an artisan more than a week to weave a bit an inch square, while a square yard is considered a good year's work. See, too, this matchless Sevres vase. You are aware that the art of making this, the most precious of all china, is a carefully guarded secret. But, girls, girls!" he continued, as the party emerged unexpectedly upon a display of gorgeous gowns and millinery. "Here you are, one may say, in the midst of the shops of Paris. There is Worth's establishment on one side, and Felix' on the other, with some other equally fashionable just across the way. Aleck, poor boy! there is no hope for us. Your sisters will compel us to spend the remainder of the day here."

Nora and Ellen laughed; and, although they had some compassion upon their escorts, it must be admitted they delayed considerably in this neighborhood.

"Did you ever see such superb gowns!"



cried Nora, suddenly darting over to an imposing show-case. "Just look at that lovely little boy in a white silk suit, with long black curls down to his waist, and a large white hat. And that other boy in a grey silk suit, climbing a tree."

"Jingo! what dudelets!" exclaimed Aleck, teasingly.

"But see this beauty dressed in yellow silk," continued Nora; "and that other in pink, and one in blue,—all with pretty hats to match, and the costumes designed by the most noted Parisian artists. There is a doll asleep,—see, she is really breathing. Would not you think she was alive?" cried Nora. "And here is one crying. Don't those look like actual tears rolling down her cheeks?"

Tired of waiting, Uncle Jack and Aleck had sauntered on. The girls now hastened after them to the Russian pavilion. Here they saw a magnificent display of costly furs and Russian bronzes, besides tables of malachite and *lapis lazuli* worth almost their weight in gold; a dinner and tea service exquisitely enamelled on gold and silver, and many other objects of beauty and luxury from the land of the Czar.

The Japanese pavilion proved particularly interesting.

"Everything Japanese appears to be telling a story," said Ellen. "The droll sculptured dragons of the bronzes, the figures on the vases, even the pictures on the fans,—all seem to grin and nod at one, as if acting out some amusing fairy tale. I know it would be very interesting if one could only understand it."

Then they went through the Cingalese pavilion, which is supported by pillars of ebony; and the Siamese, the front of which is covered with gold-leaf. They also visited the exhibits of South America, the East Indies, Egypt, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, Belgium and Greece,—in fact, of all the countries of the world which have pavilions, pagodas or kiosks along

the spacious avenues of this wonderful building.

In the Swiss section they were fascinated by the beautiful watches.

"See that *teenty* watch set in a ring," said Nora.

"There is another in the centre of a flower, and the flower itself is a brooch," added Ellen. "But oh, just look at that one between the wings of that little gold butterfly!"

Aleck meantime was examining a new invention—a watch for the blind, the mechanism of which the attendant explained to him.

"We have been so taken up with foreign countries that we have not paid much attention to the splendid exhibit of the United States; but suppose we take the display of Tiffany & Co., the celebrated New York jewellers, as an example?" said Mr. Barrett.

"We have seen nothing more splendid than this," declared Ellen, as they entered the section. Wherever they turned, their eyes were greeted either by great flagons, bowls and table services of gold and silver, or by the blaze of gems.

"It reminds one of Aladdin's palace," Nora remarked.

A throng of persons were gathered about a show-case containing a matchless collection of jewels. Crowding up too, the girls discovered that the centre of attraction was a flashing yellow diamond as large as a robin's egg, and valued at a hundred thousand dollars.

"These gems are all magnificent," said Uncle Jack; "because, although found in the clay like common pebbles, they are pure and perfect crystals, exquisite specimens of the workings of Nature, and evidences of the prodigal splendor of God's creation. Regard them in this way, girls, and delight in them to your hearts' content. But do not, for goodness' sake, rave, as you say, over these rare diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, simply because they

are magnificent trinkets with which to deck one's vanity, or so many glittering stones, each one of which is worth a fortune."

Nora gave her sister a sly nudge.

"I suppose Uncle Jack speaks in that way because he is an old bachelor," she whispered; "but, after all, his idea about the gems seems to be the right one."

After viewing a specimen chapel, the walls of which are lined with the handsome Tiffany stained glass, and inspecting the fine silver statue of Columbus in the section of the Gorham Manufacturing Co., they mounted the vast galleries of the building, the Department of Liberal Arts. Here they saw the exhibits of the schools and colleges of the United States.

"Somebody told me we should find here the first photograph ever taken," announced Ellen.

"I presume you mean the first sun-picture of the human countenance?" said a lady in charge. "It is this little miniature."

The young people eagerly scanned the picture, which is of the kind called daguerreotype, that afterward became common in the days of our grandfathers and grandmothers. They saw a small faded portrait of a rather pretty young lady, in a much beruffled gown and an immense bonnet.

"This was the sister of Prof. Draper," continued the attendant. "The picture was taken by him on the roof of the University of New York, one day during the summer of 1840. The camera which he used he had made himself out of a cigar box, the lens being one of the eyes of an old pair of spectacles. It was one of the first cameras known. In the case over there you will notice a copy of it. The picture was regarded as so great and interesting a scientific curiosity and discovery that Prof. Draper sent it to Sir John Herschel, the celebrated astronomer. Here is the autograph letter of Sir John acknowledging the gift. It is still the

property of the Herschel family, and was sent by them from England for this exhibit. We have also the first telegraph message ever sent. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was, as perhaps you know, a professor of the University of New York."

The party crowded around a show-case, upon the glass of which is fastened a strip of time-yellowed paper, a bit of telegraphic tape pierced with a series of the lines and dots of the Morse alphabet,—those mysterious little characters which look so trifling, yet mean so much.

In the section devoted to "Old Harvard" it was a rare treat to see two or three of the original manuscripts of Longfellow, and several of other of her distinguished *littérateurs*.

Our friends next went on to the Catholic Educational Exhibit, in which Notre Dame and Georgetown Universities, and the schools of the Christian Brothers naturally make particularly fine displays; and many academies and schools are well represented. Uncle Jack paid a great deal of attention to this exhibit, and the girls and Aleck also found it very interesting.

(To be continued.)

An Indian Girl's Letter of Thanks.

HOLY CROSS MISSION,
Kosoriffsky, Alaska.

DEAR BENEFACTORS:—Though I never saw you, I can say I know you. I know even many names of yours, they have been so often pronounced before us—as Rev. Father Yorke, Misses Anna Barnum, Francis Mayer, Mary Richard, Mrs. Kennedy, Welch and many other hard names for us, but their hearts are so good, so very good.

When Father Tosi brought me here, I was very poor, and I knew nothing about God and my soul. Now I have three good dresses and the best of all I love God and

the Blessed Virgin Mary with all my heart and I want to save my soul.

We are eighty-three children here at the Sisters' school, boys and girls. We are thirty girls in the first course, all of whom have made their first Communion; and we all work hard to be good—We know very well how to pray and we pray for ourselves, for our parents and for all the indians that they get converted, and for all our Benefactors.

We are very happy here altogether. In winter we go for a walk every day and we play in the snow. We are not cold because we are warmly dressed from your presents and we have our indian *parquies* on.

All those who get good marks have an extra holiday every month, and on that day we have much fun. Sometimes we take a ride in the sleigh drawn by twelve or fifteen dogs and we keep them the whole afternoon. On this holiday we always have a dinner like at San Francisco. The winter is long and dark but we don't mind it, you see that in spite of that and of the cold we are very happy.

It is in winter we have the beautiful Christmas day with the Crib so nice and the little Jesus who extends his hand to us. And on Christmas evening Santa Claus comes. It is never the same one. This year he was coming from San Francisco by the mountains. He said that his nose got frozen and we saw that he had put a piece of golden paper on it to have it cured, I think. He was very nicely dressed. I think the ladies of San Francisco had made his dress and ample cloak, but God had made him his long, nice, white beard.

He gave candy and many nice things from San Francisco to all the boys and girls. Those who were the best were named by the Sisters and they received more; I received plenty. That Santa Claus was very good. Many girls would write to him, but he did not tell us his name. Some girls said he talked a little like

Father Barnum. We asked the Sisters if Father Barnum could have made himself like that, but they said they never saw that Santa Claus before.

Spring and Summer are for us the most pleasant seasons. The snow was entirely gone this year about the twentieth of May. We go on the mountains to pick up the moss berries. Soon after them come the summer berries. We go for them every day.

And it is the time of the boats. How much we enjoy them! As soon as we hear the whistle, we run down to the beach to look at them. But when our exhibition is to take place, we put on our Sunday clothes, and in fifteen minutes we are ready. The people come and we sing, read, and count for them. We give pieces and we show our writing books and our work, sewing and knitting—the boys have drawing books. The people thank us and say we have nice exhibitions and say we learn everything nicely.

When the new boat the *Beware* came, Mr. Hamilton gave us a big box of candy.

I like very much to write. I would write longer, but Sister says it is enough. She told me perhaps my letter will be printed in THE "AVE MARIA." Just think of it! I am but an indian girl.

Before closing my letter, I will thank once more all our benefactors. I thank them in the name of all the children. We are also very grateful to you, kind Editor, for putting this letter in your paper. Please have the charity to pray sometimes for us and for all the indians.

Yours respectful and grateful

TATTIANNA MARIA.

JUNE 1, 1893.

It is a true saying that opportunity is kind, but only to the industrious. The Persians have a legend that a poor man watched a thousand years before the gate of Paradise. Then, while he snatched one little nap, it opened and shut.



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

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Thrice Blessed Day!

ALONG the east at morn there steals a mist
That melts the shades of night to silver gray;
Then color mingles in a beauteous spray
Of every tint from gold to amethyst;
The changing clouds float idly as they list;
The world is glad, for in the dawning day
All gloom of night is banished far away,
And earth with heaven keeps a loving tryst.

And so, dear Mary, at thy happy birth
The shades of Advent lost their darksome hue;
The tints of hope spread far from east to west
When thou, Salvation's herald, came to earth;
Our sin-touched home to heaven was bound
anew,
And in thy birth was man forever blest.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.—A Strayed Catholic.

BY KATHARINE (TYNAN) HINKSON.

Tis not so long since *THE "AVE MARIA"* quoted from that painful book, the diary of the late William Bell Scott, its most painful passage—that in which the most narrow and contemptuous of unbelieving Protestants tells how in Rossetti's last days he entreated, and entreated in

vain, that a Catholic priest should be sent for. At that time, if I mistake not, there were by his bedside the odious Mr. Scott and one other male friend only. If his own folk were there, his dying prayer had not been heard so ignorantly and uncomprehendingly. However, the passage, painful as it was, must have had the effect of setting many pitiful souls to pray for the poor soul, who, at least by desire, was one with them in the communion of saints. Rossetti was by accident an Englishman and a latitudinarian. I have heard that it was a curious desire of his to look as bluffly Briton as possible; but how little his spirit was in accord with British ideas one sees in his poetry and art, where is to be found the highest expression of his inmost spirit. Rossetti was never in Italy in his life; nor, to the best of Mr. Bell Scott's opinion, did he ever enter a Catholic church. Yet he was as entirely a son of the South by nature as he was a Catholic, and it is as a strayed Catholic one thinks of him.

Of the four children of Gabriele Rossetti and Frances Polidori, the two sons, William Michael and Dante Gabriel, were to be Catholics; the daughters, Maria Francesca and Christina Georgiana, were brought up in their mother's religion. Gabriele Rossetti, professor of Italian at King's College, London, was an Italian refugee, with a fine stock of hatred for the Papacy, and a curious theory which explained

Dante and the mass of great Italian literature to be part of a Masonic crusade against the Pope. Frances Polidori, on the other hand, was a conscientious Protestant, who had informed her Protestantism with a fervor inherited, no doubt, from generations of devout Italian Catholics. She was also a woman of great mind and heart, of singular dignity and sweetness of character. It is not surprising that her daughters, brought directly under her religious influence, should have laid hold upon religion with a fervor and intimacy little enough Protestant. The sons, on the other hand, left to themselves and their father's anti-papal views, grew up indifferent to forms of faith, and never identified themselves with their Catholicism.

The old Catholic spirit strove and worked in all four children. Maria Francesca died, an Anglican nun, in the House of Mercy at Clewer. Christina is still with us, and draws from her fervent soul a stream of religious poetry so spiritual and rich in unction that not Crashaw himself has surpassed it. She too, though of the world nominally, has lived as a nun—seldom seen, heard of only in her work, her life devoted to the duty of tending her mother and her two aged aunts; as much encloistered in Torrington Square, Bloomsbury, as though the veil was over her brows; and now, since those objects of her love have passed away, her service is given to the poor.

But it is not of Miss Christina Rossetti I treat as "A Strayed Catholic": it is of the younger and greater of the two brothers, who were named from Archangels. Rossetti's Catholic art has not even the accident of Protestant influence, which his sister's has. Indeed, all his art is Catholic, in a sense, even when it seems farthest away from grace. His whole inspiration was from the glamouring Middle Ages, before Protestantism had put Art in a strait-waistcoat. I am the last to be unjust to our separated brethren;

but, admirable conservators as they have shown themselves of the great relics in the Old World of Catholic splendor in art, they have originated little that is beautiful; and the wellspring of beauty is still far away, in the days when men labored for the service of a heavenly King; the spark of the Divine in them straining after an ideal for His sake that should humbly look upward and imitate the perfection of His works. It is curious how the bent of modern literature and art goes back to those days. Pre-Raphaelism was the expression of the Catholic spirit in art, as later was the gold kernel that lay amid the husk of the Æsthetic Movement.

Gabriele Rossetti, to be near his college, lived in Bloomsbury, an unlovely part of London, which his children have not forsaken. At 38 Charlotte Street, Great Portland Place, Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born, on the 12th of May, 1828. Maria and William were his elders; Christina was younger than he. In that London house, among the strait, dark streets, the children grew up and manifested very early their bent toward literature. Miss Christina Rossetti has told me how they played at *brute-rimes*, making distichs which now would be very precious if one possessed them. There were more ambitious efforts. At five years old Rossetti wrote a drama called "The Slave," the *dramatis personæ* of which were two characters called respectively Slave and Traitor. At thirteen he produced a romance entitled "Roderick and Rosalba." In his school-boy days he further wrote "Sir Hugh the Heron," a tale in verse, which was privately printed by his grandfather, Gaetano Polidori, a copy of which is now one of the treasures of the British Museum. At fifteen he began his education in art. He was a very precocious boy, full of opinions, as his affectionate letters to his mother in absence attest. He used to tell her everything—what he had seen, what he had read, the doings of birds and

animals; and he inundated her with a great deal of criticism, being sure of her sympathy. At this time he was collecting prints to illustrate Walter Scott, Shakespeare and Byron.

Among his opinions one finds an enthusiastic outburst over the exhibition of cartoons for the Houses of Parliament. A year later his enthusiasm was for Gavarni, Tony Johannot, and Nanteuil. In poetry the "Colomba" of Prosper Mérimée excited his admiration. Rossetti, boy and man, lived very much by admiration. To him criticism would seem, as it does to Swinburne, only worth doing "for the noble pleasure of praising." This faculty of appreciation often led him into extravagant estimates of the works of others. This generosity was the natural complement of his extreme sensitiveness. In his later years he became quite morbid as to criticism, and took on a suspiciousness which held him aloof from some of his oldest and most loving friends. This sensitiveness was intensified by Mr. Robert Buchanan's anonymous article, "The Fleshly School of Poetry"; and Rossetti's friends believe that the effect of the article, by inducing insomnia and the consequent habit of using chloral, hastened his death.

However, this is to look far ahead. In March, 1848, Rossetti wrote to Mr. Ford Maddox Brown, asking him to accept him as his pupil, he having been greatly struck with Brown's "Parisina" and "The Giaour." This habit of his of frankly expressing his admirations laid the foundation of some of his best friendships. Mr. William Bell Scott was another with whom his friendship began by letter-writing. He became Mr. Brown's friend and pupil, and in the latter half of the same year he painted "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin." The following year he painted "The Annunciation," which is now the property of the English National Gallery. "The Girlhood of Mary" is before me as I write The models for

St. Anne and the Girl-Virgin were Mrs. Rossetti and Christina; and when I saw them, after a lapse of nearly forty years, their very striking and noble faces had not passed from recognition as the younger faces of the picture.

Indeed another photograph on my wall, the heads of mother and daughter, painted thirty years later, are easily recognizable as the two in the picture. Christina, with her oval face, her great, drooping eyelids, her sad mouth, made an ideal model for one predestined to be the Mother of Sorrows. In the picture St. Anne and the Daughter sit side by side, embroidering a white lily. Over their heads float faint golden rings. A lily in a jar, which they are copying, stands on a pile of books, marked with the names of the virtues. A little angel stands by it, the long wings folded to two points. Outside we see St. Joachim nailing up the vine; and on a bar of the trellis is the Dove, haloed about with gold. Then there is the pleasant Eastern country of trees and quiet waters. The picture has wonderfully the austere simplicity of the old painters; it is instinct with the unction and the grace that are in Angelico or Bartolomeo. At the same time Rossetti wrote the sonnet which illustrates the picture, and is full of the same still and rapt reverence:

This is that blessed Mary, pre-elect
God's Virgin. Gone is a great while, and she
Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.
Unto God's will she brought devout respect,
Profound simplicity of intellect,
And supreme patience. From her mother's knee
Faithful and hopeful; wise in charity;
Strong in grave peace; in pity circumspect.

So held she through her girlhood; as it were
An angel-watered lily, that near God
Grows and is quiet. Till, one dawn at home,
She woke in her white bed, and had no fear
At all,—yet wept till sunshine, and felt awed;
Because the fulness of the time was come.

That "Pre-Raphaelitism" was already a bond between a gifted group of young painters is shown by a letter of Rossetti in 1849 to "Our Pre-Raphaelite Brother,

James Collinson." Collinson was a contributor to *The Germ*, the famous little organ of the Brethren, which lived so short a time. He was a Catholic, a convert, and instinct with mysticism and spirituality. His poem in *The Germ*, "The Child Jesus," struck me much when I looked through Mr. William Rossetti's volume of that precious periodical. If my memory serves me, it was in the manner of an old mystery play, and full of light and a quaint sweetness.

Eighteen hundred and fifty was the year of *The Germ*, the first number being published in January, the last in April. The potent Pre-Raphaelite Brethren, formulated, consisted of seven members, viz.: Holman Hunt, Millais, Rossetti, Woolner, James Collinson, F. Stephens, and William Rossetti. The contributors to *The Germ* were not confined to these. Miss Christina Rossetti contributed "Dream Land," "Dead Hope," and five other lyrics. Coventry Patmore, whose genius Rossetti fervently appreciated, sent his young admirer a poem for the new venture. Mr. Ford Maddox Brown contributed a sonnet. To the short-lived bantling Rossetti contributed more than his share. "Hand and Soul" was his prose contribution, and one may perceive a certain likeness between himself and the young painter who turned faint "in sunsets or at sight of stately persons." His poems in *The Germ* were six sonnets on pictures: "My Sister's Sleep," "The Sea Limits," "The Blessed Damozel," and the "World's Worth," so truly Catholic in its spirit.

After the death of *The Germ*, Rossetti went on writing with the one hand, painting with the other. In 1850 he met Elizabeth Siddall, the woman whose love and loss so terribly influenced his life. She was at that time a milliner's assistant in London, and was sitting to his friend Deverell. Soon Rossetti induced her to sit to him. From the first he went wild over her beauty. She was very far indeed from

being an ordinary artist's model. Her exquisite spirituality of face was responded to by much in the mind and soul. Rossetti soon discovered that she had an aptitude for art, and he set himself to teach her painting. She soon displayed a fine sense of color; and, inspired by the admiration the group of artists shed upon her, the beautiful creature began to make poems, which won also their enthusiastic praises. Her poems I have never seen, but her portrait of herself, in Mr. William Rossetti's possession, is remarkable. Though she flashes her color upon us as brilliantly as a poppy, she does no such justice, of course, to the spiritual aspect of her beauty as does Rossetti in the wonderful picture "Beata Beatrix," in which, after her death, he painted his memory of her. Miss Christina Rossetti has shown me another full-length figure of her asleep in a chair, a sketch by her husband which gives one an idea of her surpassing grace. Miss Rossetti, in speaking of her to me, dwelt on this grace. She and Mrs. Morris were brides of one year, and the artistic world was sore put to it to award the palm of beauty between those fair and dark women of almost weird loveliness.

Rossetti became engaged to Miss Siddall about 1853. The only cloud on his exuberant happiness was her very delicate health, and the fact that for want of money they were unable to marry. He was full of raptures over her. "Lizzie is looking lovelier than ever," he writes to Mr. Maddox Brown; "everyone adores her, and I have made sketches of her with iris stuck in her dear hair." At most inconvenient moments for other people he would fall in ecstasies over some accidental position of hers, and refuse to stir till he had sketched it. Or again she is designing with him illustrations for a book of Scotch Ballads; and displaying, says this thorough lover, "far greater fecundity of convention and facility than mine." Sometimes he is wild

with apprehension over her delicacy. In 1854 an eminent doctor declared that she had curvature of the spine. They were not married till 1860; and then when the marriage was approaching, it had to be postponed because of the bride's illness. Rossetti's letters at this period show great misery of mind. The marriage was again fixed for Rossetti's birthday, and had to be again postponed. Finally it took place on the 23d of May, the unlucky month for marriages.

They were not long happy, poor things! After the birth of a baby, agonizing neuralgia seized on the delicate frame of the young wife. Laudanum was resorted to, to relieve her; and one unhappy night she took an overdose, and before her husband could bring help she was dead. They had been married only two years.

Henceforth her name is never mentioned in Rossetti's correspondence. All the world knows how he buried his poems in her coffin. Seven years later he was persuaded by his friends to recover them, and the story goes that the dead woman's hair had grown about them. However, that he buried his heart with her there is no doubt. For five years he wrote no more poetry; and from the day of her death the change set in which was to make him in time an almost solitary misanthrope. The year after her death he painted "Beata Beatrix"; the only important picture in which he had painted her during her lifetime was "The Princess Sabra."

In 1867 his miserable insomnia appeared. Two years later "Poems" was published, and suffered much from the Franco-Prussian war, which for the time being left men scant leisure for poetry. In "Poems" was included the exquisite "Ave," which praises God's Mother so well that one must needs whisper a prayer to her for the troubled soul of her servant, Dante Rossetti. I give one of its most beautiful passages:

Mind'st thou not (when the twilight gone
Left darkness in the house of John),
Between the naked window bars
The spacious vigil of the stars?
For thou, a watcher even as they,
Wouldst rise from where throughout the day
Thou wroughtest raiment for His poor;
And, finding the fixed terms endure,
Of day and night that never brought
Sounds of His coming chariot,
Wouldst lift through cloud wastes unexplored
Those eyes, which said, "How long, O Lord?"
Then that disciple whom He loved,
Well-heeding, haply would be moved
To ask thy blessing in His name;
And that one thought in both, the same
Though silent, then would clasp ye round
To weep together,—tears long bound,
Sick tears of patience, dumb and slow.
Yet, "Surely, I come quickly,"—so
He said, from life and death gone home.
Amen: even so, Lord Jesus, come!

There is no doubt that the reverence inherent in Rossetti was fostered by the lofty spiritual character of the women of his own family. Never was a mother so loved and revered as Rossetti's.

When I saw Mrs. Rossetti in the winter of 1886, shortly before her death, she was being tended by her daughter Christina in the somewhat gloomy house in Torrington Square. Mrs. Rossetti was then in her eighties; but, shrunken and sunk as she was in the great arm-chair by which her daughter sat, caressing the thin old hand, her nobly handsome face was full of alert interest and warm kindness. I had introduced myself to the family by my unsophisticated passion of enthusiasm for their brother. The aged mother of the Rossettis was keenly alive to hear all the worship I could pour out of the son so dearly beloved, so bitterly mourned. I remember how she kept nodding her head, and smiling at me out of her kind, undimmed old eyes.

After his wife's death, Rossetti withdrew himself into an inner circle of his friends. He lived at that fine old house on the river-banks at Chelsea, called in his time Tudor House, but since his death, and its passing into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Haweis, known as Rossetti House. Here

he kept the most extraordinary assortment of animals; inside he crowded his house with beautiful things. His collection of blue china was especially remarkable. Though most kindly in the circle of his friends whom his personal magnetism drew around him, and very accessible to any youngster whose attempts at art or poetry had struck his generous fancy, he was unknown to the public at large. His pictures never went to an exhibition, but were sold to private purchasers. The art critic invaded not his studio. It was a sign of the mystery about him that people believed a story, which he indignantly denied, of his having refused the Queen's daughter access to his studio.

All those later years were, however, weighed upon by trouble that came from within. There were intervals of peace, of course; and for a long time he lived in the country, at Kelmscott House in Gloucestershire, which he shared with Mr. William Morris. A bright spot in this shadowed life is so welcome that one dwells on an occasional letter to his mother less morbid than usual. Once he writes: "I have often thought of you since we last met,—always whenever my path in the garden lies by the windows of that summer room at which I used to see your dear, beautiful old face last summer." But the insomnia and the chloral were on the increase, and the end was near.

Rossetti died on Easter Sunday, April 9, 1882, at Birchington-on-Sea; and is buried in the little churchyard there, under a Celtic cross designed by his friend, Ford Maddox Brown. After his death there were two or three exhibitions of his wonderful pictures, all instinct with the Catholic feeling in art as is his poetry. To us Catholics he seems of right to have belonged, and to him we owe all our compunction and tenderness for his darkened life, and all praise as one who in words and in colors wrought as nobly as any of Florence or Fiesole.

Bishop Neumann.

EDITED BY MARC F. VALLETTE, LL. D.

II.—WESTWARD HO!

DURING the early portion of his sojourn in the Seminary of Budweis, John Neumann had resolved to become a missionary priest in America. He was at that time an eager reader of the *Annals of the Leopold Institution*; and the letters of Bishop Baraga and other German missionaries, which he read therein, acted with magnetic attraction on his ardent soul. He relates himself that his final resolve was formed during a walk with a friend on the banks of the Moldau.

This friend, influenced by the enthusiastic lecture of a professor on the apostolic labors of the evangelizers of peoples, had come to the conclusion that he would join those who were sowing the good seed in the New World, and made known his resolution to his friend Neumann during their walk. The latter jested on the subject at first; but, suddenly becoming serious, they discussed the matter at length, and it ended by Neumann declaring he would accompany his friend to America. From this purpose he never swerved; and in his paternal friend, Father Hermann Dichtl, he found the counsel and sympathy he needed in this important affair. Dichtl for some time cherished hopes of founding a seminary for Foreign Missions in Bohemia, but they proved abortive.

About the time that Neumann and his friend were drawing near to the conclusion of their studies, Bishop Kenrick, of Philadelphia, wrote to Dr. Räss, the director of the seminary in Strasburg, to ask if he could not send him some German priests. Dr. Räss wrote to Dichtl, who immediately communicated with Neumann. The latter met with great opposition from many enlightened persons, as well as from his

Bishop, who was naturally unwilling to lose so promising a young ecclesiastic.

What his afflicted parents would say, and how grieved they would feel, Neumann shrank from contemplating. When at last he found courage to make known his purpose to his father, the latter said: "If you believe that God calls you to this mission, we shall offer no opposition; but," he added, entreatingly, "take no farewell of us." The pallor of his countenance showed the struggle which this apparently calm acquiescence cost him; and Neumann, who knew his father well, fully appreciated the sacrifice he made in giving his consent. His mother did not seem astonished at his resolve; her maternal perspicacity had probably penetrated his secret before it was revealed in words.

A very difficult undertaking now lay before the young levite—that of procuring the necessary funds for his journey to America, his own resources being absolutely insufficient. A collection made by some friendly priests of the diocese enabled him to begin his journey, and he was promised a further contribution in Strasburg. The friend who had intended to accompany him was unable to do so for want of means, and Neumann's scanty store barely sufficed for indispensable outlays. He had as yet received no orders; and he determined to leave Europe without them, and receive them in the country of his adoption.

Many obstacles delayed his departure; it was only on the 8th of February, 1836, that he was able to set out, although he had finished his studies in the University of Prague in July of the previous year. The future missionary took leave of his native place with a swelling heart. In compliance with his father's wish, he bade his family no formal farewell; it was thought that he had gone to Budweis for a temporary absence, as he often did, until a letter from that town, in which the

devoted son took a touching and grateful leave of his excellent parents, showed them that the threatened sacrifice was at last consummated.

Faith alone could have strengthened Neumann for the separation, which left every fibre of his heart quivering with anguish. And, as if God would try His faithful servant to the utmost, disappointments and hinderances met him at every step. In Linz, Bishop Ziegler received him with great kindness; but in Munich a bitter deception awaited him. There he met a missionary from Cincinnati, and was told by him that German priests were certainly sought for in America, but that the Bishop of Philadelphia no longer needed any, and had withdrawn the appeal which he had made to the Rector of Strasburg. He advised him to seek acceptance in the diocese of New York, Detroit, or Vincennes. The Bishop of the last named see would be in Paris, on his way home from Rome, about Easter; and he could perhaps make the journey to America with him.

Neumann was greatly cast down at this news; but, encouraged by Professor Phillips, he applied to Bishop Bruté, of Vincennes, for admission into his diocese; and pushed on to Strasburg, where, although kindly received, he learned to his dismay that the funds promised him for his journey had already been divided among other missionaries. The kind director of the Strasburg Seminary, however, gave him a letter of introduction to a rich merchant in Paris, who was very friendly to missionaries; and on the 13d of March, after a week's stay in Strasburg, Neumann took his departure; and, being joined at Nancy by Father Schäfer, a German priest, also bound for America, he reached the French capital on the 11th of March.

New disappointments awaited him in Paris. Refused admittance at St. Sulpice, with the admonition that no foreigners

were received there, it was only at the cost of many humiliations that he found temporary shelter in the otherwise most hospitable house of the Foreign Missions; and the merchant to whom he had been recommended was not to be found. At last, after much trouble, Neumann and his companion obtained a room for twenty francs a month; and there, suffering every privation and almost starved, he waited until Easter, without receiving any answer from Bishop Bruté, or any sign of his arrival from Rome.

On the 28th of March, his birthday, he had satisfied his devotion by receiving Holy Communion at Montmartre; and, in remembrance of St. Francis Xavier, solemnly vowed to be his disciple in word and work, which greatly comforted and fortified him. On Easter Monday, April 4, he again fortified himself with the Bread of Life, and determined on starting for America before his small stock of money should be completely exhausted.

He took a place in the Evening Express for Havre, but missed his train by five minutes. Determined to proceed, he took a cab to the city gates, and then trudged on in the darkness and rain to Nanterre, which he reached "thoroughly drenched, but not at all tired," he declares. From Nanterre he took the diligence to Saint Germain, and thence gained Meulan on foot. From the latter town to Havre he took the diligence.

One bright episode of this toilsome journey he always remembered with gratitude. His companions had descended from the vehicle to refresh themselves at an inn between Meulan and Havre. Neumann followed them hesitatingly, debating with himself how to obtain the refreshment he so badly needed with an almost empty purse. The hostess took him into a room, provided him with a most comfortable meal, and absolutely refused all payment, saying with a smile that he should pray for her in return.

On the 7th of April he reached Havre, and found a vessel nearly ready to start for America. He also made the agreeable discovery that his money was sufficient for the passage. But he had to wait in Havre until the 20th of April, when, strengthened by Holy Communion received that morning, he embarked on the *Europa*, which immediately weighed anchor; and soon our young missionary saw the shores of the Old World vanish in the distance,—his heart full of hope, and his trust in Providence unshaken.

III.—THE MISSIONARY.

On the eve of Trinity Sunday, after a stormy voyage of forty days, Neumann saw the longed-for shores of America, like a grey mist on the western horizon. On the following day the *Europa* cast anchor about three miles from Staten Island, to undergo a short quarantine.

Neumann afterward spoke of the indescribable pleasure it had given him and his fellow-passengers to see land again, after forty days of combat with wind and waves. "All," he wrote, "came on deck, notwithstanding the heavy rain; and as long as we could see them, we watched the green banks and the red houses and villas. Even the sick forgot illness and weakness, and joined in the general rejoicing."

By dint of persuasion, Neumann obtained leave from the captain to cross in a small boat to Staten Island on the morning of Corpus Christi; thence by steamer he reached New York at one o'clock in the afternoon. In a letter to a friend, to whom he was describing his landing in America, he wrote:

"You can well imagine how I felt. My first thought was to find a Catholic church; and I wandered until evening in the mile-long streets of the city, seeing many temples and chapels, but no Catholic church. All my philological knowledge was called into account, and scarcely

sufficed to enlighten me as to what worship these various buildings belonged. Sometimes they bore no emblem, at others there was a weathercock surmounted by a cross, or a cross surmounted by a weathercock. 'Ah!' I said to myself, 'however ably the devil disguises himself, the cloven foot will peep out.'"

Unable to find what he sought, Neumann had to take a room at an inn, which by good luck had a Swiss host; and only the next morning he discovered the Catholic Cathedral. What was his joyful surprise to be received with open arms by the German parish priest, the Rev. Father Raffener, and to learn from him that he was already accepted for the New York diocese! Dr. Räss had, according to his promise, written from Strasburg about him; and three weeks before his arrival his acceptance was determined on.

Father Raffener took Neumann to Bishop Dubois, a hale old man of eighty, who, in Neumann's own words, "did not know whether he should address him in Latin, French, or English, so great was his joyful surprise." The newcomer surpassed all his expectations, and seemed specially fitted to continue the work which the zealous missionaries, John Nicholas Mertz and Alexander Pax, had begun among the German emigrants in the western part of the State. His ordination was rapidly proceeded with. On the 19th of June he received minor orders and the subdiaconate, on the 24th and 25th the remaining sacred orders; and on the 26th he had the joy of celebrating his first Mass, in the Church of St. Nicholas.

Two days later he started for Williamsville, his new residence; and, reaching it on the 12th of July, was introduced to his flock by the Rev. Father Pax. Besides Williamsville, several other parishes, of which Northbush and Lancaster were the most important, were confided to the care of the young missionary.

(To be continued.)

The Unseen Friend.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

UNSEEN, unknown, yet ever at my side,
Sinless and glorious, my Angel Guide
Far from the heights of heaven folds his wings
And waits with me where earth's chill vapor
clings.

Waits, hopes and prays, watchful, alert and
wise;

The light of God, within his steady eyes,
Illumes the shadows of that veiled way
I tread, unresting, to death's night—or day.

Ofttimes he holds me, and my steps are stayed
Upon the crumbling verge of Sin's dark glade;
Ofttimes he calls me with some vision fair
From foul morass to God's pure, upland air.

Ofttimes he shields me, and the shafts of woe
Drop harmless, blunted, from his buckler's
glow;

Ofttimes he soothes me, and Pain's iron grasp
Is loosed and palsied by his tender clasp.

I know not how, I know not where, but still
I know my Angel tempers every ill,
Doubles my joys, and changeless, patient
stands,

The burden of my soul upon his hands.

O thou God's Angel, whom I dare call mine!
May every moment of my life yet shine
A gem to crown thee when the soul God gave
Full homage bears to Him from out the grave!

Through Sorrow's Seas.

II.

LEFT alone in the dark, I grew afraid;
Although fear was a sensation to which
I was usually a stranger. For the sake of
company, I awoke old Hector. He stretched
himself leisurely, drew near me and began
to lick my hands. God forgive me, his
caress involuntarily recalled the cold kiss
so recently bestowed on me by father.

A few moments later mother re-entered

the room; and as I saw her face wet with tears I was stricken with sympathetic grief. Putting aside the greyhound, who had placed his paws on my knees, I ran to mother, threw myself into her arms and kissed her repeatedly. As she returned my caresses and clasped me closely to her bosom, I could feel her bosom palpitating violently. I desired to partake of her sorrow and to suffer with her, but she seemed bent on striving to hide from me the intensity of her woe.

"Papa grieves you a great deal, does he not?" I asked her.

"Still, he loves you very much, for all that," she replied, with a visible effort. "And, then, he is tired out after his exertions during the past few days. A good night's rest will completely restore him, I hope." The fire was burning low, and she added: "It is growing cold here; and, moreover, it is quite late; It is time for you also, Gerald, to go to bed."

I understood that she wished to weep freely and unseen by me; but I insisted on remaining with her, for it pained me cruelly to think of her suffering in solitude. She allowed me to stay for another half hour, and I spent the time in lavishing upon her all the consolation in my power. Finally we had to separate; I prolonged my good-night kiss, and could scarcely tear myself away from her loving embrace. The wind was howling furiously about the *château*, as if bent on forcing an entrance. I slept uneasily all night, and dreamed of a thousand terrible events.

The next morning, on returning from the early Mass, which it was her daily custom to attend, she found my father's room empty. This surprised her somewhat, as he never went out so early. The servants could give only an imperfect explanation of his absence. Shortly after Madam's departure for the church, M. Albert de Vigroux had driven up to the door, had alighted and asked to see M. Melançon. They had conversed for about a quarter

of an hour in the *salon*, had exchanged some angry words, and finally driven away together.

"I caught a glimpse of M. Melançon as he was leaving," said one of the maids. "He looked pale and much disturbed; and he put his head out the carriage window and looked in this direction till they turned the corner of Bonsecours Avenue."

This was all that was known of the matter in our household, but this was enough to fill us with misgivings. Albert de Vigroux was only too well known of us. He had squandered the greater part of his mother's fortune, and he led the wildest of lives. Father had been visited by him at different times, and had been led by him into circles where of late all his evenings had been spent.

His quick, decided way of acting, and his somewhat cynical expression, half attracted, half repelled me. In truth it was antipathy with which he inspired me; yet he never neglected an opportunity of treating my mother with great courtesy, and of showing much amiability to myself. His visits were always the occasion of some gift to me, and he had a hundred skilful and gracious methods of winning mother's consent to father's accompanying him. For the most part, indeed, it did not require much diplomacy. Mother was naturally good and generous; and if she occasionally urged father to remain at home, it was solely through love for him. Egotism was quite foreign to her character; she forgot herself and sought her happiness only in that of others.

Still, she was not partial to M. de Vigroux. She never said so, but I could readily perceive it. Incapable of hating any one, she felt for this man an instinctive repulsion; and she could not but perceive the terrible ascendancy which he exercised over her husband,—an ascendancy that she was incapable of counterbalancing, and which bade fair to become very prejudicial to father's interests. The

latter's character, naturally yielding, and inclined to be influenced by any strong will with whom he came into contact, was moulded by M. de Vigroux for his own purposes. Briefly, this De Vigroux, who styled himself the best friend of her husband, was regarded by my mother as his most dangerous enemy.

It was not without some uneasiness, therefore, that she learned of father's going out at so unusual an hour in the company of his evil genius. She was disturbed and ill at ease throughout the day; and as night came on and brought no tidings of father, her anxiety became redoubled. Finally, she gave some orders to the servants, went into her room for a few moments, came out to where I was sitting, and, hiding her tears behind a black veil with which she had covered her face, said:

"Gerald, I must go out to look for your father; be a good boy while I am absent."

She kissed me; and I felt, through her veil, that her cheek was cold and wet. I heard her going downstairs with a light step, and saying to her chambermaid:

"Rose, I may not be back until quite late. Watch over the baby till I return."

Left alone, I ran to the window that looked on the street. The weather had been fine during the day, but was now growing stormy. The rain began to fall on the sidewalks, and soon on either side of the street the water flowed along like a veritable rivulet. I watched for a time the street-lamps, that threatened every minute to be extinguished; and the few foot travellers, who, with umbrellas blown hither and thither by the rising wind, struggled doggedly onward.

Soon growing tired of this monotonous and melancholy spectacle, I approached the table at which father had written so long on the previous night. The pen which he had used, and had thrown down carelessly, had left in falling an ink stain on the corner of a handsome book, bound

in red morocco. It was my mother's favorite volume, "The Imitation of Christ." The gloves which father had worn when he came, and had taken off when he began to write, were also lying on the table. I picked them up mechanically and examined them. As I did so something fell on the floor. Stooping down, I hunted for it till I found it—a gold ring which on her wedding-day mother had placed on father's finger, and which he prized highly. Doubtless, in his haste, he had pulled it off without noticing the fact. I remember thinking that if he had gone away for any length of time, he would be very sorry not to have this souvenir of that happy day. I put the ring on the mantel-piece, and taking up an old album, began to look through it.

Father's picture was on almost every alternate page, now in one posture, now in another; but what astonished me was that in none of them could I see any trace of the sombre, anxious, discontented air which I had remarked in him since I was old enough to notice his features with intelligence. I saw, too, the picture of my mother at the age of seventeen. Time had changed her features somewhat, but had left her the gentle expression and the sweet smile that had always made her a general favorite. This portrait showed her in the act of mounting her horse. She was robed in an elegant riding habit, which set off her lithesome figure to perfection. It was taken at the time when she lived with her father in Beaufort Castle. She had often spoken to me of the equestrian exercises which formed the favorite recreation of my grandfather, and in which she and father during their engagement often took part.

Having looked the album through and through, I picked up the morocco-covered volume, and commenced to turn over its pages. I was attracted by one particular page, that seemed more soiled than the others, doubtless because mother perused

it most frequently. It began: "My son, I came down from heaven for your salvation; I clothed Myself with your miseries, not from necessity, but because of the love which I bear you; in order to teach you to be patient, and to endure without murmuring the hardships of this life. For from the moment of My birth until My death on the Cross, I never ceased to suffer some sorrow."

As I finished reading these lines, I heard some voices talking in the next room, which was father's. Going quietly over to the door, I put my ear to the key-hole and listened. I could not follow all that was said, but I heard enough to terrify me. I recognized the voices as those of Rose and father's valet, Jules; and the first words I could catch came from the latter.

"No, no: the revolver isn't here; he took it with him when he went out; and not without reason, either,—you may be sure of that."

"What!" said Rose, indignantly. "You imagine that M. Melançon could do anything so wicked,—he who has a wife so saintly!"

"I may be mistaken—I hope I am; but, you see, my dear, gambling, debts, and despair very often travel together, and they are pretty bad advisers. As for me, I tell you candidly I shall not be surprised to learn that master has blown his brains out."

A black cloud passed before my eyes, my teeth came together violently, my legs shook so that I could hardly stand. I uttered a cry of terror. The door was opened hastily and Rose appeared, but she wore a look of such consternation that she only increased my fright. She grew still paler and more troubled when I asked her:

"What do you think has become of my father?" As she hesitated before replying, I continued, indignantly: "What Jules says is infamous."

Rose understood that I had heard the recent conversation.

"Don't pay any attention," said she, "to what that big, idiotic chatter-box has been saying. Some folks are always ready to think the worst of everybody. M. Melançon will soon be back. I am sure of it."

As she spoke with an air of conviction, I was somewhat reassured. Still, the terrible suspicion of the valet returned to my mind again and again, and it was in vain that I tried to drive it away. Father to commit suicide! It was horrible to think of. Far from believing it, I should not allow myself to consider it possible. Yet last night he was very much agitated; never had I seen him so gloomy and strange. And, then, why did he go out at so unusual an hour this morning? He might at least have told mother of his intended absence. And why did he take his revolver? There was something mysterious in the whole affair, and I could not free myself from the burden of a great dread.

(To be continued.)

Memories of Hawaii.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XI.—AFTERGLOW.

THERE is a bell in a certain tower,— a tower quite near me, yet not visible from my windows. At six o'clock every morning that bell does its best to tip over in delirious joy; but a dozen strokes of the big iron tongue usually complete its effort, and the last note vibrates and spins itself out indefinitely. I like to be awakened by that bell; I like to hear it at meridian, when my day's work is nearly done. It is swinging this very moment; and the heavy hammer is bumping its head on either side of the rim, wrought to a pitch of melodious fury.

The voice of it is so like the voice of a certain bell I used to hear in a dreamy sea-side village away off in the Tropics, that I have only to close my eyes and I am over the seas again, where I have dwelt of yore. As it rings now I fancy I am in a great house, built of coral stone,—a house surrounded by broad verandas and standing in the midst of a grove of cocoa-palms. Just across a dusty lane lies the church-yard; and in the congregation of the departed I catch a glimpse of the homely whitewashed walls of the old missionary church. As the bell of that church rings out at high noon the pigeons flutter from the eaves of the old church, and sail to and fro as if half afraid; yet this flight of theirs, which ends with the last note of the bell—then they quietly nestle themselves under the eaves once more,—this flight of theirs seems to be a part of the service that is renewed from day to day.

In spirit I pace again those winding paths; I meet dark faces that brighten as I greet them; I hear the reef-music blown in from the summer sea; through leafy trellises I look into the watery distance, where white sails are wafted like feathers across an azure sky. A dry and floating dust, like powdered gold, glorifies the air. The vertical sun has driven the shadows to the wall, and the dry pods of the tamarind rattle and crackle in the intense heat; or perhaps a cocoonut drops suddenly to the grass with a dull *thud*.

A vixenish hornet swaggers in at the window, which is never closed, dangling its withered legs—the very ghost of an emaciated ballet-girl,—and pirouettes above my head, while I sit statue-like, breathlessly awaiting my fate; but—O what a relief!—presently she flirts herself out of the window, and is gone.

Do you think that nothing transpires in this far-away corner of the world? The coolie who brings me my matutinal cocoonut, the cream of which I drink from the tender young shell just broken

for me, is now gathering fallen leaves, each one as big as a Panama hat; they have covered the tennis-court during the night. Do you often see such a sight as that?

Were I in Honolulu—the Tropical Metropolis, you know!—I could see from my window as of yore a singularly shaped hill, commonly called Punch Bowl. 'Twas once an active volcano, and the Punch brewed in it in those days was not good for lips of mortal clay. It has been empty for ages, as have all the volcanoes in the northern islands of the group; and now it looms above the sea of foliage that engulfs the little capital like an island in the air. There is a fortress up yonder, and a winding carriage way that leads from the edge of the town to the summit, and girdles that. Ah! what a stretch of sea and shore invites the eye as one skirts the rim of old Punch Bowl! And in the twilight one is up among the stars. Punch Bowl has baked hard in the sun through all these ages; it is for the most part as red as clay, though a tinge of green in its rain-moistened chinks suggests those bronzes of uncertain antiquity. 'Tis really an ornamental bit of nature's bric-a-brac. Above it roll snow-white trade-wind clouds, those commercial travellers that rush over us in such haste, as if they had important business elsewhere. Above all is the profoundly blue, blue sky, within whose depths one loses one's self so easily and feels so lonesome.

I like better to picture the narrow street in my old neighborhood, wherein man and beast travel amicably; and a disconsolate old Kanaka, done up in a shirt or a sheet—it makes very little difference to him which one of these is his covering,—settles for a little while wherever it may please him to halt, and there takes about three whiffs of tobacco from a stubby, black, brass-bound, wooden pipe, before resuming his aimless journey to nowhere.

Over the way there is a long, low rustic shed, with its beams hung full of dead-

ripe bananas; on a little bench under these yellow pouches of creamy pulp lie heaps of native watermelons, looking very delicious indeed. A comely native girl, with an uncombed head—but comely for all that,—will sell you her poorest stores with a grace that makes the article cheap at any price.

Just beyond my window wave mango boughs, heavily fruited. There are strange flowers palpitating in the sunshine, covered thick with dust-pollen,—flowers whose ancestors have lived and died in Ceylon, Java, Japan, Madagascar, and all those far-away lands that make a boy's mouth water in study hours as he pores over his enchanted atlas. Sindbad had thrilling experiences and some hair-breadth escapes while he was travelling correspondent of the *Daily Arabian Nights*; but I warrant you there are plenty of us nowadays who would risk life and limb for a tithe of his wonderful adventures.

I hear the tramp of hoofs upon the hard-baked street; horsemen and horsewomen dash by,—the men sitting limp in the saddle and seeming almost a part of the animal; the women riding man-fashion, like Amazons, and outriding the men in a race.

What the down is to the peach so is the last hour of sunset to the tropical day; it is the finishing touch that makes perfect the whole. The bell has just struck again, and its long reverberating note seems of a color with the picture in my mind;—a bell for sunset, it is the Angelus that calls me back again to the little village that lies half asleep over the dreamy sea.

Just fancy a long, long beach, with a long, long wave rushing upon it and turning a regular summersault, all spray and spangles, just before it gets there; a unique lighthouse at the top of the one solitary dock where the small boats land; the white spires of two churches at the two ends of the town, and a sprinkling of

roofs and verandas but half discovered in the confusion of green boughs,—that is Lahaina from the anchorage; I think it the prettiest sight in the whole Hawaiian Kingdom.

Let us hasten shoreward. Perhaps we wonder if that ridge of breakers is to be climbed in this small boat, and climbed in safety? Perhaps we look with a tinge of superstition into the affairs of Lahaina, questioning if it be really the abode of men in the flesh, or but a dream wherein spirits live and move and have their being?

Ah! we are speedily awakened by the boat-boy. Great is the boat-boy of Lahaina! He is agile and impudent and amphibious, and altogether comical. He has carried all the population of Lahaina—some two or three thousand—in his boat, first and last. He complacently suns himself on that solitary wharf, hour after hour, day after day, patiently awaiting a fresh arrival and a renewal of business. Business he can not help ranking before pleasure, because in his case such business is the most pleasurable of his pleasures.

Happy, thrice happy boat-boy! He poises himself against the whitewash of the wooden lighthouse in startling relief; he recognizes you the moment he lays eye on you, in spite of your week-old beard and the dilapidated state of your travelling suit; with the utmost cordiality he hails you by your Christian name—a custom of the country; you immediately fall a victim to his wiles. It is quite impossible not to brave the sea with him whether you will or no; for he is the embodiment of presuming good-nature, and you are as wax under the influence of his beaming and persuasive smile. The finger of Time doubles up the moment it points toward him; he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. I can lead you to the very boat-boy who collared me ages ago, I am sure of it; he must be still lying in wait for me,—not a day older, not

a particle changed; and were I there in the flesh as I am there in the spirit, I should expect to fall into his hands within the hour, and should instinctively and instantly surrender whatever plans I may have cherished without a murmur and without a doubt.

Ever consistent in his inconsistency, wonderful are the ways of the Kanaka. I am reminded of an incident which occurred within my personal knowledge. A Hawaiian congregation having, after considerable effort, succeeded in raising money enough for the purchase of a large bell, called a meeting of all those who were interested in church matters. You may be sure there was a full attendance, for this was an occasion of unusual importance. The new bell, paid for out of the donations of those present, was hanging in the little square tower of the church; it was rung for the edification of the people; then two of the most popular and eloquent debaters in that part of the Kingdom were called upon to entertain the multitude with an argument upon the respective merits of the bell and the conch-shell which was formerly in general use throughout Hawaii.

The Hawaiians are never weary of arguing; there are very eloquent and witty orators among them; they are fluent speakers and highly emotional; they share tears and laughter in a breath. The champion of the bell arose. He spoke of the growth and development of the age we live in; of the propriety of keeping pace with said age; of how they, as a nation, had risen out of the darkness of superstition, and were now called upon to put away the childish things of the past. The Hawaiian orator loves to refer to the regeneration of his race, the broken idols, and all that sort of thing; this is Hawaiian "Buncombe." He did not forget to describe the singular history of the bell, tracing it from the ore in the earth to the instrument in the air. He would have quoted Schiller's "Lay" had Schiller been

a Hawaiian. He concluded with a noble panegyric on the silvery, vibrating voice that should henceforth speak to them of prayer and praise in most persuasive tones. He ended amid a tumult of applause; it looked bad for the champion of the conch.

Then the latter arose. Silent was the throng that gathered about him; his prospects were anything but encouraging. After a suitable pause he began to speak in a low mellow voice, that at once attracted attention. He said he had not risen to praise the works of man,—they spoke for themselves on every possible occasion; he came to speak of that slender, delicate structure, framed by the hand of God Himself, whose twining, pearl-lined pipe responded only to the airs of heaven. Its home was in the sea, yet had it been cast up by the sea at their very feet—a beautiful and gracious offering; it was ancient as the earth. What could be more fitting than that this shell, out of the bosom of the blue waters, should whisper to the children of a day and call them home to God? It was forever singing; it was forever haunted by the spirit of song. Would they—should they—*could* they dash aside this exquisite structure, so ancient, so unique, so worthy of their veneration? It was a memento of the past—God-given, and should be gratefully accepted. While all other mementos were fast perishing, this cried to them with its low, sweet moan. Could they be deaf to its melody? Certainly not; it was at once voted that the conch should be blown as usual; but, inasmuch as the new bell had been bought and paid for, it might be tinkled at proper intervals if the bell-tinkler felt so disposed. This is Hawaiian to the core.

At six this evening when my bell rang again I was transported on the instant. There were long and very cool shadows stretching through the little tropical village. You know, at dusk the reef is stiller, and the roar sounds faint and far

off, and is sometimes altogether hushed. The pigeons were once more driven from their home in the belfry, but for the last time to-day; they soon returned, and, slowly and decorously waltzing about for a moment on their slender pink legs, disappeared within the shelter of the tower.

Down yonder, at this hour everyone is in his easy-chair smoking, chatting or dreaming; there comes a sudden flash across the twilight sky; the marsh hens begin to pipe in the rushes; the moths hover about with big, staring, carnelian eyes, and dash frantically at the old-fashioned astral-lamp that stands on the centre-table in the large open parlor. The night falls suddenly; the air grows cool and moist; a great golden star darts from its sphere and sails through the dewy-dark, leaving a wake of fire.

O Lahaina! my Lahaina! I am reminded of some verses I once made upon you, years and years ago. I think they ran as follows:

LAHAINA.

Where the wave tumbles;
Where the reef rumbles;
Where the sea sweeps
Under bending palm-branches,
Sliding its snow-white
And swift avalanches
Where the sails pass
O'er an ocean of glass,
Or trail their dull anchors
Down in the sea-grass.

Where the hills smoulder;
Where the plains smoke;
Where the peaks shoulder
The clouds like a yoke;
Where the dear isle,
Has a charm to beguile
As she rests in the lap
Of the seas that enfold her.

Where shadows falter;
Where the mist hovers
Like steam that covers
Some ancient altar.

Where the sky rests
On deep wooded crests;
Where the clouds lag;
Where the sun floats
His glittering motes
Swimming the rainbows
That girdle the crag.

Where the newcomer
In deathless summer
Dreams away troubles;
Where the grape blossoms
And blows its sweet bubbles.

Where the goats cry
From the hillside carrel;
Where the fish leap
In the weedy canal—
In the shallow lagoon
With its waters forsaken;
Where the dawn struggles
With night for an hour,
Then breaks like a tropical
Bird from its bower.

Where from the long leaves
The fresh dew is shaken;
Where the wind sleeps,
And where the birds waken.

Ah me! Again and yet again, ah me! Will they rob these gentle people of their birthright and their crown? Protect them certainly: they need protection. They have been at the mercy of unscrupulous whites ever since the days of that old pirate Captain Cook. He began it, and the whalers continued it, and the scheming politicians have concluded it. It is an ungodly record, but such an one as the white man is apt to make whenever he finds himself among those who are unacquainted with his wiles. They need protection in Hawaii. America is the natural godfather of the Kingdom. Let America protect them—but annex them never!

Is it that bell again, and rings it with a more hopeful tone? I pray it may be so. And here end these memories of a precious past. O Island Home! made sacred by a birth and by a death; haunted by sweet and solemn memories. What if thy rocking palm boughs are as muffled music and thy reef a dirge? Please Heaven, the joy-bells that have rung in the happy past shall ring again in the hopeful future, and life once more grow rosy in the radiance of the afterglow.

THE opinions of men who think are always growing and changing, like living children.—*Hamerton.*

A Calvary of the Tyrol.

EUROPE contains few regions more picturesquely beautiful than the Tyrol. High mountains, covered with magnificent forests, encircle rich and verdant valleys, which are adorned here and there with lakes, whose deep blue waters are fed by torrents leaping down from the glacial peaks, and tossing above waving tree-tops billowy clouds of vapor.

Sequestered from neighboring peoples by these mountain bulwarks, the Tyrolese have preserved in all their purity and simplicity the manners and customs of other days, and have remained through the various upheavals of European society a profoundly religious people. The tourist who traverses this province frequently comes upon crosses surrounded by statues, erected by the generous devotion of the pious peasants. The passers-by kneel before these "calvaries"; and on market-days groups, on their way to or from the town, habitually stop at these rustic oratories to recite a decade of the beads, or sing a stanza of a hymn, the succeeding stanza of which will be taken up at the next shrine to which they come.

Perhaps the most celebrated of these calvaries is that of Martinswand, not far from Innsbruck. It is constructed in a natural excavation, piercing, like an artificial vault, the flank of an immense rock rising perpendicularly to a great height, and overlooking a narrow valley. At a distance this oratory seems inaccessible; but on approaching it, one sees cut in the face of the rock a sort of staircase, by means of which it is possible to descend to the vault. Under its roof, hung with ivy and creeping plants, three crosses have been erected, an altar being placed before the middle one. The tourist's query as to the origin of this singularly located calvary elicits the following story.

In 1490 the reigning prince of the

Tyrol was young Maximilian of Austria, whose frank and amiable character, combined with his hardy and adventurous spirit, rendered him generally beloved by these simple and affectionate mountaineers.

A daring hunter, like all the men of the district, Maximilian was one day pursuing a wounded chamois, when, without his suspecting it, the animal led him to the summit of Martinswand, the edges of which were masked by shrubbery. A fragment of rock became detached under the young hunter's foot, and he fell over the frightful precipice.

Acting in accordance with a twofold instinct, he recommended himself to the Blessed Virgin, and clutched at the shrubs which grew in the seams of the rock. These gave way beneath his weight, until, by successive falls, he reached a bush hardier than the others, and was able to arrest his further progress. This bush grew just above the vault of which we have spoken; and as he clung to it, the greater part of Maximilian's body was dangling in the air. Taking a firmer hold of the branches, he swung himself once or twice out and in; and then, exerting all his strength, threw himself within the cavity. He fell, bruised and bleeding, upon its jagged floor; while the mountain shrub to which he owed his safety, torn up by the roots, rolled down the precipices with the rocks among which it grew.

Maximilian had escaped instant death, and with Christian promptitude he knelt and poured out the gratitude of his heart to God and His Blessed Mother. As yet, however, he was not saved. True, he had not been precipitated to the bottom of the abyss; but how was he to get out of this vault, probably destined to be his grave? He glanced with fright at the open gulf below him, while above his head advanced the rock which overhangs at a considerable projection the grotto wherein he lay. "Mary, all-powerful Mother of God, save me!" he cried, with that confiding faith

which in that age animated all hearts. "Mary, have pity on me!"

He had shouted for help and sounded his hunter's horn until almost exhausted, when some peasants, passing on the other side of the ravine, were startled by hearing these noises proceeding from the flank of Martinswand. They stopped, looked, and saw a man making signs from the grotto. Climbing up the steep bank opposite the precipice, they reached a point where they could plainly see and communicate with their young prince. Maximilian recounted the accident that had befallen him, and bade them take word to Innspruck, so that assistance might be brought to him. As he entertained strong doubts, however, of the possibility of his rescue, he told them to send the pastor of the nearest village, so that he might make his confession.

The priest soon arrived, and immediately, despite the presence of a crowd already considerable, the prince publicly confessed his sins, and had the consolation of hearing from across the narrow valley the formula of absolution pronounced upon him. Several hours later came the Bishop of Innspruck, followed by his clergy and hundreds of the citizens. Clad in his sacred vestments, the Bishop, carried in his hands the Blessed Sacrament. Reaching the point opposite the unfortunate prince, the prelate blessed him with the Sacred Host, and then caused It to be held exposed before his eyes, that his courage might be supported while the mountaineers were endeavoring, on the summit of Martinswand, to devise some plan of rescue. No feasible plan, however, could be discovered. The ropes which they tried again and again to let down to Maximilian were stopped by the jagged nature of some part of the rock, and especially by the projection which overhung the grotto; so that it was impossible even to let down any food or drink.

A day and a night were spent in useless efforts. Devoutly kneeling, Maximilian prayed with all the fervor of his soul; and,

with his gaze fixed upon the Sacred Host still exposed on the opposite hillside, ceaselessly invoked the intercession of Mary, sure protectress in imminent dangers. A second day dawned. The young prince, whose body and limbs had been badly bruised by his fall, and whom want of food had still further weakened, fainted from sheer exhaustion. He recovered some half hour later; but, feeling that another swoon might be the immediate precursor of death, he besought the Bishop, in a voice whose weakness caused all hearts to bleed for him, to recite the prayers for the dying. The prelate hastened to comply with this request, and at once began the recitation; the people, whose numbers had increased from hour to hour, joining in the responses with tears and lamentations.

As soon as the prayers for the dying were finished, Maximilian, raising his heart to God and recommending himself to the Blessed Virgin, made a vow that if he escaped from the death that menaced him, he would have built in the grotto or vault that sheltered him a calvary and an altar in honor of Mary. Scarcely was the promise formulated when the sound of a light step along the side of the precipice caused him to turn his head. A young mountaineer was approaching him swiftly and surely, almost as if he had wings with which to support himself. With marvellous agility he took advantage of the slightest unevenness or irregularity on the plane of the cliff, and of every shrub and branch on his path. He reached the grotto, bounded lightly in, and stretched out his hand to Maximilian. "Courage, prince!" he said. "Mary, our merciful Queen, is interceding for you. Drink a little of this wine, to strengthen you somewhat; then follow me."

The crowd across the ravine did not hear these words, but they saw the young mountaineer come out of the grotto, holding Maximilian's hand in his. They raised a shout of joy, and repeated the young

man's greeting—"Courage, courage!" Holding tightly the hand of his guide, Maximilian clung to the jutting seams which the latter pointed out to him, and to which he wondered he had not sooner trusted himself. He followed his leader, both suspended above the abyss like flies on a perpendicular wall. The descent was so hazardous that the multitude of spectators remained in breathless suspense, motionless and mute; while the Bishop and clergy prostrated themselves before the Blessed Sacrament, invoking God with their whole souls.

At times the prince and his guide disappeared in some winding or turn. Then the excitement became redoubled; but a few moments later they could again be seen,—Maximilian following the guide, who seemed to laugh at the danger, and to face it with as much security as if he were sustained by a supernatural force. At last they reach a gentler declivity; a minute or two more and they will have attained the level of the valley. "Saved! —he is saved!" shouted the multitude, passing from a state of anxious fear for the fate of their beloved prince to one of extravagant and boisterous joy.

All hastened from the hillside, whence they had witnessed the perilous descent, to the bottom of the ravine; the Bishop and priest following, carrying the Blessed Sacrament in solemn procession. The crowd pressed around Maximilian, every one wishing to kiss his hands; but he threw himself upon his knees, and with deepest emotion returned fervent thanks to Almighty God, who had saved him; to the Blessed Virgin, who had interceded for him; and to his faithful Tyrolese, so preoccupied with his fate. The Bishop intoned the *Te Deum*, and the enthusiastic multitude took it up with a vim that made the Martinswand re-echo again and again.

When the prince arose from his knees, he looked about him for the skilful guide

whose hand he had dropped only a few minutes previously. He could not discover him. In vain he called aloud for him to come forward; and in vain the crowd, astonished at the guide's disappearance, repeated the call on all sides. No one knew him, none had seen him go away. Who was he, and why had he avoided the thanks of the prince and his people?

After taking some nourishment, Maximilian returned with the multitude to Innsbruck, following the Blessed Sacrament; and he did not enter his palace until he had once more prostrated himself in the cathedral, and, surrounded by a throng that completely filled the edifice, had solemnly renewed his vow to construct a calvary in the grotto of Martinswand.

A proclamation was sent to all the villages in the district. It invited the hardy mountaineer who had saved the prince to present himself at the palace. As no one ever did present himself, it is not at all strange that prince and people, Bishop and clergy, remained convinced that the Blessed Virgin had sent an angel to rescue Maximilian from a peril from which no mortal could have delivered him.

The tourist who hears this story, beneath the shadow of Martinswand's frowning height, is not disposed to doubt its truth; and if he be a servant of Mary, he makes his way to her altar in the grotto, and offers a fervent prayer that her gracious protection may ever overshadow himself, even when in straits terrible as that from which her angelic messenger rescued the pious prince of the Tyrolese in the faith-filled days of the long ago.

To become disgusted with doing good because the object benefited is unworthy, is rendering benevolence a worldly calculation. That a fellow-creature suffers is sufficient reason for us to succor him, and the remembrance of that act is ample recompense.—*Emile Souvestre.*

An Artistic Freak.

ONE school of modern, very modern, art has developed a curious tendency. In several pictures of the French department of the Art Palace at the World's Fair our Lord is represented in the midst of nineteenth-century scenes in a manner which deeply shocks the sensibilities of most of the lookers-on.

In one painting, "The Host," an ordinary family is gathered about a conventional board, at the head of which the figure of our Saviour sits in majestic dignity. Immediately behind Him is the sideboard, in its furnishings suggesting an altar. Except for an intense reverence observable in the faces and attitudes of the persons at the table, there is no attempt apparent to represent anything whereby the beholder could be impressed. There are the usual breakfast-table furnishings, and the servant is bringing fresh cakes from the kitchen.

Another picture is even more incongruous. It is "The Descent from the Cross"; the scene is a hill on the borders of modern Paris! Here is evidently an attempt to symbolize Christ's sympathy with the "common people." Removed from the crowd, a workman shakes his fist at the sleeping city below. The Magdalen is habited as befits a Parisian woman of her class. Those weeping about are in attitude, in dress, in the very expression of their faces, unmistakably "up to date."

It would be interesting to know how many of those who pass these pictures daily are impressed with any feeling other than a puzzled curiosity. Still, there are some who profess to find on these canvases a higher meaning, a more exalted motive, than is apparent to the simple soul, who turns away to seek peace and joy in contemplating a little picture of our Blessed Lady sitting upon the roof of her lone dwelling in the golden light of Palestine.

Notes and Remarks.

In the course of a remarkably well-considered review Mr. Orby Shipley's recent work, "Carmina Mariana," the London *Daily Chronicle* drops into a discussion of the reasonableness and good effects of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The writer of the article is evidently one of the few non-Catholic students who think the subject worthy of careful investigation. "In the earliest ages, all over the Christian world," he says, "this devotion was expressed in language of rapture and enthusiasm; there is not a phrase used in Tridentine or Ultramontane times by the most eloquent Jesuit or Redemptorist, or votaries of Lourdes, which can not be paralleled in the writings of primitive Fathers. The primitive Christians of the Roman Catacombs honored the Mother of God just as Catholics do to-day; and every fresh form and feature of that devotion does but bring out some old truth in a new and living light." And further on one reads: "The Holy Family, so venerated to-day in the Catholic Church, which has St. Joseph for her universal patron, typifies the perfect social life of men, as the general veneration of saints reminds Catholics of the solidarity of mankind, of the churches Militant and Triumphant. 'What a sanction,' writes Mr. Pater of the Antonine age, 'what a provocative to natural duty lay in that image of the new Madonna, just then rising upon the world like the dawn!'"

There never was a time when the gentle influence of that Holy Family was more sorely needed than it is now, when marriage, except in the Catholic Church, is regarded as a mere temporary concordat, with hostilities threatening to break out at any time, and then—the inevitable divorce.

The Rev. Mr. Russell, late rector of the American Chapel in Florence, and a recent convert to the Catholic Church, has set a good example to all converts by refusing to furnish to reporters any particulars of the causes which led to the great change in his life and opinions. He has given up much,

and, in a worldly sense, gained little; but he has no harsh words to speak of the religious body with which he was so long associated, and of the friends from whom it was a pain to part. This beautiful reticence is characteristic of the many men of learning and culture who have passed from the uncertainties of sectarianism into the safe fold. How different the loud-mouthings of the "converted priests" and renegades of all kinds, who ransack their vocabularies for verbal missiles to hurl at mother Church!

"There is a good old saying," remarked Mr. Russell, "which runs: 'It's an evil bird that befouls its own-nest.' I can not abuse the church in which I spent the best thirty years of my life. It is all a matter of conscience. Mine has told me that the faith for me is Roman Catholicism, and I have obeyed it. That is, all there is to my conversion. I have left the Episcopal body in decency and in order, and I believe that my friends will not lose what affection they may have for me."

In an address lately delivered in England, Lord Bray expressed a truth which is, of course, familiar to Catholics, but which our Protestant friends seldom take to heart: "Ours alone of all religions upholds monogamy. Protestantism allows divorced persons to marry as often as the laws of the land permit it. Mohammedanism and even Judaism allow several wives. Buddhism also allows polygamy."

It was expected that a result of Mgr. Satolli's embassy to the United States would be a generous bestowal of titles among distinguished Catholic laymen and prominent ecclesiastics—a crop of counts and an increase in the number of prelatial dignitaries. Few American Catholics, we think, will regret that no such thing has come to pass. Ecclesiastical honors have been "thrust upon" some of our priests; but as a rule they are men already held in general esteem, and with whom responsibilities count for much and dignities for little. As for countships, etc., everyone knows that in a country like ours they are of no account. But there is a positive danger in too high ecclesiastical organization.

Simplicity is a safeguard for us. Anything that tends to complicate government, or to create a barrier between pastors and people, is to be dreaded. The simple-mannered priest is the one whose power for good is greatest with his own flock, and whose influence over non-Catholics is most far-reaching. The first step toward the conversion of our separated brethren is the disarming of prejudice; and few persons not converts to the Church, can have any idea of what an awful personage—even the ordinary priest is to the average Protestant. "I think they hardly realize: the unseen barriers of hesitation, uncertainty, and general difficulty which stand between an ordinary Protestant and a Roman Catholic priest, whom prejudice and tradition have represented as a very awful personage." This is a convert's opinion.

We must take people as they are and our country as it is. Anything that is calculated to render a minister of Christ less accessible to his flock, or more formidable to those whom he would welcome to it, is to be rejected and avoided. Let us leave Old-World ways to Old-World peoples, remembering that we live in a country whose chief executive is simply Mr. President, who affects no paraphernalia, and whose place of abode is a house distinguishable only for its color. An honorary title is of less importance any day than a tooth-brush.

There is a Polish priest in St. Louis, Mo., whose influence over his flock is such as to attract the admiring attention of the whole secular community. For fifteen years Father Urban Stanowski has had charge of St. Stanislaus' Church, which, by the way, is an exact reproduction of the Cathedral at Warsaw. His relations with his people are those of patriarch as well as priest, and the entire Polish community consult him in regard to any temporal affair which may require adjusting. He settles differences, overcomes the waywardness of erring children, adjusts financial disagreements, finds suitable employment for the young people,—in short, combines with the office of spiritual father that of worldly judge and counsellor. Over eight hundred families compose this worthy congregation; and all of them, through the efforts

of Father Urban, as they call him, have acquired a reputation for industry, honesty, and sobriety. "Priests' Row," as their long line of residences is named, is exceptionally free from visits of officers of the law.

The London *Athenæum* is without doubt the ablest literary journal in the language, but its anti-Catholic spirit usually distorts its view of things Catholic. Occasionally, however, it is betrayed into something very like frankness, as in this paragraph from a review of a book recently published:

"We may have our own opinions upon the necessity of the determined attempt made during the reign of Elizabeth to stamp out Romanism in England; but, whether it was justifiable or not, the fact remains indisputable that the treatment of the Romanists was cruel and merciless, on the one hand; and that the self-sacrifice and stubborn resistance of the persecuted were heroic, however fanatical and misguided, on the other."

Perhaps the *Athenæum* ought not to be expected to get nearer the truth than this, but one can not help thinking that the allusion to "fanaticism" could come only from a man who had no principles to suffer for.

The world at large is slowly realizing the fact that education without moral instruction is almost worse than no education at all. President C. K. Adams, in the *Forum*, admits that the average intelligence within penitentiaries is quite equal to that without them, and adds: "Something more than a knowledge of evil is necessary to prevent evil." This is exactly the position of the advocates of the Catholic school; they hold that the instruction given to the intellect must ever be accompanied by the moral and religious training of the heart and soul.

It is seldom that the life of a priest is so beset with stirring events as was that of Canon Frith, of the Diocese of Shrewsbury, England, who lately passed from the storms of earth to "the haven where he would be." A malignant fever, contracted while laboring in an infected part of Manchester, came near ending his days in the first year of his ordination. Shortly after that duty called him to Liverpool, where the cholera was

raging; and he alone of all the band of ministering priests survived. His exertions during that awful epidemic were almost superhuman, and a description of them well-nigh challenges belief. But he passed through them, and was a conspicuous mark for the mob during the No-Popery riots of 1851, when he had great difficulty in escaping from its insane fury. He was at one time giving Benediction when the rioters attacked his church and broke down its doors. The Canon, who had retreated to the roof, would have been murdered but for the opportune arrival of the soldiery. His house was meanwhile set on fire by others of the No-Popery vagabonds. But Canon Frith was not to be overcome by such trials, and his serenity was never disturbed. It is said that his unvarying cheerfulness was one of his most useful weapons. It made friends and disarmed foes, and enabled him to accomplish much that would have been impossible to another in those troubled times. *R. I. P.*

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. Robert Keleher, of St. Augustine's Church, Grafton, W. Va., who met with a sudden death on the 22d ult.

Sister Mary Corbinia, of the Sisters of St. Francis, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mother Aloysius Charlton, religious of the Good Shepherd, Boston, Mass.; Sister Mary Rosena and Sister Mary Octavia, of the Sisters of Charity, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Joseph Schwartz, who yielded his soul to God last month, in Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. Robert Cahill, of Gowran, Ireland, who passed away on the 14th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. William Sullivan, whose death took place a few weeks ago, at Lansing, Michigan.

Mr. James Lighton, of Syracuse, N. Y., who breathed his last on the 29th of July.

Mr. Jeremiah B. Carey, whose life closed peacefully on the 13th ult., at Portland, Me.

Mrs. Margaret Duffy, of New Brunswick, N. J., who died a holy death on the 27th ult.

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 Martyred Acolyte.

—
A STORY TOLD IN RHYME.
—

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.
—

Dedicated to the Boys of St. Michael's Choir School, Bayswater.

I.

THE tyrant's hand was heavy on the lands
 that owned his sway;
 The Christian ranks were thinned by death:
 their best in bondage lay.
 Wide o'er the seven-hilled city hung the
 cloud of pagan night;
 For Truth was hid in caves and tombs, and
 Falsehood walked in might.
 But still the few and faithful came, in those
 low crypts to meet,
 Where Faith lent light in blackest night, and
 Love made danger sweet;
 Where still the Sacrifice Divine was offered
 day by day—
 The Feast that makes the weakest bold as
 lions in the fray.
 There troubled hearts found light and peace,
 and fainting hope grew strong;
 For though the seed is sown in tears, the
 harvest comes ere long.
 As rills that down the mountains run must
 sink a while from sight,
 And gather strength in darkness, ere the
 river springs to light:
 The Church, now crushed and trampled down
 and made the heathen's spoil,
 Like some fair stream shall spread abroad
 and flood the fruitful soil;

For the promise that shall fail not says the
 whole wide earth shall be
 Filled with the knowledge of the Lord, like
 the waters of the sea.

II.

Such hopes were theirs who knelt at prayer,
 on one fair August day,
 In St. Callistus' hallowed crypt, along the
 Appian Way.
 The Mass is done, the aged priest beside the
 altar stands,
 And looks a while, with anxious eyes, along
 those broken bands.
 He looks for one among them who may bear
 the Bread of Life
 To the captives in their dungeon, where they
 wait the hour of strife.
 He seeks for priest or deacon—but for these
 he seeks in vain;
 For some are bound in fetters fast, and some
 are with the slain.
 But here is one to bear his Lord; for, robed
 in snowy white,
 Here kneels the fair Tarsicius, the youngest
 acolyte.
 His childish soul was purer than his raiment's
 spotless white;
 His love was warmer than the flame; his
 faith outshone the light;
 And, like the sweetest incense clouds that
 from the censers swell,
 The fragrance of his fair young life on all
 around him fell.
 And while he knelt to minister or raised his
 voice to sing,
 He brought the service of his heart to his
 dear Lord and King.
 He gladly took the lowest place, and yet his
 hope ran high

That he some day might bear his Love and
for his Master die.
The priest has turned and beckoned him: he
knows his happy lot;
He knows the task, the danger too, but comes,
and falters not.
His blue eyes beam with radiant light: he
needeth not to speak;
For joy is known by looks alone, and words
are cold and weak.
Then with his Burden forth he fares, his
steps by love made light,—
The love that can not brook delay; his goal
is soon in sight,
Where for the Bread that bringeth life the
famished captives pine.
Dear child, that Bread shall reach them yet,
but not by hands of thine!

III.

A pagan troop is in his path; his radiant
face they see,
And one among them says: "He bears the
Christians' Mystery."
"Come, show us what you hold!" they cry;
and fierce the clamor rose;
And soon, when threats avail them naught,
from words they pass to blows.
With sticks and stones they beat him down,
that fair, unweaponed boy;
But still he holds his Treasure fast, and bears
the blows with joy.
His strength is gone, his wounds are sore,
his robes with blood are red:
And he thinks but of the scourges and the
Blood his Master shed.
He sees them not, he hears them not, those
foes that round him throng:
He sees the face of Him he bears, he hears
the angels' song.
The task is done, the victory won! Tarsicius
sinks to rest,
A smile of triumph on his face, his Master
on his breast.
And now they seize his lifeless hands, they
tear his robe aside,
To find the sacred Treasure that he gave his
life to hide.
But think not that they found It,—no: he
did not die in vain!
Ne'er shall the Jewel that he bore be touched
by hands profane.

I know not how It vanished, whether angels
bore It thence,
And laid It in some holy shrine with fitting
reverence;
Or if leaving temples made by hands, the
brightest and the best,
The Lord has found a fairer shrine in that
young martyr's breast.

IV.

Then fear upon the pagans fell: they turned
and fled away;
And lonely on his bed of death the youthful
martyr lay.
The sunlight bathed those tender limbs and
kissed that forehead fair,
And soft winds, like an angel's touch, caressed
the blood-stained hair.
The Christians came at evening, and they
found him where he fell,
And bore him back and laid him in the
crypt he loved so well.
Thus, near the altar where he knelt, the fair
Tarsicius sleeps,
There still the faithful acolyte his post of
service keeps.
The holy Pontiff Damasus in his melodious line
Has traced this tale of sacrifice upon our
martyr's shrine.
And still the lesson of his life remains for
us to-day;
For think not that the strife is done, the
danger passed away.
In heart the world is pagan: it is still in
evil set,
And offers many a sacrifice at Mammon's
altar yet.
And if it lets the axes rust, it still has taunts
and gibes;
Still seeks to turn us from our path by
threats and golden bribes.
And still the Master's voice is heard, and
still He calls apart
The simple and the little one, the child of
lowly heart.
He bids them by His altar stand, and makes
their purpose strong;
They bear a treasure in their breast amid
the heedless throng.
And thus the child who serves his Lord
with simple faith and love
May share Tarsicius' task on earth and his
heavenly joys above.

Sight-Seeing at the World's Fair.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VI.



HE following day our party set out to visit the Electricity Building.

"The display here is the most novel and interesting in the Exposition," said Mr. Barrett. "But the exhibit of the progress of electric science extends throughout the World's Fair, supplying the power for much of the machinery, the illumination of the White City, and the beautiful colored lights, fountains, etc., which make it a perfect fairyland in the evening."

They found the entire ground space occupied by great dynamos and electrical machinery, which Uncle Jack and Aleck examined with much attention. The girls did not understand these in the least, however, and were glad to go on to the centre of the building, where the superb Edison column, composed wholly of prismatic crystals, towers to the arches of the roof, and is lit by thousands of incandescent lamps, producing an effect as many hued as the tints of the rainbow, and as dazzling as the sunlight.

"It is like a pillar built with millions of jewels," exclaimed Nora.

"Yes," replied her uncle; "and the colors are arranged in such a way that they may be flashed in harmony with the strains of music."

It was interesting also to see the locomotive which runs by electricity, and will be apt in time to supersede the steam-engine; and to watch the processes of electroplating, forging, welding and stamping metals.

A guard directed them to the special Edison exhibit, situated in the spacious

gallery, away from the noise and confusion of the main floor. Climbing the stairs, they came upon it at once.

"Now," said Uncle Jack, "you shall hear the marvellous echo-voice of the phonograph,—a voice capable of preserving and repeating the words and accents of those dear to us, months and years after they have been uttered—when perhaps the lips that spoke them are mute forever."

He led them to a queer instrument which Ellen declared she would have supposed to be some kind of a sewing machine or a typewriter, but for a small set of rubber tubes hanging around it. The attendant directed each of the party to take up a tube, all of which were divided at the end so that one point might be placed in each ear of the listener. When our friends were ready, a cylinder was placed in position, and the phonograph set in motion, and presently they heard the rich tones of a master of elocution declaiming one of Longfellow's poems:

"I shot an arrow into the air."

"Gracious me, it seems as if a man were shouting right into my ear!" cried Nora.

As they all complained not, as one might suppose, that they could not hear, but that the voice was too loud, the attendant advised them to hold the tubes a little farther away.

Next they were favored with a song by a popular professional singer.

"Isn't it Mr. C——'s voice to perfection, Nora?" said Ellen. "Don't you remember we heard him at the Orphans' Benefit Concert last winter?"

This piece was followed by a brilliant performance of instrumental music.

"It is hard to believe that some one is not playing the piano right near here," exclaimed Aleck.

"What a clever little messenger the phonograph can be too!" said Uncle Jack. "A man in Europe, for instance, instead of writing to his friends at home, can box up a cylinder full of traveller's gossip,

and send it by express. A merchant may dictate his letters into a phonograph after office hours, and the next day his secretary will be able to write them off without interrupting him. With a phonograph one might live alone and still enjoy the conversation of one's friends, lectures, and the best parlor music. And, then, it would be only necessary to stop the machinery to insure perfect quiet when one wanted it."

"One would think the phonograph was invented especially for old bachelors," whispered Nora to her sister, with a laugh.

Uncovering a cylinder that had been carefully wrapped in cotton-wool, the attendant put it in place, and now from the wonderful machine there rang out the clear, decisive tones of a public speech.

"Capital!" cried Jack. "It is President Cleveland's voice, and the words are those of his inaugural address. I can scarcely realize that I am not again in Washington at the Inauguration."

After this the young people listened to a German lesson from the phonograph.

"Here is a still more remarkable invention—the kinetograph," said the man in charge.

"Oh, yes!" interrupted Aleck. "I have read of it. That makes a shadow talk, doesn't it?"

"It is a contrivance by which every gesture of a speaker may be photographed at the same time that every word he utters is recorded in a phonograph," was the reply. "When the picture is thrown upon a screen, and the talking-machine started, the illusion produced is that the shadow is speaking. Mr. Edison is said to have perfected this curious invention for his own amusement, as a relief from more serious work."

By turns our friends looked into the telescope of the kinetograph. There, sure enough, was a shadow-man, who nodded and smiled, and then began to talk sociably, asking many amusing questions; then he recited something, and finally

sang a popular song. Pleasing as this performance was, the effect was rather startling, and the girls and Aleck could hardly rid themselves of the idea that there was some magic about it.

"It beats all the fairy-tales I ever heard," declared the latter.

"No wonder Edison is called a wizard," remarked Ellen.

They now went on to examine Prof. Grey's telantograph, an extraordinary writing-machine. There were two desks with a letter pad on each, and two pens connected by a telegraph wire. A gentleman sat down at one of the desks, and wrote a letter with one of the pens. Lo and behold, at the same time the second pen transcribed it on the tablet on the other desk!

"Experiments show that this can be done as readily at a greater distance," he said. "It is expected that when this invention is generally introduced, one will be able to send a letter by telegraph in one's own handwriting."

"For instance, Miss," he added, turning to Ellen, "suppose you wanted to write to your mother from the World's Fair and there was a telantograph connection with your home, just as so many families have a household telephone nowadays. Well, all you would have to do would be to sit down at a desk in the hotel where you are stopping and write a letter. When you had finished, your mother, going into the library at home, would find the letter neatly copied upon the tablet on her writing-table."

"Astonishing as this seems," interposed Mr. Barrett, "it is not an impossibility. It would not be, after all, as wonderful as the telephone, which was at first regarded as a curious toy, but which we now use as a matter of course, almost forgetting that it is at all remarkable."

"Why, when the telantograph becomes common, there will be an end to the post-man," said Nora.

"I presume the inventor anticipates that it will lighten the mails somewhat," replied Mr. Barrett, smiling; "but, however such matters may be arranged in the future, I hardly think Uncle Sam's letter-carrying business will be seriously interfered with for some time to come. It appears, moreover, that electricity is ambitious to become not only our courier, but our cook. Now we come to a model kitchen, where this nimble servant is engaged in preparing dinner."

The girls were delighted with this little domestic corner. Here was a range supplied with heat from the electric wires of the incandescent lamps used for lighting the room. Through the glass door of the oven (a novelty in itself) they saw a joint of meat roasting, and on the top of the stove the vegetables and a plum-pudding were boiling.

"When electricity takes charge of our households," continued Mr. Barrett, "every family will keep a footman. We have only to press an electric button in the parlor wall, and, presto, a special little elf throws open the door to our visitors. It also plays the rôle of policeman. See these clever devices for the detection of intruders or light-fingered persons. When a burglar or sneak-thief attempts to take a coat from its hook in the hall, an electric current sets an alarm-bell ringing; while this other tiny contrivance is designed to protect one's purse from pickpockets, in the same way."

Our friends went next to the building dedicated to "Mines and Mining," where they wandered amid a magnificent display of diamonds, emeralds, opals, and other gems in their rough state; gold, silver, iron, lead and copper ores; granite, marble, and other building stones,—everything useful or beautiful in the mineral kingdom. Here was a great obelisk of anthracite coal; there, a shining monument of copper; and beyond, a statue of salt representing Lot's wife.

"Look at the nugget of gold in this case," called Aleck. "It is as big as a man's fist."

"Here is a bit of ore from the celebrated silver room of a mine in New Mexico, in which a space the size of a small apartment produced \$500,000 worth of the precious metal," observed Uncle Jack. "And now we come to Montana's famous statue."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Ellen and Nora together, as they gazed at the graceful figure, taller than either of them, and of solid silver, standing upon a slab of pure gold.

"It represents Justice," continued Mr. Barrett. "See, in one hand she holds a sword aloft, and in the other the scales. Though portrayed as blind in olden times, she now has her eyes open; for Justice indeed needs to be very wide awake nowadays. The value of this statue is, of course, enormous; but, apart from its intrinsic worth, there is something poetic to me in employing this noble metal for the personification of the civil virtue which is the most precious of man's possessions, the unsullied guardian of his rights."

A miniature coal mine, and models showing the various methods of mining, occupied the attention of Uncle Jack and Aleck for some time. Then the former, perceiving that the girls were tired, called a halt for luncheon, and afterward engaged rolling chairs for them. They now enjoyed the novelty of being wheeled through the Agricultural Building; while he and Aleck, still preferring to go afoot, walked beside them.

"This seems another city!" exclaimed Ellen. "Isn't it like a garden town, with these curious rural pavilions, and the long streets running in every direction?"

"Yes: the foreign Governments and the States of the Union have housed their exhibits in beautiful little edifices, which tell their own story," replied Uncle Jack. "Most of these were built in their native

climes, of the wood or other products of the state or country, and shipped to Chicago in sections. That charming little Greek palace opposite belongs to Nebraska. Its graceful colonnades look like columns of colored marbles, but as we draw nearer you will observe that they are glass tubes filled with seeds of grain."

"How picturesque and Oriental-looking the next one is!" cried Nora. "Why, the pillars and roof are all inlaid with bits of yellow corn, and those are little bunches of wheat cropping out here and there."

"Here is a pavilion formed entirely of sheaves of rye or barley," said Ellen.

"Oh, look at the people on top of it!" interrupted Aleck.

There, sure enough, were figures representing a family—father, mother, and two children, a boy and a girl,—dressed in complete suits of the long grain, with hats to match.

"This is something which will interest you," called Uncle Jack. They followed him to a handsome pavilion, which had the appearance of being very solidly constructed of a reddish brown stone. "What do you suppose it is made of?" he asked.

"Scotch granite," answered Nora.

"No, Ma'm'selle: it is built entirely of chocolate."

"Of chocolate!" repeated Aleck, smacking his lips. "I should think everybody who passes would want to break off a piece."

"Well, there are 30,000 pounds of the toothsome material here," replied his uncle, laughing. "It is the exhibit of a manufactory in Germany. That great statue of Germania under the dome is hewn from a solid block of chocolate weighing about 3,000 pounds. Let me propose a sum in arithmetic to you," he went on. "If one thousand boys and girls were each allowed one pound and two-thirds of seven-eighths of a pound a day,

how many days would it take them to dispose of the 33,000 pounds?"

"Pshaw, fractions! And it is vacation!" protested Nora. "No, Uncle Jack: I wouldn't bother with your example for the whole pagoda. But if the men who erected it want to know the time in which it could be made away with, they had better break it down with a sledge hammer, and invite the boys and girls to help themselves."

(To be continued.)

The Number of the Stars.

The Russian Marshal Suvaroff had, among his other peculiarities, a fondness for jesting with any one that might be near him, especially his own soldiers; and was never more happy than when he succeeded in confusing one of them. Sometimes, however, the tables were turned upon him.

One very cold night—and nights can be exceedingly bitter in Russia—he went up to a sentry and asked him a most absurd question.

"How many stars are there?"

The soldier did not seem in the least confused.

"If you wait until I count them, I will tell you," was his answer. Then he began: "One, two, three—"

The Marshal stood it until the enumerating had reached a hundred or so; then, fearing he would freeze to death, he asked the name of this clever fellow, and went back to his tent to get warm.

Of course you know how it turned out. The sentry was promoted the next day, as bright and audacious soldiers always are in stories worth the telling.

It is a wise saying of the Chinese that he who finds pleasure in vice, or pain in virtue, is a beginner in either.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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Morning Star.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF ANGELUS
SILESIVS.

I.

MORNING STAR in darksome night,
Who the sad earth makest bright,
I am Thine:
In me shine,
Fill me with the light divine!

II.

For thy brightness, O my Star!
Earth's poor sun surpasseth far;
From thy sight,
Lovely light,
Other suns must hide in night.

III.

All things stand revealed by thee—
Past and Present and To-Be;
And thy smile
Can erewhile
Night itself of gloom beguile.

IV.

Where thy joyous splendors dart
Faith soon follows in the heart;
Star most clear,
Far and near
Thou as Queen art honored here.

V.

Come, then, Golden Light of souls,
Ere fresh darkness o'er me rolls;
Be thou mine:
In me shine,
Fill me with the light divine!

Professional Education.*

BY THE RT. REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.

Godlike is the physician who is a philosopher.—*Hippocrates*.
The philosopher should end with medicine, the physician
begin with philosophy.—*Aristotle*.



AS the whole science of arithmetic is contained in the multiplication table, so the whole significance of life is summed up for each one in his table of values. What has worth, and what is the relative worth of desirable things? This is the primal question for whoever has the will to exert himself; for as he feels and thinks on this subject so will he act. To mistake here involves the drifting of his whole existence away from what is best, from what is true, good and fair. At first thought it would seem that there are certain fundamental notions as to what is desirable, upon which all agree. Who can doubt, we may ask, that it is better to be than not to be, that what has life is being in a higher sense than what is inanimate, and that the degree of worth in living things is measured by the power and quality of life? But there are men, who take no mean rank as thinkers, who call

* An address delivered to the Graduates of the Kentucky Medical School, Louisville. From the author's MS.

life evil and death good, who hold that it is better not to be than to be; as there are others who prefer ignorance to knowledge, pleasure to duty, strength of body to intellectual power, and material possessions to spiritual insight. To some it seems good to have many slaves, many wives, many children; while others believe that slavery degrades the owner not less than the owned, that one wife is more than enough, and that desire for children, the result of instinct and not of rational motives, is felt most by those who think least. As men become more intelligent and civilized, they argue, they grow less able and less willing to have offspring; and he who knows what life is, if reason control him, should be as unwilling to transmit it as to take it.

To most men wealth and power, position and fame, appear to be supremely desirable; and yet there are many who are persuaded that to the nobler sort of life, riches and honor and place and renown are hinderances. Of the worth of friendship, as of that of the love of women, opposite views are taken. Civilization is decried as a state of degeneracy; art, as at once the result and the cause of an effeminate temper; and religion, as the chief source of the worst evils which have afflicted mankind. Thus widely do we differ as to the value of things. The chief barrier between men is not wealth or rank or creed: it is opposition of life and thought; for these determine the worth of all things. The mind is the creator of interest and consequently of value:

See yonder youth and maid how wrapped they are
each in the other;

See yonder two white lambs that gently push their
heads together.

I look, and feel a momentary pleasure; but if there is interest, I create it by putting thought in what in the lovers and the lambs is but sensation. Life is interpreted by thought, but it is enrooted in faith, which, with the aid of knowledge,

supplies the element of value in every sphere of human action; since that alone seems good to us in which we genuinely believe, whether it be money or wisdom, pleasure or power, the world or God. What is anything worth to him who believes in nothing, who is indifferent to all things? What is aught but as it is esteemed? Faith is wedded to desire, and desire gives value. What we yearn for seems to be more truly part of ourselves than what we possess. Hence youth with its longings is richer than age with its millions. Hence religion, which makes us conscious of our infinite needs, and utters itself in ceaseless prayer and sacrifice, is man's chief consoler and joy-bringer. Hence genius, which feels itself akin to all things, and is impelled to identify itself with all things, is beatified by its own spirit. Hence faith, hope and love, the triune fountainhead of boundless desire and aspiration, are the springs of life upwelling from central depths of being. The divine joy and goodness which the young find in life are there in truth; and they in whom reflection or experience has destroyed this vital faith, have lost the view of things as they are. Fortunate is the orator who finds an audience whom the all-hoping soul of youth persuades with an eloquence, whose secret words can not convey, to trust in whatever is high or holy or excellent; and still more fortunate is he when those who listen are drawn by an inner attraction to devote their lives to a profession in which to be ignorant is to be criminal.

Belief in the good of knowledge is not the weakest of the bonds which unite the members of the learned professions; for whether our special study be theology or law or medicine or pedagogy, that which determines our place and power to render service is knowledge, and the skill that comes of knowledge. It is expected and required of us that we be the wise men among the people, able to counsel, to guide

and to defend them wherever their vital interests are at stake. Our callings have their origin in human miseries. Disease, folly, sin and ignorance make physicians, lawyers, priests and educators possible and necessary; and the infirmities upon which they thrive are so related that he who ministers to one ministers to all. Another bond is thus woven into the very constitution of the liberal professions. Disease, in innumerable instances, is the child of folly, sin and ignorance; folly, the child of sin, ignorance and disease; sin, the child of ignorance, disease and folly; while ignorance may be said to be the common mother of all our miseries. Were there no disease, there would be no physicians; were there no folly, there would be no lawyers; were there no sin, there would be no priests; were there no ignorance, there would be no teachers. It is, then, our unenviable lot to live, like moral cannibals, on the misfortunes and weaknesses of our fellowmen; and it is but natural that we should be made immortal themes of exhaustless satire and abuse. What a general blessing have professional men not been to the whole literary tribe!

The priest's love of ease and power, the lawyer's cunning and dilatoriness, the physician's wise look and his blunders, hidden by the grave, are subjects which must find a ready response in the general heart, since books are full of them. Queen Mab tickles the parson's nose, as he lies asleep, with a tithe pig's tail, and he dreams of another benefice; she drives over the lawyer's fingers, and he dreams of fees. His clients are like flies in the spider's web:

"When once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled."

Doctors themselves, I imagine, more than half agree with Macbeth when he bids them throw physic to the dogs, for he'll none of it.

"Physicians, says Byron, mend or end us.
Secundum artem—but although we sneer
In health, when sick we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer."

If not witty ourselves, like Falstaff, why should we object to being the cause of wit in others? We are sure to have our revenge; for men will still be fools and sinners and invalids; and, however much they mock, they will call us in the hour of need. It is vain to warn them against priests, lawyers and doctors,—they will never be wise and never be well.

In sober truth, we are the best friends of man; for we are all ministers of health, without which life is hardly a blessing. Whatever may contribute to the bodily well-being and perfection of man is the physician's concern; whatever may secure individual rights and promote social justice is the lawyer's; the priest's is the soul's health, morality and righteousness. They all strive for stronger, purer, nobler life: in the body, in the conscience, in the soul; in the individual, in the state, in the church. Their mission is high and holy: it is God-like, and to fulfil it rightly the best gifts thoroughly cultivated are not too great. That which they day by day with ceaseless efforts labor to accomplish is the prophet's vision, the philosopher's truth, and the poet's dream; and what else do patriots, statesmen and men of science long for than the kind of life which it is the business of the learned professions to foster? To these high callings no servile spirit should belong. By the common consent of the civilized world they are denominated liberal; for only the free and enlightened mind can grasp their significance, or enter with right disposition upon the work they involve. Not pleasure or wealth or the love of ease or any lower motive may open the door of the temple of Knowledge and Religion; but they who seek admission should feel that they devote their lives to sacred tasks, in which the more they succeed the more shall they have to labor and endure. They should have youth's deep faith in the good of life, and be willing to deny themselves, and to persevere through years in the work of

self-culture, that they may make themselves worthy to become the bearers of the best gifts to their fellowmen. The prolonged infancy and childhood of the human offspring is nature's compulsion to education; and the noblest minds are conscious of an inward impulse driving them to become day after day self-surpassed. The doctrine that the individual dwindles, while the race is more and more, they do not accept; for they know the race exists only in individuals, the highest of whom give it wisdom and distinction, glory and strength. From their early years they hear the appeal of the unseen powers whispering to them: Be men,—not merchants or lawyers or doctors or priests, but Godlike beings. Not means, but ends; for the universe exists that perfect men and women may be formed. An inner voice teaches them that man lives to grow, to upbuild his being; and that effort is the source of all improvement, being nothing less than the hold the finite has upon the infinite. Before they begin the special studies which are to fit them more immediately for the calling they have chosen, they will have gotten a liberal education; for the mind is the instrument with which they shall work; and since the interests to be committed to them are of paramount, nay, supreme moment, this instrument can never be too perfect. Is it conceivable that awkward, undisciplined intellects should rightly apprehend the deep and complex sciences which are the subject matter of the learned professions?

A liberal education is not so much knowledge as it is a preparation for knowledge. It is openness and flexibility of mind, delight in the things of the intellect, justness of view, candor, patience and reasonableness. It has a moral as well as an intellectual value. It is discipline of mind and of character. It opens higher worlds than those the senses reveal; it offers nobler aims than the pursuit of material things; it liberates from sordid

views and the mercenary mind, and thus establishes the primary condition of genuine success; for each one's worth, as well as the worth of what he does, should be estimated by the spirit in which he lives and strives. If he take no delight in his work, but labor solely with a view to profit, it is a mere chance if he do not become a criminal. A liberal education does for the mind what wholesome food and healthful exercise do for the body—it gives vigor, energy, endurance, ease and grace. As the athlete performs feats which the untrained can only admire, so cultivated intellects accomplish what ruder minds can not understand or appreciate. There is a quickness of perception, a clearness of view, a soundness of judgment, a power of discrimination and analysis, a sureness of tact, and a refinement of taste, which education alone can give. It bestows also a sense of freedom, that inspires courage and confidence, which are elements of strength, whatever the undertaking be; while the faculty to think, to reason and compare, the ability to see things as they are, which it confers, give those who have received a liberal education manifest advantages over others in the prosecution of scientific and professional studies. Their knowledge is more accurate: it is more intimately related to life; their mental grasp is firmer, their view wider and more profound. They escape the narrowing influence of purely professional studies, which, if unhindered, would make us mere theologians or lawyers or physicians, whereas it is our business to unfold our being on every side and to make ourselves alive in many directions. Division of labor makes everything cheap—man first of all; and the increasing tendency to specialization may have the effect, not only to lower the standard of professional life, but to interfere with the development in the professions of strong, many-sided personalities, interesting in themselves and lending dignity to their

callings; who, while they are masters in their several departments, are none the less at home in the whole world of human interests and speculations.

The man of liberal education is a lifelong student. He is rarely content to think and read but in a single direction; for he soon perceives that all kinds of knowledge are related, and that he who would acquire the full and free use of his intellectual faculties must exercise himself in all the fields of thought. While he acquaints himself with the best that has been thought and written, he will keep pace with the progress of research and speculation in his own profession; for in the midst of a thousand cares and duties he will still find time to read and meditate. He will be a thoroughly informed theologian, lawyer or physician; but he will also be an accomplished man, whose speech and behavior will help to refine and exalt the society in which he moves. He will hold his opinions with firmness, and he will express them with ease and grace. His principles will be pure, his sympathies large, and his religion unfeigned. A good friend and a pleasant companion, he will be most happy when he is permitted to hold communion with the great minds of all ages, or to retire into the world of his own contemplations. To him no company is so pleasant as that of true and beautiful thoughts, for they are forever fresh and invigorating; and, like well-bred people, if we begin to tire, they take their leave till the right moment return. His professional experience will reveal to him much of the weakness and miseries of men, but his sympathy and love will thereby be purified and strengthened.

While I thus treat of professional life and education from a general point of view, and somewhat in the spirit of an idealist, I do not lose sight of the occasion which calls forth this discourse. As a minister of religion, I should and do take a genuine interest in whatever concerns

the science and art of healing. The first priest was the first physician, as well as the first lawgiver and ruler; for government, literature, science and art—all had their cradle in the temple of religion, and were nourished by faith in the unseen powers. Asclepius, the gentle artificer of freedom from pain, was a son of the gods; and from him Hippocrates, the father of medicine, claimed descent. To the religious spirit in which he followed his profession, the oath he prescribed to all physicians that they would pass their lives and practise their art in purity and holiness, bears witness. To come to what concerns us more nearly: the Founder of the Christian faith came not merely as a teacher of divine truth and a saviour of the soul, but He came also as a healer of bodily infirmity; and in much of what is recorded of Him the restoration of health is a striking feature. At the sight of suffering His sympathies awaken, and care for the sick is one of the virtues He especially emphasizes. The first definite duty He imposed upon His disciples was that of travelling about to announce the kingdom of God and to heal those afflicted with disease. Of the four who have left record of His life one was a physician.

There may be higher things than the alleviation of pain, but there is no more genuine test of love for men, which is a fundamental principle in the life and teachings of Christ. The spirit of humanity, which He more than all others has awakened and strengthened, is nowhere better exemplified than in the medical profession as it exists in the world to-day. The true physician waits as a servant upon the miseries of man; like a soldier at his post, he stands ready to bring relief. Neither darkness of night nor storm nor contagion nor pestilence nor the field of carnage can deter him when duty calls. His service is at the command of rich and poor, and his mind is ever busy with thoughts that bear on the prevention or

cure of disease; for with him preventive medicine takes precedence of the curative. In this he obeys the law of Christian charity; for if to minister to the sick be Christlike, to forestall disease, by searching into its causes and discovering how they may be removed, is not less a godlike thing. They who throw themselves as consolers and servants into the midst of pest-stricken populations are God's men and women; so also are they who teach us how pestilence and contagion may be excluded. Worthy of praise and imitation are the builders and endowers of hospitals for the poor, but more worthy yet are the educators who show the people how disease may be avoided, and the philanthropists and statesmen who place them in health-giving surroundings. From what unimaginable sufferings has not the knowledge of the prophylactic and therapeutic properties of quinine saved mankind? To what countless millions has not Jenner come with his vaccine, bringing, like a God, immunity from one of the most terrible diseases? Who can estimate the mitigation of pain and the saving of life brought about by the use of anæsthetics?

Aseptic and antiseptic treatment has opened a new era in surgery, enabling the operator to use the knife with full confidence of success in cases which for centuries had been thought desperate. Pasteur, as competent judges believe, has found a preventive of hydrophobia; and why shall we not look forward to the day when the bacilli, which cause tuberculosis, cholera, and other parasitic diseases, shall be under the control of the physician?

It has been shown plainly enough to convince the most sceptical that organisms, wholly invisible without the aid of the highest magnifying powers, cause each its particular infectious disease. Men of science have succeeded in cultivating these bacilli like plants in a garden. They keep them in glass tubes on the shelves of their laboratories, and handle them with

impunity; and we can not believe that our control over the infinitely small will stop here. Once the cause of disease is clearly known, the human mind, which weighs the stars and counts the pulsations of light, will find a remedy. The men who are striving to do this work, often in silence and obscurity, remote from the praise and approval of the world, are carrying on a warfare in comparison with which the noisy battles of history are as insignificant as the shouts and stone-throwings of a rabble. They stand face to face with disease and death in their most secret lurking places, from which from the beginning of the world they have made assault on life. Of old it was affirmed that man's life is a warfare, and the saying has come down to us, who find a deeper and more important truth in it than the ancients ever suspected. Apart from the world-wide struggle for existence, in the large and historic sense, each living organism is a battlefield. Consider for a moment the wonderful part which the white corpuscles of the blood play in defence of life. Their work may be studied with the aid of a microscope in the web of a frog's foot, in which irritation has been caused, as the bacillus of disease causes irritation. When the inflammation begins, the white corpuscles lag behind and hug the sides of the veins and arteries; a little later we may observe them passing through the walls of the bloodvessels into the surrounding tissues, and again returning into their natural channels, from which they had issued to attack the organism that had set up the irritation, and to destroy it, or themselves to be destroyed. These white corpuscles, then, which are found in the blood in the ratio of one to five hundred of the red particles, move with the life-bearing fluid, like soldiers who guard a convoy and are always ready to repel the enemy. Hence they are called phagocytes, devourers of disease—producing germs. These protoplasmic soldiers

are the wisest medical teachers, and the whole profession is beginning to learn the lesson they inculcate—that the best treatment is warfare on the cause of disease. The phagocyte plainly tells us also that the cause of disease is not an imaginary entity or influence, but a real being, which in many cases at least is a living organism.

There is, of course, no real break in the history of medicine; but from the time of Hippocrates to the beginning of the nineteenth century, though several important discoveries were made, and new remedies and modes of treatment of more or less value were introduced, the progress of medical science was altogether unsatisfactory. Old theories gave place to new, and new methods were substituted for the old; but the gain was not great. The revival of the study of the writings of Hippocrates and Galen, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, did not produce any important reform. Physicians continued to rely upon authorities rather than on facts. The discovery of the circulation of the blood, made by Harvey in the early part of the seventeenth century, was a significant event, but it produced no immediate effect on the practice of medicine. Faith in the old dogmas was weakened, but belief in the good or necessity of schools and systems survived. The names of Sydenham, Boerhaave, Hoffman, Stahl, Haller, Cullen, Brown and Rush will retain a place in the history of medicine, but their contributions to the science and art of healing have little historic significance. The Vienna school of the eighteenth century deserves recognition for its insistence upon the necessity of carefully studying the facts of disease during life and after death; also because Avenbrugger, a Vienna physician, was the first to employ percussion as a means of diagnosing pulmonary affections. Thus we approach the modern school of medicine, in which the methods of physical science are adopted;

while little importance is given to theories or to hypotheses, unless when they are used as guides in the search after facts.

Starting with the assumption that vital phenomena, both in health and disease, conform to laws and are therefore intelligible, the new school, with the aid of new instruments, has created new sciences, which have a more or less direct bearing upon the practice of medicine. The study of organic types, microscopic anatomy, experimental pathology and therapeutics, have brought knowledge where ignorance had prevailed; while auscultation, percussion, microscopy, physiological chemistry, the thermometer, the ophthalmoscope, the auricular speculum, and the laryngoscope enable the physician to make diagnosis certain in cases in which hitherto he had been left to surmise. The increasing number of known parasitical organisms, which are the causes of disease, permit him to substitute real for imaginary etiological entities. His view is clearer, his judgment sounder, his treatment more effective; for he moves in an intelligible world. His feet are in the way which has led to all the marvellous achievements of physical science. In the presence of forces which are pregnant with life or death, he no longer fights blindly, or with the fatal confidence of the empiric. If he have theories, they rest on the basis of facts carefully observed and accurately determined. Medicine henceforth is so guided, surrounded and protected by science that it can no longer drift with the currents and counter-currents of opinion and speculation.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

BOOKS, journals, tracts, sermons, are all good in their place; but, for the conversion of unbelievers and sinners, prayer and example are better.—*Dr. Brownson.*

TWO-THIRDS of human existence seem to be wasted in hesitation, and the last in repenting.

Through Sorrow's Seas.

III.

IN the meanwhile Rose was rocking little Mary in the adjoining room. I went in; and as I saw the baby sleeping so quietly, I envied her her peace and serenity. Then I thought of the fate that would be hers if what I dreaded should prove true.

"Ah! if father is dead," I said to myself, "the blow will be a terrible one for mother, for Emily, and for me; but how sad will not be your future, my baby sister! Poor little mite, who sleep so quietly, yours will be a springtime without sunshine or verdure or flowers. You will learn to know your mother by the pallor of her brow and the sombre color of her dress; your cradle will be rocked to no joyous airs; you will never lisp the sweet name of papa, and 'twill be in the prayers for the dead that you will first pronounce that word."

The night appeared to me still longer than the previous one; and I was gradually dozing off to sleep when mother entered. I ran to her, and, kissing her affectionately, cried:

"And what of father?"

"Your father has left Paris," she said, with more calm than she had exhibited during the day. "I know positively that he took the train for Lyons. To-morrow we will learn more definite news."

"Then he is alive! Oh, thank God!" I murmured to myself.

Mother's news, scanty as it was, did me much good. It seemed as though an iron hand was removed from my throat and a heavy weight taken off my chest. The dismal apprehensions of Jules vanished, and were replaced by a hopeful belief. I went to bed with the feeling that I could sleep now. Just as my eyelids were closing, I heard a light footstep approaching; it was mother coming to make sure of my slumbering. I guessed her purpose, for I was accustomed to her solicitude.

"Yes, mamma," I answered quickly, "I am sleeping,—or at least I shall be in a minute or two."

"So much the better," she replied, as she kissed me and retired.

Thanks to the fatigue that had overcome me, the night passed quietly. Toward morning, however, I began to dream, and my slumbers were disturbed by horrible phantoms. The words of the valet had made too deep an impression upon me not to be heard again in my dreams. I fancied myself again near the door at which I had listened. The room was filled with subdued light, and I heard heart-rending cries. The door opened, and Jules entered like a bird of evil omen, crying, "I said so,—I told you so!" A few moments later some men whom I did not know came in, bearing the body of my father, all covered with blood and frightful in appearance. They laid him on a sofa and took off his clothes. A great, gaping wound disclosed itself in his left side; the blood poured from it in torrents; it colored every object in the room. Mary was crying in her cradle. Suddenly my mother entered with a lamp in her hand. She gave one glance around, saw the body, let the lamp fall to the floor and swooned away. To see and suffer this was horrible. Father was not dead; he made great efforts to speak, but could not. His jaws seemed immovable, his eyes shut, and the blood still flowed on.

"Stop the bleeding!" I cried with what little voice was left me.

"That is impossible," answered one of the unknown men.

"Why?"

"Because the wound goes to the heart."

A cold shudder went to *my* heart as I heard these words. Jules leaned over father, whose limbs were tossing about convulsively.

"The bullets are still there," said he, after examining the wound. Then he added: "He is dying!"

I shrieked aloud, and made so violent an effort that I threw off this fearful nightmare. The next moment I was half awake and sitting up in the bed; but I did not have time to convince myself that I was only dreaming before my mother asked:

"What is it, Gerald?"

"He is dead," I muttered.

"Dead?—who?"

"My father."

"What are you saying, child? You are dreaming!"

"Ah, yes! I was dreaming, mamma."

She understood at once and was deeply moved. I had escaped from the awful dream; the terrifying shadows had been dissipated, just as error ceases when the truth becomes known.

The day had dawned bright and glad-some. The clouds had disappeared, and the beams of the autumn sun were creeping through my curtains. I was no sooner up and dressed than I ran to my window; the morning was beautiful.

Mother told me she was going to Mass, and afterward would make inquiries about father. I asked her to let me go with her, at least as far as the church, as I wanted to breathe the fresh air, and to pray too. She consented.

Once outside, my fear and depression of the previous night left me, and I was amused by the sight of the people on the streets and by the noise of the city. We soon reached the church, and the religious calm that reigned there appeased all the tumult of my soul, and quickly effaced all recollection of my dream. Although it was still very early, a High Mass was being celebrated; and the deep notes of the organ, the imposing ceremonies at the altar, the piety of the hundred or two of the faithful who were present inspired me with that respect, mingled with astonishment, fear, joy, and hope, which engenders adoration, repentance, peace, and love. The words of "The Imitation" which I

had read the night before, and those which I now read in my prayer-book, seemed to me very sublime and consoling, and I understood quite well why mother liked to repeat them often.

On leaving the church at the end of Mass, I begged mother to let me go with her, telling her that she need not be afraid of tiring me. Believing that movement would be less trying to me than inaction, she let me have my way. The day was spent in making inquiries, in asking a hundred different questions, in frequent deceptions, in disquieting conjectures, in tears and sorrow. Night came again without bringing us any tidings of father, or reassuring us as to his fate.

IV.

The next morning, on awaking, I found mother in tears. She had just received a letter bearing the Marseilles post-mark. She knew father's handwriting at once, and, trembling with fear and uncertainty, tore open the envelope to read:

"As I told you the other night, I am completely ruined. I have lost at the gaming table large sums, the items of which you will find written by my hand in a sealed envelope in my writing-desk. I have left without bidding you good-bye, so as to spare us both a painful interview. To-morrow I embark for the Indies. Forget me, and let not Gerald imitate his father.

"One of my friends whom you know, Albert de Vigroux, accompanies me, so I am not alone. Albert had made bets for me during the last few nights; he shares my misfortune. Pity us both!

"ARTHUR."

Mother grew pale, tottered, and made an effort to keep from falling. She collected all her strength, however; and, carefully concealing the letter, said, with ill-suppressed emotion:

"Gerald, your father has been called to Marseilles on pressing business. Perhaps

he may have to go still farther away,— I can not tell yet. Let us pray God to watch over him.”

I doubted my mother's words, but out of respect for her pretended to believe them. Indeed, the valet's suspicion had accustomed me to so sombre an outlook that the mere sight of father's handwriting, being a proof that he was still living, seemed already a consolation. I knelt on a *prie-dieu* before an ivory crucifix that had been brought from the oratory in Beaufort Castle, and began my morning prayers.

Mother knelt by my side to pray also, but heroism has its limits. She had counted too much on her strength; the long and terrible struggle she had been undergoing for the past few days finally overcame her. The tears welled from her eyes, and, instead of a prayer, it was stifled sobbing that broke from her lips. I pressed my head on her bosom and tried to find some words of consolation, but I was crying so bitterly myself that I could not speak.

Just as she seated herself in an arm-chair to take a little repose, the door opened, and my sister Emily, gay, smiling and happy, danced into the room. She looked around for mother and sprang toward her, but stopped in surprise and indecision when she saw us both in tears.

In the confusion and anxiety resulting from the disappearance of my father, we had forgotten that this was the regular weekly holiday which Emily always spent at home. A Sister had accompanied her to the door; and, finding it partially open, Emily had entered without ringing the bell. Bounding up the staircase with a light heart, she designed by her unannounced appearance to surprise her parents and me. Being almost always at the convent, the poor girl was entirely ignorant of the scenes that occasionally occurred at home. Consequently her surprise was

considerable when she discovered a tableau for which she was so little prepared. Nevertheless, she threw herself into mother's arms, lavished caresses upon her, and, without knowing their source, shared her sorrows.

“What is the matter?” she asked, crying in her turn. “Why do you weep, mamma? Has any misfortune happened? Where is papa? Is he ill?”

Emily was barely twelve years of age. She was a frail, delicate child, whose health disquieted all who saw her for the first time. Everyone loved her, however; for she was both precocious and refined; she had a bewitching smile; and when one saw how full of life she was, how gentle and gracious and sympathetic, the fears at first inspired by her fragile appearance were forgotten.

Mother knew how impressionable her daughter was; and, fearing the effect of the emotions which a knowledge of the true state of affairs would cause, she forgot her own grief to calm Emily. The explanation which she gave of father's absence, however, found my sister as incredulous as myself. While she was still speaking, Jules came in, and, without noticing Emily, said:

“The commissioner of police has called to inform Madam of what he has learned about M. Melançon, who, he says, has gone to the Indies.”

At these words Emily uttered a sharp cry. The sweet smile with which she had entered had already vanished, but now it was replaced by a strange contraction of the lips; her body doubled up and she fell forward, struck down by a violent nervous attack. They laid her on the sofa and removed her cloak; and I saw on her breast a fine medal of honor that she had brought in triumph to show mother and father also.

Thanks to the care she received, the attack did not last very long; still, my sister remained pale and languid through-

out the day. That evening mother sent word to the convent that Emily was ill, and in consequence would be kept at home for the present.

During the following days mother was supremely dejected. We had a magnificent piano, on which it was her custom to play beautiful airs for my entertainment; and on which, too, she exercised me in my scales. But now the piano was closed and my music-lessons abandoned. It was especially at meal-time that her grief overpowered her. Father was no longer there. Mother would look at his vacant seat and burst into sobs. This spectacle took away my appetite; and I often saw old Anthony, our butler, hide his honest face in his apron to conceal the tears that glistened in his eyes.

Sometimes, too, when the door would be opened about the hours that father had been accustomed to come in, the old greyhound would jump up and run eagerly to meet his master; but the poor animal always returned downcast and saddened.

"Hector can't get used to it, either," said Rose.

As for me, the foregoing events had aged me more than a dozen years of ordinary life would have done. I had been taught to reflect, and had outgrown my former childish carelessness.

I often looked at mother, and noted with pain the ravages that grief was making in her beloved features. Her large eyes, once so bright and mild, seemed to have sunk deeper into her head; and they had lost their limpid clearness, and were now expressive of naught but woe. The roses had faded from her cheeks, and were replaced by livid blotches. I understood more and more fully how much one who loves may be made to suffer, and I measured mother's love by the intensity of her sorrow. Little by little, however, she regained control over herself, and her poignant grief subsided into Christian resignation.

Poor father had left enormous debts behind him; and to pay them it became necessary to sell Beaufort Castle, where mother had passed her youth and the first few years of her wedded life, where she had lived happy in the love and respect of all who knew her. It was not without a pang that she saw this cradle of so many tender reminiscences pass into strangers' hands; but one becomes habituated, I think, to suffering. M. Devin, a wealthy farmer of Beaufort, purchased the Castle. The price he paid was very moderate, but it had to be accepted.

We left our hotel in the faubourg St. Germain to take up our residence in a more unpretentious dwelling. All the servants were discharged except the old cook, who had been with mother since her girlhood, and who was looked on as one of the family. Instead of the elegant toilets which mother had hitherto worn, she was now clad in mourning, and she kept herself as much as possible from the gaze of the world.

Yet she never uttered a single reproach nor a severe word with reference to the conduct of father. Every night when, according to her wont, she recited her prayers with Emily and me, she would invariably say: "Let us pray especially for your father!"

(To be continued.)

If I were King.

"If I were King," said one, "I would be just,
And in sweet peace my kingdom would maintain.

In me might every vassal safely trust;
Gentle my sway, beneficent my reign."

When he was King, the ruthless iron hand
Of tyranny his every slave weighed down;
The people feared and hated him. No land
Paid ever tribute to a bloodier crown.

Bishop Neumann.

EDITED BY MARC F. VALLETTE, LL. D.

IV.—MISSIONARY LIFE.

A MORE hopeless prospect than the vineyard confided to the young pastor could scarcely be imagined. His flock consisted of German emigrants scattered through the woods, and living in isolated block-houses at great distances from one another. Of these many had grown absolutely indifferent to religion, from the greed for gain, love of comfort, independence, and in many cases ignorance, which naturally sprang from their position and contact with the worldly and irreligious. To this was added sectarian zeal and its bitter hatred for the Catholic Church. Weak Catholics were often tempted to apostasy by this almost debased condition to which their families and co-religionists were reduced; and contact with the indifferent Americans, whose creed was chiefly gain, exercised a most demoralizing influence on the young.

It is easy to conceive how difficult the pastoral charge of such a flock was for a young priest newly-ordained, as yet inexperienced, but fully aware of the burden and responsibility thus laid upon him. Father Neumann was not discouraged, however: his lively faith and confidence in God enabled him to meet all difficulties with calm endurance and cheerfulness.

"My first sermon was well received," he writes; "which I ascribe to our Blessed Lady's intercession, as I have promised her to found a Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament here among my parishioners."

From the outset he placed three things before his eyes as essential to the future success of his mission and the regeneration of his parish. They were: thorough religious instruction for the young, frequent visits to the outlying districts, and

the construction of suitable churches for divine worship. These three resolutions entailed on him endless cares and perplexities, as well as an almost nomadic life.

Although he had a permanent dwelling in Williamsville for the first seven months, and later on in Northbush, he was scarcely ever to be found at home. From place to place he wandered indefatigably, saying Mass, hearing confessions, catechising the young, administering the last Sacraments to the dying, and comforting the unfortunate and down-hearted. Long distances stretched between many of these stations, and he had to tramp for hours, now through morasses, again through masses of underwood and brush, where the traveller was obliged literally to cut his way. Hunger and thirst were often his portion; but he never complained and never seemed wearied. To Alexander Pax, his friend and companion, who urged him to moderation, he would reply, laughingly: "I am a strong, young Bohemian mountaineer; these hardships don't affect me."

Father Pax writes enthusiastically of this "young, learned, zealous, pious and amiable priest starting courageously on his missionary rounds, with a small box containing the necessary articles for the Holy Sacrifice strapped on his shoulders and a staff in his hand." Sometimes the roads he had to traverse were impassable for vehicles, but he declared he was quite strong enough to go on foot. Unfortunately this boasted strength existed more in his courageous will than in reality. He arrived in Lancaster one day deadly pale and exhausted. Scarcely had he entered the house where he was expected than he fainted, and was carried to bed insensible. For a time his life seemed in danger, but he quickly recovered and resumed his labors. It was discovered that he had said Mass early that morning, at a place many miles from Lancaster, and then started thither, on foot and fasting, hoping to reach Lancaster in time to say Mass and

preach; but he had overtaxed his strength, and narrowly escaped a serious illness.

Great dangers often awaited him in his lonely wanderings from poisonous snakes, wild animals, and bands of unfriendly savages; and in more than one instance he was saved by an evident interposition of Divine Providence.

For all these toils, these dangers, and these evangelic labors Father Neumann reaped alternately the richest blessings and the direst ingratitude, as usually happens. He was threatened with shooting, his spotless life was calumniated, and his earnest admonitions ridiculed and unheeded. The zealous pastor persevered, undeterred by difficulties and undismayed by the seeming uselessness of his labors. With all his gentleness and warm-heartedness he possessed a fund of firmness and energy.

Near his church was a tavern much frequented, where pleasure degenerated into license, and much sin was committed. Father Neumann protested against this evil, but found his words were uttered in vain. He then declared if his parishioners continued to frequent the dances and amusements at the inn in question, he would leave the parish. He named a certain day for which a dance had been appointed, with the assurance that if it took place he would no longer be their pastor. Not crediting his assertions, or thinking they were vain threats, the frivolous throng continued their preparations for the dance. On the morning of the appointed day they saw a wagon draw up before Father Neumann's house; and the driver, a Protestant, said: "You must have grievously offended your priest, for he is going away. I have come for his things." The people, realizing at last that he meant what he said, went in and implored him not to leave them. He was busily occupied packing his effects for removal, and would listen to no entreaty. "I warned and entreated in

vain," he said; "you pay no heed to my words, and I can no longer take the charge of your souls." The petitioners redoubled their entreaties; even the host of the obnoxious tavern implored his forgiveness, and begged of him to allow the jolification to take place for that once, as he had laid in a large store of necessaries for the occasion, and would be at a great loss if it were stopped. All in vain, Father Neumann was not to be moved from his resolution until he had obtained a formal promise that it should be given up entirely; under this condition alone he consented to remain.

Some very unpleasant circumstances, which threatened to cause a schism in the parish, soon after placed in a still more favorable light the zeal, charity and prudence of the young ecclesiastic. He had asked for help to evangelize his large parish; and the Bishop, in compliance with this request, sent him a German priest to aid in the good work. Unfortunately, the latter turned out very badly; both his doctrine and conduct gave great scandal. Father Neumann did all in his power to win him back to the right path, and to show him the error of his ways; but he could not succeed. The unhappy man was suspended; but such an influence had he gained in the parish that for some time the rightful pastor was generally discredited and blamed. Father Neumann's calmness and charity, and a course of missionary sermons he preached, aided by Fathers Pax and Mertz, at last brought his people to their senses; and the intruder had to leave Williamsville. Father Neumann's behavior in this trying affair won for him universal respect.

About this time the young priest was hurrying home from a sick call one dark and stormy evening, when, bewildered by the rain and wind, he lost his way in the swamps, and wandered for a considerable time at random. At last he saw a flicker of light through the inky darkness of the

night; and, hastening in its direction, he found it came from a miserable hut, where a poor Irishman lay dying, stretched on the bare earth, with no companion but a little girl, his daughter, and in the utmost destitution. His eyes brightened as they fell on the priest; and the latter hastened to give him some wine, which he fortunately had in his flask. Then, kneeling on the damp earth, Father Neumann urged him to make his peace with God, which the poor fellow did gladly. Such was the revulsion of feeling caused by the unexpected aid thus afforded to soul and body, that his illness took a favorable turn, and next morning he was out of danger. Nothing could exceed the poor man's gratitude to his benefactor; and he expressed it in the most touching terms at the latter's departure.

In later life the good missionary used to laugh at some of the ludicrous positions in which his lack of a mastery of English often placed him. "On one occasion," said he, "I was called to attend a poor Irishwoman who was very ill. After hearing her confession and doing all I could for her spiritually, it occurred to me to inquire into her bodily condition. I wanted to ask her whether she had much pain, but was at a loss for a word to express suffering. At last I thought of the Latin word *dolor*, and I said to her: 'Have you much dolors?'—'I have, Father,' she replied; and, putting her hand under her pillow, she drew out an old stocking, took out a gold dollar and offered it to me. I was very much mortified to have the poor woman think that I was asking for money; and when at last I succeeded in making her understand what I meant, the poor creature, in spite of her suffering, could not refrain from laughing."

A constant danger to the Catholic population of Williamsville was caused by the influence of non-Catholics, who were mostly superior in education and position, and in many cases formed the mass of the

employers in Father Neumann's district. "The little priest" they called him in mockery in the beginning; and, in the certainty of a secure triumph over so insignificant a rival, the Protestant ministers of the neighborhood challenged Neumann to a controversial dispute. He gladly accepted; and, in presence of a large assembly, completely defeated and silenced his too confident adversaries.

"My own life," exclaimed one of the preachers, "bears witness that the Holy Ghost dwells in me. Since my conversion I am quite another man, whereas before it I stole horses and cattle and cheated my neighbors unscrupulously."

"You hear?" replied Father Neumann, turning to the audience. "Your minister acknowledges having cheated and stolen. Now I ask you has he restored the ill-gotten goods?"

"No, no!" clamored the crowd.

"Then is his conversion sincere?" continued the missionary.

"He is still the same rogue," was the impartial answer.

The ministers, seeing the turn affairs were taking, thought it well to retire, and Neumann with his adherents and the judge were soon alone in the room. This undeniable defeat secured for the young priest a respite from such adversaries, and raised him high in general estimation.

(To be continued.)

It is the greatest possible blessing to a nation that in its cities and villages, in its valleys and on its mountain-sides, in its plains and forests, there should rise religious houses, filled with the *élite* of the race, of either sex, who are devoted day and night to the works of charity and expiation for its sins, and prayers and intercessions for the conversion of the unbelieving or misbelieving, the reformation of the ungodly, and an increase of fervor to the tepid.—*Brownson.*

The Mission of Beauty.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

WHEN the seventeenth birthday of Mildred Morris arrived, she could not help feeling that it was time to begin to carry out the plan which had been, although in a misty and uncertain manner, occupying the best of her thoughts for years. This was no less than the establishing of some charity, which, beginning perhaps in a very small way, would gather proportions like a rolling snowball, and end by embracing a great deal of the world, or at least the village of Roaring Water.

In philanthropy, as in many things, Mildred had been a precocious child; and there were family traditions that she had insisted upon sending her first doll to the heathen; and when nine years old wrote an essay upon the "Training of Youth," and wept because she was not allowed to read it before listening and admiring throngs. And now she was, she fancied, of quite a mature age, and not at all content with the humdrum and time-honored ways of helping one's kind. She intended, if her father would permit her, to leave the beaten track of doing good and strike out into bypaths. None of the schemes for benefiting the world seemed to her the one for which her earnest and eager young soul pined, and she would henceforth take the matter into her own hands; and, aside from being a public benefactor, would send her name ringing down the ages side by side with that of Grace Darling and somebody else—she could not just remember whom. She had tried being a member of the Helping Hand Society and the Busy Bees, and other infantile organizations; and she did not find any comfort in them. As for the various philanthropic clubs of grown-ups, which pretended to help folks, she did not believe they were any more satis-

factory,—they were probably less so. Yes, she would make her own plan; or would adopt that of some one else, if she could hear of one which seemed to be comprehensive. She had read a story in a magazine called "The Bric-a-brac Mission"; and, although there was a fine idea hinted at, there was so much story and so little mission that it was not much help. But it was beautiful to think of elevating the "lower classes" by supplying them with real Beleek cups and Chinese dragons, and Turkish drapery dotted with little looking-glasses.

To be sure, there were not very many people in Roaring Water who thought they belonged to the "lower classes," but her teacher in Boston had said that "people are what we think them." She would *think* them lower classes, and then they would be. And it would be all the nobler to help them if they didn't know how they were classed, and a great deal safer; for if Jim Doolittle, for instance, thought she considered herself superior to his circle, if it could be called that, he wouldn't come and be benefited.

Circumstances speedily favored the development of Mildred's cherished project. The instrument of this happy consummation was a letter from her aunt, who lived in Chicago.

"When the great Fair opens," it ran, "you must stay a month with me. And when you wish a change of sight-seeing, you can look at Chicago itself. Some of my pet charities will interest you, I am sure, if you are the same wise, dreamy-eyed child of three years ago."

Mildred felt that she had almost been spoken to disrespectfully; but she harbored no ill feelings, or tried not to do so. Her aunt would see for herself that she was no longer a child, but a woman grown, quite able to take her part in the work of the world.

She went to Chicago early in May,—a little too soon to see the great Exposition

in a complete state, but even then there was enough of interest and beauty to intoxicate the most sedate.

One day it rained, and they stayed at home; but at night the stars came out, and Aunt Ellen said, going to the window:

"It has cleared off. I think I will go over to Mull House. They are to open a new coffee-room. Would you like to go with me?"

Would she like to go? Mildred trembled so that she found difficulty in speaking. Mull House! She felt that the dreamed-of opportunity had come at last.

"O Aunt Ellen! I think I should like it better than anything in the world."

Mildred knew the story of Mull House well:—how two young women had fitted up this fine old mansion, now in the most undesirable part of the city, and were gathering the neighbors from far and wide, and teaching them everything anybody could think of to teach. It had seemed such a stupendous undertaking that even her fierce enthusiasm had not induced her to believe that there could be a Mull House, or something like it, in Roaring Water; but now there dawned upon her the thought that this night might answer the question she had asked herself so long.

She knew the house, even by the light of the gas lamps, which seemed to partake of the general demoralization of the neighborhood; and nerved herself to witness such unpleasant sights as we unconsciously associate with missions in the poorer quarters. But there was nothing objectionable to eye or ear, and in front of the old mansion itself well-dressed people were stepping from shining carriages. Mildred concluded that the squalor was inside, until she found, within the handsome carved door, further evidences of wealth and refinement. Had Mull House effected all this? Had its frequenters, who formerly came to it in dirty rags, been so transformed by its methods and the work of the

soft-voiced young women, who seemed to be everywhere at once, that they owned their own equipages, and equipped them with coachmen in livery? She ventured a question to her aunt, who laughed.

"Mull House has done much, but it has its limits. These are wealthy people, its patrons. The *dagoes* are probably sound asleep by this time. There is no squalor on exhibition this evening."

Mildred was visibly disappointed. It was squalor she was looking for,—squalor of the most benighted sort, and pronounced with a long *a*, after the most approved authorities.

Her view of the house was of necessity hurried, as the crowd of pleasant people were hastening to an adjacent building to hear the speaking; and her aunt seemed anxious about a good seat. But she had a glimpse of lofty rooms, furnished with neat elegance, and was especially struck by the profusion of pictures and busts.

As they entered the audience room—which was to be a gymnasium or something similar after this dedicatory occasion,—a young man, rather conscious of himself, but apparently in love with his subject, was speaking.

"My friends," he said, in mellow tones, which Mildred had to strain her ears to catch, for they did not get good seats after all, "ugliness is the curse of life. What we need is more beauty. If beauty enters the home of the poor, peace and joy and light will surely follow."

There was a little clapping of gloved hands at this sentiment, in which Mildred did not join, being engaged in fumbling in her pocket for the note-book—nearly filled already with jottings about the wonders of the World's Fair,—in which to transcribe the young man's words. Of what followed she heard little; and all the way back to her aunt's she was revolving in her mind certain plans, which were to be carried out in Roaring Water.

The next morning she said:

"Aunt Ellen, if you do not mind, I will finish my visit at another time. I think I had better go home in a day or two. Things have happened—"

"O Mildred! is your father in trouble? Has he sent for you? I know banks are failing all over the country, but I don't see why you are not better off here."

"No: nothing is the matter at home,—that is, everything is the matter."

Aunt Ellen simply stared, and tried to think if she could remember a case of insanity in some far-off ancestor. There was a new word, "Atavism"—meaning the reversion to a former type. A lecturer upon Darwin's theories had explained it at Mull House not long before. Was Mildred its victim? Was some remote and ill-balanced grandmother again on earth, in one sense, in the person of this slender girl?

"Aunt Ellen, I am going to try and do what the Mull House young ladies have done. I am going to carry beauty into the lives of the poor, and peace and joy and light will surely follow."

Aunt Ellen was evidently relieved.

"Oh, you have caught the fever, too, have you? Well, I hope you will succeed, I am sure. And you can come back and finish your visit after your charity proves a success—or a failure."

"It is not going to be a failure!"

"They all say that; but a Mull House in a large city is one thing, a Mull House in Roaring Water quite another. You have my best wishes, any way; but I shall look for you again in a few weeks."

This last was said with a twinkle of the eye, which Mildred easily interpreted.

"She thinks I shall fail," thought the young girl; "but she will know better in time."

She left for home the next day, an escort being found for her, and promptly unfolded her scheme to her indulgent and perplexed father. He could never understand Mildred when she had these wild yearnings to convert the world to

the new gospel of beauty, and what was to him a rather insipid sort of goodness. But he could deny nothing to this motherless daughter; and even suggested that the lodge-house, which was empty, could, with the addition of a large annex for an audience room, be made to answer the new purpose very well.

Being an Englishman, with an Englishman's love for the exclusive, walled premises of his native land, Mr. Morris had enclosed his estate with a high barrier, which hid it from the road. This necessitated a lodge-gate; and the lodge-house had been added, presumably for picturesque-ness, as it had never had a keeper, but was used mainly as a receptacle for garden hose and implements.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Our Lady of Repose.

BY E. W. BECK, F. S. A., SCOT.

THIS title of our Blessed Lady is one which must appeal to all in these days of rush and bustle and turmoil. It is one not often met with, yet there are a few shrines where Our Lady is venerated under this title,—shrines where perhaps many a weary pilgrim has rested his aching limbs whilst asking for much-needed repose of mind. There is one such in the diocese of Séz, the history of which goes back to the middle of the twelfth century. The legend of the shrine of Removille, in the diocese of St. Dié, has its origin in the same period; and tells us that there then lived a certain Lord of Removille, who as he nursed his infant son one day knocked its head against the fireplace and killed it; and that then his grief was so profound that it was only assuaged when, in fulfilment of a vow, he built a chapel on this spot, whither he had come to seek for peace in the midst

of the forest. There is another shrine thus dedicated near Noisy; and near Tours is a somewhat similar one—that of Our Lady of the Repose of St. Martin, a grotto to which that great Saint used to retire; because it was near enough to the city to let him fulfil his pastoral duties, and far enough away to ward off idle interruptions. Here, it is said, Our Lady, accompanied by St. Agnes, appeared to him one night. But the shrine which seems most worthy of particular attention is that of Heppeneert, which has found an historian in the learned Father Schoutens, who has done so much for the history of the numerous shrines of Our Lady in Belgium.

Heppeneert is a village in Limburg, on the banks of the Meuse, near the ancient town of Maesyck. It was formerly celebrated for a pilgrimage in honor of St. Gertrude,—not the illustrious Benedictine Abbess, but the sister of St. Begga and foundress of the Convent of Nivelles. It is said that many miracles were worked in favor of those who here invoked her; and indeed pilgrims still seek her intercession, though not in such large numbers as was once the case. Nowadays they come especially on March 17, her feast-day. But if fewer clients come to the shrine of St. Gertrude, many come to that of Our Lady of Repose, which is located in the parish church. The statue there venerated is of oak, and represents Our Lady sitting, with her hands joined and laid on her right knee; behind her stands St. John, with his right hand on her shoulder, and his left on his breast.

Father Schoutens thinks that the title of Our Lady of Repose probably comes from the calm and reposeful look on the face of the Madonna; though possibly, he adds, it may be due to the principal feast of the shrine being the Assumption,—the *Dormitio Beatæ Mariæ Virginis*, as it was called by ancient writers. Be this as it may, such is the title under which Our

Lady is invoked at Heppeneert; and, though her intercession is there sought in nearly all necessities, for the most part her faithful clients ask for sleep. The story of this shrine should be of special interest to those who suffer from insomnia, as so many in these days do.

Some centuries ago, during an inundation, this statue was seen floating upright down the Meuse, and was deposited in the parish of Eelen, where it was duly venerated, and a chapel built for it. This chapel, in 1621, passed over to the Canons Regular of the Holy Cross, who had a convent at Maesyck. They propagated the devotion to this Madonna, and matters went on well till the evil days of the French Revolution, when the chapel was taken from the Canons and sold. At that time the parish priest of Heppeneert was Canon Coopman, who also belonged to the Canons Regular of the Holy Cross. Hearing of the sale before it took place, he determined to save the statue, for the veneration of which so much had been done by his brethren. So, with the assistance of his sacristan, he withdrew it from the chapel and hid it on a farm in his own parish, to the church of which it was removed in 1800. During these times the cultus of Our Lady of Repose was almost if not quite extinguished, and nothing much was heard of it again till within the last decade.

In 1883 Father Froyen was made parish priest, and he at once set about reviving the ancient devotion. The statue had been placed on a bracket against the wall; and his first thought was to procure a valuable lamp, which he kept burning day and night. For the month of May, in the following year, he placed the statue on a throne in the midst of the chancel, and said Mass daily at the altar of Our Lady of Repose. The devotion began to revive. Among its most zealous promoters were the Canons of the Holy Cross at Maesyck. During the octave of the

Feast of the Assumption immense crowds came from the surrounding country, from Holland, and even from Germany. In order not to interfere with the neighboring chapel of Eelen, where the octave of Our Lady of the Assumption is still solemnly kept, it was provided by the ecclesiastical authorities that in the following year the special octave at Heppeneert should be that of the Nativity of the Blessed Mary; and this was eventually changed to the third Sunday in May, with its octave.

The devotion to Our Lady of Repose has continued to spread, and many signal favors are said to have been granted, especially in cases of insomnia. The Vicar of Christ now gloriously ruling the Church has granted a plenary indulgence to all who, on the usual conditions, visit the church during the May octave; and a similar indulgence to all who visit the church on any day of their choice. He has further granted to all priests visiting the church of Heppeneert the privilege of saying a votive Mass *de Beata* on all days except doubles of the first and second class, Sundays, privileged octaves, ferias and vigils.

The Columbian Catholic Congress.

THE interest of intelligent Catholics in the World's Columbian Exposition, which has waxed and waned at irregular intervals ever since the opening of this stupendous aggregation of marvels, was at fever heat on Monday, the 4th inst., the occasion being the opening of the Catholic Congress in the Hall of Columbus; the members having first attended the celebration of Holy Mass in St. Mary's Church. So general was the interest taken in this Congress that the list of delegates grew to proportions which necessitated an exclusion of the general public from the floor of the house; and both auditorium and

spectators' gallery were so crowded that, to use the forcible words of a daily paper, "not another person could have been squeezed in with a hay-press." But the audience, large and enthusiastic as it was, was but the "outward and visible sign" of the current of deep religious feeling which characterized the speeches of those chosen to address the assembly, and the intense interest and enthusiasm with which they were received.

The burst of applause which greeted Mgr. Satolli and Cardinal Gibbons showed that the Catholics of America were proud to honor in them representatives of the Holy See and the Sacred College; and no one abated an iota of enthusiasm when it became evident that each was so touched by his welcome that he found difficulty in getting launched on the waves of his speech. The Papal Delegate was equal to the occasion; and people who have heard His Eminence many times say that he never spoke better. His advice to the members of the Congress to remember the principles of Christian charity and courtesy in their discussions, was especially pertinent. Then came the reading of the Pope's letter, which contained his congratulations and blessing. An international character was given to the Congress by the greetings from Cardinals Vaughan and Logue, and the presence of Archbishop Redwood, Monsig. Nugent, and other personages from abroad.

In the evening of the first day Archbishop Ryan addressed an audience quite as large as that of the morning. Among his many eloquent utterances were these words: "As there was an old and a new world four hundred years ago, so there is now a Catholic and a non-Catholic world, separated by a dark ocean of prejudice. It is the mission of the Columbian Catholic Congress to find a pathway across this ocean and bring these two worlds together. The non-Catholic world does not hate the Catholic world, but a hideous something

that ignorance teaches to be the Catholic world." Bishop Foley spoke eloquently on the progress of the Church in the United States. He was followed by prominent laymen, who read earnest addresses on subjects of the day.

The decorations deserve a few words. Everywhere were the Papal white and yellow, in roses, in bunting and in banners; while from a lofty height looked down the peaceful though animated face of the Vicar of Christ. Underneath, as was most appropriate, was the portrait of the immortal Columbus; and—for true Catholics are true patriots—the dignified countenance of Washington, whose place in the hearts of his countrymen no one will question. At the left and right of the platform were busts of those two great fathers of souls, Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning.

But the speeches and the speakers that followed in daily succession! Were one to mention even the names of the distinguished prelates and laymen who went to Chicago to help make the occasion worthy its aims, he would find that he had set himself a hard task. Suffice it to say for the present that the programme already published in our columns was carried out as exactly as circumstances permitted. For the most part the delegates were well chosen, and their speeches creditable alike to themselves and worthy of so great an occasion. Many of them will deserve the distinction of publication in a memorial volume of the Congress, and will be read with the interest with which they were listened to. The enthusiasm was unabated throughout the week, the attendance at all times surprisingly large, the order perfect. The various conventions announced for the Congress were held on successive days; and, if one may judge by the large attendance and the interest manifested in the proceedings, the best results may be hoped for. Altogether, the Columbian Catholic Congress is an immense success.

Notes and Remarks.

It was a notable audience that assembled in Festival Hall, Chicago, on the 2d inst., to pay tribute to Catholic education. Venerable prelates, eminent laymen, priests and religious, met to discuss the subject that lies nearest the hearts of all American Catholics. The enthusiasm of this representative gathering is the most convincing proof—if proof were needed—of the fact that the real attitude of the Church to the public schools remains unchanged; and that the loyalty of priests and people to the system of parish schools, which their own energy and zeal has built up, has not been impaired by recent discussions. No word of abuse was directed against the state schools, no undue complaints against double taxation, no groanings about burdens unnecessarily imposed,—only one invincible resolution to maintain the parish schools at any sacrifice. They were noble men who thus spoke, and the vast majority of American Catholics share their convictions and determinations.

With the month of September come thoughts about the opening of the schools. Good parents need hardly be reminded of their duty to provide for their children the best education within their means. The need of the hour, as has well been said, is educated Catholic laymen; and that need will be even more urgently felt as time passes. Happily, the Church in this country is not suffering greatly for want of religious teachers. Let us not undervalue their services, or deny our little ones the precious privilege of an education in which the heart and mind ripen into simultaneous and harmonious maturity.

A remarkable work has recently appeared under the title of "Le Diable au XIXe Siècle" (The Devil in the 19th Century), which sets forth, upon the testimony of an eye-witness, the nefarious character of the highest lodges of Freemasonry. It is shown that above the 33d degree there are other controlling lodges, called Palladic, in which those initiated enter into direct relations

with the Evil Spirit. Animated by a hatred of Christianity, they travesty sacred rites and ceremonies in a blasphemous worship of Lucifer. For many years the Supreme Council has resided in Charleston, South Carolina; and the present Grand Master is a certain Albert Mackey. We shall not speak of the abominations which characterize the assemblies held in these lodges; but the fearful destruction of life and property with which Charleston has been visited at times, notably in the terrible earthquake of 1885, and the recent severe and destructive storms, may well cause the reflection that the city, as the chief centre of this devil-worship, is a signal object of Divine wrath.

It is often said that the Age of Faith is past; but who can hear a cry which comes from far-off Utah, and believe that the fire of charity does not burn in many a devoted heart with as bright a glow as in the Middle Ages? A Catholic lady of that Territory has for two years been the owner of a silver "claim," the gift of a miner. Experts have pronounced the ore rich in the precious metal. The property is named the "Ave Maria Silver Claim"; and it is proposed to give to God, in the persons of His orphan children, every cent which may accrue from its working. The fervent prayers, novenas, and Communions are asked of those who will help to put into the hands of Bishop Scanlan, of Salt Lake City, such a sum as will enable him to build an orphan asylum, where the little stray lambs of God's flock may be safely folded.

We do not doubt that this earnest and touching appeal will find a ready response; and we trust that the Ave Maria Silver Claim may "pan out rich," as the miners say.

Those who mourn in such plaintive strains over the fancied decay of real faith in Christendom would do well to glance at the published accounts of the pilgrimages that are witnessed daily in the celebrated sanctuaries of the Old World and the New. It is said that at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré the daily attendance, for some weeks past, ranges anywhere from one to five thousand.

The Chicago *Herald* devotes much space to an account of some remarkable cures that are said to have been obtained by the favor of "the good St. Anne." The most striking is the case of a workman named George Daigle, who is forty-four years old, and had been suffering from partial paralysis for seven years. So severely was he stricken that he had to be carried aboard the steamer that plies between Montreal and St. Anne's. He bathed his legs and feet in the fountain in front of the shrine, and during the Mass was carried up to the altar-rail to receive Holy Communion. Immediately after receiving Our Lord, he found himself able to walk without assistance to the fountain, where he again bathed his members. He then climbed on his knees to the top of the Santa Scala, followed by wondering crowds. Mr. Daigle declares that he now suffers no pain, although five physicians had pronounced his disease incurable.

Without doubt the St. Elizabeth Day Nursery, presided over by the Chicago Branch of the Catholic Women's League, is by this time in working order and an assured success. A trained and competent matron has been secured, and a woman physician has tendered her professional services *gratis*. Through this deserving charity many poor women will be able to go out to work during the day with perfect confidence that their little children are in careful hands. Such efforts as this are far more beneficial than indiscriminate giving. The "department of philanthropy" is surely not the least useful of the various practical aims of this body of Catholic women.

A disgraceful drama, which recalls the violence and fanatical frenzy of the old "Know-Nothing" days, was recently enacted in Columbus, Ohio. The contemptible agents of certain anti-Catholic societies had started a rumor to the effect that children were imprisoned in a convent of the Good Shepherd located there, and were submitted to the most outrageous cruelty. A howling mob soon gathered round the convent, and attacked the door with demoniacal fury; but the calm courage of one of the Sisters cowed the rabble,

and they departed, threatening to return at night and demolish the institution. At the request of Bishop Watterson a committee of representative non-Catholic citizens was appointed to examine into the state of the convent, and responded with a long eulogy of the work and methods of the Sisters. They concluded by "earnestly invoking in behalf of these unoffending Christian workers the sympathy and good-will of all citizens, regardless of their religious belief." The noble words of these fair-minded Protestants, however, will have no lasting effect on the gallant members of the A. P. A. They will still keep vigilant watch for other convents of defenceless women to conquer.

The late Sergeant Bellasis, whose fascinating memoirs have proved to be a valuable addition to the literature of the Oxford Movement, seems to have enjoyed an experience not usually vouchsafed to converts. Unlike most neophytes, he had neither the opportunity nor the inclination to be disedified; and he tells with what satisfaction he discovered Lord Herries on his knees before the altar, in scarlet coat and top-boots, when the hounds and horses at the door stood ready for the hunt. His Protestant training, with its tincture of Puritanism, explains his wonderment when he saw a young lady, who had danced charades the night before, seemingly transfigured as she prepared the altar for Mass, so devout and reverent was her demeanor. He also spent some time with Mr. Charles Waterton, a great naturalist with a decided liking for theology. After the death of his wife, the whole furniture of Mr. Waterton's bedroom consisted of a blanket, a log, and a bare floor; and at four o'clock every morning, winter and summer, he made a meditation bareheaded in the open air, on the borders of his lake. The Sergeant's proximity to such robust Christianity was not without its effect upon him; for it was of him that Cardinal Newman spoke when he said, "He is one of the best men I ever knew."

To the lovers of liberty in every clime the news that the Home Rule Bill has passed the Commons came as joyful tidings. Irishmen

especially rejoice that the day seems not now so distant when the precious boon of even partial self-government will be theirs. The long struggle which seemed so hopeless in the day of the great Catholic Emancipator has happily been crowned with success at last. That this result has been achieved largely through the heroic efforts of that tower of strength, the immortal Gladstone, detracts nothing from the glory of O'Connell and the patriots who came after him. A great change has been wrought in the public opinion of England within a quarter of a century, and this fact alone could have made the present result possible. The Home Rule Bill is not yet a law; but the cause of liberty has already achieved a moral victory, and the end of the struggle can not now be far off. The House of Lords, as was expected, has rejected the measure, and an appeal will now be made to the country. No one can doubt what the result of that appeal will be.

The people of Australia, without distinction of creed or race, mourn the late Archbishop Reynolds, of Adelaide, whose large-hearted charity had endeared him to all. The affectionate regard in which he was held by Jew as well as Gentile may be learned from the following declaration of Rabbi Boas, the religious leader of the Jews in Adelaide: "When some two years ago an appeal was made on behalf of my unfortunate persecuted brethren in Russia, the late distinguished prelate so fully sympathized with the movement that by his authority a collection was instituted throughout the Roman Catholic churches in South Australia on Good-Friday, a day the most sacred and holy in the Christian calendar; with the satisfactory result that a very handsome amount was contributed to the relief fund. . . . Just consider—and to his memory may it ever be counted to grace and righteousness—good and kind-hearted Dr. Reynolds issuing a pastoral charge, asking for help on behalf of the Jews on a day that indeed stands as a red-letter day in the history of the Jews for cruel persecution, carnage and bloodshed!" Even the ingenious charity of this holy prelate could find no more appropriate day for the collection than Good-

Friday,—the day wherein was first written in letters of blood "the story which transformed the world."

The action of the Holy Father in advising the French Royalists to support the Republic is expected practically to settle the embarrassing question of French Government, and, indirectly, to exercise a powerful influence over the future of many of the European States. In connection with this fact, the London *Tablet* offers an important and timely consideration:

"The Pope has been able to play this large part in French affairs, because all men know that he has acted in freedom, and with no care at his heart except for the good of religion. If, as so many have advised, he had accepted the Law of Guarantees, and had become the pensioner of Italy, with what a new suspicion his action would have been regarded! To-day there is not a defeated Royalist among them all who dares to doubt the purity of the motive which led Leo XIII. to speak. But if the Pontiff had been the acknowledged subject, or even the subsidized friend of the King of Italy, how vainly his words would have broken against the jealousies and suspicions of nationalism! The voice might have been the voice of Leo, but the hand would have been said to be the hand of Humberto. The Pope's position as a prisoner in the Vatican has its own intolerable conditions; but at least it is better in the interests of the Universal Church, than any which the usurper of his dominions and territory could possibly offer."

This truth, though it is by no means the only argument that might be adduced, will prove helpful to those who study honestly to understand the necessity of the Pope's temporal power.

Not all golden jubilees are as significant as that which marked, on August 31, the fiftieth anniversary of Father Robert Fulton's entrance into the Society of Jesus. As an educator and administrator, the labors of this good priest for the spread of Catholic faith and the advancement of sound education can hardly be overestimated. He was one of the founders of Boston College, over whose destinies he presided with singular success for ten years. He was twice elected Provincial of the Maryland Province, and has held many other important offices in his Order. Few priests are better known throughout New

England than Father Fulton, where his genial character and unique personality have endeared him to all.

The clergy and laity of the United States, especially in the West, are warned against a scoundrel, who represents himself as a priest, and who has already been imprisoned for obtaining money under false pretences. He is apparently a Frenchman and speaks English imperfectly; of low stature, somewhat heavy-set, full-faced, and seemingly between fifty and sixty years of age. Representing himself oftenest as an Indian missionary, he assumes a new name for every locality he visits; and also a new name for the missionary Order of which, according to his statements, he is the superior. His usual story is that his Order is engaged in Christianizing the Indians; and that, being poor and in need of means, he is by its authority collecting for it. By forging Archbishop Hennessy's name to telegrams, he has secured hospitality from priests and generous contributions from charitably disposed laymen.

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 Magdalen, of the Sisters of Mercy, and Sister M. Fidelis, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. Daniel A. Day, who died a happy death on the 20th of July, at Sacramento, Cal.

Mr. John T. Morris, of Stapleton, N. Y., whose precious death took place on the 26th ult.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Bourie, whose exemplary Christian life closed peacefully on the 19th of July, at Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mrs. James Treahy, of Zanesville, Ohio, whose good life was crowned with a holy death on the 28th ult.

Sergeant Purcell, of Seymour, Victoria, Australia; Josephine Farinas, Pensacola, Fla.; Miss Minnie H. Murphy, Joliet, Ill.; Miss Anna Savage, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick M. Judd, Chicopee, Mass.; and Mary A. Morrison, 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.

*

Sight-Seeing at the World's Fair.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VII.—A VARIETY OF ENTERTAINMENT.

THE following day Mr. Barrett had an errand which took him to the busiest part of State Street. His nieces and nephew accompanied him, and afterward he proposed that they should go out to the World's Fair by way of the Lake. Arrived at the wharf, he secured tickets *via* the fine new steamer, *Christopher Columbus*. As they went on board, the young people observed at once that it was unlike any boat they had ever seen.

"This is called a 'whale-back,' a kind of craft in use upon the Great Lakes, and so named from its supposed resemblance to a whale as it appears when swimming along upon the surface of the water," said Uncle Jack.

They walked about, delighted with the handsome appointments of the immense open cabin; the girls glancing shyly into the long mirrors every now and then, not so much to catch a glimpse of their own faces, as to watch the ever-varying throng of promenaders, or to admire the deep reflections of the long vistas of rich carpets, polished tables, and luxurious arm-chairs and divans.

Uncle Jack, however, hurried them outside, and obtained places for them in the bow of the boat. The great vessel had already started, and was steaming up the Lake with a kind of majesty, "as if proud of the name it bore," Ellen declared. The two girls grew enthusiastic as the broad expanse of waters seemed to widen before them on three sides, bounded only by the distant horizon; while on the fourth extends the proud city, representing many miles of towering structures, of splendor and prosperity.

When they reached the landing, Uncle Jack said:

"Suppose we go up into the grounds on the moving sidewalk?"

"The what?" asked Nora, doubting if she had heard aright.

Mr. Barrett repeated the words with a smile, adding:

"There are many novel ways of getting about at the Exposition, you perceive."

"In fairy tales I have read of a magical carpet, upon which one had only to place one's self to be transported wherever one wished," said Ellen; "but this must be even more convenient. How nice, instead of trudging along on the sidewalk, to just stand still, and let the sidewalk do the travelling!"

Passing through the entrance gate, they walked along the pier to the point where this singular promenade begins, and were admitted to a raised platform like that of the Intermural Railroad.

Extending along beside this they saw a board walk, with seats ranged across it, like those of an open street-car.

"You see, you will not even have to stand. Take places all of you," said Uncle Jack.

Now the mysterious sidewalk began to move. The sensation was as if the ground were slowly slipping away from beneath their feet; and yet they were themselves carried along with it. They stood up to try what it would then be like, and felt as if they were running, still they had not put one foot before the other. In this way a distance of perhaps half a mile was traversed. Then a man called out that they had better get off, unless they wanted to go back again; and so they stepped out on the stationary platform, and watched the sidewalk glide past them in the opposite direction.

"Is it not extraordinary?" cried Nora.

"Fudge! there is nothing so very wonderful about it, after all," said Aleck, who, having leaped down the steps, had found a broken board at the side of the platform, and was peering underneath. "Your moving sidewalk, which you are staring at as if it were enchanted, is merely an electric railway train, with the wheels and running gear concealed. See, they are all under here."

The girls peeped in, and found this to be the fact.

Uncle Jack laughed.

"So you have solved the mystery?" said he. "Let us commemorate the occasion by having some ice-cream soda."

After partaking of this refreshment in the cool *casino*, they walked slowly along by the Lake shore to the United States Government Building, the imposing dome of which is a prominent feature amid the great structures of the Exposition. On entering, they beheld, in the centre of the rotunda, the section of one of the famous Big Trees of California, which was cut down for the World's Fair.

"Mammoth as this is, there are still larger trees in the Californian forests," said Mr. Barrett; "but the contract called for a section perfect in all respects, and this was the largest found to fulfil this condition. It is not the base, but a part of the trunk, which stood twenty feet from the ground,—a height which would make it like the top of any ordinary tree. This section is thirty feet long and twenty-three feet in diameter. The tree itself was three hundred feet high, and twenty-six (some say thirty-two) feet in diameter, and eighty-one feet in circumference at the base."

After having duly admired and marvelled at the mighty girth of this grand sylvan monarch, they turned to the treasures in the arches around the hall, the State exhibits of colonial relics.

In the Massachusetts booth Aleck was attracted by a clumsy copper watch, that once belonged to Captain Miles Standish. Here, too, they saw pieces of colonial money, swords worn at the battle of Bunker Hill, quaint silver porringers and tankards, a long tongs-like pipe-lighter found in a colonist's house, and a salt-cellar owned by Mary Chilton, the first woman who stepped on Plymouth Rock at the landing of the *Mayflower*. The most interesting of these souvenirs, however, was a bottle containing a few grains of tea said to have been found in the boots of one of the members of the Boston Tea-Party on the night of December 16, 1775, after he returned home from that historic entertainment.

"See here among what Rhode Island has to show," called Ellen, "the inkstand from which the Declaration of Independence was signed, a compass that belonged to Roger Williams, a bit of the Charter Oak, an Indian deed of land, and an invitation to dinner from General Washington."

"Maryland displays many keepsakes, including these grants of territory bearing

the seal of Lord Baltimore," said Mr. Barrett; "but the most precious, I think, is this old sheet of paper, the original manuscript of our noble national anthem, 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' with the signature of the author, Francis Scot Key."

In the Pennsylvania exhibit were mementos of Franklin and of the illustrious men of the Continental Congress. Of the articles in this department, however, the object which especially caught the attention of the girls was a little old doll, once considered handsome no doubt, but now very shabby indeed.

"Oh, look, Ellen!" cried Nora. "This was a present from General Lafayette to a little girl named Hannah—(I can't exactly make out the last name). He sent to Paris for it. Just think! Even if she lived to be an old lady, she must be dead ever so long now; and yet here is the doll she used to play with. I suppose, considering that it is more than a hundred years old, it is not so bad; but what a contrast to the lovely French dolls we saw in the Manufactures' Building! Look at the queer plaster head, with the paint half rubbed off the face; and the limp kid arms and legs. There is not a joint in its body, poor thing! The clothes are faded and spoiled now, but they must have seemed very fine to Hannah."

On the opposite side of the rotunda they found the Washington relics.

"Actually, here is the commission of George Washington as commander-in-chief of the American army! Think of that!" exclaimed Aleck.

"Yes," answered Uncle Jack, "it is the veritable document which, humanly speaking, gave into his hands the destinies of the colonies, and which he resigned to the commissioners at Annapolis at the close of the Revolution. Above it hangs his sword."

Nora and Ellen viewed, with housewifely curiosity, a service of pewter upon which the General's dinner was daily served in

camp, and an old ledger used in settling up the accounts of Mount Vernon. There were several volumes of Washington's diaries, too.

"Here is one of the greatest curiosities of the Exposition," called Uncle Jack, from a case farther along.

When they came up, he pointed out a wampum belt made by the Iroquois Indians of New York to commemorate the confederation of the Five Nations, believed to have taken place before the discovery of America.

"Now," he continued, "I am going to show you one of the two pre-eminently great historic treasures of our country."

He led them on, and presently paused before a large framed document upon the wall, encircled by the folds of the Stars and Stripes, and guarded by two soldiers with loaded muskets.

"This," said he, "is the original Declaration of Independence."

A thrill of patriotism, like an electric current, seemed to pass over our young friends as they gazed upon the document.

"Those are the words written by Thomas Jefferson as the expression of the sentiments of the Continental Congress, and pledged to by the patriots whose names are signed below," he went on,—

"the words which threw down the gantlet of defiance to Great Britain, and which, sealed by the blood of heroes, made this the land of liberty and the greatest nation of the earth. Picture to yourselves that solemn signing, when these brave men and true, risking their all, took upon themselves, personally the consequences and responsibility of their act in declaring these United States free and independent. It was no high-sounding, empty phrase that pledging of their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor; for they were all men of wealth and eminence, who had much to lose. Should the Revolution fail, their names would be execrated, their possessions forfeited to the Crown, while

they themselves would be condemned to the ignominious death of traitors."

As the girls and Aleck scanned the signatures, Mr. Barrett speculated upon the thoughts and emotions of the patriots as they signed the document, which was to lead to such glorious results.

"Naturally, the bold, handsome signature of John Hancock first strikes the eye," he said. "How well it expresses the determination, the polished manners, and the moral courage of the President of the Continental Congress!"

"The Signers all seem to have been better writers than you would find among the same number of men nowadays, I'll wager," said Aleck. "To judge from the curves and flourishes, they appear to have been pretty cool about the matter too—all but this shaky signature of Stephen Hopkins, which makes one think he must have been terribly frightened."

"The good man's hand trembled, no doubt; but it was not from fear," said Uncle Jack. "He was grievously afflicted with the palsy of the staunchest of the patriots."

"You spoke of two especially important historic documents, Uncle Jack," said Aleck. "I suppose the other is the original draft of the Constitution of the United States. Is that to be seen here at the World's Fair too?"

"No," was the reply. "Unfortunately for us, but perhaps wisely, it was not considered advisable to allow this priceless document to pass out of the keeping of the Department of State at Washington."

In the exhibit of the latter department, Mr. Barrett found much to interest him among the famous state papers, which are a part of the history of the country.

"Look!" he continued. "This is the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, which concluded the war of the Revolution. Notice it begins with the reverent words: 'In the Name of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity.' And here is the

Treaty of Friendship and Alliance, which gave to the United States the aid of France during that great struggle."

Now our friends passed on to the War Department, where Uncle Jack and Aleck examined and discussed the various kinds of rifles and cannon, stopping frequently to talk to the soldiers who were there to explain them.

It was a pleasant diversion for Nora and Ellen when they came unexpectedly upon a kind of panorama of the frozen North, and a number of souvenirs of Sir John Franklin, Kane, and other explorers, who penetrated into that perpetually ice-bound zone. Nora was almost as enthusiastic as her brother when Mr. Barrett pointed out two faded standards, which looked as if they had seen much service, saying,

"This one is the first flag raised in the Arctic regions. It belonged to the Grinnell Expedition. The other was the banner of Lieutenant Greeley's party, and was planted on the spot nearest to the north pole which the foot of civilized man, or perhaps of any human creature, ever trod."

The section of the Building devoted to the Smithsonian Institution, the great National Museum at Washington, proved exceedingly fascinating, especially the Indian curiosities. Nora declared she would like to spend the rest of the day among them, but Uncle Jack said:

"I am afraid we can not delay here any longer; for we seem to be like the Wandering Jew—forever condemned to keep moving on."

Having emerged into the open air, they crossed the plaza, or green, now dotted with white tents, the encampment of a regiment of troops, and came to the pier on the Lake where lies the fac-simile of a United States battleship, the *Illinois*.

"This is the most striking object of the Naval exhibit," observed Mr. Barrett. "It was impossible to bring a real war ship around to Chicago through the Lakes, so this one was built here. So far as size

and equipment are concerned, it is an exact counterpart of one of Uncle Sam's splendid new steel cruisers. Though a beautiful object now, in time of war it would prove a powerful protector of our ports and defender of our national honor."

"Yes," said a sailor-soldier, who stood near. "There would be a small chance for any city that happened to be shelled by these guns."

Then he went on talking about bombs, torpedoes, etc., till the girls thought he would never stop.

(To be continued.)

The Boyhood of a Famous Artist.

The great painting "Christ before Pilate" had such an extended and triumphal experience in this country that many of our young readers doubtless had the pleasure of seeing it; to others it has become familiar through engravings and descriptions; therefore, to all a little story of the childhood of the painter Munkácsy will no doubt be acceptable.

When the Hungarian war was ended, the boy found himself an orphan. He was only seven years of age, and what would have become of him at the time if his good godmother had not flown to the rescue no one can tell. She, however, not content with merely giving the lad a home, undertook his education. She owned a beautiful estate up among the mountains of Giula; and there, for a little while, the boy who was one day to become a famous and devout painter roamed about at his own will, beloved by the servants, a playmate of the lambs and birds. But this was soon to end.

One night, when most of the villagers were at a distance attending some *fête*, a band of robbers came galloping down from their den in the mountains, and took possession of the good godmother's house.

All of the servants were beaten until some of them died. Little Munkácsy, perhaps on account of being a child, was not hurt; but he was gagged and tied to one who was fatally injured. While lying thus bound he saw the marauders beat his poor godmother, trying to induce her to tell where the money and jewels were concealed. She held out bravely, only yielding when it was necessary to save her life. Then the robbers, having done all the mischief they could, took their booty and departed.

All night long the cruelly wounded people lay there upon the dining-room floor; and it was not until the light of day streamed in upon the awful sight that one, the steward, succeeded in extricating himself and setting the others free. A doctor was brought as soon as possible; but the godmother of Munkácsy was beyond mortal help, and in three days she died, leaving the little lad again to the mercy of the world.

The record of his life from that time was a sad one; and it was only after the most terrible privation and patient endeavor that he rose to the place he now holds in the world of art.

FRANCESCA.

How it Came to be Watered.

BY I. W. REILLY.

A CITY boy to the country gone
Is like a fish on land,—
So many things in the fields and woods
That he doesn't understand.
Last week our Edward—a man of five—
Was out at his uncle's farm,
Where the beasts and birds, the plants and the weeds,
Had for him a novel charm.
One day at dinner his uncle said:
"What's the matter with Daisy now—
This milk's as blue and tastes as poor
As if it was watered, I vow."
Then up spoke Edward: "I know that it is;
For before she was milked by Frank,
She stopped in the creek, on her way to the barn
And drank, and drank, and drank!"



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

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The Heart of the Sorrowful Mother.

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

WOMAN, Mine hour is not yet come,"
He said

At Cana's marriage-feast; beholding there
His own espousals with the Bride "all fair,"*
And what red dower the Mystic Vine must
shed

For Eucharistic banquet ere they wed:
Yet granted the anticipating prayer,
To show what advocate beyond compare
Should one day stand us in a mother's stead.

But now has come that hour. Again He calls
Her "Woman"—Second Eve. "Woman,
behold

Thy son!" He says—My Church: the
child no less
Of thy Heart than of Mine.

Creative falls

That word. Henceforth her bosom can enfold
Us all with true maternal tenderness.

**Ordination Morning at Maynooth.—A
Reminiscence.**



HE sun was down about an
hour; the sparrows were asleep
beneath the eaves; no engine
screamed nor whistle blew nor

traffic roared upon the great highways of
commerce that circled us about. Children

were faintly babbling in the distance,
but not disturbingly; and everything and
everybody in the great city seemed under
the Sabbath spell. It was under these
circumstances that the strains of the *Veni
Creator* floated from a neighboring choir
into a priest's quiet study, where the
occupant was weariedly, some would say
unreflectingly, reading the Vespers of his
Sunday Office. A sudden change came
over his spirit,—a chastening change, and
soothing beyond the power of earth. Half-
unconsciously he dropped his opened
breviary on his knee, and an observer
must needs have perceived that the *Veni
Creator* was unlocking, one after another,
certain chambers of his memory.

His remembrances were common to
hundreds of his contemporaries; for they
were all of his student life, and he had
been a student of Maynooth. Conspicuous
among the thick array was the morning
of his ordination to the priesthood; for
then it was that the *Veni Creator*, under
whose influence he is now dreaming,
sounded deeper depths than ever it had
sounded before or has ever sounded since.
Of a truth, it would be hard to surpass the
impressiveness of the annual ordination
function at Maynooth. I presume it has
lost none of its impressiveness in having
had the scene changed from the poky
little chapel of a few years ago to the

* Cant., iv, 7. Of course, by the "Bride" is meant the Church.

magnificent structure where the Spirit of God is poured forth now.

The lowly chapel, however, had what the stately church can not have for a long time to come—the influence of a great tradition. It was in that chapel the seed of a home-trained priesthood first came to flower; it was there the annual harvest, since the close of the penal days, was gathered in; it was from its benches the public and private devotions of a prayerful race ascended unto heaven for nearly a century. Its roof had witnessed more hands anointed than any other in the land, and was gladdened oftenest by the songs of Sion. The new church will have a reign, please God, more glorious even than the old has had; but the angels will not be displeased if *tanto tempore* they see as many holy thoughts and hear as many holy aspirations and witness as many holy actions as they saw and heard and witnessed in the humble edifice whose career as a church has closed.

Anyhow, the ordination morning will retain its time-honored features. There will be the imposing array of sixty or seventy levites filing out, in deacons' robes, into the sanctuary. Discipline will have set her seal upon their faces, and not a few of them will Asceticism have marked for her own. The *alumni* whose turn has not yet come will have their eyes bent upon the *ordinandi*, each of whom is the object of a most particular search to the group of his most particular friends. Besides the cassocked throng there will be a diversified array of spectators in frock-coats and jackets and hats and bonnets,—parents perhaps, with a *Nunc Dimittis* bursting from their joyful hearts; brothers and sisters proportionately filled with their parents' joy and gladness.

It will be lovingly assumed as hitherto that each of the *ordinandi* will faint under the ordeal, unless an assistant is at his side to cheer and sustain him; and the assistant—some dearest friend among his juniors—

will be forthcoming accordingly. The function will proceed apace, gathering solemnity in its course, until the climax is reached with the burst of the *Veni Creator* from the choir. How empty now will grow the world in their esteem, how meagre its petty satisfactions, how delusive its pleasures, how vexing its compliments, how contemptible its praise! Repentance and resolve will well up from the heart and overflow its bounds, and percolate the spirit and magnetize the frame; so that not the lips alone but every fibre of the being will quiver with the prayer for light, for love, for strength,—

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis,
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Verily will they comprehend then how the martyrs rushed so fearless and serene to torture and to death.

The function over, each of the assisting friends—we will speak now in the present tense—demands the first blessing from the befriended *ordinatus*, and feels himself truly repaid. Relatives and acquaintances and comrades crowd around for a similar privilege, and thereupon there is a busy scene of handshakings and benedictions. The “first of first” chivalrously congratulates the *atque prox*, and shows a shy but hearty courtesy to his *ex æquo*. The juniors, with an evident interest that refreshes all mature beholders by reason of its sweet simplicity, point out to one another the “leader of the fourths,” “the English Solus,” the new Dunboyne men, the future bishops, and the heroes of the ball-courts.

By this time the sun has crossed the meridian and is declining westward. The order of the premium list, known as yet only to the cabinet of professors, begins now to be interestedly canvassed; rumor stating that X has gone up, that Y has coine down, and that Z is nowhere. The coming holidays then float before the

vision, sending a thrill even through the hermits of the host; for, like the rest, they can not help being young. With the dipping of the sun below the horizon, the influence of the morning's *Veni Creator* is no longer *sensibly* upon the soul. On the following morning the earth in its physical aspect, like Thabor after the Transfiguration, is as it was before. Yes, but its value has been corrected by that *Veni Creator* of yesterday, and it is the corrected value by which they stand. They feel somewhat as Peter and the sons of Zebedee must have felt when they descended to the workaday level after the vision on the heights. The *senses* no longer feel the ecstasy, but the *intellect* has grasped its lesson; and the intellect shares the immortality of the soul.

Before the current decade has run its course Maynooth will celebrate the centenary of her existence. Her foundation marked the beginning of the end of those penal laws, which were meant to interrupt the glorious continuity of learning in the country, and of which the country's oppressors are now the most ashamed. The face of the land has been renewed since then, and nobody will dispute the claim of Maynooth to the largest share in the process which has effected that result. As senior heiress of Bangor, Lismore, and Clonmacnoise, she has been shedding for near a hundred years the same light of sanctity and learning over the land as was shed when *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum* was Ireland's venerated name among the nations. Well may she, therefore, deport herself as the joyful mother of children when her sons assemble—as they will assemble—to congratulate her on her hundredth anniversary.

Her start upon the second century of her career will coincide in all probability with the opening of a new and, please God, happier era in the chequered history of the country. There are dark hints, to be sure, of atheism and infidelity, materialism

—and what-not?—blowing their black breath against the beacon light which for fifteen hundred years has steadily illuminated all the Irish borders. Such apprehensions are, indeed, not impossible of realization, and it would be well for the Irish priesthood not to ignore them utterly. But the Lord is our refuge and our strength, and our help is in His name. In this trustful sentiment we dare to believe that the Holy Spirit, Lord of Light, will dwell as lovingly among the Irish people in the future as He has dwelt in the past, so that they shall push their steps through the snares of prosperity as securely as they have held to the footholds of adversity. If God so will, can He not sanctify His people's hearts through joyful *Laudates* as much as through plaintive *Misereres*? In Ireland, at all events, sanctified they will remain in all circumstances, so long as the ecclesiastical seminaries, of which Maynooth is the honored chief, continue to invest her priesthood with that behavior which comes of a true knowledge of one's self, of one's office, and of the claims and duties of both.

Through Sorrow's Seas.

V.

THE days, weeks, and months slipped by; winter disappeared, and spring was at hand. We could not, as in other years, spend it in the country; and the fine promenades through the woods and meadows of Beaufort were now only a delightful memory. Still mother found means, I know not how or where, to rent a little cottage at some distance from the city. She would have sold her last trinket rather than deprive Emily of the joys of springtime, and the pure air of which she stood so much in need.

We took possession of our modest country house early in May; and found

in the foliage, the perfumes, the birds and butterflies, an endless store of placid joys. We spent whole days in excursions to the woods, the neighboring mountain, and the banks of limpid rivulets. In the evening, when the sun sank low in the west and the velvet greensward received its nightly bath of dew, when all the other song-birds sought their nests, we came out and listened to the nightingale trilling a hundred different melodies as he balanced himself on the pliant branch of the lilac or cherry-tree. We had a few flower-plots, and a little balcony draped with convolvulus and clematis. Emily cared for all the flowers, and Mary delighted to pick them to pieces in her cradle.

At the end of May the proprietor of our villa, who had rented it to mother at a very low price, informed her that he intended occupying it himself during the month of June. As we were only tenants at will, there was nothing to be done but move back to our city dwelling. In any case, it was time for me to return to school, and Emily's health was much improved. Once more in Paris, we endeavored to forget our recent country life. Emily took this duty upon herself. She had become a real consolation to mother. Good, intelligent and gentle, her filial love grew in intensity from day to day, and manifested itself in a thousand different little acts and words. She understood better than I all the chagrin of which mother was the subject, and found in her loving heart means to soften and dissipate it. She became the angel of the house, driving away all sombre shadows, and bringing back to our family circle, if not gaiety and happiness, at least tranquillity and peace.

It is when we are the victims of misfortune that our true friends reveal themselves. At this period our family could count but few. Among these few, however, was one whom perhaps I should

have introduced before—an excellent man, who contributed not a little to mitigate our affliction. Dr. Kerler was fully seventy years of age, although from his appearance one would have thought him twenty years younger. Possibly his even temper and the charm of his habitual smile were important factors that helped to the formation of this opinion. He was the very personification of kindness, patience, and devotedness; and if the experience which he had acquired during his long career had made him cognizant of all the weaknesses of the human heart, the knowledge only augmented his desire to come to its aid and support. He loved the suffering humanity that had disclosed to him its inmost secrets; and it was more from philanthropy than from devotion to his art that he put at the disposition of his fellows the old age that had acquired such legitimate claims to repose. To solace, strengthen and cure body and soul was his twofold purpose. He followed it regardless of difficulties, and aspired to no other recompense than the consciousness of having made himself useful to his fellow, and accomplished some measure of good. As he was at the service of all, but especially of the miserable, he was known and blessed in the poorest quarters of the city, as he was esteemed and loved in the richest.

For a number of years Dr. Kerler had been not only the regular physician of our family, but our most intimate friend. Years before he had saved grandfather's life, and would often recall the virtues of that worthy old man. He regarded me and my sisters as his own grandchildren, and treated us as such. As for father, the old Doctor beheld in him the son of one whom he esteemed above all men in the world,—one who had ever honored him with his friendship, and for whom he expressed reciprocal affection. He loved the son, not as he had loved the father, but in remembrance of him.

The simplicity of the old practitioner's mode of life—a simplicity bordering closely on austerity—accorded ill with the luxurious and expensive style adopted by my father; and in consequence, notwithstanding the sympathy and confidence with which Dr. Kerler inspired us, his intercourse with our family, while still cordial, was less frequent than it had been. Father had a genuine affection for the Doctor; and if he had sometimes avoided him, and was not anxious to have him visit us, it was because he observed in the old physician's frank and truthful glance an implied censure on his own dissipated life.

As soon as the Doctor heard of mother's trouble, he at once renewed his former intimacy, for the cessation of which, in any case, he knew that she was not responsible. He took upon himself the rôle of consoler; and acquitted himself of the task all the more readily from the fact that it was habitual to him. How many hours he spent with us, exhausting all the resources of his friendship, his religion, and his experience, to calm our disquietude, and gently turn our thoughts to a hopeful future!

Nearly every evening Dr. Kerler gave us some moments of his time, sometimes whole hours; and whenever he announced his intention of leaving, we had a score of little tricks to prevent his carrying it out. We felt less unhappy after he had analyzed our misfortune, finding in God and the future potent remedies which he applied with wisdom.

Of late especially, owing to the state of Emily's health, the Doctor's visits were multiplied and were prolonged to an unusual extent. He waited willingly for us; and sometimes, I fancy, neglected others of his patients on our account.

We often spoke to him of father; then he would grow grave, look at grandfather's portrait, and shake his head disconsolately. Too expansive to be silent, and too frank

to lie about the matter, he condemned father's conduct in the severest terms; yet he employed every means of discovering what had become of him. His researches had at first proved unavailing; he learned what we already knew: that father and Albert de Vigroux had sailed from Marseilles for India, but ignored whether or not the voyage had been a prosperous one; and, if prosperous, where the fugitives had betaken themselves on their landing. The Doctor, however, never allowed himself to be discouraged in the prosecution of anything he took in hand; and at last he obtained from a physician who had just returned from India somewhat precise information as to their whereabouts.

"Now," said he to mother,—“now I am on the track of the truth, and you will see that I shall speedily run it down.”

Mother was radiant; for the absence of all tidings had given rise in her mind to all sorts of frightful conjectures, and had plunged her into that state of doubt which is perhaps not less terrible to bear than the most cruel certainty.

A few evenings later the Doctor came in to see us, in apparently better spirits than usual. He held in his hand a very pretty bouquet, which he presented to Emily, saying with a smile:

“I have reared these flowers myself; and I always intended them for the most tractable of my patients, as well as the one I love best.”

Emily seemed much pleased with the Doctor's gallantry. She smiled in her turn, thanked him profusely, and, after looking at the flowers and enjoying their perfume for a few minutes, placed them in a handsome vase on a table of honor covered with albums, books, and souvenirs of all kinds.

In the meanwhile Dr. Kerler took off his overcoat, glanced at his shirt front which was habitually immaculate, settled his cravat with a few coquettish touches, and arranged over his ears the scanty

locks that nature had still left him. Though surely not a dandy, Dr. Kerler in his younger days must have been exceedingly careful of his personal appearance. Having thus briefly arranged his toilet, he seated himself in an arm-chair, and drew Emily toward him:

"Let us see how our little sick woman is to-night," he said, pleasantly.

Emily smiled, and stretched out her arm, whose whiteness might well rival that of alabaster.

"Not bad," said the Doctor: "the pulse is steadier than it was yesterday. There is a notable improvement."

A ray of joy flashed into mother's eyes as she overheard the good news; it takes very little to feed one's hope when one loves tenderly.

The Doctor next placed his ear against my sister's narrow chest, consulting the throbbings of her heart, as if to ask them their secret and discover the nature of their confidences. The auscultation appeared to reassure him completely, and after a brief silence he addressed Emily in a fatherly tone:

"Take courage, my dear child; at your age one possesses in one's self all the means of fighting against disease and of bringing about a cure."

"Yes," replied Emily, almost gaily; "but, Doctor, I am very fragile to be fighting always."

"That is just the reason why you will be able to resist," he added, with a tone

of conviction. "Do you remember the fable of the oak and the reed? You must surely have read it."

"I remember it perfectly."

"Well, it shows you that great strength is not always proof against the tempests that assail us. The main thing is never to allow ourselves to become discouraged, for in discouragement there is the germ of death. But these recommendations are almost useless in your case; for you are certainly the bravest and most reasonable of all my patients."

The Doctor spoke truly, and he might have added, the most unselfish of patients likewise. As a matter of fact, Emily rarely spoke of her health, and never complained. When asked how she felt, she always answered that she was better than the reality warranted her in doing, and she rejoiced in the pleasure that these answers afforded. She even concealed her sufferings entirely, so much did she fear to disturb us; but when her pain grew too great to bear without flinching, she would hide herself in some corner, from which she could be drawn only at the price of her tears. Tears, however, she very seldom indulged in, unless in private; she was habitually smiling and light-hearted, and would assuredly have deceived us all as to the nature of the dread disease that was sapping her life, had not the wasting away of her body, the alteration in her features, and the increasing lassitude of her movements, rendered all delusion impossible.

(To be continued.)

A Changeless Law.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

RICH or sterile as the soil is, will its yield be great or small; But no mold can change the nature of the germ thereon let fall. As the seed is, so the harvest: only oaks from acorns grow; Like produces like forever—and we reap just what we sow.

Professional Education.

 BY THE RT. REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE greatness and worth of the present age lie in its intellectual activity rather than in its material progress. There is in it a mental stimulus as strong as that which impelled the Greeks of the age of Pericles to produce, in every sphere of thought and action, the works that still remain as an exhaustless source of inspiration. The discovery of America is unimportant and commonplace when compared with the discoveries made by scientific investigators. We live now not merely in a new world, but in new worlds, whose boundaries are enlarging, whose secrets are ever revealing themselves to patient seekers. In the heavens and on the earth we see things never before beheld by the eye of man. The impulse of this movement is necessarily felt by the learned professions. The light which has been thrown upon the past—upon the earliest struggles of mankind to attain a human kind of existence, upon the evolution of languages and customs, upon the primitive conceptions of right, of duty and of law,—has made possible a science of sociology which gives us a larger and profounder view of the sphere of man's life. Biology interprets the problems of psychology, and psychology provides methods for pedagogy. The comparative study of religions, the more comprehensive grasp of the history of philosophic systems, the criticisms of the Sacred Writings with the aid of philology, anthropology and ethnology; the more accurate analysis of the elements of thought, and the juster appreciation of the value and import of knowledge itself, have opened new realms to all who love the things of the mind, and first of all to

those whose office compels them to deal with the problems of the unseen world—with the supernatural, which is God and the soul.

In none of the professions has the intellectual movement of the age produced such wholesome and satisfactory results as in medicine. In law and theology the influence of the scientific spirit tends to disturb and unsettle, but in medicine it is altogether salutary. The modern physician, putting aside the old methods as unsuited to the study of vital phenomena, no longer seeks to know what life is, but regards it merely as a natural process, manifesting itself in health and disease; for if life be health, it is also disease, since it inevitably tends toward and ends in death, though no specific malady should intervene to hasten the march to the grave. Death is the correlative of life, as disease is the correlative of health. To think the one is to imply the other.

It is the physician's business, then, to acquaint himself with the structure and functions of the body in health and disease. Without a knowledge of anatomy and physiology he can not understand disease, which is a deviation from the line of normal physiological conditions, whether structural or functional. The theory of disease, however, is but an idle speculation if it lead not to the means of cure; and hence pathology calls for therapeutics, the theory of remedies, which is also a science; for nearly every article of the *materia medica* produces an effect on the organism which may be ascertained with scientific precision. But when there is question of adapting remedies to diseases, the wisest physicians recognize now more than ever before that they enter an obscure region, where they feel rather than see their way. The best doctors give least medicine; and they would give less if their patients were not persuaded that the most certain way to frighten death is to keep swallowing poison. The practice of medicine, then, is

still, to a great extent, traditional and empirical; and however wide and profound the physician's knowledge may be, he soon learns that ceaseless vigilance and attention to innumerable details can alone keep him from becoming a murderer. Hahnemann and his disciples have doubtless rendered service by showing how well the sick may prosper by taking, at brief intervals, a sugar pellet or a teaspoonful of water.

Physicians more and more insist upon the importance of regimen and diet, of pure air and healthful occupations, upon sufficient sleep and rest, upon cleanliness of person and surroundings. They know that, in innumerable instances, disease is the result of careless, ignorant or vicious habits; that function and appetite are correlative; and that excessive indulgence perverts the action of the organs which insure the harmonious play of the vital forces. They know that diseases have definite causes, and that it is their business to keep these harmful agencies away from those who are well, and to help nature expel them from those who are ill. With the increase of knowledge the scope of all the professions is enlarged, and we may now no longer look on the physician as simply a healer or an assuager of pain. It is his business to understand the laws of hygiene and sanitation, to acquaint himself with climatic conditions; to know the kinds of dwelling, clothing and diet which are most favorable to health. He should, in a word, as his title of doctor implies, be a teacher. The homely proverb that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, which has given rise to many maxims and observances more or less salutary, he should be able to interpret and apply in the light of scientific knowledge.

There is no country in which such teaching is more needed than in our own, or in which it might be given with stronger hope of good results. America,

it is commonly said, is the paradise of quacks. Whoever sufficiently advertises the most worthless nostrum becomes rich; whoever preaches a faith cure, or a science cure, or a magnetic cure, or a blue-glass cure, finds a crowd of fools for followers. In the presence of the evils caused by this universal quackery, should the physician confine himself simply to the treatment of disease? Is it not his duty, as a lover of God and of man, as a patriot and a scholar, whether he live in some isolated hamlet or in a great city, to become a public teacher? Who else is able to diffuse the knowledge of the laws of health and the causes of disease with so much authority and ability? To those who should object that the popularizing of medical science might prove hurtful, I would reply that belief in the good of ignorance or the harmfulness of knowledge is superstition. It is always good to know a thing; and the evils which the spread of intelligence may cause are not only more than counterbalanced by the benefits knowledge confers, but they tend to correct themselves. If ignorance is bliss, it is the bliss of fools or cowards. When an epidemic threatens, there is a general alarm, and every precaution is taken to exclude it; but the foes of life are always around us, lying in ambush. They may lurk in the air we breathe, in the food we eat, in the water we drink, in the clothing we wear, in the houses we live in, in the domestic animals that supply us with nourishment or lie about our hearths, on the lips of those we love. It is believed that we all are intelligent enough when our interests are at stake, but professional men know how false is this tenet. It is a delusion to imagine that the multitude think. Their notions of health, of right, of religion, are traditional or empirical; and to rouse them to self-activity, to observation and reflection, is the best work an enlightened mind can perform. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." "With desolation is the

earth made desolate, because there is no one who thinketh within his heart."

To take but a partial view of the subject. Does not daily experience teach the physician, the lawyer and the priest that the ignorance, the thoughtlessness and indifference of those who seek their help are chief impediments to the success of their efforts to render service? Those who know least not only misunderstand us, but they are also quickest to condemn. In diffusing knowledge we, of the learned professions, work for our own good not less than for the general welfare. The more intelligent the people are, the more responsive they become to the teachings of religion and science. Sanitary regulations enable civilized nations to exclude or control pestilence and contagion. A proper system of sewerage seems to have freed Memphis from the epidemics which threatened its existence. There is not a farm-house, not a cottage in the smallest village in which a knowledge of the laws of health and of the causes of disease might not be made the means of saving human lives. How seldom are the heads of families practically attentive to the fact that water may be limpid and pleasant to the taste and yet carry the germs of fatal maladies, which may lurk even, with merely suspended vitality, in the clearest ice! How little do they heed the seeds of disease which are concealed in damp cellars, in unventilated rooms, in unaired closets, in carpets, in the cushions of chairs and in the dried sputa of the tuberculous!

The land is filled with the clamorous denouncers of drunkenness and poisonous liquors, but gluttony and badly prepared food are the causes of more sickness and misery than alcoholic drink; and the army of reformers might well reserve part of the abuse they heap upon distillers and saloon-keepers for cooks and confectioners. My argument against women is that they have made us a nation of dyspeptics, having from time immemorial held undis-

puted sway in the kitchen. Why should we entrust the framing of our laws to those who have ruined our stomachs? If the food they eat were less indigestible, men would be more sober. How few practically recognize the fact that the function the skin performs is as essential to health as that of the lungs or the liver or the kidneys! Is it not strange that the daily bath should not have been made a prescription of religion, since cleanliness is next to godliness? At all events, it is a secret of health and long life, and he is a wise physician who makes himself an advocate of frequent ablutions. How is it possible to like or even respect those who fail to begin each day by plunging in the purifying wave, or at least by showering over themselves the clear and silvery spray! I should, without much hesitation, give my confidence to a stranger about whom I might know little else than that he never omits this clean ablution, whether the thermometer register 30° below or 90° above zero; but with one who does not bathe I should not care to have any dealings. When I reflect how unwashed many of the heroes must have been from Hector to Bonaparte with the itch, I feel a sense of disillusion; and when I hear Americans praised, what pleases me most is the assertion that they bathe more than other people. The bath is not merely hygienic: it is a test of civilization.

Who so well as the physician is able to impart a knowledge of the laws of heredity in their bearing upon disease and immorality? Why should foolish young people be permitted to marry, when every wise man knows that their union will result in a diseased or depraved offspring? The end of marriage is not to console weak and sentimental beings, but to provide a nobler race. As the life of the soul is enrooted in that of the body, the physician is called to minister to moral as well as to physical infirmities. An American doctor, as you know, claims

to have discovered a cure for drunkenness; and whether or not his remedies have any efficacy, it is a gain to create a wide recognition of the fact that dipsomania, in many cases at least, is a disease of the nervous system. Indeed it seems to be altogether probable that sensual excess of whatever kind is as often the result as the cause of abnormal physical conditions. If this be so, what a world is not opened to the medical profession, wherein they may labor with the hope of being able to confer on their fellowmen not bodily health alone, but moral and religious blessings as well!

Whoever belongs to a learned profession should have more than professional knowledge and skill: he should be a representative of the science and the culture of his age. Where the standard of education for the liberal professions is low, the life of the nation can not be high.

Human perfection is health of body and soul, manifesting itself in the wholesome activity of every function and faculty; and in a free country the natural stimulators of this activity are the lawyer, the physician, and the minister of religion. In a democracy, if people are to escape the rule of demagogues and thieves, they must have the guidance of superior minds and great characters; and where shall they be found if not in the liberal professions? As I look upon the professions, they are all religious; for the end and aim of all of them is to make health, justice and righteousness prevail. And what is this, if it be not to make the will of God prevail?

Nor has the physician a baser office than the lawyer or the priest. If you cripple the animal in man, you clip the angel's wings; for the nobler passions draw their life and energy from the lower. Many things, we might imagine, are dearer than life—honor, for instance, and truth and love; but in all this, as in whatever else has worth, life is present

and gives it value. What we first demand of professional men, whatever their special calling, is that they be upright, honorable and humane. Character is essential; for character gives to ability its human quality, makes it something we can trust, makes it beneficent. Thus I complete my earlier thought, that professional men are united by indissoluble bonds. They all alike find their reason for being in the needs and miseries of man; they all minister to his ills; and to all, science, culture and religion, supply the means which render them able to help.

A classic writer has said no better fortune can befall a city than to have within its walls two or three superior men who agree to work together for the common welfare. Who shall these two or three superior men be if not the lawyer, the physician, and the minister of religion? They are found in every village; and if they hold themselves abreast of the science and culture of the age, and are also men of character, who shall estimate the value of their combined influence? It is the nature of science, culture and religion to be communicable, and they who diffuse these blessings are the most useful and the noblest men. They alone have the right to say to their fellows: Provide for us, while we make your lives more healthful and pleasant, purer and higher.

But how shall I, a Kentuckian, addressing for the first time in many years an audience of Kentuckians, close without growing conscious of the inspiration of my native air! So long as we can recall with pleasure the divine moments of our youth, they have not wholly fled; but when they come back to us, like mocking questioners, asking what good or truth or beauty there was in the things which once filled us with delight, then, alas! youth is gone, forever gone, and we have ceased to be ourselves. But, oh! I can well remember how in the days of my

young love, walking in the fields and in the woods that lay about my home, I scarcely knew my feet touched the ground, but felt that my deep, glowing soul might mount heavenward until it blended with the infinite ether, and became immortal, harmonious pulsings of light and warmth, of joy and ecstasy. And, later, how often from the Cincinnati hills have I looked southward across the river, and seemed to behold there a fairer world—looked with a longing such as Adam may have felt when he turned his eyes toward lost Paradise!

Not Syracuse, nor the fair Grecian plain
Saw coursers swift as thine, sweet home of mine!
Nor did their sacrificial herds outshine
Thine own, whose silken flanks are without stain.

Not there on rarer flowers fell warm spring rain,
Nor wore the heavens a beauty more divine;
Nor purer maidens knelt at holy shrine,
Nor braver men held warlike death for gain.

Thou warest but the poet to waft thy name
In rhythmic numbers through the earth and sky;
Some bard divine, with strong, heroic aim,
To soar aloft and utter deathless cry.
No muse has touched thy lips with sacred flame,
To bid the music flow which can not die.

Our country is greater than our state; it fills us with larger and nobler thoughts, rouses the consciousness of a mightier and more far-reaching destiny. It is worthy of all homage and love for what it has done, and more worthy still for what it promises to do. In the presence of its boundless energies, aspirations and sympathies, the greatest even feel they are dwarfed. But our country, in a more intimate sense, is our home. He who has no home has no country. Patriotism is the spirit of the father's house, which is the home of our first love, and the one to which we turn our last lingering thoughts as death's curtain drops. Hence our state comes closer to us than our country; it awakens tenderer recollections, weaves about us the tendrils of more gentle and fragrant affections; it calls forth feelings which glow like the dawn, which soften and mellow like the evening sky. It blends

with memories of the twining arms of mothers and fathers, of the warm, unselfish devotion of youthful friends. The thought of it is interfused with clouds and showers, and the songs of birds, and all the glories of the unfolding world that accompanied us when we were young.

State rights, in the old sense, are dead, but while the heart of a Kentuckian throbs, state pride can not die. How shall we better serve our country than by loving our state, and doing what in us lies to strengthen, purify and illumine the life of its citizens? I ask these learned physicians whether a climate which produces the noblest breeds of animals should not be favorable to the noblest breed of men?

What does our country or our state, what does God Himself demand of us, but that we grow to the full measure of the gifts we have received? We render the best service when we make ourselves worthy and wise. The faithful servant of any cause is not a vulgar boaster, but a true striver after the best things. When Jenner consulted Dr. Hunter as to whether he might not substitute vaccination for inoculation, he received the reply: "Don't think, but try." He tried, and was successful. The right motto, however, is this: "Think and try, try and think." Only God can set limits to what thought and effort may accomplish.

I will not exhort, for that would be to reproach, I will not proffer advice, for that would be to insult; but I will ask whether you know anything better than the pursuit of excellence? Equality is a figment of theorists, inequality is nature's law. As well not be at all as be common. If the equality at which democracy aims mean the ostracism of superior men, it is a curse; a blessing, if it mean the placing of superior men in the lead, that they may guide the whole people to nobler ideals and higher truth. The best freedom is that which is favorable to the development

of high and heroic personalities; the best education that which fills us with desire for all that is excellent. It is good to be wise and virtuous, but it is also good to be healthy, strong, brave, honorable, fair and graceful. It is bad to be ignorant and sinful; but it is also bad to be sick, weak, cowardly, base, ugly and awkward. The striving after perfection in this large sense blesses and dignifies life. It is a cure for many ills; it makes us independent, sufficient for ourselves, able to forego praise and patronage; for if men seek not our aid when we have made ourselves worthy and capable, the loss is theirs, not ours. In pursuing these high aims, we feel that we are living for God and our country; and we may even deem ourselves fortunate that in the early years of our professional career we have little else to do than to improve ourselves. Happy is he who having found the highest thing he is able to do, gives his life to the work.

Go forth, then, young gentlemen, to perform the noble and humane tasks that will be set you. The dawn of a more glorious day has risen upon your profession. With Hutten you may exclaim: O blessed age! Minds awaken, sciences bloom,—it is a joy to be alive. To every home you visit you shall bring promise of life and health; and it will not be your fault if, when you depart, you leave not a sense of security and peace. So live that when in the future there shall be speech of the worthiest Kentuckians, of you also mention shall be made.

THE title "Mother of God" is at once the best vindication against heresy of the Divinity of her Son, and the main source of all inspiration, poetic and devout, in her honor.—*R. F. Clarke, S. J.*

It is with the soul as with the body: an attitude taken in negligence, and persevered in through inattention, results in malformity.—*Souvestre.*

The Mission of Beauty.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

(CONCLUSION.)

IT was but the work of a few days to change the Lodge into a suitable place for the new project; the difficulty was in finding the proper people to be the recipients of its advantages. That obstacle was removed at last, however; and, except that there was a lamentable dearth of the rags and tatters which Mildred was so eager to see, everything was ready in due time for the opening evening. The invitations had been rather vaguely worded, in order to conceal the fact that positive charity was intended. The consequence of this was somewhat disconcerting, as everyone thought the affair a "party," such as, on a more modest scale, was frequent in Roaring Water; and a startling rumor reached the ears of the young hostess, to the effect that the Reed girls and several others were having new gowns made for the occasion. Mildred, however, did not lose heart, but trusted to time to enlighten the darkness of these misguided beings. New gowns might be indicative of a new impulse toward the beautiful. When the spirit of the ancient Greeks fully possessed the community, and when the club to be organized on the initiatory night was well established, these matters would adjust themselves.

"Ancient Greeks, is it?" said Margaret the housekeeper, to whom Mildred had confided some of her hopes and fears. "Indeed, and I never thought them old Greeks very respectable."

"But; Margaret, they made beauty the keynote of their lives; and where beauty enters, peace and joy and light will follow. I heard a young man in Chicago say that, and he knew."

Margaret shook her head.

"If they'd had a little less beauty and more clothes, and kept the Commandments, they'd been a great sight decenter."

Mildred was delighted. Here was one under her own roof who would be changed by the words she would hear when "The Mission of Beauty" was read. This was a talk, or lecture, which had engaged all her spare time since she had heard at Mull House the magic sentences which inspired it.

"You must come to the opening of the Lodge, Margaret," she said, softly.

"Of course I'll go. If I don't watch them hoodlums, they'll carry off everything they can lay their hands on."

* * *

The day of days at last arrived; and the Lodge, taking a leaf out of the Mull House book, and decorated with as many portable works of art, carried from the great house, as it would hold, awaited the crowning event of its preparing. Mildred, weary beyond expression, was getting some needed rest when she chanced to see two very disreputable young fellows walking up the main drive. She sprung to her feet in an instant. Here was material for her enthusiasm to expend itself upon; here was the squalor without which her inauguration of a club which was to revolutionize the lower classes would be ridiculous. It was she instead of a servant who met the youths—one very tall, one very short—at the kitchen door. Their story was the stereotyped one. They were trying to get back to Pennsylvania, but had had divers misfortunes, of which most threatening illnesses were the least. Would the young lady be so kind as to favor them with a small sum of money and a garment or two? Never were two of the travelling public to which they belonged more surprised than these knights of idleness. Cast-off clothing they had been favored with before; even the chink of silver in their palms was not an utterly novel thing; but invitations to parties

from young girls in fashionable gowns had never before come in their way.

"Be sure and come!" she added; "and maybe to-morrow I can find you a place to work."

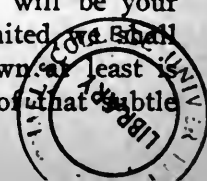
"Thanks, Miss!" answered the tall one, winking at his companion. "If there's one thing more than another that me and Bill dotes on, it's work."

At seven the first instalment of guests arrived, and after that the rooms filled quickly. Mildred had put on her prettiest frock, and had reasoned herself into thinking that the smart garments of her visitors were not absurd. But it was not long before a decidedly uncomfortable feeling began to make itself felt in the assemblage, and the people divided themselves into little squads, eying the other groups disdainfully. There was something brewing; and, rather earlier than she had intended, Mildred mounted a stool and rang a small bell.

"I have prepared a little paper," she began, "which I will ask you to listen to, if you will be so kind. After that there will be some music, and then refreshments. My friends," unrolling her manuscript, "I ask your attention to a few thoughts on the mission of Beauty."

She began with the Egyptians, and marched sturdily on to the Greeks; but after some minutes the audience grew uncontrollably restless. The boys shot little paper balls at one another, and the girls yawned. Even the older people showed decided symptoms of indifference. Seeing this, Mildred skipped everything from the Greeks to the present day, and ended as follows:

"My friends, this message of beauty is a message to us—to you, to me. I ask you, can we not help one another? There shall be, if I can help it, no class distinction in Roaring Water. I will be your friend, your sister; and, united, we shall go on together until one town is redeemed by the influence of that noble



power which has peace, joy and hope in its train."

Here on her manuscript there being a note, "Wait for applause," she waited; but it was not applause which followed this school-girl peroration; it was something far different: it was the voice of the mother of the Reed girls.

"Mildred Morris," it began ominously, "we thought we was coming to a party. We didn't come to be lectured to, or to be insinuated to that we was poor and some folks was rich. You can be a sister to some folks, but you can't be no sister nor no nothing to me. Girls, come! We're going home."

The girls hung back, thinking of the refreshments; but their mother conquered, and ten others followed the Reed family.

Mildred—how can I tell it of my heroine?—broke down and sobbed, and there was general confusion.

"May a cyclone fly away with them dirty old Greeks!" burst out Margaret, hushing her young mistress as if she had been a baby. The others stood aloof.

"Dish out the ice-cream, Jane," Margaret went on. "Miss Mildred is feeling so bad that the party has let out."

Jane the housemaid obeyed orders, giving every one a double share on account of the departure of the disaffected.

Mildred dried her tears and tried to smile; but silently, one by one, the ill-starred guests satisfied their hunger and disappeared. The housekeeper and the young girl followed soon, leaving Jane to lock the doors and pack up the silver spoons.

* * *

"My eyes, Bill, but that was the queerest party I was ever at!" said one of the tramps to his companion. "I expected we'd have to hang around here till midnight."

"But having accepted the invitation," said Bill, "it wouldn't be polite to stay away entirely; so if you'll give me a boost, I'll elevate that there winder."

"She said everybody ought to have beautiful things around promiscuous," said the tall one, elevating the other as requested; "and them spoons seem the very thing to improve my disposition."

So saying he followed his friend.

* * *

Mildred slept late the next morning, and had not had her breakfast when there came an energetic ring at the door.

"Good-morning!" said their neighbor, Father Armstrong, in his cheery way. "I think this basket of silver belongs here."

Then he explained. He had been called out the night before to visit a sick man, and on his return saw a light in the Lodge.

"I took the liberty to call, though I wasn't invited to your party, Mildred," he said; "and found two young fellows making off with your teaspoons. One got away, the tall one; but I caught the short fellow without much trouble. The two rascals ran away from the Reform School. The sheriff had been on the lookout for them for a week."

Mildred gasped.

"O Father," she said, "I am sure they were two perfectly lovely tramps that I invited to the Lodge!"

"Well, they came," laughed Father Armstrong, who had known this little Protestant neighbor ever since she was a baby. "And if you don't mind telling me, I should like to know your reason for being so good to those vagabonds as to ask them to meet the people of Roaring Water at a party."

"Oh, it wasn't meant to be a party, though they took it that way! I wanted to help people by telling them about beauty. That was why I took my mother's silver over. I was going to tell them what the crest on it meant. And we worked all day, dragging over pictures and furniture and arranging flowers. It was to be a sort of club-house, the Lodge was; but Mrs. Reed got up and said awful things, and ever so many went home. You see, I have

always wanted to help people; and in Chicago I was at the most beautiful place, Mull House, where two young ladies live among the poor folks; and persons come from all over the city and teach classes, and lecture about Darwin and Ibsen."

"Darwin and Ibsen!" broke in the priest. "Strange subjects for hungry people, or any people. But go on, Mildred."

"And I can't be to blame because papa is rich, but I feel I must do what I can; and so when a young man remarked that ugliness was a curse, and that where beauty went everything good would follow, I determined to see what I could do here in Roaring Water. There were no *very* poor people, you know; and everybody was so respectable that I didn't dare to let them know there was any charity to it, but they found out."

Father Armstrong smiled—it was hard to refrain from laughing at the end of Mildred's story.

"And I don't know what to do now," she added. "Papa is all upset by the way things have turned out, and I have nobody else to ask—unless" seeing a kindly smile lingering on the face of her old friend—"unless *you* could think of something."

"Suppose," said Father Armstrong, "that you go back and finish the Fair?"

Mildred clapped her hands. "I was hoping you would say that. And then—"

"And after that we'll see," he replied. "But I wouldn't forget," he went on, "that the poor and unfortunate stand less in need of beauty than of other things. I think you understood only a little of what the young man meant, and of what the young ladies of Mull House have undertaken. Beauty is a great helper, and I wish from my heart that the wretched had more of it; but first they need sympathy and help and bread, and most of all what a spiritual writer calls 'the message of the good God.'"

"If one only knew what that message was—" she said, softly.

"We *do* know."

"And you will tell me?"

"Gladly, my child, whenever you wish me to. But go now and write to that good aunt of yours."

And, with his cheery good-morning, the kind priest trudged off on his round of duties.

"O Miss Mildred," said the tearful Jane in the breakfast room, "I never once thought of them spoons! I am as ashamed and sorry as never was."

"Never mind," said Mildred, who felt like forgiving the whole world, even Mrs. Reed. "It's a wonder any one remembered anything last night. And, Jane, I would like to have you take a letter to the post-office for me in about an hour."

This was the letter:

DEAR AUNT ELLEN:—I have concluded that there is something better than taking beauty to people. I will be with you next Monday to finish my visit, and will then tell you all about it.

Your loving

MILDRED.

Bishop Neumann.

EDITED BY MARC F. VALLETTE, LL. D.

V.—(Continued.)

IN 1839 Father Neumann had the happiness of welcoming his brother Wenzel, whom his letters had inspired with the desire of coming to his aid. He became school-teacher, cook, and steward to his brother, and thus lent him most efficient help. Had he arrived sooner, Father Neumann might have escaped the injury to his health which three years of unremitting hardships, added to a Spartan *régime*, had caused. Once a week fire was lighted in his kitchen, and he declared bread, butter and cheese were sufficient for any man's food. He would never ask for

anything. "My parishioners know my wants," he would say; "if they wish to supply them they can do so."

In the spring of 1840, the zealous pastor was so exhausted with intermittent fever as to be often forced to keep his room; when the fever left him, three months later, his health seemed irretrievably ruined, and he felt that he could no longer pursue his missionary career unaided. This led him to execute a project he had long meditated. On his journey from Europe he had made the acquaintance of Father Joseph Prost, the superior of the Redemptorists in America. This good religious continued to correspond with him, and rendered him many trifling services. He soon acquired a certain ascendancy over the young priest, and a phrase which he added to one of his letters was the unconscious germ of Father Neumann's future vocation. The Redemptorist superior had written the Scripture text, *Væ solis!*—"Woe to him who is alone!"—and the solitary missionary felt its truth more deeply every day, as he saw his strength decreasing, and his work growing beyond his power to manage.

He obtained the Bishop's permission with great difficulty; and, being assured of his reception among the sons of St. Alphonsus by Father Prost, he took leave of his flock in October, 1840, and reached Pittsburg on the 18th of that month, completely worn out. He was greatly regretted in Williamsville, and left behind him the reputation of a saint.

VI.—THE REDEMPTORIST.

When Father Neumann told his brother Wenzel of his resolution to become a Redemptorist, the latter said, quietly: "I shall go with you." And he kept his word. Both went through the novitiate in Pittsburg, where Father Tschenhens was superior,—that is, they were taught the spirit and rules of the Order as well as it could be done under existing circum-

stances; for Father Neumann himself says: "At that time there was neither novitiate nor novice master in America; there was too much to do." Nevertheless, he managed to imbibe the true spirit of St. Alphonsus, and was very soon clothed in his habit.

He had a strangely prophetic dream at this time, which he related in all simplicity to his brethren. He thought he was in Baltimore, and the Bishop of that see was endeavoring to catch him and consecrate him bishop. He defended himself so energetically that his efforts awoke him; and he little thought, as he laughed at the dream, that it was really a picture of the future.

In the middle of May, 1841, he was sent to New York, and attached to the Church of St. Nicholas. A fortnight later he was sent to Rochester, to replace Father Tschenhens; thence his friend, Father Pax, called him to his sick-bed in Buffalo. Scarcely had he returned to Rochester when he was ordered to Norwalk, thence to Baltimore, and to Canton, Ohio, where his vocation was subjected to no ordinary test. The report had gone abroad that the Redemptorists were about to give up the American mission, and that no more novices would be received to profession. Bishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, who met Father Neumann in Canton, urged him earnestly to undertake the charge of a parish in Cincinnati, and return to the duties of a secular priest; but he steadfastly refused to become a "turncoat."

Notwithstanding his great piety, Father Neumann had a keen appreciation of the ridiculous, and was not averse to telling some amusing things that occurred to him. On one occasion, while giving a mission, or rather a retreat, at an out-of-the-way place, he was obliged to hear confessions at a temporary confessional, that was in a dilapidated condition. The lattice in the "crater" was all broken out. The good priest was hearing the confession

of an old woman. The faithful were kneeling in close proximity to the confessional. The priest had warned the penitent not to speak in too loud a tone, lest she be overheard by those around her. In his efforts to hear her (she followed his direction too strictly, alas!) the good priest, whose eyes were closed, kept putting his head closer and closer to the confessional, until finally he opened his eyes only to realize that he had put his head through the "crater"; and, on rising from his seat to extricate himself, the whole confessional dropped upon his shoulders, after the manner of a Chinese cangue. He was a prisoner, and it was some time before the good people around him were able to liberate him.

Having given a mission of ten days in Randolph, he fell ill on his way to Wheeling, and had to seek hospitality from kind but irreligious people, whose house stood near the high-road. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered he pushed on to Steubenville, administered the Sacraments to the Catholics of that town and Frederic, and finally reached Baltimore, where he was professed on January 16, 1842, in the old Church of St. James. Father Alexander Czwitkowicz, who had succeeded Father Prost as superior, received his profession; and he was the first of the Congregation to pronounce his vows on American soil.

The two following years he worked hard in Baltimore and the outlying missions. In March, 1844, he was appointed superior of the house in Pittsburg. His predecessor, Father Fey, had been so disheartened by the difficulties of this mission, laden with debt, and the building of a new church, besides the troublesome St. Philomena's Society, that he had sent in his resignation after a few weeks' stay. Father Neumann had the consolation of having the church finished and consecrated on Rosary Sunday, 1847; he then devoted himself to the erection of a dwelling, where

the rule could be perfectly observed. Gentle, humble and amiable to his subjects, the young superior governed more by his example than by words. He took his full share in the missionary labors of the Fathers, and found time to write an easy catechism for the German Catholic schools of America (a book much required), as well as a Bible History. He also wrote many pious pamphlets to revive the fervor of his flock, and established the Confraternity of the Rosary.

Three years after his arrival in Pittsburg, two unfortunate Catholics, husband and wife, who were in great want, pretended to become Protestants in order to obtain pecuniary aid,—with the resolution, however, of returning to the Church as soon as their circumstances improved. Some time after his fall the wretched pervert came to Pittsburg on business one Sunday, and accidentally passed by the Church of St. Philomena, in which High Mass was being sung. The sound of the organ and the words of the *Kyrie Eleison* seemed to him the voices of old and loved friends, and he could not resist the impulse to enter the church. As if drawn by some magnetic force, he drew near the sanctuary railing, and, leaning on his stick, watched the progress of the Holy Sacrifice. Father Neumann was celebrant. At the breaking of the Host over the chalice God allowed the poor sinner to behold a wonderful miracle: he saw red drops of blood flow from the Host when fractured, and heard the words uttered by an interior voice: "This Blood *you* have caused Me to shed by the denial of your faith." With a loud cry, he sank on his knees and wept bitterly. When Mass was over he followed the young priest into the sanctuary, and, with the deepest sorrow, confessed his sin in great humility, and thanked God for His wonderful mercy toward him. He lost no time in abjuring heresy, and returning with his whole family into the True Fold.

Father Neumann's health again broke down under his unremitting toil; a hacking cough and hemorrhage from the lungs caused grave anxiety in his superiors. He was ordered to consult and obey the physician, who found his lungs seriously affected. As soon as he was able to travel, the Vice-Provincial, Father Czackert, summoned him to Baltimore, in order to take the necessary rest; but it was of short duration. On the 9th of February his nomination to the office of Vice-Provincial reached him. He filled this office for two years, during which he worked incredible good for religion, building churches, founding new missions, and establishing schools.

The Bavarian nuns of Notre Dame ascribe to him their successful foundation in America. Five of them, with their Superior-General at their head, landed in America in August, 1847, quite unexpectedly, having no establishment in any diocese. Under such circumstances they met with a very discouraging reception, and would probably have been obliged to return to Europe had not Father Neumann come to their assistance. He gave them the direction of the schools attached to St. James' Church, and later on those of St. Alphonsus'; recommended them to different bishops, encouraged them under trials and difficulties, was their confessor and adviser for a number of years, and has always been venerated by the grateful Sisters as their founder in the United States.

The office of superior of the Order in America made Father Neumann's virtues, above all his humility, only more conspicuous. His humility was most remarkable, and the only distinction he coveted was to take for himself the most laborious tasks. In January, 1849, he was replaced by Father Bernhard Hafkenschied in the office of Vice-Provincial, and appointed Rector of Baltimore, which position he filled until the spring of 1852.

A very holy lay-brother called Athanasius, who was in one of the houses of the Congregation in Pittsburg, declared in the autumn of 1851 that he had had a vision of Father Neumann dressed in bishop's attire and surrounded by glory. The superior of Pittsburg thought fit to make known this vision to Father Neumann. The latter was provoked to a sharp retort. "Tell the good Brother," he wrote, "if he is not yet a fool, to pray fervently lest he become one."

However, Brother Athanasius had his revenge in a short time; for six months later Father Neumann became Bishop of Philadelphia.

(To be continued.)

The Church and the Cause of Labor.

THE Holy Father has been pleased to give another public expression of his sympathy with the cause of labor. He recently addressed a letter on this great subject of the day to M. Gaspard Decurtins, a distinguished Swiss Catholic. The Sovereign Pontiff declares his anxiety to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, render it worthy of civilized nations, and place it under the protection of justice and charity, which the Christian religion has established and daily extends throughout the world. He refers to his Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, in which he addressed to the Catholic world words of love and peace, and sought to put an end to the sad conflict which torments and menaces society. He has not failed to plead the cause of working-men before the leading authorities of civil society, "in order that a multitude so great and of such importance should not be abandoned without defence to an exploitation which converts into fortunes for some the misery of a large number."

His Holiness speaks of the power with

which the Church's action in the present social crisis must be accompanied,—an action the successful influence of which has been shown by the experience of all times and all countries. The Church deserves, in a particular manner, the name of mother and nurse of peoples; for with maternal affection and generosity she labors to solace misery and alleviate all misfortunes. As she has succeeded in removing the stain of slavery from human society, so can she do much to relieve the working classes from the evils into which the actual condition of society has led them.

"It is easy to understand," says the Holy Father, "that for the attainment of this great work of charity and true humanity, the best method to follow is to seek to imprint deeply in men's minds the precepts of Christianity, and to cause the Gospel doctrine to be accepted as the rule of life and conduct. Wherefore, we consider happy, and as practical as praiseworthy, the plan you have conceived of profiting by public meetings to make the principles developed in our Encyclical penetrate the souls of the people, especially of the working classes. By the perfect comprehension of these principles, drawn from the sacred teachings of the Church, men will be convinced that their legitimate aspirations will be realized not by the inconsiderate disturbance of social order, but under the powerful, salutary and holy direction of the Spirit of Wisdom, that Christ Our Lord caused to descend from heaven upon earth for the guidance of mankind." The various difficulties which now oppose the settlement of the great question, says the Holy Father, can not be surmounted solely by the power of human legislation: they will only disappear when the rule of conduct laid down by Christianity is understood and held in honor, and when men conform their conduct to the teaching of the Church.

The Harp.

CERTAIN persons belonging to the conservative party in England have recently been trying to induce Mr. Gladstone to use his influence in behalf of those who desire to see the royal flag of England waving without the Harp of Erin upon it. This the aged Premier refuses to do. The harp has adorned the emblem of the United Kingdom for a long period, he says; there will be time to substitute three crowns for it, as is suggested, when the present political difficulties are settled. Perhaps by that time Ireland will have a flag of her own, and we are sure that there will be a harp upon it. Meanwhile the English Tories can fly the Union Jack and "the cruel cross of England's thralldom."

The harp is not a modern instrument by any means. Representations of it have been found on the walls of ancient Thebes, dating back to the tenth century before the Christian era. Milesian princes carried harps to Ireland about a thousand years before the birth of Our Lord. These harps had heavy metal strings, which would sadly task the fingers of to-day. It is said that a famous Italian harpist, being in Dublin, was invited to play upon one of the ancient harps—that of Brian Boru, which has been preserved with scrupulous care. When he had finished, holding up his bruised and bleeding fingers, he exclaimed: "I have always understood that your Brian had an arm of iron. Now I believe it, and also that he had fingers of steel."

The oldest harp in existence is in Trinity College, Dublin. It is believed to have belonged to another Brian, a King of Ireland, who was slain by the Danes in the early part of the eleventh century.

It is no wonder that the Harp of Erin is a cherished object.

Notes and Remarks.

The Parliament of Religions, on account of the number represented and the prominence of some of the representatives, has been the sensation of the hour in Chicago. It has been called the "biggest thing" connected with the World's Fair, not excepting the Ferris Wheel, which is also in the air. We can not think highly of this congress of creeds, and can not help regretting that the one true religion should have been represented in it. Of course, no favorable opportunity of expounding Catholic truth should be lost; but there are times when, as Cardinal Newman says, the fact of Christianity is more persuasive than any words. The absence of a representative of the Church at such a babel would serve to emphasize its superiority and uniqueness, and at the same time give error its own most striking characteristic of disunity. If it were proposed to erect statues in Chicago to all the founders of religions, certainly no Christian would wish to see a crucifix or an image of Christ included unless it could dominate all other effigies.

The only good which such a gathering as the Parliament of Religions might effect would be to prove to non-Catholics that the Church, although unbounded in her charity, is nevertheless uncompromising and exacting in the maintenance of her traditional doctrines. Her creed is as simple as it is firm. The chief articles of it are familiar to every Catholic child; and any one who desires to know what the Church teaches may easily learn. The false impression that one religion is as good as another, all being alike in many respects, is so general that it becomes necessary to accentuate in season and out of season, in every way possible, that Christianity is not only the best of all forms of religion, but different from all others. That this could be done more effectually by non-participation in the Parliament of Religions is not a question in many minds.

The *Wahrheitsfreund* relates a pleasant anecdote of the celebrated German Jesuit, Father Roh. He was once accosted, in

Hamburg, by a Protestant preacher of his acquaintance, who asked him: "How comes it, Father, that Catholics in general are more cheerful, I might almost say jollier, than Protestants?"—"Ah!" replied the Jesuit, who was never at a loss for an answer, "I will tell you why, Herr Pastor. When the mother of a family is still living, the children are usually in good spirits; but when she is dead, they are inclined to mope around sadly. So it is with you Protestants. You have no mother, since your Reformers have done away with the devotion to the Blessed Virgin; but we Catholics have still a Mother, and therefore we are cheerful."

A deep truth is contained in those playfully uttered words of the eloquent Jesuit. It is the same idea that is also beautifully expressed by Father Meschler, when he says that the Catholic Church "is not a family whose mother has died."

The recent condemnation of Dr. Mivart's teachings on the subject of hell and the nature of its sufferings ought to have the effect of checking the tendency to minimize which is so often observed by critical readers in the writings of a certain class of contemporary Catholic publicists. It is utter folly to hope that our separated brethren will ever be converted by concessions in Catholic teaching. And it can not be too often reiterated that learned arguments are less needed than clear, accurate statements of the doctrines, practices and aims of the Church, without consideration of their palatability.

The daily papers have already made mention of the heroic act of a priest who saved the life of a traveller near the Sonnenblick Berg. The following particulars have since been published by the press of Austria. The scene of the incident is known as the highest station for meteorological observations in Europe, being 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. The unfortunate tourist lost his footing at a point not far from the hospice, slid down the steep hill-side, and disappeared in the ice and snow of a deep crevice. Everybody took it for granted that he was instantly killed, but Father Lechner considered it his

duty to undertake the dangerous search. His St. Bernard dog going before him, he followed, holding on as well as he could to a rope that was let down from the hospice by his *confrères*. When near the bottom of the cleft, the rope gave way and he disappeared in an abyss of snow. He also was considered to be lost, but after some time he reappeared at the hospice with the tourist. Though the priest's hands were badly lacerated, he had managed to push the wounded tourist before him. He had found the man lying helpless at the bottom of the crevice. This makes the fifth time that Father Lechner has saved the lives of tourists.

Dr. Charcot, a French specialist in nervous diseases, and notorious by reason of his sneers at the miracles wrought at Lourdes, died suddenly in Paris on the 16th ult. He pretended to cure disorders of the nervous organism by hypnotism, or influencing the imagination of the patient,—a mode of procedure which he usually employed in mockery of religion. Still, he did not leave one authenticated case of a permanent cure effected by his method. Sometimes he would give up a difficult case, and say to the patient, if a Catholic: "Go to Lourdes." But this was said in derision, and with the expectation that his theory of the influence of the imagination would be effectually verified. At the same time he was forced to declare that he knew of certain cases which were incurable by any remedy known to medical science, or by any natural means.

Miss Emma M. Pearson, known to fame as an author and a traveller, but especially as a nurse of the Red Cross Society during the Franco-Prussian war, died recently at Florence. Her father was an officer in the English navy. Her great services as nurse, which won decorations from the Governments of France and Germany, brought her into contact with the Bishop of Orleans, and resulted in her conversion to the Faith. *R. I. P.*

Dr. Samuel Green, the scholarly ex-Mayor of Boston, has fallen upon a delectable morsel of early Catholic history, which he publishes

in the *Pilot*. It consists of an item from the columns of the *Weekly Rehearsal*, bearing date March 20, 1732, and runs thus: "We hear that Mass has been performed in town this winter by an Irish priest among some Catholics of his own nation, of whom it is not doubted we have a considerable number among us." This is not only the first mention, so far as is known, of a "considerable number" of Irish Catholics in Boston, but it is also the first reference to the ministrations of an Irish priest in that city. It is matter for regret that the name of the missionary has not been handed down to posterity. It is safe to assert, however, that the good man, whoever he was, would not recognize the city could he return to it now. It is less truly the "Hub of the Universe" than it is a great centre of Catholic life; and for this happy result not a little credit is due to the perennially young though venerable *Pilot*.

Christian charity, it is perhaps needless to say, will find in the exercise of prayer a much more fitting means of dealing with the so-called "Jewish question" than in abuse and stirring up strife and enmities. Now a recent rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences declares that the Sovereign Pontiff has granted an indulgence of one hundred days, to be gained by all the faithful each time they recite the following prayer for the conversion of the Jews:

God of goodness, Father of mercy, we implore Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary and through the intercession of the Patriarchs and the Holy Apostles, to cast an eye of pity on the remaining children of Israel; that they may come to the knowledge of the one only Saviour, Jesus Christ, and share in the merits of His Redemption. Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.

A special interest attaches to the brilliant paper prepared by the gentle Brother Azarias, and read by his reverend brother, Father Mullaney, at the Catholic Congress. It was the last literary work performed by him whose scholarly mind was wont to charm, as his dutiful life edified, all who came within the magic circle of his influence. Almost his last written words were these: "If the Church in America is to be perpetuated in

a robust, God-fearing and God-serving Catholicity, it is only by the establishment of a Catholic school in every Catholic parish." What more appropriate message of farewell could have been spoken by one whose whole life was a burden borne for Catholic truth, and whose every word was a plea for Catholic education?

Notre Dame was honored last week by a second visit from Mgr. Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate, who seemed to enjoy an excursion into the country after his fatiguing labors in Chicago. He was received at the station by several of the clergy of Notre Dame, and escorted by the different Catholic societies of South Bend to the outskirts of the city. Meantime the bells rang sweetly in the distance to welcome Mgr. Satolli and escort to Notre Dame. It was a large and distinguished party that accompanied His Excellency from Chicago, including:

The Most Rev. Archbishop Redwood, of Wellington, New Zealand; the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Nugent, Apostle of Liverpool; the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Seton, of the Diocese of Newark; the Very Rev. B. Baldi, V. G., O. S., and the Rev. Thomas Moreschini, O. S.; the Rev. Dr. Hyvernat and the Rev. Dr. O'Gorman, of the Catholic University of America; the Rev. Father Lambert, hammer of infidels; the Rev. Dr. Cronin, of the *Catholic Union*; the Rev. Father Kennedy, of Liverpool, England; the Rev. Dr. De Paradis, Coal City, Ill.; the Rev. George Doherty, of St. Augustine's Church, Washington; the Rev. Father McShane, of Chicago; the Rev. Father Malone, of Denver; the Hon. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago; Count Harry Cassell, of Rome; and Mr. P. L. Connellan, the veteran correspondent of the *Pilot*.

After supper, at which Monsig. Seton made a very happy address of welcome on behalf of the honored hosts, the party repaired to the parlors of the University, where an hour was pleasantly spent in social intercourse. It is not often that so large a company of interesting persons are brought into close and easy communication, and the opportunity seems to have been thoroughly appreciated.

A large congregation was present at the Mass celebrated next morning by Mgr. Satolli, it being a feast of the community; and the remaining hours were spent in visiting the University buildings and St. Mary's Academy. Although the previous night had been cool, the day was perfect in its warmth, as if to afford assurance of the cordiality of the wel-

come extended to the honored guests. Recent refreshing rains had restored the emerald hue of the sward and the rainbow tints of the flowers. It is hoped that their visit to Notre Dame may remain a green-bright spot in the memory of His Excellency and all those who accompanied him.

Our alert contemporary *The Republic* quotes a passage from the address delivered by Archbishop Ryan in Chicago on Catholic Education Day which escaped our notice. It is too good not to be as widely circulated as possible, and it is especially timely:

"The Philadelphia prelate made a good point against those who contend that children receive sufficient moral instruction by attending the Sunday-school one day in the week, when he said that no child can be expected to learn arithmetic or grammar in one weekly lesson, and therefore it is absurd to claim that the more important matter of morality and religion can be inculcated in such a fashion. 'Are chastity and obedience to the law,' pertinently inquired the Archbishop, 'less important than arithmetic and grammar?'"

This is not only hitting the nail on the head, but driving it home and clinching it.

Obituary.

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

HEB., xiii, 3.

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

Sister Mary Genevieve, of the Order of the Visitation, Dubuque, Iowa; and Sister Mary Aloysius, of the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Cleveland, Ohio, who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. Joseph Beasig, who departed this life on the 10th inst., in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Matthew Welch, Hubbardston, Mich., who met with a sudden death last month.

Mrs. Mary J. Jones, whose happy death took place on the 4th inst., in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Winifred Cannavan, of Chicago, Ill., who passed away on the 16th of August, after receiving the last Sacraments.

Mr. B. McCooe, of New Orleans, La.; Miss Marietta Cunningham and Miss Rose F. Byrnes, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. John Finnerty, W. Albany, N. Y.; Mr. Michael Fagan, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Mary McNamara, Mrs. Terence McLaughlin, Mrs. Catherine Cowen, and Mrs. Mary Heffernan, New York, N. Y.

May they rest in peace!



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

Baby Becket's Adventure.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

WHEN a sick baby calls for gingerbread, it is plain that something is going to happen; and when Baby Becket, who seemed to be on the very threshold of eternity, tarried and cried out, and clutched the dusty crust that Tommy brought up out of his pocket, and munched it like a little starved raven, everybody knew that she was going to get well.

Great-grandmother Becket declared that they all spoiled the baby that summer; but she did not say so much about it after she herself was caught in the act of giving the baby forbidden sweets. Still, Great-grandmother Becket was not far from right. The small creature had come so near death that spring, that no one could bear to reprove her or speak harshly to her, lest the little feet should again grow weary, and the small face pale and sharpen, as they had so lately seen it. So it came about that little Miss Becket's feet walked into new mischief day after day; and the little pink fingers left few naughty tricks untried, from picking the embroidery out of the tidies and upsetting vases in the parlor, to teasing Juno's

puppies and rifling the choicest plants in the flower garden.

But one day Baby Becket was lost. There could be no doubt about it. They had all seen the wee figure toddling through the garden but a few minutes before, and the next instant, as it seemed, she had faded from sight as surely as though the earth had swallowed her up.

Of course they were certain that it would be only a question of a few minutes before they found her. Great-grandmother Becket was assured of this,—so sure that she gave a sniff of scorn when one of the young aunts burst into tears. But what made the old lady lean so heavily on her staff, while she took off her steel-rimmed spectacles and wiped them with hands that trembled?

They hunted through the house from cellar to garret; they looked in all the closets and in the clothes hamper, and even opened the door of the dark hole under the side porch, where the gas-meter was kept. They searched the garden, lifting the trailing branches of the honeysuckle and parting the dense foliage of the heliotrope bush, to see if a small figure was curled up on the bed of dead leaves beneath. They found traces of the little one everywhere. Some tall hollyhocks were broken down, and their pink and corn-colored blossoms lay scattered over the ground. A small tin wagon, with a china doll for a passenger, was overturned in the strawberry bed. There were

marks of little hands in the sand heap by the backdoor. Under the apple-tree lay a green apple, with the print of mice teeth in its tough skin. Yet the baby was nowhere to be found; and although they called her name over and over, no answer came but the mournful echo of their own voices.

"Somebody has stolen her," said the mother, with quivering lips.

But no: the young aunts had been lounging in hammocks, in full sight of the front gate and the drive-way, and were sure that the child had not passed them. The fence about the backyard had been built close and high, so that Tommy could not climb over it; and none of the neighbors could have captured her, unless with a hook and line.

"She lit a match in my room the other day," said one of the young aunts, terrified by the recollection. "Suppose she found one lying around, and has gone off and burned herself up!"

"Pooh!" answered Great-grandmother Becket. "Wouldn't we have smelled the smoke? And do you imagine a child could burn herself up and vanish into the air without a trace?"

"Here is Tommy," said the mother, new hope taking possession of her at sight of the boy's sturdy figure and cheerful, dirty face. "Tommy, your little sister is lost."

"Lost!"

"We've looked everywhere, and can not find her."

Tommy put his hands in his trousers pockets and whistled; then he looked up into the frightened faces around him, and saw the tears in his mother's eyes.

"Don't you worry, mother. I'll find her," he said, bravely. He stood for an instant in a brown-study. "Have you looked in the dog-kennel?" he asked.

No one had thought of the dog-kennel. Tommy marched to it, heading an eager procession. He pushed aside Juno, who

sat outside, threw himself on the ground and stuck his head in the kennel. But only the puppies were there, to yelp as he pushed them about.

"She hasn't gone up a tree, has she?" he suggested.

"That baby—climb—a—tree!" puffed Great-grandmother.

"Why, she can climb like a squirrel!" said Tommy, defiantly. And he walked around under the trees, and twisted his head to look up among the green leaves, as though he were hunting for a bird or butterfly. Then he had a sudden idea. "Did you look in the barn?" he asked.

"In the barn? Tommy dear, you know papa had a hasp put high on the door, to keep her from going in," said the mother.

"But she can open it easy as anything," insisted Tommy. "She just takes a lath, and pushes up on it so—aha! Didn't I tell you so?" he cried in triumph.

For they had reached the barn, and there was the lath, dropped on the threshold, and the hasp loose and hanging, and the door standing a little ajar.

All within was still as death. A sudden dreadful fear came upon the mother. In a stall inside was the spirited bay-mare, Dolly. The baby, who loved Dolly, could see no difference between horses and dogs, so far as babies' rights were concerned; and had been caught hugging the animal's foreleg one day. What if she were now lying under the mare's hoofs, crushed, bleeding, dead?

"Oh, I can not go in!—I dare not!" groaned the poor mother.

"Well, she isn't here, after all," said Tommy, crestfallen. "Not a sign of her anywhere."

"What ails Dolly?" asked a young aunt, her eyes fixed on the horse, who stood motionless in the rear of her stall, her ears pricked forward and her halter rope stretched as far as it would reach.

"She must be sick," said the mother.

"She isn't eating anything, and her manger is full of hay."

"Dolly's all right," answered Tommy, knowingly. "Old Speckle's got a nest in the end of the manger. Dolly's awfully fond of eggs. I've watched her lots of times. She'll just keep still as a mouse till Speckle lays her egg, and then she'll eat it up, shell and all. Come and see."

He tiptoed up to the stall, and then gave a cry that brought them all to his side. For there in the manger, on the sweet new hay, in a nest hollowed by the weight of her own plump body, lay Baby Becket, fast asleep.

Nobody could speak for a moment. They all thought of that other Babe that lay in a manger, in a distant land, so many years gone by. And they wondered if the Babe of Bethlehem slumbered more sweetly than Baby Becket, awakening with a loving coo, to reach up her arms to her mother.

Sight-Seeing at the World's Fair.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VIII.—THE LIBERTY BELL, ART GALERIES, ETC.

"You have seen the original of the Declaration of Independence," said Mr. Barrett to the girls and Aleck the following morning. "I suggest that we now visit the Pennsylvania Building, which, as I mentioned before, is a reproduction of the venerable, historic hall in Philadelphia where that great document was signed."

He led the way thither; and on going in they beheld, opposite to the entrance, upon a raised platform, or dais, as if royally enthroned, the famous old Liberty Bell.

"There it is, wreathed with laurels and guarded as one of the nation's most precious treasures!" exclaimed Ellen.

"Yes," said Uncle Jack,—"the grand old bell which rang out the glad tidings that the Continental Congress had declared the colonies free and independent states, and announced the dawn of a new era, a government 'of the people, for the people and by the people'; the old bell that, one would think, felt in its soul of bronze the mighty and responsive thrill which ran through the country at the bold act of its representatives; the clarion voice which proclaimed the sentiments of that great assembly,—the voice now proud, dauntless and exultant; again defiant, stern or tremulous with emotion; and then, with a clang like an inarticulate cry, becoming mute forever, as the noble heart of the bell broke for very joy."

There is nothing so contagious as enthusiasm, and the eyes of our young people brightened at these fervid words.

"How strange that the old bell should have cracked on that occasion!" said Nora.

"As if," interposed Ellen, "having had the honor of telling such grand news, it was determined never to utter commonplaces again."

"Well, it is a regular old hero, anyhow," said Aleck. "See the inscription around the rim. It is like the commission of a commander-in-chief conferred upon this veteran leader of all the bells of the country."

They drew nearer, and read engraved upon it the words of the spirited order of the patriots: "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

"But where is the Columbian Bell, Uncle?" he asked.

"That fine bell, cast to commemorate this magnificent Exposition and the achievements of Columbus, has not yet reached the World's Fair," explained Mr. Barrett. "Its journey from the foundery has been like a triumphal progress, since every city along the route has claimed the right to pay it public honors as the

symbol of the glories of the Admiral of the Ocean Seas, and of the greatness of the Republic which is in itself the proudest outcome of his success. The metal for this bell was, you know, contributed by the citizens of the United States. Men, women and children from all parts of the country sacrificed their most precious souvenirs and heirlooms to furnish the amount of silver necessary. It represents, therefore, the noblest emotions of the American people. On the Fourth of July of this the Columbian year its first tones rang grandly and gladly, calling upon all the world to rejoice with us in the fulfilment of the promise of freedom which the voice of the old Liberty Bell proclaimed. Let us hope and pray that here, in this White City of Columbus, it may ring in a new era for our land,—not alone of material prosperity, but of noble standards and high principles among rulers and people; since nations, like individuals, retrograde unless their aim is ever onward and upward."

In this building they saw many lesser relics as well, among them the table upon which the Declaration was signed. They also paid particular attention to a picture representing the making of the first American flag.

Uncle Jack explained the story there portrayed, telling how one day, in the year 1777, Betsey Ross, a worthy needle-woman, who kept a humble shop on Arch Street, was waited upon by a committee appointed by Congress, of which General Washington was chairman; how, having received minute instructions in regard to the design decided upon, she fashioned the banner as directed, submitted it to the committee, and had the honor of seeing her handiwork floating in the breeze above the tower of Independence Hall, as the standard of the new nation,—the Stars and Stripes, the symbol of freedom, prosperity and happiness the world over.

As the party emerged into the open air once more, Nora said, glancing down the avenue:

"Oh, there is the picturesque Florida Building, which was modelled after the ancient fort at St. Augustine! Nell and I peeped into it yesterday, Aleck, while you and Uncle Jack were talking to a guard. The interior is all hung with lovely grey Southern moss."

They turned their steps in another direction, however, and presently entered the Massachusetts Building.

"Are not these rooms romantic, with their great tiled fireplaces and old-fashioned settles?" said Ellen.

Nora stopped suddenly, attracted by an ancient gazette which hung in a frame upon the wall.

"Is not this a singular coincidence?" she cried. "We have just seen the Liberty Bell, and now almost the first thing I meet with here is this old newspaper, which contains a notice of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence."

The others gathered around her to examine the curious, unpretending sheet, so great a contrast to the voluminous "dailies" of the present.

"The *Philadelphia Packet*, Monday, July 8," murmured Aleck, reading the title and date, and then the heading of the article that described the doings of the Congress,—an article which must indeed have had a startling effect upon the subscribers. "Just think!" he went on. "This is the first printed account of that great event."

"Yes," rejoined his uncle. "This little newspaper must have been printed on a hand-press just after the proclamation of the independence of the colonies; and no doubt brought the first news of it to many people living at a distance from the Quaker City, which was the seat of government in those days."

"What a lucky fellow the reporter was who first got hold of the Declaration of

Independence as a piece of news!" exclaimed Aleck. "Next to being one of the Signers, I think I should like to have been him, or else the printer who first put it into type."

Nora now summoned them to inspect two quaint pictures, saying:

"These are labelled 'original engravings by Paul Revere.' Does it not seem odd to think of the hero of Lexington and Concord as working at a trade?"

"I suppose you imagine he did nothing but ride to

'Spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm,'"

retorted her brother teasingly, although indeed he could not have told anything about the bold patriot beyond the tale of the famous ride.

"Yes, Paul Revere earned his living as an engraver, notwithstanding that he is known to posterity generally only as the gallant horseman," said Mr. Barrett.

This building was, in fact, particularly rich in souvenirs of colonial times; and the girls flitted from one to the other, chattering gaily.

"Look at this old cradle used by five generations of the Adams family, including the two Presidents," observed Ellen.

"Here's a baby's christening robe two hundred years old," added Nora. "And see these gowns of heavy brocade which were worn at dinners given to Washington."

"I've found a shovel used for passing coals for lighting the pipes of the worthies of Boston town," announced Uncle Jack. "And here is a pottery dish divided in the centre, one section being for hasty-pudding and the other for baked beans. Those were evidently not the days of course dinners."

Then there were spinning-wheels, antique chairs, tables and writing-desks used by distinguished personages, and all sorts of odds and ends; in fact, the place was a charming old curiosity shop.

But our friends were obliged to hurry away to the art galleries, where they spent the afternoon, and to which they returned many times during their visits to the Exposition. In a letter to her mother Ellen declared that to describe all that delighted them there "would take a year at least."

"Probably you will never again see so many fine modern paintings together as are included within these walls," said Mr. Barrett, who knew a good deal about the matter. He pointed out the masterpieces of the French, English, Italian, Spanish and American collections; and paid particular attention to the Russian pictures, as well as those from Denmark, Norway and Sweden,—schools of art distinctive in themselves, and unlike any with which we are familiar.

Of the treasures from Italy, the painting which impressed them most was Corelli's large canvas, "The Ave Maria upon the Roman Campagna on St. Peter's Day."

"It is hardly like a picture at all," said Ellen. "One seems to be in the midst of those harvest fields, and surrounded by that golden sunset light which shines upon the men and women reapers. See! there is the grand dome of St. Peter's great Cathedral in the distance; and one can almost hear the bells of Rome ringing the evening Angelus, at the first tones of which the workers have ceased their toil and bowed their heads in prayer."

Uncle Jack decided that the party were in duty bound to visit the Illinois Building. They did so, and found it one of the finest on the grounds.

The Forestry Building next claimed their attention, and charmed them by its rustic character.

"You see, it is surrounded by a veranda supported by columns of tree trunks still encased in their bark," said Mr. Barrett.

"They are contributed by the different States and by foreign countries, each fur-

nishing specimens of its native growths. The roof is thatched with bark, and the interior finished in various woods in a way to show their beautiful graining and susceptibility to polish."

From here the Kendricks and their uncle made their way to the spacious structure of the exhibit of the famous Krupp Guns. At the first view of the latter Aleck stood still with astonishment.

"I never imagined there could be such great cannon," he remarked. "Why, the machinery required to operate each occupies the space of a good-sized house; and it seems as if a missile from any one of them could sweep almost every living creature from the face of the earth."

"At least one such gun has been found an invincible protector to an entire coast," answered Uncle Jack.

"Ho-ho! look at that monster over there! How all the other giants look like pigmies beside it!" continued the boy, with masculine admiration of the mighty power and strength which endow these terrible engines of destruction with an element of sublimity.

"That is the largest cannon ever cast," was the reply. "Its weight reaches the enormous figure of 124 tons, and the cost of manufacture was \$50,000. Its length is 87 feet and the bore 25 inches; the projectile used weighs 2,300 pounds; \$1,250 is the expense of a single discharge. Herr Krupp, the celebrated maker, has signified his intention of presenting this mammoth gun to the United States for the defence of the port of Chicago."

"These monsters are a thousand times more frightful than the fiery dragons of old," said Nora.

"They must have the effect of bringing all wars to a speedy end, at any rate," sighed Ellen, feeling the necessity of viewing them in some extenuating light, since otherwise it would be too dreadful

even to know that there were such objects formed to be the emissaries of desolation and death.

The girls were glad to leave them even for the noise and confusion of Machinery Hall. It was interesting here to watch the processes of the arts of peace—the manufacture of carpets, the looms with their mysterious patterns; and the weaving of ribbons, in which the little boat-shaped shuttles, like tiny skiffs, ride with a curtesying motion to and fro upon the waves of a many-tinted silken sea. The spooling of sewing cotton was very fascinating also.

"How wonderfully the mechanical powers are made to obey the human mind!" mused Uncle Jack. "Every revolution of the machinery is a tribute to the genius of the inventor."

"This machine seems almost to have a mind of its own, and uncommon sense too," said Nora. "How the little spools march into place of themselves, with the regularity and precision of soldiers! And when each has been furnished with its share of cotton, a pretty shining scissors pops up like a fairy and snips the thread just at the proper time—"

"Quite like Atropos, the one of the Fates supposed in the old mythologies to perform that office for mankind," interrupted Mr. Barrett, laughing.

"And then the clever spools step down and out, to make room for others," added Aleck; "and are imprisoned in boxes, where they have to stay until set free by purchasers."

"But come down this cross aisle. I want to show you the machinery for the transformation of the wool, as it comes off the sheep's back, into yarns and worsteds; and the knitting-machine, where one row of needles sweeps around over another as quick as a wink, and the fabric grows as if by magic. You might fancy it a giantess of domestic tastes knitting stockings."



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

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Our Lady of Ransom.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

WHEN Lady of our love, whose royal grace
So richly recompenses all that we,
Poor servitors, perform for sake of thee;
Thou potent pleader of our wayward race,
In the benignity of whose sweet face,
How great soever their demerits be,
Repentant hearts a pledge of pardon see,
And striving souls sure hopes of succor place:

Not from captivity in pagan lands,
Nor from the fate of foreign servitude,
Do we crave ransom from thy gracious hands,
Now that September hath thy feast renewed;
The one release we seek through thee to win
Is freedom from the fetters forged by sin.

The Authorship of the "Imitation of Christ."—Why is it Uncertain?

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

AMONG the millions of books which have been composed since the day when man first took pen or stylus in his hand, two alone can be said, strictly speaking, to be of incalculable value. These are the Bible and the "Imitation of Christ." And since the former is a work of divine

origin, the latter must be regarded, among human lucubrations, as the one priceless, inestimable book of books. In all probability, very few among the saints of God who ran their mortal careers since the first appearance of this stupendous creation do not owe, under God, their present transcendent happiness to their assiduous meditation on its instructions, and to that despair-banishing buoyancy of spirit which they derived from the encouragement which it ever instils in all hearts subjected to its soothing influence.

To praise this book to Catholics were a work of supererogation; the only excuse one could tender for so doing would have to be based upon those expansive feelings which, when one has just left this spiritual feast, call persistently for manifestation, yearning to participate their own gladness with all who are heavy-laden. Even Protestants who have read the truncated, well-nigh emasculated version of the "Imitation" which is reluctantly put into their hands by their timid guides, and of the dilution and mutilation of which most of them have no suspicion, generally succumb to its enchantments; even though they may not show, by their conversion to the faith which it inculcates, that they have adequately seized its meaning.

But sublime as this work is, its author, strange to say, is unknown. Profound and often impassioned discussions have

been held by men of sincerity and of unquestioned erudition, but not one of their evolved opinions has been supported by thoroughly convincing arguments. How comes it, one may inquire, that the author of so estimable a book has not transmitted his name to posterity? To the student of the Middle Age, who has become penetrated by the spirit of that much misunderstood period, a probable answer to this demand readily occurs. Our author did not wish to be known; his motto was: *Amo nesciri*. Most eloquently had he counselled his readers to adopt this maxim, and he himself reduced it to practice. Probably he begged God to continue his obscurity, and the prayer was granted.

In the Middle Age one of the salient characteristics of the faithful was a profound humility, and this virtue shone in an eminent degree in the writers and artists of the time. One of their least anxieties was for fame in the minds of posterity; and in innumerable instances their names were not affixed to their most creditable works. Many of the most sublime hymns which enrich and fructify the Catholic liturgy; many of the most entrancing sermons which have furnished material as well as inspiration to our best modern preachers; many of the most wonderful cathedrals and monastic edifices, are anonymous masterpieces. It was because of this fact so little understood that M. Lecoy de La Marche declared that he could never think of the "Imitation" without conjuring up in imagination the picture of a grandiose Gothic cathedral; and not merely because "these two monuments of so different orders belong to the same age, as because they are the adequate expression of the same faith and of the same love."

In the days of faith a right kind of communism was practised in other conditions of life than the monastic state; very frequently individuals reserved to them-

selves no portion of the material fruits of their labors and talents; literary and artistic proprietorship appear to have been scarcely known during that period. Take, for instance, the erection of the grand and tasteful Cathedral of Notre Dame de Chartres. In the construction of this edifice all the inhabitants, not only of the diocese, but of the neighboring districts as far as Normandy, assisted with their hands as well as with their purses; and when the work was completed, and pierced the skies with its towering spires, standing forth a glowing monument of almost preternatural order and unity, issued "from the very bowels of the national genius," the names of its architect and chief decorators were unspoken, and are unknown to this day. So with the author of the "Imitation"; and we may safely say that the erudite will lose their time if they continue their endeavors to penetrate into his obscurity, for God heard and was pleased with his prayer.

There is, however, another reason, one more material than the one just indicated, for the mystery enshrouding the identity of our author. Not humility alone, but what seemed to him a fitness of things, might, and probably did, cause him to withhold a signature which would draw personal praise to himself. His work, although drawn up by his own hand, and arranged with a sweet simplicity almost peculiar to himself, is not by any means an entirely original production. Very many passages are taken almost bodily from contemporary as well as more ancient writers, whose works are now almost all lost, but which were then on the lips of nearly every monk and scholar, passing indeed as common property. We are all guilty of this species of plagiarism when we use in our prayers the words of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and even of less eminent persons who have composed the orisons in our books of devotion. M. Arthur Loth, in an excellent

work on our subject, gives many instances of this unhesitating appropriation in the "Imitation." Thus the sayings, "He rides safely whom the grace of God guides"; "Blush, Sidon, says the sea; and if you ask wherefore, listen"; "Truly the life of a good monk is a crucifixion, but it leads to heaven"; "Thou art human, and not divine; thou art flesh, not an angel," are metrical verses in the original Latin, and were current maxims of the day, though placed by the author of the "Imitation" as prose in his text:

"Satis suaviter equitat,
Quem gratia Dei portat."
"Erubescere, Sidon, ait mare;
Et si causam queris, audi quare."
"Vere vita boni monachi crux est,
Sed dux paradisi."
"Homo es, et non Deus;
Caro es, non angelus."

Again, our author adopts entire passages, almost word for word, from the works of St. Bernard, Hugh of St. Victor, St. Peter Damian, Pope Innocent III., St. Thomas Aquinas, Blessed Jacopone da Todi, and many others. Take, for example, the following from chapter 11, Book IV., and then compare it with a passage from a sermon of Cardinal James de Vitry, Bishop of Tusculum, found in a MS. as old as the middle of the thirteenth century. Speaking of the necessity for sacerdotal purity, our unknown says: "How clean ought to be the hands, how pure the mouth, how holy the body, how immaculate the heart of the priest, into whom the Author of purity so often enters! From the mouth of a priest nothing but what is holy, no word but what is becoming and profitable, ought to proceed, who so often receives the Sacrament of Christ. Simple and chaste should be those eyes which are accustomed to behold the Body of Christ. Pure and lifted up to heaven should be those hands which are used to handle the Creator of heaven and earth." Now, Cardinal de Vitry writes: "How free from all stain should be those hands which touch

the Fruit of the womb of the Virgin, the God made man, the Word become a child, the Source and Author of the salvation of men! How modest ought to be the eyes of a priest! How strange to all petulance and to every gaze of vanity ought to be the eyes which contemplate, face to face, the Sun of glory, though it be hidden under the veil of the Sacrament!"

M. Loth observes that it is no wonder St. Bernard has been regarded by many as the author of the "Imitation," so many are the recurrences of its writer to the works of the Saint.* As to the passages borrowed from the Angelic Doctor, they follow the original text far more closely than do those taken from St. Bernard. The following words of chapter 13, Book IV., are as exact a translation of an antiphon of St. Thomas in the Office of the Blessed Sacrament as they are of the original text of the "Imitation": "How sweet, O Lord, is Thy spirit, who, to show Thy sweetness toward Thy children, vouchsafest to refresh them with that most delicious Bread which cometh down from heaven!" In fact, nearly the whole of this fourth book of the great work was evidently inspired, if not fathered, by the sermon of St. Thomas on the Eucharist, which is read by the Church in the Office of Corpus Christi: In illustration of the appropriations from the Blessed Jacopone da Todi, we may cite one of that writer's Italian hymns:

"Vediti uno homo morire?
Piu segnio non ve opporto
Che tutti dovemo venire
A quel medesimo porto."

In the first book, chapter 23, our writer translates this verse almost literally: "If thou hast at any time seen a person die, reflect that thou too must pass the same way." And Jacopone left an unedited treatise, the first words of which are a

* An erudite controversialist, in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* for January, 1874, remarks: "The 'Imitation' appears to me to be only a reproduction and analysis of the writings of St. Bernard."

perfect epitome of the "Imitation": "Whoever wishes to arrive at a knowledge of God, and to come to truth by a short and straight road, as well as to the perfect possession of a peace of mind, must forego all love of creatures, and even all love of self; so that he may throw himself entirely upon God, reserving nothing for himself."

The similarities and identities just indicated seem to prove that the anonymous author adopted a special method in composing his book,—one which may be styled a method of appropriations and souvenirs, but which was not, in the Middle Age, either an isolated instance or a peculiar system; for all the sermons of that period are filled with assessments levied upon other productions, both contemporary and of an older date. M. de La Marche, probably with good reason, discerns nothing strange in this fact, still less any justification for a charge of plagiarism; since he regards literary proprietorship as having then vanished before a Christian communism, or rather before a Christian fraternity. And he thinks that before commencing an endeavor to solve the insoluble problem of the authorship of the "Imitation," it were well to enter upon a patient and conscientious study of the sources from which the work is in great part derived. Assuredly, such a study would edify us with a comparatively lucid manifestation of the literary and artistic communism of the Middle Age. Unfortunately for this kind of criticism, the patience and serious-mindedness of the olden Benedictines are very rare, if at all discoverable, in our day.

In conclusion, we would remark that among the innumerable editions of the "Imitation" in nearly every language, probably the most acceptable is that issued in 1887 at Tournai by the Society of St. John the Evangelist. Its text, edited by the Abbé Petetin, almoner of the Visitandines at Ornans, is scrupulously exact—a

merit quite frequently absent in editions that we have seen.* Besides the approbation of the Holy See, this edition has received that of the Academy of Sciences, Belles-Lettres, and Arts, of Besançon. Its principal charm is derived from the presence, at the end of each chapter, of reflections borrowed from the gentleman-saint, Francis de Sales—an ingenious proceeding which can not fail to produce a happy effect on the mind of the reader; for no two writers seek each other's companionship more naturally than the author of the "Imitation" and the composer of the "Introduction to a Devout Life." One other edition of the "Imitation" should be mentioned before we leave our subject, and that is the one due to the labors of Lamennais, before the grand Catholic apologist had become a fallen angel. † Like all else which came from the pen of this genius before the sad catastrophe of his career, this production is free in interpretation, original in style, highly colored, and inflamed; and had the unfortunate editor possessed a little of the sweet spirit

* The cause of this defect lies in the fact that for a critical study of the "Imitation," which alone can equip an editor for his task, it is necessary that he should possess not only an acquaintance with the theologians of the Middle Age, but also an accurate knowledge of the language of that epoch. Now, the Latin of the thirteenth century, for instance, is not precisely Virgilian or Ciceronian: it has its own vocabulary and rules, and many editors of our manual appear not to have been aware of this truth. Consequently, many of the phrases of the author being obscure to the translator, and some of them quite unintelligible, they are rendered into a meaning very foreign to that intended by the writer. This misapprehension of the significance of certain terms, this ignorance of the force of certain idiomatic phrases, too frequently make nugatory the very best of intentions. The edition of the Abbé Petetin, mentioned above, is exempt from these faults. And the editor has taken for the foundation of his translation the MS. of Arona, published a few years ago by Mgr. Puyol, superior of San Luigi dei Francesi in Rome. This precious source, observes M. de La Marche, represents the primitive type of the Italian reproductions, and gives a peculiar flavor to the volume.

† Paris, 1814, in 8vo.

of St. Francis de Sales, our imagination fails to picture what charms would have characterized his commentaries. But probably other saints than St. Francis will yet add an infusion of their own spirit to what is already well-nigh perfect. Even then, perhaps the great masterpiece among books of devotion will remain the same—*Aliusque et idem*.

Through Sorrow's Seas.

VI.

THAT night the Doctor prolonged his visit to an unusual extent. He was joyous, communicative, and in the best of spirits. After recounting the news he had gathered in the course of his day's travelling through the city, he began, without any hesitation, to speak of his youth, of my grandfather, and our family generally. His words were colored with such kindness and affection for us and those belonging to us, that we could not dream of reproaching him with seeking the subject of his conversation in that common field of old people, the past.

As Emily handed him the traditional cup of tea, the Doctor inquired of mother:

"Have you heard nothing of Arthur?"

He never called father by any other name; for he had known him from the cradle, and had often dandled him on his knee.

"Alas! no," replied mother, sighing.

"That is strange."

"Why so?"

"Because I had good reasons for believing that you would soon hear news of him."

"Good reasons! What do you mean, Doctor? Explain yourself, I pray."

"I possess some information about him myself."

At this unexpected reply mother rose.

"Information! And you have not told me!" she exclaimed.

"No; for I expected you to tell me all I know and more besides."

"I! But I know nothing—absolutely nothing. The silence of the grave surrounds me as to Arthur's condition or whereabouts. And could you suppose, Doctor, that I would use any reserve toward you? Have you not every right to our confidence?"

"Very well; if that is so, I will imitate your frankness. I know where Arthur is at present. He is in Calcutta, is well, and begins to be acclimated to those regions, which so often prove fatal to Europeans."

"O Doctor, how happy you make me! But this is not all. You know more of him. Continue, I beg."

"Yes, Madam, I know more. But before continuing I wish to see you composed and calm. My interest in you warns me to beware of your impressionability."

"I will be quite calm, Doctor."

"God is just, Madam. Sooner or later He causes truth to triumph, and makes one appreciate those simple and generous souls that have been disregarded in following the impulses of a perverted heart. Then one would return to those souls to seek what was once offered—peace, tranquillity, and happiness."

"I no longer understand you, Doctor. Tell me of Arthur."

"It is he of whom I am speaking. Yes, I am glad to be able to say that he is a changed man. Perhaps he is beginning to appreciate you, now that he has lost you. I don't doubt it; his repentant hour must have come long ago."

The Doctor seemed almost transfigured as he spoke. His serious and recollected air, his fixed glance, his tremulous voice, surrounded him with a certain majesty that I had never before noticed. But mother was much disturbed. She hung upon the Doctor's words, seemed to resent his slowness, and pressed him with questions.

"For Heaven's sake," she said to him, "don't prolong my martyrdom! Tell me of him. Where is he? What is he doing?"

Dr. Kerler handed her a card on which was written her husband's address.

"How long will it take a letter to reach this address?" she inquired, eagerly.

"Longer than it will take Heaven to change a heart," replied the Doctor.

"Why this answer?"

"Because your letters to your husband would serve only to redouble your sorrow if he received them with indifference. The essential point is, then, to make sure of his present dispositions."

"But how can I discover unless I write and ask him?"

"That would indeed be the only way, had not one of your friends forestalled you in the matter."

"Ah! then, Doctor, you yourself have written to him. No other friend of ours is there to take such an interest in our welfare."

"Yes: I wished to sound this man, whom I loved on account of the esteem and love I entertain for you and your children. It is some time now since one of my friends told me of Arthur and of his actual condition. My first thought was to acquaint you at once of the news. According to my custom, however, I reflected before acting on my first impulse. Reflection suggested a different course of action; reason imposed silence on sentiment, and prudence taught me the best plan of procedure. I knew that as soon as you were aware of his address, your generosity would at once traverse the intervening distance; that, despite that distance, you would pour out your heart to him. The results of such a proceeding might be good or bad, and I concluded to ascertain beforehand what reception your letters would be likely to meet with.

"If, I said to myself, she writes to him and finds that her advances are coldly received, it will simply reopen her wounds,

and inflict others deeper and more incurable. We engage in a struggle with sorrow for the first time, and conquer because we have in reserve the strength hoarded up during happier days; but when, all shaken by this first combat, we imprudently throw ourselves into another, flattering ourselves that we shall win a second victory, we are likely to repent our temerity. No, no, I said; it will not do to risk the destruction of her present comparative tranquillity. I will investigate; and if I find that he is still indifferent, will endeavor to awaken better and juster sentiments. If, on the contrary, I discover that he is in the fever of remorse, I will apply the soothing remedy of hope.

"I formed my resolution and wrote to Arthur. My letter was in turn severe and consoling. I attacked the evil directly, but placed the medicine by its side. Without rigor but without weakness, I probed his wounds and made them bleed copiously. Speaking of the past and the present, I treated him as a guilty wretch; then, turning to the future, I showed him how he might repair the evil he had wrought, and rebuild the edifice of happy home-life which he had demolished.

"My mission accomplished, I awaited his reply. If instead of repentance my letter excited only his anger, I should still have the satisfaction of having done what I believed to be my duty. Moreover, perhaps my age, my friendship, my intimacy with his family, gave me some right to advise this young man, whose youth I watched expanding, whom I cared for in other days,—yes, whom I still care for and love."

A tear glistened on the good Doctor's eyelid; and my mother wept too, for she knew he spoke truly.

"Any fears I entertained," continued the Doctor, "of Arthur's resenting my interference, and bidding me attend to my own affairs, have vanished. To-day my hope has had a beginning of realiza-

tion; but I must fain confess that I consider this happy result less the outcome of my action than of your prayers."

He paused a moment; then went on:

"Are you strong enough, Madam, to read without excessive emotion these pages, at once so sad and so hope-inspiring, that I have received from Arthur?"

"Oh, yes!" replied mother. "Give them to me; it would be cruel to make me wait longer. If I am weak, God will sustain me."

The Doctor drew from his breast pocket a number of sheets of paper, closely written, and handed them to mother, saying:

"Be calm, now. It is good news: there is no need to be grieved."

Mother seized the letter eagerly, and devoured its contents with avidity. At times she was obliged to stop and wipe away the tears that obstructed her vision; but those tears were blessed: they fell like drops of healing balm on her almost broken heart, and brought with them a peace and comfort to which she had long been a stranger.

VII.

The letter which father had sent to Dr. Kerler was a sort of journal, and the varied character of the hand-writing at different places indicated the changing emotions by which he had been mastered as he wrote. His story was substantially as follows:

"Your voice, Doctor, is the first to disturb my solitude. I did not expect your letter, yet it did not surprise me. Formerly you alone dared to censure my conduct, and to tell me the truth, however unpalatable it may have been to my selfishness and egotism. I should have followed your advice at that period; now it is too late. I am cruelly expiating a past which I bitterly deplore. I look about me for a friend in whom to confide, and can not find one. Is there any other than yourself

in Paris who would listen to me? I doubt it. Those who profited by my extravagance have nothing further to hope from me; I am alone—no, not alone either, for you have come to me; and, on my side, I shall go to you. Only a few months ago I should have characterized your letter as the insufferable meddling of a busybody; at present I consider it the proof of a friendship as genuine as it is disinterested. A thousand thanks to you for writing it! You were my first friend in life, and will doubtless be my last.

"In answering your letter, I am not going to essay the impossible task of rehabilitating myself in your eyes; I am merely yielding to the need of speaking freely to a sympathetic listener. You talk to me of repentance. Could it prove of any utility? No; better that I should be forgotten. Waste no more thought on me; but in the name of my father, your early friend, in the name of your former intimacy with my family, let me ask you to interest yourself in that forsaken woman who alone should have been sufficient to assure me earth's truest happiness. Interest yourself in my children. God gave them to me to embellish my existence, and to solace my declining years; one day perhaps they will curse my memory.

"Yet you assure me that they still love me. Can I believe it? Are you not deluding yourself? Is not love founded on esteem, and who is there that can any longer esteem *me*?"

"You say you do not understand the motive of my flight. Are you ignorant, then, that my ruin is complete, and that work alone can keep me from actual want? 'What wicked genius prompted you?' I answer: 'Fatality.' To be perfectly frank, let me add that one whom I believed my friend had much to do with my leaving France. Listen, and you will learn through what reverses, sorrows, and anxieties I passed before taking the road of the exile.

"For months Fortune, that had so often smiled on my ventures, had turned a sinister visage upon my play. Bad luck seemed to pursue me unsparingly; but the more stubborn were its assaults, the more violently did my desire of vanquishing it increase. I exercised in this struggle a superhuman energy. Losses accumulated on losses; and as luck never changed, I soon came to the last resort—to risk my all. I did so.

"During three successive nights I saw my chances gradually but surely vanishing into nothingness; and my latest illusions disappeared like nocturnal shadows at break of day. By turns I was dejected or smiling, according as Chance favored or forsook me. I no longer breathed, no longer lived; I played. No rest, no food, no thought; one thing only and always—play.

"It was fever, delirium; and God alone knows what sufferings that delirium caused me. The hours fled; a hitherto unknown lassitude affected my whole being, and I became a mere automaton that raises its hand and drops it. I resisted for a long time; for it was a question not only of my fortune, but of my destiny. And it was only after the complete exhaustion of my strength that I finally abandoned all hope.

"Broken in mind and body, desperate, ruined, lost, I arose with difficulty and left the table. The winners rose also, and shook hands with me, saying, 'Your innings soon, Arthur.'—'Yes,' I replied, mechanically; 'soon.' But there was a cloud over my eyes. I saw nothing, heard nothing. With an unsteady step I reached the door and went out on the street. Dawn was breaking, but the light pained me after the blazing glare that had shone on my defeat. I stopped a moment, undecided what to do; for I was on the verge of despair.

"Just then a hand fell on my shoulder. I turned and saw De Vigroux. Having

shared my misfortune and completed his ruin, he came to rejoin me. Evidently he knew the state of my mind.

"'Well, dear boy, are you going to hang yourself?' he inquired, with a smile that impressed me as sinister in the extreme. He knew the extent of my losses and my present condition.

"'I am not in the humor for laughing just now,' was my cold response.

"'Suit yourself, dear Heraclitus; weep if you prefer it, but be sure that your tears will not touch the hearts of the gods. One must make up his mind to bear these things philosophically, or else seek a solution that is always simple when one has not taken too deep root in this lower world.'

"I shuddered; yet I followed Albert, without clearly understanding why I did so. In a light, mocking tone, with a cynical smile on his lips, he continued to make our common distress the subject of most inopportune witticisms.

"'Where are you leading me?' I inquired, brusquely.

"'Wherever you like.'

"'I have no preference.'

"'Then come home with me: you need rest.'

"So saying, he linked his arm in mine, and we proceeded to his lodgings in Xavier Street. He must have half carried me, for my legs bent beneath the weight of my body. We entered a little *salon*, where I had hundreds of times spent hours at a sitting. He gave me an arm-chair, took another, and seated himself facing me. We looked at each other for a moment in silence, our haggard faces presenting a vivid contrast to the freshness and life that breathed in the dawn of the new-born day.

"'What course do you purpose adopting?' I asked at length.

"'I know of two,' he replied, doggedly. 'Take your choice.'

"'What are they?'

“‘There’s the first,’ answered Albert, pointing to a revolver on an adjoining table.

“‘I made a gesture of dissent.

“‘If that plan does not suit,’ he went on, ‘there is another.’

“‘What is it?’

“‘To leave France and try one’s fortune elsewhere. That is my own intention.’

“‘It, too, seems very hard to me.’

“‘One must rise to the occasion. There’s no use in dreaming now of repairing the enormous losses we have suffered of late.

Illusion on this point would indicate mere idiocy; and, thank Heaven, we have both thus far preserved our reason. I don’t suppose, either, that you desire to seek in

work the means of rebuilding your shattered fortunes. We might deceive ourselves on that point; and, in any case, no one

would accept our services at present. Without doubt we shall work; but let it be

far from Paris, in a world other than ours. We shall be unknown there; and nothing

need prevent us, later on, from returning and resuming our places here which we

momentarily abandon. My plan was not formed yesterday: I have thought of it for

some time past; for I rather foresaw the present catastrophe. In short, I shall go to

India, and demand from that distant clime the favors which Luck has refused us

at the green table. Before going, however, I mean to exhaust all other chances of

salvation. To-morrow I proceed to Lyons. I shall see Fourgot the banker,

will state my case, and ask him to pull me through. If he consents, he saves you

at the same time.’

“‘But ’tis not probable that Fourgot will make any further advances without sound security.’

“‘That’s just why I don’t count much on the success of my appeal.’

“‘And if he refuses?’

“‘I shall continue on to Marseilles, and set sail for India.’

“‘And what do you advise me to do?’

“‘To follow my example.’

“‘But what will become of my wife and children?’

“‘A wife can’t help herself if her husband goes to ruin; but a ruined man is he whose career is ended.’

“‘As he said this he seemed anxious to close his eyes and sleep.

“‘No, no!’ I replied; ‘there must be some other way out of this wretched business.’

“‘Find it, then. If ’tis better than mine, we will adopt it.’

“‘Yes, I *will* find it. ’Tis impossible that my family should be the victim of—’

“‘Let me go to sleep!’ he interrupted.

‘For three nights past the drowsy god has been knocking at my door. ’Tis fully time that I should admit him.’

“‘I was indignant at my friend’s indifference, and yet I envied him his apparent want of sensibility. I continued to talk;

he paid no heed to me, but feigned a deep slumber. I had been suffering for

some hours from over-tension of the nerves, which now declared itself in an

angry outburst, directed against the only one within reach.

“‘Wretch!’ I said to Albert, ‘have you not one fibre of humanity left in you? You ruin your mother to-day, you will

kill her to-morrow by leaving her in the most cowardly fashion; and you don’t

even give the matter a thought, but lie there sleeping stupidly!’

“‘Arthur!’ said De Vigroux, ‘I would not forgive that language if I knew you

less intimately. You would have done far better to remain at the domestic hearth,

and confine yourself to the sphere of family ties and homely affection. The larger air that you have been breathing has made you feverish, and breaks out in feminine transports that will destroy you. Pshaw, man! ’tis not worth while to reproach you. Your anger does not offend me, for it simply proves one thing—

your weakness.’

“Weakness!’ I exclaimed, with redoubled fury, as I arose and approached him. ‘Is it thus you call the last spark of feeling that animates my heart,—a spark too feeble indeed to rekindle in me generous impulses, and destined to die out all too soon? Weakness! I tell you, De Vigroux, that ’tis paltry cowardice that prompts us thus to flee from the consequences of our acts.’

“‘Be it so,’ he answered, in a less sarcastic tone; ‘but this cowardice is necessary,—it will save us. Let’s have done with this useless discussion. I have told you my plan; you have all to-day and to-night to reflect upon it. Tomorrow morning early I will go to your house, and you will let me know your decision. If it be to follow me, be ready then; for we will set out at once for Lyons; and, in case of Fourgot’s refusal, will keep on to Marseilles without returning to Paris.’

“I agreed to this, and spent the day with him. That evening I went to my home, and disclosed to my wife the events of the preceding nights in the simple phrase, ‘I am ruined.’ She was not overcome by the news, but rather sought to awaken hopeful sentiments in my dejected soul. I searched all through my papers; and, having convinced myself that the evil I had worked was irreparable, I resolved to accompany De Vigroux to India. I wrote out a statement of my affairs for my wife’s benefit, but took care not to announce my purpose. Then, unable to support the spectacle of this family whom I was to forsake on the morrow, I retired to my room and endeavored to sleep. I spent a terrible night.”

(To be continued.)

HONOR is the perfection of the virtues of the natural order, as charity is the perfection of the virtues of the supernatural order.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Upward.

(Gratefully Inscribed to a Father of the Holy Cross.)

ONCE yearned I for the “better part,”
Afar from worldly things;
Methought ’twas but from there my soul
Could heavenward plume her wings.
Nor did I solve aright those days
God’s blesséd whisperings,—

Till came a missive unto me
One morn from priestly friend;
I knew it was anointed hand
The strong, true words had penned.
How oft through such a one doth God
Some guiding message send!

“From every state of life white souls
Mount upward: that is best
Which will of God decrees, my child.”
I read, and found soul-rest;
From sheltered paths my footsteps turned,
And open roadsides pressed.

Nor wish I now that life for me
Mid cloister gardens lay,
But, with *Te Deums* in my heart,
I mount the God-traced way;
And for the friend who made the path
So clear, I often pray.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

—♦♦—
Bishop Neumann.

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EDITED BY MARC F. VALLETTE, LL. D.
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VII.—EPISCOPACY.

DR. FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK was transferred from the bishopric of Philadelphia to the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore in the August of 1851. Second on the list of candidates sent to Rome for the vacant see was the name of Father Neumann, very probably at Dr. Kenrick’s suggestion, as that great prelate had the highest opinion of the holy Redemptorist’s virtue, and had chosen him for director of his conscience.

Accounts from Rome testified that the Sovereign Pontiff seemed much in favor of this nomination, and the Archbishop of Baltimore thought it was time to give the unconscious candidate a hint of his approaching dignity. Accordingly he took occasion, after his weekly confession, to have a private conversation with Father Neumann; and he told him to be ready to accept the see of Philadelphia, to which he had heard from good authority he would very probably be nominated. "See about a mitre now," he added, smiling. Father Neumann had no answering smile to bestow; in the utmost consternation he besought and conjured the Archbishop to help him to avoid the threatened dignity. So touching were the entreaties his humility inspired that Dr. Kenrick, much moved, promised to use his influence in his behalf. Father Neumann enlisted the prayers of all the religious Orders and associations he knew, and stormed Heaven to avert, as he wrote, "a great and threatening danger from a diocese in America." Not content with this, he wrote to the Procurator-General of his Congregation in Rome to implore his mediation. His wishes were fulfilled, but without success. The Cardinals of the Propaganda were unanimous in favor of his nomination, and Pius IX. approved their choice.

"I bear the Redemptorist Fathers in my heart," said the Holy Father. "They have acted as God required on this occasion; but I have a firm trust that Our Lord does not refuse me His light when there is question of the weal of the Church in general or of the Congregation in particular. I sanction the Cardinals' choice, and command Father Neumann, under formal precept, to accept the bishopric of Philadelphia without any further appeal."

On the 1st of August, 1852, he signed the Bulls, which reached America and were delivered to the Archbishop of Baltimore on the Feast of St. Joseph, the 19th of March following. On the

evening of that day Father Neumann left his cell for some hours on business; when he returned he saw something glittering on the table in the dusk. He approached in wonder, and found a bishop's ring and a pectoral cross lying at the foot of the crucifix. In great agitation he hastened to the porter, and inquired if any one had been in his cell during his absence. "Yes," was the reply: "the Archbishop came to confess, and went in there." Father Neumann understood what the ring and cross implied; he shut himself into his cell, and spent the whole night in prayer, beseeching God for resignation to what he could no longer doubt was decreed for him.

The next morning the Archbishop brought him the Bulls, with the formal order from the Pope to accept the bishopric. Rome had spoken, and no further hesitation was possible for the servant of God. He bowed to the divine will; and the Archbishop appointed the 28th of March—his birthday, which happened that year to fall on Passion Sunday—for his consecration. In remembrance of this day, as well as in allusion to the heavy burden laid on him, the new Bishop chose for his motto the words, *Passio Xti conforta me*.

He began a ten days' retreat that evening, in preparation for his consecration; and during it wrote a short biographical sketch, which one of his brethren had asked of him, ending it with the date March 27, and these words: "To-morrow, on my birthday, the 28th of March, if nothing prevents it meanwhile, I shall be consecrated bishop, in the Church of St. Alphonsus, by his Grace Archbishop Kenrick. Thou, O Lord, have mercy on us! Jesus and Mary, have mercy on me! May the Passion of Christ strengthen me!" On the same day he described his feelings to one of his brethren in the following terms: "If God gave me my choice between dying or becoming a

bishop, I would rather give back my soul into His divine hands to-morrow than allow myself to be consecrated; my salvation would be exposed to less risk before His judgment-seat than when it must appear there with the responsibilities of a bishop to answer for.'

Dr. Neumann's nomination to the see of Philadelphia caused a great sensation. His new diocese, impressed by the humility which had yielded only to a Papal mandate, accepted him willingly; but many, there and elsewhere, were of opinion that an American, with a practical knowledge of the world, would have been more suited to the post than the unpretending rector of St. Alphonsus'. On the whole, the nomination was favorably received; and King Louis of Bavaria wrote to his court-chaplain, Dr. Müller: "The Redemptorist Neumann has been chosen for the see of Philadelphia, and the Pope has confirmed his election. This is a joyful event, which will tend not only to the furtherance of the interests of the Catholic Church in general, but above all to the spread of instruction and true education."

The old father of the new Bishop received the news in Bohemia with the same incredulity that Jacob manifested when he heard of his son Joseph being alive and ruler of Egypt. A priest of his acquaintance saw the appointment in a newspaper, and hastened to acquaint Mr. Neumann. "How can your Reverence believe that!" was the answer. "Who can have dared to insert this joke?" Another messenger was no better received, and only a letter from his son announcing the tidings could conquer the old gentleman's unbelief.

Meanwhile Father Neumann had received episcopal consecration from the hands of Archbishop Kenrick, assisted by Bishop Bernard O'Reilly of Hartford, and the President of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. The sermon, which was preached by the Very Rev. E. J. Sourin, the late administrator of the diocese, was an abl

discourse, and made a deep impression on the audience.

Among those who went into the sacristy after the ceremonies to congratulate the new Bishop and receive his blessing was the late James A. McMaster, editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*. Mr. McMaster was a great admirer of the Redemptorists, and of Father Neumann in particular. On reaching the Bishop, he gave him the accolade as of old; but dropped on his knees at the same moment, deeply overcome. "Bishop," said he, "I do not congratulate you: I sympathize with you. God comfort you!" The Bishop raised his old friend and, we may add, *confrère* (for Mr. McMaster had made the Redemptorist's novitiate in Belgium), and, with a word of heartfelt appreciation, gave him his blessing.

On that same evening Bishop Neumann took leave of the parochial district and the congregation of St. Alphonsus' Church, recommending them to remain firm in their faith, and always to cherish a tender, filial devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. The feelings of his flock were expressed in a touching address, accompanied by the gift of a beautiful gold chalice and a precious pastoral ring.

Bishop Neumann never forgot his vows as a religious; he had found his true vocation under the habit of the Redemptorist, and he was loth to part with it. Pope Pius IX., who had made his acceptance of the mitre obligatory, was too loving a father to deprive the Bishop of the consolation of his life. "Because you, beloved son," said the Pope, "have united the virtues of the religious with the burden of the bishop, you shall remain a religious; and even if you are no longer a full member of the Congregation, I shall by virtue of my power receive you as such." The Holy Father was pleased to lay down a few regulations enabling the new prelate to keep his vows of poverty and obedience.

On the 30th of March Bishop Neumann

left Baltimore to take possession of his see. He was received in Philadelphia in a manner most pleasing to his disposition. When the clergy of the city met to decide on the brilliant reception they wished to offer him, a worthy ecclesiastic rose and said:

"I know the modesty and humility of our new Bishop; nothing would annoy him more than a pompous display. If you allow me, I shall propose to found a new school as a testimony of our joy at his nomination to the See of Philadelphia, and to announce this decision to him when we welcome him."

This proposal was unanimously agreed to, and steps were at once taken for its execution. When Dr. Neumann reached Philadelphia he found awaiting him at the terminus a great number of his priests, who quietly accompanied him to the episcopal residence. He thanked them warmly for this cordial, quiet reception; and was overjoyed when they told him that they welcomed him to his new diocese by an act of charity—the foundation of a free school.

Very soon an opportunity of exercising his pastoral zeal occurred. Two brothers, condemned to death for murder, were awaiting the fulfilment of their sentence in the city prison. The day for the execution drew near, and they gave no sign of repentance; on the contrary, they appeared determined to die as they had lived—hardened reprobates. Dr. Neumann sought them in their prison cell, and spoke to them so touchingly of the awful eternity awaiting them, and the grief they would cause him, the pastor of their souls, if they refused to be reconciled to their Creator, that their hearts were moved to sorrow. They confessed their sins with every mark of true contrition, and received Holy Communion most devoutly on the morning of their execution.

From the 9th to the 20th of May the First Plenary Council of Baltimore was held.

Six archbishops and twenty-six bishops assisted at it, with twelve superiors of religious orders. Although Dr. Neumann was the youngest prelate in this venerable assembly, he was not the least distinguished. We know from the testimony of an eye-witness the high estimation in which he was held, owing to his remarkable memory and theological acumen; which gifts were enhanced by his great humility, and the serene self-possession which formed a characteristic trait in his demeanor through life. He enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing his two catechisms approved in this Council.

(To be continued.)

A Catholic Composer.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

CHARLES GOUNOD has been consistently throughout life one of the very few French composers of this century who were avowed Catholics, and had the moral courage to uphold their religious convictions in face of every foe. Gounod, accordingly, became a target for the powder and shot of aggressive freethinkers, whose god was Voltaire, and whose bible was the Encyclopedia of Rousseau and Diderot. The great musician was at first remonstrated with, then scoffed at, and eventually vituperated by these inconsistent scribes, who evidently permit none but themselves to enjoy the luxury of free-thought. He bore up against this persecution with the equanimity of a Christian and the stoicism of a philosopher. It did not ruffle his plumage in the slightest degree to be called "a superstitious lunatic," "a pious fool," or "a servile creature of the clergy"; for his conscience was proof alike against satire and scurrility. Gounod has out-

lived this storm of insensate and bigoted prejudice, and now enjoys a solid and ever-growing popularity among all classes of the community, in a city where Catholicity is at present regarded with more toleration by Radical Republicans than it was under the *régimes* of Gambetta and Ferry.

Gounod, when I last saw him, at the Institute in Paris in 1888, seemed to be bearing the burden of his threescore and ten years with all the buoyancy of a man in the meridian of life. A slight stoop of the shoulders of his tall, finely-proportioned frame was suggestive of the hard-working artist, who consumed much midnight oil in the thoughtful solitude of his study. Gounod's countenance is too mobile and expressive to please a painter or photographer, the result being that there is no really faithful portrait of the maestro in existence. He has a broad, intellectual brow, and blue eyes, calm, crystal-clear, and dreamy. The poetry that one sees on his face is somewhat toned down, so to speak, by the firm lines around the mouth. The once blonde but now silvery beard which sweeps his aged breast gives him the appearance of a patriarch. On the whole, Gounod's countenance is an ideal one—a living mirror of his highly imaginative mind.

The composer's home is situated in the Place Malesherbes, near the Parc Monceau, the haunt of artists and *littérateurs* who have achieved both fame and fortune. It is a three-story building, of exquisite shape, with an elegant Renaissance frontage. His "den," which is more like a museum of paintings and statuettes than the study of a musician, is the resort of the artistic and literary *élite* of the big city on Wednesday every week, which is usually his reception day. Here he also gives audiences to young and aspiring singers, many of whom leave his presence disconsolate; for he candidly tells them what he thinks of their incapacity, although

he does so with that suave urbanity so peculiarly Parisian.

Charles Gounod was born in the heart of the Latin Quarter of Paris in 1818. His father died while he was a child, but he was carefully educated by his mother, who was a bright, intelligent lady. Being a woman of musical tastes herself, she used to go with her son once a week to the Odéon Theatre, to listen to the *opérettes* which were played behind its footlights during the reign of Louis Philippe. It was at this theatre that Gounod first felt the inspiration of the true-born musical artist. At home he tapped on the keys of his mother's piano with a skill which came to him by instinct. Before he was half way through his teens, the boy was known throughout the entire Quarter as "*le petit musicien.*"

Shortly afterward he began his musical studies at the Conservatoire of Paris, and at the end of his curriculum bore off what was considered a signal honor—the Grand Prix de Rome, which consisted of a pension of \$800 during four years, in the course of which he could live in the Villa Medici, Rome, and continue his studies in that great centre of Christianity. Gounod proceeded at once to the Eternal City, where he was soon known as a devout Catholic—thanks to the religious surroundings, which could not but have had a salutary effect on his impressionable soul. Christian Rome, with its background of hoary pagan antiquities, fascinated the young composer. He loved the seven-hilled city with a love which still endures; for it was there, as he once said himself, that he imbibed that strong, vivid, and fervent Catholic feeling, which never abandoned him throughout the worldly triumphs of his subsequent career. "To see Rome," he observed, "is to enjoy her. Future life will be nothing more than a universal vision of deathless glory, and Rome gives us a terrestrial foresight of that vision,—Rome which

has received from the hands of centuries the august tiara encircling the forehead of its Supreme Pontiff, and sheds on the universe the ever-undimmed light of eternal truth."

The muse of the maestro became active in such thoroughly congenial atmosphere. Here he penned some of his first and most beautiful melodies, two of which were adapted to "Le Vallon," and "Le Soir" of Lamartine, and one to "Ma Belle Amie est Morte" by Théophile Gautier. The Sistine choir of St. Peter's, through its exquisite singing, made such an impression on him that he became an ardent and indefatigable student of sacred music. His first important work in this department was a Mass after Palestrina, which was sung in 1841 in the Church of St. Louis des Français at Rome, but which was never published, the MS. being now in the keeping of the librarian of the Paris Conservatoire.

From Rome he proceeded to Vienna, where he studied the music of Bach, and wrote a Requiem Mass, executed in the Church of St. Charles on All Souls' Day, 1842. So admirable in every respect was this effort of genius that Mendelssohn himself told its author that it was a piece which might have been signed "Cherubini." It was afterward introduced into Gounod's oratorio "Mors et Vita." After having visited Berlin and other European capitals, Gounod returned to Paris, where the memories of his happy days in Rome, invested as they were in a glamour of semi-religious peace and calm, tempted him into the belief that he had a vocation for the priesthood. He accordingly dismissed all further ideas of a worldly character from his mind. His ambition hitherto had been to make a name and fame among the Mozarts and Beethovens of the age; now his chief aim and object would be to become a minister of Christ. With a view to entering the service of the Church in that capacity, young Gounod applied for

admission to the Ecole des Carmelites, and spent several years in the sacred cloisters of that establishment. On the eve of his taking holy orders, however, a doubt as to his fitness for the ecclesiastical state took root in his mind. Did God, he asked, intend him to be a priest of His sanctuary, or a musical composer in the world beyond the sanctuary, where he might still chant the wondrous glories of the divine mysteries? The crisis through which he passed was a crucial one, but finally art prevailed over his desire to become a priest; and he left the cloister forever, believing that he would have committed a sacrilege if he had taken the sacred vows of a candidate for ecclesiastical honors.

A curious characteristic of that career is that his devotion to sacred music marks its opening and its closing years. In the interval between these epochs he devoted his time almost exclusively to secular compositions. As his work in the latter line has nothing to do with the scope of this paper, I may dismiss it in a few lines. Several of Gounod's first operas were failures. Meyerbeer, director of the National Academy of Music, refused "Fäust," which was subsequently accepted by Carvalho of the Theatre Lyrique, and won an immense success. His "Romeo and Juliette," which followed, completed the maestro's triumph; after which, in 1867, he was nominated to the post of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor—the highest distinction possible of attainment in that eclectic body. After the Franco-German war Gounod proceeded to London, where he set to music Bret Harte's "Bells of Monterey," written specially for the illustrious composer; and "Ring Out, Wild Bells!" from Tennyson's "In Memoriam." He returned to his native city in 1875.

It was in the course of his voluntary exile in England that he composed the first two parts of his well-known sacred

trilogy, on which his fame as a Catholic composer is established probably for all time—the “Redemption” and “Mors et Vita.” In the “Redemption” he lays particular stress in his music on three leading facts: the Passion and death of our Saviour, His glorious life from the Resurrection to the Ascension, and the spread of Christianity through the teachings of the Apostles. The work, though somewhat marred by a confusion of styles, caused by the blending of secular with plain chant music, is, nevertheless, on the whole a magnificent oratorio. “Mors et Vita,” which was, by special permission, dedicated to his Holiness Leo XIII., treated of a more ideal subject than the “Redemption,” and is said by competent critics to be superior to the latter in scope and grandeur. The inspiring idea of this oratorio is, according to Gounod himself, that, although life precedes death in the order of time, in the eternal order death precedes life. “Death is the end of the existence,” he adds,—“of what dies every day; but it is the initial moment and birth of what never dies.” Its three parts comprise a death *requiem*, the call of the trumpets for the last judgment, and new life, which is none other than the vision of St. John.

Gounod’s minor contributions to sacred music are, among others, his Mass of St. Cecilia, those of the Sacred Heart and of Easter, and a new and powerful rendering of the *Ave Maria*, composed on the first prelude of Bach. Some time ago, at the request of the Archbishop of Rheims, who was a fellow-novice in the Carmelite College of Paris, Gounod wrote a Mass in honor of Joan of Arc. Gounod has also composed a *Te Deum* in honor of Blessed La Salle, and a “Hymn to Our Lady of France,” one of the sweetest melodies ever conceived or executed in praise of the Blessed Virgin.

Such are Gounod’s contributions to the musical literature of the Catholic Church.

Apart from his professional talents the great maestro is a well-informed man on almost every subject under the sun. He is an indefatigable student of Holy Writ and the Fathers. For Cornelius à Lapidé he professes to entertain a special cult.

An impression prevails in certain quarters that Gounod is an exceedingly vain man. This is wholly untrue of Gounod the maestro, although it may be correctly applied to him in his early career. When he was very young, he once remarked, he used to say: “I.” Later on it was: “I and Mozart. Now,” he added, “I simply say: ‘Mozart.’” “I have had fame enough,” he observed on another occasion, “to satisfy my desires when I reached the meridian of life; but it has not turned my head, or blinded me to my duty to God and His holy Church.”

Gounod’s vision of the twentieth century is on a par with those of Victor Hugo and Alfred Tennyson. He believes with them that our grandchildren will witness the furling of battle-flags and a parliament of the world. The millenium, however, seems to be a long way off yet, despite the *dicta* of poets and musicians.

The Parliament of Religions.

A PROTESTANT OPINION.

HAVING expressed our own view of the congress of creeds now being held in Chicago, it may be interesting to give that of a secular journal. We quote from the *New York Sun*, which is unquestionably the ablest and most influential of American newspapers; one, too, whose utterances on all subjects merit attention. It is not surprising that there should be a difference of opinion among Catholics as to the feasibility of being represented in the Parliament of Religions, but they may well wonder at the way in which represen-

tation on the part of Christians is viewed by a non-Catholic journalist. The subject is one in which Catholics do well to be interested:

"If the so-called Parliament of Religions at Chicago is for any other purpose than to be a sensational side show to the big Fair, it is a purely agnostic purpose. It is to destroy the old conviction that there is a single absolutely true and perfect religion revealed from God, and to substitute for it the agnostic theory that no religious belief is more than an expression of the universal and ceaseless effort of men to discover the undiscoverable. It is that men's gods are of their own making, and that they are improved and finally discarded according as the manufacturers grow in enlightenment.

"How, then, can Christians consistently join in any such polytheistic symposium as that now proceeding at Chicago? If Christianity is not the sole true and perfect religion, and if all others are not consequently false and pernicious, it is based on delusion. If it is not merely the best, but also the only religion whereby men can be saved, it is an imposture. If it contains only a part of the truth, sharing that priceless possession with many other religions, its source is not as it proclaims it to be. Christianity is either the sole and complete revelation of Divine truth from God Himself, and hence the only and absolute truth, or it is a fabrication of men, the more worthless because it seeks to bolster itself up by false pretences. If God did not come down from heaven and take on the form of a man in order to show man the only way to salvation, thereby making all other religions false and profane, Christian theology is a sham; it is built on fiction.

"That being so, Christianity can not argue with other religions and compromise with them, accepting something and giving something. It can only say, This is the truth of God uttered by God Himself, and there is no other religious truth possible. Accept it or reject it at the peril of your soul. God does not argue with men. He commands and they must obey; and Christianity is that Divine command, or it is no more than a delusion and a superstition. It is not Divine and absolute, but uncertain human groping for truth like other religions, the story of the Incarnation and the Resurrection is a fable, and the doctrine of the Atonement is a myth.

"How, then, can Christians come together with Buddhists, Brahmans, Mohammedans, Jews, and Zoroastrians, to discuss their religion with them on equal terms? How can they treat them otherwise than as infidels, who are the surer of damnation because they have seen the light of heaven and turned away from it?

"In Chicago, hospitality to all religions indicates agnostic indifference to them all."

It is indeed hard to see what good is likely to result from this "polytheistic symposium."

Notes and Remarks.

We find nothing new in the scheme now before the public for the settlement of the vexed School Question. The same plan, substantially at least, has been proposed many times, and is being earnestly advocated at the present moment in England by Cardinal Vaughan. It is quite useless, we think, to discuss any plan in the United States at this time, especially when a wave of A. P. Aism is sweeping over the country. Catholics have first to be of one mind regarding the necessity of religion permeating the whole school life, and then show that they are resolved to maintain parochial schools at any cost and at any sacrifice. Then, and only then, will the School Question be ripe for solution. That the *pro rata* system will ultimately prevail there can be little doubt.

It may take a long time to reach the conclusion, but the American people will eventually become convinced of the injustice of taxing Catholics for the support of schools which they do not patronize. First of all, let us give proof that as a body we have no use for a system of education in which religion has a second place, or no place at all. Our best policy at the present moment is to "say nothing and saw wood." (A localized version of the old motto, "Deeds, not words," and emphasizing the importance of attending to the inch before the saw) No further denunciation of state schools, no wails against double taxation, no groaning over burdens unjustly imposed,—only renewed efforts to improve our parochial schools, and to increase their number.

Those who are familiar with the horrible circumstances attending the "opening up of the Cherokee strip" will not be sorry to hear that "public lands" are now non-existent. The "Cherokee strip" is said to have been the last important remnant of territory at the disposal of the Government, and it is not likely that we shall ever again be called upon to witness a repetition of the disgraceful scenes enacted there. A mob of "land-grabbers" galloping over the plains

to preempt new acres is not necessarily a wicked sight; but when a hundred lives, as a dispatch has it, are sacrificed in the wild scramble, the whole aspect of the case changes. Beside such wholesale murder for the sake of a little ungrubbed land, barbarism itself seems a lovely thing. It is perhaps a late hour to enter protest, but should such an emergency ever arise in the future, it is to be hoped that the Hon. Mr. Hoke Smith or his successor will find a more humane method of disposing of the free territory.

Would that the gentleman from Georgia might be induced to write his infelicitous appellation in this fashion—H. O'K. Smith. That would make it all right, so to speak.

A notable result of historical research is a gradual modification of opinion regarding the Middle Ages. Probably before many more years have passed, that most interesting epoch of the world's history may be known as an age of enlightenment. Scholars no longer refer to it as "the Dark Ages." As a writer in the *Architect*, an English periodical, observes, the darkness is more subjective than objective. "The whole period from the sixth century until the revival of arts and letters has been familiarly called the Dark Ages. There can, however, be scarcely a question that the darkness is somewhat reciprocal,—that is, the Dark Ages are those of which we are ignorant."

The Holy Sacrifice was celebrated during the summer on the summit of Mont Blanc by a French priest, the Abbé Bonin. It must have been with intense emotion, and with an overpowering sense of the majesty of God, that the celebrant pronounced the words of consecration amid such surroundings. Mass on Mont Blanc is a theme for the pen of a poet and a subject for the brush of an artist.

Our mania for foreign travel, which the World's Fair will probably have the effect of increasing, has caused Americans to be known far and wide as globe-trotters. We

can bear this epithet, and it is to be hoped that there may be a notable increase in the number of our countrymen who go abroad. The enlarged experiences of travellers are sure to be beneficial in many ways. If they have anti-Catholic prejudices, these are likely to be lessened or altogether dissipated. Many a convert to the Church has received his first favorable impressions of Catholicism by foreign travel. The late Sergeant Bellasis, whose readable "Memorials" we have already quoted, thus relates how his prejudices were dispelled and his favorable impressions deepened by travel in Catholic countries:

"My last impression on returning from a foreign country to our own was that I was coming out of a religious country into one of indifference. The open churches of the former, the frequent services, the constant worshippers, the solemn ceremonial, the collected air of the clergy in their ministrations, the indubitable devotion and reverence of the people, their unhesitating confidence in their Church, have nothing approaching to a counterpart with us. I know nothing more disheartening (I speak of the effect produced upon myself) than a return to England after some time spent in Catholic countries; everything seems so careless, so irreverent, so dead."

Our own Hawthorne, though reared in Puritan New England, is said to have felt in Italy a strange and growing awe and pathetic wonder as he studied the art of the Old Masters and the religious ideals of the Mother Church. Who that has read "Marble Faun" can forget such passages as those in which the author describes his impressions of St. Peter's?

It appears that the "escaped nun" industry is not an unmixed evil, after all. One of these creatures has lately been disporting herself about England, and has called forth such discussion and explanation of the teaching and practices of the Church as must effect good results. In a letter to an English journal, Lord Arundel describes Maria Monk, the prototype of this unfortunate class, and gives an account of that infamous book known as "Maria Monk." This tissue of calumnies against the inmates of the Hôtel-Dieu, or Black Nunnery, in Montreal, appeared early in 1836, and was originally entitled "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk." The author represented her-

self to be an escaped nun from that convent.

In 1866 the daughter of this wretched woman met her elder half-sister in Paris. The autobiography which she afterward published under the title "Maria Monk's Daughter" contains this passage, which Lord Arundel quotes in full:

"The next day I was abusing the Catholics in conversation with my sister, when, to my surprise, she seemed inclined to defend them. I asked her how it was possible for her to think well of them after all our mother had said against them. She replied: 'But do you not know that that book of mother's was all a lie?'—Said I: 'I believe every word in Maria Monk's "Awful Disclosures."' My sister was quite irritated, and said emphatically: 'I know that the "Disclosures" are all lies; she herself told me so.'—Said I: 'Why did she write it, then?'—'In order to make money,' my sister replied. 'Some men put her up to it; but she never received one cent of the proceeds of the book, for these men kept all for themselves. . . . She did not write her book; in fact, the book itself admits that she did not. She only gave certain facts, which were dressed up by the men, who afterward helped to cheat her out of the proceeds of her crime' (p. 138). The truth of my sister's statement that she knew my mother's book to be a lie, as my mother had told her so, is fully confirmed by the declaration of the editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, who made a personal inspection of the Hôtel-Dieu Convent at Montreal."

Maria Monk's daughter died a Catholic,—a fact which clearly proves that she shared her sister's conviction that their mother's "Awful Disclosures" were a mere tissue of falsehoods.

The late Gen. Marie François de Miribel, chief of the general staff of the French army, whose prowess in battle was equalled only by the filial reverence and docility which he manifested toward the Church, was buried from the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Grenoble. The great church was crowded with distinguished military men, politicians, and members of foreign legations; and the sermon was preached by Bishop Fava. His Lordship, who is one of the shining lights of the French hierarchy, took occasion of so miscellaneous an assemblage to arraign Freemasonry, which, he declared, was alone responsible for the present deplorable condition both of France and Italy.

One of the surprises that await the Catholic visitor at the World's Fair is to be found in

the Manufacturers' Building, near the Catholic schools' exhibit. It is a large booth, conducted under Protestant auspices, for the purpose of creating public sentiment against secret societies. The walls are hung with portraits of distinguished Protestant divines, whose quoted words, in letters startlingly large, proclaim that no Christian can lawfully belong to such organizations. The fact that many Protestant ministers and most Protestant church-goers belong to some one or other of these secret societies will probably prevent this opposition from becoming general among Protestant Christians. However, it is gratifying to note that our separated brethren are at length awakening to the true nature of a danger against which the Church has long striven with a spirit which admits of no compromise.

There has seldom been seen in America such an assemblage of distinguished ecclesiastics as met in Dubuque on the 17th inst., to witness the investiture of Archbishop Hennessy with the sacred pallium. There were present, besides Cardinal Gibbons and Mgr. Satolli, ten archbishops, twenty-six bishops, and hundreds of priests. This fact, while it gave expression to the solemnity of the act of investiture, also bore testimony to the general appreciation of the distinguished services and genial character of the new Archbishop. Under Bishop Hennessy's direction the See of Dubuque has become one of the most prominent, and the city itself one of the most Catholic, in the United States; under Archbishop Hennessy's benevolent rule the whole province will attain, let us hope, a like distinction.

It is just one hundred years since the corner-stone of the Capitol at Washington was laid; and the celebration of this event recalls the fact that the central city of the nation was planned and surveyed by a Catholic, Major Pierre L'Enfant. During the Revolution this gallant officer, though a Frenchman by birth, fought valiantly for the new-born Republic; and at the close of the war took up the pleasanter burden of citizenship, which he bore with credit until his death.

New Publications.

JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT. By Francesco Tarducci. Translated from Italian by Henry F. Brownson. H. F. Brownson.

During the present year of grace the literary world has been deluged with books dealing with the life and work of "the world-seeking Genoese." That Columbus was fully entitled to these bursts of enthusiastic eulogy will hardly be questioned by the student of history. It can not be doubted, however, that in the ardor of our admiration for the great navigator, there was danger that we might suffer momentary loss of historical perspective; and that in our celebration of Columbus' victory over adverse fortune, we should be guilty of at least negative injustice to the hardy seamen who succeeded him. Happily this danger has been averted by the publication, at the proper moment, of an interesting and reliable history of the achievements of John and Sebastian Cabot. Scholars may or may not admit Mr. Brownson's contention that "Cabot would have succeeded [in discovering America] had Columbus never lived"; but there can be only one opinion of the worth of John Cabot's services, and only one estimate of his prowess as a pioneer upon the sea.

The present volume is most appropriately dedicated to the Roman Countess, Gabriella Spalletti, who generously assisted the author in procuring certain important documents at a time when he had almost given up in despair; and in a letter to this feminine Mæcenæ he lays bare his reasons for undertaking the work. It is his contribution, he says, to the celebration of the Columbian Jubilee. A right worthy contribution it is, and it comes with peculiar appropriateness from the pen that has already enriched our literature with the best "Life" of that prince of navigators.

Of this new volume it is a pleasure to speak. It bears on every page the evidence of Tarducci's conscientious work; and even if his name were to have been omitted from the title-page, no one at all acquainted with his other writings could doubt its authorship. There is no undue adulation, no learned partisanship. The author has no pet theories to

foist upon the reader, no suspicious solicitude to cover up occasional defects in the character of the Cabots; only a frank and honest appeal to historical documentary evidence, and a simplicity and indifference to dramatic effect which capture confidence. One does not paint a large house with a delicate artist's brush, and the reader who looks into this volume for the sonorous periods of Macaulay, or the "picturesqueness," purchased at the expense of truth, of Froude or Carlyle, is doomed to certain disappointment. But to the real student the book will be a treasure-box, holding all that modern learning affords about the voyages of these adventurous sea-captains. Two important points the author has clearly established, and the evidence he adduces in support of these points would alone make the history necessary to every good library. He proves conclusively that both Cabots were of Venetian birth, and that Sebastian was the real discoverer of Hudson Bay. On both of these subjects our school histories stand in urgent need of revision, and it is desirable that the revision should be speedily accomplished.

Prof. Tarducci is fortunate in his translator. Mr. Brownson has the same conscientious love of truth, and the same contempt for mere stage effect, which distinguish the Italian historian. We trust that his efforts in behalf of biographical literature will be appreciated in a practical way, and that this new translation may become even more popular than the *Life of Columbus* which preceded it.

LIFE OF THE VENERABLE JOSEPH BENE-DICT COTTOLONGO. By a Priest of the Society of Jesus. Burns & Oates. A. Waldteufel.

This delightful biography forms number eighty-five of the excellent *Quarterly Series*, which is published under the auspices of the Society of Jesus, and which has already made many important additions to the Catholic literature of our language. It has been compiled from the admirable Italian "Life" by Padre Gastaldi, and tells the story of a career especially moulded by God for a particular purpose. Ever since the first days of the Church holy men have been raised up to teach the people of their time a special lesson in Christian virtue. The Venerable Cottolongo bore to the faithful of his day a message

salutary and no less needed than that of St. Francis or St. Ignatius. At a time when the world had lost a realizing sense of its dependence on God, his life was a conspicuous example of confidence in Divine Providence. Without any visible source or revenue he erected great charitable institutions, and founded a numerous sisterhood, whose rule forbade them to accept more than was necessary for the needs of the immediate present; but not once in all his life were his wants left unsupplied; and, like the saintly Curé of Ars, he found assistance at all times and in most unexpected places. To the Blessed Virgin, who was the ordinary channel through which God's Providence chose to manifest Itself, he practised singular devotion. "I obtain whatever I wish from the Holy Madonna," he would often say; "she is so good and kind that she never refuses me her favors." His confidence was not misplaced; for hardly a day passed that he did not experience new proofs of her interest in his holy work.

The author of this volume has accomplished his work with exceptional success. The short chapters, analytical index, and the easy, graceful style, make the reading a pleasure. The publishers, too, have done their part toward making it a very enjoyable book.

A CATHOLIC DICTIONARY. By William E. Addis and Thomas Arnold, M. A. Benziger Bros.

On the first appearance of this learned work we took occasion to commend the services of the editors as furnishing an invaluable contribution to permanent Catholic literature. All that we then said in its praise we now reiterate, with the additional remark that this new edition of the Dictionary is even more valuable than its predecessor. The task of compiling a work of this nature is necessarily a difficult one. The public naturally look upon it as a sort of ecclesiastical encyclopædia, and as such it is expected to furnish information at once exhaustive and reliable upon every subject which it treats. Errors more or less important are almost unavoidable, and even the indulgent critic will hardly deny himself the satisfaction of suggesting an alteration or improvement.

The services of one of the original authors being unfortunately no longer available, the

Rev. T. B. Scannell, whose "Manual of Catholic Theology" is universally known and appreciated, has filled the vacant place very acceptably. The American editor of the work, Mr. T. F. Galwey, is not a stranger to our readers, and the presence of his name on the title-page will by no means detract from the popularity of the book. The Rev. Joseph Wilhelm, D. D., has also contributed several articles. The binding is tasteful and substantial, as one expects it to be in a work of this character; and the size of the book is not so great as to make consultation difficult.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. From the Meditations of Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich. Translated from the French by George Richardson. Burns & Oates.

In the German collection of paintings now at the World's Fair, is a portrait of Catherine Emmerich from the brush of Gabriel Max. The marks of the stigmata and the rapt expression of her countenance tell the name of the holy Augustinian nun without a reference to the catalogue, and give a new interest to her wonderful meditations. "The Dolorous Passion of Our Lord" is well known to those given to mental prayer, and will insure a welcome for a new volume of her writings, entitled "The Flight into Egypt," a series of considerations taken from her meditations on the life of the Blessed Virgin, and dwelling particularly on that period celebrated in legendary lore, but about which the mystery of the desert clings, as one strives to follow the weary travellers, Mary, Joseph, and the Divine Child, in their flight from Herod.

This addition to Catholic devotional literature is translated from the French by George Richardson, and is presented in an especially attractive form by the publishers.

WHY, WHEN, HOW AND WHAT WE OUGHT TO READ. By the Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P. Thomas B. Noonan & Co.

One can easily perceive that the writing of this little book was a labor of love, but the advice in it is so sound that a partiality for certain authors and their writings is seen to be only the kindly impulse of a warm and broad mentality. Father O'Neil has drawn his illustrations largely from the works of non-Catholic writers,—Carlyle and Emerson coming in, with a well-timed word of warn-

ing, for their meed of praise; and all lovers of Ruskin will rejoice to find some of his finest sentiments concerning books preserved here like the storied fly in amber. It is plain to be seen that the author's love for good reading amounts to a veritable passion; and his wise conclusions and thoughtful admonitions have gone to form a valuable reference book for those of similar tastes. And so among the Books we Ought to Read let us place Father O'Neil's own creditable production.

GOD'S BIRDS. By John Priestman. Burns & Oates. Benziger Bros.

In spite of the fact that the prize-ring flourishes, and that brutality dominates so large a portion of the population, this is a humane age. Societies for the protection of animals and children are multiplying, and legislatures are furthering their endeavors, while in every class cruelty is steadily growing more a thing abhorred. This work—"God's Birds"—is fit to be a manual for any society for the prevention of cruelty to the dumb animals, which too seldom find a friend in man. It is a marvel of research, of piety, and of sympathy with dumb creatures. Its scope is easily defined. It takes the birds of Holy Scripture and weaves about them a net of words and legends; and one has a new feeling toward those feathered beings after the most cursory glance at these pages. Surely the writer must be a devout client of the Saint of Assisi, who named the winged songsters of the air his little sisters.

The style is pure and never tiresome, and the result of the painstaking of the reverent author a book creditable to him and valuable to the reading world.

THE LADY OF RAVEN'S COMBE. By E. H. Dering. The Art & Book Co. Benziger Bros.

The short story has taken such a hold on Americans that to read a novel in two volumes is an undertaking which requires no little incentive. However, "The Lady of Raven's Combe" is well worthy a careful perusal; for it possesses the qualities most sought in works of fiction—mystery, romance and style, together with evidences of sound morality and thought.

There is in the story a great deal of moralizing, and metaphysical terms are used

freely; but, aside from these characteristics, the work is of deep interest. To draw a diagram of the dinner-table is quite a new idea for the opening of a chapter, and savors of realism, but of a wholesome kind, quite different from that of the so-called realists of some schools. Many a lesson in logical thought, as well as in religious dogma, is taught in these pages; and we trust that the Atherstone Series will continue to give to the public books as worthy a cordial reception as is "The Lady of Raven's Combe."

THE PRINCE OF INDIA; OR, WHY CONSTANTINOPLE FELL. By Lew Wallace. Harper & Bros.

We notice this work merely to state that many an admirer of "Ben Hur" is apt to be sadly disappointed in Mr. Wallace's latest production. As regards the story—a new version of the Wandering Jew,—it is interestingly developed, and in the same vein as the "Story of the Christ." But the author of the "Prince of India" seems to have lost that impression of the Divinity of the Founder of Christianity so reverentially and beautifully portrayed in his former work, and now attacks the Church which Christ the Lord guaranteed to remain unchangeable and undying to the end of time.

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. Edward Corcoran, rector of St. Joseph's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., who passed away on the 10th inst.

Sister Mary Olivia, of the Sisters of St. Francis, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Sister Mary Angela, of St. Teresa's Ursuline Convent, New York city, who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. James Gray, whose happy death took place some time ago, in Newark, N. J.

William T. and Mary F. Young, of the same city, recently deceased.

Miss Cora F. Collins, who departed this life in Philadelphia, Pa., on the 5th inst.

Mr. Joseph Watt, of St. Augustine, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen Hughes, Flushing, N. Y.; Mrs. E. J. O'Brien, Latrobe, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Curran, Bridgeport, Ct.; Mr. Patrick Burns, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Miss Teresa C. Byrne, New Orleans, La.; Miss Mary Madden, Scranton, Pa.; and Mrs. Mary A. McQuaid, Vicksburg, Miss.

May they rest in peace!



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

When the Birds Come Back.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THERE is danger on the ocean,—
 All the birds have flown away,
 And the sailor's wife is looking
 For a white sail in the bay;
 But the wind will fill the canvas,
 And the scudding ship will tack
 And will anchor in the harbor
 When the birds come back!

Covered with their winter wrapping
 Are the violet and rose,
 It will be a dreary waiting
 Till the early crocus blows;
 But the blossoms only slumber,
 For the sun is on their track:
 There will be a glad awakening
 When the birds come back!

Hasten, bobolink and robin!
 Hasten, oriole and wren!
 We will love you more than ever
 When you visit us again.
 For you are Our Father's singers,
 And what bounty can we lack
 As we listen to the music
 When the birds come back!

"I HAVE seen but two things in my life," said Madame de Genlis, "which surpassed all that my imagination could picture to me beforehand; these are the Ocean and St. Peter's at Rome."

Sight-Seeing at the World's Fair.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IX.—THE FISHERIES BUILDING.—WONDERS OF THE DEEP.



SPECIMENS of almost everything that science and the fisher's and diver's skill have found in the realms of the ocean or in the lakes and rivers are exhibited here," said Uncle Jack, as the party entered the Fisheries Building.

They advanced, after a few moments, to a great curved corridor, behind whose crystal walls was a sea of green water, in which many kinds of fish were swimming about. In the middle of the rotunda was an immense pool, from which rose a mass of rocks covered with mosses and lichens; and from between the crevices of the stones gushed forth bright streams of water, that fell sparkling amid the tangle of reeds and river plants below. There were fish in the pool also, but Aleck and his sisters passed them by for those to be seen from the corridor. There they got on slowly, pausing at every few steps to read the names over the tanks, and watch the finny inhabitants.

"I never knew there were such queer fish," said Nora. "In fact, I never noticed fish much any way, except to remark, if

I happened to be in the kitchen when the marketing was brought in, that blue fish is blue, and salmon pink. But these are like the creatures of a strange world."

"Here's a dogfish!" exclaimed Aleck. "Well, its head *does* look something like a dog's. And there is another called the red horse."

"Because its dorsal fin has the appearance of a horse's mane," explained Uncle Jack. "I want you to admire that black bass, and these pretty golden perch."

"Oh, look at these calico bass, broad and spotted like a piece of calico!" laughed Ellen. "But what are those many-tinted fish just beyond?"

"Rainbow trout. Are they not beautiful?" called Nora, who was ahead.

They lingered a few moments at this section, and then went on to see the slender garfish, with bills like those of birds, but much elongated.

"These are known as the long-nosed gars," said Mr. Barrett.

"Ho-ho!" laughed Aleck, presently. "Here are fish with whiskers!"

They were bullheads, ugly fellows, with long beards. Not far away were blue sunfish, and others with brilliant red and blue spots in their hideous eyes; and some red-mouthed buffalo-fish.

"What makes that golden light farther along?" asked Ellen, looking down the corridor. "Is the sun shining in there?"

"You will soon see," replied her uncle, with a smile.

The roof and walls about the place she indicated were lit up with a brightness which one could not fail to notice at once upon entering that part of the building. As our party approached, they perceived, however, that this was not due to a gleam of sunshine, but proceeded from a tank where perhaps twenty fish, of an exquisite pink-gold color, were glancing to and fro, just beneath the surface of the water.

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed the girls.

"I did not suppose there were such handsome fish in existence," ejaculated Aleck.

"They are of the species known as the golden ide," said Uncle Jack.

Some distance beyond they found the ordinary goldfish, the fan or double-tailed variety; and the silver-fish, with red-gold spots on fins and tail.

"It appears as if we might discover representatives of all the land animals if we were to search long enough," remarked Mr. Barrett. "Now, what would you call his finship here?"

"A cat," Nora answered.

She was right: it was a catfish.

"He has a whisker too," observed Aleck; "only it is a moustache, like that of his feline majesty who treats us to moonlight serenades from the garden wall at home."

"If it has the least bit of the nature of a cat, this sea-robin ought to be glad that there are walls of glass between them," said Ellen. "Did you ever know there were bird fishes?"

"Not unless flying fish could be called so," replied her brother.

"But is not this robin pretty," cried Nora, "with its broad fins like wings, green-colored, tipped with gold; its red breast, and greyish scales turning to silver and soft tints like a beautiful plumage? It is very well named, I think."

"How do you like this map turtle?" inquired Uncle Jack, pointing to a tank, where a gay scion of the tortoise family was disporting himself, by kicking up mud and making life generally lively for his household.

"Well, well!" rejoined Aleck, watching his antics. "I've heard of a walking encyclopædia, but never expected to see a gymnastic geography. Is that the eastern or the western continent he is carrying around on his back? He ought to have paid Columbus the compliment of wearing

a picture of America to the Exposition, any way."

"Aleck, don't be so absurd, please!" protested Nora.

"The lines on his shell certainly do resemble a map," Ellen said, reflectively, paying no heed to this merry nonsense.

"Who is this fellow that evidently insists upon having a house to himself?" continued her brother.

"The hermit-crab," replied Mr. Barrett. "He is quite the opposite of his sociable brother, the fiddler-crab."

"Oh, let us see the fiddle!" cried the girls, pressing up to the case to get a better view of the tiny creature, one of whose foreclaws was furnished with an enlarged appendage, which he sawed with the slender corresponding claw, somewhat as a violinist bows his instrument.

"These spider-crabs are no doubt capital dancers," began Nora; "and that blue crab has come to the party too. He seems to be most interested in the supper, though. See how he feeds himself, holding his food in his long, finger-like claws, and nibbling quite politely. He appears to be enjoying the feast. And see this great horseshoe-crab. Ah, sir, you arrive very late! How he comes mincing and bobbing along, carrying his shell as if it were an umbrella a trifle too clumsy for him to manage."

"Probably that burr-fish next door was not invited to the entertainment; he has hardly the characteristics of a social favorite," said Uncle Jack, entering into her humor.

"Cricky! he bristles like a miniature porcupine," observed Aleck. "See his striped green and grey scales, and his large blue eyes, the shade of those of a peacock's tail!"

"Ugh! What an ugly thing that toad-fish is!" exclaimed Ellen, presently.

"How very like a toad too!" added Nora. "It is just a large one with a fish's tail. But gracious—look at those swell-

fish over there! See them puff themselves out like little balloons, and then flatten out like pancakes."

Uncle Jack now summoned them to watch a file-fish, so called from the resemblance of its dorsal fin to a file.

"Are not they curious?" said Ellen. "Such flat, broad creatures—nearly all head, with great, staring eyes an inch in diameter."

"Do you want to see a real live shark?" asked Aleck, excitedly, coming back from a section to which he had wandered.

"Of course,—where?" responded his sisters, following him.

"That a shark!" exclaimed Nora, as he pointed it out. "But what a small one! I thought they were immense things."

"You are thinking of the man-eating sharks, which sometimes grow to the length of twenty-five or thirty feet, and are indeed formidable enemies of those who go down to the sea in ships," said Uncle Jack. "This belongs to one of the smaller species."

"Look at the two little ones with the shark," said Aleck.

"Those are pilot-fish," Uncle Jack answered. "This kind of shark, as well as its giant cannibal brother, is usually accompanied by these singular attendants. When a sailor catches a glimpse of a pilot-fish he is pretty sure a shark is just behind it, and that he'd better take extra good care not to fall overboard. The comradeship of the pilot-fish and the shark is very singular, since the latter usually devours everything within its range; but perhaps the reason they are upon such good terms is that the pilots are too nimble for their terrible friend, while they are almost equally voracious. The pilot-fish will follow vessels for leagues for the sake of the bits of refuse food thrown overboard. It was held sacred by the ancients, from the belief that it led ships in their proper course, and through dan-

gerous passages. But now we come to an ocean garden. Notice these fine sea fruits and vegetables."

"Vegetables!" echoed Nora. "How very funny! Yet here is something yellow, which certainly does look a great deal like a marrow-squash."

"Oh, the flowers!" exclaimed Ellen. "Who would imagine all this loveliness grew in the depths of the sea?"

"These sea-anemones appear more remarkable still when we remember that they are *living* flowers," said Uncle Jack.

"How perfectly beautiful!" added Nora. "See those golden ones, and those others that look like splendid chrysanthemums, with greenish cream and pink-tinted petals; and these feathery white ones like thistle-down."

"What fine sea-ferns, too!" exclaimed Aleck. "I'd be satisfied to start an aquarium with one of them."

The young people delayed long before this anemone grotto, which is indeed one of the most beautiful corners in the Exposition buildings. Here glow the most brilliant colors. Beryl and emerald tints alternate with brown, and rich purples brighten into reds, violets and blues. Rosy or peach-colored films cover the dark plants; to and fro wave the yellow and azure fans of the gorgons, richly wrought like jewels in filigree. To the sand cling sea-stars of varied hues; and screens of white coral, resembling carved ivory, reveal, through their lace-like lattices, new charms beyond. Cactus-like plants, adorned with bright blossoms, stretch forth their long arms toward the beauty by which they are surrounded; while small gleaming fishes dart hither and thither—the humming-birds of ocean,—some glittering with a metallic splendor of sapphire or vermilion, others of gilded green or dazzling silver. All this marvelous life lies before one in the midst of the limpid sea-green waters, as if one had been transported to an ocean cave.

"It is too bad to tear you away from this novel world, fairer than fairyland because it is all real," sighed Uncle Jack at last. "But it is growing late, and we must be getting on."

They passed into the annex therefore, to view the exhibit of the great fishing industries of the world. Here are full-sized representations of the fur seal and walrus fisheries on the coast of Alaska, the animals and men being modelled in clay. A smaller one portrays a seal "drive," and shows a great number of seals, which the natives are driving in by waving cloths and shouting.

Aleck became interested, too, in the models of the Gloucester fishing-boats, the New Bedford whalers fully equipped for their long and perilous voyages, and in the tableaux of life-like figures illustrating the process of the capture of a whale.

Ellen paused before a mammoth bone, evidently a fragment of some giant skeleton.

"What is this?" she asked.

"A whale's ear," answered Mr. Barrett, discovering the label.

"Goodness me! With an ear like that I should think the creature could hear the ships coming after him away across the ocean," she declared.

Here, too, were models of pleasure crafts and small boats of all kinds—non-capsizable; boats with colored fan-like sails; beautiful long, narrow row-boats; racing shells, folding boats of canvas, and bark canoes from Brazil; besides beach tents and cots, shooting and fishing-tackle, and everything that might contribute to the comforts of a summer camp by woodland stream or sea.

Uncle Jack now turned aside to inspect the exhibit of fishery products, calling the attention of his nieces to some live diamond-back terrapin from North Carolina.

"Pshaw! nothing but turtles," remarked Nora, in disappointment.

"Turtles indeed," he replied; "but the costliest delicacies our epicures can enjoy, rivalling the viands served at the feasts of that extravagant old dinner-giver, Lucullus."

Then there were fine preserved salmon from Oregon, salted cod from New England, dried fish from Canada and New South Wales; canned fish-balls, anchovies and hazel grouse from Denmark, Norway, Sweden, etc.

Aleck declared that this display of good things made him hungry; it was too prosaic to attract the girls, who wandered off, and discovered, among countless jars of fish, a sealed vase containing two or three beautiful sea lilies gathered off the coast of Havana.

Near the door of the building Mr. Barrett found something which interested him much more. This was the exhibit of the noted fishing school of Baltimore, Ireland, once the Deserted Village described by Goldsmith's poem.

"The school is the first of the kind established in any country," said he; "and has been of untold benefit to the people of the vicinity: raising them from extreme poverty by giving them a means of earning a livelihood, and thus making them happy, hopeful and contented. And all this was the work of their good pastor, Father Davis, a descendant of the poet Davis, who wrote the stirring stanzas describing the 'Sack of Baltimore'; a selection which is one of your declamation pieces I believe, Aleck. Father Davis having inherited a fortune, considered what he would do with it; and finally concluded to expend it in founding this unique school, as a means of securing the most substantial temporal benefits for his people. Here a hundred and fifty boys not only learn to read and write, but are taught everything that will help to make them expert and practical fishermen."

At once becoming interested, Aleck and his sisters examined the models of the

buildings, the large photograph representing the boys at work making nets, and another which showed them in the play-ground with their teachers.

"What a pleasant, bright-looking set of fellows they are!" said Aleck. "If I ever cross the ocean, I mean to visit this Baltimore Fishing School."

(To be continued.)

A Puzzled King.

Frederic the Great was in the habit, whenever a new soldier joined his body-guard, of asking him three questions. These were: "How old are you? How long have you been in my service? Do you receive your pay and clothing as promptly as you wish?"

One day a young Frenchman presented himself, and asked to be admitted into the number that served near the person of the King.

"You have the proper qualifications," answered the officer. "You are tall and straight and well drilled. But you do not speak German. However, if you are shrewd and will take the trouble to learn a few German phrases by heart, there will be no difficulty. The King always asks a new member of the guard three questions. You have but to learn how to answer them, and all will be well; for he may never address you again."

The soldier did as he was advised, and soon had the necessary phrases at his tongue's end.

The next day the Great Frederic was going about as usual; and seeing the stranger, set about addressing him; but, unfortunately, he varied the usual order of his questions, and propounded the second one first.

"How many years," he asked the anxious young fellow, "have you been in my service?"

"Twenty-one years," said the soldier.

The King, seeing how young he was, knew that it was not possible that he had carried a musket for so long a time, and said, in a surprised way:

"How old are you?"

"One year, may it please your Majesty."

It will easily be believed that this second extraordinary answer did not diminish the King's astonishment, and he cried:

"I declare one or the other of us must have lost his mind!"

The soldier, delighted with the progress he was making in a foreign language, said with great gusto:

"Both, your Majesty."

"Well, I must say," observed Frederic, "I have lived some time, but never before has one of my own soldiers announced to me that I was a fool."

The soldier, having said every German word he knew, kept silence, very well contented with his success. And Frederic, now anxious to solve this mystery, began to speak in French.

"Oh," said the soldier, relieved, "I can talk French all day! I learned just enough German to answer your questions."

The King had a hearty laugh, and remarked, as he passed on, that it was best to know what one was saying before trying to converse.

It is said that this honest soldier made a faithful guard, and became a trusted favorite of the King.

A Lesson in Forgiving.

The Scotch are proverbially stubborn; but when convinced, they acknowledge an error as thoroughly as they hold out against what they think to be false or wrong. There are many stories told of this sturdy people to prove the truth of this, but none is more beautiful or touching than the incident related of Professor

Blackie, the famous teacher in Edinburgh.

He was addressing a class composed of members with whom he was unacquainted, and directed a certain student to rise and read a designated paragraph. The young fellow prepared to do as he was bid, holding his book in his left hand.

"Hold your book in the right hand," commanded the Professor.

"But, sir—" began the student.

"No excuses!" thundered Blackie.

"Your *right* hand, I say."

Then the student held up his right arm.

"I hae nae right hand, sir," he replied, his lip trembling.

Then there was a roar. The students of Edinburgh are adepts at hissing, but probably never before had the picturesque old city heard such a storm of indignation as filled the room to its rafters.

The Professor tried to speak, but he might as well have attempted to talk against a tempest as against those terrific hisses of which he was the object. There was nothing to do but wait; and wait he did, until, from very weariness of voice, the indignant young men were silent. Then he left his seat, and went down to the maimed student, whom he had, without knowing it, so cruelly injured; and he put his arm about the shoulders of the lad, who for his part looked into the teacher's face, forgiving him.

"My boy," said the Professor softly, and yet so audibly that everyone heard all his earnest words, "will you forgive me? I did not know,—I did not know." Then, reading pardon in the eyes of the lad, who could not speak, his heart being so full, the great man turned to the other students. "And I want to say," he told them, "that I am glad to know I am teaching a class of gentlemen."

At that there was another wild and noisy scene; but there were cheers where before there had been hisses, and the offence was forgiven as quickly and as thoroughly as it had been resented.





OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.
(Murillo.)



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

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On a Rosary.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

WHEN I am dead these beads will living be,

And prove a ladder for some tender prayer;
And up to God, in sweetest charity,

Will mount the *Aves* to Our Lady fair,—
Will mount and mingle in the grand accord
Of gracious music for the Risen Lord.

These beads will live when you and I are dead;
These beads will live, and to our Mother's heart

Take balm and myrrh; and all the prayers
we said

Will be re-said, and saving words will dart
Into that prison where we wait in pain
The glory of the Vision—not in vain.

The National Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THIS year's National Pilgrimage, although it set out in the midst of the excitement of the general elections, was attended by large numbers: there being as many as fifteen thousand pilgrims, if report says truly; all forgetful,

for the nonce, of worldly interests, and intent solely upon honoring God and invoking the Queen of Heaven. As usual, careful preparation had been made at Lourdes for the reception of the nine hundred and twenty-five invalids, most of them from Paris, whose coming had been announced. Fourteen trains followed in quick succession from the capital of the nation, each bearing a distinctive colored flag. Moreover, caravans from the south of France preceded the pilgrim-trains. Besides these there were a number of Portuguese who carried with them a magnificent silver lamp as a votive offering to Our Lady, to obtain her protection for the holy crusade now rife throughout Portugal for the return of the religious orders expelled during the last century.

Two Oriental bishops, who had taken an active part in the Eucharistic Congress at Jerusalem, were also among the pilgrims. One of them, Mgr. Rahmani, Syrian Archbishop of Bagdad, is a brilliant alumnus of Propaganda; the other, Mgr. Nicholas Kadi, is of the Greek Melchite rite, Bishop of Bosra and Hauran. It was he who, on witnessing a magnificent torchlight procession at Lourdes in honor of the Queen of Heaven, exclaimed: "So long as the heart of France beats thus with love for Our Lady, she can not perish! It is this devotion to the Mother of God, surviving and pervading all the East, that forbids us to despair of a return to Rome.

Protestantism has never made any converts among our poor Eastern Christians: they are all votaries of the ever-blessed Virgin; and those who preach against devotion to her are looked upon as monsters, and shunned with horror."

There was also present Mgr. Arsenio Andrades, Bishop of Rio Bamba, Ecuador, who was the friend of Garcia Moreno, and who, when that heroic defender of the faith fell under the Freemason's dagger, had the happiness of assisting him in his last moments. Mgr. Andrades is distinguished also for having been a member of the legislature that solemnly consecrated the Republic of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

But to return to the National Pilgrimage. There was no delay at Poitiers, as formerly: the long journey was made directly to Lourdes. One compartment in each train was fitted up as a kitchen, and here the nuns and benevolent ladies prepared refreshments for the sick. The pilgrims reached the Grotto on the Octave of the Assumption, and on that very day cures were announced.

Marie Métivier, a pilgrim from Romorantin, thirty-six years of age, and a dress-maker by trade, was the first to sing the *Magnificat*. This pious woman had come to Lourdes several consecutive years to attend the sick; but in July, 1892, she was seized with violent pains in the legs, which was soon aggravated by such swelling as rendered any movement impossible. She was thus prevented from joining the Pilgrimage last year; but on this occasion, heedless of the doctor's prohibition, she came, as she herself said, to be cured or to die. On being carried to the piscina, she was plunged in the wondrous waters, and issued forth, without help, perfectly cured! She immediately proceeded, barefooted, to the Examination Bureau, where a kind-hearted lady provided her with a pair of shoes and stockings; for Marie had not worn either during eighteen months. Milk

was her only sustenance; for a long time she could receive Holy Communion only as Viaticum, and on the very morning of her cure she was too weak to swallow more than a small particle of the Sacred Host. Fifty-four physicians, assembled in consultation, certified to her restoration to health. Among them was a non-Catholic, who testified to his astonishment and edification. No trace of swelling remained; she walked with a firm step up to the Basilica, escorted by an enthusiastic multitude, eager to return thanks to Our Lady for this extraordinary favor.

The Medical Examination Office—that most useful institution, due to the late Father Sempé and to the Baron Dunot de St. Maclou, the lamented physician of the Grotto—no longer holds its sittings in a temporary wooden shed, as in previous years, but has been transferred to one of the arches of the Church of the Rosary. It is composed of a spacious waiting-room, lighted north and south by two beautifully carved windows, off which are apartments fitted up for the inspection of the sick and cured.

The second favored pilgrim was Sister Fulbert, of the Congrégation de St. Paul de Chartres, who had been bedridden for five long years. She was afflicted with peritonitis, accompanied by vomiting of blood. This religious reached Lourdes in the last stage of debility. After one bath in the piscina, the illness vanished, the only remaining symptom being a slight weakness in her limbs. Dr. Hennard, who witnessed the transformation, could find no words to express his wonder.

Pascal Poirier, forty-three years of age, living at No. 4 Rue de la Chine, Paris, is now the happiest fellow in the world, though he had long been one of the most wretched. His sad history is that of many another orphan. Having lost his father and mother at the early age of six, he continued to live all alone in the poor shed they had left him. Kind neighbors

took care that he did not want for a crust of bread; and as he grew up, he became useful as a day-laborer. How he reached manhood without having made his First Communion, or even without any religious instruction, is difficult to understand, but unfortunately it so happened. At twenty he made his way to Paris, and there contrived to support himself by doing odd jobs of work. He had a permanent lodging; and the porter of the shabby house where he lived, being a devout Catholic, often spoke to him on the subject of religion. By repeated endeavors the conscientious porter succeeded in arousing the young man's attention, and even in touching his heart.

God was pleased to visit the neophyte with typhus fever in September, 1889; he was taken to the hospital and placed under the care of Doctor Dehove. Contraction of the limbs was the consequence of the fever; and the poor fellow, literally bent in two, was afflicted with a nervous affection resembling St. Vitus' dance. Eleven months' treatment brought no improvement, consequently Poirier was changed from one hospital to another, where various experiments were tried upon him, but without avail. To medical men he was an object of great curiosity. While at Bicêtre he was visited daily by about forty physicians, and all agreed that the malady must run its course. At last he was taken to the Salpêtrière, the theatre of the late distinguished specialist, Doctor Charcot, who exhausted on him all the resources of his art. The materialistic Æsculapius was heard to say jocosely one day to his aids: "Don't electrify Poirier too much: he might be cured, and I should no longer have an extraordinary subject." According to Poirier himself, the Doctor used to exhibit him like some curious animal—"the most curious of his whole collection."

Finally, Poirier was removed from Doctor Charcot's experimental attention,

and taken to the Hôpital Tenon, where, providentially, he received the religious instruction he so much needed. From thence he was received into the private Catholic Hospital of St. Joseph, to make his First Communion. He passed three weeks there in immediate preparation for the great act, after which he returned to the Hôpital Tenon. Through some good luck, he was admitted to the National Pilgrimage; however, he was in a miserable condition when he arrived at Lourdes. The first bath in the piscina brought him some relief, but he still retained his crouched posture. As the Blessed Sacrament was passing by the sick, the crowd exclaimed: "Jesus, we believe in Thee! Jesus, we adore Thee! Jesus, we love Thee!" At that moment Pascal Poirier felt a thrilling sensation, and an irresistible impulse to rise from his litter. "Please raise me up," was his appeal to the Sister at his side. "Make an effort to stand alone," replied the religious. He obeyed, stood up almost erect, and began to walk, though at first in an unsteady gait; but, his confidence increasing, he made his way to the Grotto, and followed the procession to the Basilica. The air was rent with enthusiastic Hosannas.

The cure of Constance Piquet is one of the most striking of all; an extract from Doctor Martin's certificate, dated July 29, 1893, will convey an idea of the hopelessness of her case: "I, the undersigned, Doctor of the Faculty of Paris, certify that Mlle. Piquet is affected by a cancerous tumor in the left breast. I did not deem it opportune to resort to amputation, a cancer being of its nature incurable, and likely to return." The same physician told the sick girl at the time of her departure: "If you return from Lourdes cured, I do not hesitate to declare it will be an indubitable miracle." On the first immersion, Constance Piquet felt all pain vanish; and on the morning of the 24th of August, after a second bath in the

piscina, the tumor disappeared so completely that the medical advisers could find no trace whatever of the malady.

Victor Arcambourg, forty years of age, an honest weaver of Abbeville, Somme, was attacked by diphtheria on the 5th of March, 1892. Owing to careful treatment in a hospital, he speedily recovered; but after three days of apparent convalescence, he was seized four times a day with violent fits of fever, and each time lost all consciousness. After dragging through six months in this sad state, his weakened constitution appeared to be quite disordered; the lower members of his body became swollen and paralyzed. The poor workman's dearest wish was to go to Lourdes and be delivered from his painful infirmities. A charitable nobleman furnished the means, and Arcambourg set off, full of hope as to the issue. He found room in the first train that reached Lourdes at noon on the 22d; and although he was fearfully exhausted by the long journey, he lay for hours on his mattress before the Grotto, under a scorching sun. The first day was spent in hopeful prayer; yet the bath wrought no change, although that night was more restful than usual. In the morning he said joyfully to the Sister who ministered to him: "A voice whispered to me last night that I shall be cured to-day."—"So much the better," replied the Sister; "the Blessed Virgin is so good that she consoles those whom she does not immediately cure."

Dressed and refreshed with clean linen, Arcambourg set out for the Grotto in a rolling chair. Notwithstanding fervent prayer, he returned at noon, still uncured, to the "Pilgrims' Shelter," where he had slept. At two o'clock he begged to be taken again to the Grotto. He was a very heavy man; and, seeing the trouble the *hospitaliers* had in carrying him down the granite stairs, he said, encouragingly: "Never mind, gentlemen; you will not have to carry me back this evening: I

shall carry myself upon my own two legs." They smiled; and, placing him in a bath chair, rolled him to a spot where he could assist at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Sacred hymns rose, and filled his soul with unspeakable sweetness, when the Bishop emerged bearing the golden monstrance, and ascended toward the Grotto. At this moment Arcambourg fell into a profuse perspiration; and a Sister near by, fearing he was worse, inquired what was the matter. "O Sister," he replied, "I feel impelled to rise!" And slowly putting one foot on the ground, then the other, with the help of his wrists he contrived to raise himself up. Stepping over the litters in his way, he threw himself on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament; then climbed steadily up to the Basilica, holding on high his now useless crutches, and elbowed his way through the church. Half an hour later the weaver of Abbeville, in great joy, climbed alone, as he had foretold, the stone steps of the *Abri des Pèlerins*.

On the morning of the same day two very touching ceremonies had taken place in the Grotto: the abjuration of a Protestant, mother of a large family, who came to implore Our Lady to restore her health; and the First Communion of two little infirm girls,—one a native of Paris, the other from the diocese of Orleans. What a moving sight when early that morning these two little creatures, dressed in white muslin, were carried to the Grotto! How devoutly they prayed under the eyes of the Immaculate Virgin when the Body of our Blessed Lord was laid upon their colorless lips! They were not cured, poor little things; but how patient they were, and with what piety they renewed their baptismal vows and breathed their consecration to Our Lady! When warned that it was time for breakfast, they begged to be allowed to remain longer at the Grotto, or at least to be carried back when the Blessed Sacrament passed;

for they both wished to rise and follow in Its path. One of them made heroic efforts to ascend to the Basilica without her crutches, repeating meanwhile the most heartfelt invocations. She was not cured; but she beheld with joy the sudden cure of her little companion, and declared that she would never forget the happiness of that moment. The more—or shall we say *less?*—fortunate child was Léontine Clément, of Cernay, Loiret; and her disease was a tuberculous affection of the spine, inducing an abscess, that flowed copiously. She had not risen from her bed since the 12th of July, 1892.

Nor were spiritual favors wanting. A Paris merchant, whose business brought him to Lourdes, was present at the little girls' First Communion. He was utterly without religious faith, and had prevented his own daughter from making her First Communion. When he saw the little child rise and follow the Blessed Sacrament, he fell upon his knees, and asked for a priest. Next day, on approaching the Sacraments, he said: "I return at once to Paris. I shall bring my daughter to Lourdes, where I wish her to make her First Communion." Who can say in whose favor God performed the miracle on the sick child? Was it for herself or for the conversion of the sinner who witnessed it, or was it for the little girl in Paris deprived of her First Communion?

The favors thus briefly narrated are only a few out of many equally well authenticated. The medical examiners, quite naturally, attach great importance to the permanence of cures, and were gratified to meet among the pilgrims several who were favored in 1892 and returned this year in thanksgiving. Large numbers of those who were cured of consumption, blindness, and other maladies of long standing, knelt once more before Our Lady's shrine in grateful remembrance of favors by which, in days gone by, she requited their faith and love.

Through Sorrow's Seas.

VIII.

"THE following morning," the letter went on, "I was awakened by the ringing of the door-bell. I arose hastily and left my room. I met Albert in the hallway; and as I led him into the drawing-room, the servant who had admitted him turned and looked after us with ill-concealed surprise. Albert seemed paler and more excited than on the previous evening; had evidently not slept more soundly during the night than myself. Nevertheless, he affected an unconcerned, easy air.

"'Don't you admire my punctuality?' he asked. 'I arrive with the milkman, not an habitual occurrence with me. However, one must submit to being disturbed when circumstances demand it.' Then, seating himself in a chair to which I had motioned him, he continued: 'Well, Arthur, has the night brought good counsel? What are you going to do? I am anxious, as you can understand, to know your decision. 'Tis that brings me here so early.'

"'I shall accompany you,' was my hesitating reply.

"'Are you fully decided?' he went on, incredulously.

"'Fully.'

"'I congratulate you,' said he, extending his hand. 'It is the only way to screen ourselves from the shame that awaits us here. We shall suffer eclipse for the time being, free to reappear at a later period in this brilliant zodiac with renewed splendor. I suppose your preparations for the journey have been made, for I told you my programme yesterday.'

"'When do we start?'

"'We start at once for Lyons; and if the fair wind of success does not waft us back to Paris to-night, why another one will help us toward the Indies.'

“But I can't leave just now. I must bid good-bye to my wife and children, at least.”

“What hinders you from doing so at once?”

“My wife is out at present,—she has gone to Mass.”

“She will return soon, won't she?”

“Yes; in a half hour, perhaps,” I answered.

“Take your time, dear boy. The house is not on fire. There's leisure enough for you to breakfast with your family, and, according to the ancient custom, perform the functions of host by saying grace.”

“His words were accompanied by a sardonic smile, that grated on my nerves.

“Insufferable cynic that you are!” I exclaimed. ‘You would laugh, I verily believe, on the scaffold.’

“Yes, and my mouth would make grimaces even after the fatal decapitation. Why should I cover my head with ashes? Of course we have gone through some stormy nights. Fortune has played the very devil with our resources, but still without parting us, since we both had the same ill luck. I know well that there is small chance of recovering ourselves in this country. As I have told you already, my friend, we shall probably be obliged to cross the ocean and seek new bloom in other lands.”

“And you think that I can accept such a perspective with gaiety?”

“I accept it well enough,” he replied, with seeming indifference.

“Yes; but you have not to quit a wife who loves you, children who depend on you. You have not to tear yourself away from a disconsolate family.”

“There you are again with your hesitation and doubt! The roots that hold you to the soil will be your destruction unless you cut them loose at once. What's the use of those roots in any case? You are already a dead tree.”

“His words were cold as a winter

blast; the thoughts they suggested were a hundred times worse than the dreams which had disturbed my slumbers. I was on the point of dismissing De Vigroux, and rejecting his proposals; but the struggles of the previous days had left me too languid,—my will was too feeble. Irresistibly drawn to follow the counsels of this man, chained to his footsteps by I know not what mysterious fetters, I replied:

“You misunderstand me. I have no notion of retreating: on the contrary, more strongly than ever I favor your plan; for it is the only one possible, the only one that can preserve my honor. You can't exact, however, that I should leave France without regret.”

“Weep, if you have a mind to,” he answered, pitilessly; ‘but take care: tears soften the heart and undermine courage. They often cause the will to vacillate, and forego noble resolutions.’

“There is no fear of that,” I rejoined. ‘I intend to accompany you. There is nothing else, indeed, to be done. Forgive me if for a moment I give way to an emotion which you can not understand,—you who have always lived alone, always ignored what it is to love. I have loved that woman who is now kneeling before the altar, and is doubtless praying for me.’

“Yes, and who, returning shortly, will find you as weak and pliable as a child.”

“No, she will not find me weak; for at present I love her no longer. On the contrary, her presence incommodes me; I like to avoid her. And when she addresses me in sweet, consoling accents, I am filled with a strange species of fury. I am as pitiless toward her as she is gracious toward me.”

“Then, getting up, I seized Albert by the arm and forced him to listen to me.

“Do you see that portrait,” I said, ‘that is gazing at us? It is the mother of the woman I love no longer. Look at this other one. That is her father. He

still seems to smile upon me. I can hear him saying as he gave me his beloved daughter: "Make her happy as she deserves to be." To-day those words are a reproach and his smile a curse.'

"Good heavens! my dear fellow, how pathetic you are growing! The fact is, I don't see any way of saving you at present, so I'll take myself off.'

"No, no, my friend; let us not part yet. I must bid farewell to all that I love. Look around you, and see all the objects that can not but awaken reminiscences of thrice-happy days, when I was not only loved, but when I loved in my turn. If you have a heart at all, if you ever had one, say, can I leave all these with dry eyes and smiling lips?'

"Albert remained silent a moment, and then replied:

"Arthur, my presence must not prove a burden to you. My advice must not seem a cruelty. I don't come here to tear you away unwillingly from your family. Remain in Paris; I will depart alone. May the souvenirs that surround you make your life less bitter and help you to forget the shame of dishonor. Farewell!'

"What!' I cried, 'do you abandon me in the most terrible hour of all?'

"In your present dispositions, I can not prove of any use to you.'

"Why not?'

"I see you moved even to tears at the sight of pictures and senseless souvenirs; and I ask myself how you will manage to be firm in the presence of your wife and children.'

"In their presence I shall keep my feelings under control.'

"You will find it impossible.'

"Yet it must be done; for I see that I must go.'

"In that case, the air you breathe here is decidedly injurious to your resolution. Let us start immediately, if you do not wish to succumb.'

"But how can I go without embracing

for a last time Louise and my children?'

"Well, if you wait for that trial, I warn you that you will not go at all.'

"Just then the door-bell rang.

"It is she!' I cried.

"Then good-bye to your trip to India.'

"I opened the door and listened. One of the servants was talking to our grocer, who had rung.

"It is not she,' I said, re-entering.

"Well, she'll be here in a minute or two, in any case. Let us go without further delay.' And he almost dragged me to the door.

"Go on,' said I. 'I'll be down in a moment.'

"Albert hurried down the staircase. I softly went into the sleeping room of my children. I did not dare kiss them, lest I should be changed from my purpose; but even as I glanced at their innocent faces, I seemed to hear them murmuring: 'Don't leave us, papa; don't abandon dear mamma; don't deprive us of your support and affection.'

"Torn with a dozen varying emotions, I hastily retreated, closed the door, seized my travelling bag and went downstairs. Albert was already in the carriage, and grumbled impatiently at my delay. Still I stopped on the sidewalk, and looked about to see whether I could not perceive the unfortunate wife whom I was abandoning. I saw nothing of her. Hurried by Albert, I at last got into the carriage; the horses started, and it was done. I had quitted my home and those who loved me, had weakly left those whom I had sworn to love and protect, to face alone the trials and hardships of life, without even the poor consolation of sharing the affection of the husband and father. I was a weak, miserable, dastardly coward; and I knew it, yet I would not turn back.

"While these reflections were passing through my mind we reached the railway station, and a few moments later were on the way to Lyons. During our journey

thither De Vigroux sought to distract himself and me by joking about the uncertainty of our position. But his *bon-mots* were labored; only his lips took part in his smiles; and an expression of profound melancholy and undefined suffering was stamped on his visage.

"On our arrival at Lyons, we at once repaired to the banking house of Fourgot. As I had foreseen, he furnished us with a number of plausible and delicate reasons for refusing to grant our request. Albert was very much put out by this failure. He had evidently counted more upon the success of this appeal to Fourgot than he had given me to understand. He feigned his habitual indifference, however; and, although beneath the mask with which long practice had enabled him to cover his countenance I detected deep emotion, he said, in a reckless tone:

"Well, our last hope of salvation is shattered. The wind blows toward India; let us not oppose it."

"Ah," I replied, "would that it soon may shift!"

"He answered with a cynical smile and a sarcasm. Expatriation apparently possessed no bitterness for him; he accepted it quite coolly, almost with gaiety; and while my heart was cruelly torn by the rupture of those ties of affection whose remembrance bound me to my country, he had neither a tear nor an expression of regret to mingle with my sorrow. The biting winds of unbridled passions, sweeping over his heart, had dried up the sources of lofty aspirations; he had become incapable of those noble sentiments which inspire love, devotion, and patriotism.

"On reaching Marseilles, my hesitation again appeared, and De Vigroux had much difficulty in persuading me to continue farther. In any case, I would not embark without acquainting my wife of my whereabouts and my proposed exile. I began a dozen letters, only to tear them up and begin still others. Finally, losing

all patience with me, Albert dictated a few brief, cold, unfeeling phrases; and it was this brutal letter that, with a trembling hand, I posted just before setting sail for India.

"Our voyage was a most unpleasant one. The sea was rough and stormy; winds and tempests followed one another in swift succession, and we were frequently in real danger. But far from dreading such perils, I welcomed them with all my heart; for I was eager to terminate my miserable existence. As we entered the Red Sea, I was stricken down with a malignant fever, which speedily brought me to the portals of the tomb.

"Albert was quite unmoved by the seriousness of my illness: it apparently caused him no disquietude; and, far from attending me with the solicitude of true friendship, he treated me with absolute indifference. He regarded the death of a friend merely as an inconvenience, but such an event was powerless to disturb his unfeeling heart.

"As for myself, despite the intensity of my physical sufferings, they appeared more endurable than did my moral griefs. I believed in the possibility of curing the former, but the latter I considered irremediable. I was not mistaken. A Belgian physician, one of our fellow-passengers, treated me with such skill that he soon got the upperhand of my malady, and shortly afterward I was convalescent.

"This is no place to recount the multiplied incidents of our weary voyage; suffice it to say that I made some friends on board, who later on helped me to secure a position in Calcutta. This position is far less brilliant than that which De Vigroux anticipated for us when leaving Europe; but fortunately it is quite lucrative. Work robs my life of some of its bitterness, though I feel the full tide of sorrow as often as I think of my wife and children.

"A thousand times I have thought of

writing to them, but courage always failed me to condemn the acts of my past life and acknowledge my repentance. At length came your blessed letter, and it nerved me to the task. I have, finally, written to that angel who for years has found in me a source of grief instead of joy, a source of pain instead of happiness. Dare I still hope for her forgiveness?

"And now do you know what has become of him who called himself my friend? Do you know to what he has been led by his cynical scepticism and affected indifference? To suicide. Only yesterday, on some paltry pretext, he severed the friendly relations that have so long existed between us; this morning I heard of his frightful death, and I still shudder at the thought of it. Yet I must confess that only one tie binds me to earth, and prevents my following De Vigroux to the end—the love I bear Louise and her children and mine."

When mother finished reading this long epistle, she looked fixedly at Dr. Kerler for a moment, and then, with a burst of tears, exclaimed:

"He loves me still, he is alone in the world, I will go and rejoin him!"

"Yes," cried Emily in her turn, "we will go to India!"

The old Doctor shook his head quietly.

"No," said he, "you will not go to India; but Arthur shall return to France."

(To be continued.)

Love's Twin.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

TRUE Love a twin hath, yclept *Perfect Trust*;
Who trusts not, loves not: all his vows are hollow.

When Confidence hath crumbled into dust,
Love, to despairing ruin, soon must follow.

Bishop Neumann.

EDITED BY MARC F. VALLETTE, LL. D.

VIII.—EPISCOPAL LABORS.

THE Diocese of Philadelphia at this time was of enormous extent, embracing two-thirds of the State of Pennsylvania, the western part of New Jersey, and the whole State of Delaware. On his return from the Council Dr. Neumann at once undertook the visitation of this vast district. He had already visited all the convents, hospitals and orphan asylums of Philadelphia in the few weeks that intervened between his taking possession of his see and the opening of the Council. From place to place he passed, preaching, administering Confirmation, correcting abuses, and working as hard in the confessional as any of his subordinates. His door stood open all day: no penitent was refused; and his knowledge of languages, including Irish which he had learned since his nomination as Bishop, made his ministry still more fruitful. In order to understand fully the wants of his diocese, he drew up a complete map of it; and made it a point to visit the larger parishes yearly if possible; if not, at least every two years.

The coal regions of Pennsylvania in those days were thickly interspersed with "patches" (little settlements) composed entirely, some of English, some of Welsh, and some of Irish miners. Many of the people in the Irish patches spoke nothing but Irish, or at best very little English. The Bishop frequently visited these outlying missions to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. On one occasion, while in the Schuylkill region, the good Bishop, as was his custom when on a visitation, went into the confessional to assist the local clergy in hearing confessions. One old woman was heard to say,

on leaving the church after having been in the Bishop's confessional: "Thanks be to God, we have an Irish Bishop!"

The Bishop was very glad to avail himself of every opportunity to retain and perfect his knowledge of the languages he understood, by reading and especially by practice. He rarely travelled without some book of devotion in a language different from his own, to while away the time on the cars. Whenever he wished to secure two or three days for quiet work, he would go to some of the towns near his episcopal city, and crave the hospitality of the resident priest. He would spend a goodly portion of the day in writing or other work, but in the evenings he would preach a "little retreat" to the people; "in order," as he playfully remarked, "to do something to compensate for my board." Westchester was a favorite resort. There was a large college at this place, and many of the students were foreigners—Spaniards, Frenchmen, Brazilians, etc. Some of the younger of these students were altar boys; and the good Bishop used to delight in sitting in an old arbor in the garden adjoining the parochial house, and speaking to these youths—to each in his own language,—explaining the mysteries of religion, and telling them anecdotes of their own country. It is needless to say that these young students were delighted with his instructions, and especially at hearing an American Bishop speaking in their own tongue.

Bishop Neumann's interest in the educational institutions of his diocese led him to visit them from time to time. He would sometimes drop in upon the good Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Eden Hall. On these occasions he would go to the "hothouse" with the pupils, and explain to them the varieties of plants, their differences, properties, formation, etc. The cabinet of minerals was also a favorite resort of the good Bishop, and his varied

knowledge of mineralogy and geology was of the greatest advantage to Sisters and pupils. Indeed he found "sermons in stones, and good in everything." On these occasions, too, the "saintly Bishop," as the *religieuses* were wont to call him often heard their confessions; and would ask the superior, in a playful manner, to send him all the "hard cases." His exhortations to the community were always of a very spiritual character, and were also most instructive to the pupils. He remarked once, in the course of conversation, that after having prepared his meditation in the evening, he was obliged to read something light so that he might go to sleep, because the thought of God had so great a charm for him that he could never sleep so long as his mind dwelt upon it. The lay-Sister who had charge of his room, when he spent the night at Eden Hall, declared that he never slept on a bed: that "the morning found it just as it had been left the evening before."

He had missions, in which he took a large part personally, constantly given, especially in places where the evils of mixed marriages threatened the faith with destruction. On his visitations, as well as when residing in Philadelphia, he showed a particular charity for the sick, reserving to himself the nightly sick calls whenever he was in the city. Many a poor father, many a heart-broken mother, had their last hours soothed by the holy Bishop's ministrations, and his promise to be a father to their helpless orphans. One day he appeared at the orphan asylum carrying in his arms a sick child three years old; and so completely did he take a parent's place to this desolate little creature, that it never called him by any name but Father.

It was little incidents like these, occurring in quiet, everyday life, and almost unnoticeably, that indicated the Bishop's great zeal in the cause of religion, his tender piety and his universal charity. No wonder that Judge Ludlow, a non-Catholic,

remarked, when he heard of the Bishop's death: "Philadelphia never knew what it possessed in Bishop Neumann living, nor what it has lost by his death."

The necessity for the Christian education of youth was so deeply impressed on his mind that it naturally formed one of his first cares. In the April following his consecration, he assembled the leading clergy and laity of the diocese to deliberate on this important matter; and in May the Society for the Instruction of Catholic Youth was formed, with the Bishop at its head. This association had for its object to watch over the Catholic education of the diocese, and in case of need to supply the existing schools with funds. The members met every month in the Bishop's residence, and the resolutions adopted in these meetings were at once made known to all the priests of the diocese. This unanimity of direction not only resulted in the foundation of new parish schools, but tended most favorably to their development according to the best systems in vogue, exciting a zealous spirit of emulation in teachers and pupils. Most of the boys' schools he placed under the direction of the Christian Brothers; those of the girls were nearly all in the hands of the different teaching religious congregations. When he went to Philadelphia there were only two parish schools in the city, eight years later there were one hundred.

The number of priests in his diocese was by no means in proportion to its vast extent: they scarcely reached a hundred, while the diocesan seminary contained only forty ecclesiastical students. The holy prelate used every means in his power to obtain zealous priests from Europe, and urged on all his clergy the necessity of fostering vocations for the priesthood among the most promising youths of their flock, and of affording them every help.

Bishop Neumann took a deep interest in the theological seminary. Up to the year 1853 this institution had been

embarrassed with a heavy debt, which gave him great anxiety, as the annual income was only sufficient to meet the ordinary expenses. This induced the Bishop to make a strong appeal to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; and, though the managers of this Society had passed a resolution to withhold any further appropriations to the Diocese of Philadelphia at that time, so urgent was his request, and so touchingly did he plead the needs of his dear seminarians, that they revoked their resolution, and placed at his disposal some \$5,000—quite a large sum in those days. The anxiety of the good Bishop was relieved, and his seminary took a fresh start. At this time too (1853) the Lazarist Fathers, who had been in charge of the institution, were called to another field of duty. Bishop Neumann greatly regretted their departure, and declared publicly that he still hoped and prayed that the Congregation would again send him zealous priests to take charge of his seminary.

His hospitality to his priests knew no bounds. Their Bishop's house and table were always at their disposal, and they ever found the warmest welcome. Yearly retreats, frequent conferences and synodal assemblies, were all employed by him to keep up a fervent spirit among his clergy; and, mild and fatherly as they found him in all other circumstances, whenever the discipline or rules of the Church required it, he was inflexible.

On one occasion, at a diocesan conference, there was question of the collections made in some churches at the entrance. Dr. Neumann was opposed to this practice; he said that it too often kept people from attending Mass on Sundays. Having asked some of those present to give their opinion, a few arose and opposed the giving up of the collections at the door with a vehemence and show of temper which even led them to personal allusions most insulting to the Bishop. He kept silence

until they ended, when he calmly inquired if any other ecclesiastic wished to speak. Finding that none were disposed to do so, he closed the debate by words as indicative of his steadfastness as of his rare humility. "Some of the gentlemen present differ from my opinion. They have their reasons; which, however, are weak, whereas mine are very weighty. As we do not agree, we shall lay the matter before the Holy See, and humbly submit to its guidance." This gentle though firm decision gave general satisfaction; and his most determined opponent was heard to acknowledge, with some confusion: "We have a very holy Bishop."

(To be continued.)

In the Path of Pioneer Priests.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

PREFATORY.

IN the autumn of 1883 I found it necessary, in order to preserve, or rather re-establish, my health, to abandon for a time the cares and labors of a law office, and seek mental quiet and physical exercise abroad. Instead of "going South," like the great majority of health-seekers, I resolved to turn my face toward the North; to leave civilization behind me, and to take up a nomadic life in the land of the moose, the beaver, and the Tête-de-Boule Indian. Accordingly the early September days found me climbing the hills of the Canadian Black River, one of the principal tributaries of the Ottawa. During the eighteen months spent in that far-off region—a land unfrequented save by the Hudson Bay trader, the accidental bush-ranger, or "the stoic of the woods," as Campbell styled the American aborigine,—I kept a faithful diary, which contains full descriptions of

the lumber operations, the shanties, the *modus operandi et vivendi* of the backwoodsman, the habits and manners of the two most opposite specimens of the Indian race—the Abenakis and Tête-de-Boule; in fine, of the physical aspects of the region: of hunting, trapping, and the scenes and events peculiar to the trans-Laurentian country.

In this record of my eventful days in the "wilds of the North" I have kept an account also of the progress made by our missionary priests, the wonderful effects of their labors, the ordeals through which they are obliged to pass, their privations and their successes, their sorrows and joys. These energetic and noble priests are the pioneers of civilization and the advance-guard of Catholicity. The men amongst whom their lives are spent have not that education necessary to enable them to rescue from oblivion many a career of heroism, worthy of the Church's missionaries in other lands and in other days. They whose ability and vocation would enable them to do justice to the lives and wonderful sacrifices of these holy envoys of our faith, are debarred from so doing by the difficulty, and often impossibility, of following in their path.

I will select such extracts as seem to me apt to interest the readers of THE "AVE MARIA"; and, in my own unpolished style, will attempt to brush them up for their benefit. To borrow a comparison used by Joseph Thompson, when introducing his admirable work on travels through East Africa: "I wish to clothe the dry bones of a common report in the flesh and blood of an amusing narrative." Sir Alexander Selkirk asks:

"O Solitude, where are the charms
Which sages have seen in thy face?"

If my readers will kindly follow me as, with rapid strides, I attempt to rush along the path of pioneer priests, to retrace the steps that during eighteen months I had taken, to recall the scenes and events of

that time, to conjure up the memory of the kindly and noble men whose lives are worthy of a page in that volume wherein the Angel of Records inscribes the sacrifices that are made for the faith, they will count those "charms" of solitude by the hundred; and will learn that, far from the din of worldly "alarms," there are glorious dramas enacted, with only God and His angels as spectators.

I.—IN THE WOODS.

The groves were God's first temples.—*Bryant.*

How wonderful are the woods! What glorious memories they evoke, what fearful thoughts they suggest, what deep, sad sentiments they awaken! Behold the trees in summer, when their branches wave in the breeze, their numberless leaves quiver to the breath of heaven, and the birds of the air make sweet melody among them, chanting their hymns in the aisles of nature's temple. Is there not a something abroad that tells us of beauty, greatness, harmony, God? Gaze upon the woods when autumn comes, and the pencil of the Invisible tints the leaves with red, purple, yellow and scarlet; when the north blast sweeps down, and in its fury bears away and scatters far and wide the variegated and withered leaves; when the chill, dull sleep of Winter is predicted on every side,—then gaze upon the woods and read stern and salutary lessons in that universal, majestic decay. But, above all, go in the winter and contemplate those bleak, rugged rocks, frowning precipices, blacker and more desolate from the whiteness above and below them. Here and there a clump of pines or a belt of spruce; ever green, if you will, but more depressing as we look upon it—a green that never fades, that knows no death, consequently no new life, no resurrection in the spring. They stand, like the necromancers of the Rosicrucians, passing through centuries uninjured,

possessing the elixir of life, living when others die; seemingly free from the universal law of mortality; yet awaiting, through the years, the lightning stroke that blasts, or the woodsman's axe that fells; and even then preserving for a time the verdure of life, when all vitality has departed.

Beneath those giant pines lie strata upon strata of mineral wealth. There they stand, the sentinels over the buried treasures of the earth; pointing, like the wilderness of spires on the Cathedral of Milan, toward the blue empyrean above, based upon earth and piercing the skies. Gaze upon them, stand alone in the solitude of the Northland and contemplate these sentinels; and if you have a sense of the pure, the true, the sublime, you will cease to wonder, cease to conjecture; you will be silent, and, bowing down before the Creator, you will *adore!*

Through such scenes our narrative shall lead us. In the woods, "God's temples," we shall linger together. Away from the din and glitter of the world, almost beyond the confines of civilization, on the northern slopes of the Laurentians, at the head waters of the Black River, amidst the pine groves of the Coulonge, and the numberless lakes that form the head of the Dumoine, where the Tête-de-Boule follows upon the track of the majestic moose, we will strive to follow the path of the pioneer priests, and rescue from oblivion the noble relics of their great labors, which, like mile-stones, are to be met with at stated intervals along the road they bravely trod.

My shanty home was on the highest point of land. The lake in front of the log building discharged its waters into the Black River, which runs south for several hundred miles, when it falls into the Ottawa, about ninety miles above the capital of Canada; the Victoria Creek, that runs out of this nameless lake, takes an eastern course and tumbles

into the Coulonge; the Moose Creek, which flows westward from this same lake, joins the Dumoine; and the Otter Creek, that runs northward from this lake, empties its waters in some undiscovered region, probably where Mount Yanak's fires, reflected on the icebergs, give us the kaleidoscopic vision of the aurora borealis.

My companion during these eighteen months was an Abenakis Indian. His name is Simon Obomsawin. He still hunts and traps in the great Nipissing district, off to the shores of Lake Superior; but he must be quite feeble now. Simon came from the country near Quebec; he was accustomed to civilized life, and, moreover, was comparatively well educated. He was then over sixty years of age, and a few grey hairs might be seen in his jet-black locks. His features were most remarkable: a lofty forehead, sharp, twinkling, dark eyes, a Roman nose, high cheekbones, sunken cheeks, long chin, and small ears. When he spoke his gesture was continuous, yet not tiresome—lively, and even eloquent. And such a voice! sweet beyond expression, deep, solemn, majestic. He could modulate it at will, play with it as upon his favorite flute. As a singer he had few equals in the country whence he came. When telling the stories of his people there was a tender melancholy in his voice, and a sad slowness of gesture, to which his friends were well accustomed. They who are tempted to a feeling of contempt for the Indian race when the dull, tricky, lazy, improvident Tête-de-Boule crosses their path, could not contemplate this glorious scion of a once great people without pity and admiration, wonder and even veneration.

Such is a hurried and imperfect sketch of him upon whose guidance we shall often have to rely. Simon, when nine years of age, was adopted by a priest in Three Rivers, and as a consequence had spent six years in college. He was an apt scholar; but he loved the freedom of the

woods, and the city had no attractions for him. During forty years he had hunted in the Upper Ottawa and Black River country. He had served as bush-ranger for the provincial government, and had been engaged by lumber merchants to explore their timber limits, and report upon them. But the occupation of guide was Simon's favorite work; and almost every missionary who has ascended these waters and penetrated these wilds during the last forty years has had old Obomsawin for traveling companion and cicerone of the forest. There is scarcely a rude cross, a lonely grave or a ruined hut in all that vast territory that has not an interesting history; and there is not a story connected with that country that Simon can not relate.

Now that the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" know with whom they are to travel, and have an idea of the country into which I have asked them to enter, we will ask, as I did on that other September morning, the Most Holy Mother of God to protect and to guide us as we tread together the path made sacred by the trials and triumphs of the pioneer priests of our glorious faith.

(To be continued.)

Franciscan Devotions.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

THE sway which St. Francis of Assisi for seven centuries has held over human hearts is a marvel in history. His Order has given to the Church eleven Popes (five of the First Order, six of the Third Order), eighty-five canonized saints, and over seventeen hundred martyrs. It has given also to the world poets and painters, scientific discoverers,—men eminent in every branch of learning; and from first to last, without a stain upon its records, it has

been to all the missioner of universal peace and love.

There is less to wonder at in all this if one considers how closely the Saint of Assisi resembled his Divine Master. "Even in externals," in the words of Leo XIII., "like Jesus Christ, it so happened that St. Francis was born in a stable; a little child as he was, his couch was of straw on the ground. And it is also related that, at that moment, the presence of angelic choirs and melodies wafted through the air completed this resemblance. Again, like Christ and His Apostles, Francis united with himself some chosen disciples, whom he sent to traverse the earth as messengers of Christian peace and eternal salvation. Bereft of all, mocked, cast off by his own, he had again this great point in common with Jesus Christ—he would not have a corner wherein he might lay his head. As a last mark of resemblance, he received on his Calvary, Mt. Alvernus (by a miracle till then unheard of) the sacred stigmata, and was thus, so to speak, crucified."

Of all the channels through which the influence of St. Francis is felt, there is one especially through which his spirit pervades the universal Church like an atmosphere, everywhere felt, though not everywhere recognized or acknowledged; this is the devotions which he and his Order have introduced. A poet himself, he brought into the devotions of the Church a poetry, a beauty, which charms the higher intellects, and refines and elevates the uncultured. Catholics scarcely know or scarcely remember how much they owe to St. Francis and the Franciscans.

The beautiful devotion of the Christmas Crib is the gift of the seraph of Assisi. Late in the autumn of the year 1223, being at Rome, he sought and obtained from the Pontiff Honorius III. permission to honor the Feast of the Nativity in a novel way. He then journeyed to Greccio, a little spot in the Apennines, there to

celebrate his ideal Christmas. On the mountain side near Greccio a large stable was roughly built; carved wooden images of the Divine Child, the Virgin Mother and St. Joseph were placed in it; the floor was covered with straw, an altar was erected. Toward midnight some shepherds arrived, leading an ox and an ass, which they tied up under this rude shelter. The place was thronged with the friars from the neighboring convent and the country people from the hamlets around; and at midnight Mass was sung, St. Francis acting as deacon. He preached a sermon on the love of God, wonderful in its enthusiastic eloquence. The shepherds had brought torches, which illuminated the mountainside; they brought with them also musical instruments, and the wild, sweet Christmas carols resounded through the dark forests and awakened the echoes of the rocks.

During the Mass, it is said, a Child of celestial beauty, visible to all present, was seen lying in the arms of St. Francis, and returning the caresses that in ecstatic love and joy he lavished on It. The news of this miracle spread; many pilgrimages were made afterward to the spot, and many miraculous cures were wrought there. This was the first representation of the Christmas Crib; thus was the devotion founded which is now observed throughout the world.

The sublime and pathetic "Dies Iræ," that forms part of the *Requiem* for the dead, and that touches our hearts so deeply, associated as it is with our loved departed ones, was composed by a Franciscan friar, Thomas de Celano. And that tender plaint, the "Stabat Mater," the most beautiful of all beautiful hymns in honor of the Virgin Mother, is the production of a Franciscan lay-Brother, the Italian poet Jacopo da Todi.

The Forty Hours' Devotion before the Blessed Sacrament was instituted in the year 1537 by F. Joseph a Terno, a Fran-

ciscan friar of Milan, in remembrance of the forty hours our Blessed Lord passed in the sepulchre. Some years later St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, himself a Franciscan of the Third Order, drew up instructions for the observance of it, which are contained in the acts of the councils of Milan.

Of the Forty Hours' Devotion Cardinal Wiseman says: "In no other time or place is the sublimity of our religion so touchingly felt." And another writer observes: "Here is the court of the Lord Jesus; but how unlike that celestial court, where myriads of archangels and seraphim, robed in magnificence, and, prostrate before His throne, intone the pæans of their joy! Behold here the poor, the weak, the tempted, the soiled with sin; they gather around Him, cling to Him, look to Him for help and solace, lay at His feet their sorrows and their hopes. In this silence, supplications unheard by mortal ear go up, moving Him to that tender pity, that sweet compassion, which the hosts of heaven, not needing, have never awakened in His Heart."

The soil of the Holy Land has been drenched with the blood of the sons of St. Francis. In 1257 Syria and Palestine were already a Franciscan province; and in 1342 the Franciscans were appointed to an office which they have held ever since—that of custodians of the Holy Places. In preserving and protecting these, over seven thousand and five hundred friars have sacrificed their lives.

Pilgrimages to Jerusalem were formerly frequent; still, the greater number of people were unable to go. For the benefit of those the Franciscans introduced into all their churches throughout Europe the devotion known as the Way of the Cross, the Fourteen Stations, which was endowed by successive Popes with the same indulgences as those which pertained to the Holy Places of Jerusalem. Clement XII., who ascended the pontifical throne in

1730, extended this devotion to the universal Church; reserving to the Order of St. Francis, or whomsoever the General of it should delegate, the right to bless and erect the Stations.

The Franciscan St. Bonaventure, like St. Francis a poet saint, is held in daily and hourly remembrance through the universal Church; since the privileged prayer, the "Sacrosanctæ," with which every priest concludes the daily Office of the Breviary, is a gift from him. But his name is associated with another devotion which may be called the very poetry of prayer—the Angelus.

In the year 1262 St. Bonaventure, at that time General of the Franciscans, commanded his friars, at the general chapter of his Order in Pisa, to promulgate this devotion among the people: that at the sound of the evening bell, which in Rome and throughout Italy is rung a half hour after sunset, they should recite three *Ave Marias* in honor of the mystery of the Incarnation. The same was afterward ordered also for morning and noon. This was the origin of the Angelus, which now peals forth from every church and convent tower. From the great cathedral over the din of the city streets, from the little village chapel over the quiet fields and lanes, those sweet bells sound like celestial voices, filling the air with the music of the Angel's message, and the soul with thoughts and aspirations that, like angel wings, lift it heavenward.

But, crowning grace of devotions, stands one quite alone, unique in the Church, nothing being identical with it, nothing even resembling it; like a star over all other indulgences shines the divinely-given Indulgence of the Portiuncula. The history of the Indulgence is this: Assisi, the birthplace of St. Francis, stands on a mountain side; at the foot of the mountain lies the valley of Spoleto. Here, in the twelfth century, the Benedictines owned a little church called St. Mary of Angels,

for the reason, as was affirmed, that angels were often heard singing there. It had also the name of the Portiuncula, some say from its small size and entrance, others from the small piece of land it stood on. This church the Benedictines gave to St. Francis; it was the first church owned by the Franciscans, and has been a Franciscan church ever since. The word *Portiuncula* from that time has been associated with the name of St. Francis, and brings before us the whole scene of the miraculous vision accorded to him.

It is a night of autumn in the year 1221. The stars shine down on the hills and valleys of Umbria; the cold night breezes stir the leaves in the dark forests of the Apennines. St. Francis is kneeling alone in the little church, wrapt in prayer. Suddenly a light streams around him. He looks upward. In a vision the majesty of God and of the Virgin Mother shines resplendent before him, and a divine voice assures him that the little Church of the Portiuncula shall be for evermore a privileged place,—that whoever, with penitent heart, shall visit it shall receive a plenary indulgence for each visit so made; and the Saint is commanded to go to the Sovereign Pontiff and obtain from him a confirmation of the promise.

The vision faded away; and St. Francis, rising up from his prayers, hastened to Honorius III., who was then at Perugia; and, having narrated to him the grace Heaven had accorded, said: "I am sent by Jesus Christ to obtain your confirmation of it." This was granted. The indulgence was publicly proclaimed at Assisi in the presence of seven bishops, and was afterward extended to all the churches of the Franciscan Order. It is called the Indulgence of the Portiuncula, or simply the Portiuncula, from the name of the little church in which the vision appeared.

This is the distinctive characteristic of the Portiuncula Indulgence which sets

it apart from all other indulgences in the Church—its supernatural origin. All other indulgences whatever have been derived from Sovereign Pontiffs, this one alone was given directly by God Himself to the loving and lowly St. Francis. The great Jesuit theologian Bourdaloue says: "I assert that of all indulgences that of the Portiuncula is the most authentic and valid in the Church, because it is an indulgence directly granted by Jesus Christ Himself."

The time for the obtaining of this indulgence is from the hour of Vespers, three o'clock in the afternoon of August 1, to sunset on August 2, the Feast of St. Mary of Angels. During that time every Franciscan church is a place of pilgrimage, where hearts are filled with that divine light that so long ago, in the heavenly vision, shone on the Seraph Saint of Assisi.

A Lesson of the Hour.

IN the course of an editorial on the Parliament of Religions the *Pilot* makes a sad reflection—as salutary, however, as it is sad. We have read nothing on the subject more worthy of being pondered than these words of our sterling contemporary:

"The Parliament of Religions is sadly eloquent to the Catholic of apostolic spirit of what Catholics might have done had they kept everywhere alive the spirit of the Apostolic days; of what they failed to do because they so numerously fell away from the zeal and disinterestedness of the early Christian age, and so numerously sought everything before the Kingdom of God."

Gone is the past. The present is all that need concern us; and we have to do with existing opportunities, and to consider individual responsibility. It is hardly within the bounds of possibility that there will ever again be a wider field for the exercise of the apostolic spirit than the one which stretches out before the mental vision of the American Catholic. How

very little has yet been accomplished in comparison with what remains to be done! The progress of the Church in the United States has not been by conversions among the native population, but almost exclusively by the advent of Catholics from foreign lands. Converts are indeed few and far between. The harvest is as great as it ever was. The laborers, though seemingly inadequate as to numbers, could work wonders if all were imbued with the spirit of the Apostolic age. Every Catholic is called to be a laborer in this vineyard of the Lord,—some to render special service, but all to exert the power of example. "So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven," is a command addressed to every follower of Christ.

There can be no greater delusion than to expect that the American nation will ever be converted solely by the means we seem most disposed to employ. Controversies and conferences and congresses, books and papers and tracts, are as nothing to the persuasiveness of Christian example. "I know the best way of converting the world," said Pius IX. to one who proposed a new scheme of apostleship; "the best way is for every Catholic to convert himself." What men hear in the din of discordant voices, what they read of the vast amount that is being printed, is next to nothing in comparison with the influence of what they see. Seeing is believing. The importance of the press is grossly exaggerated. There is hardly one who reads to the ten thousand who skim over the printed matter that comes in their way; and of the ten thousand who read, a single one reflects. It is remarkable how few of the prominent converts of our time and country have been led into the Church by controversies or books. How few, according to their own testimony, have been influenced by learned arguments! It was almost invariably the good

example of some faithful Catholic friend—perhaps that of a servant,—or the edification received from a chance acquaintance, which first touched the heart, and opened the mind to the understanding of what before was hidden or incomprehensible. People are not always disposed to read or willing to hear, but what passes under their eyes can not fail to be heeded and to make an impression.

The number of our fellow-countrymen outside the pale of the Church; the many denominations of Christians differing among themselves, though united in opposition to the one true faith; the spread of agnosticism and religious indifference, the increase of crime, may well sadden the stoutest heart. But when it is considered that it is in the power of every Catholic to aid in effecting a change, that furthermore he may be in some measure responsible for the existing order of things, the feeling of pain is quickly followed by a sense of responsibility, and the heart swells with hope and zeal. Every man has a vocation to help his fellowman. The highest service that can be rendered is to spread the Kingdom of God. To contribute to this noblest end it is not required to be a writer or a speaker, an editor, a publisher or a priest,—simply a doer of good deeds.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Better than the best of books, more persuasive than the highest eloquence, more convincing than the strongest arguments, are lives well lived. Cardinal Newman, in a letter to the late Marquise de Salvo, points out that "our Saviour did not strive nor cry nor lift up His voice. He *drew* hearts when they were to be drawn." Those amongst us, whether educated or unlettered, rich or poor, ill or well—man or woman,—who set the example of honesty, sobriety, charity, purity, and heavenly-mindedness, are true apostles for the conversion of America.

Notes and Remarks.

A happy sign of the times, which we have often pointed out, is the better understanding on the part of non-Catholics of the Blessed Virgin's place in Christian worship. Replying to some strictures on the Vicar of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, who had been accused of "burning lights before our Divine Redeemer, His Blessed Mother and the saints," a correspondent of *The Family Churchman* (Anglican) writes as follows:

"As to the invocation of saints, it is nowhere forbidden in our Prayer-Book. We ask good men to pray for us: why should we not ask the holy dead? We honor royal princes by burning lights in our windows: why should we not burn tapers before the pictures of the saints?"

This "true Catholic," as he signs himself, continues:

"I do not hesitate to say that neglect of the Blessed Virgin by English Church-people is most deplorable. The festivals of the Mother of God are passed over in silence; and if passing reference is made to her, it is with hated breath, and always with a side hit at 'those misguided papists' and their reprehensible 'Mariolatry.'"

When non-Catholics deplore their neglect of the Mother of our Redeemer they must begin to realize that their Christianity is not of Christ.

The Parliament of Religions closed with a prayer by Bishop Keane, and the singing of "America." The prayer was appropriate and evidently from the heart; but the singing was inharmonious, like the Parliament itself.

It was high time for this congress of many creeds to suspend. Interest in the proceedings was waning fast; and we learn that the papers read on the last days were moving, in the sense of causing an exodus. Crowds continued to flock to Columbus Hall to see the notables, but they were more than willing to disperse after listening a while. It is a significant fact that perhaps the largest audience assembled during the congress was that which listened to the presentation of the Buddhist faith. Interest in the outside congresses was also at a low ebb toward the end, the attendance growing smaller each day.

The greatest gathering of the century, as

one of the speakers called it, closed with the singing of a national hymn in which every one present joined. There was volume if not harmony. The advent of universal peace and brotherhood, so often referred to during the Parliament, may now be expected almost any time.

Many Catholics have at times expressed the wish that our priests, like the enterprising Protestant ministers of the day, would announce the subject of the Sunday sermon in the newspapers. We doubt whether this wish will ever be gratified to any great extent; but if it should so chance, we trust that more discretion will be exercised in our case than is usual with our separated brethren. In at least one of the great dailies of Chicago the sermons of non-Catholic preachers are announced, under the heading of "Amusements," in the same column with Buffalo Bill's Wild West aggregation. It would seem rather unfair on the part of the preachers to invade Colonel Cody's own field, but the valiant Colonel is not alarmed at the unexpected competition. In fact, if one may judge by a comparison of attendance, he hasn't any reason to be alarmed.

We observe that Dr. Mivart's prompt submission to the decision of the Congregation of the Index respecting his writings on the subject of eternal punishment, was taken as a mere matter of course in England, and on the Continent not considered worthy of note. In the United States, on the contrary, we see Dr. Mivart's action referred to in Catholic journals as a mark of extraordinary virtue! There is something significant in this. A straw may indicate the direction of a current, and there are straws floating about that it would be well to watch.

The American Patriotic Legion is the name of a new organization like the A. P. A., an anti-Catholic league, the spirit of which is bigotry and hate. This un-American and unpatriotic association, which seems to have originated in New York, has not yet become a legion, nor is it likely to be if the overtures of its founders are received by all Protestant

ministers with such scornful rebukes as that administered by an Anglican clergyman residing in Baltimore. Touching on the School Question, the agitation of which we believe to 'be the real cause of the present anti-Catholic movement, the writer says:

"I can find nothing in the doctrines of Rome to make American youth disloyal to their country, dishonest, lazy or immoral. . . . If Protestants showed the same anxiety for the spiritual education of their children as the Catholics do, this indeed would be a God-fearing and God-loving country.

"The Catholic Church is pre-eminently the Church of the people, for the people; and her priests are taken largely from the people. Her records form a panorama of the essential truths of the Bible. Her festivals, fasts and feasts vividly portray the birth, life, sufferings, death, Resurrection and Ascension of that Jesus whom Protestants pretend to love, but whose lambs they confide to godless schools and godless teachers."

In concluding his letter this fair-minded clergyman remarks: "Your circular is very poor politics. An appeal to bigotry in this enlightened age becomes a boomerang to such cowardly, unmanly, un-American methods."

An eminent art critic has prepared a list of the "twelve greatest paintings in the world." The list includes: Raphael's "Transfiguration" and "Sistine Madonna," Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," Da Vinci's "Last Supper," Domenichino's "Last Communion of St. Jerome," Ruben's "Descent from the Cross," Volterra's "Descent from the Cross," Guido's "Beatrice," and "Aurora," Titian's "Assumption," Correggio's "La Notte," and Murillo's "Immaculate Conception." It will be noticed that all these paintings are by Catholic artists, and nearly all the subjects are biblical. Probably any other list of the twelve best paintings would give a like result; a fact which proves that the Ages of Faith were not only ages of inspiration, but that they held close acquaintance with Holy Writ as well.

Mgr. Andrades, mentioned in our article on the French National Pilgrimage to Lourdes, has passed through tragic scenes. It was he who on Holy Saturday, 1877, filled the office of deacon at the Mass when the Archbishop of Quito, Mgr. Checa, was

poisoned. A criminal hand had mixed strychnine with the sacramental wine. Hardly had the officiating prelate drunk of the chalice when he became ill, and intimated his fears to Canon Andrades. On entering the sacristy at the end of Mass, Mgr. Checa expired. Public opinion attributed the treacherous crime to the head of the Government. Mgr. Andrades, as vicar capitular, pronounced an interdict on the city of Quito; and in revenge the President of the Republic exiled the courageous prelate, who for three years was hunted like a wild beast. More than once he escaped his enemies by disguising himself as an Indian. At last a revolution swept away the Freemasons, and Catholics seized the reins of Government. The exiled priest was then recalled, and appointed to the See of Rio Bamba, which he has administered with zeal and ability for the last nine years.

Monte Rosa, after Mont Blanc, is the highest peak of the Alps; and, like its snow-crested rival, it has recently been glorified by the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice first offered upon Mount Calvary. The idea originated with the Queen of Italy, who accompanied the party of priests on the dangerous expedition, and knelt devoutly on the stone floor during the Mass. A beautiful picture of the Madonna will remain upon the mountain in commemoration of the service, which, as an English contemporary observes, was unquestionably a "high" Mass.

Custodians of relics in Paris are not victims of Anglo-mania; indeed they aver that English tourists are not to be trusted alone with curiosities, and that they whittle away a chair, or a table which has historical associations as speedily as a Yankee demolishes a pine stick with his jackknife. Marie Antoinette's chair had to seek a place of safety, and now we hear that portions of Notre Dame Cathedral have to be closed to visitors from "perfidious Albion." Small pieces of tapestry, enamel, and other like objects, have vanished; and the custodian, whether truly or not, lays this vandalism to the people from across the Channel. Various objects of interest

at the World's Fair have been similarly treated, the arms of a chair exhibited by the Princess of Wales having been carried off in bulk. This species of kleptomania is most unaccountable, but is well-nigh universal, and by no means confined to travelling Britons.

The Rev. E. J. Dunne, of Chicago, has been appointed to the vacant See of Dallas, Texas. Father Dunne will bring to his new field of labor the best of recommendations—the record of a long priestly life wholly given to God. The pastoral zeal of the newly appointed Bishop is equalled only by his untiring efforts in behalf of Catholic education; and the present flourishing condition of the parochial schools of Chicago is due in no small measure to the influence of his contagious enthusiasm. Father Dunne's energy, prudence, and spirit of self-sacrifice will find ample scope in the Diocese of Dallas, which is one of the most extensive in the United States.

Even Robert Buchanan, whose opinion of certain American "man milliners" is well known, might find something to admire in this passage from a contribution by W. D. Howells to the current number of *Scribners'*:

"I wish that I could make all my fellow-artists realize that economically they are the same as mechanics, farmers, day-laborers. It ought to be our glory that we produce something, that we bring into the world something that was not choately there before; that at least we fashion or shape something anew; and we ought to feel the tie that binds us to all the toilers of the shop and field, not as a galling chain, but as a mystic bond uniting us also to Him who works hitherto and evermore."

It is pleasant to hear from many sources of the enjoyment afforded to our readers, young and old, by the series of articles "Sight-Seeing at the World's Fair." Grave doctors of divinity, lawyers and physicians, it seems, are following Mr. Barrett and his party with the same interest as the young folk; and one who has just returned home from Chicago declares that Miss Crowley's descriptions of the Exposition are the most satisfactory that have come under his notice. We congratulate our valued contributor on the popularity and excellence of her work.

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. Gabriel O'Hanlon, C. P., who departed this life some months ago, in Belfast, Ireland.

Sister Mary of the Holy Innocents, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who died suddenly at South Bend, Ind., on the 27th ult.

Mr. W. L. Mead, of Allen Township, Ohio, who calmly breathed his last on the 20th ult.

Mr. William Coleman, whose happy death took place on the 18th ult., at Athens, Pa.

Mr. Daniel Dwyer, of Newark, N. J., who passed away on the 22d ult.

Mrs. Catherine N. Burke, whose life closed peacefully on the 17th ult., in Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. Annie Costello, of Lowell, Mass., who was called to the reward of her fervent Christian life on the 19th ult.

Mrs. William Cassidy, who died suddenly in Syracuse, N. Y., on the 23d ult.

Mr. Louis Bonin, Mrs. Mary Mulville, and Mrs. Bridget M. Hacket, of Butte City, Mont.; Miss Mary Higgins, Thurlow, Pa.; Mr. Peter Lally, Havana, Ill.; Catherine O'Connor, Shannon, Ill.; William Haggerty, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Rogers, Tomhannock, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Duffey and Mr. John Daly, Newark, N. J.; and Mrs. Della E. Geason, Minneapolis, Minn.

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 Cause of the Ven. Curé d'Ars:

A Friend, \$1; Mrs. T. F. Shenk, \$5; Mrs. M. A. M., 25 cts.; Mrs. Anna Roach, 50 cts.; James McNamee, \$1; B. J. Macklin, \$1; Mrs. W. F. M., 50 cts.

For the Indian children's shrine of the Blessed Virgin at San Diego, Cal.:

"St. Louis," 50 cts.; A Friend, Everett, Mass., \$5. For the Ursuline nuns at Pryor Creek, Montana: Mrs. D., Iowa City, \$2; A Friend, Fall River, Mass., \$2; M. B. M., \$1; M. M., D. L., \$2; E. E. McK., \$1.

For the lepers in the Archdiocese of Mgr. Osouf: M. R., 50 cts.





*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Autumn Garland.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

THE roses are gone, my children,—
 The roses are withered, dead:
 There are no wreaths for the altar,
 No crown for Our Lady's head.
 And how shall we gladden her chapel
 As we did in the days of June?
 For the roses have gone, my children,—
 The roses that went too soon!

But here is a wreath of roses,
 That is sweet thro' the whole long year;
 And it blooms in the month when the flowers
 Are turning withered and sear;
 It's the chaplet of our Mother,
 It's the garland she loves best,—
 It is made of her living roses,
 Most beautiful, loveliest!

Sight-Seeing at the World's Fair.

X.—THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.



URELY if that genial old showman Barnum were to see the Midway Plaisance, he would acknowledge himself outdone; for it certainly is 'the greatest show on earth,'" remarked Uncle Jack the next morning, as he set out with his

party for this corner of the World's Fair grounds. "And yet," he added, "one may learn a great deal from this unique cosmopolitan town, where the representatives of many lands dwell upon one broad thoroughfare, together yet apart, preserving their own peculiar modes of living and curious manners and customs, and paying little attention to one another. The location was originally merely an avenue, six hundred feet wide and a mile long, connecting Jackson and Washington Parks. But, presto! from a quiet, grass-bordered driveway, it has become, as at the waving of a magical wand, a dusty, bustling street, lined with every kind of a habitation, from an Indian wigwam to a Turkish kiosk; thronged from morning till night with holiday-making promenaders, barterers, and venders; a street astir with life, where re-echo sounds of light laughter and gay voices, amid the din of strange musical instruments, and harsh cries and calls in all the tongues of Babel, one would think."

Our friends started upon their stroll through the motley metropolis. To their right, through the openings of a high picket fence, were to be seen the reed-woven tents of the Java village, and on the left the huts of the natives of Southern Africa. Next they came to the Japanese bazaar, which distributed itself enticingly in a succession of charming pagodas, where, beneath gorgeous umbrellas, amid back-grounds of embroidered screens and lacquer

ware, sat cross-legged mandarins, looking as if they were figures from the great vases come to life; while to the fore, maidens in quaint costumes of queer woven stuffs, with coal-black hair, stuck as full of pins as a pincushion—maidens who spoke our language with surprising fluency,—were disposing of cheap fans at fabulous prices.

"Oh, look there!" exclaimed Aleck.

They were now opposite to the Menagerie, or Animal Show; and, glancing up at the second story of the building, saw that it formed a cage, where several lions were moving to and fro with a majestic tread, which, however, seemed to have something ominous about it. In their midst stood their keeper, in a harlequin suit bespangled with gold and silver, with a whip in his hand. This was indeed a perilous performance; for his purpose seemed to be to arouse the anger of his charges, and for this he resorted to many petty annoyances—calling and then ordering them back; now snapping his whip, and again lashing it about peremptorily. Meantime the pace of the lions momentarily increased. One sprang upon the man; and Ellen gave a faint cry, fearing the creature was becoming unmanageable. But when the keeper spoke, it ceased growling, licked his cheek like a dog, and then crouched at his feet. The others were evidently becoming excited, however. They turned abruptly, snarled at him, and occasionally one or another emitted a sullen roar, which made the girls' hearts quail.

"Hal!" said Aleck, "the keeper appears very bold and fearless; but I notice he remains near the door of the cage now, and never for a moment takes his eyes off the lions."

When he had goaded them to seemingly the highest pitch of endurance, and they seemed ready to tear him limb from limb, with a bow to the spectators, he withdrew. Then the band struck up (our friends

soon discovered that every show along the Plaisance had a band of its own); and the man at the door, in his most persuasive manner, invited all to secure tickets for the entertainment about to begin within the arena, 'where the wild beasts roamed free, while the people would find themselves protected behind iron bars.'

Farther along they came to the German medieval village, with its castle and quaint, peaked-roofed houses; and then to the Turkish settlement.

"How delightfully Oriental!" cried Ellen, as they entered the latter quarter.

"This represents a street of old Constantinople," said Uncle Jack. "Yonder pavilion is a copy of the palace of the Caliph of Bagdad, and a fine specimen of Turkish architecture. Beyond is a waretent that once belonged to the Shah of Persia."

Here were Turks like the bearers of the sedan-chairs,—men with baggy trousers, red-embroidered jackets, yellow waistcoats and crimson sashes; and upon their heads the red fez, as invariable an adjunct of the follower of Mahomet as is his scarlet comb to the barnyard rooster.

One of these fakirs attracted special attention, as he stood in the doorway of one of the latticed-windowed dwellings, with a scymitar stuck in his sash, and his long moustaches waxed out straight, sharp and slender as a pair of rapiers. On his feet he wore red heelless slippers, which were overwrought with gold thread, and turned up at the end like a pruning-hook.

Presently Nora noticed coming toward them an old man in nondescript robes, carrying in his arms a funny little brown baby, probably his grandchild.

"There you see a real live Persian baby," said Mr. Barrett.

"Isn't it a cunning, wise-looking little child!" exclaimed Ellen. "How solemnly it stares at everything with its round, bead-like eyes!"

While the attention of the girls was engrossed by the baby, Aleck suddenly found himself confronted by a stalwart Zulu, in raiment somewhat scant, with head and shoulders like polished ebony, his sable visage set off by a white turban, and in his hand a long dart, or *assegai*. The apparition grinned, and the next moment disappeared in the crowd.

Passing the low archway that leads into the Street of Cairo and a gorgeous Moorish palace, our friends now came to the wonder of the Plaisance, the huge Ferris Observation Wheel, the axle of which is more than a hundred feet from the ground.

"This is the Eiffel Tower of the Columbian Exposition, although a much greater achievement than the work of the French engineer," said Mr. Barrett.

"Hi for a lark, to ride two hundred and sixty-seven feet on the rim of a wheel!" exclaimed Aleck.

"No doubt about its being high," interposed Nora, teasingly.

The great circle looked like a mammoth bicycle, as it hung between its two lofty steel towers. They saw suspended from its rim thirty-six passenger coaches, enclosed in glass and balanced upon great steel trunnion pins.

"Each of these coaches accommodates sixty passengers; thus two thousand one hundred and sixty persons may ride on the wheel at a trip. About six cars can be loaded or unloaded at the same time," explained a man in attendance.

"Well, shall we try the ascent?" suggested Uncle Jack. "The wheel takes twenty minutes to make a complete revolution."

"Not for worlds would I submit to being hurled into the air upon that gigantic iron skeleton," said Ellen, with a shudder.

Nora declined the invitation also; so Mr. Barrett secured places for himself and Aleck, and in a few moments the girls saw them borne upward as if in a vast air-ship.

"Don't let us watch it," said Ellen, nervously, turning away.

When they were rejoined by the aeronauts, as Nora called the two ambitious voyagers, Uncle Jack declared that from the most elevated point, when one was floating in mid-air, as it were, the view of the World's Fair grounds was magnificent.

"But the people looked hardly larger than flies moving about," added Aleck.

Neither was as enthusiastic as might have been expected, however; and the girls soon discovered that the experience, although exhilarating, was not entirely pleasant.

"Yes, I felt as if my last hour had come; and even Uncle Jack changed color when we were right overhead," Aleck declared. "But this is not surprising, considering that two women fainted, and a man grew so excited he wanted to jump out, and his friend had to hold him by main strength."

After a luncheon at the White Horse Inn, our party visited the ice-railway, and joined the merry company of children and grown people who, upon sleds and toboggans, were coursing over a great field of *real* ice.

"How splendid to have coasting in mid-summer!" exclaimed Nora, after they had enjoyed several turns. "One's feet and hands do not get stiff and cold; and here the sleds and toboggans go up hill as well as down, so there is no need of getting off at the end of the coast and trudging up to the top again."

A few steps beyond this frozen region, and they were in the ancient streets of Algiers, Tunis and Morocco, apparently amid sights and sounds which conjured up pictures of sheiks and caravans, of tall palm-trees and the burning African deserts. Here were rows of the singular Kahyle houses, and there an imposing building with a Moorish dome. The exterior walls of these edifices, being covered with the richly-colored and glazed tiles peculiar to

these countries, presented a charming and novel effect. Adjacent was an Arab tent village, like a desert encampment.

"They folded their tents like the Arabs, and as silently stole away," quoted Uncle Jack.

The nomads appeared to have no intention of stealing away for some time, though.

"Their white robes and turbans are certainly very picturesque," said Nora. "It seems that half the inhabitants of the Plaisance wear turbans."

The shops were redolent of sandal-wood, and rich Eastern fabrics were temptingly displayed for sale.

After purchasing one or two trifles, the girls followed their brother and Mr. Barrett along by the enclosure, above which rose the ancient-looking gables of Old Vienna, with their queer little windows that looked down into the street like sturdy old burghers, with a stare of surprise in their sleepy eyes. Everywhere on this interesting highway the ears and eyes of our young people had been diverted by the eccentric appearance and behavior of the strange people, who stood at the entrances of the villages, bazaars and side-shows, describing, in language more or less intelligible, and with the full force of their lungs, the glories of the things within. The Turks, who shouted from the towers and minarets the Mahometan call to prayer, and the fakir, grotesque, shrewd and joke-cracking, —each and all imperatively claimed attention.

But here they met with a contrast to this din and jargon. Before the gates of the fifteenth-century town stood two burly, silent personages, in the striking, medieval costume of the Austrian Tyrol.

"Ho, look at William Tell!" cried Aleck. "Two of them, by Jove! I suppose we shall be favored with a sight of the boy and the apple presently. But what have the old fellows done with the bow and arrow?"

"These are not doubles of the Swiss hero come to life," said Uncle Jack, laughing; "but representatives of the knights of the Middle Ages, whose fastnesses were in the Tyrolese Alps."

Each was clad in a parti-colored doublet trimmed with silver lace, knee breeches striped in yellow, red and blue, with long yellow hose and buskins of light leather; his hands were protected by gloves with wide gauntlets, embroidered on the back in gaudy colors; and upon his head he wore a cap of crimson velvet, adorned with a long white ostrich plume, fastened by a jewelled pin. He was armed with a strong lance, which he held erect after the manner of a sentinel.

"These mysterious, living statues change their pose every five minutes," explained Uncle Jack; "but never speak except to announce the passing of the hour by reciting, in a half-singing tone, some appropriate verse or proverb. The only interest they take in the crowd is to bow occasionally, as an invitation to enter, or to extend their spears in front of persons who attempt to get in without tickets."

Opposite to Old Vienna our friends found the Chinese Village, including a joss-house, or temple, and a tea-garden.

"See this notice, stating that the restaurant is conducted upon both the American and Mongolian plan," said Nora.

"I suppose it means that bird's-nest soup, rice à la chopsticks, and possibly haricot of rats, may be had to order," answered Aleck.

They also saw the Chinese Theatre, before the door of which an almond-eyed celestial, with shaven crown and a cue, robes as gorgeous as those of the acrobatic individuals upon paper fans, and a hat like an inverted chopping dish, sat beating a tomtom.

"Oh, look there!" cried Ellen, aghast.

Glancing in the direction she indicated, the others observed, standing before an open tent, a Hindoo, who was in the act

of taking a full-grown serpent out of a basket. As he held it up, they saw that it was ten or twelve feet long. To their horror, he began to twine the creature around his neck and shoulders, at the same time playing a tune upon a little flute. As the music proceeded, the snake coiled and uncoiled itself, thrust its head forward, and kept its tiny glittering tongue wriggling to and fro.

The girls shrank away from this exhibition in such haste that they hardly remarked the captive balloon near by; and would have taken refuge in the Dahomey Village, had they not been brought to a standstill by the sight of two black warriors, arrayed as for battle, on guard before the entrance. Through the palings, however, they had a view of a band of the dusky Amazons, in rude armor and with bare feet, engaged in a fantastic drill with battle-axes and spears.

At the door of one of the small huts of bark an old warrior sat curled upon a bench, *sewing*; and farther along another, with his head covered with a fur cap shaped like a candy horn, thrummed on a primitive little harp, singing in a shrill, high key a refrain which, whatever its import in Dahomeyese, could certainly be translated into nothing but discord to civilized ears.

In juxtaposition to this settlement from the west coast of Africa was the encampment of American Indians, with its wigwams, and chiefs in war paint and buffalo skins, eagles' feathers in their hair, and tomahawks in their hands.

Our young people saw the squaws going about with papposes strapped to their backs.

"Poor babies! How uncomfortable they must be, with their tiny kicking feet bound up so tight in those baskets!" said Nora. "How funny the little dark heads look, peeping over the tops of these queer cradles!"

Not far off several Indian girls sat at

the door of a lodge, deftly embroidering moccasins in bead-work; while, a stone's-throw away, their brothers practised with bows and arrows. Adjoining was a model of Solomon's Temple, and opposite the Lapland Village.

"The inhabitants are short of stature, you see," said Uncle Jack; "and have yellow skins, and straight black hair, which hangs about their faces."

Notwithstanding the warm weather, they were clad completely in furs, with great fur hoods, like a cowl, drawn over their heads. In the background, the Kendricks caught a glimpse of a herd of reindeer and several sledges.

(To be continued.)

A Little Celebrity.

The Czar of Russia has a little fellow at court who, though only nine years old, is his official pianist. He is a Pole, his name being Raoul Kaulkowski, and he has received so many gold medals and decorations that they almost cover the breast of his small jacket. When he plays it is not an unusual thing for all the ladies in the audience to rush forward and try to take him in their arms. This is very inconvenient for him; and, although quite polite, he often has to make known to his enthusiastic friends that he is present for the purpose of earning his money and pleasing his hearers, not to be embraced.

At a recent concert a lady in the audience threw him a rose, which he picked up and smilingly kissed. Taking courage from that, one of her neighbors threw a valuable brooch. This he handed back with a polite bow, as much as to say: "I draw the line at flowers, madam." Raoul has already begun to compose, and there is so much of the national character in his music that persons are reminded of the early work of the great Chopin.

OFFERTORY IN A \flat .

FREDERIC J. LISCOMBE.

Andante sostenuto,
pp L. II. *Rit.*

rit. *p* *rit. cres. f*

FINE. Swell organ.
dim. *rit.* *pp* *Ped*

rit.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a 2/2 time signature. The melody in the treble clef includes a fermata and a dynamic marking of *f*.

Second system of musical notation, including dynamic markings *dim.*, *p*, and *cres.*

Third system of musical notation, including dynamic markings *rit.*, *dim.*, and *p a tempo.*

Fourth system of musical notation, starting with a *Cadenza.* section.

D.C. to FINE, then to CODA.

Fifth system of musical notation, including dynamic markings *dim.*, *rit.*, *CODA. p*, and *pp rit.*



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

Vol. XXXVII.

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No. 16.

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The Rosary a Remedy for the Evils of Our Time.

A NEW ENCYCLICAL BY LEO XIII.



TN his new encyclical letter on the Rosary, dated auspiciously the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, the Holy Father begins by expressing the joy and consolation afforded him by the unanimous manifestation of faith and love from the Catholic world on the occasion of his Episcopal Golden Jubilee. It was to him a signal mark of divine protection over the Church, and also a new evidence of that loving care of the ever-blessed Mother of God which he has so constantly experienced during the long years of his life. With joy, therefore, he again commends to the faithful the precious devotion to which he has consecrated this month of October, and which has been so singularly blessed in the increase of piety and the practice of virtue among the faithful.

The Holy Father then proceeds to show that among the most precious advantages to be derived from the proper recitation of the Rosary are those which correspond in a striking manner to the needs of the individual and society at the present time; they are precisely blessings to be gained which will counteract the influence of

those great evils which in our day threaten nations and peoples. The chief causes of these evils, he says, are three: *Aversion to an humble and industrious life; horror of suffering; and forgetfulness of future good, which is the object of our hope.*

* * *

All, even the rationalist and the utilitarian, realize and deplore the deep wound inflicted upon the social body through the neglect of those duties and virtues which form the ornament of a simple life. Hence that spirit of independence among children, and impatience under any subjection save that of pleasure. Hence, too, among those whose condition obliges them to labor, that eager anxiety to escape from toil, that deep discontent with their lot, visionary schemes of amassing wealth, and those theoretical notions of an equal partition of goods among men. Hence have sprung disturbances in the social order—a general unrest, hatred and jealousy among different classes, flagrant violation of rights, constant efforts to excite strife and contention, attacks even upon those whose office it is to preserve public peace.

Now, a remedy for these disorders may be found in the Rosary, which consists in the co-ordinate recitation of certain prayers, accompanied by pious meditation on the mysteries of the life of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. For example, let the Joyful Mysteries be explained in a

simple, plain manner to the faithful, placing, as it were, before their eyes so many pictures and representations of the practice of virtue. Each one will find therein a rich mine whence to draw convincing and eloquent arguments, by which men may be easily led in the way of a moral and upright life.

We are in the Holy House of Nazareth, that home of divine and earthly sanctity. What a perfect model of family life is found therein! Simplicity and candor there reign,—perpetual harmony, an order ever perfect, mutual respect, and a love never false and deceitful, but real and active, delightful to witness. There will be found that thoughtful zeal providing for the wants of life; and that, too, *in sudore vultus*—“in the sweat of the brow,”—like those who, content with little, seek rather to be less in want than to possess more. In everything the Holy House reveals that peace of mind and joy of heart which ever accompany a good conscience.

Certainly, these examples of humility and modesty, patience in toil, good-will toward one's neighbor, the perfect fulfilment of the little duties which enter into daily life, and every other virtue, can not be meditated upon without being gradually impressed upon the memory; and little by little there will result a transformation in the thoughts and habits of life. Then each one's obligations will cease to be burdensome and distasteful; he will love them, on the contrary, and will find in their fulfilment a joy which will be a new stimulant to do good. As a consequence, also, manners will be refined, family life will be made more agreeable and more loving; intercourse with one's neighbor will be marked by greater sincerity, respect and charity. And if these changes in the individual extend to families, cities and to whole peoples, one can easily see what immense advantages will accrue to the commonwealth.

Another serious evil, which can not be too deeply deplored—for it increases daily, to the great injury of souls,—is the determined will to avoid pain and suffering, and not to bear with adversity. With the great majority of men, the reward of virtue, of fidelity to duty, of difficulties overcome, is not, as it should be, in peace and liberty of soul: they think rather of some chimerical condition of society, in which they will have no hardship to endure, but will enjoy at once every earthly delight. Now, it is impossible for souls not to be sullied when influenced by such an unrestrained desire for pleasure; and though they may not go so far as to become its victims, yet they become so enervated that when the afflictions of life befall them, they shamefully yield and soon miserably fall away.

Here again it may be hoped that, through the force of example, the devotion of the Holy Rosary will instil into souls greater courage and fortitude; this, assuredly, is the blessing which attends those who from childhood days have constantly applied themselves to a sweet, silent meditation on what are called the Sorrowful Mysteries. In these mysteries we are reminded that Jesus “began to do and to teach,”—that we find in Him, reduced to practice, all that He would teach us regarding patience and generosity in labor and suffering; so much so that He willed to suffer Himself all that was most painful to endure. We see Him prostrate beneath a weight of sadness, which oppressed His Heart so that “His sweat became as drops of blood.” We contemplate Him bound as a malefactor, judged by wicked men, reviled, calumniated, falsely accused of crimes; beaten with rods, crowned with thorns, nailed to the cross; judged unworthy to live, meriting only that a mob should clamor for His death. And to all this we add the thought of the sufferings of His Blessed Mother, whose soul was pierced by a sword, that she might merit

to be called the Mother of Sorrows.

Whoever frequently meditates upon these high examples of virtue must be inflamed with a desire to imitate them. Though for him the earth be accursed and bring forth naught but thorns and brambles; though his soul be oppressed with anguish, his body afflicted with maladies, —no suffering can come to him, whether from the malice of man or the rage of the demon, no adversity public or private, in which his patience will not gain the victory. Hence the proverb, "To do and to suffer is the mark of a Christian"; for to deserve the name of Christian, one must follow Jesus suffering.

But this patience is not the vain ostentation of a soul hardened against suffering, such as characterized certain philosophers of antiquity: it is that which has for its model Him "who, having joy set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame."* It is that patience whereby one, having asked of God the assistance of His grace, refuses no suffering, but rejoices therein; and, however great it may be, esteems it a blessing. The Catholic Church has at all times and in every place numbered, and now numbers, among her children multitudes of men and women, of every rank and condition, who, following in the footsteps of the Lord, have borne with courage, and in a spirit of religion, all kinds of injuries and afflictions, saying by act rather than in words, with the Apostle St. Thomas: "Let us also go, that we may die with Him."† May God grant that these examples of fortitude be multiplied more and more! They will be the support of civil society and the glory of the Church.

* * *

The third class of evils for which a remedy must be sought is peculiar to mankind in our day. In former times men, though passionately attached to things of

earth, did not despise heavenly things. Even the intelligent among the pagans looked upon the present life as a mere stopping place, in which they could have no fixed abode. Men at the present time, on the contrary, though instructed by Christianity, pursue the perishable goods of this life with such base eagerness that they seem not only to forget but even to seek to banish all thought of eternal happiness in a better country.

If we inquire into the causes of this evil, the first that presents itself is the fact that a great many believe that the thought of the future extinguishes patriotism, and tends to injure the prosperity of the State. This is an odious and senseless calumny. The truth is that the object of our hope is not of such a nature as to absorb the thought of man so far as to prevent all care for present good. Our Lord Himself in commanding us to seek *first* the Kingdom of God implied thereby that the rest need not be neglected. Indeed, the use of present good, with its accompanying proper enjoyment, when it serves as an incentive to or a reward of virtue; likewise the splendor and refinement of an earthly city, when it is looked upon as an image of the splendor and magnificence of the heavenly city, — nothing in all this is opposed to reason or the divine counsels. For God is the Author both of grace and of nature; and He has not willed that there should be a conflict between them, but that both, working harmoniously together, may lead us the more easily to that eternal happiness for which we were created.

However, pleasure-seekers and lovers of self, whose thoughts are so fixed on low and perishable things that they can not rise higher, rather than experience, through the enjoyment of visible creation, the desire of the invisible and eternal good, lose sight completely of eternity itself, and fall into the lowest depths of degradation. Nor could God inflict a greater punish-

* Heb., xii, 2.

† St. John, xi, 16.

ment on man than to permit him to forget the superior good, and pass his life in the pursuit of the lowest pleasures.

To such a danger will never be exposed one who piously recites his Rosary and frequently meditates upon the Glorious Mysteries. For these mysteries send forth a light upon our souls revealing those celestial treasures and beauty, which we may not indeed see with bodily eyes, but which we know by faith have been prepared by God for those who love Him. Therein we are reminded that death is not a destruction which leaves nothing behind it, but the passing from one life to another; and that the way to heaven is open to all.

The soul influenced by such thoughts can not but experience the sentiments of the great Saint who exclaimed, "How vile earth appears to me when I look up to heaven!" and is consoled by the reflection that a little momentary tribulation will beget for us an eternal weight of glory. In this is found the only true bond of union between time and eternity, between the earthly city and the heavenly city. By such thoughts alone can noble characters be formed. And if these characters grow great in number, society will be preserved in its dignity and grandeur; the true, the beautiful and the good will flourish after the likeness of Him who is the principle and the perennial Source of all truth, beauty, and goodness.

..*

Thus, concludes the Holy Father, we see the salutary power of the Holy Rosary of Mary, and what admirable remedies may be found in it for the thorough extirpation of the evils afflicting society. But these benefits will naturally be obtained in greater abundance by those who join one of the pious confraternities of the Rosary, by reason of their particular consecration to the Blessed Virgin. These associations provide special means whereby piety is nourished, and they are made serviceable to civil society. They

are as so many battalions fighting the battles of Christ through His sacred mysteries, under the guidance of the Queen of Heaven. And Mary, at all times and especially on the day of Lepanto, has openly manifested how agreeable to her are their prayers, their festivals, and their solemn processions.

It is, then, fitting that not only the sons of St. Dominic, for whom it is a special duty by reason of their vocation, but priests everywhere who have charge of souls, especially those who exercise the sacred ministry in churches where these confraternities have been canonically erected, should apply themselves with zeal to multiply such associations, and maintain them in all their fervor. Those engaged in missions and preaching the faith, either in Christian countries or among pagan and barbarous peoples, should also joyfully devote themselves to the same good work. Their exhortations will assuredly bear fruit, and numbers of the faithful will hasten to be enrolled in these confraternities, and draw from the Holy Rosary those precious advantages which have been mentioned, and which may be considered as its very principle and essence. Then the example of the associates will gradually lead the rest of the faithful to imitate them in their love and devotion to the Rosary of Mary, and seek to profit by its salutary treasures. This hope, says the Holy Father, is our support and consolation amid the gloom and evil of the hour. May it please Mary, the Mother of God and of men, the founder and Queen of the Holy Rosary, to hear our prayers and grant our supplications!

JESUS reveals Mary, and Mary in her turn leads to Jesus. As Dante sings:

Now raise thy view
 Unto the visage most resembling Christ;
 For in her splendor only shalt thou win
 The power to look on Him.

Through Sorrow's Seas.

IX.

MOTHER slept little that night. She was burning with anxiety about the letter which father had told Dr. Kerler had been written to her. It reached us on the following day, and imparted to our household all the warmth and geniality of summer sunshine.

"My dearest Louise," it began, "you do not know what it costs to be guilty. Ah! if you could read the depths of my heart, you would be surprised and would pardon me. For six months now that heart has been torn by remorse. Here in the solitude, far from Paris, its follies and its surroundings, I understand the full extent of the evil I have done. Lies and illusions no longer blind me. I see clearly at last; and I can not escape from the voice of conscience, continually upbraiding me with having wickedly wasted the time which Heaven gave me for the purpose of securing your happiness and my own. Error has vanished; and the truth, the terrible, menacing truth, occupies its place.

"My ruin, which I should have foreseen, is now complete; and I have to recognize it as my own work. It would have been easy to avoid it; you told me so a hundred times, and I would not listen to you. My former friends have abandoned me; those whose friendship I might have secured, I disdained. Here I am, far from that world of dissipation which I credulously imagined capable of affording me happiness. I would not rest content with the tranquil joys of home life, which you offered to me in such abundance. In abandoning them, I made a void in my heart. In trying to fill this void I hurried on from one reckless expense to another, ever drawing nearer and nearer to the abyss. My desires remained ungratified; instead of joys I found everywhere only sorrows. After a thousand deceptions, I felt that I

was crushed. And I did not even fall like a brave man: I took refuge in cowardly flight, basely leaving you alone to face the storm; and now 'tis to you, my victim, that I turn for consolation. You are too good and merciful to curse me; give me, then, your pity. Think of my bruised and broken heart; and, remembering the days when we were happy together, days when I loved you as you deserve to be loved, come to my relief.

"Speak to me of our children; tell me of yourself; let me know all that you have suffered, so that I may suffer it a second time with you. They say that suffering purifies the soul. May the saying prove true in my case!

"I am much alone here; I work unceasingly, and so earn my living. My life is yours; I am preserving it to repair the evils of my past career, and for that I count on the future. Oh, if I could only share my bread with you! Are you in want sometimes? Oh, that thought is horrible. And yet when I fled I left behind me more debts than you were able to pay.

"My thoughts are often with you and our little ones. I know now what I have lost. Shall I ever recover it? God grant that I may!

"Tell me where you are living, and what you do. Tell me everything—everything.

"I have received from good old Dr. Kerler a letter, which has proved of immense benefit to me. You must look upon him as our best and perhaps our only friend on earth.

"I have sent you, through a Marseilles banker, a little money. Do not fear to accept it. It has been honestly earned,—not at play, not by chance or skill, but by the sweat of my brow."

Although mother shed tears while reading these lines, she was far happier than she had been since long before father's departure; for now she had the assurance of his affection. Strange phenomenon of a

woman's heart! Mother had long since forgiven her husband's desertion; but on hearing this cry of a remorseful soul, she forgot the past completely. He whom she loved—whom, despite all, she had never ceased to love—could at any time by a single tear efface in her eyes all his faults; and there he was bitterly accusing himself and begging for pardon. To her he was no longer guilty; her only thought was to console and comfort him. "His martyrdom must not be prolonged," she said; "I will shorten it as much as possible."

In her reply, which she wrote without a moment's delay, she let her heart dictate the written words:

"O Arthur! how happy and miserable your blessed letter has made me! Yes, I have suffered because you were suffering; yet I can not regret your sorrow, since it proves that you still love me. That knowledge does me more good than you can imagine. I feel strengthened and comforted, thanks to you. The hardships one has endured become pleasures when those who love us make them the occasion of their love's increase. The sacrifices I have made have not been useless, since they have had the effect of rekindling your affection and of fortifying mine. I wept when you went away, and my tears were very bitter; those I shall shed on your return will only be the sweeter. For you will come back, will you not? Oh, yes, you will come back!

"France offers too many opportunities to necessitate your seeking them elsewhere. It is a mistake to suppose that you will be lowered in the estimation of your fellow-citizens because you will take part in the general activity. Work has never dishonored any one; idleness has ruined many.

"Do not be disturbed, dear Arthur, about our needs. God is above us; His Providence watches over your loved ones, and it will bring you soon to France. We have wanted for nothing so far; and if

Emily's health were better and you were here, our happiness would be greater than ever before.

"Let us forget the past and think only of the future,—of the day especially that will see us reunited. Ah, how I long for it! And when I can say that day is to-morrow, I shall have nothing further to ask for on this earth.

"Do not work too hard, my love; the fatigue may injure your health. Think often of your children, of your wife, of France. Return soon...."

I abridge the letter, which was as long as it was affectionate. Drawing from the inexhaustible well of her wifely love, mother poured copious streams of consolation on the troubled heart of her absent husband, who had indeed treated her cruelly, but—and this was sufficient to blot out the record—who loved her still.

From that blissful day joy revisited our humble home, and the happy experience of my childish years were renewed. I saw mother becoming little by little her old familiar self: her eyes lit up with their former brilliancy, her lips were wreathed with smiles once more, her cheeks took on their former bloom. As often as the long distance permitted, letters came and went between Paris and Calcutta. The sending of these letters and the arrival of their answers were the events of our lives at this period; and, despite the hundreds on hundreds of leagues that divided the correspondents, our hearts were drawing nearer and nearer to one another.

Emily contributed much to the happiness of mother; she anticipated her every wish, and flitted about the house like a ray of beneficent sunshine. During the long days that I spent at college she was at home, to drive away all saddening thoughts, all involuntary returns to the wretched past, all apprehensions as to the future.

When I returned from my classes in the evening, I joined mother and Emily

in a repast, frugal indeed, but partaken of in a spirit of interior tranquillity that lent to it an air of festivity. The little parlor in which we spent our evening was very simply furnished, but neat and cosy; and I recall it still with pleasure. Emily had determined to make mother regret as little as might be her privation of the country life to which she had been accustomed during the spring and summer months. My sister delighted in flowers and birds; and hence pretty cages hung in the windows, over flower-pots filled with variegated masses of bloom and verdure. "Here is our garden," said Emily, gaily; "'tis small, but already it requires a deal of attention." We always found a little springtime in this room, and every evening it was redolent of perfume and resonant with music. Emily seated herself at the piano, and I joined her in some simple duet; or, as a soloist, sang college songs, my stock of which was ever increasing. Mother was happy in listening to us; and our concerts were sometimes protracted till our only visitor, Dr. Kerler, would laughingly order us off to bed. Thanks to father's letters, to Emily's garden-aviary, to music, and the Doctor's visits, we were far from unhappy in a situation that possessed few elements of ease, and none of luxury.

We would have lived in this fashion until father's return; but, alas! happy days are numbered here below. Toward the end of the summer Emily's health, which for some time previously had appeared to be improving, again began to decline, and soon filled mother with anxiety. As I have already said, my sister's constitution was naturally frail, and too rapid growth had contributed to weaken it still further. Tall for her age, she was thin and pale; resembling one of those delicate flowers with long and slender stalks, that threaten every moment to be broken. You look at them warming their fragile petals in the glow

of the evening sun; during the night the wind rises, and in the morning the stem has broken and the petals touch the earth. Some such impression—a combination of love and fear, sorrow and pity—did my sister inspire. She, too, needed the warm sun to coax into bloom the flower of her youth; she could not withstand the wind and frost, and we trembled for her fate. Unfortunately summer was receding; and autumn, with its lugubrious moanings and those tears of Nature, the falling leaves, came on apace.

(To be continued.)

Bishop Neumann.

EDITED BY MARC F. VALLETTE, LL. D.

VIII.—(Continued.)

DR. NEUMANN'S love of his own Order led him to encourage its diffusion through his diocese by every means in his power. But his solicitude was not confined to the Redemptorists: all the teaching Orders he favored particularly; and we have his own testimony of his success in the following lines, written to a friend a few years after his consecration: "The number of religious institutes in the diocese is, I thank God, increasing. The Jesuits have reopened their college in a new and spacious building in the city; and the Sisters of the Holy Cross, from the Diocese of Le Mans, in France, are opening here an Industrial School for poor girls from the country."* He also obtained

* The Sisters of the Holy Cross labored for some time in St. Paul's parish, but afterward withdrew from the diocese. Their Industrial School, in West Philadelphia, has been continued by the Sisters of the Holy Child. Sister Ursula was then at the head of the institution. She was assisted by fourteen Sisters. These good *religieuses* had under their charge in this institution sixty boarding pupils, besides a day-school with eighty children, and a select school attended by sixty pupils.

Sisters of Notre Dame from Namur, and Ursulines from other parts of Europe.

The building of churches was the first duty of an American bishop at that period, and Dr. Neumann was too zealous for the honor of God to neglect the glory of His house. During the first five years of his government he opened the almost incredible number of fifty churches. His chief work was the Cathedral, dedicated to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, whose foundation stone had been laid by his predecessor, Bishop Kenrick, in 1846. In his very first pastoral Dr. Neumann recommended this great work to the generosity and zeal of his flock, and he had the consolation of seeing it finished before the end of his too short episcopate. There is no doubt that the Cathedral of Philadelphia is one of the finest Catholic churches in the United States. Of cruciform shape, 216 feet long and 136 broad, with three cupolas, of which the centre and largest, 210 feet high, surmounts the nave, while the two smaller cupolas overarch the side aisles, it is a most imposing structure, and an honor to the Bishop and Catholics of Philadelphia.

One of Dr. Neumann's most cherished desires was to introduce the devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration, then quite unknown in Philadelphia, and indeed in America. In one of the first synods that he held he proposed to introduce this beautiful devotion in all the large churches of the diocese, so that "no week of the year should pass without exposition of the Most Holy Sacrament in some church." His plan met with determined opposition. He was told that the Church in America was not ripe for a devotion which required many faithful and fervent Catholics, and was suited only to a country where our holy religion predominated. Again and again he renewed the subject, only to meet with the same reply. But an interior impulse urged the Bishop to persevere; and a singular incident which occurred

in the year 1853, and which he always regarded as a token of God's will, made him determine on overruling all opposition, and introducing the Forty Hours' Adoration at once into his diocese.

One night he remained up very late writing and sealing letters when his candle became extinguished and the work was interrupted. Hastily lighting a candle end that lay near him, he placed it on the table, and propped it up with the nearest papers and envelopes. While mechanically making this rather incautious arrangement, he was quite absorbed in the project of the Forty Hours, and in devising means to carry it out. Sleep overcame him, but this was no uncommon occurrence; for his night's rest was often taken in a chair when worn out by fatigue. After some time he awoke, and saw, to his dismay, that the candle end had burned out, and that his papers were smouldering. Those which had taken fire were only slightly blackened, and the writing was plainly discernible; yet the flame continued to flicker among those highly combustible materials, without doing them any material injury. The Bishop was so astonished that he never even thought of extinguishing the fire, but continued to gaze at it for some moments; then an interior voice said to him: "Just as this flame here burns without destroying or even injuring the writing, so shall I distribute My graces in the Most Holy Sacrament without any diminution of the honor due to Me therein. Do not fear any want of respect, and carry out your wish and desire."

Bishop Neumann immediately wrote the order for all the parish churches to have the Forty Hours' Adoration established; and to encourage his priests, he had the history of the devotion, and the rubrics according to which it should be carried out, printed in Latin and distributed amongst them. Two years later he received from the Pope a grant of all the indulgences for the Diocese of Philadelphia

which the Forty Hours' Adoration possesses in Rome. The first time it was held, in the Church of St. Philip Neri, the holy Bishop was seen there every hour he could spare, and his spirit of prayer deeply edified both priests and people. He opened the devotions whenever circumstances allowed; officiating at Pontifical High Mass, and ending with the litanies and procession as in Rome. He had the joy of seeing all the fancied obstacles melt away. The fervor of the people was remarkable, and the other dioceses of America quickly followed his example; so that at the present day there are hardly any that have not adopted this beautiful devotion.

With all this successful labor, Dr. Neumann remained the same simple, unpretending religious that he was before he was raised to the See of Philadelphia. Toward the end of his life he once said laughing: "Whenever I am addressed as 'Your Lordship,' I always turn involuntarily to see what dignitary is behind me; for I have never been able to accustom myself to the title."

He loved to be his own servant. He managed his large correspondence himself, though he was ever at the disposal of priests and laity for audiences. He arranged his own room, brushed his clothes and shoes, and accepted no menial services when he could possibly avoid them. He was ever ready to fill the office of porter. On one occasion, when the construction of the Cathedral necessitated the employment of the so-called Bishop's Chapel for a mission, he regularly opened the church door every morning at four o'clock to admit the faithful. He always breakfasted in the general parlor; and if the servant, not knowing he had come down, did not bring in his breakfast, he would take a piece of bread and butter, drink a glass of water, and quietly steal away without calling any one. His table was frugal in the extreme, and for him a meal was an exercise of mortification. State or cere-

monious dinners were real penances to him.

"I noticed," says a priest who often accompanied him on visitations, "that the Bishop was very gay and sociable whenever we dined simply and without pretence; he would jest and enliven us all by a thousand anecdotes. But when the table was elegantly served, and the dishes numerous and costly, he was taciturn, and left as soon as possible. One day we were entertained in the house of a wealthy Catholic; the viands were of the choicest, the wines of the best vintage; all that money could procure was made to minister to the entertainment. The Bishop was remarkably grave, and scarcely touched his food. Next day we dined in the block-house of a poor Irishman; the food was coarse, there was no drink but water; and the only thing that abounded was the cordial welcome and hospitality of the good host, who could not control his delight at receiving such an honor from his Bishop. The latter was all affability and condescension, and delayed much longer than usual over the repast. No greater contrast could be found to the grave, dignified prelate of the preceding day."

He wished to retain the habit of his Order; but as it was explained to him that this might cause misrepresentations, he gave it up, and contented himself with wearing it whenever he stayed with his religious brethren. His Bishop's soutane was of the poorest kind, and gave little token of his dignity. A Redemptorist Father who had lately arrived from Europe, to whom Dr. Neumann was personally unknown, met him one day in the house of the Congregation in Philadelphia, in familiar conversation with the Fathers. "Very odd," he thought, "that they should allow such common-looking people to be on such a footing in the community." What was his surprise to hear that the meanly-clad person he was reflecting on was the venerated Bishop of the diocese!

His extremely simple mode of life enabled Bishop Neumann, notwithstanding his narrow income, to give abundant alms. His purse was always open to the poor and needy; nothing in the house was secure from his generosity. If he had no money to give, he would seize on whatever he could find; new clothes, linen, and shoes were seldom long in his possession. One day a priest met him as he was about to enter a church where the Forty Hours' Adoration was in progress. The holy Bishop wore such a shabby coat that the priest remonstrated with him on his appearance. "My Lord," he said, "this is Sunday: for goodness' sake put on a more respectable coat!"—"How can I?" was the laughing reply. "I have no other." In fact, he had given his best coat to a poor man that same day.

Still, his observance of poverty never interfered with the pomp necessary for divine worship, and which is dear to every true bishop's heart. Of this the splendid buildings he erected bear proof; and while building them he still found many ways of aiding his beloved poor. When the façade of the Cathedral was being constructed, the Bishop went over one day to speak to the workmen and inspect their progress. The enormous blocks of stone lying about arrested the attention of a respectable Quaker who was passing, and aroused his indignation. "Friend," he said, addressing the prelate in the peculiar phraseology affected by the sect, "would thee not do better to give the money to the poor than to erect this magnificent building?"—"We are precisely giving it to the poor," was the calm retort. "We employ these poor laborers, and pay them good wages every Saturday. Is not that better than giving money to idlers and vagabonds?"—"Certainly. Thee may be right looking at the matter from that point of view," replied the disconcerted critic, who withdrew in confusion.

(To be continued.)

In Penitence.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

LORD, when the windows of my soul Thy gentle eyes would pierce,
I beat back their clear, searching light with gesture wild and fierce;
And when, O patient Christ! Thy knock at the close-guarded door
Of my proud spirit softly came, I barred it o'er and o'er.
But ah! to-day, though flinging wide the casements of my heart
To seek the pity of Thine eyes, I know not where Thou art;
And thus I call in vain where once untiring Thou didst wait;
Mine own destruction I have wrought, and so must bear my fate.

Even while she murmurs her complaint,
light fills her weary soul,
And from the floodgates of Despair backward the waters roll.
"It is my Lord!" she cries; and, prostrate,
greets Him, while the door
Of her wrecked life swings free, and angels enter in once more.

In the Path of Pioneer Priests.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

II.—A "NORTHERN CATHEDRAL."

THE third day of my tramp over the Black River hills was eventful, inasmuch as it was then that I first beheld—and I thought at the time I was the first white-man to behold it—one of those miracles of nature, which during so many centuries had been lost to the world. Imperial Titus left a majestic arch, which, after the Coliseum and the Pantheon, may be considered the grandest relic of ancient Rome. On that September day Simon and I passed beneath an arch

that will exist in its present perfection ages after the last stone of the Arch of Titus shall have crumbled into dust. Mighty are the monuments that stand by the Nile; stupendous the ruins unearthed by Sir Henry Layard at Balbec; mystic the gray round towers of the Gobhan-Saer,—but what are all these compared with this *natural* arch spanning a Northern creek? Long before the birth of man, in the dizzy cycles of unreckoned years, in the dimness of the old carboniferous epoch, it existed. Some prehistoric cataclysm, some volcanic upheaval, some Titanic giant at play, may have produced this mighty wonder. Its pillars will still be there, firm as the earth, long after Macaulay's notorious New Zealander shall have made his pencillings upon the broken arch of London Bridge.

In my later rambles, whether on tours of exploration or in search of game, I have often returned to this Northern archway. I liked to gaze upon the tiers of columns that, like the Finland granite pillars in front of the Church of St. Isaac in St. Petersburg, form a vista of wondrous beauty. The rock excavations seemed to me as extraordinary as those discovered by the Oriental traveller Doughty, in "Arabia Deserta." I found impressions—perchance they may be inscriptions in some unknown language—that would be as surprising to any contemporary American antiquarian as was the name of Laodikia on the slab of marble unearthed by William Cochran amongst the ruins of the seven cities in Asia Minor. It seemed to me that here were traces of a lost civilization as remarkable as any found in the land of the Montezumas.

Exteriorly this arch spans a chasm forty feet in breadth, and hangs over seventy feet above the waters of the little North River. It is about twenty-two feet wide and fourteen feet thick. From its concave side is suspended a row of stalactites, gradually decreasing in length

on either side; the centre one being about nine feet long, and the smallest less than three feet. On the convex, or upper side, is a corresponding row of stalagmites, resembling glass-tipped spikes upon a castle wall. As the autumn sun went down, and its rays shot through the archway and played upon these prismatic needles of rock, the effect was truly wonderful.

While I contemplated this unexpected scene for the first time, my guide Simon had tact enough to allow me a half hour of uninterrupted meditation. In the midst of my day-dream I was startled by the sight of an object that I had little expected to behold adorning that natural archway. Again and again I looked, inspecting it from different positions; but there it was, a perfect stone cross. Instantly my fancied glory in being the first white-man to tread this ground vanished forever. I was even beginning to suspect that the whole immense fabric before me was the work of man, when Simon came to my assistance. "You are surprised," he said, "to see a cross upon the apex of the arch up there." I confessed that I was somewhat puzzled. "Ah," said the old man, "there is a strange history connected with that cross! From here it looks like carved work, but up there you will find that it is made of three huge, rough stones. One is placed upright, the second is laid horizontally upon it, and the third is placed uprightly on the second, thus forming a cross. That cross tells a story of suffering and triumph."

Forty years, or it may be longer ago, when Ottawa; the present capital of Canada, was the little village of Bytown, Mgr. Guigues, the first Bishop of that portion of Canada, had his humble See at the junction of the Ottawa and Rideau rivers, within sound of the then giant falls of the Chaudière. There were no railways in those days, and the telegraph was unheard of. Travellers upon the Ottawa,

or Grand River, were obliged to go in the Union Forwarding Company's steamboats and stages. In that day it was a journey of seventeen hours to reach Pembroke, a distance now compassed in four. From Pembroke the shantymen, as the timber-makers were called, scattered in different directions—some continuing up the Ottawa, others ascending the southern tributaries, while still others struck out into the north. To reach their destination in the woods there were only two methods of locomotion: on foot or in a canoe. In winter time, however, there were rough roads for the *portageurs* who brought up the winter's supply of provisions for the lumbering depots. Once or twice every winter certain priests, whose mission it was to bring the light of faith to the Indian and the consolations of religion to the backwoodsman, set out from Bytown or Pembroke, and proceeded to visit the Indian camps and lumber shanties scattered through that forest wilderness. They travelled in sleighs or on snow-shoes during the cold months, and with their canoes upon their backs in the summer and autumn.

In the days of Bishop Guigues the principal missionaries in that almost unbounded diocese were the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. One of their community in particular has left his name as indelible upon the rocks of the Ottawa valley as is that of Marquette or Joliet upon the shores of the Father of Waters. From Bytown to the "height of land," in every village, wigwam and shanty, the very mention of Père Reboul was sufficient to insure safety and hospitality,—his name was talismanic in its effects upon the people of that primeval region. Father Reboul, with a companion, left Bytown every year about Christmas time—just when the sleighing was good and the ice solid,—and travelled until March from one shanty to another, bringing to the poor *voyageurs* the sacramental graces so much needed in their exposed lives. In the

summer he generally went in time to meet the timber "drives" as they floated down the tributary stream toward the Ottawa; or to meet the Indians of the North, who had been hunting and trapping all winter, and who generally descended with their furs to the settlements, where they expected to meet the traders.

It was during the warm months that good Father Reboul made his way up the Black River for the first time. As he was passing on toward the Cavreau he was informed that Teniketti and his band of Tête-de-Boules were camped upon the North River. Father Reboul immediately turned back and paddled his way toward them. It was a glorious opportunity for meeting some threescore of Indians, whose feet might not walk so near civilization for several years to come. It was then that this noble, courageous and indefatigable missionary came upon this Northern natural arch. And there, beneath its shadow, by the cool stream, under the swaying elms and trembling maples, sat the sixty children of the forest. It was in vain that the noonday sun shot its rays toward the earth: beneath the forest foliage and in the cool recess of the natural archway the aborigines squatted around their fire, and ate, smoked and chatted.

After taking "pot-luck" with the Indians, the priest baptized ten children, married three couples, heard the confessions of nearly all present, and preached a lengthy sermon in the language of the tribe. In honor of their having met the priest, the Indians resolved to have a day of rest and enjoyment. This suited Father Reboul's purpose; for there were some few among the Indians who were uninstructed in the faith. During the night the two priests were kept busy instructing these, and preparing them for baptism. On the morrow, at sunrise, Father Reboul went up to the natural bridge, and in the very centre of it he caused a huge upright stone to be placed, and another horizontally

upon it, forming a pretty rough-looking letter T. Upon this altar the enthusiastic missionary said Mass; while below in that vast amphitheatre, beside the stream and beneath the trees, in presence of that Northern marvel of nature, the whole band of Indians looked upon the greatest of all miracles—the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. After the Mass Father Reboul caused a third, but smaller, stone to be placed upon the one that had served as an altar, and thus the cross was formed. He was the first priest to ascend the North River, and his Mass was the first ever celebrated in that wilderness of trees. Many of the dusky children that knelt, as the Host was raised, were gazing for the first time upon the Adorable Sacrament.

Ever afterward Father Reboul loved to go back to his Northern Cathedral, as he called this place; and several times he repeated the Holy Sacrifice upon that primitive altar. Since then the lumberman's axe has cut down nearly all the valuable pine in that part of the country; the advance of civilization has thinned the game; and, in consequence, the North River route has become almost unknown. The timber cutter passes on to some more inviting section of the country; and the Indian has ceased to hunt there, and comes no more to meet the Hudson Bay Company's agent. The district is deserted by the white-man, the Indian and the wild beast; but Father Reboul's Northern Cathedral remains, and it shall remain as a magnificent monument to the memory of the brave priest who first bore the torch of faith to the valley of the Ottawa.

Imagine that scene: the Indians kneeling in the valley, and gazing up in wondering and child-like faith; that glorious work of the Creator for a temple; the rough rock for an altar; the rising sun shooting his burning rays over the tops of the trees, and playing upon the stalagmites of the archway; in the centre of all the majestic form of Père Reboul, his head

uncovered, his grey locks floating upon the morning breeze; and holding high above him the Sacred Host for the adoration of those wandering Indians.

When Simon Obomsawin had ceased speaking of Père Reboul, I looked again at the archway. The sun had almost disappeared; methought I caught a glimpse of the Oblate missionary standing before this altar of rock. As a child I had known Père Reboul, when he was growing very old. He has long since gone to his eternal rest, to meet the spirits of the poor Indians and *voyageurs* whose conversion and salvation were due, under God, to him. Simon and I knelt beneath the cross-crowned archway of the Northern Cathedral, and united in a *De Profundis* for the eternal rest of Père Reboul.

(To be continued.)

A Mission in Maori-Land.

FOUNDATION. — INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES. — STRANGE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. — PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MISSION. — AN APPEAL FOR HELP.

MY DEAR FATHER:—During my hurried journey across the United States of America on my return to my far-distant mission in New Zealand, I had occasion to note the great interest that the few words I spoke here and there awakened in Catholic breasts, in the great work of the Propagation of our holy faith, and in the sad history of the race of Maoris, the aboriginal inhabitants of the fair island of New Zealand. While in New York I was interviewed by a representative of the *Herald*; and the notice that appeared in the columns of that journal, as well as the notices in many other papers on occasion of my lectures before Catholic audiences, afforded unmistakable proof of a widespread interest on the subject of Catholic missions.

In offering, therefore, to the readers of

THE "AVE MARIA" a short outline of the history of my struggling mission, I feel sure that I shall have many attentive readers, old and young; and, what is of still greater importance, sincere sympathizers and willing helpers.

The island of New Zealand is situated in the quarter of the globe farthest removed from the civilized regions of Europe and North America. It lies in the Southern Hemisphere, in the broad expanse of the South Pacific Ocean, and is the exact antipodes of Spain. Much might be said of its delightful climate, its extraordinary fertility, and its wonderful mineral resources; but I pass over these more or less familiar topics to dwell on the aspect of the missions—the history of Christianity in New Zealand.

The natives of New Zealand are called Maoris. They are an intelligent race of men, who came hither, probably from Hawaii, some five hundred years ago; exterminating the savage warriors they found here, but retaining, it would seem, a certain number of the women, with whom they intermarried. At the period when New Zealand was visited by Van Diemen, and later on by Captain Cook, they were a fierce and warlike people, given to the constant practice of inter-tribal wars, with all the horrible concomitants of the most barbarous savagery, including cannibalism.

At the beginning of the present century New Zealand came to be frequented by adventurers, attracted by the gain to be derived from its fisheries, which swarmed with whales and seals. Fascinated by the salubrity of the climate and the fertility of the soil, a number of these adventurers decided to settle amongst the Maoris; and their ranks were recruited by not a few escaped convicts from the British penal settlement of Botany Bay in Australia. Later on a number of Protestant missionaries took up their residence in Maori-land, and did not fail

to secure extensive lands, which to this day form a profitable endowment for the Wesleyan and Anglican Church missionary societies.

At the request of the venerable Archbishop Polding, the first Catholic Bishop of Australia, Pope Gregory XVI. thought well to divide the immense regions confided to his pastoral care, and to erect a new vicariate, under the name of the Apostolic Vicariate of Western Oceania. I may here mention, for the consolation and encouragement of the members of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith, that, thanks to the vivifying grace of God, and the assistance so generously given by that worthy Association, this vast vicariate has proved a fruitful field for the planting of the faith. Fifty years' patient toil on the part of the missionaries has resulted in the subdivision of this single vicariate into three vicariates and four dioceses.

In 1836 John Baptist Francis Pompallier was named by Gregory XVI. to be the first Vicar-Apostolic of this region. He was one of a zealous band of French priests who were instrumental in the foundation of a missionary society at Lyons, which has since developed into the distinguished Society of the Marist Fathers, and to whose indefatigable zeal and intelligent labors the evangelization, not only of New Zealand, but of a great portion of Oceania, is chiefly due. Indeed, if my Diocese of Auckland, with its large Maori population, has not made the progress and achieved the results that have been obtained in other parts of the original vicariate, it is mainly attributable to the fact that the Diocese of Auckland was, in the year 1849, deprived of their zealous and whole-hearted ministry.

But to return to the year 1836. Bishop Pompallier left France with five Marist missionaries. One of them—Father Bret—died from the hardships endured during the journey; for at that time it took a

year to reach New Zealand; another was left at Futuna, one of the islands of the vicariate; and this apostle has recently been proposed for the veneration of the whole Church as the proto-martyr of Oceanica, the Blessed Father Chanel; still another—Father Batallion—was left in charge of a group of islands, of which later on he became the first Vicar-Apostolic. Bishop Pompallier himself, with the two other priests, continued his journey to New Zealand. They landed at Hokianga, a fine inland harbor on the west coast of that part of New Zealand which now forms my Diocese of Auckland. Here they found a warm-hearted Irishman, named Thomas Poynton, who at once placed himself and his home at the disposition of the missionaries; and his knowledge of the Maori language, of the people and of the country, was most providential.

These zealous pioneers of Catholicism found themselves at last in this distant land, with its primeval forests, its beautiful bright skies and fertile soil; but peopled, alas! with benighted human beings, purchased indeed with the Blood of Jesus Christ, but still "sitting in the shadow of death," and enthralled by the powers of darkness. Here as yet Christian faith had to replace heathenish superstition, Christian hope to inspire the savage breast with heavenly aspirations, and Christian charity to transform cannibals into men worthy of their race.

However, the arrival of these apostles of Jesus Christ was far from welcome to certain so-called ministers of the Gospel who, as I have said, had already settled in the neighborhood. The spirit of hatred and persecution that has always animated heretics reigned supreme in their hearts, and the old weapon of calumny was called into requisition to repel this "aggression" of the Catholic Church. The good Bishop and his priests were represented to the Maori savages as dangerous

enemies. They were depicted as emissaries of an avaricious potentate (meaning the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth), whose object was to get possession of their lands and liberty; and it was darkly hinted that if the Maoris would continue to enjoy liberty and happiness, these new arrivals should be got rid of. This opposition on the part of men calling themselves Christians and ministers of the Gospel was wholly unsuspected by the Bishop, and but for the loving care of Providence it might have proved disastrous.

Shortly after the Catholic missionaries had taken up their temporary abode in the home of Thomas Poynton, the Bishop had risen early one morning, and was reciting his breviary in the open air. He found himself unexpectedly surrounded by about thirty Maori savages, whose tattooed faces and sullen looks betokened anything but a friendly visit. Not wishing to show any sign of fear, the Bishop continued the recitation of his breviary until the chief addressed him (through his Irish interpreter), and demanded who had invited him to their land. With the eloquence and gesture of a Maori orator, the chief informed the Bishop that their ancestors had lived there for many generations; and that as the object of his coming was not to trade with them, but to introduce a new doctrine and overthrow their time-honored traditions and customs, they intended to treat him and his companions as enemies, not as friends.

Here, then, seemed to be an end to all the hopes and visions of an apostolic career. The threats and menaces of cannibals are not to be made light of; but the missionaries of Jesus Christ are not faint-hearted men, and the Bishop undertook the difficult task of making a reply that would satisfy his unreasoning audience. He addressed them as his friends, assuring them that he was no enemy, and had no unfriendly intention; that if he had not come to trade, he had come to put

them in possession of the priceless treasure of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; that he wished to see in them reasonable beings, endowed with human hearts; but that in their determination to treat him as an enemy, without the slightest provocation, without proof, and in spite of his assurances of sincere friendship, they were not dealing with him either justly or reasonably; and that therefore he would counsel them to adopt another plan. He would ask them simply to wait a little while, and watch his actions and those of his companions; then if they discovered any sign of unfriendliness, they might open hostilities; but if his assurances of amity were verified, he and his companions should be treated as friends.

Now, the Maoris are an intelligent race; and this reasoning of the Bishop, sound and simple, had a wonderful effect. The savages agreed that the words of the Bishop were true and just; and they therefore determined on biding their time, and proving the sincerity of their long-robed visitors. Need I say that a very short time sufficed to prove the unselfish policy of those who, in imitation of their Divine Master, had come solely to "save that which was lost," and to impart faith, hope, and charity to those who had never known the marvellous effects of these divine virtues?

Now, I have it on the authority of Bishop Pompallier, corroborated by the oral testimony of Thomas Poynton himself (who died only last year), that the intention of the Maoris on the occasion of that early visit was to have placed the Bishop and his companions in a canoe without oars, without sails or food, and then to have cast them adrift on the ocean, and thus to get rid of their troublesome presence in New Zealand. Fortunately, on this as on many other occasions "man proposes and God disposes."

And now let me describe in a few words one or two of the Maori customs still in

vogue. I will say nothing about the once common practice of cannibalism; for—thank God!—that lowest excess of barbaric depravity has entirely ceased, and is a subject of shame and regret to our poor, dear Maoris. The practice of tattooing themselves, however, is still in vogue. In the case of the men, the whole face is tattooed; whilst only the chin and lips of the women are marked, and sometimes their names are inscribed on their arms. The process, especially for the men, is really a terrible martyrdom to vanity. The first step in the process is to eradicate every hair of the beard. This of course requires time: it is too painful an operation to be performed at one sitting. When in course of time "the ground is cleared," and a smooth surface is procured, the next manœuvre consists in making a design with a pigment, which, in the judgment of his admiring friends, is deemed becoming and suitable to the *contour* of the warrior's features. This result being achieved, the third operation consists, not indeed in merely pricking the skin as sailors are wont to do when they tattoo some design, more or less elaborate, on their chest or on their arms, but in literally chiselling the design into the flesh. This produces the ridges, more or less palpable, that mark the man for life. As this operation is frequently too complex and painful for one sitting, it is wonderful to note how severely the endurance of the Maori chief is tested in submitting to the repetition of this most painful process until the work is complete. Whilst the incisions are still fresh and unhealed, the final process consists in rubbing into them the juice of a certain plant, that imparts a blue tinge to the sculptured lines and curves which, in European estimation, so disfigure the otherwise regular and well-formed features of the Maori people. The practice is, however, beginning to fall into disuse.

Another singular custom which is still in

full force, and which strikes the European mind as singular and ludicrous, is the Maori manner of salutation. They never dream of embracing or kissing one another, however intimate or closely related they may be. After all, these methods of manifesting mutual good-will are purely conventional. The Maori fashion enjoys at least the distinction of uniqueness; for the two natives who wish to testify their mutual affection approach and rub their noses together. This custom is of daily occurrence.

The Maori "tangi" also impresses Europeans as a remarkable ceremony. The "tangi" is a kind of lamentation over the memory of their ancestors, which is indulged in not only on occasion of funerals, but also when the members of the different tribes pay one another a visit, or when a reception is accorded to a visitor whom they wish to honor, as has happened over and over again to myself when visiting their settlements. They range themselves in a circle. Silence is the order of the day, but it is presently interrupted by a singular wailing sound, proceeding from the women of the party, and taken up by the men. A plaintive "wee-wee-wee-wee," a peculiar sound, is continued by the whole assembly; presently tears begin to flow in abundance, men and women evincing an equal facility; and this may continue for ten or fifteen minutes, as long as the chief thinks proper. The wailing then ceases, the tears flow no more, mutual greetings are indulged in, and, according to circumstances, the proceedings take a festive turn.

It is a thousand pities that European civilization should not have brought in its train greater benefit to the Maori race than has actually followed from it. Unfortunately, the civilization of the British Empire—backed up by the enterprise, the capital and the irreligion, or at best the maimed Christianity, of a Protestant nation—is not a model civilization.

The material improvements that follow in the wake of a civilized race are undoubtedly great. The dormant resources of the country are developed, and nature is made to yield up the wealth that has been locked up for ages. The advantages derived by the white-man are undeniable, but what about the aboriginals?

Theoretically, the advent of civilizing influences ought to be of great advantage to Nature's untutored children. The dawn of Christianity ought to herald an epoch of enlightenment and of prosperity for peoples hitherto deprived of its quickening influences. Christian civilizers should be the teachers of their less favored brethren, both by word and example; but, alas! the old, old story is unfortunately repeated, and theory and practice do not go hand in hand. We have but to contemplate the march of civilization in America, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand; and though the march is a grand one, as regards the material interests of the civilizers, it is far from beneficial to the children of the soil. The practical outcome of the pervading tide of European settlement for them is indeed the correction of the extreme excesses of savagery, such as cannibalism, internecine and perpetual warfare; but expatriation, moral degradation and extermination are invariably counterbalancing calamities.

These reflections are the result of my own experience in New Zealand. I am compelled to declare that in the case of the exceptionally intelligent race of Maoris, Protestantism has been a complete failure; and my conviction is that if the Catholic Church had had the same opportunities for dealing with the Maoris that Protestants have had, the result would have been far different and far more satisfactory. In proof of this statement my readers are referred to the extraordinary contrast between the Catholic and Protestant missions within the limits of the Apostolic Vicariate of Western Oceanica. Bishop Pompallier

and his Marist Fathers left home and country simply and solely to Christianize the savages. In course of time New Zealand became a British colony, and was thereby brought under a strong current of Protestant influence. Making due allowance for the numerous vicissitudes which befell the Catholic mission in New Zealand later on in the Sixties, and to which I will shortly refer, what is the actual state of the missions of New Zealand as compared with the condition of the natives of the rest of the vicariate, which did not come under Protestant influences? The Maoris as a race are not Christians; those who from various motives of interest call themselves Protestants, whether Episcopalians or Wesleyans, are by no means remarkable for either sobriety or morality. Indeed the Government takes no cognizance of Maori marriage, polygamous or incestuous. It has not thought it well to interfere with old custom; there is no improvement on this head, except amongst the Catholic Maoris. The attitude of the race is one of sullen subordination, without activity, without aim. In 1836 they numbered some 100,000, they are now reduced to 45,000.

Now, side by side with this sad picture, what do we see in the remaining portion of Bishop Pompallier's vicariate? In the island of Futuna, where the Blessed Father Chanel forfeited his life, how fully has Tertullian's saying been verified: *Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum*,—"The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians!" The natives there have greatly increased in number, and are without exception Catholics. They are virtuous, happy and prosperous. The same wonderful transformation is seen in the island of Wallis; and if equally happy results do not obtain in the Sandwich and Friendly Islands, though there, too, the faith has a firm hold, the reason must be sought in the unchristian influences of European trade and intercourse. Without doubt, the

Catholic Church is the most successful civilizing power the world has ever seen; and in proportion as civilized nations withdraw themselves from its allegiance, in the same proportion do they fall back again into the errors and excesses of heathenism. But to return to the history of my mission, which I must narrate as briefly as possible.

During the first years of the Marist Fathers' missionary labors, their success was indeed brilliant. Bishop Pompallier informed the Sovereign Pontiff in 1848 that he had as many as 20,000 Maoris either baptized or preparing for baptism. The disturbances that arose between the natives and the colonists in 1845, and which culminated in the declaration of war, did not improve the outlook for the Maori mission. The division of New Zealand into two dioceses, and the withdrawal of the Marist Fathers to the Diocese of Wellington, was indeed an unfortunate event for the Maori mission in the North. Later on in the Sixties, protracted hostilities between the colonists and natives eventually ended in a general rejection of Christianity, and a return to their old superstition under the name of Hauhauism, whilst the misfortune of the Maori mission culminated in the death of Bishop Pompallier. The widowed Diocese of Auckland then entered on a protracted period of spiritual desolation. It was for years without a bishop, and in great measure without priests. Hope revived when the present illustrious Archbishop of Cashel, the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, was made Bishop of Auckland; but this hopeful prospect soon collapsed when he was promoted to the ancient See of Cashel. Years passed by, and meanwhile the progress of Catholicity was hampered. Not until 1879 was a successor named, in the person of the venerable Archbishop Steins, S. J., whose apostolic career in India had shattered his health, and who came to New Zealand to die. Three years

later the writer of these lines—a Benedictine monk, who believed his vocation to be in the seclusion of the cloister—obeyed the summons of Leo XIII., and, placing his trust in Providence, undertook the burden of governing a large diocese, where the European and Maori flocks had been so long neglected, where but one priest was left to care for the abandoned Maoris, and where many others were required for the increased number of Europeans.

Well, the Divine Shepherd has blessed the good-will of both priests and people. Missionaries for the Maoris have been provided by the excellent Josephite Society of Mill Hill, London. Priests and religious have come hither to take charge of the white missions. Churches, schools, houses, have been built and sites acquired; but (ah, that unfortunate particle!) the Bishop, after having taken upon his shoulders a heavy debt, still sees much more that remains to be done. However, in the midst of his labors he is not without a lively hope that the pious readers of *THE "AVE MARIA"* will be mindful of the difficulties, the reverses and the needs of his far-distant mission in New Zealand; and he begs them to co-operate in the great work entrusted to him by sending their offerings, great or small, to the Rev. Editor to whom this letter is addressed, and who will take care that these welcomed donations reach their destination in due season.

"Thy Kingdom come" is the prayer of every follower of Jesus Christ. To extend that Kingdom of faith, hope and love, "even to the uttermost part of the earth," is the sacred mission, dear Rev. Father, of Yours very sincerely in J. C.,

✠ JOHN EDMUND LUCK, O. S. B.,
Bishop of Auckland, N. Z.

Notes and Remarks.

Recent investigation tends to prove that Mecca is the hot-bed of the cholera scourge, and that devotees returning from the tomb of the Prophet furnish the chief means of its dissemination. It is clear, then, that the Mahometan pilgrimage, however the devout Islamite may think his soul affected by it, is by no means salutary for his body. Contrast this state of things with events at Lourdes, where sin-sick hearts are cleansed, and a miraculous flood heals diseases of the flesh as well! Just after the National Pilgrimage this year there arrived at the far-famed Grotto a stranger from the East in gorgeous uniform. He proved to be an officer in the service of the Shah of Persia, and he had come to Lourdes in fulfilment of a vow. When the cholera raged in Teheran, he promised that if his family should escape the dreadful scourge, he would make a pilgrimage to Lourdes "to thank the Virgin of the Christians." His family was spared, and he immediately set out for France. A Persian journeying to a Christian shrine to thank the Blessed Virgin for deliverance from the ill effects of a pilgrimage to Mecca is a wondrous sight, and one well calculated to impress the Moslem mind.

In an article entitled "The Childhood of Jesus," by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke, in the current number of *Harper's Magazine*, occurs this notable passage:

"The perfect manhood of Him whom all Christendom adores as the Son of God was matured and molded in the tender shelter of the home. It was there that He felt the influences of truth and grace. To that source we may trace some of the noblest qualities of His human character. And yet, if there is anything which Christendom appears to be in danger of losing, it is the possibility of such a home as that in which Jesus grew to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ... The false and cruel conditions of industrial competition, and the morbid overgrowth of great cities, where human lives are crowded together to the point of physical and moral suffocation, have raised an enormous barrier between great masses of mankind and the home which their natural instincts desire and seek. The favored classes, on the other hand, are too much alienated by false standards of happiness—by the

It is an immense mercy of God to allow any one to do the least thing which brings souls nearer to Himself.—*Faber.*

mania of publicity, by the insane rivalries of wealth—to keep their reverence for the pure and lowly ideals of domestic life. A new aristocracy is formed, which lives in mammoth hotels; and a new democracy, which exists in gigantic tenements. Public amusements increase in splendor and frequency, but private joys grow rare and difficult; and even the capacity for them seems to be withering, at least in the two extremes of human society where the home wears a vanishing aspect."

A Catholic might treat this subject from another point of view, and express himself differently; but the fact remains that the home is in danger, and that it is the mass of earnest people, who are neither princes nor paupers, to whom we must turn for a preservation of that institution which was hallowed by the blessed influence of God's Mother and the sacred presence of Him who walked the earth a little Child.

It is a genuine pleasure to present to our readers this week a communication from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Luck, O. S. B., of Auckland, New Zealand. It gives a most interesting account of his Maori mission, and furnishes information concerning the country and its original inhabitants which will undoubtedly be new to most persons. Only a true missionary could write such a letter, and we feel sure that it will touch the heart of every reader.

Although the times are hard and there are many demands on our charity, we trust that Bishop Luck's appeal for his "dear Maoris" may be heeded, and that many of our readers may be induced to drop something into THE "AVE MARIA" Contribution Box for the benefit of this needy mission in Maori-land. The appeal is made in the name of Our Lady of the Rosary, who surely will not fail to bless those who thus honor Her.

After-dinner oratory has qualities of its own: it must be characterized by felicitousness of thought, grace of expression, wit, and brevity which is said to be the soul of wit. We have never heard the Rt. Rev. Rector of the Catholic University praised as an after-dinner speaker, but he is undoubtedly one of the best impromptu talkers in the United States; and he always has something to say better deserving of remembrance than most speeches made at banquets, when people are

not disposed to be exacting, but appreciative and indulgent. Though too wise to be too witty, Bishop Keane has all the requisites of the after-dinner speaker, besides a charm of personality all his own. During his stay in Chicago he was prevailed upon to lecture at Evanston, Ill., and thereby delighted a large audience assembled in St. Mary's Church. His subject was "The American of the Future," and his treatment of it bore out his well-deserved reputation for pleasing and persuasive eloquence.

In every discourse that Bishop Keane delivers, besides the general impression, there is something special, which the reporters are sure to "gather in," and the audience to applaud and carry away. Touching on the duties incumbent on the younger generation, in his lecture at Evanston he said:

"Two duties devolve upon the American of to-day: First, to keep America what God has made it, and to keep away from it those three great curses—national animosities, despotism in all its forms, and religious hostilities. The second duty is so to mold the character of the rising generation that it in turn may rightly guard the sacred deposit, and hand it down unimpaired to posterity. Give the young a Christian education. This must, in the nature of things, be accomplished by the combined influences of Christian homes, the Christian Church, and Christian schools."

It was no surprise to hear that these stirring words were applauded to the echo. The Catholics of Evanston are proud of Bishop Keane's speech, which is still a subject of discussion among them and their non-Catholic friends.

We beg to remind certain correspondents that the Columbian Parliament of Religions is now a thing of the past. If good results from it, as many persons hope, we shall, of course, rejoice thereat.

The condition of Italy is becoming every day more deplorable. The Government continues its policy of persecuting the Church with unabated rigor, and the land of the Popes is now witnessing scenes more disgraceful than any which characterized the German *Kulturkampf*. The Holy See, for reasons good and sufficient, has refused to the Government the privilege of nominating

the Patriarch of Venice; and the Ministry has retaliated by withholding the *exequatur*, without which no prelate is permitted to exercise his functions, from forty bishops whom His Holiness lately appointed to various sees in Italy. There are at this moment eighty vacant bishoprics in that country, which can never be filled while the present obstruction policy continues. Two solutions of the difficulty immediately present themselves. God may, as of old, strike a mighty blow for the deliverance of His Church; or the misguided politicians of the Quirinal may yet come to realize that the existence of law and order in Italy is dependent on the influence of religion.

On the shores of mournful Molokai, the scene of his heroic life and death, stands a new-made monument to the martyr-priest, Father Damien. It is a large stone cross, the gift of the National Leprosy Fund of Great Britain, and occupies a prominent position at Kalaupapa, where all that pass by the way may behold it. Better than all monuments in marble, more appropriate than all castings in bronze or silver, is that emblem of sacrifice, to commemorate the heroism of him whose days and nights were full of toil, whose life was a slow, monotonous martyrdom. Most fitting, too, was the benediction of this cenotaph with holy water and incense, typical of the purity and sacrifice which characterized the life of Father Damien. The base of the monument is inscribed with these words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

It is no extraordinary circumstance for the Holy Father to impart a plenary indulgence to a person in *articulo mortis*, but it is not often that he adds: "Go to Paradise,—another saint!" This unusual tribute was bestowed upon the late Father Bernardine of the Incarnation, for nearly sixty years a member of the Order of the Most Holy Trinity, who died last month in Rome. In his early days he was a distinguished preacher, remarkable for the extraordinary fruits which his sermons produced among the people. To his eloquence and profound learning he united the greatest humility, charity and gentleness.

His heroic virtue was proved by prison, exile and persecution; and won for him the admiration of the great, and—what he valued more—the reverent love and confidence of the poor. On the morning of the funeral it seemed as if all Rome had thronged round his bier for a last look upon the beloved features; and when the coffin had been removed, large numbers knelt to kiss the spot whereon it stood.

The Holy Father, of course, used the epithet "saint" in a restricted sense in his message to Father Bernardine; but the prevailing impression throughout Italy is that he has merely anticipated by a few decades the process of canonization.

The editor of the *New World* in a recent issue makes a learned defence of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, in reply to some scribbler in the *Independent* writing of "Mariolatry in Spain." Judge Hyde concludes his article by remarking that no man or woman ever praised the Blessed Virgin more than she deserves. We should say rather that it is impossible for any creature adequately to honor Her whom God Almighty honored so highly. There is no danger of praising the Mother of Christ too much, but of honoring and imitating her too little. It is not to be wondered at that Protestants fail to understand our devotion to Mary, believing so little in the divinity of her Son.

The Scripture says that the number of fools is infinite; but there are wise men for all that, and one of them died lately at Yorktown, N. Y. His name was Griffen—Jesse H. There is something suggestive of the ancient philosophers in a passage of his will, quoted by the *Catholic Review*. It bears date 1888:

"I desire that my corpse may be put in a plain walnut coffin without any silver plating, . . . and that no tombstone be erected where my mortal remains are deposited in the earth. For I have noticed that people in moderate circumstances are often distressed by trying to follow the example of others who make expensive displays at funerals; and tombstone honors are a truer indication of the vanity of the living than of the virtue of the dead. If in passing through this life I can do anything for which posterity will be better and happier, it will be

sufficient monument to my memory. If I fail in this, let no marble slab bear witness that one so worthless has lived."

It is recorded of some Roman sage that he was accustomed to say he would rather posterity should ask why a monument was not erected to his memory than why it was. The name of Jesse H. Griffen deserves to go down to posterity, and it will be said that he was deserving of a monument above his fellows,—a wise and good man in a foolish and perverse generation.

The present Lord Mayor of London, as our readers are aware, is a devout Catholic, and he has often made emphatic profession of the faith that is in him. The Bonn correspondent of the *Germania* relates that during his visit to that city the Lord Mayor asked as a privilege to be allowed to serve Mass in the chapel of the University. He performed this duty with great devotion, to the no small edification of those who were present. Sir Stuart Knill is not the first of the world's heroes who esteemed it a high favor to kneel upon the altar-steps; but this incident, though seemingly a trifling one, is in reality very significant. It affords the truest insight into the man's character, and ranks him with England's great Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, and our own Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

The new Kenrick Seminary at St. Louis was opened last week with appropriate ceremonies; and the Lazarist Fathers, to whom the education of the young levites of the Archdiocese has been entrusted, were formally installed. The venerable Archbishop sees in the completion of the new Seminary the fulfilment of a long-cherished project in this the evening of his life. There is a pretty and a well-merited compliment in the thought of a Seminary named after a prelate who has worn out both mind and body in the service of God; and the Seminary itself is happy in the possession of a name so illustrious in the Church of America.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Cleveland anticipated the new Encyclical by issuing a short

pastoral on the devotion of the Holy Rosary, which we find in a recent issue of the *Catholic Universe*. "We express the ardent desire of our heart," says Bishop Horstmann, "that the Rosary may become the habitual devotion of every soul entrusted to our care, and find a place in every family, as a public profession of faith and love for the Virgin Queen of Heaven. Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us!"

One gets the impression from this earnest pastoral letter that the Rt. Rev. Bishop knows the excellence of the Holy Rosary from personal practice, and his desire that it may become an habitual devotion among his flock is in accordance with that of the Holy Father for the whole Catholic world.

Time and again we have had occasion to brand as a gross imposture a prayer alleged to have been found in the tomb of Our Lord, and to which a number of superstitions attach. This spurious document having been reprinted, with a fictitious endorsement by "Rev. Bishop *Gilmore*, Cleveland, Ohio," we once more denounce it as an outrageous deception.

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:

Sister Mary Ernestine, of the Sisters of St. Francis, whose happy death took place at Glen Riddle, Pa., on the Feast of St. Francis.

Mr. John Springer, who met with a sudden death at La Fayette, Ind., on the 9th ult.

Mr. Louis Roquvert, of New Orleans, La., who breathed his last on the 22d ult

Mrs. E. Bourgeois, of Memramcook, N. B.; Mr. T. J. Roche and Miss Alice Rafferty, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Susan W. O'Connor, Windsor Locks, Conn.; Mr. Anthony McNally and Miss Catherine Muldoon, Philadelphia, Pa.; Katherine Talbot, New Haven, Conn.; Mary McGrath, Somerville, Mass.; Mrs. Margaret Hyland, Milwaukee, Wis.; James, John, Bridget and Martin McLaughlin, and Mrs. Mary Broghan, Muskego, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Cullen, Newark, N. J.; and Mary L. Duffy, Taberg, 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. *

A Lazy Scholar.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

“TWICE two are four—
 I’ll just peep out the door.
 The golden poppies are in bloom:
 Oh, how I hate this stuffy room!
 I—”

Teacher: “Shut that door!”

“Twice three are six—
 What darling little sticks!
 Where did you get them, Mary Belle?
 Down there behind the Mission well
 My—”

Teacher: “Drop those sticks!”

“Twice four are eight—
 Jane Wynne is coming late.
 Lavinna Jones is prompting Lil—”

Teacher: “Nell, if you are not still
 I think you’ll *go* home late.”

“Twice five are ten—
 The door’s ajar again.
 I love those poppies—”

Teacher: “Nell,
 You idle girl, stand up and spell
 Ten words—demerits ten.”

“What shall I spell? D-i—
 Oh, what a curious fly!
 L-u-t-e—there’s Father May!
 He’s laughing,—that’s a holiday;
 I’m glad enough to *fly!*”

Sight-Seeing at the World’s Fair.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XI.—A STREET OF CAIRO.

NOW that we have made the
 tour of the world on a small
 scale, suppose we go back to
 old Cairo?” said Aleck.

Accordingly the party re-
 traced their steps down the
 Plaisance, until they came
 to the arched gateway in the wall which
 shuts in a bit of the Orient, apparently
 caught up out of the heart of Egypt, and
 transported just as it was, with all its
 details of daily life, to our Western City
 of Wonders, which, to the impassive
 Moslems so suddenly set down in our
 midst, must seem indeed in these days
 the Mecca of all the nations.

A ready disbursement of *backsheesh*
 (coin) proved the open sesame to this
 mysterious portal; and our friends found
 themselves, so far as the testimony of sight
 and hearing could be relied upon, within the
 confines of the metropolis of the Khedive.

“Isn’t it all delightfully strange and
 picturesque!” exclaimed Ellen, as they
 paused a moment to contemplate the
 scene.

They stood at one end of a street so
 narrow that it was like a mere lane or
 passage. Upon either side were houses

two or three stories in height, and seemingly of parti-colored marbles, stone, and sun-baked brick; the latter tinted in the soft, faded tones of yellow and rose, which blend in so harmonious a picture beneath the intense blue of the skies and the brilliant sunshine of tropical countries.

These fascinating exteriors were inlaid with Oriental plaques, and tiles of curious designs and coloring; the lintels above the queer little latticed windows adorned with quaint mosaics, arabesques and hieroglyphics; and over the pointed and round arched doorways verses from the Koran were inscribed in Eastern characters. A short distance farther along, the thoroughfare widened into an irregular open space, at the entrance to which arose the lofty minarets and dome of a mosque, or Mahometan temple, an imposing specimen of Turkish architecture.

The whole town was evidently in holiday array; for, stretched from the second-story lattices from one side of the street to the other, hung rows of little square bright flags, each bearing a white crescent and a star, the device of the Ottoman Empire.

"Look just like red cotton handkerchiefs, don't they?" said Aleck.

Uncle Jack laughed; but the girls being disposed to regard their surroundings from a romantic point of view, did not appreciate the comparison.

These decorations were varied by others strung in garlands across the casements of the curious little bazaars that occupied the groundfloor of every dwelling, and over the window-sill counters of which one could accomplish any amount of shopping without once leaving the street. There were tiny banners, also of Tyrian hue if not dye, upon which one caught a glimpse of the historic horsetails of Turkey—triangular white pennons, edged with green, and emblazoned with the sun and armed lion of Persia, and a flash of yellow and blue streamers, with golden scimiters here and there.

"It would seem that we had chanced upon some especial festival, were it not that every day is a gala day here during this auspicious summer," said Mr. Barrett.

The quarter was alive with people; and although among the throng were a few European and many American strollers like themselves, there was also a sufficient representation of the motley tribes of the delta of the Nile, as well as of the inhabitants of the nations bordering on the deserts, to encourage the illusion that they were indeed in the Land of the Pharaohs. Here were swarthy Arabs and Egyptians, in flowing white garments and mantles; pseudo-pashas, robed and turbaned in rich silks of many colors; the ubiquitous Turk, in showy zouave costume and the inevitable fez; Persians, Kabyles, Bedouins, Soudanese and Nubians. Their occupations, too, were as foreign as their aspect.

Yonder a dragoman, clad in a brown cotton gown and wearing a green turban, was leading a dromedary. His feet were bare, and his appearance suggestive of a dusty journey across the burning sands. Near by, a juggler amused a little knot of sight-seers by his marvellous tricks; and beyond, a diminutive donkey boy prodded his small and freakish animal, and shouted in Arabic as it set off at a trot with its rider—a little light-haired Chicago girl, who must have felt at that moment as if half of the circumference of the earth were between her and home.

"This street is a reproduction of the ancient Bein el Kasrein, in the City of the Caliphs," said Uncle Jack. "Here we are, shut in from our prosy everyday world by the walls of gorgeous palaces, bazaars and mosques, and surrounded by types of the strange races and the primitive modes of travelling mentioned in the Scriptures. Before us is the passing pageant, familiar to those who have visited Egypt. In the history of that wonderful land Cairo ranks as a city still in its infancy, although founded in the time of the Crusades. The

picture here presented, however, to a certain extent, and exclusive of the Mahometan worship, which is but as a mushroom growth, represents the world's most ancient civilization. Cairo is like a great khan, or Oriental inn, at which the traveller stops to rest on the way to Heliopolis, the city mentioned in Genesis, which had existed a thousand years in the age of Moses, and before the temple of which stood the famous obelisks known as Cleopatra's Needles, that in our day have been transported to London and New York."

"It all seems so real I am inclined to ask that driver to bring a second dromedary, and take us out for an afternoon at the pyramids," remarked Aleck.

As in most ancient towns, there were no sidewalks. The middle of the street being intended for pedestrians and four-footed travellers indiscriminately, our friends were several times brought face to face with great, loping camels,—one carrying perhaps a portly citizen of our grand Republic, in a light-colored suit and derby hat; another, two or three young people, girls or lads, who were determined upon "doing" the Plaisance thoroughly. Again, they were warned to get out of the way by a shrill call in Arabic, as a lively little white or grey jennet scampered by, with some timid wee maiden, the darling of an American home, clinging to the gaily ornamented saddle; or a small boy of the species Young America, who, bent on showing his skill as an equestrian, sat bolt-upright, clutching at the donkey's shaggy mane, and enjoying the jolting immensely, although looking decidedly uncomfortable; and bringing up the rear, was always either a turbaned driver or a funny little black urchin, who yelled and gesticulated and capered about, as if a fit subject for a lunatic asylum.

Our party paused at the stand to which these returned with their passengers.

"Mam-ma! mam-ma!" cried, with a peculiar intonation, a dusky, middle-aged

Egyptian, as he glanced around in a perplexed manner and then back at his charge, a fairylike little creature of maybe five years of age. At a repetition of the call, a fashionably dressed lady darted away from one of the booths, and, brushing past him, caught up the pretty child and set her on the ground.

"Go 'long, Ta-ra-ra Bom-de-ray!" shouted another driver, proud that he could say so much in English, and giving a vigorous thrust to a suspiciously sedate white donkey, that winked one eye in a way which made Nora suspect him of being capable of perpetrating upon a too confiding rider any prank or practical joke that might occur to his fertile fancy, or tingle in his obstreperous hoofs.

"Whoa there, Christopher Columbus!" called a third, in a voice so piercing that it might have arrested the course of the great navigator himself, although it did not appear to disturb in the least the equanimity of his humble namesake.

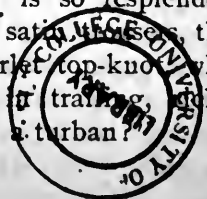
Alas! 'such are the usages of fame,' there was a Shakespeare too; the lyric and dramatic stage were represented by a Patti and a Mary Anderson; while a particularly frisky little beast was dignified by the name of Methusalah.

"Oh, see!" exclaimed Ellen, suddenly.

A tiny, impish equestrian had come into view. He was perched upon a white jennet no larger than a dog of average size, and rode in a careless, rollicking manner; ever and anon responding to the cheers of the spectators by wheeling round in the saddle and doffing his mite of a red fez.

"Is this a little dried-up Egyptian mummy resurrected?" laughed Nora.

"A monkey, by jingo!" ejaculated Aleck; "and the proudest pasha of them all apparently. If he is so resplendent in those baggy blue saris, that round jacket, and scarlet top-knot, what would he look like in a trailing, richly embroidered robe and a turban?"



They stood watching the antics of the monkey until a diversion occurred. This was the return of one of the dromedaries. Its burden consisted of two middle-aged country-women,—one stout and good-natured, the other grave and sharp-featured.

“How are they going to get down?” queried Nora, gazing up in wonder at the long-legged animal.

The dromedary soon solved the difficulty. With a lurch that nearly sent his riders over his head, he bent one knee and sank to the ground; then, almost before they had recovered their balance, he repeated the performance with the other foreleg. The stout woman screamed, the scrawny one gasped convulsively. A similar programme pursued by the hind legs tilted them from side to side in the opposite direction. Another exclamation, which was something between a titter and a half-suppressed shriek; another gasp, and the dromedary was lying, with his feet doubled up under him, as he would be portrayed in a picture of a caravan resting at an oasis of the desert. The dragoman then assisted the ladies to alight.

“Land alive, I’m shook most to pièces!” exclaimed the stout woman, with a jolly laugh.

“It’s worse than the rack, I reckon,” replied her angular companion. “Only for your sake, Margaret Ann, I never could have been persuaded into trying it.”

Margaret Ann accepted this evidence of friendship with another laugh.

“Won’t you have a ride?” asked Uncle Jack of his party.

“I will,” answered Aleck.

Ellen shook her head, but Nora said she would like to see how old Cairo looked from the back of a donkey.

Mr. Barrett finally engaged one for each of his nieces—Ellen having been persuaded to accompany her sister,—and they set off; Aleck following on a camel, which was gaudily caparisoned. At his side tramped the driver—a picturesque

figure in a black robe, with a red scarf wound around his head; while the girls were attended by two little Kalybe boys, whose blue cotton gowns reached almost to their bare brown feet, and whose small white skull-caps appeared to be glued to their heads.

The tour of the town was made without special adventure, except that Aleck picked up an uninvited companion during the trip. The monkey, seeing him passing along in state, with a rustle and a bound sprang up on the camel’s hump, to the delight of all beholders, and took a place beside him. After repeated efforts to get rid of this persistent *attaché*, Aleck began to enjoy his company, and had much sport with him.

Having returned to the stand, our friends dismounted. They next made the round of the bazaars, in which they found many fascinating curios. Here were specimens of Assiote ware—pottery made of red and black earth and turned on a wheel; jugs, water-stoups, and vases; fly brushes with ivory handles; gauze scarfs embroidered with the words of Persian benisons; cases of silver or brass to be worn in the belt; silken head-shawls, Oriental bracelets and anklets; little coffee-cups, Arabian finger-bowls, and the queer mosque shoes without which no one is permitted to enter a Mahometan house of prayer.

Nora and Ellen bought as souvenirs several pretty little perfume bottles, decorated with Arabic characters in many colors, and filled either with attar of roses or essence of sandal-wood. As they concluded their purchase, they were rejoined by Aleck.

Next they looked in at the mosque.

“I believe this is supposed to be a reproduction of the famous El Azhar, which is a great university as well as a temple,” said Mr. Barrett.

Beyond a porch, the walls of which were adorned with carved work, many-

tinted traceries and strange inscriptions, they saw a central court open to the sky. There, squatting in groups upon the pavement, were a number of boys in blue, black or brown gowns, but all wearing white turbans. They were conning their lessons; and as they studied they bowed their heads continually, according to the Moslem custom.

"A school-boy of Cairo has no time to be lazy, since he is obliged to learn 'by heart' every word of the Koran," said Mr. Barrett.

The mosque itself seemed to be merely a hall built of alternate blocks of pink and white marble, and richly adorned with arabesques. In one corner was a niche, before which burned a row of small hanging lamps. Before it several turbaned followers of the Prophet, kneeling upon prayer rugs, were engaged in their devotions.

When our party turned back to the street once more, it was filled with new sounds, and the rumor spread that there was to be a wedding procession after the manner of the Orient.

Presently there was a clangor of musical instruments, and the crowd began to separate, leaving the centre of the thoroughfare open. The reason for this was soon apparent. A stalwart and fierce Nubian, in gorgeous livery, and armed with a staff resembling that of a drum-major, was vigorously clearing the way for the pageant.

Behind him, upon a camel gaily caparisoned, came a brown Egyptian, arrayed in a semi-military uniform, and brandishing a scimiter. His demeanor was studiedly haughty and disdainful. And, as he turned his head superciliously from side to side, he glanced down at the spectators, as if they were so much dust beneath his camel's feet.

Next came three other men on dromedaries; then the band. And *such* a band! Here was a fellow with a tomtom, which

he pounded as if intent upon smashing it to atoms; beside him a second musician was blowing with all his might into a wind instrument that had two pipes; a third clashed his cymbals with great spirit; others played upon reeds, tinkled triangles, and beat the kettle-drums, which were hung around with little bells. In short, it was plain to be seen that everyone was determined to make as much of a racket as possible.

Then came the friends of the bridegroom; and, upon a dromedary decked with gold-embroidered trappings, the bridegroom himself, in splendid raiment; and posing as the proudest of the proud, upon whom all eyes were fixed.

Following him were four palanquin bearers, with a rich palanquin, curtained on every side with crimson and golden hangings; other camels laden with presents for the bride; and last several attendants carrying a gorgeous canopy.

Having traversed the street, the procession stopped at a house near the entrance gate; and the band redoubled its efforts, with a result calculated to break even the spell that held the Sleeping Beauty bound in slumber, and cause her to awake with a shriek.

The wedding festivities being supposed to have occupied several days, there was a commotion at the door of the dwelling, and several veiled women came forth. In their midst was the bride, a squatty, ungainly figure, draped from head to feet in a veil of bright scarlet, which of course entirely concealed her features.

"How strange it seems to us that the forehead and eyes should be left uncovered, and only the lower part of the face concealed by the folds of the long veil!" said Nora. "And yet it is evidently almost impossible to recognize a person so disguised. The bride is unusually well muffled, though; isn't she?"

Now began the return of the procession, the escorting of the bride to the home of

her husband. Again the cavalcade wound through the street; the servants, musicians and guests; the bridegroom, prouder and more ostentatious than ever; the presents and the palanquin; and last the women relatives, and the bride, who walked alone beneath the brilliant canopy.

"She appears quite composed," said Uncle Jack; "but perhaps that is not surprising, since she is married to her doughty bridegroom every day of the week; and, moreover, it is only a sham wedding, after all, like a marriage on the stage."

At the end came a train of attendants, carrying chests, shawls, household furniture, cooking utensils, and the various appurtenances essential to housekeeping in an Oriental country.

"It is as good as a circus parade," admitted Aleck, as our young people turned away to buy some photographs from the photographer of the Khedive. After this they peeped into the tent of Khalil Nada, the great Egyptian conjurer, saw the dancing and howling dervishes, and then bade farewell to old Cairo.

(To be continued.)

An Amusing Experience.

M. Pechantre, an admirable writer of plays, had once a most amusing experience. His business frequently called him into the country, where he was in the habit of dining at a certain inn, whose host was obliging, but, perhaps from unfortunate experiences, suspicious. One day, after M. Pechantre had left, a waiter took to the landlord a slip of paper which had been found near the plate of the departed guest. On it were these words: "Here I will kill the King." There was much writing besides, but this phrase was enough.

Now, there was a King of France on the throne in that far-off day, and the eyes of the landlord fairly bulged out of his head as he reflected that he had doubtless been entertaining an arch-traitor, bent on the assassination of that monarch.

"How did he appear?" he asked the waiter, in trembling tones.

"Very absent, sir, and his eyes were wild."

That settled it. The landlord hastened to tell his story to the chief of police, who, upon hearing that M. Pechantre would without doubt pay another visit to the inn before many days, cautioned his excited visitor to wait until that time with as much equanimity as possible.

It was not long before the dramatist again asked for a dinner at his favorite hostelry; but instead of a meal he was served with a summons to answer to the charge of high-treason, and conducted before the chief of police. He began to laugh.

"Just look at this proof," said the innkeeper, pushing the paper before him.

"Why, if there isn't the sheet of my notes that I thought lost! I am writing a tragedy. This is the place where Nero is to be killed. I have the rest of my play with me. Would you like to hear an act or two?"

The chief of police had no desire to listen to tragedies.

"We have had the comedy, sir," he said; "and I have another engagement. I hope you will enjoy your dinner."

PLEASURE may fill up the chinks of life, but it is poor material out of which to build the framework.

THE fear of appearing like a fool has prevented many a one from acting like a hero.

It is a true saying that words sometimes hurt more than swords.



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

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After Sleep.

When I awake after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it.—Ps.

SMBLEMS of death around us lie.
 Sleep, and the darkness, and the night,
 The falling leaf, the fading light,
 The simplest brook that murmurs by,—
 All speak decay and change, and seem to say,
 "Passeth the fashion of this world away."
 And one more change awaits the just—
 The change to splendor out of dust,—
 The glorious body from the vile,
 Which no decay can touch or sin defile.
 Thou great Unchangeable! who didst create
 Man in Thine image, so wilt Thou provide,
 That man, from sleep to his eternal state,
 Wake in Thy likeness, blest and satisfied.

Notre Dame de la Déliverande.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

LA DÉLIVERANDE may be reached either by rail from Caen or by a carriage road from Bayeux. We preferred to reach this sanctuary by the latter route, which, while it is longer, has the advantage of giving the pilgrim a more complete idea of this fertile, smiling district of Normandy.

Leaving Bayeux, whose stately Cathedral is a gem of Gothic architecture, we follow

a road that lies within sight of the sea. The coast is neither grand nor strikingly picturesque, yet it holds great charm for the traveller. The green meadows and flowering orchards come very near to the water's edge; in the early spring primroses grow in abundance in the hollows of the cliffs, their yellow clusters forming soft patches of color close to the blue sea. We pass Arromanches, once a fishing village, now a bathing station of growing importance; Fresné St. Côme, with its little church standing solitary on the cliff, and its manor-house half hidden by two rows of fine old lime trees; Asnelles, where buried in the sands are the remains of the once famous Forest of Querqueville. According to tradition, William the Conqueror ordered a quantity of trees to be cut down in this forest to build ships for the Conquest of England.

A turn in the road brings us to Ver, a small village with a lighthouse. Before entering the single street leading to the church, a field surrounded by a tumble-down wall marks the site of a cottage, which was destroyed only a few years ago. During the dark days of the Reign of Terror the cottage was inhabited by a fisherman named Grain, a good Christian and a brave man. One evening two strangers, heavily cloaked, and evidently intent on avoiding notice, knocked at the cottage door. They were warmly received by the fisherman, and one of

them especially seemed to inspire him with feelings of peculiar reverence and emotion. The next morning at daybreak Grain and his guest might have been seen putting out to sea in a fishing boat, and a favorable wind brought them in a couple of hours alongside a large vessel that lay at anchor. The unknown traveller after exchanging affectionate farewells with his humble friend was taken on board; and before the little fishing craft had returned to Ver, the ship had disappeared beyond the blue horizon.

The fugitive who thus sought assistance from the Norman fisherman was a priest, and but a few months before he had been connected with one of the most pitiful royal tragedies of modern times. It is well known that when Louis XVI. ascended the scaffold, on the 21st of January, 1793, he was attended by the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont, whose exhortations and prayers supported him to the last. When the King's head fell under the knife of the guillotine, his confessor was heard to exclaim: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" Henceforth, as might be expected, he became an object of suspicion, and at last he was forced to fly from Paris. He first found an asylum at Bayeux, then at the old Château de Colleville-sur-mer, whence he was conveyed by his host, M. de Marguerye, to Ver; and there, as we have seen, he embarked for England.

About two miles out at sea, extending from Fresné St. Côme to Ver, is a long line of rocks, which become visible in the spring-tide. These are the famous rocks du Calvados, which give their name to the Département, and against which some of the ships of the Armada were wrecked three hundred years ago. The deep water on each side of the rocks is still called La Fosse d'Espagne; and pieces of iron, cannon-balls and bullets have been found by the fishermen who cast their nets in the neighborhood of the Calvados.

At some distance beyond Ver are the

wide, green meadows through which the river Seulles winds its way to the sea; then comes Courseulles, and its little harbor, whither English and Norwegian vessels bring coal and timber; and its famous oyster beds, well known throughout France. The country beyond is flat and unpicturesque, but highly cultivated and very fertile. As we beheld it on a bright May morning, the fields of red clover and of yellow colza contrasted with the green of the young corn, and gave variety and color to an otherwise uninteresting landscape.

After passing a series of small sea-side stations—Bernières, whose inhabitants distinguished themselves during the Terror by their charity toward the hunted priests; Luc, Laugrunne and St. Aubin,—the traveller perceives the twin spires of La Déliverande rising against the sky, above the corn-fields; and in a few moments he reaches the village that has grown up by degrees around the pilgrimage church.

The original chapel built on this spot, was, it is said, founded by St. Regnobert, Bishop of Bayeux, about the year 168; but, like the churches of Bayeux and Caen, it was subsequently destroyed by the Norman invaders. Every reader knows how, before obtaining possession of the country to which they eventually gave their name, the descendants of the sea-kings spread desolation and terror throughout the west of France. A special invocation was added to the litanies to implore God's help against the terrible Northmen—*A furore Normanorum, libera nos, Domine!*

Two hundred years later, the savage invaders, humanized and softened by the influence of Christianity, had become the enlightened and munificent protectors of the Church; and under their patronage arose the Romanesque and Gothic churches, which are the pride of Normandy to this day. It was about this time that the shrine of la Déliverande, among others, rose from its ruins.

According to ancient tradition, this celebrated sanctuary owed its restoration to an incident somewhat similar to that which gave rise to Notre Dame sur Vire: the discovery of a statue of Our Lady in a field. The proprietor of the meadow seems to have been a certain Count Baudouin de Douvres, and it was he who in the eleventh century built a chapel, which was destroyed only within the last fifty years. The bishops of Bayeux, the priests and laymen, the rich and poor, seem to have vied with one another in contributing toward the decoration of the shrine, and the ancient archives tell us of the popularity enjoyed by Notre Dame de la Déliverande among her faithful Norman children. During the wars of religion, it is true, the Huguenots stripped the chapel of its ornaments; but peace and order were speedily re-established, and new offerings poured in to adorn the little sanctuary. In 1617 and the following years the concourse of pilgrims was such that the church had to be considerably enlarged.

The old records give us a quaint picture of the devotion of the medieval Normans to their holy Patroness. For instance, among the duties imposed upon the Lord of Gosseville toward his liege lord, the Seigneur of Bailleul, was that of leading the Lady of Bailleul's horse by the bridle whenever she visited the pilgrimage chapel of la Déliverande.

A Cistercian monk of the Abbey of Aunay, in Lower Normandy, tells us that pilgrims from Brittany, Picardy, and Anjou came in great numbers to la Déliverande, and that over forty Masses were said in the chapel daily. The religious orders of Caen were in the habit of visiting the chapel once a year in solemn procession; and in 1635, when a terrible disease ravaged the city, the Capuchin Fathers came on foot, forty in number, and carrying heavy wooden crosses, to implore Our Lady's assistance.

Several royal personages may be numbered among the pilgrims. Louis XI. and Louis XIII.; the Grand Duchess of Florence and princesses of the house of Guise; Marie Joséphe of Saxony, wife of the Dauphin and mother of Louis XVI., came to pray before the ancient image. In 1767 a beggar clad in rags, but whose countenance was striking by its supernatural purity, knelt for long hours in the chapel. When he left it, St. Benedict Joseph Labre—for it was he—was immediately surrounded by the inhabitants of the village, who were all desirous of receiving him under their roof. We are told that he accepted the hospitality of the poorest and humblest amongst them.

Our Lady seems to have rewarded the confidence of her clients by unusual favors, and the ancient archives give us on this point many touching details. A merchant from Normandy, having fallen into the hands of the infidels in the sixteenth century, was miraculously delivered, after promising to visit the pilgrimage chapel,—a promise which he scrupulously fulfilled about the year 1523. We read also of five Norman sailors who were delivered in a similar manner, and who brought their iron chains as an offering to their Benefactress. In 1700 a Protestant sea-captain, from Havre, who had been saved from shipwreck after invoking Notre Dame de la Déliverande, embraced the Catholic faith. Besides these and other public favors, how many graces have been obtained that only the angels have written down! How many souls in trouble, in perplexity, in desolation, have found peace and comfort at their Mother's feet!

When the Revolution of 1789 broke out, the shrine was served by four chaplains, who, having refused to take the sacrilegious oath demanded of the clergy, were obliged to embark for England in September, 1792. About the same time the sacred vessels belonging to the chapel, the lamps, ornaments, and *ex-votos*

were sent to Caen; the statue of Our Lady was taken down from its shrine, and would probably have been burnt had not one of the inhabitants of the village hidden it in a confessional, which he locked. In 1796, however, the statue was taken from its hiding-place and removed to Caen.

The Chapel of la Déliverande was reopened in 1802. The venerable image was still absent from its shrine; but two nuns who had business to transact with M. Caffarelli, then prefect of the Calvados, became instrumental in bringing about its return. The prefect, being engaged on affairs of importance, begged the Sisters to wait for him in a large room, filled with statues, pictures, and altar furniture of every description, which had been stolen from different churches during the Revolution. "I leave you in good company," said he, smiling. When he returned, the nuns were kneeling before a small statue of Our Lady. "Why did you pick out that particular statue to say your prayers to?" he inquired. "Because," they answered, "it is the image of our dearest Lady of la Déliverande."

Shortly afterward a deputation of the inhabitants of the village called upon the prefect, and begged that the statue might be restored to them. Their request was granted; and, amidst the jubilant pæans of her children, Our Lady was carried back to her own chapel. The somewhat cold and sceptical Norman peasants seemed that day to have caught something of Southern fervor and enthusiasm. They wept as they surrounded the image, before which their ancestors had prayed in their sorrows and in their joys. "O good Mother," they cried, "here you are back amongst us! Do not leave us again."

From that day to this Our Lady has reigned peacefully in her sanctuary. The chapel has undergone many transformations; it was almost rebuilt thirty years ago, and is now a graceful edifice, whose

Gothic spires are seen from a distance. The miraculous statue, roughly carved in stone, is placed in a richly sculptured niche to the right of the high altar, and is surrounded by lights and votive tablets, each which tells a tale of human sorrow and gratitude.

As in bygone days, the inhabitants of the country come to visit their Patroness on the hallowed spot where for six hundred years her Norman clients have paid her homage. If kings and princesses no longer kneel before the shrine, priests and laymen, rich and poor, nobles and peasants, are to be seen waiting on their Queen; and their confidence is rewarded by many favors.

On more than one occasion carefully authenticated miraculous cures were wrought in the chapel itself. The most striking was that of the Comtesse de Jumilhac, who, after having been for two years in a most alarming condition, was suddenly restored to health on April 3, 1826, though she had been declared incurable by her physicians. It was in thanksgiving for his daughter's cure that the Comte d'Osseville, Madame de Jumilhac's father, founded in the village of la Déliverande the Convent of the Faithful Virgin, an institution that possesses several branch houses in England.

On a bright May morning, 1893, we knelt before the ancient image, which had been so lovingly honored for nearly seven centuries. Times have changed since the days when the Lord de Gosseville came to la Déliverande, leading his liege lady's palfrey by the bridle; and since the Norman captives, worn and weary with their long imprisonment, laid their heavy chains at Mary's feet. But if the surroundings are different, if the village of to-day bears little or no resemblance to the medieval hamlet that clustered round Count Baudouin's chapel, the spirit of the place remains unchanged. The Heavenly Mother's heart is as tender, her love as pitiful, her power as great, as it was in past times. The burdens that we, the nineteenth-

century pilgrims, lay at her feet are less visible than the iron fetters of her clients of old, but they are none the less heavy to bear. May the gracious Queen who has so often cured the sick, freed the captive, and comforted the afflicted, cause all those who kneel before her shrine to bless the day when they were led to visit the Patroness of Normandy, Notre Dame de la Déliverande!

Through Sorrow's Seas.

X.

DR. KERLER advised mother to seek, for Emily's sake, a milder climate. We thought of going to Nice, but our resources at this period were almost exhausted. Mother had already sacrificed even the souvenirs of her parents, which she so highly treasured, in order to procure for us a little of that comfort which it cost her loving heart too much to deprive us of entirely. She shrank from no privation for herself in order to spare us lesser ones; and, with perhaps an exaggerated delicacy and generosity, she hid from us the bitterness of our real condition and prospects.

As she was slow to yield to discouragement, and somehow always found means to realize what appeared quite impracticable, she made superhuman efforts to follow the Doctor's advice by going to the South, and seeking of its more gracious skies, if not her daughter's life, at least the prolongation of her days. Before she succeeded in obtaining the necessary funds, however, it was too late: the severity of the early autumn aggravated Emily's condition, and travelling could not be thought of.

Mother now forgot everything else, and devoted herself entirely to her invalid daughter. I saw her during whole days, and frequently also entire nights, sit stead-

ily by the bed where Emily alternately rested and suffered. Her cares were multiplied according as the wants of the invalid increased. She followed with an attentive glance the progress of the malady; but, blinded by her love, she did not, or would not, realize how thorough was the dominion it had acquired of my failing sister. What vigils, what attention, what affection! I understood better than ever at this time the unfathomable tenderness of a mother's heart, for I measured her love by her devotedness.

And, in truth, Emily was worthy of such love. Dowered with the noblest qualities, of a character at once serious and blithesome, possessing an intelligence developed far beyond her years, there were combined in her the charming traits of the child and the not less charming graces of the woman; and she seemed in a hurry to live the whole of life in a few years. As if she were assured that the future was not hers, she lavished upon us all the treasures of her young heart; and was prodigal of her affection, her tenderness, and her generosity. She gave all to-day; for to-morrow perhaps would come the end of giving as of living.

Yet all this was done unconsciously. My sister did not appreciate the gravity of her danger, but spoke of her illness as a transitory evil, often reassuring us by the thoroughness of her conviction. The doctors were less optimistic. They had stated that her illness would reach its climax about the middle of November; that this would be slow, but that there was very little hope of her recovery. I could readily believe it; for my sister's features changed perceptibly from day to day, and she wasted away fast. When I kissed her altered face at night, it always seemed to me that it would be for the last time.

Mother had written to my father concerning the state of Emily's health, and, although she used many precautions, allowed her hopelessness to betray itself.

This letter was not half way to India when we received one from him, in which he spoke despondently of his own health.

"Oh! if I could only be there and here at once!" exclaimed mother, as she read this saddening news. Misfortune seemed to pursue us at this period with redoubled fury. Dr. Kerler endeavored to deaden the force of its blows, yet it was he who involuntarily dealt mother the severest blow of all.

During one of his daily visits to the sick-room, Emily fell into a swoon, that lasted long enough to terrify even the physician. He employed the most energetic and powerful remedies to bring back the breath of life that seemed gone forever. Finally my sister regained consciousness, and sought to reassure us by saying that she was quite recovered. The Doctor told her to try to sleep; we placed her in an adjoining room, and she soon sank into a deep slumber. Confident of her present safety, the Doctor left us, with a promise to return on the following morning.

When he had gone we entered the room where Emily had fainted, and mother began to pick up the various articles that had been thrown about the floor while the swoon had been battled with. I saw her stoop down and take a note that lay on the floor near the bed. She was about to throw it into the fire, but, on second thought, unfolded it to assure herself if it were unimportant. Hardly had she glanced at it when she uttered a terrible cry.

"What is it, mother?" I exclaimed.

Weeping, pale, and anguish-stricken, she sank on the sofa, sobbing out in a half-stifled tone:

"My God! my God! O Arthur!"

I seized the fatal note, and read it with a breaking heart. It was a telegram from Calcutta, addressed to Dr. Kerler, and containing these words:

"Know your interest in Melançon. No hope of his life. Inform family.

"DOCTOR LAVIGNE."

I dropped the paper, and, falling on my knees, at mother's feet, mingled my sobs and tears with hers.

The suddenness of the blow gave her a severe nervous shock, and she soon grew hysterical. I ran and closed the door of Emily's room, and then hastened to send for Dr. Kerler. By the time he arrived, however, she had recovered; and, although still weeping bitterly, was comparatively calm.

"Well?" inquired the Doctor.

"Oh, what a terrible misfortune!" sobbed mother.

"What misfortune?" asked the Doctor, in consternation.

"*You* ask me! Why feign ignorance? I know everything: 'tis too late to hide it from me. Your telegram has told me all."

The Doctor understood at once what had occurred, and muttered between his teeth:

"Stupid old fool that I am!"

The telegram, handed to the physician just as he was beginning his daily rounds, had fallen out of his pocket while he was lavishing on Emily all his care and attention.

Mother refused to listen to the consolation which her old friend endeavored to give her in this new sorrow; but, fixing on him her fine black eyes, that shone like diamonds through her tears, she said firmly:

"Doctor, this time my resolution is taken. To-morrow I start for Marseilles, and from there I shall sail for India."

He looked at her as if to see whether she was not in a delirium; but her whole aspect showed calmness and settled purpose, so the Doctor began to persuade her that her project was impracticable.

"In any case," he said, "this voyage would be utterly useless. Arthur will either promptly recover or—"

"Even so!" cried mother, exaltedly. "If I can not reach him soon enough to give him a last fond embrace, I shall at least kneel by his freshly sodded grave and pray for his eternal repose."

Dr. Kerler was much moved; but he

continued to demonstrate the uselessness and folly of the proposed journey, till mother exclaimed:

"I *will* go; for it is my duty!"

"Not so," replied the Doctor: "your duty is to remain here."

"How? Remain here! But, sir, do you forget that the man whom I love, have always loved, is dying at this moment,—is dead perhaps? Do you forget that I am his wife?"

"Yes," gravely answered the Doctor: "I forget that you are the wife of that man to remember that you are the mother of this child,"—and he indicated Emily's room.

Mother was silenced. "'Tis true," she murmured, "I am her mother." Her tears permitted her to say no more, but 'twas plain that the duty at hand would receive her preference.

On the following day it was arranged that telegrams should be exchanged between Paris and Calcutta every day until something definite concerning father's condition was learned. Soon afterward news reached us that he was notably better; then Dr. Lavigne returned suddenly to France, and we were left without a correspondent.

Mother sent several telegrams to father's own address. They remained unanswered, and this renewed her anxiety. At last, however, word came that father had left Calcutta, and in consequence was completely restored to health.

XI.

Anxious days are proverbially slow in passing, but still they pass. Several weeks elapsed, bringing to Emily new hopes of recovery, and then dashing them to the ground, only to spring up again and again disappear. One morning she felt so exhausted that we feared her end was near. The Doctor was hastily summoned; and the priest, who had visited her frequently during the previous month, was sent for to give her the last Sacraments.

The crisis was a long one, but the skill of the Doctor brought her safely through it. She received the priest with a sweetness and a piety that to those who were present appeared angelic. She listened with a placid brow and a tranquil visage to the hopeful words and consoling promises which Heaven sent her in this supreme hour. A sweet smile played about her lips when the priest said to her:

"Yes, my child, God will cure you, so that you may love your mother for long years yet."

"Poor mother!" she sighed, in a scarcely perceptible tone.

As if this word had been heard in heaven, and the silent prayer of the child had been granted, that afternoon a marked improvement took place, and mother immediately began to foster new hopes. Night came; and the November winds, which had already brought us so much of sorrow, once more wailed out their saddening lamentations. Little more than a year previous, just another such night had preceded father's disappearance. I could not banish the gloomy remembrances that such an anniversary necessarily awakened.

We were sitting in Emily's room, mother by the bedside seeking to guess her every wish, her lightest suffering. As for me, I sat at a table covered with books, which I opened one after another, and then closed to be at more liberty to dream of the past and the future.

That night our patient seemed nearer life's farthest limit than ever. Her face was so pale and her eyes so devoid of brilliancy that they frightened me. Yet Emily talked a great deal, talked continually, though her feeble tones were barely audible. She thought of everything, but especially of father. From a childish and affectionate caprice she had requested that little Mary's cradle be placed near her bed. Her flower-pots and birds were near her too; and she glanced from one

object to another, as if mutely bidding them farewell.

"Do you think I shall get better?" she said, fixing her haggard eyes on mother.

"Do you think I shall ever see father again? He is so far from us, and those voyages are so long and dangerous! Poor papa! You did not tell him that I was ill, I suppose, or he would have come back to see me. And you did right not to tell him of Emily's sufferings: it would have caused him too much pain. If I am not here when he returns, kiss him for me, mamma. Tell him he pained me very much by going away without letting me embrace him and say good-bye. 'Tis too bad, mamma, that Mary is not bigger; she will take my place near you, if there is no way of curing me."

Her words were like so many dagger thrusts at poor mother's heart, and she endeavored to inspire Emily with more hopeful ideas.

"Don't speak thus," said she; "for you make me suffer. And, moreover, as Father Ernest told you this morning, you will live for long years yet."

"Oh! yes," rejoined my sister, with the ghost of a smile, "I shall live. Heaven is beautiful; but I should like, if it were God's will, to stay on earth a little longer with you and Gerald, mamma. I ought to stay to see Mary grow up, to rock her to sleep as I have so often done; to teach her all I know, especially music. She is very sweet-looking, my little sister in her cradle there. Don't cry, mamma: I am not leaving you yet. Perhaps God will let me live to love you and Gerald, to instruct Mary, to see father again, and to care for my birds and flowers. But He knows best," she added, as if afraid of being wilful; "and His holy will be done."

As she was speaking her eyes closed; they opened again and again, to look at us in a vague, puzzled fashion; and I thought of the expiring flame of a lamp,

which flickers once, twice, a dozen times before it dies out completely. At length she fell into her ordinary evening slumber.

I looked at her some moments as she lay thus, beautiful even now when sickness had destroyed so much of her grace. Her face rivalled in whiteness the pillow on which it rested; her long eyelashes threw a slight shadow on her wasted cheeks, and her parted lips looked as though they smiled at some lovely dream. Over her snowlike brow fell a stray golden curl, and in her fingers were clasped a few of the flowers she loved.

Marking the contrast between the countenance of Emily and that of my baby sister, I was terrified. It seemed for a moment that life had ceased to animate the slumber of the former.

"What if she were dead!" I thought. But no: that peaceful, smiling repose could not be death. It was rather a delicate flower closing its petals at the approach of night to unfold them once more with the returning day.

Outside, the wind whistled and shrieked. I drew my chair up to the fire, while mother prayed. The scenes of the previous year haunted me, and would not be put away. The room in which we were at present had not been the theatre of our first afflictions; still the table at which father had written on that unhappy night was here; the arm-chair in which he had so coldly received our caresses was here, too; the air seemed filled with the same sombre apprehensions; the quiet was as oppressive, and the weather as turbulent.

The great family portraits, that had been preserved through all our misfortunes, looked down at me as they had done a year ago, with changeless imperturbability; and the pendulum swung with its ceaseless tick-tack in the same monotonous iteration. I was filled with I know not what presentiments of coming sorrows still greater than our present ones.

"Ave Maria."

BY HELEN M. CAREY.

QUEEN of October's rustling sear,
 Mother of Mercy, hovering near;
 Mirror of Virgins, shining clear,—
Ave Maria!

Ark of the Covenant, Gate of Light;
 Star of the Ocean, beaming bright;
 Fountain of mercy and of delight,—
Ave Maria!

Dove of the Temple, mild and meek;
 Pure as the morning's russet streak;
 Help of the Christian, wayward, weak,—
Ave Maria!

Queen of the shining courts above,
 Mirror of Justice, Peace, and Love;
 Honor to thee be it ours to prove,—
Ave Maria!

Balm of the weary, wounded heart;
 Sweet consoler of envy's smart,
 Teach us ever the "better part,"—
Ave Maria!

Bishop Neumann.

EDITED BY MARC F. VALLETTE, LL. D.

VIII.—(Continued.)

ALTHOUGH so considerate for others, Bishop Neumann was unmerciful to himself; his director's testimony after the death of his holy penitent, bears witness to this fact. "Bishop Neumann," he says, "practised in a marked degree the virtues of self-abnegation and mortification; but with such discretion and prudence that they were known to very few, and never troublesome to any one. He constantly wore a girdle* of sharp-pointed steel wire, which penetrated into the flesh; and he chastised his body still further by scourging it with a discipline to whose cords

he had attached iron nails. By constantly guarding his eyes and by recollection of the presence of God, he had closed his heart to every passion. His pure, virginal soul was always absorbed in God, and he had attained to great heights of prayer. After the example of his holy father St. Alphonsus, he made a vow never to lose a moment of his time,—a promise which he kept faithfully till his death. Even when travelling he had always a book in his hand, or discoursed on heavenly things."

This extraordinary zeal and love of penance often required a check, and the holy prelate showed the utmost submission and sweetness on these occasions. A priest of his household once found Dr. Neumann lying, dressed, on a hard pallet, and looking so ill as to excite alarm. "Your Lordship must go to bed!" he exclaimed. "You are very ill." The Bishop looked at him in surprise, as if he would say: "Am I not lying down?"—"No," said the priest, answering the mute interrogation. "You are a bishop, and you can not dispose of yourself: you belong to your diocese." Bishop Neumann rose at once. "I shall obey you," he said simply, and retired to his bed.

The pastoral charge weighed every day more heavily on the Bishop's shoulders; his enormous diocese, in which the Catholics were increasing in great numbers, required more care than he was able to bestow upon it. He often cast a longing look upon his convent. He had remained in most intimate union with his religious brethren, visited them every week, made his monthly and yearly retreats under their guidance, and always bore himself as a simple member of the Congregation. This did not satisfy him: he was always

* Many years after the good Bishop's death, the writer saw this very girdle, in a drawer of the desk of Bishop Wood's chancellor; and it is, doubtless, still preserved with religious care at the archiepiscopal residence in Philadelphia.

longing to return to it; and would have petitioned the Holy Father for this grace over and over again, had not his confessor forbidden him.

IX.—VOYAGE TO ROME AND LAST YEARS.

In October, 1854, the invitation of his Holiness Pope Pius IX. to all the bishops of the universe to assemble in Rome for the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, reached America. Bishop Neumann hailed it with joy for two reasons. As a most devout client of the Mother of God, he rejoiced in the honor done to her; and this auspicious event also afforded him an excellent opportunity to visit the capital of Christendom and the tombs of the Apostles.

Having announced his visit to the Eternal City in a pastoral letter to the faithful of his diocese, he embarked on the steamer *Union*, on the 21st of October, and landed at Havre after a stormy voyage of seventeen days. He then proceeded to Rome *via* Marseilles and Civit  Vecchia, and took up his quarters in the Redemptorist convent of Santa Maria in Monterone. Rome, with its sanctuaries, countless places of devotion, and memories of the Church and her saints and champions, made the impression on the saintly Bishop that it makes on all holy souls; while he impressed the Romans as one of those prelates of the olden time, who, unostentatious in appearance, were the pillars and glory of the Church.

Bishop Neumann went about the Eternal City wearing no sign of his episcopal dignity, except when he had to appear with his brother bishops or to pay a visit of ceremony. In order to avoid unnecessary expense, he always went on foot. He received the most distinguished attentions from the assembled prelates and cardinals, as well as from the Holy Father, with whom he had several private audiences. The first time that Pius IX. received

him, he said, smiling: "Bishop Neumann, from Philadelphia! Is not obedience better than sacrifice?" The humble prelate opened his whole heart to the Holy Father, who consoled and encouraged him, giving him many precious counsels, and bestowing on him the dignity of Domestic Prelate as a token of his affection.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1854, was one ever memorable in the annals of the Church, and to Dr. Neumann it was a day of ecstatic jubilee. "I have neither the ability nor the time to describe it," he wrote to one of his priests; "but I thank our Divine Lord for having added to the many graces He has already bestowed on me that of assisting in Rome at this festival."

After Christmas the Bishop took leave of the Eternal City; and passing through Loreto, where he celebrated Mass in the Holy House, he visited Gr tz, and reached Vienna in the middle of January, 1855.

On this journey he lost a box of precious relics, which he had procured with no small difficulty in Rome. As soon as he missed the box, he telegraphed to every place at which he had stopped, and made the most urgent inquiries, without result. He was walking up and down by the railway station anxiously, when he suddenly thought of invoking St. Antony of Padua. He at once promised to have a Mass celebrated in honor of the Saint and to have his picture exposed to public veneration in a church of his diocese. A few moments later a boy approached and presented him with the missing treasure, saying, "My Lord Bishop, here is your box." Dr. Neumann was so preoccupied in examining the relics that he did not at first advert to the oddity of the boy's address, for he wore no sign of his episcopal dignity. When he looked round for the messenger he had disappeared, nor could he ever obtain any account of him, nor of where the box came from. The Bishop often told this anecdote to encour-

age confidence in the help of the saints.

He preached in Our Lady's Church in Vienna on the 21st of January, which happened on that occasion to be the principal feast of the Archconfraternity of the Heart of Mary. He then went on to Prague, where he was presented to the Emperor Ferdinand, and invited to dine at the imperial table. The beneficent prince, wishing to help the Bishop in the building of his Cathedral, sent him at dessert a plate heaped up with gold pieces instead of the usual *bombons*.

His old father was anxiously expecting him; and, after some days' sojourn with the Bishop of Budweis, he set out for Prachatitz, which he hoped to reach unperceived. But his people were determined on an ovation; and, in spite of his efforts, he met with a most enthusiastic reception: the church bells were rung, and priests and people poured forth to welcome him. Having escorted him to the church, where he first visited Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, they brought him in triumph to his father's house, where the old man of eighty stood waiting to receive him. Eight days Dr. Neumann gave to his relatives, and during that period the house was literally besieged. He had not a moment to himself: all must see him, kiss his hands, get his blessing and a few words of advice; and so from early morning until late at night it went on. He said Mass daily, and preached a most touching discourse on the Sunday after his arrival, which moved one of the best-known sceptics of the locality to exclaim: "If I were to hear that Bishop often, he would convert me in spite of myself!" He was presented by the Municipality with a costly album at a formal reception in the Town Hall.

The eight days having expired, Dr. Neumann took a touching leave of his aged father, and departed so quietly that the townsfolk did not know it till he was gone. He reached Munich on the 21st of

February, and there, as everywhere, won all hearts by his mild, engaging manners and unaffected humility. Archbishop Gebtsattel had just died, and Dr. Neumann was invited to attend the obsequies at the Marienkirche. On the appointed day a simply dressed, unassuming priest entered the sacristy of the above named church with a travelling-bag in his hand. Retiring into a corner, he took out his beads and began to say his Rosary. Unheeded by the numerous priests and sacristans, who were hurrying to and fro, he was at last drawn from his corner by overhearing some one say they were waiting for Bishop Neumann, of Philadelphia, who had promised to attend. The supposed priest made himself known, and proceeded to vest and take his place in the funeral procession. When all was over he was not allowed to depart so quietly: everyone was anxious to show his veneration and esteem for the holy prelate, and he was escorted to his hotel by a crowd of priests.

In company with the saintly Bishop Timon, of Buffalo, he continued his journey through Augsburg, Speier, Paris, London, and Liverpool. In the latter city they were joined by the Archbishop of New York, and the three prelates sailed for America, by the steamer *Atlantic*, on the 10th of March. Early on the 28th of the same month they landed in New York, and at ten o'clock in the evening Dr. Neumann reached Philadelphia.

On his return to his diocese, the Bishop set about realizing a work he had long meditated, and which had received a new impulse from the Holy Father's counsels. Dr. Neumann was anxious to introduce the Dominican Sisters into his diocese; but the Pope advised him rather to found a congregation, taking the Rule of St. Francis for its basis, which he could mold to his own purposes and the peculiar wants of his flock. This advice of Pius IX. was a ray of light for the Bishop, and he hastened to lay the foundation of

this new work. On April 9, 1855, five pious ladies met and accepted the rules he had laid down for them. He invited the Franciscan nuns from Germany to train them in the religious life and spirit; and the new Order united the active and contemplative life in its constitution. The Sisters were employed at first in the care of the sick; but to this were afterward added schools and orphan asylums.

Thanks to his paternal solicitude and incessant care, this congregation took root and flourished. Only four years after its foundation it had four establishments; and in the thirty years that followed, these increased to over twenty, with two hundred members. The little mustard-seed planted by the holy Bishop has grown into wonderful proportions. These good Sisters have followed up the charitable work their sainted founder laid out for them, with all the zeal and self-sacrifice he would have desired. They now have splendid hospitals not only in Philadelphia, but in nearly all the other large cities besides.

(To be continued.)

In the Path of Pioneer Priests.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

III.—THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S SHANTY.

WE had gone on a hunt, Simon and I, and had brought down a moose in the very depths of the forest. The long strain and effort had wearied us almost to exhaustion, but there was still work to be done. We must first bleed and skin the moose, and afterward cut it up into portable pieces. It would be imprudent to leave the carcass there all night, exposed to the wolves and foxes, so I asked Simon what was to be done. He said that at a distance of four hundred yards from Lake Moccasin was an old

shanty, a small building that hunters and trappers had repaired from time to time. There we could safely leave the meat until the morning, when we could return for our load. At the depot that night Simon told me the story of that peculiar little log hut; it is an interesting tale, and one well worthy of repetition.

The shanty was rather small, but very compact. It had evidently been built for a special purpose; for it was as solid as an ordinary log-house. It was not intended as a timber-maker's shanty: it was too small for that purpose; it had not been built by hunters: it was too large for their use; it was not within reasonable distance of any depot, and could hardly have been erected for the stowing away of provisions. As I have said, it was situated a few hundred yards from the Lake; and there, about the time I speak of, lived and hunted a band of Tête-de-Boule Indians. They have long since migrated Northward, and many of them have already paid the debt of nature. These Indians were within an hour's walk of the Coughlan Creek, where they went to meet the *portageurs* and to sell their furs. Of all the Northern territory this spot was, in the Forties and Fifties, the central point of all that region. It was therefore chosen as a rendezvous for the Indians, the travellers, the shantymen and their missionaries.

It was an hour before sunrise, on the morning of the 16th of December, 1849, when Father Telmon and a companion priest left the stopping place on the Dumoine, where Mr. Retty keeps the present Shantymen's Refuge. Each priest had a load of some thirty or more pounds upon his back. Indian fashion, they carried their provisions, vestments, and other necessaries wrapped in blankets, and suspended over the shoulders by a "thumpline," resting upon the forehead. Clad in their rough tweed and deer-skin moccasins, the Fathers started out when the stars were still abroad and along the

western slope the pale moon shed her soft, mellow light. The smoky column, from a chimney behind them, arose like the "pillar of Israel," straight, round and sky-piercing. The dry pines cracked like pistol shots, and the ice upon the neighboring lake boomed, like the solemn knell of the "minute-gun at sea." Gradually the flush of dawn broke upon the eastern sky, but even when the sun rose the air seemed laden with a biting frost. The glass registered 36° below zero as the two priests trudged along, with their heavy loads and their warm hearts, toward the rocks of the Mason Creek.

There is no rougher road across the Laurentian hills than that of the Mason Creek. For hours they toiled upward, each succeeding hill seeming the last; but no sooner was the summit gained than away beyond, as far as the eye could scan, towered mountain over mountain. Perhaps no country in the world can offer a colder or a bleaker prospect than that portion of Canada when the topmost hill of the Mason Creek range is reached. For miles upon miles nothing to be seen save white and blue hills alternating. Even the green pine, the ever-verdant balsam, has disappeared. A low growth of white poplar and alders constitute the only signs of vegetable life.

After climbing these hills during two long days, after sleeping in the snow during two weary nights, the missionaries, on the morning of the 18th of December, descended the rocky path that led from Coughlan Creek to the shores of Moccasin Lake. Need we say that the Tête-de-Boule Indians rejoiced when their two "long-robed" friends walked into their encampment, and flung down their heavy loads at the great central wigwam fire? That evening important projects were conceived, and on the morrow they were put into execution. It happened at that time that John Egan had a shanty on the Dumoine, Joseph Aumond had

two or three shanties on the Black River, and Daniel O'Meara had one or two on the Moose Creek. Indians were sent to each of these—some ten, some twenty miles distant—with invitations to come to Moccasin Lake to celebrate Christmas. Meanwhile a number of men, going up for Egan, had stopped over at this point; and they "turned to," and built a log church for the priests. This church was the original of our shanty.

On Christmas Eve, 1849, the men came from all parts—some of them having traversed a distance of twenty-five miles. The Indians were there in numbers, and the congregation must have been very earnest and devout. There were Tête-de-Boules, French Canadians, Irish and English Catholics, Scotch Presbyterians, and members of other religious denominations. The priests were kept busy hearing confessions until after eleven o'clock. And even then, as Father Telmon was preparing to say Mass, a whole-souled, fervent Celt, Larry Prout by name, came in and insisted on "going to the priest." Poor Larry had walked eighteen miles, and had fasted since midnight. Still he was not too late; and after his confession he volunteered to assist in the service. He was a good singer, and knew many hymns by heart. Larry sang these hymns, while the priest said the three Masses, and the congregation knelt, closely packed, around the altar. It was the assistant priest—whose name I have not been able to ascertain—that preached the sermons. He spoke in English at the first Mass, in French at the second, and in Tête-de-Boule at the third.

That eventful Christmas Day was the first on which the Divine Sacrifice was offered up in that wilderness of pines; and, in honor of the sacred ceremony, the little shanty was named by poor Larry Prout—God rest his soul!—"The Blessed Virgin's Shanty." There had been no special dedication of the forest chapel to

the Mother of God; but Larry thought that an appropriate name; and, having a great devotion to Our Lady, he persisted for years in speaking of the shanty as if it were the special property of the Blessed Virgin. There it stands unto this day, as a landmark of the past, as a mile-stone along the path of the early missionary priests.

Let us reflect for a moment upon the hardships through which these missionaries had to pass, and the dangers to which they were ever exposed. To-day even those who frequent that region can form but a faint idea of the toil and exposure that awaited the priests some forty or fifty years ago. In the first place, they were obliged to walk from station to station, from depot to depot. Lucky indeed were they when a shanty or an Indian camp happened to be upon the line of their journey. They carried their food, their vestments, their altar vessels, and their blankets twenty and even thirty miles, over bleak rocks, across storm-swept lakes, and through trackless forests. And what awaited them at the end of their day's journey? Not repose surely. If they were obliged to sleep in the snow, they made a little fire of fagots, and, wrapped in their blankets, they snatched a few hours' slumber. When they reached a shanty or depot or Indian camp, the evening was spent hearing confessions, teaching, exhorting or praying; and the early dawn found them with their Masses said, and, perhaps, two hours of priestly work performed.

Needless to say, these early priests had no salary from which to draw. As a rule, each shantyman contributed, according to his means, from twenty-five cents to a dollar. But the priests did not receive the money: it was marked in the shantyman's account, and a store-order for the amount was given to the missionaries. Then, after four or five months' travelling, when the priests returned they had their orders

cached at the company's office. The money—which amounted to about two dollars per day—was then handed over to the Bishop for the support of the ecclesiastical seminary, or for the establishment of parishes and missions in the vast and thinly-populated diocese.

I am not speaking here of the martyrs for the faith, nor of the extraordinary missionaries whose heroism still shines as a halo of glory over the early history of this continent. These are humble lives and unknown facts of which I tell, but they bear striking evidence to the spirit of sacrifice that has ever animated the true children of holy Church. The hardships endured by these early priests may not draw down upon their saintly lives the applause of this world, but the Recording Angel has long since written them in letters of light that will shine through all eternity.

(To be continued.)

The Pretended Deposition of Pope John XII.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

IN the year 931 Hugh of Provence, who a few years previously had been recognized as King of Italy by nearly all the Northern Italians, espoused Marozia, widow of Guido of Tuscany, who had usurped the sovereignty of Rome, and thus added the Eternal City for a time to his dominions. But the arrogance of the Provençal soon disgusted the Romans; and, led by Alberic, a son of Marozia by a prior marriage with Alberic of Spoleto, they revolted, expelled Hugh from the city, thrust Marozia into prison, and hailed Alberic as patrician and consul. With these dignities the new usurper assumed the sovereignty of Rome, the Exarchate and the Pentapolis having fallen into the

hands of the King of Italy, Berengarius II. During the pontificates of John XI. (a brother of Alberic), Leo VII., Stephen IX., Marinus II., and Agapetus II., the intruder was master of the Eternal City. On the death of Alberic in 956, his son Octavian, a boy of eighteen years, succeeded to his possessions; and, the Papacy becoming vacant by the death of Agapetus II., he procured his own election to the tiara. Fear of schism induced the Roman clergy to acquiesce, and John XII.* was therefore certainly legitimate. In the year 962 this Pontiff conferred the crown of the Holy Roman Empire on King Otho of Germany; thus reviving, after an interval of many years, that imperial dignity with which Pope St. Leo had invested the Frank Charlemagne, and which was now destined to abide with the Teutons until its final disappearance at the bidding of another Frankish Emperor. One of Otho's first imperial proceedings was the restoration of the Pope's royal authority in the district of Rome, and the restitution of the Pentapolis and the Exarchate. In the midst of the festivities attending the elevation of Otho, no one seems to have spoken to the Emperor of the scandals of the Roman court; but when he had begun the siege of the Fortress of St. Leo, in which Berengarius II. had shut himself, deputies arrived from Rome to inform Otho that the young Pontiff led a life which scandalized Christendom, and to beseech his interference. Believing that the accusation was a calumny, the Emperor sent confidential officers to the Eternal City; and when these reported that there was unfortunately too much foundation for the charges, Otho indulgently remarked: "Pope John is a mere boy, and the example of good men will easily change him. I trust that a discreet admonition and some good advice will draw him from his evil ways. . . . We must first defeat Berengarius; then we

shall paternally admonish our lord the Pope."* When the Pontiff found that Otho was disposed to become his rigid patron rather than an obsequious friend, he repented of having conferred the imperial crown upon him, and resolved to break his power, at least in Italy. He called to Rome the fugitive Adalbert, son of Berengarius, and openly espoused the cause of that dethroned monarch. Learning in 963 that the Pope was urging the princes of Benevento, Capua and Salerno, to draw the sword for Berengarius, Otho left sufficient troops before St. Leo to maintain the siege, and marched on Rome with a large army. The Pontiff and Adalbert were not prepared for this sudden move, and fled from the city. The Romans opened their gates to the Emperor.

Three days after his entrance into the capital of Christendom, Otho held a meeting of many of the Roman clergy and several Italian bishops, in the Basilica of the Apostles, to consider the cause of Pope John. A cardinal-priest testified that he had seen the Pontiff omit the Communion in his celebration of Mass. The charge of having ordained a deacon in a stable was brought against him by a cardinal-deacon and a bishop. Some priests testified that he had consecrated a boy of ten as bishop. Gross immoralities were also proved against him. He was said to have deprived one Benedict, "his spiritual father," of his eyesight, and to have procured the mutilation of a cardinal-deacon. When playing at dice he was wont to invoke the aid of Jupiter, Venus, etc. Quite naturally, if such allegations as these are to be credited, he never recited the Office. But Otho suspected that many of the accusations were false; and he conjured the prelates, by the Blessed Mother of God and by the body of St. Peter, not to calumniate their Pontiff. Then the entire assembly arose, unanimously protesting that Pope

* This is the first instance of a change of name by a newly-elected Pope.

* "Continuation of Luitprand," b. vi, ch. 6.

John XII. was guilty of all that had been alleged, "and of more wicked things." The Pontiff was then summoned to answer the charges, but he replied by threatening to excommunicate the members of the so-called court. Then the assembly declared Pope John XII. deposed from the pontifical throne; and in his place it presumed to locate one Leo, an archivist of the Roman Church, at that time a layman. Ordained and consecrated, this person began to exercise the papal functions as Leo VIII. After the installation of this Antipope, the Emperor, fancying the Romans contented, sent a large part of his army to reinforce the besiegers of St. Leo. When Pope John heard of this diminution of the imperial forces, he dispatched agents to Rome, and an armed movement in his favor was soon fomented. At the head of his troops the German fought for his life, quelled the outbreak, but departed for St. Leo, having first exacted from the Romans an *ipso facto* invalid promise to elect no Pontiff without the imperial consent. John XII. now returned to his capital; but he died, probably assassinated, in May, 964, and was succeeded by Benedict V., hitherto a deacon of the Roman Church. Otho was furious at this action of the Roman clergy, whereby the intruder Leo was rejected, and the invalid promise of 963 ignored. He immediately besieged and reduced the Eternal City, and then reinstated Leo, declaring in a pseudo-synod that Pope Benedict was relegated to the rank of deacon, and exiled to Germany. There this legitimate Pontiff soon died, but the Antipope followed him almost as soon; and in 965 the Roman clergy elected the Bishop of Narni, who took the title of John XIII.*

* Gratian, in "Dist. 63," gives a Constitution of the pseudo-synod just mentioned, in which is conceded to the Holy Roman Emperor the privilege of choosing the Roman Pontiff. But that this constitution is supposititious, is evident, firstly, from the falsity of a similar concession here asserted as made by Adrian I. to Charlemagne. (See Alexandre's

That the life of Pope John XII. was abominable seems certain from the concordant testimony of olden writers, such as the Continuator of Luitprand, Sigebert, and others of that epoch, as well as from the Acts of the Roman Synod held in his regard. Baronio admits that he was "most impure, and properly detested by all good men"; and speaking of his death, which the Continuator ascribed to a direct intervention of Satan, the learned Oratorian says that, "although warned by God with so many and so great vexations, he would not abstain from his wonted sins, and justly merited to be finally punished by God." It must be remembered, however, that the Continuator, upon whom we must principally rely for information on this subject, was thoroughly devoted to Otho and to the intruder Leo. His testimony, therefore, is not above suspicion. Sigebert wrote more than a century after the death of John XII., and probably relied upon the Continuator for his opinion in this matter; we are inclined, therefore, to subject his opinions to the same test. But we intend to write no apology for John XII.: we grant that he was one of the very few wicked men who have sat in the Chair of Peter, and even Our Lord reminded us that the leaders in Israel are not personally impeccable. We propose to show merely that the deposition of Pope John XII. was null and void; and that the intruder, known as Leo VIII., was an Antipope.

Many of the olden authors, especially among the Germans, who were naturally favorable to Otho I., seem to regard Leo VIII. as legitimate. Of these the chief are the Continuator of Luitprand,

Synopsis of Century VIII, chap. "Rom. Pont.") Secondly, it is a forgery; because it can not be supposed that Otho, already Emperor, would have been created patrician and king, as this document alleges. Thirdly, its falsity is evinced by its not only excommunicating its violators, but its consigning them to hell-fire, which style of language is utterly foreign to Rome.

Sigebert, and Trithemius. We would have expected to find Platina and Papire Masson in other company. Among the eccentricities of the famous Launoy, the modern "un-nicher of saints," was an endeavor to strengthen this theory. Speaking of the pseudo-synod which pretended to depose John XII., Baronio says that he has never read of any synod in which ecclesiastical law was more disregarded, the canons more violated, tradition more despised, and justice more outraged. The Oratorian annalist proves the nullity of the deposition in question: 1st, from the fact that there was not a sufficient number of witnesses brought against the accused;* 2d, the decree was issued after only two citations of the accused, while the canons require three; 3d, the synodals demanded of the Emperor what a layman could not effect—that is, the deposition of a pontiff; 4th, sentence, properly speaking, was not pronounced: merely a short speech by Otho pretended to settle so important a matter; 5th, an assembly of bishops, convoked by a sovereign without the consent of the Roman Pontiff, is not a synod, but an unauthoritative convention. Four centuries and a half had passed at the time of Otho I., since a Roman Synod, assembled by the authority of Pope Symmachus to consider charges which had been proffered against that Pontiff in 502, had proclaimed to the world that even in a case where a Pope himself was arraigned, no synod could be held unless by that same Pontiff's consent and convocation. "The aforesaid bishops," say the Acts of this Palmaris Synod, 'suggested that he who is said to be accused should himself convocate the synod; for they knew that a

peculiar power over all churches had been accorded to his See—firstly, by the merit and principality of the Apostle Peter, and afterward, by command of the Lord, through the authority of the venerable councils." But the chief argument against the legitimacy of the Othonian decree is found in the principle that a superior can not be judged by an inferior. The bishops met in the Palmaris Synod declared that "the Bishop of the Apostolic See has never been subject to the judgment of his inferiors." And in the apology which Eunodius wrote for his synod, and which the synodals stamped as possessing synodical authority, we read: "God has wished men to decide the causes of other men, but He has reserved, without question, the rulers of that See to His own tribunal. He has wished that the successors of the Blessed Apostle Peter should answer for their innocence to Heaven alone." The letter which Avitus of Vienne, in the name of the French episcopate, sent to the Roman Senators, complaining of the synodal action in the case of Pope Symmachus (the French clergy not knowing that the Pontiff had consented to the meeting), is very explicit in this sense. Thus we read: "While we were anxious for the cause of the Roman Church, feeling that our state tottered when its head was attacked, there was brought to us a copy of a sacerdotal decree, which the bishops of Italy, assembled in the city, had issued concerning Pope Symmachus. Although the assent of a large and reverend synod rendered this constitution worthy of observance, we knew, nevertheless, that Pope Symmachus, if he had been accused in the world, ought to have received consolation rather than judgment from his fellow-priests. . . . We can not understand with what reason or law a superior is judged by his inferiors. . . . Being myself a Roman Senator as well as a Christian bishop, I solemnly adjure you to respect the See of Peter in your Church, no less than you do

* Alexandre thinks that Baronio errs in his argument (deduced from the supposititious Synod of Sinuessa, in the cause of Pope St. Marcellinus) that seventy-two witnesses were necessary. There were really, says Alexandre, no legitimate witnesses; the same parties were accusers at once and witnesses, and no single crime was attested by more than one person.

the supreme power in the city. . . . What is weak in other priests may be strengthened; but when there is question of the Pope, then the entire episcopate, not merely one bishop, appears to totter. . . . He who governs the fold of the Lord will render an account of his care of the lambs; and again it is not for the flock, but for the Judge, to admonish the shepherd."

It was in accordance with this principle, that a superior should not be judged by an inferior, that St. Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, complained in the fourth session of the Ephesine Council (431) of the decree of deposition issued against him by the inferior Patriarch of Antioch; and the Fathers did him justice. And because of the same principle, as Anatolius of Constantinople tells us, and not on account of faith, Dioscorus, who had pretended to excommunicate Pope St. Leo I., was condemned by the Council of Chalcedon in 451. Therefore, since this principle has ever been held holy by the Church, a sentence of deposition pronounced against a Roman Pontiff by a handful of prelates, at the bidding of a lay autocrat, must be regarded as null and void. When Pope Leo III. willingly appeared before a Roman Synod, in the presence of Charlemagne, to answer certain accusations, the bishops exclaimed: "We dare not judge the Apostolic See, which is the head of all the churches of God. By her and by her Vicar we are all judged; she is judged by no one. Such is the ancient custom; as the Pope of Rome decrees, we canonically obey."* Launoy the eccentric† contends that the synod held by Pope John XII. after his restoration, and in which the

Antipope Leo was condemned, is supposititious; but he adduces only the negative proof that the Continuator of Luitprand, Sigebert, Martin the Pole, Trithemius, Platina, and a few others do not mention it. But the ancient Vatican Codex used by Baronio in editing the acts of this synod is beyond suspicion, else certainly the Protestant Centuriators of Magdeburg would question it. Launoy also argues for the legitimacy of Leo from the fact that the St. Leo who reigned from 1049 to 1054 is styled in the Roman Martyrology Pope Leo IX.; whereas if the Leo substituted for John XII. was an Antipope, the Saint of the eleventh century should be called Pope Leo VIII. Launoy has reason on his side, inasmuch as the St. Leo in question was, strictly speaking, Leo VIII. But although this error has crept into the Martyrology, and the usage of centuries has sanctioned the enumeration of the pontiffs now in vogue, the consequence which the fanciful Gallican would fain derive from the custom is not a necessary one. Pope Felix (526-530), the ancestor of St. Gregory the Great, is generally styled Felix IV., as the Felix who donned the tiara in 483 is called Felix III.; although it is certain that the name of Felix the Second, who was illegally substituted for Liberius in 355, should be expunged from the catalogue of pontiffs. Again, if the archivist Leo was not an Antipope, then Benedict V., whom the Roman clergy elected on the death of John XII., certainly was one; for Leo was yet living and claimed the throne when Benedict was chosen. It would, therefore, follow that the nomenclature of all the popes styled Benedict

* Anastasius, in his "Life of Leo III."

† Since, to the curious in matters of ecclesiastical history, Launoy is apt to prove a veritable Jack-in-the-box, it may be well to note the opinion which Reiser, a famous Protestant author of his day, entertained concerning him. In a work published at Amsterdam in 1685, entitled "John Launoy, a Witness and Confessor of Evangelico-Catholic (i. e., Lutheran) Truth," we are told that he was

"a Doctor of the Sorbonne, justly celebrated among his own; a diligent and irreconcilable enemy of the Roman Curia, and of all that is therein done and shamelessly taught against Scripture and orthodox truth." In a reprint of Launoy's epistles (1689) Saywell permits a plea for the reformation of Anglicanism, "according to the explanation of Launoy:"

since that time is incorrect. Since then, both in the hypothesis of Launoy and in our own, an error in the Martyrology is manifest, it can not be adduced as a proof that its compilers regarded the appointee of the Othonian Synod as a legitimate Pontiff.

Matthew Flaccius, chief of the Centuriators of Magdeburg, when endeavoring to prove that the Holy Roman Empire was transferred from the Franks to the Germans without the authority of the Holy See, asserts that Otho I. deposed Pope John XII., and that he did so in the exercise of a prerogative which permitted him to castigate unworthy pontiffs. The following are the words of this Centuriator: "As for the letter of the cardinals to Otho, it was nothing else than an accusation against John XII., a most wicked man, and a petition that, having deposed him, the Emperor would substitute another and better bishop or pope in his place; which, indeed, Otho I. energetically effected; for then, as in all antiquity, the Cæsars possessed authority to chastise unworthy popes." The history of this fact is fully given by Luitprand, a writer most worthy of confidence. It is absolutely false that Otho deposed John XII., and that of old it was regarded as part of the imperial duty to punish wicked pontiffs. Certainly the pagan emperors put many of the pontiffs to death; and heretical and schismatic emperors, Christian only by baptism, imprisoned, exiled, robbed and tortured the successors of St. Peter; but the truly Catholic sovereigns ever treated the popes with veneration and submission. While abundant testimony can be produced to show that the first duty of the emperor was to defend the Holy See, and that such defence was the prime reason of his dignity, and its sole reason of being, neither Flaccius nor any of his modern imitators has produced one proof that, in the constitution of the Holy Roman Empire, the emperor possessed the right to judge the Roman

Pontiff either as pope, as king or as man. Flaccius praises Luitprand as a reliable historian, and refers us to his chronicle in proof of many absurd and insolent allegations. But this author,* and, what is quite amusing, Flaccius himself,† testify that, guilty as John XII. seemed to be, Otho did not himself enter upon a judgment or even a trial; he called an episcopal convention at Rome, and submitted to it the cause of the Pontiff. According to Luitprand, Otho said that "the synod should declare its judgment in the matter"; and in the imperial letter to the Pope, recorded by the same chronicler, the Emperor does not command, but respectfully requests His Holiness to come to the synod: "To the Lord John, Supreme Pontiff and Universal Pope, Otho, by the divine clemency August Emperor, together with the Archbishops of Liguria, Tuscany, Saxony and France, sends greeting in the Lord. Coming to Rome for the service of God, when we questioned your sons, the Roman cardinals, bishops, priests, deacons, and the entire people, as to your absence, and as to why you did not wish to see us who are the defender of your Church and of yourself, they alleged against you enormities which would be shameful even if they were charged to play-actors. And lest these accusations be unknown to your greatness, we shall briefly describe some of them. . . . Therefore we earnestly entreat your paternity to come, and not to delay in proving your innocence of these crimes."

So much for the facts in this particular case. As to the theory held by those who eagerly contend that the Emperor Otho deposed Pope John XII., it is naturally evolved from their mistaken notion of the origin of the Holy Roman Empire, or, as it came to be erroneously styled in time, the German Empire. In every conflict between the Pope and the Emperor, just so surely as justice was nearly always on the side

* B. vi, c. 6, 7.

† Centuriators: "Cent. X.," c. 9.

of the former, so surely the pretensions of the latter were founded on a false assumption as to the nature of the transfer made to Charlemagne by Pope Leo III. in the year 800. The root of every controversy between the Papacy and the Empire was the imperial idea, more or less veiled, that the Pontiff was the subject of the Emperor: that Pope Leo III., in his own name and that of his successors, voluntarily abdicated his temporal crown, or at least sank his position as an independent sovereign into that of a mere vassal to a diadem of his own creation. A few emperors, indeed, enunciated this theory in as many words. Concerning this matter, a unity of thought prevails among Gallican, courtier-theological, Protestant, and rationalistic writers. The publicists of the old Gallican school—to be hereafter mentioned, thanks to the Vatican Council, only in the past tense—were generally men of great sanctity, but were excessively devoted to their monarchy; and therefore they too readily espoused any idea, not radically heretical, which tended to restrain what they denominated the “encroachments” of Rome. The courtier-theologians, or *aulici* (as they are styled in the schools), actuated either by a mistaken patriotism or by a craving for the crumbs from the imperial table, were ever prompt in so shaping both religious and historical doctrine as to countenance almost any pretension of Cæsar, were it ever so ludicrously extravagant. Protestants and free-thinkers naturally advocate any theory that will lessen the power or diminish the prestige of the Holy See. Their leader in all disputes between the Papacy and the Empire is the Flaccius already quoted; for since his day writers of that ilk have advanced nothing new in the subject-matter.* Among Catholic writers who,

with some modifications, agree with the Illyrian Centuriator in this question, are Thomassin, Feu, Bossuet, and Alexandre. Bossuet contends that the right of Charlemagne to the imperial sceptre was derived from an election by the Roman people. On some future occasion we shall show that the testimony of competent contemporary historians, as well as that of pontiffs and princes who were well acquainted with their own respective rights, clearly demonstrates that the Empire was transferred from the Greeks to the Franks solely by the authority of the Roman Pontiff.

A Napoleonic Idea.

IN view of the present circumstances of the Holy See, and of the periodically recurring journalistic rumor that the Supreme Pontiff contemplates a transfer of the papal residence from the Eternal City to some more congenial spot, the following fact, recorded in the “Memoirs” of Prince Metternich, is of great interest:

While the celebrated Austrian diplomat and Minister of State was ambassador at the court of the first Napoleon, he became quite a confidant of the “terrible man,” as he styled the Emperor; and he tells us that he ventured one day to advance his opinion—“not as a Catholic, but as an Austrian diplomat—that the Pope should reside in a house of his own, and not in that of any other man.” It appears that on this occasion Bonaparte had sent for the Prince, and had remarked: “I want you to do me a favor. I am tired of this captivity of the Pope. Such a state of affairs must have an end; it profits nothing to any one. I would like you to

at Jena, but is best known as the originator and one of the four chief authors of the Protestant fetich among histories, the “Centuries of Magdeburg.” The other Centuriators were Lejeudin, Fabert, and Wigand; but all were guided by Flaccius.

* This author was a Dalmatian, born at Istria, on the Adriatic, in 1520. His Dalmatian nativity caused him to be styled Illyricus, but his real name was Matthias Vlacich. He became a professor of theology

go to Savona; the Pontiff thinks a great deal of you, and you can make him look with favor on a plan which I have conceived to terminate our quarrel."

Metternich replied that he would be obliged to ask permission from his master, the Emperor of Austria.

"You would refuse me this favor?" returned Napoleon. "You would risk nothing in furthering the peace of the world?"

The ambassador smilingly replied that he doubted precisely as to the peaceful nature of the proposed Napoleonic overtures to the Pontiff. "But will your Majesty deign to unfold this plan?"

"Here it is," said Bonaparte. "From this day the Holy See will be located in Paris, not in Rome."

Metternich says that he made a gesture of surprise, and smiled incredulously; whereupon Napoleon resumed:

"Yes; I shall bring the Pope to Paris, and fix here the centre of Christendom. But the Pontiff must be independent. Therefore, I intend to give him a fitting palace near my capitol; and in order that he may be in his own house, I shall declare the neutrality of the territory around him for the distance of several leagues. He will have his diplomatic body in attendance, his congregations, his entire court; and, that he may want nothing, I shall guarantee him an annual revenue of six millions of francs. Do you think that he will refuse?"

The Prince replied: "Yes, and all Europe will sustain him in his refusal. The Pope will say, and quite truly, that he will be as much a prisoner with your six millions as he is now at Savona."

The monarch grew angry, but Metternich continued: "Your Majesty draws a secret from me. The Austrian sovereign has conceived the very same design that you now harbor. Seeing that your Majesty will not restore the Holy Father to Rome, my imperial master wishes that the papal

captivity end, and he has resolved to provide the Pope with a state. Your Majesty knows the palace of Schönbrunn? Well, my sovereign presents it to the Pontiff, with a surrounding territory of about fifteen leagues, and an annual revenue of twelve millions. If the Pope accepts this offer, *does your Majesty consent?*"

Notes and Remarks.

A bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives by General Wheeler, of Alabama, suggesting a World's Fair to be held in New York in 1900, to commemorate the nineteenth centenary of the foundation of Christianity. General Wheeler's suggestion, though creditable to his heart, has not been well considered. For obvious reasons, a World's Fair to celebrate the foundation of Christianity would be impracticable at the present time. Moreover, the Vicar of Christ is the only one from whom such a suggestion could appropriately come, and he is not likely to make it. Furthermore, to commemorate the nineteenth centenary of Christianity would be to commemorate the nineteenth centenary of the Catholic Church; and if Protestants wish to celebrate their nineteenth centenary, they will have to wait a few centuries longer. It will be seen that General Wheeler's proposal is not opportune. A few centuries later will be time enough to consider his suggestion.

Any particulars of the career of the late lamented Father Davis, who is rightly included among the benefactors of the Irish race, are sure to be of interest to a large number of readers. He was not, as has been stated, a descendant of the poet, Thomas Davis, who never married; but a brother of Mr. Eugene Davis, a well-known Catholic writer, who is numbered among our own contributors. The noted fishing school which Father Davis was instrumental in establishing was at the expense of the ratepayers

of the County of Cork and of the British Government. Baltimore was a poor village when he was sent thither as its pastor; and but for his zeal and devotedness, united to rare business qualities, would probably be the same to-day. Father Davis' influence with the Baroness Burdett Coutts, who generously granted him a loan of £7,000 to procure nets and boats for the impoverished fishermen, resulted in making Baltimore a thriving village, and the debt was paid off in three years. This success was not less gratifying to the large-hearted noblewoman than to Father Davis himself, and she again advanced a large sum to enable him to carry out his plans on a still larger scale. The fisheries to-day are worth \$100,000 a year; and the once poverty-stricken, "deserted village" is now one of the most prosperous towns in all Ireland. No wonder that the memory of Father Davis is held in benediction by the happy, hopeful and contented Baltimoreans.

The Maoris, of whom Bishop Luck has given so interesting an account, look with special favor on Catholic missionaries because of their not having wives and families to support, and consequently not set on acquiring lands and making homes for themselves. Speaking of the ministers of the Established Church, a Maori chief is reported to have said, with the laconism characteristic of his race: "The English teach us to raise our hands in prayer so that they may take the ground from under our feet."

The Rev. Father Fallize, C. S. C., a missionary in Eastern Bengal, informs us that the Rosary is of all devotions dearest to the Catholics of India. "In my journeyings among them," he writes, "I am constantly importuned for beads. Many of the natives wear them around their necks day and night—not for ornament, as I at first supposed, but as a distinctive mark whereby they may be known as Christians, and in order that the beads may be always at hand to occupy a leisure half hour. The father who returns at sundown from his work in the fields, before sitting down to his supper of rice, retires to a hut, where is an altar, or at least a holy

picture or a cross. There in silence and seclusion he recites the Rosary, which he considers in the light of a conscientious obligation. . . . I found a beautiful custom in one of the villages under my charge. During Lent the men assemble every night, and walk in procession through the streets, reciting the Rosary. This pious practice was commended to them by a former missionary during the cholera plague. The scourge disappeared, but the practice is continued to this day." The zealous missionary concludes with this pertinent reflection: "What a beautiful example do these dusky children of the Church show to those whose education and thorough religious training should more urgently prompt them to have recourse to Her, who is our Refuge here and the Cause of our Joy above!"

Many of our readers will remember a suggestion made some years ago in *THE "AVE MARIA"* regarding the use to which old rosaries might be put by foreign missionaries. Numberless requests for beads are still made; but the missionaries, are not always able to comply with them. Those, however, who responded so generously on a former occasion will be glad to know that their offerings have been put to such good use, and have borne such excellent fruit.

It is not often, even in the case of great saints, that the founders of religious Orders live to see their communities so widespread as are the Little Sisters of the Poor, one of whose original members, Marie Jamet, died last month at the mother-house in Brittany. Fifty years ago this heroic soul found her vocation in caring for the aged widows of shipwrecked sailors. The work was specially dear to a young French priest, the Abbé le Pailleur; and he called upon Marie Jamet and a companion, Virginie Tredaniel, to found a community to perpetuate it. The efforts of these devoted religious were singularly blessed; for in a short time there were foundations in all the principal seaports of France. The work of the Society was afterward extended so as to include the care of the aged, poor, homeless and friendless; and the Little Sisters were cordially welcomed

wherever they went. The Order now embraces over four thousand Sisters, who preside over two hundred and fifty-three establishments in all parts of the world. At the time of her death Marie Jamet (in religion, Mother Augustine) held the office of Superior-General in this blessed institute.

The late Prof. Stelle, who was received into the Church on his death-bed at Mobile, Ala., was well known throughout the country, especially in the South, as a writer on agricultural subjects. He is said to have discovered the only satisfactory method of banishing the troublesome cotton-worm, and his success in introducing foreign fruits and vegetables into Southern farms was recognized by many scientific societies. Many of the members of Prof. Stelle's family had preceded him into the Church, and he himself was found on his death-bed to be thoroughly instructed in the faith. While it is gratifying to know that the grace of conversion was given him in his last moments, one can hardly help sharing the old Professor's regret that he had "put off his duty to God until the end."

There are at present before the Roman court about five hundred causes of beatification of martyr missionaries belonging to the Dominican Order. The most notable is that of the Venerable Father Francis de Capillas, the first martyr of China, who was beheaded on the 15th of January, 1648; and four other religious, who were put to death about the same time. This cause, which had been abandoned for more than two centuries, owing to the loss of the canonical process, has just been resumed.

A Presbyterian church in New York recently attempted to attract the poor to its portals by surrounding its services with the seductive influences of philanthropy and free soup. But the poor did not flock thither, strange to say, and the experiment has been given up. The *New York Sun*, after a careful analysis of the movement, has this to say:

"The trouble with the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church is that its faith is cold. It does not believe what it teaches. It is a Briggsite church, which means that its tendency is toward the

lifelessness of agnosticism. Having no living faith to propagate, it purveys instead philanthropy, morality, and humanity, which is unsatisfactory food for souls hungry for the bread of life. It can not stir up a revival outside, for inside it is questioning and criticising rather than believing. It is an association for discussing religion, not for propagating it. It has not in its heart the fire of enthusiasm which kindles a corresponding fire in the popular heart. It is not a source whence faith can come. It is rather a fountain of scepticism. It teaches that faith in Christ is essential to salvation. Yet in the same breath it avers that the authority upon which that faith is based is untrustworthy....

"What is the matter with Protestantism in New York? The matter is that it is not enough in earnest. It is not thoroughly convinced in its own mind that the eternal welfare of mankind depends on the acceptance of its teachings. It is half-hearted. It needs to be stirred by a genuine and general revival of faith."

It might be said that the "matter" with Presbyterianism in New York is the matter with Protestantism everywhere. The branch cut off from the original tree may have remained green for a while, so great is the vitality of the parent trunk; but it has long since grown dry and barren.

A report has gained currency of late to the effect that the prospect of the Church in Denmark is not very encouraging. It is, therefore, especially gratifying to find in the *Pittsburg Catholic* a contribution from a Danish priest, who assures us that the condition of the Church in that country is full of hope, and that many Protestants long for union with the See of Peter. A Danish author, himself a Protestant, writes that "in consideration of the prejudices against the Catholic religion, rooted so deep in the hearts of the people, and being opposed to the propagation of it, progress in the Catholic mission is, in truth, to be called great." Still more emphatic is the testimony of Professor Scharling, of the University of Copenhagen, who, in a work published recently, declares that "the two most powerful Protestant parties in the land are already on the straight road to Rome."

It is interesting to hear that the brother of the sainted Bishop Neumann, mentioned in our sketch, in religion Brother Wenceslaus, is still living in the Redemptorist Convent in New Orleans.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Little Pain-Bearers.



LONG years ago, in most of the kingdoms of Europe, it was the fashion for the young heir to the throne to have a companion near his own age, who shared all his sports and studied the same lessons.

He was usually a well-born lad, and always a good and studious one; and was supposed to set an example of proper behavior to his royal friend and master.

So far this sounds very fine, and I fancy our young people thinking how delightful it must have been to go about with a real prince, in the days when kings wore their crowns on their heads and did not look in the least like common people; but when I say that the name of this companion of the heir was the Whipping-Boy, or Pain-Bearer, there appears to have been some drawbacks to the comfort of the office. It was, in fact, the duty of the Whipping-Boy to receive all the blows and hard words which the prince had himself deserved by stupidity or wilfulness. If the royal child would not learn his lessons; or was idle or disobedient, it was the other who was made to suffer.

There is a story of a young prince who had the toothache, which gave him quite as much pain as if he had been plain Bill Jones, the farmer's boy.

"Your royal highness," said the court surgeon, "there is no way to relieve the pain except by extracting your tooth."

"But that will hurt," said the prince.

"I know that, your royal highness; but the pain will be short."

"Well, there's my whipping-boy," answered his royal highness. "Pull *his* tooth."

"But," said the puzzled surgeon, "that will not help you."

"I tell you to pull *his* tooth!" roared the prince, mad with pain and anger.

So the surgeon forced open the mouth of the whipping-boy, and took out one of his pretty white teeth in a moment. The boy did not utter a sound.

"Did it hurt?" asked the prince.

"Not very much," said the other.

So the prince opened his royal mouth, and the court surgeon made short work of relieving him of the offending member; and this time, I assure you, there was no lack of tears and groans.

"I have a good notion," said the prince to his friend, "to make you have another tooth out—a great big one,—for serving me such a trick."

In England the custom of keeping a pain-bearer as a comrade of the heir was at one time quite general; but there, as well as in most parts of the Old World, it is quite extinct. It survived, however, as late as the birth of James I., but was then discontinued; "and for that reason," says an old-fashioned historian, "James I.

grew up nothing better than a dunce.”

It is the fashion to praise the good old times; but it is not likely that any boy of to-day would esteem it a favor to be honored with a royal mandate to go to court in the capacity of whipping-boy.

FRANCESCA.

Sight-Seeing at the World's Fair.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XII.—THE IRISH VILLAGES, OLD VIENNA, ETC.

It was a pleasant contrast to turn from the *bizarre* sights and sounds of the Plaisance to the rural quiet and peacefulness of the Irish villages. As our friends paused before the grey towers of a medieval gateway, Mr. Barrett said:

“This is a fac-simile of St. Lawrence’s Gate of Drogheda, built in the year 1200.”

Passing beneath the arch, they entered a street of small, thatched cottages, beyond which rose the picturesque ruins of the banquet hall of Donegal Castle. As they walked on, interested in everything that greeted their eyes, they beheld, at the end of the little town, a tall and fine reproduction of one of the famous round towers of Ireland; and in the marketplace, a handsomely-carved Celtic cross. They observed also the imposing statue of the great statesman Gladstone, which was formally unveiled in the early summer; and discovered in the castle courtyard, standing on real Irish soil spread with a carpet of shamrocks, an imitation of that natural curiosity, the Wishing Chair of the Giant’s Causeway.

“One seldom sees a cottage door closed in Ireland; and I perceive that here, too, they stand hospitably open,” said Uncle Jack. “Suppose we step into one or two of them?”

They did so, and found a fascinating exhibit of Irish industries. In the first dwelling was a man weaving upon a handloom the celebrated Kells art linen, while at a window sat a girl embroidering a square of the exquisite fabric in polished threads of flax. At the next, two women were engaged in lacemaking. In the third were specimens of bog-oak carving, designs for marble cutters, etc. Others showed embroidered hangings and coverlets, and cloth spun, woven, and plant dyed,—all the work of the peasants of a single county.

It would have been delightful, our party thought, to tarry here; but, knowing that there was so much still to be seen, they felt obliged to proceed.

“Lady Aberdeen’s Village represents the industries of the whole of Ireland,” explained Mr. Barrett, as they reached its entrance. “The gate is modelled after the portal of King Cormac’s Chapel at the Rock of Cashel.”

Passing through the turnstile, the girls presently exclaimed with pleasure as they found themselves apparently in the lovely old cloisters of Muckross Abbey.

“A good representation,” conceded Uncle Jack; “but they need the charming scenery of Killarney for a background.”

From the religious twilight of these Gothic arches, our sight-seers issued upon the green of the village. Here were more little grey, thatched cottages; and in their midst, stately, sombre, and looking like a restoration of that once impregnable stronghold of an ancient royal race, stood the square tower of Blarney Castle.

Mr. Barrett gazed, smiled in a pleased way, and then sighed. It had indeed been impossible to transport across the sea the green fields and the ivy-grown groves of Blarney, but he pronounced the semblance of the old donjon-keep to be a success.

Good-naturedly eager to get ahead of his sisters in kissing the famous Stone, Aleck was by this time half-way up the

long and tortuous stairway that led to the summit. The others now climbed it also, and emerged upon the battlements, above which floated the Irish flag—that beautiful emerald standard emblazoned with its golden harp.

From the height they looked down upon a remarkable panorama; for from beneath the shadow of the fortress, so venerable in its aspect, extended the bright and gay, if somewhat incongruous, life of the Plaisance; while on the other side, bathed in the light of the setting sun, shone the domes and palaces of the wonderful White City.

The girls hardly took time to consider the scene, so impatient were they to behold the renowned piece of granite which is supposed to endow with irresistible powers of persuasion the fortunate being who touches it with his lips.

“Here it is!” called their brother; “and a genuine chip of the old block, unless this young sprig of Irish eloquence is ‘making game of me,’ as he protests would be very unbecoming in a gentleman.”

The “sprig” in evidence was a little urchin, who might be instanced as an example of the talents conferred by the Stone. No doubt until this eventful summer he had never been many miles from his native hamlet, and the total amount of his schooling was comprised within a very short period. Yet in wit and native drollery he was more than a match for the group of visitors who surrounded him and plied him with jesting questions. Well he performed his duty as guardian of the treasure, standing in front of it with his legs stretched apart, as he announced that the payment of a good American dime was necessary as a preliminary to testing its efficacy, and to insure a favorable result. He, however, condescended to indicate the irregular grey block, set in the wall in such a manner that one must go down on hands and knees, and lean across an open space, to reach it.

Aleck had already been through this performance and its accompanying droll ceremony. Uncle Jack having satisfied the young custodian with the requisite pieces of silver, the girls now followed the example of those about them; and, at some slight sacrifice of gracefulness perhaps, but much to their own amused satisfaction, went through the comedy of saluting the Blarney Stone.

“Although this was probably taken from some part of the ruins, it can not be the genuine and identical Stone celebrated in the lines of Father Prout and famed in lively Irish stories,” said Mr. Barrett; “for that is immovably fixed in the battlements of the ivy-covered stronghold by the Lee. Originally the Blarney Stone meant the rock on which the castle was built, and later the castle itself. The tradition concerning it is said to have arisen from the fact that one of its ancient commanders had a particularly clever tongue, and became noted for the manner in which, when besieged by the English, he gained time by dallying; and, by smooth speeches and plausible excuses, evaded giving up his fortress to the Earl of Totness, until the latter became the jest of the ministers of Queen Elizabeth, as the dupe of the Lord of Blarney.”

Descending from the tower, our party visited one of the little cottages. Upon the hearth a peat-turf fire was burning, and above it on a crane hung the family potato pot. In the room were two comely girls,—one making the beautiful needle point lace of Youghal, and the other the Limerick lace.

In the other houses they found girls spinning, weaving, and knitting; and at the bazaar some beautiful handiwork was offered for sale. There was also a fine display of fac-similes of the insignia of the Irish Kings—the Tara Brooch and Fingal Pin, illuminated initials from the Book of Kells, etc.

Uncle Jack bought for Nora and Ellen

as keepsakes two bits of jewelry made of the pretty Irish agate, and Aleck selected a bog-oak pipe; for, although he did not smoke, he said it might prove useful some day. Then, after partaking of fresh buttermilk at the model dairy school, they took chairs upon the green, where they rested, listening to the music of an aged piper, unmistakably an Hibernian importation, and watching the jig-dancing and simple merriment of the light-hearted villagers, and of those among the sight-seeing wanderers who, exiles from the country of their birth, amid this scene so familiar to their childhood and youth, for the nonce imagined themselves again "at home in old Ireland."

"Later we will visit the Austrian Village," said Mr. Barrett.

Accordingly, as the evening shadows gathered, he and the Kendricks once more sauntered forth upon the Plaisance. The fantastic, cosmopolitan thoroughfare was now ablaze with light; the crowd was greater, the life seemed set to a still gayer, more care-forgetful measure than before. The theatres and raree-shows, and likewise the innumerable deafening bands, were, as Aleck expressed it, "all going at full blast"; the heterogeneous town was at the zenith of its grotesque brilliancy.

Wending their way along this unique avenue, our friends arrived at their destination. The portly booted and spurred Tyrolese watchman at the portcullis of Old Vienna lowered his halberd, at the point of which now hung a small swinging lamp,—as they went in. And now, as in the kaleidoscopic slides of a magic lantern, the prospect was changed once more.

They had entered upon a spacious plaza, the four sides of which were lined with tall houses of so curious and antiquated an appearance that Nora professed to believe them to be veritable relics of the sixteenth century.

"Uncle Jack," she exclaimed, "you have been practising your necromancer's arts again, and have taken us back at least to the days when the Turks invaded Christendom. Ellen, can you not imagine knights and squires stepping out from these quaint homes to join the forces that fought at Lepanto?"

"It is certainly not to the Vienna of '93 that I have introduced you," responded her uncle, smiling; "for to-day there is no more modern or magnificent city in Europe than the capital of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and comparatively few of its ancient landmarks remain. Our surroundings, however, remind me very much of the Marian Platz, or principal square of Munich, which is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin in thanksgiving for her protection in the time of war and pestilence. There one wanders amid an environment of structures like these, so charmingly picturesque that they are at once the delight and almost the despair of an artist, since he finds it well-nigh impossible adequately to depict them with all their poetic suggestions."

The young people felt as if under a spell of enchantment. The rays of the electric lights like a flood of moonlight streamed full upon the venerable-looking buildings, bringing into relief their queer, curling roofs and the paintings of the Crucifixion or the Madonna, and the illuminated texts of Scripture upon the exterior walls.

But although the upper stories of these old houses were shrouded in this weird radiance, as in the tender light of the past, the little shops on the ground-floor were aglow with the refulgence of the present. Here all was stir and activity; a brisk business was being carried on in the sale of the exquisite china, cut-glass, and leather goods for which modern Vienna is noted.

From a pavilion near by a fine orchestra discoursed exquisite melodies; while extending into the centre of the Platz from

the adjacent restaurants were groups of little tables, at which the guests loitered and chatted. Everything recalled to Mr. Barrett, "the Paris of central Europe."

"This is a perfect illustration of that charming feature of German life, the summer garden, where families and friends spend the evenings together in the open air, enjoying one another's companionship while listening to good music," said Uncle Jack. "The best of these gardens are frequented by people of good society. Such a resort, with its background of old buildings or trees, its brightness and fountains and flowers, its throngs of military officers and handsomely dressed ladies, presents indeed an animated scene."

Many promenaders were strolling up and down the walks bordering upon the shops. Our friends joined the procession and roamed about for a while. As they reached the end of the Platz, Ellen noticed another enclosure.

"What is this?" she asked, stopping for a moment.

Looking in they saw, beneath over-spreading trees, more people and more small tables, and a raised platform, where singing was going on. It was another garden, and resembled a little corner of the Prater in real Vienna. They did not stop here, however, but returned to the vicinity of the principal *café*.

Uncle Jack found a table for the party, so situated that they could hear the music to advantage. Then, summoning a waiter, he ordered dinner, for which they were quite ready by this time. At the conclusion of the meal they lingered there contentedly: Mr. Barrett smoking, the others toying with their ice-cream, while they listened to the strains of Wagner's and Strauss' captivating waltzes.

On the way home, an hour later, shortly before reaching the exit of the Exposition grounds, they passed the interesting building which is a model in miniature of the magnificent Basilica of St. Peter in Rome.

The moon shone softly on dome and wall and façade, accentuating the perfect outlines against the calm sky. Beneath the portico the silent sentinels, in the uniform of the Swiss Guard, paced to and fro, now in the light and anon in the shadow.

"It is like looking at St. Peter's through an opera-glass," said Nora.

"Or like a dream compared to a grand reality," added Uncle Jack.

It was, in fact, a picture which impressed itself upon the minds of the girls and Aleck with remarkable distinctness, and which they would long remember.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Modest Scholar.

John Richard Green, who was known as the Historian of the English People, is buried at Mentone, and on his tombstone are cut these words: "He Died Learning." Though we may disagree with some of Mr. Green's conclusions, we must admit that he was a very learned man, and admire the life-long modesty which caused his friends to put into imperishable marble that tribute to his child-like simplicity of character.

It is the great who are truly humble; and probably the men who have left the most brilliant records upon the pages of literature, or in any path of distinction, have had very uncomplimentary opinions of their own merits.

A Choice of Rosaries.

"WHICH rosary will you have, my dear?"
And grandma held up two.

"I like the long ones, but I'll take
The little one of blue."

But grandma said: "You'd better not:
The blue beads aren't so strong."

"You keep the big one," May replied:
"My penance never's long."



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

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A Blending.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M. D.

SOFT beneath the chalice-brim
 A purple wine-drop gleameth, while
 Along the banner'd minster aisle
 Low throbs the Offertory hymn.

The chalice now is lifted up,
 And slowly down its golden lips
 The truant drop all trembling slips,
 And is lost in the wine within the cup.

O dear Lord Christ, thus may it be
 That my poor heart be one with Thine:
 Be blended with It like the wine,
 And lose itself e'er more in Thee!

Ten Years of Captivity in Barbarism.

FATHER OHRWALDER, a priest of the Austrian mission station at Delen, in Kordofan, in company with the Right Rev. Bishop Comboni, two other missionaries, and several Sisters, departed from Cairo on December 28, 1880, and reached Khartum after a journey of twenty-eight days. Thence they proceeded to the mission of Delen, where at the time of their arrival all was tranquillity and peace. But they had not been there long when

they heard the first murmurings of the terrible storm, the effects of which on the missionaries, or at least a number of them, will be told in the following pages.

All the world has heard of the "Mahdi," but few are conversant with his origin and the beginnings of his career. A few years previous to the outbreak in the Sudan, which has now passed into the bloody pages of warlike history, an individual in the garb of a Dervish began to wander through the country, urging the Moslems to religious fanaticism. He claimed that faith and religion were no longer held as of any importance among them; and this, he said, was due to contact with the Christians. Soon he found adherents, who joined him in his wanderings. Men of undoubted bravery and influence espoused his cause; and in various skirmishes, which took place between them and those who opposed them and their intentions, the Dervish's followers were always successful.

It is impossible here to recapitulate the story of the gradual growth of his pretensions and the number of his followers. The Government, underestimating his powers, and confident of the superiority of its servants, soon became aware of the fact that the Dervish had gained a wonderful hold on the people, and when too late arose to the emergency created by his now open hostilities.

At Gedir and El Obeid he demonstrated that he and his adherents, joined by

numerous fanatics among the people, were able to conquer the regular troops; and from that time his star was in the ascendency. The Moslems are nothing if not fanatical, and among them his reputation for sanctity was so great that even Government steamers stopped to ask his blessing on their journeys.

In appearance he was very handsome. He professed to be inspired by God, and it therefore became a sin to refuse to obey him. In this way did he, little by little, organize the force which was to conquer the Sudan. He always conducted prayers in public, and it was not long before his followers came by thousands to hear him and join in his devotions. Most of the people whom he addressed in the discourses which always followed these prayers were ignorant, and they lent ready ears to every word he uttered. Others who listened to him knew how vain were his pretensions; but they followed and joined him through love of adventure and hope of plunder.

On April 8, 1882, these robber-dervishes appeared in the neighborhood of Delen, where the mission was established, and from that time forward the Christians lived in daily fear of being massacred. This state of things continued until September, when, after many alarms, the priests and Sisters were seized, and ordered to proceed to the camp of the Mahdi, as it was his gracious intention to permit them to look upon his face. After an interview with him, they were ordered back to the custody of their captors, and by them solicited, first with fair words and then by force, to renounce Christianity and become followers of Islam. It is needless to say that both promises and blows were wasted on these soldiers of Christ. Two of the Sisters and the carpenter of the mission soon died of dysentery; for the survivors were reserved more terrible sufferings.

In spite of the treatment they received, the Mahdi was continually sending them word that they should soon be released;

but one evening, near sunset, about thirty men appeared in the humble quarters assigned to the Sisters and missionaries, and, saying it was not fitting that these women should be with priests, with mock modesty they drove the poor Sisters before the Khalifa' Abdullah. He and Khalifa Sherif used every means of cruel barbarity to shake the constancy of these religious; and Khalifa, seizing a pair of scissors which one of the Sisters was carrying, cut the division between her nostrils. The Khalifa's wives also insulted them in every way, and then they were distributed among the emirs and sent to Rahad.

We will here quote Father Ohrwalder's own words,* which best describe the tortures he and his devoted companions endured after the breaking up of their little company:

"We spent that night in our own huts, but early the next morning the dervishes came and took us to the Khalifa, who made us over to various emirs. . . . We were now exposed to ill treatment from all sides. The Mahdi's three sons, ranging from seven to ten years of age, used to come and insult me daily. . . . At length, on April 7, the Mahdi broke camp, and we with him. The huge camp, swarming with thousands and thousands of people, became empty in a few days; and each one, as he left his hut, set fire to it, so that nothing was to be seen but clouds of flame and smoke darting upward to the sky.

"Three days after the Mahdi's departure, my master and I quitted El Obeid. The road to Rahad was one uninterrupted stream of human beings—men, women, and children. Of course I had to walk, and to act as camel-driver as well, subject to continual insult.

"It took us three days to reach Rahad, though under ordinary circumstances the journey could easily be performed in one and a half days. The hot sand had blis-

* "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp." By Major F. R. Wingate, R. A.

tered my feet, and caused my legs to swell. The burning sun and fatigue were terribly oppressive. As to food, I had a share of the meal of my master's horses. I was obliged to clean the dokhn, which was given to the horse, and the pangs of hunger made me covet even this; while I was constrained occasionally to ask my master's slave to give me a gulp of water."

Father Ohrwalder then goes on to relate some of the sufferings of the Sisters:

"They had set out from Rahad with the various emirs among whom they had been distributed. On the journey they suffered greatly. They were obliged to walk the whole distance barefoot, over thorns and burning sand. They underwent the agonies of hunger and thirst, were cruelly beaten, and some of them had to carry loads. One of them for a whole day, had not a drop of water to drink. On their arrival at Rahad they scarcely looked like human beings, with their faces all scorched and peeled by the burning sun; and here new tortures awaited them. One of them was suspended from a tree, and beaten on the soles of the feet till they became swollen and black, and soon the nails dropped off. In spite of all this suffering, and notwithstanding the cruel threats of these barbarians, the Sisters clung firmly to their belief.

"One night one of the Sisters succeeded in escaping to the Mahdi's hut; and, forcing her way into his presence, appealed vehemently against the cruel treatment which she and her companions were suffering from the tyrannical emirs, saying that their only fault was that they had resolved to adhere to their own faith. Some Greeks offered to care for them and take charge of them. The Mahdi, who really pitied them from his heart, sanctioned the proposal of the Greeks, to whom the Sisters were duly handed over."

Some time after the massacre of Gordon, and the death of the Mahdi, Father Ohrwalder and his companions were

taken to Omdurman. Although still captives, they were allowed to walk about the city, and even, in the case of Father Ohrwalder and another, to choose their place of residence and occupation. Father Ohrwalder had resolved to search for a trusty friend who would aid him to escape; but, though many compassionated the prisoners, and would have been glad to render them assistance, they were afraid of the vengeance of the Khalifa. Father Ohrwalder lodged about eight months with a friendly Greek; but, having determined to escape at any cost, he left him, so that in the event of his escaping the Greek might not be accused of complicity. He engaged with a man named Lupton in the business of soap-boiling, as he was obliged to do something for a livelihood. Owing to the death of his partner, this occupation had to be abandoned. Two of the mission Sisters lived in the neighborhood, making a precarious living at needlework.

After casting about for other employment, Father Ohrwalder resolved to try making ribbons, which entered largely into the ornamentation of the dresses of the women in Omdurman. For this purpose he acquired a small loom. In this connection he says: "The few men in the market, who had the monopoly of the trade, regarded my acquisition with jealousy." He succeeded in making the ribbons, and thus earned for himself and his companions a meagre living.

Finally, an Arab who volunteered his services was entrusted with a letter to the Rt. Rev. Vicar-Apostolic, Franz Sogaro, and commissioned to negotiate verbally with him; although the prisoners had small faith in his sincerity, as they had been several times deceived. The man's plan was to return when the Nile was high—that is to say, almost a year later,—escape in a boat or on a raft, which the swift current would carry to Berber in about three days, where camels would be

in readiness to take them across the desert to Korosko. We will give the details of the escape in Father Ohrwalder's own words:

"Ahmed Hassan—for that was the man's name—went off; and, to tell the truth, I had little hope that he would do anything more than others had done before him. Both the Sisters and myself were thoroughly debilitated by constant work and hardship; and it was always possible that a slight fever might extinguish the spark of life which was then burning but dimly.

"A few days after Ahmed's departure the whole matter went out of our heads, and before long I was again negotiating with another Arab to assist us to escape; for I wished to leave no stone unturned. If it had been a question of my flight alone, there would not have been so much difficulty. As a man, I could have stained my naturally brown complexion, dressed in rags, and begged my way along the banks of the Blue Nile to Abyssinia; but I could not leave the poor Sisters behind, and therefore resolved to wait patiently until a deliverer should come.

"Several of the merchants who had been to Egypt told me that Archbishop Sogaro had often sent us money, *via* Korosko, Halfa, and Sawakin; but the dishonest Arabs had always appropriated it to themselves. In fact, ever since 1884 our good Archbishop had never ceased his efforts to assist us and make our captivity more bearable. He left no stone unturned, and moved Moslems, Christians, the Government, and indeed his Holiness the Pope, on our behalf; and one of the missionaries was maintained on the Egyptian frontier, with the special object of endeavoring to procure our release. . . .

"Meanwhile Ahmed Hassan, whom I had sent to Cairo with a letter, duly delivered it to Archbishop Sogaro, who made a written agreement with him for our release. At Omdurman the winter had come and gone; the Nile had risen to its

full height and had subsided, but there was no sign of Ahmed. I was not surprised; for I had long been accustomed to disappointments of this sort.

"The heavy work was sapping our waning strength. I began to spit blood, felt severe pains in my chest, and was little else than skin and bone. On the 4th of October, 1891, Sister Concetta Corsi, who was in a very weak state of health, was suddenly carried off by typhus. According to the custom in the Sudan, we wound her body in a cloth, tied it up in a mat (for there were no coffins to be had), and carried it, almost immediately after death, to a spot some six miles north of the town—the direction in which her eyes had in lifetime so often turned. All the Greeks and Syrians followed; and there, in the stillness of the desert, we laid her in the warm sand, protecting her body from the ravenous hyenas by a few thorns. A prayer was offered up for her and the souls of those who had gone before; then we turned sadly back, hoping that before long we, too, might be lying beside her.

"My hut was gloomy in the extreme. For several days I did not speak to any one; and when night came I threw myself down on my angarib, but sleep would not come to me. Then I would gaze up into the great vault of heaven, and think that the same sky was over my fatherland, from which I was an exile, surrounded by suffering and sickness.

"On the night of the 28th of October, 1891, Ahmed Hassan quite unexpectedly made his appearance. I took him to my hut; and, after the usual Arabic greetings, he said to me: 'Here I am! Are you coming?' For a moment I was speechless. I quite understood what he meant, but a thousand thoughts flashed through my mind; my heart was beating violently; the dangers to which my frail companions in adversity would be subjected loomed before me, and at first I could make no

reply; then I collected my wandering thoughts and said: 'If I did not intend to go with you, I would not have sent you.'

—'He informed me briefly that he had seen Archbishop Sogaro, and had made an arrangement with him regarding our release; that he had given up the plan of descending to Berber by boat, and that he had received £100 to purchase camels. He further told me that he had not brought any letter with him. He asked about the Sisters; and when I informed him that one had died about a month ago, he almost wept, and, striking his forehead with his hand, said: 'Oh, that I had come a month earlier!' But I told him that I would take another Sister in her place. I advised him to purchase at least five good camels, and to see that he had sufficient arms. In anticipation of flight, I had a long time ago secured and carefully concealed a hundred Remington cartridges.

'When Ahmed left the hut I began to doubt if he was really sincere; it seemed incredible that they should have sent him from Cairo without a line or even a signature on so important an undertaking. The next day, however, he reappeared, bringing with him two Arabs whom he had engaged in the cause. Ahmed seemed afraid that we would not undertake the flight. He told me that he had brought a letter from the Archbishop, but had left it at Berber. The main difficulty for the Arabs would be leaving the house without being observed; but I reassured him on that point.

'I now began to make preparations. My first object was to get one of the Sisters, who was at that time living in the house of a Greek, to come to mine. This was not an easy matter; for I dared not mention one word about our intentions to a soul, or our plans would undoubtedly have been frustrated. I therefore feigned illness, and said I could no longer carry on this hard work alone; so the Sister was allowed to come. She had now been

with me some twenty days, so I felt that the Greek could not be held responsible for her disappearance.

'Ahmed gave me Archbishop Sogaro's letter, which he procured from Berber; and with intense excitement I read the few lines, in which he wished me all success in the undertaking. This letter encouraged me greatly, and I had now no doubt of Ahmed's sincerity.

'On Sunday evening I went to see a friend, and returned at nine o'clock; this happened to be the last visit I was to make in Omdurman. Just as I stepped into my yard I saw Ahmed standing before me. He hastily told me to get ready as soon as possible: his friends had made a mistake, and had come a day earlier with the camels. The Sisters were all ready. I gave Ahmed the few small things I had, as well as my arms, and told him to take the Sisters to the appointed place, which was only about thirty yards from the hut; whilst I went off and informed the only person who was in the secret, of our decision to leave a day earlier.

'All fear had now gone; and, almost beside myself with excitement, I hastened to my friend's house and knocked at the door. 'Who's there?' he asked. And when he knew who it was he was greatly surprised, and asked why I came so late. As some one else was standing near, I said that I had been seized with a violent pain, and had come to beg a few drops of laudanum; and then I approached him, pressed his hand, and whispered in his ear that we were on the point of starting. The poor man received such a shock that, had he not caught hold of something, he would have fallen. But I roused him by asking him loudly to get the laudanum; so he went off to his room, and there, with a trembling hand, he put a few drops on a piece of sugar.

'I took it back to the house, which I found the Sisters had just left. Then, wrapping myself in a black mantle, I

locked the door, and took the key with me. I saw something dark in the distance, which I knew must be the camels, and thither I picked my way. In a few moments I had reached the spot, and a man whom I did not know helped me onto my camel; but there was no time to ask questions. Ahmed put the Sisters on the camels on which the two other Arabs rode. Not thirty yards from where we were was a well, around which a number of female slaves were gathered; but the little noise we made was drowned by their laughter."

The good Father goes on to give an account of their journey, which was filled with privations of all sorts, added to the constant fear of capture. Hungry, thirsty, sick and weary, parched by the sun, scratched by thorns, and wounded by sharp rocks, at the end of the seventh day they reached Murat. Father Ohrwalder continues:

"Just before sunset we turned down the khor which leads to Murat. The fort covering the wells was visible on the hills, surmounted by the red flag with the white crescent and star in the centre. 'Ahmed,' I cried, 'greet the flag of freedom!' And our courageous deliverer seized his gun, and fired shot after shot into the air to announce our arrival to the Egyptian garrison. . . .

"We made no further extended halt, and early in the morning of December 13 we reached Korosko. We were at once surrounded by numbers of people, who bore us off to the fort; and here, for the first time in many years, we found ourselves in comfortable rooms again.

"On the evening of December 15 we got on board a steamer, which bore us comfortably down to Assiut, from which place we took the train to Cairo, where we arrived on December 21, 1891.

"The rapid transition from barbarism to civilization, our pleasant journey from Korosko to Cairo, intercourse with educated people, the incessant change of scene, affected us greatly. But our joy and delight

at being free was somewhat saddened by the thought of our poor companions whom we had left behind. Our guides accompanied us to Cairo, where they received the money agreed upon; and we felt full of thankfulness to Ahmed and his companions. But to good Archbishop Sogaro we owe a debt of gratitude; for it was through his intermediary all arrangements for our happy release had been effected."

In conclusion, Father Ohrwalder says:

"Mahdism is founded on plunder and violence, and by plunder and violence it is carried on. In some districts half the people are dead; in others the loss of life is even greater. Whole tribes have been completely blotted out; and in their places roam the wild beasts, spreading and increasing in fierceness and numbers until they bid fair to finish the destruction of the human race; for they enter huts, and the women and children are no longer safe.

"How long shall this condition of affairs continue? Negotiation with Abdullah is hopeless,—that has been proved by many efforts. But shall savagery and desolation continue forever? Shall the roads always remain closed that lead from Halfa and Sawakin to the richest provinces of Africa? The Sudan has lost faith in the humanity of Europe, nor does it cease to wonder why Europe has not yet stepped in. Consuls of the greatest nations have been murdered, their flags torn down, their agents kept in slavery. Interference while the revolt was at its height could not perhaps be efficient,—that is understood. But now the face of things is changed. The Sudanese have been heavily punished for their mistaken trust; they have suffered to the bitter end. Where may they look for a deliverer? For the sake of three people did not England undertake a costly and difficult war? Is not even a more worthy object the punishment of Abdullah and the delivery of the enslaved and decimated peoples?

"I have pined ten years in bondage, and now, by the help of God, I have escaped. In the name of the companions with whom I suffered, in the name of the Sudan people whose misery I have seen, and in the name of all civilized nations, I ask this question: How long shall Europe, and above all that nation which has first part in Egypt and the Sudan—which stands deservedly first in civilizing savage races,—how long shall Europe and Great Britain watch unmoved the outrages of the Khalifa and the destruction of the people of Sudan?"

Through Sorrow's Seas.

(CONCLUSION.)

XII.

MOTHER had sent for the Doctor shortly before Emily had fallen asleep. She felt somewhat disturbed, because a few hours previous, when Dr. Kerler had left my sister's bedside, he wore a discouraged expression. She now expected his return, to see him and hear him say something, if only, "It will not be to-night."

I was rising to stir up the fire when the door-bell rang.

"'Tis the Doctor!" cried mother. "Run quickly, Gerald, and let him in."

I went softly out of the room, so as not to disturb the sleeper; and, hurrying downstairs, opened the street door.

A man came into the hall; and as I looked at him I could scarcely repress a cry of astonishment, for by the light of a lamp on the staircase I recognized my father. He opened his arms, and I threw myself into them but at first we did not exchange a word. He pressed me to his bosom, and seemed overcome with emotion.

"How is your mother," he asked at length, "and your sisters?" As he spoke he walked toward the stairs.

"Emily is very sick," I answered.

He grew pale and stopped; I could see a hundred anxious thoughts reproduced on his changing countenance.

"What does the Doctor say of her condition?"

"That it is very dangerous."

"Dangerous! O Heaven!"

In the meanwhile mother, impatient to see Dr. Kerler, came to the head of the stairs and called to me:

"Well, Gerald, you have not brought up the Doctor."

"In a moment, mamma," I replied, scarcely knowing what I said.

The bell rang a second time. It was the Doctor himself, and he arrived in good time to relieve us from an embarrassing situation. A glance sufficed to tell him what had happened.

"Stay down here," said he to my father, who was anxious to go to mother. "Your return is not expected; it will excite violent emotions in every one, and in the present circumstances that must be avoided. Remain here with Gerald while I prepare them for your arrival. I will soon return for you."

As the old Doctor finished speaking, he ushered us into a small apartment, closed the door and went upstairs. A moment later the door opened and our old cook entered, a lamp in her hand. She uttered a cry of surprise at sight of her master, and nearly dropped the lamp. As it was she burst into tears, and, placing the light on a table, hurried from the room.

Now, for the first time, I could notice the change in father's appearance. His hair had grown grey, and his forehead was covered with a network of wrinkles. It was plain that he had struggled hard and had suffered much. But the cold, disdainful, discontented expression I remembered was no longer visible; his smile was sweet and sincere, and I imagined I saw in him the original of his youthful portraits.

He was greatly excited, told me nothing of himself, but asked me a dozen questions a minute. He wanted to know how mother had borne his leaving, how much she had suffered; then interrupted himself to inquire about Emily, striving to discover something reassuring in the words of the Doctor; and then sought news of the little Mary. He plied me with question upon question, scarcely allowing me time to answer.

After this first outburst of curiosity or concern, however, I learned that it was by his physician's advice that he had returned to Europe. He had wished to make his fortune first; but life had grown precious to him since his love for mother had revived, and he dared not risk its loss by prolonging his sojourn in the unfavorable climate of India.

"I hope to render you happy, my boy," said father, with touching emotion. "We will all work together; God will help us."

Suddenly Dr. Kerler entered the room where we were sitting. He was calm, but discouragement was plainly written on his countenance. Father arose quickly, and, in a trembling voice, asked:

"Well, Doctor, my daughter?"

"Is one angel the more in heaven," replied the old physician, with a faith as simple as its expression was blunt.

Father tottered, sank into his chair, and covered his face with his hands. I could see the tears coursing between his clenched fingers. As for my myself, almost crazed with grief, I sobbed as if my very heart would break.

XIII.

A long silence succeeded this first outbreak of our grief. It was broken by the Doctor. The excellent old man had too generous a heart to abandon his friends in time of trial. Notwithstanding his frequent attendance at distressing scenes, he had not become hardened, but had preserved all his delicacy of feeling. It showed itself now in the deep emotion

which he manifested, and in the quavering tones with which he encouraged us.

"Come, come, my friends, we must be brave! This blow is doubtless a hard one, but it has not been unforeseen. Moreover," he continued, turning to father, "God still leaves you a daughter and a son; He leaves you, too, a devoted wife. It is you who must dry her tears; you must be strong, in order to help her bear her burden of sorrow."

"Yes," cried father, springing up, "I must see Louise!"

"Not yet," said the Doctor. "You must summon all your courage, in order to inspire her with fortitude. She does not know that the child is dead: she believes her to be merely in a deep sleep; for Emily's passage from this world to the other one was imperceptible. I have left the poor mother in her error. She will be stronger to learn the truth when you are by her side. I am going to prepare her for your coming."

The Doctor again ascended the stairs, I following him with a tottering step. As we entered the room where Emily lay, I felt my knees bending under me, and dared not look toward the bed.

"She is still sleeping," said mother to Dr. Kerler, speaking in a low tone.

"Very well," was the reply; "we must not disturb her. Let us go into the other room, for I wish to speak to you."

Mother looked inquiringly at the Doctor, and appeared reluctant to leave Emily; but he insisted, and they passed into the adjoining apartment.

"But," said mother, anxiously, "if she awakes and wants me?"

"That will not happen, Madam," he replied; "this sleep will last a long time yet. It may bring about an amelioration, or perhaps hasten the end."

Mother trembled.

"I will not hide from you," continued the Doctor, motioning my mother to a seat, and sitting down himself,— "I will

not hide from you the fact that the child's danger is very great. But even should God desire that a fatal occurrence happen, you should not allow yourself to break down. You have still a son, a daughter, and a husband."

"A husband!" she cried involuntarily, as she wiped away her tears.

"Yes, Madam, a husband. Does Arthur know Emily's condition?"

"Yes: I thought that he should hear of it, and wrote to him."

"Is it long since you received any word from Arthur?"

"Many weeks."

"He may come back to France."

"Ah, if he would only return!"

"Who knows? I was told yesterday that a vessel from India had reached Marseilles within the past few days."

Hope lit up mother's face for an instant, like a sunbeam glancing on a snowbank; and then she replied, sadly:

"The vessel at best can bring me only a letter; Arthur would not return to France without telling me beforehand."

"You may possibly receive a letter from him to-morrow, and the letter may be followed closely—"

"Don't encourage me to hope in vain, Doctor."

"But this hope is not altogether groundless; for one of my friends, a marine doctor, thinks he saw Arthur at Marseilles."

"Can it be possible?" cried mother, in a transport of joy.

"And he even thinks that your husband took the train for Paris."

"Go on, Doctor,—you know more."

"Well, I may tell you that I think you will surely see him soon."

"O Heaven! can I believe it?"

"If you will permit me, Madam, I will go out for a moment and make inquiries. My friend lives close by. But be calm. For excessive emotion will injure you."

"It can only do me good, be sure."

"Stay with your mother," said the Doctor to me as he went out of the room. "I will return immediately."

Mother was greatly agitated. She pressed me with questions, conjectured, hoped and despaired. She thought of Emily also.

"If God would only spare her and restore your father to us! But no: it would be too much happiness."

She arose to enter Emily's room, but met the Doctor at the door.

"Well, what news?" she exclaimed, excitedly.

"You promised me to keep calm," he observed.

"I will, Doctor," she replied, with childlike docility; "but for mercy's sake speak quickly!"

"It is as I thought. Arthur is in France, in Paris."

"In France, in Paris! Where is he, that I may run to him at once?"

"Here!" answered the Doctor, almost dramatically.

The door opened, father entered, uttered a cry, and clasped mother in his arms. The Doctor led me out of the room, to leave them alone during the first outburst of their mutual tenderness.

We went into Emily's room. I knelt down by the bed and tried to pray, but my tears choked me. I raised my eyes to the large ivory crucifix that hung on the wall, and, with the simplicity of childhood, begged God to let my sister come back to life just for an hour, so that she might see papa and feel all the joy and sweetness of his embrace. The Doctor had taken a seat, and appeared to be nerving himself for the scene which he awaited with visible anxiety.

In a short while mother entered, leaning on father's arm. Father was very pale, and even more agitated than she was. He stopped as his eye fell on the bed, regarded it a few moments and approached. He stooped down and imprinted a kiss on the

brow of his daughter, and the tears gushed unbidden from his eyes. Mother took Emily's hand in hers, but suddenly a strange shudder seized her. Turning her gaze upon the Doctor, she asked, in a stifled tone: "Is Emily dead?"

The Doctor made an affirmative sign, and let his head fall on his breast to avoid meeting mother's look.

She had understood. Her face grew livid, her lips were contracted, her eyes stared about distractedly, and with a broken cry she fell into the arms of her husband. Some moments later her grief found expression in salutary tears and heart-rending sobs.

"Let her weep," counselled the Doctor; "her tears will save her."

All was over. Emily was no more. The sleep I had noticed was the long, long sleep that knows no waking; the flower had closed its petals, but they would be reopened never again. In the same moment I had lost my sister and found my father.

The story was finished, and the winds that had been wailing around Château Pally seemed now to cease, as if their elegy too were concluded for the night.

Gerald, as though awaking from a dream, looked about him with a startled expression.

"It is all very sad, is it not?" he said.

"True, Gerald," replied she who had induced him to recount his tale; "but the sadness is not unrelieved. If Heaven wished one angel more, and so took Emily from earth, it gave you all in return union and peace and hope and joy."

A few lines may be added to Gerald's narrative.

The death of Emily, although long foreseen, was the source of poignant grief to her mother, whose tears were dried only with time. Arthur Melançon did everything to console this devoted woman, whom

he had so long rendered unhappy; and his tenderness and love finally succeeded in calming her grief. The experience which he had gone through had worked a complete transformation in his character. Selfish, egotistical, and indifferent to others as he had formerly shown himself, misfortune had developed the latent nobility of his soul, and henceforward he sought his happiness only in self-forgetfulness and generosity.

Little Mary possessed all the charming qualities of her sister; and as she grew up she assumed the place in the household that had once been Emily's. As for Gerald, he became the pride of his parents as well as their comfort; and his exceptional talents won for him the highest honors of his University.

Thanks to diligent labor, Arthur has reassumed his position in the world; and men recognize in him a devoted Christian husband and father, and a citizen of whom any country might well be proud.

When, on All Souls' Day, the bells ring out their request to the living to pray for the dead, two names are joined in one aspiration that rises from the heart of every member of the Melançon household—those of Emily and Dr. Kerler. And not in November only, but daily throughout the year, does the wife and mother return thanks to Heaven for the peace and rest that have come to her in such abundance after her weary passage "Through Sorrow's Seas."

THERE are some people who would fain persuade themselves that the devil is dead, that he has lost his malignity, or that he tempts poor man no more; that the flesh has lost its enmity to God, has become pure and holy, and may be safely trusted as a guide of the soul to God and heaven; and that the city of the world has become the city of God.—*Dr. Brownson.*

The Rosary's Queen.

Bishop Neumann.

I.—THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES.

EDITED BY MARC F. VALLETTE, LL. D.

BRING roses, very fair,
 Snow-petalled, soft and rare;
 Heap them up, pure and white:
 Mary, the Rosary's Queen,
 Claims all our love to-night.

White, for the "Joyful" train—
 Mysteries of purest strain.

Heap up the roses white:
 Mary, our peerless Queen,
 Claims all our love to-night.

II.—THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

Bring roses, rich and deep;
 Blood-hued, with dews that weep;
 Thorn-twined, with crimson light:
 Mary, the Rosary's Queen,
 Claims all our tears to-night.

Red roses for His pain—
 Mysteries of "Sorrowful" strain.

Heap up the blood-red flowers:
 Mary, the thorn-crowned Queen,
 Weeps for these souls of ours.

III.—THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

Bring roses—hue of gold,
 Glorious their leaves unfold;
 Sweet odors, velvet touch:
 Mary, the Rosary's Queen,
 Fitly we crown with such.

Crown her with roses yellow,
 Dropping with fragrance mellow,
 "Glorious" let the garland be:
 White, red, and golden sheen,
 Queen of the Holy Rosary!

MERCEDS.

IX.—(Conclusion.)

SOON after the foundation of the Franciscans, Bishop Neumann attended the Provincial Council in Baltimore, where he displayed his unselfishness and truly apostolic spirit. One of the matters which the Council had to decide was the finding of priests willing to be consecrated bishops of the newly constituted dioceses. To the astonishment of all, the Bishop of Philadelphia offered to give up his see, which he declared he was wholly incompetent to fill and to take one of the newly formed dioceses, rejoicing beforehand at the prospect of the hardships he would have to undergo. Although this offer was inserted in the acts of the Council and sent to Rome, it was not accepted there. The Holy Father also refused to divide the Diocese of Philadelphia, but consented to give Dr. Neumann an efficient coadjutor in the person of the Rev. James Frederick Wood, of Cincinnati, who had just been nominated Rector of the American College in Rome.

Before this good news reached him, the paternal heart of the Bishop was wrung by a frightful catastrophe. The children of St. Michael's parish schools—seven hundred in number,—accompanied by many grown persons, and under the guidance of the Rev. Daniel Sheridan, left Philadelphia for an excursion to Fort Washington on July 17, 1856. The train was drawing near its destination when it came into collision with another coming full speed from Fort Washington. The shock was frightful on both sides, and the number of victims appalling. Father Sheridan and sixty-four others lay dead under the burning wreck—for, to add to the horror of the accident, the passenger

WE are most liable to temptation at times when we think ourselves least likely to be overcome; when things have been going on smoothly; when we have been long unmolested by assaults. There are times when we have need to watch with tenfold care, lest, through our slackness of security, peace should be more dangerous to us than temptation.—*Cardinal Manning.*

cars had taken fire,—with ninety-seven grievously wounded.

When the sad tidings reached Philadelphia, the consternation was boundless, and the lamentations of the afflicted parents, when they learned the full measure of the calamity, indescribable. The Bishop was making a visitation out of the city; but when the mournful news reached him, he left all and hurried back to console and strengthen his stricken flock, to whom he was indeed an angel of consolation in their hour of sorrow.

The scene in St. Michael's Church on the day of the funeral of the victims beggars description. On a catafalque, just outside the sanctuary rail, lay the body of the beloved Father Sheridan. A handkerchief covered half the face, and concealed the mutilated features. Coffins, surrounded by the weeping friends of the victims they contained, were to be seen stretched across the backs of pews in all parts of the church; while others, containing bodies so decomposed as not to admit of their being brought into the church, were placed across the backs of the seats in the basement. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the eloquent Augustinian, the Very Rev. P. E. Moriarty, D. D.; and his allusion to the beloved Father Sheridan evoked the wildest lamentations throughout the sacred edifice. Bishop Neumann was the picture of a sorrow-stricken father. His calm, suffering face seemed mournfully to question, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" and his lips moved in prayer for the repose of the departed, and the comfort and consolation of the heart-broken multitude that stretched down to the very doors of the church. There was no room for sight-seers: all were mourners.

On April 26, 1857, Dr. Wood was consecrated Bishop of Antigonish, and named coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia. Bishop Neumann assisted at the ceremony, which took place in Cincinnati. Thenceforth he

left to Dr. Wood most of the temporal administration of the diocese, which was no slight alleviation of his labors; still enough care and responsibility remained for his share to wear him out in the prime of life ere three years elapsed. In these last years two great consolations were vouchsafed to him: the completion of the Cathedral, and the founding of the preparatory seminary. On September 13, 1859, the last stone of the Cathedral was set in position and the cross erected,—the sermon being preached by the Bishop of Louisville, Dr. Spalding. In his great humility Bishop Neumann would not consecrate the church himself, but allowed his coadjutor to do so, while he assisted with a heart overflowing with joy and gratitude.

The humility which led Bishop Neumann to shrink from the performance of grand ceremonies made it a pleasure for him to officiate at similar functions in poor and remote places. The pastor of a church in Parkesburg, Pa., belonged to a class of simple yet learned and pious men, which has now almost passed away. He was in mortal dread of "His Lordship," and had prevailed upon the neighboring priests to make all the arrangements for him. They did their work well. Bishop Neumann was invited to perform the ceremony of dedication, and the distinguished orator, Dr. Moriarty, was to preach. The church was a neat brick structure on the summit of a hill overlooking the beautiful Chester Valley. The pews had not yet been put in; but the stores in the neighborhood had provided a goodly number of empty boxes, upon which boards were placed, and it is needless to say that every seat was occupied on the day of dedication. In due time the ceremonies began. The Bishop, in cope and mitre, attended by Dr. Moriarty and the Rev. John Prendergast, of West Chester, soon appeared, moving in procession around the church, and chanting the prescribed psalms, etc. It was in the days of Know-Nothingism,

and not a few members of the organization climbed to the top of the hill to "see the performance." The Bishop was a very short man, and not gifted with an attractive personal appearance; Dr. Moriarty, in cassock and surplice, was the perfect picture of the grand, robust man he was in his best days; while Father Prendergast was a splendid specimen of manhood, nearly six feet high. The pastor of the church was engaged elsewhere.

As the procession moved with great solemnity around the sacred edifice, the Bishop sprinkling the walls with the branch of a tree dipped in holy water, the faithful and the unfaithful looked on with wonder. The ceremony was one which was indeed new to them. At last a Know-Nothing, who was standing within hearing distance of Bishop Neumann and his attendants, unable to contain himself longer, exclaimed: "By Jove, that beats the devil!"—"Sure, that's what he's doing it for!" responded an Irishman at his elbow. To describe the effect of these words upon the good Bishop and his attendants would be impossible. It is needless to say that the chanting ceased for some time.

The dedication over, the Bishop vested for Mass. It was a Low Mass, there being no choir available. All went well until the acolyte went to the credence-table to present the wine and water to the Rt. Rev. celebrant. To his horror he discovered that one of the cruets had been broken, and in its place was a common soda-water bottle,—the only available substitute the good pastor could find; and he, like Sheridan, was miles away. What was to be done? Simply nothing but stand and wait. The good Bishop moved to the Epistle side of the altar, with closed eyes, as was his custom. He opened them on approaching the acolyte, but it was only for an instant. His face was calm, but a tremor seemed to agitate his body. He finished the Mass with all devotion; but

later in the day he laughingly declared that he never should forget the effect the sight of that soda-water bottle produced upon him, nor the peculiar incidents which marked the dedication of the church at Parkesburg, Pa.

On October 2, 1859, Bishop Neumann made known, by a pastoral letter to his flock, his intention of opening a school for boys too young for the seminary. After long efforts he had that spring discovered a piece of land, with suitable buildings for that purpose, in a healthy and picturesque situation. This he at once bought; and, having looked to the necessary alterations, he was able to open it in the following autumn, with twenty-six students and four professors. The opening of this institution, which was meant to be a preparatory school for the large Diocesan Seminary, was his last pastoral joy. He was not yet fifty years of age, and had borne the episcopal staff only seven of these years; yet the toils and cares of his episcopate and missionary life had worn out his constitution, and the lamp of life was nearly extinguished.

He felt a presentiment of his early death, and expressed it more than once. In the summer of 1857 he remarked to his nephew: "My father has reached a great age: he is already eighty, but I shall not see fifty." The nephew thought that he, too, was likely to reach an advanced age, but the Bishop repeated decidedly: "I shall *not* see fifty." A few days before his death he was with his Redemptorist brethren, when he abruptly asked a lay-brother whether he would prefer a sudden death or a long, fatal illness. The Brother thought the long illness preferable, that he might have time to prepare for the passage to eternity. The Bishop rejoined: "A Christian, and above all a religious, must always be prepared for death. If he is ready, a sudden death has its advantages. We and our brethren, to whom our illness must give

trouble, are spared many occasions of impatience; nor has the devil so much time for temptations. However, whatever kind of death God has arranged for us, that is the best." If he had a presentiment of his own death, it was only too soon justified.

X.—DEATH, INTERMENT, AND REPUTATION FOR SANCTITY.

On the vigil of the Epiphany, 1860, Dr. Neumann felt seriously indisposed, but worked the whole forenoon, and even seemed gay and in good spirits. Soon after the repast one of the Redemptorist Fathers, who came to visit the Bishop, found him greatly changed, and noticed particularly that his eyes had an unusual appearance. "I feel," said he, "very strange, and as I never felt before. However, I have to take a walk on business, and the fresh air may do me good."

He took the walk, and it proved to be his passage to eternity. As he was returning, he fell insensible before the door of a house, and was carried within and laid on a carpet, as no bed was at hand. A few deep breaths and all was over: Bishop Neumann had gone to his reward. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon; and when the secretary, who had been hastily summoned, arrived, he found only a corpse. It was the opinion of eminent physicians that the cause of his death was apoplexy, and it was universally regretted that he had not called in medical advice from the first moment of his indisposition; but it was his character to be utterly regardless of self in the prosecution of his holy calling, and he fell a martyr to his irrepressible zeal.

The news of his death was scarcely credited, but next morning it was announced from all the pulpits of the city that Philadelphia had lost its saintly Bishop. This loss was deeply felt by his flock, and never had the city seen such

a funeral procession as accompanied his remains from the chapel of the Bishop's Palace to St. John's Church on January 9, 1860. As soon as it reached the church, the corpse, whose placid features bore an expression of restfulness, was placed, with the coffin still open, on the catafalque prepared to receive it. The coadjutor, Bishop Wood, officiated. Dr. Kenrick of Baltimore, Dr. MacGill of Richmond, Dr. MacLoughlin of Brooklyn, Abbot Wimmer of St. Vincent's, and more than a hundred priests were present. Dr. Kenrick, the most intimate friend of the deceased prelate, and his predecessor in the See of Philadelphia, preached the funeral oration, and bore witness to the holy life and labors of Dr. Neumann in words of simple earnestness, that would have brought the conviction to the hearts of his listeners, even if it had not already existed, that a great servant of God had been taken from their midst.

It was intended to inter the remains of Dr. Neumann in the Cathedral, but the Redemptorist Fathers pleaded to have him laid among his religious brethren, and their request was granted. On the following day his body was transferred to their church, where a solemn Office was performed; after which the coffin was placed in the mortuary chapel, or crypt, under the edifice.

Bishop Neumann's last resting-place soon became a devout resort for all who desired alleviation of pains of body or mind. Miraculous favors are said to have been granted there through the intercession of the holy Bishop; but until Rome has pronounced on their authenticity, it would be premature to publish them. One thing is certain: no one who lived with Dr. Neumann, or reads this simple record of his life and works, can doubt that he practised the most heroic virtues; and we ardently hope that Philadelphia may soon have the happiness of seeing her holy Bishop raised to the Church's altars.

In the Path of Pioneer Priests.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

IV.—AN INDIAN'S REPENTANCE.

THE simplest incidents that are to be met with daily along the way often serve to express most adequately the good that was accomplished by Catholic missionaries in the North. The story I am about to relate may, perchance, be read by Father Lemoyne of the Calumet, or Father Leduc of Penbroke, both devoted pastors under the Vicar-Apostolic of Pontiac, Bishop Lorrain. Should either of these venerated priests chance to look into the pages of THE "AVE MARIA," and to read of these scenes with which he is familiar, he will doubtless be gratified to know that the conversion of Kenabeek, which being interpreted is "the Serpent," was due to the mission given by them in the winter of 1884.

It was a cold and boisterous afternoon in January of that year. Storm King was abroad; and he howled fiercely among the pine-tops, while the snow was heaped in large drifts against the shanty door. Within, the logs blazed brightly on the camboose, as Rivais the cook went his rounds and washed his dishes, to the accompaniment of a Jew's harp played by a sick log-cutter, who, in his own expressive phrase, had been "laid up for repairs." I was chatting with the foreman, who had just remarked that it was a dangerous storm for the men in the woods and the teamsters on the lakes. "God help the man that is not well muffled up to-day!" said Rivais. Scarcely had he uttered these words when the shanty door swung ajar, and the figure of an Indian appeared before us.

It was Kenabeek, a wandering, stupid-looking specimen of the Tête-de-Boule tribe. He was sullen, as are most of these

"roundheads," and poorly clad. He wore a cloth cap, a pair of moose mits, a cotton shirt, moccasins but no socks, and an old blanket which took the place of a pair of trousers. Very simply he walked over to the roaring fire, and there shivered like an aspen leaf, apparently from the sudden reaction caused by the heat. After he was well warmed, he squatted upon a low bench, where he sat in gloomy silence, staring at the flaming logs. These Indians never ask for food, no matter how hungry they may be; they wait until they are invited, and even then are never in haste to eat. But once they do begin—well! the operation beggars description. So when Kenabeek had gone through this rude etiquette, he filled a large dish with tea, secured half a loaf of bread, supplied himself with a pound of cold pork and a dish of baked beans. The food was placed around him so as to guard against any interruption of his meal, and it disappeared somewhat after the manner of those yards of ribbon that are swallowed by Hermann the magician.

Never did I look upon a more pitiful sight, and the sympathy of all in our party was thoroughly aroused; for the mere thought of a human being, half naked and almost starved, coming long miles over the mountains in the midst of such a storm, was enough to chill our very hearts. After this generous repast, however, Kenabeek became more communicative, and told us that the agents of the Hudson Bay Company had taken away all his fur, food, ammunition, and clothing, and had left him to perish; because he had been too ill to hunt, and thus secure sufficient fur to pay what he owed them. He complained that he had sixteen miles to walk before reaching his camp; and we resolved that, come what might, we would not allow this man to suffer starvation and cold. Before he left the shanty, we supplied him with a bag full of provisions, a complete set of underwear, a suit of winter

clothes, and two large blankets. Thus secured against the two deadly enemies of the Indian—frost and hunger,—Kenabeek went on his way rejoicing. Rivais piously remarked that the Almighty would reward us for having thus served a suffering fellow-creature; and one could see that the Indian was no happier in the enjoyment of his newly-acquired possessions than were we in the thought of having been able to assist him.

About ten minutes after Kenabeek left, I set out for Fox Lake, a mile distant, to measure a few logs which had not been laid up, and which might be lost under the heavy fall of snow. I chose a short cut through a pine grove, so as to be sheltered from the keen north wind. Scarcely had I gone fifty yards into the grove when I was amazed to see my late friend Kenabeek picking up a package of clothes from behind a stump, and quietly putting on another suit over the one we had given him. The whole at first mystified me, but finally I went over to him; he, in turn, seemed surprised but by no means delighted at seeing me.

“What does this mean?” I asked.

“Not me,” he stammered out; “not me: other Indian,” meaning, of course, that these things belonged to some fellow-Indian.

“What other Indian?” I inquired.

“Indian the fool,” was his reply. All this time he was packing up his load and hurrying to get off.

“You’re no fool,” I remarked.

“Me? Oh, no: not me!” were the last words of the Serpent, as he disappeared among the trees.

Kenabeek had come with the deliberate intention of playing upon our feelings, and securing all the booty possible. His plan was to disrobe in the grove outside the shanty, and to appear before us in utter destitution. It was a cunning trick, and clearly the thief had no intention of making any return for what he received.

We afterward learned that Kenabeek was a professional robber, and known as such in all the country from the Dumoine to the Upper Gatineau.

About a month after Kenabeek’s visit, Fathers Lemoyne and Leduc came our way, and stopped at every shanty along the Dumoine, Black River, and Coulonge. They also went to several of the Indian encampments, amongst others to one that was near the Victoria Lake; and, as we afterward learned, somewhere upon their journey they met Kenabeek. Very probably he was begging a night’s shelter at a shanty when the Fathers came there; in any case, he attended the instructions and approached the holy Sacraments.

We were preparing for the spring “drive,” and the men were beginning to look forward to the movings that would bring them a day’s journey nearer home. Among other things that we needed for the home voyage were canoes, and these were to be had only after considerable trouble. One afternoon I was seated with the foreman upon an upturned boat in front of the shanty, talking over the future, when, to my surprise, I beheld Kenabeek coming down the main road. He was the last person in the world I expected to meet anywhere, much less in our own camp. Surely he must have known that we would not have a very hearty welcome for him after our former experience. We decided to let matters take their course, however, and to watch the Indian; besides, we were rather curious to know what the fellow wanted.

We were not left long in suspense. Kenabeek came directly toward us; his half-cunning, half-stupid glance seemed to have vanished; and he had rather the appearance of a man who was confident of a friendly greeting. We could not but notice the strange change that had come over this creature, yet neither of us had time to express our thought.

“Good-day!” was Kenabeek’s first sal-

utation. Then after a pause, during which each seemed to know exactly what was passing in the other's mind, Kenabeek delivered himself of the following speech, the longest probably he had ever made, and certainly the most earnest:

"Me rob you last month—two month ago. Me tell much lies and get much stuff. Me sorry. Want me to pay you some more much like you give me. Eh, yes! Black priest he tell Kenabeek robber bad. God not love him; him go in fire. Me now pay all."

He then told us that he had no furs; but if we would tell how much he owed us, and what we required in return, he would fully satisfy us. I calculated the price of what we had given him, and it amounted to about the value of three canoes such as we required. The foreman told Kenabeek that if he could meet us at the mouth of the creek about the 21st of May and bring us the canoes, we would consider the debt fully paid.

To tell the truth, we misjudged poor Kenabeek: we thought that this was merely some new trick that he had invented to get more provisions, or to lull us into confidence, and thus afford him a chance of stealing. But, to our astonishment, he refused to go into the shanty, declined the dinner that we offered him, and walked away as he had come. So little confidence had we in him that old Simon spent the greater part of April making canoes for the "drive."

On the evening of the 19th of May the last log of our "drive" went into the Coulonge river, and we pitched our tents at the mouth of the creek along which we worked. During two days the men were engaged in "sweeping the eddies,"—that is to say, pushing out into mid-stream all the logs that were in the back currents. The 21st of May passed, but Kenabeek was nowhere to be seen. We had given up all hope of ever getting the canoes, when on the morning of the

22d the whole camp was surprised to see an Indian paddling a heavily-laden canoe, and towing two lighter ones behind him. It was Kenabeek. He came not only with three excellent canoes, but he had over two hundred dollars' worth of fur in the largest one. All these he offered us; but, of course, we could not accept such extraordinary recompense for the articles we had given him, and we took only the canoes.

At that moment the poor Indian seemed perfectly happy. He had repaid with interest what he had stolen; he had complied with the requirements which the priest had imposed on him; he had 'earned his absolution,' as he expressed it in his simple way, and had given proof of his honesty and the sincerity of his repentance.

Kenabeek remained with us until the next morning, when our "drive" started down the Coulonge. Before bidding us adieu he called the foreman aside, and gave him six beautiful beaver skins, which he had hidden away to be produced only when we were leaving. But the foreman was most astonished when he learned the use to which these furs were to be put; for the Indian whispered to him that they were to be sold at the nearest market, and the proceeds to be used in procuring Masses for his deceased father, mother, and wife.

Seven years afterward I met a bush-ranger from the Black River, and quite incidentally mentioned the trick that Kenabeek had played upon us. He told me that Kenabeek had since died, and was buried on an island in Victoria Lake, where a cross marks his grave. He said, moreover, that no truer or more honest man ever lived than the same Kenabeek, who remained a fervent Catholic during the rest of his days. He died a peaceful and happy death, with his Rosary in his hand, and an invocation to the Holy Mother of God on his quivering lips.

A Gentle Work.

 BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

“COME out this evening, if possible. I want you to meet some ladies, and talk over a good work, in which I hope you will be interested.”

This is the substance of a note I received two years ago; and, with no idea of its meaning, I answered it in person. Two or three of my “visiting list” had already arrived, and we were cozily chatting, when two ladies who were strangers came in. There were a few minutes of that pleasant confusion which follows so expected an interruption—greetings, introductions, questions, answers, and then we were all comfortably seated in a not very large circle. One of the latest arrivals arranged a number of books and papers in an orderly manner near her right elbow, and took out of her bag a bit of sewing. Silence, expectant and a little eager, reigned for the minute.

Our hostess broke it pleasantly. We had come together, she said (I am not reporting *verbatim*), to help others help others. The best way to make it all clear was for the originator of the scheme to tell her own story. She indicated the other of the latest arrivals, upon whom we immediately concentrated our attention.

And now I wish I *could* report, word for word and tone for tone, the wonderfully simple, direct and beautiful explanation of St. Gabriel’s Confraternity given us in that story. I can not hope to reproduce its effect upon us, but I may hope to be forgiven for the wish to do so. I may at least strive to make it more widely known by even an imperfect outline, and to awaken its spirit in other gentle and steadfast hearts.

Some time before, she began her story, she had been in great sorrow, which awakened her sympathies for all suffering,

and gave her an interest in all sufferers deeper and keener than she used to feel. Just at this time there came often in her way a little magazine connected with the “Shut In Society,” giving an account of its progress, exchanging views, and affording glimpses of the help and comfort it was to its members, and its members to one another.

Reading in it the letters to and from invalids, cripples, and lonely souls in sequestered places, marking the enjoyment they found in these cobweb links with the full tide of life, the thought occurred to her that Catholics thus banded together would have infinitely more to exchange and convey than that little magazine expressed. The wish followed the thought, the effort followed the wish. She began to write to some of those who asked for letters through the magazine. They answered her letters, and she grew interested. Without inquiry as to their faith, she dropped into their lives what comfort—Catholic comfort—she could; and her correspondence grew and grew, until there appeared a notice in the magazine short and decisive. Members were accepted and solicited from all religious bodies and of all faiths except the Catholic faith. No Catholic would be allowed to share in the benefits of the Society or to contribute to its work.

There was, of course, nothing further for her to do in *that* quarter. She withdrew from her new interests in this way. She wrote to each of her correspondents, calling attention to the notice, stating that she was a Catholic and a convert, and adding that she would continue the correspondence if desired. In several cases it *was* desired; and while practising this sweet charity to those outside the Church, the longing grew upon her to carry it to Catholic “Shut Ins” also. Little by little more than the longing grew: the practice came into being. Letters to Catholics came on her list; then

books for Catholics began to go off her shelves, up and down the land on journeys of loving kindness; fancy-work and patterns for it went here and there to prisoned fingers; pictures, leaflets, seasonable greetings, found their way from her quiet room to lonely bedsides. The work became really *work* now; and she mentioned it to another eager, unselfish soul—the lady who sat stitching busily at her side. Together they had brought the work so far as calling this meeting of kindred spirits “to talk it over.”

Here the quiet sewer took up the story, and told it just as quietly. We listened in wondering admiration. What had they not done—those two modest, busy, gentle-hearted speakers! The whole work of organization was accomplished. The plans were not mere theories, but in practical use. There were already “correspondents,” and “associate correspondents” were needed to supply the requests for letters. There was already a library—growing slowly,—and the method of exchanging books simplified and brought down to its lowest rates. The duties of members and “associate correspondents” were clearly outlined and easily understood. There was the name, the Confraternity of St. Gabriel, and a reason for it. There was the motto, *Sursum Corda*, and the reason for that. Above all, the approval of archbishops and bishops had been asked for and obtained, far and wide. In short, all the thinking, testing, proving, asking, explaining and re-explaining had been done in silence and humility. The books, note-books, papers and letters which lay before us at the sewer’s right elbow bore witness to an extraordinary diligence, patience and self-sacrifice on somebody’s part.

The Confraternity was “in running order,” and we were invited to go forward with it, so far as we chose or were able. I, for one, felt it an honor to be asked; the others seemed of the same mind, and we were enrolled on the spot as “asso-

ciate correspondents.” Two addresses were assigned to each, the outline for a “first letter” rapidly sketched for one or two of us who were not at all sure of “the way to do it”; and, in a few words, the circumstances of the unknown owners of the names and addresses put before us.

One could not but feel impressed by the earnestness and thoroughness with which our friends had begun the work. A beautiful, unselfish apostolate now lay before us. One feared to turn aside from it, unburdened with its duties, unhampered by its responsibilities. To do one’s best was the least such an opening constrained us to. Not one of us refused.

That was two years ago. St. Gabriel’s Confraternity has flourished since then. I have long lost sight of the little circle of that night, and only from a distance carry on my work as an associate correspondent. But I know of its growth, and of the comfort and blessing it has been to the sick, the sad, and the lonely. Bearing its short, sweet greeting, *Sursum Corda!* its messengers fly fast and far from its first home. Not long ago the first “Bulletin of the Confraternity” came fluttering in upon me, with a cheering and encouraging tale of success.

Remember you who may read this, “St. Gabriel’s” is worthy a thought. It has for its object “the consolation and spiritual help of invalids in their own homes,” by sending them “kind and cheerful letters, or interesting secular or religious literature”; thus making up “in some measure for the spiritual privations to which they are often subjected.” Lonely souls as well as invalid bodies are within its scope, and converts who live among aliens from the fold may find here the cherishing and comfort of a friend.

Let those who feel themselves moved to that kindly curiosity which is worth much to any workers, address the President of St. Gabriel’s Confraternity at 3803 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

Notes and Remarks.

A professional gentleman in Philadelphia, who is a convert to the Church, tells of the impression made upon him while still a non-Catholic by the instinctive reverence paid to the Blessed Virgin by a Protestant beholder of the Sistine Madonna. "One morning in the autumn of 1871," he writes, "I was sitting in the room consecrated to this great painting, when an uncouth countryman of ours entered, wearing his hat. He was not aware apparently of what the apartment contained, for he was looking down as he came in. In a moment he raised his eyes; and as they rested on the picture, he removed his hat with a start, and held it in his hand until he went out."

How natural it is to honor the Mother of fair love and of holy hope! Converts to the Church, no matter how deep-seated their prejudices may have been, find no stumbling-block in the veneration paid by Catholics to Her above whom is God only, and below whom is all that is not God.

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* describes a recent interview with Father Ohrwalder, an interesting account of whose long captivity in the Mahdi's camp is given in our present number. The impression one gets of "the martyr of the Sudan" from his own straightforward narrative is confirmed by the description of him afforded by the writer in *Blackwood*:

"Scarcely had we seated ourselves, before a tall, thin man, with sunken cheeks, long black hair, and straggling beard, entered the room and greeted us kindly. It was hard to realize at first that this was really Father Ohrwalder,—that there before us, in actual flesh and blood, was the patient, noble, heroic martyr who had endured such terrible sufferings for the last ten years; who had been intimately acquainted with the Mahdi and the Khalifa; who had enjoyed the personal friendship of General Gordon, Emin Pasha, Slatin Bey, and most of those whose names are as household words in connection with the Sudan; who had actually been at El Obeid at the time of the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army; who was familiar with every nook and corner of Omdurman and Khartum, and who had so lately emerged from what had been in literal truth 'the valley of the shadow of death.'

"Plain, simple, straightforward and unaffected;

without the slightest trace of self-consciousness on the one hand, or of mock-modesty on the other; ready to answer all inquiries fully, freely, and without exaggeration or reserve, Father Ohrwalder might have been the most commonplace of individuals, for all the pretension he made to the contrary. And yet, as the conversation deepened in interest and intimacy, one became gradually more sensible, not only from his words, but from the expression of his countenance and from his general demeanour, that he in whose presence we were was no ordinary man."

In spite of the sufferings which he endured, and the awful scenes through which he passed—horrors which beggar description,—Father Ohrwalder thinks only of returning to the Sudan to continue his mission work.

The world-renowned maestro and composer, M. Gounod, an admirable sketch of whom appeared last month in THE "AVE MARIA," passed away peacefully at his home in Paris on the 18th inst. He attended Mass on Sunday apparently in perfect health; and a party of singers met at his house in the afternoon, when he joined them in rendering his grand "Requiem Mass." He sang with great earnestness and power; but as the last notes of the Requiem died away, his voice faltered and he fell upon the floor. He remained unconscious three days, and on Wednesday the end came. Gounod had reached the patriarchal age of seventy-five years, and his life had been singularly happy and successful. He was a precocious boy, and early in life gave promise of those masterpieces that have ranked him among the greatest composers of the century. He was a fervent Catholic, and during his later years was occupied almost entirely with devotional compositions. Thus is another name added to the glorious list of those who have consecrated their genius to the service of religion. May he rest in peace!

In a late number of *Littell's Living Age* we find a series of letters written by Mr. Ruskin to a young disciple in whom he took special interest, and for whose welfare he worked with characteristic single-heartedness. A passage from one of these letters serves to show the deep spirituality of the great art critic, whose favorite precept was that personal holiness is a necessary condition for good work in the world. "If you have not been

hitherto enabled to do this," he writes, "you will find that in perfect chastity of thought and body there is indeed a strange power, rendering every act of the soul more healthy and spiritual, and giving a strength which otherwise is altogether unattainable. When I say 'no human strength can keep it except, etc.,' I mean not even by flight human strength can conquer without perpetual help. But God has appointed that His help shall be given to those who 'turn their eyes from beholding vanity'; nay, it is by this help that those eyes are turned."

This passage shows Ruskin in his favorite rôle of preacher; but how well he does preach! The young artist was evidently fortunate in his friend, and the wise counsels which Ruskin gave him are a revelation of the writer's inner life, showing him to be a man of faith and prayerfulness and noble resolves. It is not so much as an art critic, or a writer of purest English, or even as a lover of the beautiful or a hater of all shams, that we admire Mr. Ruskin; but for his honest endeavors to be helpful to his fellows. The world may think of him as it will, but the world is better for his having lived.

The evil that men do does not always live after them. One hears very little nowadays of Renan's once famous "Life of Jesus," and the serious critics have thrown him over. M. Waga, professor of Hebrew at the Rabbinical College of France, declared, at the time of Renan's death, that he was a very poor Hebraist, and that his "Histoire du Peuple d'Israel" was of no more value than a novel. Père Gratry, in his well-known *brochure*, convicted him of some twenty "errors" (in his "Vie de Jésus") which could hardly have been committed in good faith.

Mr. Coventry Patmore in his new volume, "Religio Poetæ," betrays the prejudice against America and the Americans which is shared by so many of his countrymen. He refers to us as "New-Worldlings," and says ours is a land of manifold comforts and few joys. It is hard to be called names even by a poet this year, so full of glories for America.

Mr. Patmore should have come over and visited the World's Fair, which is all joy and no comfort to speak of. A round in the Ferris Wheel would do the poet good, and a view of the White City would convince him that at least we have a sense of the gigantic; and he would learn that we are really a very happy people, although unnumbered among the subjects of Queen Victoria. We can assure Mr. Patmore that living in this broad land of freedom is of itself a joy inexpressibly great.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, the well-known disciple of Comte, presents some notable truths in a recent article entitled "Art and Shoddy." He pays a glowing tribute to the services which the Popes have rendered to the liberal arts by the patronage they extended to the artists of every land. When Rome was the City of the Popes, according to Mr. Harrison, the atmosphere of the place was favorable to the highest efforts of art. Religion offered an incentive which nothing else can hope to replace. He attributes much of the success of medieval artists to the fact that they took saints as their subjects; and he declares that the selfish and materialistic spirit of our day is antagonistic to the highest creative work.

The completion of the submarine cable connecting the Azores Islands with the continent of Europe was celebrated with enthusiastic rejoicing. The first message transmitted by the new cable was addressed to the Holy Father in these words: "Leo XIII., Rome. The clergy of the Island send good wishes to your Holiness on occasion of the inauguration of the cable, and implore the Apostolic Benediction." On behalf of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Cardinal Secretary of State cabled: "The Holy Father accepts your good wishes, and from his heart sends the blessing asked."

The disastrous flood that devastated the region below New Orleans, and swept thousands of souls into eternity, was attended by a circumstance which would have been sublime if it had not been so tragically pathetic.

In the fury of conflicting elements, when the storm was fiercest, Father Grimand, the parish priest of Chenière Caminada, stood in a window of his house, swinging a lantern to attract attention, and imploring the mercy of Heaven upon his people struggling in the rushing waters. Then, as the sky grew blacker, there was a lull in the storm; and in that moment, the most ominous and agonizing of all, the priest raised his hand over the flood and imparted to his stricken flock a general absolution.

Let us hope that many a brave heart, borne down in the unequal struggle, looking upon that light, thought of the Star of the Sea; and, as the words of mercy and forgiveness broke upon his ear, was encouraged to hope for a fuller light and a new pardon in the haven that lies beyond death.

Another illustrious Frenchman has passed away in the person of Patrick Maurice MacMahon, who died a peaceful and edifying death in Paris on the 17th inst., fortified by the Sacraments of the Church. During his last illness he was gentle, uncomplaining, and occupied wholly with the thought of eternity. The eighty-five years of his useful and eventful life were full of domestic happiness and public honor, but he never lost sight of his duty to God in the day of his prosperity. Marshal MacMahon was as blameless in character as he was valorous in battle; and the chorus of lamentation and eulogy that followed his death shows how ardent was the affection in which he was held by his countrymen. His prowess on the battle-field won for him many distinctions, and he was at one time President of the French Republic. His death is mourned by men of many nations, who recognized in MacMahon a type of the gallant soldier, the high-minded statesman, and the Christian gentleman. *R. I. P.*

One of the most noteworthy features of the Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair was the presentation of a Latin play—"The Captives" of Plautus—by the students of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, on Thursday and Friday of last week. It was an interesting and important event, and

served to illustrate in a very striking way the thoroughness of the classical training which the students receive under their Jesuit instructors. The play was produced with fidelity to the traditions of the ancient classic drama,—not alone in the matter of scenery and costumes, but also in the music, which was specially composed by the Rev. René Holaind, S. J., and sung by a chorus of fifty voices, directed by the Rev. J. B. Young, S. J. The young men who enacted the speaking characters displayed great proficiency in the Latin tongue, and more than ordinary elocutionary ability. The whole performance was highly meritorious and reflected credit upon the students and their professors.

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. Mark A. De La Rocque, who departed this life at Warren, Pa., on the 27th ult.

Sister Mary Augusta, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Reading, Ohio; and Sister Mary Loretto King, Visitandine, who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. John Garrett, who yielded his soul to God on the 12th inst., at Jersey City, N. J.

Mr. Thomas Dillon, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., who passed away on the 27th ult.

Mrs. Louisa Shrick, who breathed her last in New York, on the 30th ult.

Mr. B. V. McNeaney, of Branford, Conn., who died suddenly on the 27th ult.

Mr. John Lux, of Walla Walla, Washington; Mrs. John O'Halloran, Lurgoe, Ireland; Mrs. Margaret Walsh, Joliet, Ill.; Mr. Joseph Coley, Michael Flynn and Thomas McNicholl, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Felix McManus, Bevington, Iowa; and Mrs. M. E. Reed, Charlestown, Mass.

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

Those who are so industriously collecting cancelled stamps for the benefit of the Work of Mary Immaculate are reminded that Columbian stamps of all denominations are preferred. They should be addressed to Brother Valerian, Notre Dame, Ind.

Since the last consignment large collections have been received from the Rev. W. Lücking, C. S. S. R., Nazareth Academy; Julia de Mund, Anna McGreevy, Alice M. Kenny, Mrs. Mulqueen, Miss Moran, and Miss Katherine Deehan.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Eve of November.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

AS they who once lived now are dead, so we one day must die;
 Where silent they beneath the sod, so we one day must lie.
 Where, walking shadowy mists among, they cry, "O pity me!"
 We, whom they supplicate, at last such phantoms, too, shall be.
 Ah, who will, then, delay from Heaven to beg their swift release?
 Who will not haste to ope for them the gates of heavenly peace?

Sight-Seeing at the World's Fair.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

XIII.—LAST GLIMPSSES OF THE WHITE CITY.



"H dear, this is our last day at the World's Fair!" sighed Nora the next morning.

"We must try to make the most of it," added Ellen.

The girls having decided that they would like to go first to the Women's Building, Uncle Jack and Aleck followed them thither. The

latter wandered about the immense edifice, feeling, as he said, "very like a fish out of water"; but Mr. Barrett was much interested in the exhibits.

"Why, this resembles the ideal domain of Tennyson's Princess!" he said,— "a palace designed and governed by women, and adorned exclusively with their work. The result is indeed a magnificent display; and shows, my dear nieces, that whatever a girl has talent for, she nowadays has the opportunity of learning to do well,— a proficiency which will make her gently self-reliant and helpful to others, and will furnish her with the means of support if necessary. This is very important in an era when so many women are not only obliged to earn their own livelihood, but are often the dependence of aged parents or helpless little ones; and it is a hopeful outlook that so wide a field of occupation is open to them. Suppose, Nora, you had a clever pencil, a sense of proportion, and were quick at figures. These drawings and estimates furnished by young women show that you might become an architect, and would be able to plan as good houses as your brother could with the same tastes. Here again are some beautiful stained glass windows designed by women; while the mural paintings are considered remarkably fine."

Aleck was duly impressed. He had not known that ladies had taken up these branches of industry; but, being convinced that his mother, for instance, could accom-

plish anything, he was not surprised at their success. To the girls the Women's Building was verily a House Beautiful. They appreciated the decorations and furnishings; the library, as well as its contents; for it was filled with books written by women. They became enthusiastic over the exhibit of the Cincinnati Pottery Club, which demonstrated the progress of ceramics in this country; and the tapestries, needle-work, and specimens of decorative painting and wood-carving from the New York and Philadelphia art schools. Then there was the large gallery of pictures, the statuary in marble and bronze, the section devoted to engravings and etchings.

"It would take a week to see all the lovely things that are collected here," declared Aleck.

"Now we come to the industries that are distinctively womanly," said Uncle Jack; "and I see from the catalogue that even royal ladies have contributed to this department."

In fact, in the exhibit of Great Britain, some of the handiwork of Queen Victoria and her daughters was presently pointed out to the girls. Later, in the main hall, they saw the exquisite point-lace sent by the Empress Frederic of Germany; and the valuable laces, of obsolete patterns, belonging to Queen Marguerita of Italy. The Empresses of Russia and Austria were, they found, also represented. Their attention was engrossed, too, by the splendid Russian and Spanish ecclesiastical embroideries, consisting of cloths of gold and silver overwrought with pearls and other gems,—the work of ladies of the nobility; also by the Japanese and the intricate Turkish embroideries, the latter done by Mahometan women. In short, here was exhibited the work of women of all civilized nations and ranks of society, from the crowned princess to the peasant. And all were portrayed in the light that is fairer than any other, that which dignifies the lowly, and before which the glitter

that surrounds a throne grows dim—the light of true womanliness.

"Amid this comprehensive exhibit," said Mr. Barrett, "I am pleased to see how important a place is occupied by the industries of that land which has struggled for them against so many obstacles. I mean, of course, the Green Island of Saints. The looms of France show no handsomer fabric than that white Irish poplin yonder, brocaded in gold with Prince of Wales' feathers; these church vestments are very fine, too; and no decorative needlework of the art societies can compare with the beauty of some of these laces wrought in Irish cabins. As for pottery, look at this Belleek ware, the clay of which resembles that of the costliest Dresden. How exquisite its delicate cream color and iridescent glaze! It is like ivory and mother-of-pearl combined. Services of Belleek have been ordered by royalty as gifts for princes, you know."

Upstairs the girls came upon a spacious kitchen, fitted up with all the modern appliances for cookery. A lady, who had evidently made a study of the subject, was giving a practical lecture on the culinary art; but they did not stop to hear it, as Uncle Jack was waiting for them to go to luncheon, which they took in the restaurant of the building.

Afterward our party went on to the Children's Building.

"Is it not just like a big playhouse?" exclaimed Ellen.

"Here's a toy show that looks as if it had been sent to the Exposition straight from Kris Kingle's country," said Aleck.

The main corridor was lined with playthings from all parts of the world.

"What lovely dolls!" cried Nora. "And each dressed in the costume of the place it came from, too."

"One would think this was Toy Town itself," laughed Uncle Jack. "Notice the toys made in the German mountains, and the steam engines, railway cars,

and mechanical toys of English and American manufacture."

"And see the queer playthings from Egypt, Siam and India," added Nora, "and the quaint ones from Sweden and Holland."

Some of these were for use of the children in the play-rooms, but the rarer ones were only to be looked at. Among the latter, several dolls with which a queen played when she was a little girl were supposed to possess a romantic interest.

"Here is the prettiest part of the exhibit," said Uncle Jack.

Extending across one end of the corridor was a series of wide windows reaching from the ceiling to the floor. Through them one could see two rooms,—the first darkened, cool and quiet, with tiny white beds and cradles ranged around its walls; the other bright and airy, with a clear space in the centre, and only a few little chairs and cunning tables by way of furniture.

"Oh, I know! This is the Crêche, or Nursery," said Nora. "Here a mother can leave her baby and get a check for it, as one does for bundles or umbrellas."

They stood looking into the play-room, where several white-capped, rosy-cheeked nursemaids were occupied with their little charges, who were the centre of attraction. One of these neat and capable-looking young women was seated in a low rocking-chair, coddling a curly-haired darling; another held a bowl of bread and milk from which she was feeding a roguish midget at one of the small tables. It was amusing to see the child shake her head and laugh, showing her white teeth and dimples, and then stamp her restless feet in sport. In the middle of the room three urchins were playing with blocks, and disputing over them apparently; while in a corner two wee tots had a set of tiny dishes, and were preparing for a tea-party. A peep into the other room revealed a number of tired babies fast asleep. All the

children were manifestly well cared for, and happy, notwithstanding their occasional infantile tiffs.

In the second story were rooms for kindergarten plays and lessons, and chats about some of the wonderful things to be seen at the World's Fair; a library of the books that children love best to read; and lastly a cooking school, where little girls were taught to make diminutive cakes and puddings and pies, and bake them in the oven of a small stove, with a "truly fire in it," as Ellen smilingly said.

On the roof, protected by a high parapet, was the playground, with bats and balls, graces, croquet, and skipping ropes for the children. There were also a few flower-plots to make the place bright and gay; but only a few, so that there might be plenty of space for running about.

"We have wandered into Liliput Land, and no mistake," declared Uncle Jack. "The children rule supreme here, and what fortunate little monarchs they are!"

From this building Mr. Barrett and the young people rambled over to the Wooded Island of the Lagoon. There they not only chanced upon a charming rose garden, but discovered, surrounded by acres of flowers, and half hidden by shrubbery, the Japanese Village.

"What dear little houses!" cried Nora. "They look just like pretty lacquer jewel boxes, with their tiny apartments—or compartments, one might say. How funny it must be to live in a dwelling where the walls can be set back or forward when you please, and the ceiling pushed up or down as it suits you! It would seem a good deal like residing in a summer-house, too, I should think."

The main object of interest in this settlement, however, was the beautiful Hooden, or Phoenix Palace. There were bars across the entrance; but, as the outer walls were all *down*, as Nora said, there was afforded a fine view of the central

hall, with its paintings, bronzes, wood-carving, and rich lacquer.

"This is a fac-simile of a room in the Nijo Castle, Kioto," explained Mr. Barrett; "and all this magnificent work was done by carefully-chosen artists. The palace is a gift to Chicago from the Emperor of Japan. The structure as a whole is a reproduction of a famous temple, and in form is supposed to represent the Phoenix, or Hoo, the fabulous bird of Japanese mythology. The centre with its two stories is the body of the bird, the colonnades are the wings, and the corridor at the rear is the tail. The original temple was begun twelve hundred years ago. Upon its tiled roof are two bronze phoenixes, so flexible that their heads and wings are moved by the wind. In the interior is an altar of pure gold, and the ceiling is inlaid with mother-of-pearl. In front of the edifice is a lovely lotus pond, the lotus being the sacred flower of the Buddhists."

Recrossing the bridge of the Lagoon, the Kendricks and their uncle now proceeded to the Horticultural Building, where they roamed for an hour amid its tall palms, rare plants from every quarter of the globe, and prodigal display of luscious fruits. In the latter section they met with another Liberty Bell made of oranges from California, and also a monstrous orange formed from thousands of the yellow balls of average size.

Having dined, the party sauntered slowly toward the grand Court of Honor.

"I am so glad we are going to stay for the illumination," said Ellen.

The twilight had already come; and the fair White City began to deck itself with lights, like the Genius of Beauty donning her jewels. It was indeed fast becoming a city of rainbow tints. Along the broad avenues the star-like electric lights shone forth; and the State Buildings, one after another, cast off the soft, enveloping shadows, and wreathed their porticos and verandas with shining garlands. The

Court of Honor alone remained shrouded in the dusk. The grand plaza, however, was black with a concourse of people, and over all there seemed to hang a silence of expectancy. One could not but marvel that a crowd which numbered thousands could be so hushed and quiet.

By a fortunate chance, Mr. Barrett found a vacant settee on the walk bordering on the beautiful sheet of water known as the Basin. He and the girls took possession of it, while Aleck perched upon the balustrade. They had not long to wait. Presently a wave of brilliancy swept over the walls and eaves of the great buildings; across the classic colonnades and triumphal arch of the peristyle shimmered a golden flame, revealing the noble quadriga, and the rows of statues of allegorical heroes and animals as marks for javelin rays. The magnificent fountain, with its figures carved as in marble, cast up faint ribbons of spray through a rosy mist; the cascade was transformed into a ladder of violet and amber; while, shining through a film of purple and pearl and silver, a gleam of light, like the wings of some bright spirit, touched the surface of the Lagoon, driving away the darkness that had settled upon the still waters. At the same moment there was a burst of joyous melody from the band, stationed in the pavilion in the centre of the square. The air was filled with music, which alone had been wanting to make the scene ideally perfect.

The girls exclaimed in delight; Aleck said nothing, but drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

Now, along the cornices of the five great buildings and the peristyle, a glimmering electric thread crept slowly, as if stringing diamonds on its way; and presently each of the magnificent structures was crowned with a diadem of sparkling gems.

"Oh, how superb!" cried Nora. "And the finest of all is the Administration Building."

Anon, a flood of rainbow colors from the search-lights in the tall towers, streamed upon the great edifices, making them look, for the moment, like palaces of amethyst and beryl and chalcedony; and the electrical fountains cast high into the air a shower of rubies, agates and opals; letting them fall, only to scatter again, like tricky sprites at play.

As Mr. Barrett, with his nieces and nephew, watched this entrancing spectacle, a gondola glided from beneath the shadow of one of the bridges and stopped near them. Against the prismatic background of the fountains, the lithe figures of the gondoliers, in their picturesque costumes, with silken sashes about their waists and bright handkerchiefs twisted jauntily around their heads, could be distinctly seen.

Uncle Jack hailed and engaged them; and in another minute our party had taken places in the poetic little craft, and were floating upon the silent waters. As they approached the eastern extremity of the Basin, Ellen exclaimed:

"Look!"

Between the arches of the peristyle they caught a glimpse of the broad expanse of Lake Michigan; while, rising out of its depths like a new world, the glorious sphere of the moon appeared above the horizon.

"Could anything be grander?" said Nora. "And now see how the moonlight, hastening along that shining pathway across the Lake, gilds the columns of the colonnade, and paves its floor with silver."

Too soon, however, this picture was left behind. The gondoliers, with a sweep of their long oars, brought the gondola around the curve of the Basin. Again they faced the Administration Building; but soon, passing through the spray of the fountains and under the bridge, they entered the Lagoon.

"We may fancy ourselves in Venice," murmured Ellen, as they passed other splendid palaces, that appeared half in

shadow after the brilliancy of the Court of Honor.

"Or at Bangkok, the Venice of the Orient, which, with its innumerable lights and flower boats, and its languorous canals, is said to be a fairy-land in the evening," added Uncle Jack.

"I don't need to imagine myself anywhere else; for no surroundings could be more beautiful than these," said Aleck, bluntly. "Only I keep wondering if I am really awake."

The City of Wonders seemed indeed more dreamlike than ever, as the gondola glided on, between banks bordered by marble terraces and redolent with the perfume of thousands of blossoms. Now they lingered in the shadow; again the rays of the search-lights, turned in their direction, made the landscape as bright as day. The reflection of the red Greek fire burned in the plaza spread a rosy glow before them on the water; or the rockets, exploding in the sky, sent down a shower of falling stars or golden rain.

"I do not wonder that the pagan maidens of Bangkok, who send adrift the flower boats, imagine it would be bliss to float away in them forever," sighed Ellen.

But even as she spoke the glory of the hour began to pale. The blazing beacons in the tall towers grew dim, the dazzling splendor of the Court of Honor faded. A dark, moving mass in the distance denoted that the crowd was dispersing.

The boatmen reached the end of the water-course. Uncle Jack and the young people stepped from the gondola, and turned to gaze once more upon the panorama. In the azure heavens shone the full moon, as if it were a splendid ship of light, from which the spirit of the Admiral of the Ocean Seas looked forth upon the scene.

Sighing, yet contented, they turned away. It was their last view of the White City of Columbus and of the great World's Fair.

Two Little Lads.

Two little lads have been making a sensation in the staid Prussian city of Berlin. There are no people on earth who love music more than the Germans do; and as it is for their great gifts as musicians that these boys have become famous, you will understand why the people of the German capital have been making such a *furor* about them.

The first one—Josef Hoffman—is well known in America, partly from his piano playing, partly because the New York Humane Society tried so hard to put a stop to his public exhibitions on account of his tender years. Then we heard no more of him for a while, until news came from across the water that he was delighting crowds of the most critical virtuosos. And it was pleasant to learn that his health had come back again, and that he was once more the same merry, sturdy lad who started out with such high hopes upon his unfortunate American concert tour. But he has grown to be a tall youth, and wears long trousers, and a certain kind of dignity that children do not have until they learn some of the sadness of the world by bitter experience.

The Berlin people were not easily won. One of his first appearances was at a private concert, where he played his own compositions. When he came out he received no greeting, but he bowed and went to work. After he was through the first piece, the cold audience arose and fairly screamed with delight. That is a way those Berliners have. They wait until they see what musicians can do before they give a verdict; but, once convinced, they are profuse with their expressions of appreciation.

The second little prodigy which we will mention is a Belgian, Jean Gerady. Instead of playing the piano, he has a fancy for the 'cello; and, although he is

but ten years old, he manipulates that instrument with the ease of a veteran. It is not known that he composes music yet, but his success as a performer is sure. One of the greatest 'cellists in Europe said of Jean: "I was asked to hear him, but I was so very weary of these child wonders that I looked forward to a stupid morning. But I was amazed and delighted. He *is* an artist."

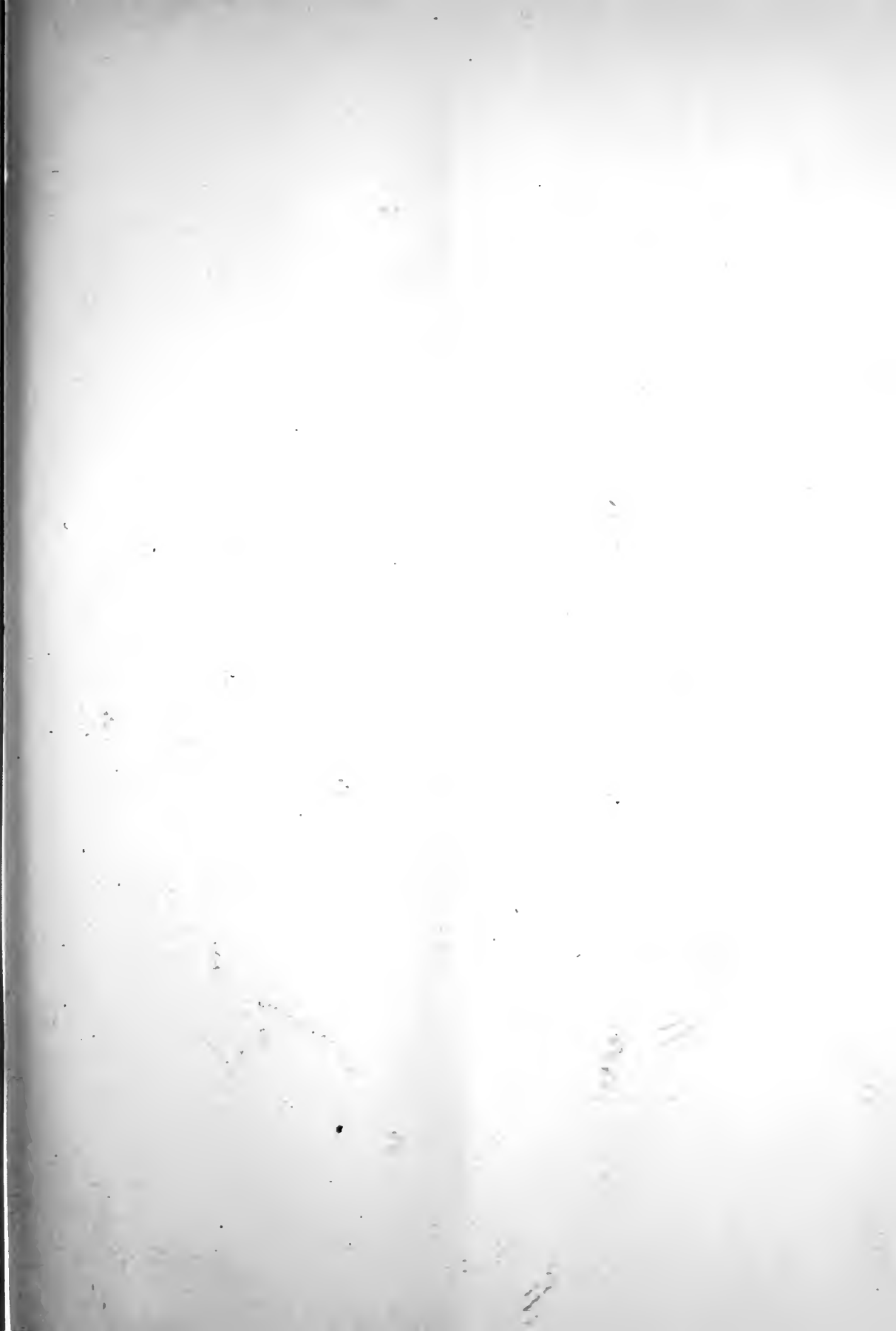
The career of these bright lads will be watched with interest on both sides of the ocean. God has given them rare gifts, which we hope will be used to His honor and glory, as well as for the pleasure of mankind.

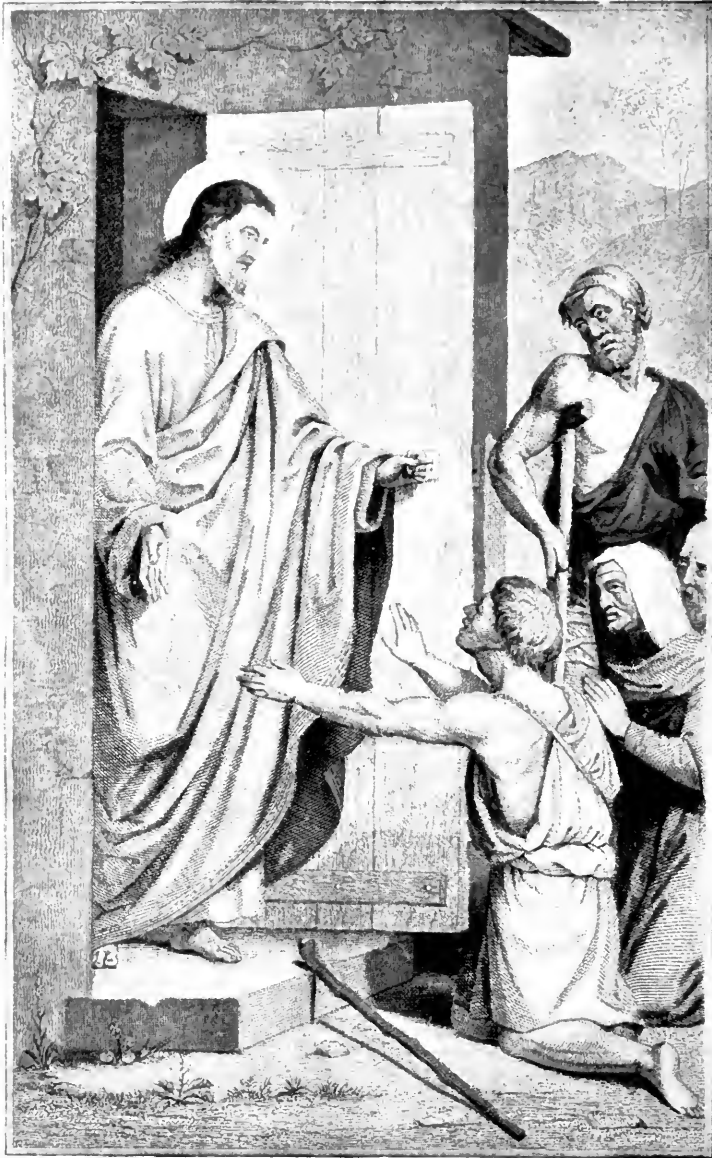
Selling by the Candle.

In a certain little village in England it has been the custom for centuries to sell land with the help of a burning candle; in other words, a lighted candle was put upon the auctioneer's stand, and when it burned out the property was declared to belong to the person who had bidden last.

It was not until two or three years ago that a stop was put to this quaint method of transacting business. The way it came about was this: After a few small bids had been made there came up a sudden tempest, and out went the candle. The man who had made the last bid claimed the land, and the law gave it to him. But the auctioneer was so disgusted that he declared he would never again sell "by the candle," and up to this time he never has.

IN youth with little heed,
On untilled ground,
We sow the future's seed
Lightly around.
Shall fruit in time be found
Our eyes to greet?
Alas, should there abound
Tares, not golden wheat!





CHRIST THE CONSOLER.



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

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Withdrawn.

BY B. I. D.

WHY should I grieve that this my
Flower is fading?

Another summer's sun will make it bloom:
Let it descend into its peaceful tomb,
Nor let me vex the time by vain upbraiding.
One purpose is fulfilled for which it grew,
For which I saw its beauty. Other eyes
Will wonder at its shape and heavenly dyes,
And so be glad again to see it new.

That which the Lord was pleased in love to
make

(To be regiven) is but withdrawn a while
Where frost is not, nor storm-wind e'er can
shake

The eternal blossom, or the fruit eternal;
Where only tears of joy beam in the smile
Of sacred, ever-radiant Truth Supernal.

An Apostle of the Poor.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.



HAVING heard so much
of the sorrows which the
last few months have
brought to France, it is
pleasant to turn aside and
contemplate the steady
progress made by the
League of the Catholic Social Movement,
which, despite all outward opposition and

the various obstacles cast in its path,
pursues its way, if not triumphantly, at
least with sufficient success to give great
hopes of final victory. The League has
adopted the cross as its standard, and the
Sacred Heart as its rallying point. With
the noble cause it has in view, and under
the guidance of its holy and energetic
leader, the Abbé Garnier, it can not fail
to prosper and accomplish much good.

Many there are, however, who look
upon the Abbé Garnier as a deluded
visionary; and, strange as it may seem, the
pusillanimous voices are heard among
Catholics who ought, in very truth,
to be the staunchest defenders of this
modern apostle of the people.* When
one has talked with him of the projects
for his moral campaign, listened to his
explanation, heard the calm, impassioned
manner in which he speaks of future
triumphs, all his calculations being based
solely on past victories, one can not fail
to be animated with the same hope and
confidence as himself, and to trust his
prophecy may be realized—that five years
hence the victory will surely be won.

This valiant worker is one of three
brothers, all devoted to God's service in
the Church, and comes of an old Norman
family residing at Caen. The oldest brother
is a missionary apostolic; the second,

* Comte Albert de Mun, when presiding lately
at a meeting of the Cercle Catholique in the
Gros-Caillon parish, repeated the following words,

chaplain of a large educational institution; the third, likewise a missionary apostolic, is the subject of this sketch. His work, though begun scarcely five years ago, extends from one end of France to the other. The ultimate end of the League is nothing else than the regeneration of the French working classes, whom the Abbé Garnier declares are not bad, but simply ignorant and "led astray" by those who have an interest in keeping them estranged from God and His ministers; the great object to be attained being to "awaken the slumbering convictions" in their hearts. In each town there is some particular social want, to which the Abbé Garnier at once directs his attention and adapts the various branches of the League. His first step is to hold a meeting, to which all classes are invited; priests and laymen, employers and workmen,—all meet together in a common feeling of Christian fraternity. Occasionally these reunions are tumultuous,—when violent members of the enemy's camp wish to gain a hearing. But at such times the Abbé Garnier's marvellous *sang froid* never fails him; the storm is gradually calmed, and the meeting generally passes off peacefully.

Usually the gatherings are for men alone; but, by exception, ladies were invited to one of the most important of these large assemblies, which took place a short time ago in Paris, in a dancing-

hall, formerly known as the Jardin de l'Etoile, now called the Salle Wagram. There, on the platform, stood the Abbé Garnier, surrounded by his staff. What a contrast! The thoughts fled to the frivolous scenes too frequently enacted in the Salle; whilst our meeting was convened for the purpose of taking measures to bring about the object dear above all others to the Abbé Garnier's heart—the return of the good nuns to the Paris hospitals, which have been so ruthlessly laicized. Surely, no more serious object could have brought us together. The immense hall, capable of accommodating thousands of people, was crowded; and, though hostile spirits were scattered here and there, the meeting proved a notable success.

On each triennial renewal of the Paris Municipal Council since the laicization of the hospital, petitions for the restoration of the Sisters have been presented. Nine years ago only 17,000 signatures were procured for the petitions; six years ago the number swelled to 23,000; and in 1890 there were 39,000. This year the signatures far exceeded any previous canvas, having reached the extraordinary number of 800,000. Naturally, it is in Paris alone that the question of the Sisters is mooted, provincial towns having shown less severity in the matter of laicizing their hospitals.

The Abbé Garnier's method of organizing his work in each town consists in dividing it into four distinct quarters, each quarter into four sections, each section having its own central committee, which is formed of twelve members, with the *curé* of the most important parish as president; two delegates are then appointed for each street, those of unusual length receiving a larger number, whose work consists in awakening the "slumbering convictions" of the people, and grouping them into a committee. Besides the central committee, each parish possesses several others, whose members meet

uttered a few days previously, in the Chamber of Deputies, by one of the most radical of the radical and socialistic members: "If the Catholics of France had perfect faith and absolute confidence in the social teaching of the Gospel; if they were animated with only one desire, that of spreading this doctrine among the people; if instead of confining their Catholicism to private life, they carried it publicly into their political and social existence,—how strong they would be, and how easily they could win the nation's confidence from us! But so long as they continue to act as the great majority do at present, they are in no way to be feared." The Abbé Garnier, unfortunately, has to contend with a large proportion of this indifferent "great majority."

as frequently as possible, there being often more than a hundred of these meetings in one evening in Paris alone. In country places each canton possesses its bureau, in which are centralized the various works attached to the Catholic Social Movement.

The Abbé Garnier shows admirable judgment in choosing his presidents. Provided he finds the necessary qualities in a man, he cares little to what social class he belongs. Lately I had the pleasure of hearing him read a letter from one of the presidents—a workman,—in which the writer described his system of organization. The letter, despite some errors in orthography, was a marvel of practical commonsense and forethought. The Abbé told me that among his “soldiers” he has discovered two of the most remarkable orators he ever heard. Both are workmen. One, about twenty-two years old, belongs to Gros-Caillon; the other, scarce twenty years, and almost entirely illiterate, comes from Belleville, that stronghold of the wildest radicalism, where, strange to say, the Abbé Garnier has achieved some of his most brilliant victories. Both young men have inherited that marvellous fluency of expression which characterizes the French people. The Abbé enthusiastically declares that no speaker in the Chamber of Deputies can at all compare with them.

Of the 35,000 parishes in France, more than 8,000 are now completely organized. Every day the Abbé receives pressing invitations from bishops, to which he can not always respond. A short time ago the Bishop of Evreux, desirous of having him spend at least a week among his flock, was obliged to content himself with the Abbé Garnier's presence for one day. But what a day's work it was! A large meeting, numbering more than 1,200 persons, was held, in which the work was begun; and the good seed sown in many hearts is now bearing fruit. Of the manufacturers in the busy

town of Evreux, twenty-two attended the meeting, all of whom promised to take an active part in the work of the League.

Two years ago the Abbé Garnier first visited Calais, where he rallied round his banner 400 men and 1,200 women; their numbers have now increased to 1,800 men and 4,000 women. The indefatigable Abbé, having gone there recently one Sunday afternoon, gave three lectures before retiring that night. Happily, he is endowed with what the French term *une santé de fer*. In many other towns the number of adherents has increased wonderfully; in some places the proportion may be smaller; but wherever the Abbé Garnier has passed, the “slumbering convictions” have been thoroughly and permanently aroused. Clichy—just outside of Paris, another radical spot, and a favorite resort of the army of Parisian rag-pickers,—with its 35,000 inhabitants, some time ago could boast only twenty practical Catholics in its male population; now 2,400 men attend Mass regularly every Sunday. In each parish where the League has planted its standard, there is a Mass for men and a Mass for women every Sunday, and both are largely attended.

The Abbé Garnier, whose comprehensive mind embraces all questions, does not confine his attention solely to the spiritual wants of his followers: their many temporal necessities are likewise the object of his solicitude. No doubt he agrees with the holy French Sister of Charity who once declared to the writer that, with the poor, one should always “make the good God visible.” That is what this modern apostle does by the various works of practical charity attached to the League.

First there is the Caisse de Famille, with its numerous advantages, in all of which the members can participate by the payment of two cents a week. For this trifle they are assured the doctor's

visit and medicines free in time of illness, also help while the sickness lasts. By special arrangements made with shopkeepers, the members can buy everything cheaper, whether provisions or clothing. Then there is the rent-fund and savings-bank, with a particular branch for working-girls, who may lay aside a part of their weekly earnings, and at their marriage the sum they have accumulated is doubled. In this manner a young girl who has succeeded in saving only 300 francs receives 600 francs on her wedding-day.

Again there is the loan fund, which enables workmen to borrow small sums—up to fifty francs, I believe. The capital of these funds is never large, generally amounting only to 800 francs, the richest aggregating 1,500 francs. When a workman seeks an advance, he makes a written promise, guaranteed by two of his fellow-workmen, to refund by small instalments at regular intervals; and any failure in this promise—unless by reason of illness—disqualifies him from again profiting by the loan-fund. An incalculable number of workmen have been saved financially by this system. On account of the high prices paid in Paris, a laborer out of work for even one month finds himself in arrears; with a return of work and a loan of even forty francs, he is out of difficulty. In two months his debt will be paid; for, with rare exceptions, the French workman has a high sense of honesty. There is likewise a gratuitous registry office; for this the zealous street delegate is most useful, as on him devolves the delicate mission of obtaining correct information not only concerning the employee, but also with regard to the moral standing of the employers.

Another important branch of the League is the Secrétariat du Peuple, for which the street delegate is again a most efficient auxiliary. He ascertains the wants of the workmen in his quarter, and helps them to procure employment when necessary,

quite irrespective of their religious belief, or want of religious belief. Orphans are sent to school, old people happily settled with the Little Sisters of the Poor; the blind, deaf and dumb are placed in special establishments; letters are written for those who are themselves unable to write, advice procured from either doctor or solicitor when needed; professional beggars are exposed, and the deserving poor sought out and comforted. From this it is easily seen that the Secrétariat du Peuple is a busy office and renders immense services.

Convinced that children can not be too earnestly encouraged to the practice of piety, the Abbé Garnier regularly visits the poor free schools, giving into the children's hands the spiritual treasury of the League. It consists of leaves similar to those distributed by the Apostleship of prayer, and on them the pupils inscribe their good resolutions. On his subsequent visits the Abbé generally finds that about two-thirds of the children have perseveringly carried out these resolves. Many likewise have the Gospel read aloud in their family each Sunday, a custom to which he attaches great importance.

The Abbé Garnier has, in truth, fully understood the words of our glorious Leo XIII. when he said: "A Christian government requires a Christian people to uphold it. To expect to see a Christian France without having converted the French is to hope to gather fruit without planting the tree." Both morally and physically the Abbé Garnier is eminently qualified "to plant the tree," by the example of his holy life and indefatigable zeal. Of commanding stature, gentle, eloquent, as quick to conceive a plan as he is fearless in executing it, his fine, penetrating grey eyes seem to read the soul at a glance. With all this he draws one toward him by a peculiar attraction; as a French workman expressed it: "The Abbé Garnier has something of the nature

of the magnet!"—a sentiment which finds an echo in many hearts.

Such is the promoter of the great campaign now carried on throughout France. Let us hope that this good priest may be spared many years, to labor for the people whom he loves so dearly, and that he may yet live to witness the realization of the great work to which he has consecrated his rare powers.

From Shore to Shore.

MADAME LATOURIÈRE to her
cousin, Mlle. Clémence Graudet:

8 FIFTH AVENUE,
New York, Oct. 6, 1872.

MY DEAR CLÉMENCE:—You say that I write you only when in some quandary or afflicted with *ennui*. If so, though I am not conscious of the fault; for fault it would certainly be, could I be guilty of such a crime against a friendship endeared to me by all ties of association and blood. And yet, admitting the accusation, may it not be in its way a most beautiful compliment to you? For, despite your apparent brusqueness and want of sympathy on occasions, it is to you I invariably turn for counsel, comfort and consolation. Just now I am in need of all three. And yet, knowing you so well as I do, I scarcely expect your warm sympathy. Still, what else can it be? One *must* have family pride—it is born in one,—it is necessary to the preservation of society, unless we would cast all traditions to the winds, and allow the world to go to its destruction. But I will go to the point directly.

With George you have some influence. If you would only write to him now, and say—but wait until I have told you all. You will remember the many times I have written to you in those last years of him—my devoted, noble, handsome, careless

George. You know how often I have manoeuvred to place in his way, and have actually thrust upon him with the smiling consent of their mammas, most desirable young ladies, who in every way would have been ideal wives. He has always defeated my plans, and would have none of them, although in other respects a model son. Invariably he would say: "Mother, it is time enough. I am in no hurry to marry." Or, "I must marry for love when I do marry; I can not give myself away, or ask any girl to have me in your cold-blooded, French fashion, *maman*." Then I would sometimes add: "But my dear boy, why not try to fall in love with some one, if that be necessary to you, although it will come soon enough, all you need, after marriage?" Then he would laugh and say: "Try to fall in love, mother! What sort of love would that be? No, no! Time enough. I am young yet."

To be sure, he is only twenty-five: I am only forty-four, you know. But my heart is not sound, and I long to see my grandchildren about my knees before I die. But now, with his stubbornness, I fear that will never be to me.

Well, once more to endeavor to begin. You will remember that last year I went to Europe, and spent some time with relatives in Paris, especially with Madame Beaugureau, our cousin-in-law, whose sister Léonie married in 1850 one of those clever younger sons of the decayed Irish aristocracy, who appear periodically in Paris after some unsuccessful *coup* of patriotism. This young soldier of fortune was one of the Nevilles of Waterford. On the death of his father, after the affair patriotic had blown over, he returned to Ireland with his French wife. However, he did not live long after going there, but gave up the ghost, leaving his wife and six helpless children to the charity of his more or less impecunious relatives.

Madame did not like Ireland. Returning to France under pretence of a visit, she

remained there, remarried, and left her young children to be cared for by the friends with whom she had temporarily placed them at her departure for her native land. But death soon claimed her also; and when she felt its pangs, the voice of maternal love, long stifled in her, spoke once more, and besought her sister, Madame Beaugureau, to search out her helpless little ones.

This Madame Beaugureau has made, to the best of her ability. It would not have been possible for her, with that monster of a husband, to have done much for them; and it was fortunate that the relatives who had taken them were kind-hearted people, not desirous to make away with them. By them our cousin's language was not well understood; she, on her part, knew nothing of the English, and intercourse was thus necessarily strained and restrained. However, I believe at the time I was last in Paris the orphans were comfortably settled in life; all married with the exception of the three youngest, of whom one, a boy, was studying for the priesthood; the next, a girl, had entered the Ursuline Convent in Cork; and the youngest, also a girl, was dependent upon the kindness of her father's cousin, the Bishop of X. She was then about seventeen, a member of the Bishop's household, who were very kind to her, and who hoped—the Bishop had written Madame Beaugureau—that she might become a nun, like to her sister.

Our cousin-in-law has a tender heart, and the future of this young girl gave her much concern. As I was about to take my departure for America, she said to me:

“Genevieve, thou art accustomed to travel; thou art not afraid of the seas. My heart yearns for that child, named for me, and whose godmother I am. Many a time in the night have I heard the reproachful voice of her mother in my dreams, calling me to account for my neglect of her Françoise. But thou knowest, Genevieve, how with the miserly husband who rules

the household like a veritable Pasha, I scarce dare call my life my own. [It is true—M. Beaugureau is beneath contempt.] Therefore it has been impossible for me to show otherwise than by an occasional letter and slight present how I love her in the core of my heart. Even my letters that monster Beaugureau does not respect, as thou wouldst have been blind not to have seen. Ah, Genevieve, my friend! go to that desolate Irelande, see the child, and learn for thyself if in truth she wishes to become a nun, or if perhaps it is not that ultramontane Bishop who will persuade her.”

Madame Beaugureau is of the liberal French, my Clémence; and so violent are her prejudices, so flagrant her errors of judgment in this regard, that we forbear even to touch on the subject on which we think so differently. On this occasion, however, I could not refrain from saying:

“Françoise, I am perfectly certain from what I have heard, as well as what I have read that the Bishop to whom you allude is one of the most progressive of our time, while also one of the most pious in Irelande or the whole world. I can not believe that he would coerce or even persuade the girl in the matter of her vocation. And if she has an inclination for the religious life, as well may be, having been educated in a convent, what could be, for her, more desirable?”

“Thou sayest truly,” she replied, “that such a life would be well, provided she has the inclination. That is what I wish to discover, that my heart and conscience may be at rest concerning her. And I long for some account of her appearance and manners and disposition; for my childless heart has often gone out to her with love and yearning. But I know that even if he would permit that she should come to me, Beaugureau would turn her out doors the moment I should expire; and in that case her position would be worse than before.”

"But you might marry her," I ventured to suggest.

"Who would want her without a *dot*?" sagely inquired our cousin-in-law.

"Who indeed?" I answered. "I had forgotten that I was not in America, where beauty is considered the richest dowry."

"Does beauty boil the pot, if need should be, my cousin?" said Madame Beaugureau. "And will you, at your age, advocate such romantic theories?"

I hastened to assure her that nothing was farther from my thoughts; and it was settled that I should pay a visit to the little niece in Irelande, which I found not so desolate a place as our cousin had imagined. I put up at a hotel, called at the Bishop's house, and duly introduced myself, through our cousin's letter, to his Lordship and the child. Child I call her; for though more than a year has passed since I first laid eyes upon her, she seemed then, and still seems, but a child in all that goes to make up those charming attributes—sweetness, simplicity, and an entire absence of *amour propre*.

Picture to yourself a tall, slender girl of sixteen, with a complexion that would have been a clear French olive if the Irish intermixture had not left it creamy white, with the faintest tinge of pink on either cheek. Eyes dark grey, with the full, clear iris that looks black at night or under great excitement or emotion,—Irish eyes in truth, with straight brows jet-black, and long, up-curling lashes. Brushed high from her white forehead save for the soft, short tendrils that clung about the temples, rose coils and coils of glorious chestnut hair, dashed here and there with glints of shining gold. And when she opened her lips, curved like Diana's bow, showing teeth of pearl, and two deep dimples in either cheek born of the most bewitching smile I ever saw, I fell in love with her at once.

I shall not relate the particulars of the interview. It does not matter what was

said by any of us; suffice it to record that it ended by my carrying off the girl to my hotel, and this was but preliminary to fetching her to America. His Lordship was not unwilling. I promised her a good home, light employment—lace-mending, refurbishing my old gowns, reading to me occasionally when I have one of my frightful headaches; for nothing puts me to sleep sooner. His Lordship said he had hoped—nay, almost believed—that the child would have a vocation for the religious life, but that "*the nuns hesitated.*" I underscore these words; because, very good Catholic as I feel myself to be, I have always had the impression that those pious souls not only appropriated every fish that came anywhere near their net, but angled for the most desirable on every occasion. And, after all, why not? What life more safe, more happy, altogether more worthy of emulation, than that of a *religieuse*?

But to keep on with my story. It seems that these particular nuns at least were an exception, and I decided to call on the Mother Superior. I found her to be a *petite* charming creature, full of life and grace, and overflowing with good humor. She assured me that, in her opinion, Françoise—whom, by the way, they call by her last name, which is Elizabeth—had only an attachment for the Sisters, with whom, by reason of her orphaned position, her relation to his Lordship, and her own inherent merit and amiability, she had been an especial favorite. After having put me through a series of questions in order to learn whether I was a practical Catholic, and having satisfied herself that the girl could go to Mass every Sunday, and every weekday if she so desired, the Rev. Mother expressed herself as of the opinion that nothing could be better for Françoise than the proposed plan. She could, while with me, "test her vocation"—yes, that is what the little nun called it,—and she was still

very young. In Philadelphia they have a house of the Order: she might go there if she felt inclined, and was convinced that she could best work out her salvation by entering the convent. They would give her a letter to the Rev. Mother there.

Ah! I am so long-winded I can not be to the point at once, as you. Well—it was arranged. She got her few belongings together, with the blessing of his Lordship, and we set out as soon as possible thereafter for home. Her home as well, I meant it to be; but, alas! it has been ordained otherwise. How was I to know that George, for whose sake I had vainly given parties and drawing-rooms innumerable; the most lovable, yet the most eccentric and perverse of sons,—my George, who might have had for the asking a daughter from the house of any of our merchant princes, would tumble immediately in love with this smiling, low-voiced creature, whom I unthinkingly introduced into our family circle? Yet I must above all things be a just woman. I can not say, with my hand on my conscience, that she *seemed* to make any effort to allure him. All was modesty, humility, self-effacement in her demeanor.

Ah! I hear his night key in the lock. He is coming upstairs. He whistles—it is the first time in weeks. Perhaps—but no: he has passed my door. Clémence, can you believe it?—for three weeks he has not kissed his mother good-night. And when I have remonstrated with him for his terrible behavior, he has only replied: "Mother, I can not be a hypocrite, giving a Judas kiss," or words to that effect. "Tell me where she is, and all will be well." But that is what I can not tell him, and he doubts me—his mother.

Clémence, I can say no more this night. I will fold and send my letter, and write again to-morrow. Having received it, you will be prepared for what is to follow.

Affectionately yours,

GENEVIEVE.

Mlle. Grandet to Madame Latourière.

NEW ORLEANS, NOV. 8, '72.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—How unreasonable you are in this matter of George, and how you have piqued my curiosity! Why did you not finish your letter? Have a care how you alienate that boy. In one breath you tell me of the beauty and charming character of the daughter of Léonie de Revoe, and in the next your heart is broken because George has fallen in love with her. What more do you want? He has and will have plenty of money, and the girl is far better born than those at whose heads you would be flinging him. Do not forget that she is of the best blood of France, and the daughter of a Neville of Waterford, than which there is no better stock in the whole of Ireland.

I knew that story years ago; so did you, but you had forgotten it. Once in Paris I met a sister of the Neville who married Eloise de Revoe, the mother of Françoise Elizabeth. The child must resemble her greatly; from your description I can well imagine I see her again. She was a most beautiful and estimable woman, married later to one of the Spanish embassy. I do not know what became of her.

You were formerly a woman of sense, Genevieve. There was a time when your George would best have pleased you if he had married into a family for whose respectability one could vouch, and whose daughters had been carefully educated and piously trained. But it is not so any more. The fortune of your Uncle Beaulien seems to have turned your head. What could be more desirable than such a daughter-in-law as you describe this young girl to be—always provided, of course, that she were willing? You have piqued my curiosity, not easily excited since the world has grown so tame.

And pray do not vex me by any further reference to the daughters of merchant princes, whom you say George might have

married if he would. That is what the English would call "beastly rot," and I can not better characterize it. Who wants them—those princesses of the *régime* of mammon? Why should any Catholic mother make opportunities to sacrifice her only son, a young man among a thousand, on the altar of fashion, of female vanity, of incarnate silliness, of complete inanity? I am ashamed of you, Genevieve! I sigh for the poor fellow that has so indifferent a mother. Oh, if it had pleased God to give me such a son, not thus should I have yearned to sacrifice him.

Now, beware how you alienate George, you silly woman! Is he or is he not the apple of your eye? If so, have a care that you touch him tenderly; if not, you are unworthy the name of mother. And tell me what *have* you done with that poor child? If George says she has been spirited away, there must be some truth in it; you may not know her whereabouts, but you no doubt have been instrumental in her taking away. I have it! I will write to George at once.

Yours in deep disgust,

CLÉMENCE.

(To be continued.)

A Dirge in November.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

IN autumn and winter they pass'd—when
the flow'rets were dying
Or dead, by the ways they had wandered
alongside of yore,
Little heeding the hours then so brief and
the months swiftly flying—
Towards a troublous ocean which one day
shall swell nevermore.

O'er a sea with its strange undertone of deep
sweetness and sadness,—

O'er a sea where the cruellest wreck-tokens
burden the shore;

To a port where the rude stains of travel are
tokens of gladness,
Ere ransom'd they walk in white raiment
with saints evermore.

How they fought, how they fail'd, with earth's
woes and dark mysteries round them,
How they falter'd more sore when the
glorious sun rode on high;
Till a Mother-by-grace, with her uplifted
palms, came and found them,
May be known in the mansions eternal
beyond the bright sky.

Worn, wayward and weary, so often appear-
ing forsaken,
Press'd down to the earth by a weighty
and burdensome load;
With an eye for the dawning of morning's
bright hope, sure o'ertaken
By graces, like dewdrops distilling along-
side the road.

So dark was the way, and so few were the
voices to cheer them,
Most bitter assaults from their foes upon
every side;
Angels, their unseen protectors, so constantly
near them,
Conscience so potent, with warnings from
Spirit and Bride.

They listened, and lifted moist eyes to the
hills all around them,
While oftentimes an echo from Seraphs stole
down from above;
The prayers of the sanctified rose in high
heaven, and found them
True subjects of pity and mercy and God's
blessed love.

Far better to utter "Amen" than to ask
"Opened be it,"
Far better in patience to wait for some
heavenly dream;
God's mysteries are deep, but His love—
some unable to see it—
Shall be ours when around us the sunshine
of heaven shall gleam.

Yet how weary the watching, how thorny
the paths they were taking,
Where friends, miss'd so often, and lov'd,
fell away on each side;

Under skies often starless, yet long ere the
 morning was breaking,
 Young men in white raiment came near
 them to guard and to guide.

The rings of home circles were lost and
 decreas'd with such changes,
 Old seats were unus'd, while lov'd voices
 were silent and still;
 Souls were gliding through shadow and
 sunshine to Space's vast ranges,
 By pathways which led them at length to
 God's holiest Hill.

We pray, then, as Time's stream flows with
 us, for peace and for union,
 How keen are the needs of souls, waiting
 and longing, for prayer!
 Join them, Lord, for the sake of their works,
 in one perfect communion:
 Let the River of Thine Holy City soon
 circle them there.

May it bound them, while bonds them in
 light and in peace and in glory
 Perfection from God and His Spirit and
 Mary's sole Son;
 For His love and His mercy shall lighten
 their ever-blest story,
 When the strifes and the struggles and
 failures of earth-life are done.

So when Chalice of Blood is uplifted, in
 prayers of November,
 When the grey fields are barren and over
 us earth's deepest gloom,
 Refresh, Lord, the souls we have lost, and in
 pity remember
 A Tree, a pierc'd Heart, and in mercy a
 Bodyless Tomb.

THE great lesson we have to learn in
 this world is *to give it all up*; it is not so
 much resolution as renunciation, not so
 much courage as resignation, that we
 need.—*Ruskin*.

PEACE is the indwelling of God and
 the habitual possession of all our desires;
 and it is too grave and quiet even for a
 smile.—*Coventry Patmore*.

In the Path of Pioneer Priests.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

V.—SIMON'S GOLDEN DEED.

THERE is a plague peculiar to the
 shanties of the North. It is a fever
 caused by eating badly preserved pork,
 and is called "the black-leg." Once it
 breaks out, its ravages are fearful; de-
 prived of medical attendance, and without
 proper nursing, the poor victims suffer
 fearful tortures, which are usually relieved
 only by death. The first sign of the malady
 is a dizziness, followed by complete pros-
 tration. This state lasts about forty-eight
 hours, when the sick man begins to
 recover or becomes hopelessly delirious.

It was in 1883 that I witnessed the first
 case of "black-leg." Our shanty, situated
 on the Moose Creek, sheltered fifty-two
 men at that time. Simon Obomsawin had
 come to spend the Christmas season with
 us; and he had been telling us that an
 Oblate missionary, who was then about
 forty-five miles from our party, intended
 to visit us early in January. That same
 evening, when supper was over, one of
 the choppers, who was making an axe
 handle, suddenly dropped his work, flung
 his axe into the fire, uttered a yell like an
 Indian war-whoop, and began to stagger.
 I was too astonished to speak, in presence
 of this strange conduct; but the others
 knew that the chopper had been stricken
 with the plague, and that the whole
 party was in imminent peril.

Simon's first thought was characteristic:
 it was to secure the services of the Oblate
 priest while the victims were still able to
 receive the rites of the Church. He told
 us of his intention; and, despite the cold,
 the hour and the distance, the old Indian
 slung his blanket over his shoulder,
 examined his rifle, put on his snow-shoes,
 tightened his belt, and set out, at a half

trot. Simon was an old man, and the weather was dreadfully cold; for two days he continued that fearful journey, almost without interruption. Mountains had to be scaled, lakes to be crossed, and long rounds to be made to escape the gullies; added to all this, he knew not just where the priest was to be found; for in a single day the missionary might have travelled twenty or thirty miles from the depot where Simon had met him. But the brave old fellow pushed on, undaunted by hunger, cold or fatigue.

It was midnight of the day after he had left us when Simon reached Booth's depot, where he expected to find the priest; but the missionary was not there, and he continued his weary journey. By noon the next day Simon arrived at a shanty where, to his intense delight, he found the priest, who had arrived during the night, and was taking a well-earned rest. The Indian was not long in telling his story; he omitted all reference to his own fatigues, but gave a graphic description of the confusion and anxiety that reigned among us; insisting that the priest could return to these men at any time, but that his ministrations were immediately required at our shanty. The priest did not hesitate when it was question of saving souls; he rose and announced his readiness to start.

That night the two pilgrims of charity slept side by side in the lower bunk of a deserted shanty, but the stars were still in the sky when they were again on foot. Finally, after unspeakable hardships, they reached our lodging. The door swung ajar, and Simon stepped in, followed by the Oblate Father, the warmth of whose welcome may be better imagined than described. But poor old Simon! he had accomplished his mission, and no sooner was the priest safe in the abode of death than his nerves gave away, all the fatigue of the trip came upon him, his age and his failing energies asserted themselves, and the faithful old Indian was stretched

exhausted upon the floor. He soon recovered, however, and busied himself in serving the stricken lumber-men.

The man Sylvestre, who was the first to show symptoms of the disease, had almost completely recovered before the priest arrived, but five others were stricken in the meantime. One of these—an old man called French—was evidently doomed; two others were in the first stages of the delirium; a blacksmith had just manifested the first symptoms; and finally a teamster named Bausquin was so ill from nervousness that we could not tell whether his symptoms indicated "black-leg" or merely the dread of it.

Such was the condition of things when, about half-past nine o'clock that night, the Oblate Father commenced his work. The good priest first gave his attention to French, the dying man. He was a very strict Presbyterian, one who loved his Bible and his kirk; but, strange to say, he did not dislike the Catholic Church. In fact, it was well known that whenever the priests came to the shanty in which old French was stationed, he always contributed to their meagre purse, and was one of the most attentive listeners at their instructions.

For half an hour the good Father remained with the old man. What passed between them only Almighty God knows. The priest spoke in a quiet, earnest whisper; and the dying man appeared to have uttered a few words in reply to his questions. The icy hands that clutched the blankets made occasional gestures, as of assent or recognition. At last I saw the priest take from his girdle the large crucifix of the Oblate, and place it before the old man's eyes. Slowly the white and nerveless hand was lifted until it touched the priest's, and seemed to assist the missionary in holding the sacred emblem. At that moment the Father made a sign to me to approach. I obeyed, and saw the bony fingers of poor French relax their

hold. The old shantyman was dead; and, with the crucifix before us, the Oblate and I knelt to recite the *De Profundis*. Some of the half-sleeping men who heard us arose quietly and joined in the prayer. It was a solemn scene, one which I can never forget.

With French's own tools, one of our party made a rude coffin of pine; with a brush that he often used, his name was traced upon the cover. The next morning a teamster was sent down to Pembroke with the remains, and soon the old man's death was forgotten in the countless miseries, sufferings, and dangers that thronged round the survivors.

The priest next turned his attention to the blacksmith. He had come from France; and in that land of strange contradictions, where Faith and Infidelity have so long wrestled for supremacy, he had imbibed the evil spirit of the age. It grew strong within his soul, and completely usurped the place of his early religious training. He had been baptized a Catholic, but for over fifteen years had not entered a church, and for more than twenty years had not approached the Sacraments. He detested the clergy with a wild and ungovernable detestation; and as the Father approached, he glared at him, saying that he had no need of ghostly advice; that he did not want to be bothered with "grandmother's stories," and that if the priest could not do anything for his body, he would prefer not to trust him with the affairs of his soul. All this did not deter the good missionary, who endeavored to engage him in agreeable conversation. For fully two hours and a half the priest and the blacksmith chatted about France, about the war of 1870—in which the sick man was wounded,—about interesting events and places.

How they glided from questions of politics, national triumphs and reverses, and touching stories of home scenes, into religion, the Church that made France glorious, and the early faith of the black-

smith I can not tell. Toward midnight I fell asleep; and when I awoke, about two o'clock, the priest was seated upon the rude bench in front of the sleeping berths, and the blacksmith was kneeling at his side. I noticed that the rough hands of the penitent were joined in prayer, and the right hand of the priest raised in absolution. The rest of the story is soon told.

The Oblate Father succeeded that night in touching the heart of the infidel workman, and before leaving his convert he heard the story of twenty years of utter irreligion. That very morning the sick man received once more the Bread of Life, and for him it was literally life-giving. From that hour his fever left him, he gradually regained his strength, and in seven days was fully recovered.

Four years afterward I was entering the Basilica in Ottawa; it was a warm afternoon in July, and I rested for a moment at the entrance to enjoy a cool breeze. As I was about to move onward, my attention was attracted to a man who was devoutly making the Stations of the Cross. Rarely indeed have I seen such fervent piety as that rough-looking workman exhibited. There was something about him that seemed familiar, and I waited until his devotions were finished. He proved to be the blacksmith who, kneeling at the feet of the Oblate Father, had found new life at the very gates of death. I recalled the scourge through which we had once passed, and thought of how Simon's golden deed had been blessed.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT the year 1590 this interesting anagram appeared:

SIXTUS QUINTUS DE MONTE ALTO.
(Sixtus the Fifth, born at Montalto.)

By transposition:

MONS TUTUS IN QUO STAT LEX DEI.
(A mountain of safety, on which rests the law of God.)

Mary, the Sister of Moses, a Type of
the Blessed Virgin.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

WHEN we read of the women mentioned in Holy Scripture, of the part they were allowed to play in the history of the ancient Israelites, sometimes in the seclusion of their own homes, sometimes by appearing on public occasions to share in the dangers and deliverances of the chosen people of God, it requires no great gift of discernment to perceive wherefore they are brought into such prominence. It is for the sake of the Blessed Mother of God, of whom they one and all are types,—of her in whose person the weaker sex is glorified and exalted in the order of grace to a position which it does not occupy in the order of nature.

Amongst the most striking of the feminine characters who thus foreshadow Our Lady is one who can truly, like her, be called virgin of virgins, and who is distinguished by bearing her own sweet name of Mary. We allude to Mary, the sister of Moses and Aaron, of whom, although it is not expressly asserted that she was never married, it is undoubtedly implied; since had she been wedded, her name would have been mentioned in connection with that of her husband, whereas she is invariably called the sister of Aaron, and is represented as a leader of the virgins of Israel.

The principal occasion upon which she is brought before our notice is after the passage of the Red Sea by the Hebrews on their flight from the land of Egypt. It is recorded in the Book of Exodus that, by a special interposition of divine power, the Jews, under the guidance of Moses, were enabled to cross over the river on dry ground; for the waters at the prophet's command stayed their onward flow, and stood like a wall on the right

hand and on the left, while the fugitives passed to the other bank. Then, no sooner did Moses stretch forth his hand over the sea, as God had directed him to do, than the pent-up volume of waters dashed onward in their wonted course, overwhelming and utterly destroying the armies of the King of Egypt, which had ventured to follow in pursuit of the Israelites.

After this wonderful deliverance, by means of which the people of God were effectually rescued from their enemies, Moses and the people about him raised their voices in a triumphant song of thanksgiving to the Lord, extolling His power and His goodness. And when the men were silent, the women took up the jubilant strain. "Mary the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went forth after her with timbrels and dances. And she began the song to them, saying: Let us sing to the Lord, for He is gloriously magnified; the horse and the rider He hath thrown into the sea."* Thus moving in the graceful cadence of the Eastern dance, the inspired prophetess intoned the canticle of praise, while the band of maidens in her train repeated with joyful lips her rapturous utterances.

Does not this remind us most forcibly of our Blessed Lady, who also begins the song, and intones the glorious *Magnificat*; which the Church, following her, chants now with holy joy, and will chant to all eternity? For when, "their Red Sea past," the faithful shall have escaped from their enemies, and set foot on the shores of the heavenly country, whereto the foes of God and of the truth can never come, shall they not sing it as a new song, throughout endless ages, as they follow their Queen?

Post transitum Maris Rubri,
Christo canamus principi.

Our Red Sea past, we fain would sing
To Jesus, our triumphant King.

* Exod., xv, 20, 21.



And as when Mary, the sister of Moses, sang, a deliverance had been wrought for the Israelites, so extraordinary, so wonderful, that the mind of man could never have conceived it possible—the mighty being cast down in their power and their pride, and those of low degree, the slaves and bondmen, exalted,—so when our Blessed Lady gave utterance to her spiritual joy in the words of the creation had taken place,—an event which *Magnificat*, an event marvellous beyond all that has happened since the world's overwhelmed with confusion the enemy of souls, who had kept the children of God in cruel bondage.

"It is not without meaning," observes a pious writer, "that Our Lord says that He sent Moses and Aaron and Mary to lead His people out of Egypt. Moses and Aaron, we know, both represent Our Lord as prophet, priest, and saviour,—Him who has slain the dragon in the sea, and delivered us from the adversaries who were in pursuit of our souls. And has not Mary been chosen of God to be also our deliverer, to save us from the hand of the enemy, and to tread upon the serpent?"

It is not only in the prophetess, the sister of the high-priest, rejoicing over the deliverance of her people, that we find a type of the Virgin, the Cause of our Joy. Behold that same Mary in her earlier years watching by the side of the future deliverer of Israel, when, seeming to the world a poor helpless child, he lay amid the bulrushes in the water. "She, a tender virgin, kept guard over him; to the eyes of flesh a protector almost as feeble as himself, but strong in the might of God, who had prepared her and ordained her for this high office." As Mary watched over the infant Moses, so our Blessed Lady watched over the Child Jesus when He stooped to take upon Himself the weakness and miseries of humanity.

The sister of Aaron is typical of our Blessed Lady in her name as well as in her

actions. Many sweet and sublime meanings have been found for the name of Mary. Mariam (so the ancient authors wrote it) signifies "sea of bitterness." It is also said to mean lady, or mistress; thus she who passed over the Red Sea—the sea of tribulation—before the people of God, may well foreshadow her who is *Domina Mundi*,—who rules the waves of this stormy world, and brings her followers safely through them. The name of Mary is also interpreted to mean star of the sea. St. Thomas writes: "Mary is the star of the sea; for as sailors are guided to port by a star, so the faithful are led to glory by Mary." St. Ambrose also says that Mary shines like a bright star in the heavens, and to this star those who are sailing on the tempestuous ocean of life must constantly raise their eyes.

The Church encourages us to address her in this manner in the hymn *Ave Maris Stella*, and under this title to implore her protection, in order that we may pass safely through the Red Sea, like the Israelites of old; and, being delivered from our enemies, may reach the shore of salvation, there with her to magnify the Lord, who "hath shewed strength in His arm," and "hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart."

An Experience at the World's Fair.

BY ELLA LORAINÉ DORSEY.

THERE was a little scuffling at my feet, a burrowing of something round and hard in my ribs, and then a muffled voice said:

"My! ain't it jammy?"

It was in the Electrical Building at the World's Fair; and I was standing in a solid mass of people, who were wedged closer and closer every moment by outside pressure, and yet were heaving and surg-

ing with the curious cross-currents of movement that agitate crowds.

We were watching the light well up in the great columns of red, white and blue glass (in the French Exhibit), dash in zigzag lines along the ceiling, furiously whirl the red, white and blue globes, and then vanish, just as another zone of light rose in the columns.

The past three days had been so full of elbows and stout boots and thumps and bumps, from stalwart shoulders and round, excited femininity, that I should not have noticed the trampling and burrowing except for the exclamation. On hearing that I looked down; and there, looking up, was a bright, round face, very red just then, with disordered hair and a funny little scowl; a pair of sturdy little fists, one of which clutched a polo-cap; and a pair of small but determined arms squared in an effort to ward off the crush.

As our eyes met, I said: "It certainly is jammy."

"You bet!" was the cheery answer. "I'm 'most mashed."

"Come, get right here in front of me," I said. "I'm pretty tall, and you can get your breath, anyway."

"Thank you, ma'am!" he answered politely, and tried to slide around. But all he succeeded in doing was to ram violently a huge man in front of him.

"Hi, look out there!" said his astonished neighbor. "Ain't you a pretty small craft to be navigatin' round by yourself?" he added good-naturedly, after he had accepted the small boy's apology with much gravity, and had put out a hand *nearly* as large as a ham and pulled him in place.

"I ain't by myself," the youngster answered, brightly. "Mamma and papa are over there, looking at the big lightning jump and the little lightnings play tag."

"Haw-haw!" laughed the big man. "And what you goin' to do now? See some hurricanes have a game of football,

and a cyclone makin' a touch-down?"

"No, sir; but I'm going to see a thunder-storm, and it's a daisy!" and his eyes twinkled roguishly.

"See a—what you sayin'?"

"Yes, sir," and he nodded his head as vigorously as the limited space permitted. "Come along, and see if I'm not. Let's get out of here. And you come too," he added expansively to me. "It's just over there,"—pointing to a small door outside the press.

Just then some of the officials came dashing along to make room for the ex-President and his party; and as the crowd good-naturedly made itself into a pancake to let him pass, we were thrust by the pressure into the outer space,—I clinging to the boy for fear he would be trampled, and the big man hovering unobtrusively behind us, with the chivalry that so characterizes American men, to see that neither of us got hurt.

We "fetched up" at the door, and the boy gave a friendly poke at the back of the attendant. He turned quickly; but, seeing the "poker," he genially said:

"Why, Dickie old man, is that you? Goin' to see it again?"

"Yep; and I say, Tom, can't we get in now? This lady and this gentleman are going too. They are friends of mine," he added, with that expansive warmth which makes a child friendly to all who have a kind word or gesture for him.

I made a quick motion toward my purse, and the big man dived into his pocket.

"It's free, ma'am," said the attendant. "And, besides, Master Dick has his father's pass; so if you'll just stand back of the door a minute till the crowd gets out, you can pass right in to the theatre."

This we did, and about two hundred people filed out. Then Dick pulled me to the middle seat in the front row, the big man drifting away into the back of the house.

"You see," said Dick, confidentially, "it's all day and all night. I don't mean truly; but the clock strikes nine when it begins, and it's night; and you see what happens till nine o'clock the next night."

By this time the other door was open, and in a few minutes the place was packed. Then the light snapped out, and the curtain rolled up, showing a charming Swiss scene about six feet square—a lighted village, a castle, a rapid-running stream; a lighted bridge, a lofty mountain, and a wide reach of sky.

The castle clock struck nine.

"There she goes!" whispered Dick. "Now watch!"

The lights in the huts and *chalets* went out, and the young moon shone with a lustre as gentle as that spread on the great Lake outside; at midnight the moon set, and then the stars burnt clearer in the sky by scores and clusters. On the stroke of three (the clock struck only every third hour) the night began to pale on the mountain's crest, and the light to shine, to glow, to burn, till the red fire of the coming day kindled the world, and the village waked to life. Then the sun mounted higher; and at nine, through its golden light, a full regiment marched across the bridge and along the highway. Later several foot passengers and a stray wagon went by. At midday the sun began to fade, and by three the clouds had dropped layer by layer, till the mountain top was shrouded, and the landscape lay a sickly green, breathless in the pause of the storm. Then a flash of lightning wrapped the scene in white fire, and the forked flashes leaped from point to point, etching jagged lines on the black sky. The brook swelled to a torrent, and the noise of its complaining mingled with the rain. At six the storm rolled muttering away, and a perfect rainbow sprang into sight; then the sun set, the afterglow transformed the mountain,

the night fell, the lights flashed in cottage and castle, the lamps lighted the causeway, and by nine the moon again marked the close of the spectacle.

Music had accented the story told in color; and I left the theatre, thanking dear little Dick's bullet head and warm heart for my sight of the prettiest and most wonderful toy in the Exposition.

A Timely Work.

THROUGH the courtesy of an unknown friend we have had the privilege of examining the Report of the Superior Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul of New York for the year 1892. The Report is made to the Council General in Paris, and shows the progress and work of the Society in the United States during the past year. Three hundred and fifty-six "conferences" are represented, and they give practical proof of the great interest taken by the members in caring for the poor in their different localities. Mention is made of the fact that, though there has been a slight falling off in membership, there has been a notable increase in the number of visits to the poor and in the number of families relieved, as well as in the amount expended in assisting those families. The zeal and activity displayed wherever the Society exists give the assurance of its future prosperity and rapid development in this country.

Wherever the objects and advantages of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul are made known and understood, its success is secured. The realization of its aims supposes that its members are actuated by none other than the purest of motives. It presents in itself that systematic organization of charity, which is a practical necessity in large communities and in the present condition of society. And particu-

larly at a time when, through various causes, so much suffering and privation exist, it is the best agency that the charitably disposed can employ for the discovery and relief of actual and urgent need.

The need of organizations like the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is felt among non-Catholics. The *New York Sun*, in a recent issue, gave an editorial reply to a correspondent who desired to have its opinion as to the best means of dispensing charity. We quote the following passage, which would seem to refer to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul:

"In large communities, and with society as it is, however, the systematic organization of charity is a practical necessity. . . . If, then, an individual is not able to dispense his charity himself, or if the pressure of destitution is peculiarly great in a community at a particular time, the wisest and most considerate method of dealing with the situation is to employ the agency of a charitable organization accustomed and trained to investigate each case of seeming need, and to discard, discourage, and discountenance the sensational charitable devices which too often are invented simply for selfish advertising purposes."

Charity is the queen of all virtues. As revealed in brotherly love, it forms the most beautiful expression of its higher and nobler part, the love of God. The heart that feels not the promptings of charity is cold indeed, and deservedly meets with the reprobation of mankind; but the individual who is charitable in thought, word and act, exemplifies the noblest character, and gives the greatest glory to our human nature and its Divine Author. As implied above, however, circumstances may oftentimes be such as to prevent direct intercourse between an individual and his neighbor in the exercise of charity. He may be unable to visit the poor and suffering in his locality, or the pressure of destitution may be peculiarly great. Herein, as we have observed, the work of such a society as that of St. Vincent de Paul finds its proper field, and provides an admirable means for the exercise of practical charity.

Notes and Remarks.

As the charge has frequently been made that the Pope "recognized and abetted" the Confederacy during our civil war, it is well to put on record an authoritative declaration that sets the matter forever at rest. The only act of Pius IX. that could be construed as a recognition of the Confederate government was a letter, in which Mr. Davis is addressed as "President of the Confederate States," but which was accepted by Mr. Davis and the Southern Secretary of State, whose words we quote, as "a formula of politeness to his correspondent, not a political recognition." What the Holy Father did favor in his letter was the promotion of "mutual peace and concord," which can mean nothing else than the preservation of the national government. A non-Catholic writer in the October number of the *North American Review*, who makes this point very clear, expresses astonishment that any recognition of the Confederacy should be hoped for from a Church "which has done more than any other human power to abolish slavery from the earth."

We learn from many sources that the attendance at the public Rosary devotions this year was greater than ever before. It must be a gratification to the Holy Father to know that the form of Marian devotion which he has so often and so earnestly recommended to the faithful is becoming more and more popular, and that the month of October is now a season of special fervor and piety.

A "Memorial," issued in the name of the Polish Catholics of the United States, was presented to the Catholic Congress held in Chicago, and has recently been published in pamphlet form. It deals with the persecution of the Catholics in Poland by the Russian Government, and appeals for that earnest, practical sympathy through which men of enlightened thought and feeling may put an end to cruel oppression and outrage that would be a disgrace to any age or people. The tyrannical abuse of power, with all the

fearful consequences that follow in its train, is one of the foulest blots upon the honor of Russia, and reflects upon other nations associated in a great confederation. It is time that the civilized world should realize that for centuries the Russian Government has persecuted Polish Catholics for their faith, causing them to endure sufferings unheard of even in the days of Nero. The "Memorial" sets forth briefly but clearly the systematic, tyrannous action of this Government, and should be widely circulated, that it may call forth an earnest protest from liberty and justice-loving people. There has been much sympathy for the persecuted Jews in Russia, but very little for the Poles, even from their fellow-Catholics.

Some of our Protestant friends often wonder and express profound indignation at the scant courtesy extended toward the colporters of their Bible Societies in Mexico and other Catholic lands. Perhaps these persons would entertain other ideas on this subject if they were to reflect on the view taken of it by one of the most distinguished of their fellow-religionists. The celebrated historian, Prof. Leo, a scholar whom modern German Protestants much admire, in answer to a letter from the Minister Krummacher, expresses himself thus :

"You tell me that the Pope styles the Bible Society a pest. Well, let him do so. But, first of all, you will allow me to distinguish between the Holy Scriptures and a private society; and you will admit that in some circumstances, even though the object of a society may be good, it may be a veritable pest, if its means and methods are not proper. Now, be of sufficient good faith to inquire into the want of shame and of due considerateness displayed by many of the emissaries of the Bible Societies in Catholic countries. You will find that they regard every means of circulating the Scriptures as proper, showing no discernment as to persons who are the least capable of understanding them. You will find that they propagate teachings, which perhaps they deem innocent enough, but which beget confusion, destroy morality, upset social and ecclesiastical order, and have merely a revolutionary influence. When I consider the intrigues of the English in Italy during the last ten years, I can not blame the Pope if he calls the Bible Society a pest, since it has been an instrument in the hands of those conspirators who have rendered Italy such an unhappy land. Such is the gratitude which England shows to Italy for having in the olden time converted her to Christianity! . . . This inconsiderate zeal opens a road

to the commerce and policy of England, and she introduces herself with Bible in hand. The Bible is the lamb's skin which hides the wolf; and it will produce religious savagery, together with the annihilation of all authority, even that of truth. Unhappy land, how beautiful thou wert of old, both in thy sentiments and in thy customs! Yes, my dear friend, if I were the Pope or an Italian, I also would cry out against these aberrations."

Among the contributors to the present number of THE "AVE MARIA" is an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D. D., Vicar of All Saints', Lambeth, London. Dr. Lee has written so much and so well on Catholic subjects that it is sad to think he is still among the number of "our separated brethren." But one whose devotion to the august Queen of Heaven is so lively can not be far from the Kingdom of God; and his poetic appeal for suffrages in behalf of the faithful departed is a further proof of his nearness to the one true Fold. "When the Chalice of Blood is uplifted in prayers of November," and the Almighty One is invoked "to refresh the souls we have lost," let us remember also those who have strayed from Christ's sheepfold, that light may shine, too, on them, make their way clear, and lead them onward into the paths of peace.

A poplar planted by the hand of Marie Antoinette a century ago has just fallen in France, and this fact recalls another and more interesting relic of the unhappy Queen now in the possession of the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville. It is a little French volume entitled "Treatise on Prayer and Meditation," one which doubtless often brought spiritual balm to hearts in sore need of consolation. The book belonged to the unfortunate Maria Josepha, of Saxony, before it came into possession of her daughter-in-law, Marie Antoinette. It was one of the few personal effects which the Empress Eugénie took with her on her flight from Paris in 1870.

A striking contrast to the policy of many so-called Christian rulers is pointed out by a correspondent of *Church News*. He cites the example of the conduct of the Sultan of Turkey, who has recently conceded a number of important privileges to Mgr. Matzedoff,

Bishop of Salonica. His Lordship is entitled to a seat in the councils of state, and the Government has promised to recognize any scholastic diploma he may confer in the schools. No Catholic priest can be condemned by a civil tribunal without the consent of the Bishop, who has the right of defending his subjects in any civil or criminal suit. Moreover, he is authorized to administer justice among Catholics, and his judgment in matrimonial cases is to be considered legal.

It is humiliating to think that while such privileges are being granted in the capital city of Islamism, the capital city of Christianity should deny to the Holy See its indisputable rights. No ruler in the world to-day is more liberal or fair-minded toward the Church than the Sultan of Turkey.

The decree of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars determining the duties and prerogatives of the new Abbot-Primate of the Benedictine Order, has just been published. The different Benedictine communities are to be formed into a confederacy, each branch of the Order remaining independent of the other, very much as our States exist under the Federal Government. Each congregation will retain its Abbot-General as before; but the new official, who is to be chosen from the whole Order, exercises a primacy over the Abbots-General, who will be required to report to him every five years the condition of their respective congregations. The present Abbot-Primate, Hildebrand de Hemptinne, of the Beuron Congregation, has been appointed to hold the office as long as the Holy See shall judge fit.

It is not easy for the "land-lubber" to understand the spiritual destitution which is the lot of the mariner who spends most of his life on the briny deep. The impossibility of hearing Mass and receiving the Sacraments regularly is not by any means the only danger which lurks in Jack's way, as is shown by Captain Fitzgerald, of the English Navy:

"From a Catholic point of view, no class has been more neglected; and now that the material necessities of the men, generally, have so much improved all round, it is high time that some Christian efforts should be made to improve his condition in a spiritual

sense. From the nature of his calling, Jack is at all times liable to fall an easy prey to the land sharks who lie in wait for him at every turn. He is at the mercy of crimps and harpies, who trade upon his weaknesses and credulity; while drunkenness and other temptations also beset him. He has, therefore, a special claim upon us to provide him with spiritual weapons to counteract the nefarious designs of his so-called friends, and to avoid their snares. . . . Our late Cardinal once said that if ever England was to be brought back to the faith, it could be done only by devout men preaching the Gospel at the corners of the streets. The same remark applies to merchant seamen: they must be sought out. Jack is a funny fish; he is a fellow of splendid parts, but on the question of his spiritual welfare he is singularly obtuse. Strange as it may appear, he is very diffident and shy when brought in contact with this subject; and for that reason he is not easy of approach. Much tact, therefore, will be needed at first in all cases—not only with him, but with others, so as not to give offence, or shock susceptibilities."

It is regrettable that the class of men whose lives are most exposed should be farthest removed from the help of the Sacraments. Some time ago a movement to supply sailors with Catholic literature by contributions of newspapers, magazines, etc., was started in England, and afterward followed in America. The project, however, has not met with the hearty response which its merits deserve, and in consequence many ships are unprovided.

The resolution authorizing the State of Wisconsin to erect a statue of Father Marquette in the Capitol at Washington has passed both Houses and been approved by President Cleveland. The State of Wisconsin is now free to carry out the laudable purpose expressed in the resolution of 1887: "The Governor is hereby authorized and directed to have placed in the hall of the said House of Representatives a statue of Père Marquette, the faithful missionary, whose work among the Indians, and explorations within the borders of the State in the early days, are recognized all over the civilized world."

The people of Wisconsin have set an admirable example to other States in which the Catholic priest was at once missionary and explorer; it would, however, require a large hall to accommodate the statues of all the heroes who bore the light of Christianity and civilization into the forest wilderness "in the early days."

New Publications.

SATURDAY DEDICATED TO MARY. From the Italian of Father Cabrini, S. J. With Preface and Introduction by Father Clarke, S. J. London: Burns & Oates

We have here a most acceptable volume: one which should prove of peculiar service, not only to religious of both sexes, but also to priests who wish to preach Our Lady fittingly, and to the faithful in general who desire to gain or to increase a true devotion to Her.

The title of the book has nothing to do with the contents, further than that each of the sixty-two "Considerations" may be used for meditation, or for spiritual reading, on Mary's day of the week. The "Considerations," again, take the form of meditations, with the customary three points given at the heading; and each is followed by an "Example" and a prayer. But these meditations differ very much from the exercise ordinarily understood by that term. They combine instruction and spiritual reading with the practice of mental prayer. Our pious readers, then, have no cause to shrink from another attempt at what they may have failed in so often. With reason are good and prayer-loving people in the world—aye, and many in religion too—repelled from making, or trying to make, a dry and mechanical meditation. But here, in this delightful volume, the reader is not left to himself, for the meditation is made for him. He has only to peruse each chapter slowly—pausing frequently to taste and relish the beautiful thoughts suggested to him: and he finds his soul fed and his heart warmed in a way which, perhaps, is altogether new to him.

We repeat that this work ought to prove of special service to priests. Alas, how seldom we hear in our churches anything like a good sermon on the Blessed Virgin! In Her month of May, indeed, something is read from a book; very good of its kind, but often stale from repetition. But Her feasts are commonly ignored by the preacher; and because, forsooth, he has nothing fresh or interesting to say. Now, the study of such a work as the one before us would supply abundant matter for sermons or instructions

in Our Lady's honor. These "Considerations" not only set Her forth as the model of every virtue, but incite us to confidence in Her by reason of the priceless help and comfort She is able to bestow. Be it remembered that the place She holds in the kingdom of Her Son is one of first importance. It is Her blessed office to lead us to Him, to hold us for Him, to bring us back when we turn away from Him. In a word, She saves innumerable souls who would certainly be lost but for Her. We quite agree, then, with Father Faber, that Mary "is not half enough preached"; and that "thousands of souls perish because She is kept from them."

May this excellent book meet with the circulation it deserves!

THE SUCCESS OF PATRICK DESMOND. By Maurice Francis Egan. Office of THE "AVE MARIA."

This story, familiar to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA," now appears in book form, clad in a dainty dress of gray, and altogether prepossessing in appearance. The strife for success being the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, we eagerly follow the struggles of the hero in grappling with his evil star. The important characters come out finely and clearly shaped. Judge Redwood is a type of a highly respectable class, whose members, while living upright lives, leave God out of their calculations; their comfortable theories, as in this case, falling dismally when tested by danger or death. Apropos of Mr. and Mrs. Bayard, the divorce courts furnish ample proof that the characters are not overdrawn. As regards the former, the god of his idolatry is money; and the wife, selfish and soulless to the finger tips, is only too ready to throw off the conjugal yoke if her insatiable desire for dress and pleasure be not gratified. Belinda, the "help," is the aggressive ruler of the kitchen, whose small tyrannies are tolerated for the sake of the good qualities that underlie a gruff exterior. Her prayer-meeting proclivities, and schemes for the benighted African, are in strange contrast to that craving of her heart for the lost confessional, which happily ends in her "going over to Rome." Nellie Galligan, of happy memory,

and the redoubtable Miles appear again in these pages, and, though perhaps they do not adorn a tale, point a moral well worth taking to heart. Eleanor Redwood, amiable and self-sacrificing, disappoints the reader and her match-making friends generally by adopting the genuine altruistic life—that of a Sister of Charity.

Of course Patrick Desmond is the central figure in the story. Impulsive, warm-hearted, and with a love for all that is high and worthy in life, he keenly feels his sordid environment, to escape which he lays siege to Fortune in her stronghold, New York. There the loneliness of a crowd, the utter heartlessness of the great city, oppress him, and he realizes that "home-keeping hearts are indeed happiest." The defects in his character are mere surface flaws, which disappear in life's discipline; and in the affair of the mining stocks he meets and resists the terrible temptation of his life. Thus it came about that the success of Patrick Desmond was not a monied one, but lay in the wealth of a stainless character and the esteem of all good men.

Without aiming at profundity of passion, in this book Mr. Egan proves again and again that he is a close student of character and a keen observer of men and things; and, while teaching many important lessons; underlying the story there is a current of earnest feeling, which must command itself most favorably to the notice of discriminating readers.

THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH. Selections Arranged by Emma Forbes Cary. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We do not know when we have seen anything of the kind so captivating as the little book before us. It seems like the breath of flowers from a heavenly garden. It consists of selections for every day of the year from the best thoughts of many minds, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane, with such a happy wisdom of choice as to show an intimate acquaintance with the purest gems of literature. A motto or aphorism for the most part appropriate to the day and season, followed by a poetical quotation and short prose extract, affords rare opportunity for intellectual as well as spiritual nectar sips, so

sweet to the lips of the soul in the fulness of early morning. For these refreshing draughts the compiler has forsaken beaten paths, with the happiest results in these days of year and birthday books whose chief characteristic is tiresome mediocrity. With all due reverence to the great Thomas à Kempis, and without exaggeration, we may say of Miss Cary's volume as was once written of "The Following of Christ": "We do think that if a man should read but a page of it daily with thoughtful attention and pious appreciation, he would be the better for it, mind and soul. That day for him would be full of peaceful thoughts and little sin." There could be no more fitting token for Catholics, youth or maiden, than "The Dayspring from on High."

HEAT. By Mark R. Wright. Author of "Sound, Light and Heat," and "Elementary Physics." Longmans, Green & Co.

As a *résumé* and a condensation of this branch of physics, Prof. Wright has placed the scientific world under obligation. His book will be useful not only to teachers and pupils: the amateur, who needs the information and can not consult the voluminous literature of the subject, will here find the index to what he wants, and withal apt illustrations, clear and full. The symbols employed and the use of them, enabling the student to approximate the exactness and certainty of mathematics, are worthy of special attention. The work is probably intended for a college text-book; and, in fact, the experiments necessary for a full verification of the statements could not be readily performed without the aid of a laboratory. Such contrivances as can be constructed by the private student are so fully described, however, that no difficulty need be encountered by one who has time for the experiments.

THE LABORS OF THE APOSTLES: THEIR TEACHING OF THE NATIONS. By the Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand, D. D. Benziger Bros.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Burlington, author of "Christ on the Altar," "History of Confession," etc., has given in simple, pleasing style the life-story of the Apostles. By tracing the labors of the first followers of the Redeemer, the history of the Church in it

early struggles is succinctly portrayed, and one feels a new love for those records known as the Acts of the Apostles; while the Gospels, if possible, are dearer than ever, as the bequests of those through whose instrumentality Christ's teaching has been handed down through the ages.

As a conclusion to this work of history, the Rt. Rev. author has appended a mark of his zeal for souls in a chapter entitled "Short Way to Truth." It is arranged in catechetical form, and embraces the leading points which would suggest themselves to one seeking the light,—all finding a fitting summary in a prayer for guidance. A list of books for reference is not the least important feature of the volume, including as it does such works as "The Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons; Milner's "End of Controversy," Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll," the Catechism of the Council of Trent, and the works of the Rt. Rev. Bishop De Goesbriand himself.

CAN THIS BE LOVE? By Mrs. Parr. Longmans, Green & Co.

Mrs. Parr's "Dorothy Fox," which appeared almost twenty years ago, was a pure and idyllic novel; and since then her name has a perfume of spring and of all things fresh and good about it. "Can This Be Love?" seems somewhat old-fashioned, because it appears in the reign of Mr. Rider Haggard, whose new novel has the usual nasty flavor. "Can This Be Love?" has an unworldly motive; it is the story of the child of "plain" people suddenly raised to a new station in life. It shows how a kind nature may remain unspoiled. It is interesting, and entirely free from that foolish adoration of everything that pertains to "society," in which lesser authors indulge.

KATHERINE'S VOCATION. By M. F. S. R. Washburne, Publisher.

This is emphatically a book for young girls; and the vocation of this particular Katherine is to lead back to the Catholic fold a proud and somewhat cynical grandpapa, who had for many years wandered from its safe-keeping. To effect this work the heroine exchanges a quiet home in a French village for the stately ceremony of life at

an English country-seat. The grandfather, at first coldly polite, as becomes a cynic and man of the world, is gradually melted to tenderness for his modest but noble-hearted granddaughter, who develops unexpected strength of character when the practices of her beloved faith are at stake. There is just enough of pleasant chitchat concerning theatres, balls and parties to prove acceptable to the average girl reader, while the religious side of life and its obligations are not lost sight of. The story of Katherine's triumph in the return of her grandfather to the Church, the inheritance of his fortune at his death, and the unselfish uses to which that fortune was devoted, form the subjects of the remaining chapters,—chapters made more impressive by the author's statement that the heroine still lives to scatter blessings on those around her.

THE MARRIAGE PROCESS IN THE UNITED STATES. By the Rev. S. B. Smith, D. D., Author of "Elements of Ecclesiastical Law," etc. Benziger Bros.

In this work Dr. Smith has done valuable service for priests in charge of souls. Matrimonial questions are constantly presenting themselves, with which the clergy engaged in the active work of the mission have to deal. It is true he can find most of those questions treated in the manuals of theology; but the advantage of having them all gathered together into one volume and treated consecutively, so that when a question presents itself he can at once find it and its solution, is evident. Besides this, some important decisions in relation to such matters have been issued by the Holy See of late years; and Dr. Smith is guided by them in the treatment of the questions involved, presenting the entire documents when he thinks it necessary or useful.

When the priest has matrimonial dispensations to ask for, when there is question of settling cases for parties that have been unlawfully or invalidly married, it is important to know exactly what it is necessary to submit to the ecclesiastical judges; and any work which, like the present volume, furnishes such information in simple and direct form, will be heartily welcomed by pastors of souls.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

A Snowfall on All Souls'.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

I.

T WAS the Day of the Dead, and the earth shared their sorrow:
The brown fields were sodden, all cheerless the skies;
And a new tone of grief did the autumn winds borrow,
In mournful accord with the Souls' plaintive cries.

II.

'Twas the Feast of the Dead; and, alight with the morning,
The tapers gleamed faintly adown the broad nave,
While at sombre-draped altars the bells tinkled warning
Of Precious Blood flowing there, wave upon wave.

III.

All the day flowed that Blood o'er the faithful departed,
Each drop swift effacing both tarnish and stain;
All the day ransomed souls from their prison-house darted,
Blest realms of sunlight eternal to gain.

IV.

Came the night of the Feast, and the winds hushed their moaning,
From the skies fell in benison crystals of light;
Through the still air they hovered till brown fields were covered,
And earth, like the Souls, lay all spotless and white.



The Portuguese Men-of-War.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

I.—THE YOUNG GIRL'S STORY.



AST winter my uncle, my cousins and I had gone down one day to a place called More's Landing, some seven miles west of Santa Barbara, in Southern California, as the coast-

line runs. It was in December, and the tide was very low. We were gathering shells. I saw a place away up the coast where there seemed to be a great pool of tide-water; so I left the others, and ran up there to see what I could find.

The pool was larger and farther away than I thought. I followed it until I came to a place where it was narrow and shallow. My feet were bare, and I waded across. The current was so swift that it nearly swept me off my feet. But on the other side, at the foot of the tall, steep bluffs, there were any number of live shells, and I soon filled the basket I carried.

By keeping along at the base of the bluffs, I thought I could go straight back to where I had left my companions. But I had come farther than I thought—a mile, at the very least. So I hurried along, sometimes wading through shallow water, sometimes climbing over sharp rocks that hurt my feet. Every moment I grew more anxious to get back. If the tide should turn while I was shut in between this great tide pool and the bluffs, I could hardly escape; for the pool, strangely enough, grew deeper as I neared its head, which it certainly should not have done.

Suddenly I stopped short. There, in the water, basking in the sunshine, was a whole school of the most charming Portuguese men-of-war. Perhaps you have never seen

them. They are rare, even on this coast. Fancy an immense snail, six to ten inches long, with funny horns, a couple of inches long, sprouting from either side of its head, its body all mottled with the most beautiful colors, shining like a prism in the sun, and with filmy wings that rise like tiny sails from its back.

I poured out all my shells, lifted the men-of-war separately and put them in my basket, until it was full of them. There were sixteen in all. It was only a little distance now to where the children were playing. I could see them plainly, but the sea drowned the sound of their voices and mine. All that lay between us was a stretch of sandy beach, and about sixty feet of water—the head of that curious tide pool.

It did not seem much over a foot to the sand in the bottom of the pool at this point, and there appeared to be little or no current; so I rested my basket on the rocks, gathered up my skirts, and began to let myself down.

I don't know why I didn't jump right down with the basket in my hand. I don't know why I rested one foot on that lower ledge of rock, until I could touch bottom with the other foot. But, oh! when my foot reached the sandy bed, it went down and down, over the instep, over the ankle, inch by inch, into the soft sand, up to my knee, until suddenly I thought of quicksands, and tried to pull it out. And it seemed as if there were some terrible power in the sands, which had taken hold of it. But I clutched the rock with both hands; and, by putting forth all my strength, and bracing my other foot on the ledge, little by little drew this one out again, instead of going down to a horrible death.

There was that long, rough passage over the rocks, and the stream to be crossed, before the spit of sand could be reached that would take me back to safe ground; and the tide was coming, with

the dreadful surge and roar it always has at this time of year. I could not stop to pick my way, but stumbled on; and when I reached the spit of sand, it had narrowed to a thread; and before getting back to my uncle and the children, the waters washed over my feet.

But my cuts and bruises, and the long sickness that grew out of the fright and exposure, do not worry me now. What I can never get over is the thought of those beautiful Portuguese mariners, so cruelly left to die in the scorching sun, high and dry on the rock.

II.—THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.

There we were, taking our ease in the sun, in the bed of a delightful stream that comes down from the mountains and pierces the bluffs at high-water mark, getting just enough salt from the wash of the tide to give it an agreeable flavor. There were a whole family of us—mother and father and fourteen sons and daughters, all told,—as jolly and good-natured a little family as you could possibly find along the whole Californian shore.

Then it was that *she* came along: a veritable imp, without a horn or fin or scale; with a tangle of brown sea-moss growing on her head, and two long white tentacles, tipped with five prongs, where her fins should have been. She paddled along in the most awkward fashion, on a couple of white posts, instead of rolling over and over and unfurling her sails, after the manner of all properly created beings.

When she saw us, she stopped and glared at us out of two round holes in her head; then she bent down over us. And, if you will believe us, she caught up every one of us in her curious tentacles—father and mother and fourteen lovely sons and daughters,—and dropped us into the queer thing she was carrying, and ran off with us as fast as ever she could.

There we were, gasping like birds in

water, huddled together, with all our pretty colors fading. And there we would probably have been until this day, if something hadn't happened. I will tell you what it was.

Our pretty stream sinks down, miles back from the shore, to follow a strata of soft clay through the bluffs which bar its way to the sea. And just where it comes bubbling up through the sand there is the most charming puddle, a hundred feet deep, sand and water to the very bottom. Here we love to float about on hot summer days, and sometimes we play at hide-and-seek.

And here what does she do, this creature without fin or scale, but lay us on a rock, and make ready to dive into our pool! I assure you we awaited the result with the greatest interest; and those of us who were on top ran out our horns to see how she would enjoy it. We had heard that poor, weak creatures, who are born without fins or gills, have a sorry time of it under water; and, having no sails, she might go down 'and down, like the rocks that fall from the bluffs, and thus make us no more trouble. But all that she did was to stick one of those stiff white posts under the water, and dip it in the sand. Then she gave a scream that was like the cry of a hundred loons, and pulled it out, and raced off the way she had come; leaving us in the most ridiculous plight, huddled together until we couldn't tell ourselves apart, our pretty coats sprinkled with sand, high and dry on the rocks.

And how did we get down again? The simplest thing in the world. We waited for high tide, which floated us out on its bosom,—father and mother and fourteen dutiful children. And here we are again in our beautiful pool, sporting all day long. But we pray that we may never again have thrust upon us the society of those strange, ill-bred beings who have no fins or tails.

How a Slave Took Revenge.

A poor negro who had been carried away from his native Africa was sold as a slave in the West Indies. There he became a Christian, and by his good conduct won the favor of his master, who trusted him in the most important matters.

One day the master wanted to buy twenty other slaves, and he took the faithful Tom with him to the market where the unfortunates were exposed for sale, telling him to pick out those who, in his opinion, would prove to be the best workers. He was surprised when Tom chose among the other slaves a delicate-looking old man. The master refused to purchase him; and the aged negro would not have been accepted had not the slave-trader offered him at a low price, on condition that the purchaser would buy several others. After some hesitation the offer was accepted, and the sale concluded.

On returning to his master's plantation, Tom was unceasing in his attention, to the old man. He brought him to his own cabin, made him sit at table with himself, led him out to sit in the sun when it was cold, and placed him under the cocoa trees when it was too hot; in a word, he did all that a grateful son might be expected to do for the best of fathers.

The master was surprised at the extraordinary care which Tom took of one over whom he had authority, and he was curious to know the motive of it. "Is this old man your father?" he asked.—"No, sir, he is not my father."—"Is he an older brother?"—"No, sir."—"Perhaps he is your uncle or some other relative? It does not seem possible that you should take such great care of one who is a stranger to you."—"No, master, he is neither a relative nor a friend of mine."—"Tell me, then, why you are so kind to him."—"He is my enemy," answered the slave. "He sold me to the white-men

on the coast of Africa. But I can not hate him, because the missionary Father told me to love my enemy; and that if he were hungry I should give him to eat, and if thirsty I should give him to drink."

A Precious Book and Its Story.

There are many beautiful books in the Congressional Library at Washington, but the most exquisite of all is a copy of the Holy Scriptures, the transcribing of which is said to have been the work of a monk in the sixteenth century. No printing-house of to-day, with all the help of modern ingenuity, could turn out such a volume. It has a thousand pages, and is perfectly preserved. There is not a mistake or a blot between the covers. The body of the text, which is in German, is in black ink; but the initial letters are illuminated, the figure of a saint or some religious symbol being interwoven into the bright tints. So perfect is this work that it stands close examination with a magnifying-glass.

There is a pretty story attached to this wonderful achievement. A young monk, so it runs, resolved to make a copy of the Bible as a penance for his sins, which, like those of others who have afterward become holy men, had been many and grievous. Year after year went by and found him with his task incomplete. He was literally separated from the world, knowing no companionship but that of his silent brothers, and the saints which he traced upon the pages before him. When the work was done he had become an old man, and he kissed the sacred volume and closed it. Soon after that he died.

Experts say that this specimen of illumination is as fine as any in existence. Perhaps some of our young people may see this precious volume if they visit the Capital.

FRANCESCA.

OFFERTORY FOR ORGAN IN F MAJOR.

F. J. LISCOMBE.

Lento.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (F major). The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The upper staff features a melodic line with dotted rhythms and slurs. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A *Ped ad lib* instruction is written below the bass staff.

Ped ad lib

The second system continues the piece. It includes dynamic markings of *rit.* (ritardando), *pp* (pianissimo), and *p* (piano). The melodic line in the upper staff continues with various rhythmic patterns and slurs. The accompaniment in the lower staff remains consistent in style.

The third system features dynamic markings of *mf* (mezzo-forte), *rit.* (ritardando), *pp* (pianissimo), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The melodic line in the upper staff shows a variety of note values and rests. The lower staff continues with its accompaniment, including some arpeggiated figures.

The fourth system continues the musical development. The upper staff has a melodic line with some grace notes and slurs. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The fifth and final system on this page concludes with a *D.C.* (Da Capo) instruction. The melodic line in the upper staff ends with a final cadence. The lower staff features a concluding accompaniment with some arpeggiated patterns.

D.C.

TRIO.

The first system of the Trio section consists of two staves. The right staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. The music begins with a piano (*p.*) dynamic.

The second system continues the Trio section. The right staff features a melodic line with a crescendo (*cres.*) leading to a more complex rhythmic pattern. The left staff continues with chordal accompaniment. The system ends with a piano (*p.*) dynamic.

The third system of the Trio section includes a Cadenza. The right staff has a melodic line with a *L. II.* section marked *Cadenza ad lib.* in a box. The left staff has a more active accompaniment. The system concludes with a piano (*p.*) and a ritardando (*rit.*) marking.

Lento.

The first system of the Lento section consists of two staves. The right staff has a melodic line with a piano (*p.*) dynamic. The left staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. A *Ped ad lib* instruction is written below the left staff.

The second system of the Lento section continues with two staves. The right staff has a melodic line with dynamics including *rit.*, *pp*, and *p*. The left staff continues with harmonic accompaniment.

The third system of the Lento section consists of two staves. The right staff has a melodic line with dynamics including *cres.*, *f*, *p*, and *pp*. The left staff continues with harmonic accompaniment.



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

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The Gospel of the Garden.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

“REMEMBER,” is the sombre text of schools.

But I found better,—I, who left all books
For the wide circle of eternal sky, which looks
On changing groves and season-shifting pools.
Glory to God, that kind oblivion rules
His world of Nature, that complaining brooks
Sink in the silent ocean that rebukes
With vast forgetfulness the wrath of fools!

Sweet is the sunshine coming after rain
On broken columns hid in violets;
Sweet is the sleep that brings relief from pain,
And sweet the death that loosens sorrow's
chain:

Give me, for Memory, nursing vain regrets,
The garden's growth, the wisdom that forgets.

Mary Our Model.

BY THE REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.



NE of the chief means by which the Church encourages her children to strive after perfection is by pointing to the lives of the saints, where the most exalted teaching of Our Lord is embodied in practice. Divine Providence has so ordered things that no state of life is left without

a model; and there is no legitimate field of labor but can point to one saint at least who was sanctified by a careful regard of the virtues peculiar to his condition.

But why does the Church direct us to the example of any saint, even of Mary, instead of to the great Exemplar Himself? Is He not the Model which all are bound to copy? Is it not by becoming like to Him that the Christian becomes perfect? These are indisputable truths; but it must be remembered that to become like to any saint is to become like to Christ; for a saint, because he *is* a saint, is himself a copy of Christ. Oftentimes there are sufficient reasons for copying a copy instead of an original. Our Lord, being God and man, sometimes spoke and acted as God, at other times as the Son of Man; sometimes as Redeemer, and again as Founder of the New Law. Hence not everything in His life is for our imitation: only His human perfections are we called upon to copy.

In the saints, and especially in the Blessed Virgin, we have Our Lord's human perfections unmixed with and apart from all those virtues and attributes, words and deeds, which belong to His divinity. Our weakness, too, is encouraged by the example and success of those who were only human like ourselves. Our infirmity, at times, shrinking from the trials of the Christian life, may feel that it is too much for it to be obliged to imitate the example of a Divine Person; but it is deprived of

this excuse when a copy of Christ, in a saint, is set before it. St. Paul seems to have been moved by some such considerations when he wrote: "I beseech you be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ."* And again: "Be followers of me, brethren, and observe them who walk so, as you have our model."† In like manner the Apostle St. James (v, 10) says: "Take, my brethren, for an example of suffering evil, of labor and patience, the prophets, who spoke in the name of the Lord." The Church, then, has good reasons, as well as apostolic precedent, for commending the Virgin-Mother and the saints to our imitation.

The Blessed Virgin is, of all saints, our most perfect model; for, besides her other privileges, she has the great distinction of being the first Christian. To her, first of all the expecting world, was made known the immediate coming of the Saviour. Her "Be it done unto me" was an act of faith in Him; and so she was the first to believe in Him. As the Stable of Bethlehem was the first Christian temple, and Mary's knee was the first to bend to Him in it, she, too, was the first to love and worship Him. It is equally certain that she was the first to obey Him, for her consent to the Incarnation was an act of obedience as well as of faith. Her journey to the home of Elizabeth, that the unborn Saviour might sanctify the unborn Baptist; her journey to Bethlehem, that He might fulfil the prophecy by being born there; His presentation in the Temple and His circumcision; the flight to Egypt and return to Nazareth,—all were her acts of obedience to His will. Hence, if a Christian is one who believes, worships, loves, and obeys Christ, Mary was undoubtedly the first Christian.

As might be expected, Mary the first Christian, taught as she was by Jesus Christ Himself, is the most perfect of all Christians. A little reflection will make

this very clear. Two things are necessary to Christian perfection—God's grace and perfect conformity to His will. Now, Mary had these gifts in the fullest measure. As all are not called to the same degree of glory in the next world, all have not the same amount of grace in this life. God's justice obliges Him to give to every soul the grace necessary for salvation, but He is not bound to give more than that to any one. Whatever He bestows in addition to this is in proportion to the degree of perfection to which He calls His saints. "By the grace of God," says St. Paul, "I am what I am."* We can, therefore, form a sure judgment about the perfection of Mary; for we have full knowledge of the grace which she received. "The angel being come in, said to her: Hail, full of grace!"† Fulness is that which can not be increased. A vessel is full only when it can hold no more; so the measure of Mary's grace was fulness—it could not be increased. No finite being could receive more; and fulness of grace implies fulness of perfection.

But, it may be said, the certainty of this conclusion depends not only on the fulness of grace which Mary received, but likewise on the conformity of her will to God's will. As to her conformity to God's will, there is no room left to doubt it, even if we would. At the moment when the Angel hailed her as "full of grace," her will must have been in perfect conformity with Almighty God's will; for if there were the least want of conformity on her part she would not be "*full of grace.*" The awful relationship which the Blessed Virgin held with the Deity, from the moment of the Incarnation to the moment when she laid Christ's body in the tomb, is itself a sufficient guarantee that her will and God's will were ever in perfect accord. As a child He was "subject" to

* I. Cor., iv, 16.

† Phil., iii, 17.

* I. Cor., xv, 10.

† St. Luke, i, 28.

her,* obeying her as a model child must be expected to do. As God, the will of Christ was immutable and paramount. Every thought, word and action of His was the result of His divine will. To suppose that in obeying her He did anything not in perfect harmony with the divine will would be blasphemous. Hence the divine will and Mary's will must have been in perfect accord; otherwise He could not have been "subject" to her. The reason why "no man can serve two masters" is because the two masters do not always will alike. But so perfect was the agreement between God's will and Mary's that Jesus in obeying one obeyed both.

Grace, and that correspondence to grace which is another name for conformity to God's will, must always produce one effect—likeness to Jesus Christ. This likeness is found in all the saints; for St. Paul says that they "who are called to be saints" God "destinated to be made conformable to the image of His Son."† To be a saint one must be like to Jesus; to be the greatest and most perfect of the saints is to be most like to Him. Judged by this standard, Mary is seen to be the most perfect of saints, and consequently the most perfect of models.

Again, Our Lord says: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor;... and come follow Me."‡ To be poor and to follow Christ are conditions essential to Christian perfection. That Mary was poor in the goods of this world needs no proof. From the moment when she consented to the Incarnation, poverty followed her everywhere. It was her poverty that sent her to the Stable of Bethlehem. At the presentation of the Infant Saviour in the Temple, her offering was that of the poor—"two young pigeons." Our Blessed Lord willed to be poor. He was born in a stable, and He

preached poverty by word and example. During His public life He "hath not where to lay His head,"* and after His death was buried in a borrowed tomb. Mary's poverty, then, was not an imitation of the poverty of Jesus: it was a sharing of it. Other saints were poor *like* Jesus, Mary was poor *with* Him.

But likeness to Jesus requires more than poverty. He must be "followed," † not to Thabor, but to Calvary. Jesus was "a Man of Sorrows," and to be like Him one must suffer. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me. ‡ Mary was no less a sharer of His sufferings than of His poverty; for, from the Crib to the Cross, she had her part in every sorrow that afflicted Him. As the Bloody Sacrifice of Calvary was offered but once, and can never again be offered, so sufferings like Mary's can be felt but once, and can never be felt again. Saints have suffered for Jesus; martyrs have given their lives for His sake; and so they were made like to Him. But as a mother's love exceeds the love of a mere friend; as the disgrace, sufferings, and death of an innocent and beloved child bring sorrow to the mother which none but herself can feel,—so did Mary's sufferings exceed those of saints and martyrs; and that "sword of grief" which pierced her soul," while it made her the Sorrowful Mother and the Queen of Martyrs, made her also more closely resemble Jesus in suffering than all the saints that ever have been or ever shall be.

Moreover, that likeness to Jesus which constitutes perfection in the highest degree is found *exclusively* in Mary. She was poor and she followed Him, and this is perfection. Her poverty was His poverty, and she followed Him more closely than any other could; and this is the greatest perfection. In every other respect she was His counterpart. If He was purity itself, she was His Immaculate and Virgin-

* St. Luke, ii, 51.

† Rom., viii, 28, 29.

‡ St. Matt., xix, 21.

* Ib., viii, 20.

† Ib., xix, 21.

‡ Ib., xvi, 24.

Mother. If He was "humble of heart," it was her "humility"* which the Lord "regarded." If by prophecy He was a Man of Sorrows, by another prophecy "a sword of grief pierced her soul." If He died an ignominious death on the Cross, she stood by that Cross and saw Him expire. In short, the Sun of Justice, shining directly upon Mary for three and thirty years, photographed His image upon her soul; and they who imitate her will show the "family likeness" in themselves, and shall be recognized on the last day as the brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ.

From Shore to Shore.

II.

GEORGE LATOURIÈRE to *Mlle. Clémence Graudet*.—

"MY DEAR COUSIN CLÉMENCE:—I have just read your characteristic letter, or rather question: "What is all this fuss about a love affair, and who is right and who wrong—your mother or yourself, or both?" Short as is the inquiry, it necessitates a lengthy answer, and it may be my deliverance to be able to pour it into your sympathetic ear. I mean deliverance from myself and my own thoughts; for during the past few weeks I have experienced many emotions. For the first time in my life of twenty-five years I have loved, hoped, despaired, sued and been rejected.

"My mother has written you,—I infer that from your note. What she has said I know not. Poor mother! I have given her much pain, but she has so exasperated me. Taking it for granted that she has written you her version of the story—which, after all, in her sight is the true one,—I will begin by assuring you that I am not, never have been, impressionable. I hate

society girls, so-called, and they do not like me. I will not deny that I have not had my dreams, but until now they have been only dreams. I have been, I fancy, a dutiful son save in one respect. As a free-born American, I will choose my own wife, not, however, without regard to the wishes of my mother, as she appears to think I have long since taken a resolve to do. But what can a man do? Despite her goodness and affection, she has set her heart on my marrying a fashionable woman,—such a one as would lead me, and whom I would cause to lead a life of incompatibility and unhappiness.

"But I must come to the point, and that skilfully; for I would have you see with my eyes. Not quite a year ago, on her return from Europe, where I lingered until December, my mother brought with her a young Irish girl, one of the De Revoe connection. Her father, my mother has often told me, was an educated Irish gentleman. She had written me of the young girl, but had said nothing of her beauty; therefore, I was unprepared for the lovely creature that greeted me so shyly and modestly, and yet with such dignity, on the night of my arrival. My mother, not expecting me, had gone to a dinner.

"My Elizabeth—for so in my heart of hearts I have called her since the first moment I saw her,—was reading in the back drawing-room when I entered, and came forward to inquire the cause of the confusion. Tall, stately, slender, with glorious golden brown hair, a radiant complexion, and pure, sweet yet sparkling eyes of Irish grey with long black lashes, and a smile—it was that smile which won my heart completely, and will hold it till my dying day. *You* may smile, Cousin Clémence; but if it is not granted me to be her husband, no other woman shall ever be my wife.

"Time passed. In all respects she was treated as an equal in our household, save

* St. Luke, i, 48.

that she went out very little, never to parties or those other odious functions so affected nowadays by women who do not know how to 'kill time,' because they neither spin nor sew nor mend, nor employ themselves in any household duties whatsoever. My sweet Elizabeth spent few idle moments. She seemed to have a talent for every accomplishment in which woman may excel. I know my mother found her very useful; and, until she learned of my feelings toward her, praised her continually. I held my peace for six months or more, secure in the belief that my mother would approve of my choice. I had built many an airy castle, in which we three figured,—a happy household. A trifling circumstance dashed them all to the ground.

"One evening, after Elizabeth had retired, my mother said: 'George, I wish you would marry.'—'I have been thinking of it,' I replied.—'What?' said my mother, surprised. 'You take my breath away. Is there any one in particular?'—I resolved to make a bold stroke, as fate seemed propitious. 'Can you doubt it?' I answered. 'I have endeavored to conceal my preference, but I can see no reason why I should not acknowledge it. Do you not know, mother?'—'My son,' she exclaimed, 'it is not—is it Amelia?'

"Cousin Clémence, you know Amelia. She is the tow-headed, light-eyed, namby-pamby Edgerton girl, whose father made his money by combining poor bricks and worse mortar in a lightning process of putting up rows of cheap buildings. She has always been my pet aversion.

"'Mother,' I answered, unable to contain myself, 'how could any man so much as look at Amelia Edgerton who had the privilege of living in the same house with Elizabeth?'

"'Elizabeth, Elizabeth Neville!' cried my mother.

"'To be sure! There is but one Elizabeth—for me at least,' I replied, with

the utmost *sang froid*; for the despair in her voice had shown me in a flash that my mother was horror-stricken.

"Then followed an hour of tears, accusations, entreaties and commands on her part, with a respectful firmness on mine. Until then I had never known the height and depth of my mother's worldly ambition. And to what end? I desire only a quiet home life, with a congenial companion, and leisure to pursue my studies. We have enough money for that. But my mother—blind, foolish mother!—you have been my undoing.

"Finally she accused Elizabeth of having tried to attract me; called her false, deceitful; said she should leave the house the next morning. Then I became angry, and hot words followed.

"After a time my mother went away to her room. I threw myself into an arm-chair to collect my scattered thoughts, vexed at myself for having precipitated what had passed. I resolved to go away, after beseeching my mother to retain Elizabeth, of whose innocence her innate sense of justice must convince her even before she slept. I would trust to time and her real kindness of heart for the rest. I would even promise her not to say a word to the girl before my departure. But how could I do that? It would not be just to myself, and possibly not to her. Silence at this juncture might be the means of separating us forever. Indeed I was not equal to such a sacrifice. I would first tell Elizabeth that I loved her, discover her sentiments toward me, implore her, if her heart was untouched, to give me at least a shred of hope. I would beg her not to leave my mother until my return, which I fixed variously at one, two, or three years.

"In the midst of my reflections a door creaked behind me. I started up, expecting to see my mother, already repenting of her unreasonableness. There stood Elizabeth. She wore a dark blue, loose-fitting gown, that swept the floor. Her beautiful hair,

arranged for the night, hung in two long thick plaits behind her. So have I seen a weeping Madonna in a Florentine gallery. I remember well I stood before it long; and while my eyes drank in the beauty of that sweet, sad, spiritual, pathetic face, my heart was stirred to something nigh akin to adoration. Elizabeth too had been weeping: her eyes were even now suffused with tears.

"As I turned my head she recoiled, her face one crimson blush. 'Oh!' she said, starting back, 'I thought you had gone up. I thought to find your mother here.' And so saying she turned and fled away. I followed her to the stairway, pulling her back by the sleeve of her long gown. (Yes, my cousin, it was very wrong; but I must tell you just as it occurred.) 'Elizabeth,' I said, in a loud whisper—for I did not wish that any of the servants should hear; for my mother I did not care, feeling desperate now,—'Elizabeth, you know! Somehow, you have heard!' She did not answer, only making a movement to free herself; but by the half-averted head I knew that she *had* heard. Then I said, releasing her, but seizing her hand: 'I know this is not the place nor time for making an avowal, but I am going away. To-morrow perhaps I shall be miles from here; I do not know when I shall return. Elizabeth, I love you.'—'No, no, no, no!' she replied, half crying, as one wholly terrified, and wrenched her hand away. Then she flew swiftly up the stairs, and I saw her no more,—literally saw her no more; for when the household awakened next morning she was gone. At first I believed that sometime in the night my mother had gone to her, and spirited her away; but that would not have been practicable, and the suspicion was one of which I am now ashamed. My mother protests her entire innocence of Elizabeth's whereabouts, and I am forced to reconcile myself to the fact. But you can imagine my state of

mind when I think of that poor young girl cast adrift upon the world, for she has neither friends nor relatives in this country.

"It is possible that she may have written to her cousin, the Bishop of X.; my mother wrote to inquire this morning. I anxiously await a reply; for if she be on the face of the earth, I will find her now and put an end to this suspense. I can not believe that I was disagreeable to her: our tastes seemed to be congenial. We spent so many pleasant evenings together, singing, reading, and conversing.

"My mother assures me that nothing passed between them on that memorable night, as she felt herself in no condition to meet Elizabeth before retiring, and had meant to speak to her the next day. She also says that if she heard our conversation—as appears likely from what followed,—she must have been eavesdropping. But where has been the woman since Eve who, hearing her name repeated in angry tones, as was hers that night, would not stop to listen?

"You have a great deal of woman's wit, dear Cousin Clémence. Advise me what steps to take in this matter. Advertising would not do any good. In order to keep the matter from the public, the notice should be ambiguous; and she would not answer it. I do not believe, moreover, that she ever looks at such advertisements. Admitting that she might, I fear she is too proud to respond. I once suggested some of the convents; but my mother replied it would be like hunting a needle in a haystack, there are so many in the city and the adjacent neighborhood. And yet, somehow, I feel that in a convent I should find her, if I knew how to make a search.

"I forgot one little circumstance, which is a slight consolation. She was accustomed to wear a thin gold bracelet on her left wrist, from which depended a gold and silver medal of the Blessed Virgin,—souvenirs, doubtless, of some friend or teacher. After she had gone upstairs I

found the gold medal—a little thing, but reminiscent of her, doubtless wrenched from its fastening when, with unintentional violence, I seized her hand. More than the dazzling kohinur I value it. I would not part with it for the finest gem that ever graced a monarch's crown. I have had it encased in a crystal locket,—it is so small and frail I might lose it otherwise. I wear it attached to my watch-chain. Once such a proceeding would have seemed to me absurd, the height of sentimentality. But, viewed with a lover's eyes, all things take on a different hue. A complete revolution has taken place in me. I am alternately buoyant with hope and gloomy with despair. But it can not be that I will not find my Elizabeth, and it shall not be that she will not love me."

Thus, to the extent of several more pages, did our hero run on, pouring the tale of his unhappy love into the ears of his sympathizing relative. She was an old maid of fifty, with a brusque, vivacious manner, which she wore to conceal the kindly heart of a young girl. She was one whose feelings would never grow old; but those who knew her best were the only ones who read her aright. To others she was simply that "queer, pleasant Miss Grandet." She had no sooner become possessed of the facts of this to her most interesting story, because it involved the happiness of one whom from his boyhood she had loved very dearly, and in whose intelligence and good taste she had full confidence, than she planned a visit to New York, where she proposed to sift the affair to the bottom, and to lend all her energies to the discovery of the young girl who had so mysteriously disappeared.

(To be continued.)

Did the Dauphin (Louis XVII.) Die in the Temple?

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

HISTORY furnishes few subjects so sad as that presented by the picture of the young son and heir of Louis XVI., torn from the embraces of his mother, and given over to the solitude of a cell in the Temple, the victim of the most uncouth and savage of jailers, and dying by inches under torments which the pen hesitates to record. But did the Dauphin really end his days in the Temple? Was his fate not a more terrible one—that of a wanderer in a world which had spurned him from its bosom, of one disowned by his usurping kindred, and finally dying no one knows when or how, unrecognized even in that generally traceable home, the grave? Louis Blanc, the celebrated historian of the French Revolution, asks: "Was that child who died in the Tower of the Temple on June 8, 1795, really the Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI., or was he not rather a lad substituted for the young prince? That the escape of the royal boy was an article of faith for many royalists is shown by the prodigious success which crowned the efforts of Jean-Marie Hervagault at the commencement of this century.... Everything goes to show that this question must be placed among the problems of history." Certainly much of the history of the terrible epoch of '89 is unknown to our generation; but a few intrepid investigators, a few demolishers of legends, like Taine and Mortimer-Ternaux, have lifted a corner of the curtain; and the reports of the revolutionary police, recently published by Adolphe Schmidt,* furnish us with new light on the event which we propose to consider. But the question is

He that has once yielded thoroughly to God will yield to nothing but God.—
Ruskin.

* "Paris pendant la Révolution, d'après les Rapports de la Police Secrète" (1789-1800); Paris, 1885.

far from being solved; and while we ourselves incline to the opinion that the unfortunate prince escaped from the Temple, we can do no better in the premises than to present to the judgment of the reader the reasons which militate for and against that escape. He will then be better satisfied as to whether one of the most atrocious murders recorded in history must be put in the already voluminous catalogue of the crimes of the French Convention, or whether an indelible stain rests on the proud escutcheon of the royal House of France,—a stain which would be none the less disgraceful because it would also affect the honor of many of the most distinguished names of Europe.

Now for the opinion favoring the theory of the death of the Dauphin in his prison. He is mistaken who supposes that "the little Capet" languishing in the Temple passed out of the memory of the people of France. So far from being forgotten in 1795 was the Dauphin, that then, as in May, 1793, at the fall of the Gironde, nine-tenths of the *bourgeoisie* prayed for his accession to the throne of his ancestors. Alarm spread in the republican ranks; for the misery of the nation threatened the existence of the Convention. In the minds of many, to have a king was to have bread; and in the height of a general famine the people cried in the streets of Paris: "May a king give us back abundance and happiness!" Many were the tricks of speech by which the more timid royalists showed their sentiments.* Thus one would say: "To get bread, you must have the number 17." Another would ask: "How much is 15 added to 2?" Then: "That is what we want; for 17 is better than 36." (There were 36 members in the two governmental committees.) These facts so influenced the

Convention that it was calculated that among the eleven members charged to draw up a new Constitution on June 13, 1795, at least four would declare for the proclamation of Louis XVII., and that an imposing minority of the others would rally to the cry. Such was the state of affairs when, on the morning of June 9, it was announced that the unhappy young prince had been "freed from his sickness" at two in the afternoon of the day before. The people had heard nothing of this illness of the royal child. Quite naturally, therefore, they began to entertain the idea that he was not dead; then originated the theory of the escape from prison.

Those who believe in the death in the Temple certainly present a good case, and their theory is strengthened by the Journal of the captivity of the Dauphin. The coincidence of certain outside events with things which occurred in the obscurity of the royal dungeon could not have been fortuitous. During the month of May, precisely when popular opinion had begun its clamor for the proclamation of Louis XVII. as King of France, the child began to sink into languor. The jailers write: "The little Capet is indisposed"; but no mention is made of any endeavor to relieve his trouble. The next day's entry is: "The little Capet is dangerously sick"; and again no record of extra care for him. Finally we read that "there is fear for his life"; and only then he is visited by a physician, and then only because the murderers know that science will not save the prince. The practitioner summoned is Dr. Dessaux, and he exhibits too much zeal in performing his duty to his patient; hence it is that on June 1, his imprudence costs him his life. The Conventionals say that Dessaux died of a fever; but it is too true that the Convention had an interest in that event. Dessaux retarded the death of him whom the Parisians were designing

* One of the street songs ran:

Veux-tu chasser de ton giron
Et la famine et la misère?
Rétablis le petit mitron
Dans la boutique de son père.

to raise to the throne. Not until June 5 was the surgeon Pelletan called to the bedside of the dying child; on the 7th symptoms of near dissolution showed themselves. The Convention needed not to fear now the actions of its neo-royalist minority; full liberty was granted for the proposal of a royal restoration, but at the moment when Louis XVII. was in his last agony.*

Such are the reasons with which the majority of French legitimists fortify their theory of the Dauphin's demise in prison; and, in accordance with them, they aver that the precise cause of his death was the fact, known to the Convention, that on June 13 the people of Paris were to rise in revolt against the usurping rule of that body, and to declare the restoration of the time-honored and otherwise venerable monarchy of the sons of St. Louis. Let us now examine the arguments which induce many to believe that Louis XVII. was rescued from the Temple. It is all but certain that Charette, the heroic Vendéan leader, had signed, in the château of Jaunaie, a secret treaty with the revolutionary Government, stipulating that the children of Louis XVI. should be consigned into his hands. Some historians—*e. g.*, Thiers—deny the existence of these secret clauses; but their authority is null in the face of the affirmation of Napoleon I. in the "Memoires." The governing power acquiesced in this promise, but the deputies insisted on postponing its complete fulfilment until June 13, 1795; on the 8th came the convenient announcement of the Dauphin's demise. General Charette thus announces his treaty to the Count of Provence, afterward Louis XVIII.: "I have come to an understanding with

the so-called National Convention. . . . The person of the King will be delivered to the commissioners whom I shall send to Paris." The reader need not be surprised at this treaty between the Vendéan leader and the representatives of the Republican *régime*. The reaction had become very intense and active; the "gilded youth"* had entered upon a war to the knife against the Jacobins; and among those who demanded the restoration of nearly everything that had been hidden under the red cap of "liberty" were such personages as Tallien, Fréron, Legendre, Rovère, Fouché, Larivière, Cambacérès, Carnot, and Barras. All these latter had not yet doffed the mask, but their tone showed that they sighed for a radical change in the government.

The brave Vendéans soon tired of the tergiversations of the Convention, and sternly demanded the immediate execution of the treaty. Napoleon I. tells us the result of these reclamations: "Terrified at its own treaty with the rebels, the Convention asked itself what should be done; and the reply was: 'Let the prince die.'" But when, on June 9, 1795, Achille Sévestre, reporter for the Committee of Public Safety, appeared in the tribune of the Convention, and announced the pretended decease of the Dauphin, the plot of Barras, Tallien, etc., had succeeded, Louis XVII. had been conducted by Charette to the château of M. Tort de la Sonde, from which, alas! he was not to return triumphant to Paris.† In vain Charette promised his officers, assembled at Belleville, that in six months the monarch would be

* So were called at this period the young nobles and *bourgeois* who had enrolled themselves into a body of volunteer soldiery, and who swore the destruction of the Jacobins and Montagnards, as well as the restoration of Louis XVII.

† In his "Centenaire de 1789," D'Argill says: "It may be asked why General de Charette, commander-in-chief of the royalist armies, did not lead the liberated prince either to the court of Spain or to that of Austria, each of which had offered hospitality, rather than to the château of M. Tort de

* The more devoted of the French royalists relate how, at midday of the prince's death, a heavenly music was heard at the window of his cell, and how his failing voice murmured: "Listen! Hear the beautiful music! And I hear my mother's voice. Do you think that my sister can have heard it?"

enthroned, and their own vows accomplished. Heir to the grandest secular throne in the world, giving promise to become a worthy descendant of St. Louis, of Henry IV., and of the *Grand Monarque*, the Dauphin had left his dungeon to enter upon a road of misery, and to meet perhaps a tragic death. Having entered Vendée, that noble land which for centuries has known no other motto than "God and my King!" he was consigned by Charette to the care of M. Tort de la Sonde, uncle of the Spanish ambassador. From Vendée we can follow him to Rome, where, under the protection of Pope Pius VI., who wished to protect him from his enemies in France—some of them, alas! his own kin,—he would probably have led a happy existence, had not the revolutionary tiger been set loose against his benefactor.* From Italy we can trace the royal wanderer to England, and finally to a Prussian prison. Here mystery commences, and many an ultra-royalist even to-day asks of the Cabinet of Berlin: "What did you do to the Dauphin of France?"

Those who believe in the death in the

* There is in the Archives of the Vatican, says Lafond d'Aussonne, in his "Letters Anecdotes," an Allocution of Pope Pius VI., pronounced three days before the Pontiff was dragged as a prisoner into France, which says that Louis XVII. escaped from the Temple, and then in the Papal territories, was in good health. M. d'Aussonne cites the document.

la Sonde, which he was to quit only for a series of incessant and dangerous wanderings. The answer is ready. While the deliverance of the Dauphin, if accomplished according to an understanding between France and Spain, would have caused no diplomatic complications, Spain could not, without endangering the peace of Europe, receive the prince from the hands of those whom the Convention denominated traitors to their country, and who, by a false certificate of death, had caused it to be believed that the Dauphin was no more. Such a course would have been the signal for hostilities involving all the powers, and would have subjected France to new disasters. This is the more likely since, at the time of the Restoration, although all the governments of Europe were aware that the Dauphin had escaped from the Temple and yet lived, they recognized a usurper as Louis XVIII., King of France."

Temple find it difficult to account for the following facts. Firstly, the supposition of the Dauphin's escape from the mercies of Simon implies that the Emperor of Austria contemptibly abandoned his nephew. Secondly, it supposes a perhaps more criminal abandonment on the part of the French legitimists. Thirdly, it credits Napoleon I. with unwonted tenderness of heart in not having procured the death of so formidable a competitor; and remember that Napoleon was capable of murdering the Duke d'Enghien. The ultra-legitimist easily replies to these objections. As to the first, he says that, unfortunately but assuredly, statecraft knows no blood-relationship, no justice, no humanity; and he is right, when there is a question of merely worldly and liberal (anti-clerical) reasons of state. The Austrian sovereign abandoned Louis XVII. as he abandoned his own daughter and her son, the Duke de Reichstadt (Napoleon II.), on the fall of the "Corsican adventurer." Concerning the second assertion, our legitimist insists that most of the royalists believed that the Dauphin had died in his jailer's hands; and that pusillanimity, a fear of trouble for France, already too sorely tried, prevented the others from asserting the rights of the heir of their "martyr-king." Again, the Vendéan chief dreaded a schism in the royal party. To the objection drawn from the implacable cruelty of Napoleon, this retort is made: How do we know that Napoleon spared Louis XVII.? And, in conclusion, the believer in the escape from the Temple presents the fact that all, or nearly all, who are alleged to have been connected with the escape perished as victims of their devotion to the young prince. Thus Charette was shot in 1796; so was Gen. de Frotté in 1800. Pichegru was strangled by order of Bonaparte; Mme. de Beauharnais was poisoned; Barras, Laurent, Courtois, etc., were exiled.

After Darkness Cometh Light.

IN MEMORY OF THE VERY REV. EDWARD SORIN,
C. S. C.

THE twilight creeps across the path of day
And sunset hues are lost in mists of gray:
The dewdrops tip with stars the trembling
leaves,
The night winds mourn, as one whose spirit
grieves;
And o'er the darkened world a sadness clings
As Night the requiem of Day low sings:—
'Tis night, 'tis night,
The radiant light
Shall hold no longer sway;
'Tis Darkness now,
Whose star-set brow
Hath claimed the crown of day!

But as the night-songs louder rise,
The heralds of the morning mount the skies;
The darkness trembles, and the dewdrop
spheres
Shed light, as 'twere a shower of radiant tears;
And lower sink the voices of the night,
As Day bursts forth to sing the praise of light.
'Tis day, 'tis day,
And far away
The sceptre of the night is cast;
And bright and clear
The day is here,
And Night's dark sway is past.

And so the shadows of the grave drew near,
To darken life's sweet day of one held dear;
The kind eyes closed, the loving heart was
stilled,
The voice was hushed that erst our soul-
depths thrilled,
And mournful requiems the great bells tolled,
As far and wide their notes of sorrow rolled:
Give o'er, give o'er,
No more, no more
Shall brightness bless the way.
Farewell, farewell!
We toll the knell
Of every gladsome day.

But through the song of sorrow low, we hear
A voice of hope that rises soft and clear:

With listening hearts we catch its joyous
strain,
That blends sweet comfort with our bitter
pain;
And lower sink our sobs, as prayers arise
To mingle with hope's song in dawn's fair skies:
Rejoice, rejoice,
With heart and voice,
The darksome night is past;
Eternal day
Is his for aye,
And rest is his at last!

In the Path of Pioneer Priests.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

VI.—SIMON'S SECRET.

THERE are few persons who can tell a story with such effect or listen to one with such grace as the shantymen; and as their lives are spent far from books and the society of men, it is natural that they should find their chief amusement in "swapping stories" after the day's work is done. During the long, cold winter evenings, while the logs blaze cheerily, the old lumber-men draw their rough seats nearer the fireplace, leisurely fill their pipes, and, as the clouds of smoke roll upward, spin out long yarns—usually stories of adventure, and often chapters from their own experience. The duty of entertaining the party devolved upon each man in his turn; and beneath the simple roof-tree that sheltered those rugged woodmen, I have listened to many a tale of adventure that would have done credit to a professional *raconteur*.

Simon's night was a gala time for all. When supper was over, the old Indian would take out his flute and play several songs and hymns preparatory to the story, which was the event of the evening. Simon was a remarkable musician; and as his flute was a good instrument, everyone

thoroughly enjoyed the introduction to the story. The old man sang the "Adeste Fideles" in the Abenakis language; then he sang, in French, a popular song, "Canadien, Fils d'un Soldat"; and at last he favored us with an original composition by which I was very much impressed. There was something in the rhythm of the song, the tone, the animation of the singer, his features, gestures and attitude, that told convincingly that the words came from the heart. That night I asked Simon to repeat for me the words of the Abenakis song; he gave me a literal translation of the verses, which I have attempted to weave into an English measure, in accord with the air to which they were sung in the Indian dialect:

We come from the East, from the land near the sea
By the tribes we are known as the Abenakis.*
We first see the sun when he rises at morn,
We're first on the hill when the new day is born;
First met the pale-face who came o'er the sea—
First Christians became we—the Abenakis.

Our fathers now sleep in the graves by the sea;
To the westward are flying the Abenakis.
Our camp fire is quenched and our wigwams are torn
Down the hill-slope of sorrow our people are borne;
We have left the dear haunts by the mighty salt sea,
And scattered like leaves are the Abenakis.

Like birds in the summer, our braves you could see,
In the days of their glory—the Abenakis;
Like birds disappearing when winter is nigh,
The men of our nation their ancient homes fly;
They pass like the flocks that in autumn you see,
But return not at springtime—the Abenakis.

Like stars in a sky that from dark clouds is free,
Were the braves and the squaws of the Abenakis;
Like stars, when the first flush of morning comes on,
In the depths of the blue they forever have gone;
And the sun that has dim'd them is glorious to see,
And its light gilds the path of the Abenakis!

When Simon ceased singing, all agreed that the effort was worthy of the old Indian; and after he had rested he began his story. "As you are aware," he said, "I had spent some years in college, and had hoped to occupy a position of influence amongst the people of the

world. To become a professional man I had neither the patience nor the means; but I fancied that I might live in civilized society, and be of great use to my tribe. Just when I was undecided what course to adopt, by a strange accident I met a 'maiden fair.' She was a blue-eyed, blonde, about eighteen years old, and apparently delicate. She was like a lily—so pure, so frail, so attractive. I was paddling my little canoe along the waters of the St. Francis' one evening, enjoying the numberless beauties of that entrancing stream, when suddenly a boat shot out from behind an island, bearing only one passenger, the maiden. I might have passed on without heeding her, had not the peculiar motion of her arms attracted my attention. I knew at once that she was in a dangerous predicament, far out in the stream, and evidently unaccustomed to the boat.

"Whether it was the sound of my paddle or the air that I was humming which drew her attention, I can not say; but suddenly she looked around, and the frail barque was upset. In a few seconds I was at the spot. She came to the surface, and I grasped her arm and lifted her into my canoe. In ten minutes we were safe on shore.

"I then learned that she was the daughter of a well-to-do gentleman. She had fallen into ill health, and the doctors had recommended the country air, the fresh odor of the woods and the breeze from the water. I conveyed her to her friends; but for five hours she had been under my care, and during that time a transformation had taken place in my soul, and I knew that my feelings were reciprocated. I spent some very happy days with the family, when suddenly their party broke up. I was then a fluent speaker, had a good address, and, being fresh from college, deemed myself an ornament to society. It did not require the eyes of a seer to notice how things

* The word is pronounced A-ben-a-key; it means "the people from the East."

stood between us. Her parents at once gave me to understand that my acquaintance was no longer desired, and hastily left with their daughter for the city.

"But I was too skilful a hunter to allow the game to escape at the first point. The girl was a Protestant, but she had a special admiration for our Catholic devotion to the Mother of God, and often expressed a desire to become a Child of Mary. However, she feared her parents, who were strict Presbyterians. This fact added new zest to my determination. I was resolved either to marry the girl or—if that were impossible—at least to make sure of her conversion.

"I followed them to the city, and lingered near her home. There was a summer-house in the garden, whither she often repaired during warm evenings. At last I made bold to enter, and we met once more. We exchanged vows of fidelity, and she had consented to receive instructions in our holy faith. I went forth, determined to win a name for myself in order to become worthy of her, and at the same time to glean all possible information upon the subject of religion, that I might be the better able to prove to her, by word as well as by my example, that ours was the only true Church. Her father, however, informed me that I must abandon all thought of his daughter, and that if I did not cease to haunt the place he would have recourse to severe measures. The summer passed, and autumn came, then winter, and with winter all hopes of again seeing her fled.

"Suddenly one day—it was in the following May—I received a message from her father saying that my presence was desired at his house. I was kindly received, and was informed that the young lady was dying. She had been the victim of slow consumption; and in the city, like the delicate flower to which I loved to compare her, she was fast fading away. For months she had begged and prayed

that I might be permitted to see her, and at each refusal she seemed to sink lower and lower. Now the hard ice around the father's heart was broken, and the stream of affection burst forth.

"I was ushered into her presence. But, oh, what a change was there! She was still beautiful, but the flush was upon her cheek; it was the last ray on life's sky as its sun was about to set. When I approached and took her hand, she whispered: 'Simon, I love you, but I am dying. I love your religion, but it is too late ever to enjoy its blessings; I love the Blessed Virgin, but I shall never see her, for I am not a Catholic.' I reassured her, and promising that she should yet see the Mother of God, asked her to invoke that Mother's aid that she might die a Catholic.

"During three days I came and went as I pleased, and one afternoon I brought a priest with me to the house. As he was a friend of mine, no objection was made to his seeing the dying girl. The ceremonies were simple; she was baptized, received the holy Scapular, and was enrolled as a Child of Mary. The next day I was sitting beside her, watching the movement of her lips as they trembled in prayer. She turned toward me; and, extending her hands, said: 'Simon, you will come to my grave sometimes, and I will meet you there; you will ask the Blessed Virgin for all you need, and I will pray that she may grant it. You will be a great hunter of animals; there will be good priests who hunt for souls away in the woods; you will help them to—' Her voice failed her. I felt her hand growing cold; I was about to raise my eyes to her face when the breathing ceased, and she was dead. I had just won my prize when it was snatched from me. But I still rejoiced; for the Child of Mary had gone to her Mother in heaven.

"I left the room with bowed head, and, going down the long street, disappeared

from the haunts of men. I sought the forest wilderness, and ever since I have hunted the moose and trapped the beaver. But I have also striven to fulfil the other and more important command of the beloved dead, and I have been the constant guide of the pioneer priests in all these north lands. Many have wondered why Simon should leave a good hunting field during the best season to accompany the missionary Fathers, and conduct them safely over mountain and lake. You know now for the first time why the old Indian loves to guide the priests.

"Once every year, unknown to any one, I leave my traps and my rifle, and journey to that distant town. I do not enter the city, but seek out the graveyard that lies beyond it. I go there in May, the Month of Mary, and at that sacred trysting-place I meet the love of my youth, renewing my prayers and my promises. Next May I will go again to the rendezvous; that visit may be the last."

There was deep silence in the shanty when Simon ceased speaking, and an hour later we were all, save one perhaps, fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

The Story of Pierre Toussaint.

BY E. F. CARY.

I.

IN the year 1766 the island of San Domingo, or Hayti, was at the height of prosperity, the charms of a tropical climate and of European luxury combining to make it a residence very attractive to French colonists of good family. Cottages and villas by the sea overlooked harbors, where large vessels rode at anchor; and in the interior of the island were magnificent public buildings, palaces, and extensive plantations.

One of the beautiful estates was Lati-bonite, owned by M. Bérard du Pithou, under whose fatherly care the negroes suffered no hardships and were conscious of no wrongs. Here Pierre Toussaint was born, the son and grandson of trusted domestic slaves, and here he spent his childhood. He was the pet of the plantation, and the godson of Aurora Bérard, a child not much older than himself. Certainly he was unconscious of bondage as he followed his little godmother everywhere, picking fruit and flowers for her, or building towers of palms and magnolias where she might rest.

When Pierre was a youth M. Bérard went back to France, with all his family except the eldest son, who proved himself as kind a master as his father had been. Jean Bérard was happily married; the family wealth was great; and in after years Pierre Toussaint and his sister Rosalie, who were the especial attendants of the young wife, used to recall the luxury that surrounded her, the gold and silver vessels of her dressing-room, and the dinner service superb in the massive style of that time. "I remember her," said Toussaint, "when the bridal took place. She was very pale, but she looked so lovely, and we were all so happy. In one year her health completely failed, and I can see her, as she lay on the couch, panting for air, all so beautiful outside and in. Then Rosalie and I would stand at opposite corners of the room, and pull the strings of a magnificent fan of peacocks' feathers, swaying it to and fro; and we would laugh and be so gay that she would smile too. But she never grew strong: she grew weaker."

In her twenty-first year Mme. Bérard died, just in time to escape the first threatening of tumult in Hayti; and with her life ended the sunny period of Pierre's youth. After some time M. Jean Bérard married again, an amiable and attractive woman, and took his wife

and her two unmarried sisters to New York in 1787 for safety; carrying also Toussaint and Rosalie, with three other negroes. He stayed with them one year, and then placed a large sum of money in the hands of two respectable merchants for his wife's benefit, and returned to look after his property in San Domingo.

It was a gay household; for Mme. Bérard and her sisters were young and attractive, fond of amusement, and always planning future enjoyment. One of their many guests says: "I remember Toussaint among the slaves, dressed in a red jacket, full of spirits, and fond of dancing and music, and always devoted to his mistress." He was learning the art of hair-dressing, by M. Bérard's desire, who little thought that this humble accomplishment would soon be the chief source of revenue to the prosperous household he left behind him.

Sad events crowded one upon another when trouble began. News of disaster in Hayti was followed by a letter telling of M. Bérard's death from pleurisy. The failure of the firm in New York that held Mme. Bérard's money was declared, and the ruin was complete. Then came the misery of unpaid bills to that household known to be so liberal and honorable, and the countless mortifications of poverty unconfessed.

One day Toussaint was present when an old friend, unconscious of Mme. Bérard's state of destitution, presented to her an order for forty dollars, thinking that her husband had left the money with her. She told him he should be paid very soon; and when he had gone, she gave some valuable jewels to Pierre, asking him to sell them. As a slave he had a right to part of his earnings, and had begun to save money; so in a few days he presented two packets to his mistress—one containing forty dollars, and the other the jewels she had meant to sell. When again he brought her a troublesome bill receipted, she was startled, and asked:

"Where do you get all this money?"—"I have got some customers, Madam," he replied. "They are not very fashionable, but Mr. Merchant [the hair-dresser] is very kind, and lets me have them. And, besides, I have the money you gave me—my New Year's presents. I saved it all." In telling the story of his life to a beloved friend, he related these circumstances, and added: "My poor mistress! she cried very much."

Thus Toussaint, who had learned hair-dressing merely for the convenience of Mme. Bérard, became the bread-winner of the family. Even his own share of his earnings he gave to his mistress, excepting a certain portion which he laid aside for the purchase of his sister's freedom, a project he never mentioned to any one until the time came for its fulfilment.

"It was a sad period for my poor mistress," said he. "But she believed—we all believed—that she would recover her property in the West Indies. She was rich in her own right: as well as her husband's, and we said: 'O Madam, you will have enough!'"

This delusion the poor lady cherished to the end, thinking that her faithful servant would be fully repaid from her estate. But he soon abandoned any such idea, and without regret. "I asked only to make her comfortable," he said; "and I bless God that she never knew a want."

Mme. Bérard's two sisters died, and she married a French gentleman, M. Nicolas, from Hayti, who earned his daily bread by playing in an orchestra and giving music lessons. It was a happy marriage, but for poverty and the tantalizing mirage of hopes ever disappointed.

Toussaint, though fond of amusement like any other young man, used to dress hair all day, and then run home to comfort his mistress, whose health was fast failing,—to read to her, tell her the news, and above all sustain her spirit with his own firm, unflinching faith. He tried

to keep her supplied with grapes, bananas, and the other fruits of her native land; every day he ordered from the market what she needed, and even procured regularly ice-cream and other delicacies from the best confectioners. His business was very lucrative and constantly increasing. "Yet one rule," he said, "I made to myself, and I have never departed from it through life: that of not incurring a debt, and scrupulously paying *on the spot* for everything I purchased." Mme. Nicolas had an affection of the throat, which made it difficult for her to speak; and she used to write her requests on little scraps of paper and give them to Pierre, who instantly gratified them if possible.

"I had known her," he said, "when she was full of life and gayety, richly dressed, and entering into amusement with animation. Now the scene was changed, and it was so sad to me. Sometimes when an invitation came, I would persuade her to accept it, and I would come in the evening to dress her hair; then I contrived a little surprise for her. When I had finished I would present her the glass and say: 'Madam, see how you like it.'" The surprise being some beautiful flower placed in her hair—a japonica perhaps, or some rare rose, bought on the way home, and concealed until the *coiffure* was completed. Again he would persuade her to invite a few friends to spend the evening, and let him carry the invitations. And at the proper time he would appear, in his neat servant's dress, and hand to the guests the refreshments he himself had provided.

But not all Toussaint's efforts, nor the devoted care of a loving husband, could keep death away. One day she said: "My dear Toussaint, I thank you for all you have done for me. I can not reward you, but God will." He replied: "O Madam, I have only done my duty!"—"You have done much more," she said: "you have been everything to me. There

is no earthly remuneration for such services." She gave him her miniature, and papers which made him a freeman; then, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, she passed away, at thirty-two years of age.

II.

Pierre Toussaint remained with M. Nicolas, and pursued his work as a hair-dresser. He paid Rosalie's ransom, and she was set free, only to enter on a bondage more galling than she had before known, as the wife of an idle and dissipated man. Toussaint also bought the freedom of a young girl named Juliette Noel, and married her in the year 1811, bringing her home to Reed Street, where they lived until M. Nicolas removed to the South; then they made a home of their own, and lived in entire comfort and happiness.

Toussaint was celebrated as a hair-dresser, and his daily visits were eagerly looked for in many houses by servants, children, and heads of families. Wonderful were the confidences that he received as he stood behind the chair of his customer, his tall form enveloped in a white apron, and his honest ebon face, with its gleaming smile, reflected in the looking-glass. He had a rare intuition, which taught him where he might repose confidence in return, and when he had better withhold it. Once, when urged to speak of another's affairs, he said, with dignity: "Madam, Pierre Toussaint dresses hair: he is no news journal." And again, when asked to carry an unpleasant message, he replied: "I have no memory." But in certain houses he allowed himself to respond to the trust reposed in him, and to form friendships which were unaffected by any difference of race or rank or education.

I once had the great pleasure of hearing an account of Pierre Toussaint from a lady who remembered him in her early youth. "Toussaint!" she said. "Why, Toussaint was a household word with us, and is so still. The L. and D." (mentioning

names well known in the history of New York) "often talk of him to-day. He came every day to our house to dress my mother's hair, and our hair too. My sister and I loved him, and there was nothing I would not have confided to him. It was like the confessional to talk to Toussaint, you were so sure of his secrecy. And no matter how freely we confided in him, he never swerved from his respectful demeanor. He always stood when he talked to us. 'Do sit down Toussaint,' some one said to him one day. 'Madam, I can not,' he replied. And he was gay and amusing too; and when we were little girls he would dance for us, and show us very gracefully how our parents had danced when they were young. He had taught himself many things; he had good taste and an excellent memory. He would quote for us whole pages of Bossuet and Massillon,—Massillon was his favorite author. If Toussaint had been an educated man, he would have been illustrious; for he had genius. But his great power of influence lay in his perfect Christian character, his exquisite charity and consideration for others, his tender compassion for all."

But we return to the story as given to us in his memoirs. Toussaint's career as a hair-dresser began in the days of powder and pomatum, and lofty pyramids of hair piled upon the female head. Then came wigs from France, and the ladies of America had their pretty heads shaved, obediently to foreign rule, and wore locks of the color they fancied most becoming. Wigs being laid aside, crops of curls were worn in their stead; succeeded in their turn by ringlets falling at the back of the head, after the style of Grecian statues. In all these changes of taste Toussaint was the man for the hour, and simply said: "Fashion keeps changing, changing. All good: the way poor people live."

On one occasion, when he went to a

house where silks and ornaments lay strewn about in preparation for a wedding, a lady said: "Why do you look so grave, Toussaint?" He replied: "O Madam, I go to a great many places! I go into one house, and they cry, cry, cry,—somebody dead. I go into another, and it is all laugh, laugh,—they are happy and glad. I go to another: it is all shut up, dark; they move softly, they speak in a whisper,—somebody very sick. I come here: it is all dance and sing, and flowers and wedding-dresses. I say nothing, but it makes me think a great deal."

In the year 1815 Toussaint received a letter from his godmother in Paris, Aurora Bérard, who had heard of him through a French lady just returned from New York. It was the beginning of a correspondence which lasted twenty years; and he sometimes indulged himself in sending her presents of articles much prized in France—Canton crape dresses, Madras handkerchiefs, etc.,—which she accepted with affectionate gratitude. Her life had been one of grief and deprivation; and, from letters of hers found among Toussaint's papers, it is evident that he offered to go to France with his wife, that she might have the comfort of their devoted service. "If I thought only of my wish to see you," she answers, "I should say come at once; but my position is a sad one. I could not be useful to you, and you might not be so happy as you deserve to be." The sacrifice of his successful career in New York was one she could not consent to accept.

In the month of May, 1834, Aurora Bérard died, and the news was broken tenderly to Pierre in a letter from her sister, Mme. de Berty. "Your dear godmother now enjoys perfect happiness," she writes. "Since the death of our parents she has suffered much. Her patience and resignation, and her entire confidence in the Mother of God, will be her propitiation."

A Patriarch Laid to Rest.

THE VERY REV. EDWARD SORIN, C. S. C.
1814-1893.

A PATRIARCH of the Church in America, a laborer in the Lord's vineyard who had borne the burden and heat of a long day, was called to his recompense and rest when, on the eve of All Saints', the venerable Father Sorin breathed forth his soul. His death was peaceful and painless, fitting close of a well-spent and self-sacrificing life. After receiving the last Sacraments, and when the prayers for the departing soul had been recited, surrounded by his spiritual children, and with his eyes fixed on the image of the Master whom he had served so well, like a weary laborer resting from toil he passed away.

The abilities and services of Father Sorin entitle him to a place among the founders of the Church in the United States; indeed it would be hard to name one who has done more for religion in this country than the great priest who has just been called to his reward. Considering his extraordinary courage and resolution, his special qualifications for the works he undertook, and the unusual opportunities that were afforded him, together with the long term of his labors, the achievements of the greatest of his contemporaries seem insignificant. On coming to the United States, he found a great work to do, and he did it with all his might. God blessed him and strengthened his hands. But we have neither the time nor the inclination at present to review the life work of our venerable Father in Christ. In a future number we shall tell of his virtues and great deeds. Meantime we give a brief sketch of his career, feeling sure that a more complete record will be read with deeper interest at another time.

Father Sorin was a native of France; he was born at Ahuillé, near Laval, on February 6, 1814. At a tender age he manifested a vocation to the priesthood, and as he advanced in years his desire to consecrate himself to the service of God became more and more ardent. After a thorough course of studies, he was promoted to sacred orders, and in 1840 he enrolled himself in the Congregation of the Holy Cross, a religious society then recently formed at Mans by the illustrious Abbé Moreau. The objects proposed to be accomplished by this young society were the instruction of youth and the preaching of missions, and to both of these ends Father Sorin at once consecrated his life with characteristic unreserve.

In August, 1841, on the invitation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Vincennes, Father Sorin, with six Brothers, sailed from France for the purpose of establishing a branch of the Congregation in the New World. The good Bishop "regarded as a signal favor from Heaven their landing in New York on September 13, the eve of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross." And Father Sorin himself, on the next day, in writing of this coincidence, says: "What joy for a poor priest of the Holy Cross to be able to say his first Mass in America on the Feast of the Exaltation of that sacred symbol!... Here is the portion of my inheritance; here will I dwell all the days of my life." In this enthusiasm, this living faith in the favor of Heaven, we catch the keynote of the noble life which was to follow.

About the middle of October the little colony reached Vincennes, from which place they proceeded to St. Peter's, thirty miles distant, to establish their new home. But this was not to be the scene of their future toils and triumphs. During the next year the Bishop proposed to Father Sorin to remove his little community to the northern part of the State, where he offered to put them in possession of a

tract of virgin forest, near the banks of the St. Joseph River, on condition that they would establish a mission-centre and build a college.

It was on the evening of the 26th of November, 1842, that Father Sorin first looked upon the snow-covered landscape, which, by his labor and that of his little band, was yet to blossom as the rose. The land proffered by the Bishop consisted of about six hundred acres, originally purchased from the Government, by the Very Rev. S. T. Badin, the first Catholic priest ordained in the United States. Father Badin, whose missionary field embraced almost the whole Northwestern territory, had become acquainted with the locality in his travels; and, admiring its beauty, determined to secure the site for a future college. With this view it was deeded to the Bishop of the diocese, who, as we have seen, finally transferred it to the young community of the Holy Cross.

Even before the coming of Father Badin, the place seems to have been consecrated to religion, being known to the Indian converts and the few Catholic settlers of the surrounding country as St. Mary's of the Lakes; while by the profane it was called simply the Lakes, or, more briefly, the Lake. By Father Badin it was selected as the centre of the scattered missions of Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan.

These grounds, naturally so lovely, possessed an additional charm in the eyes of the newcomers, from the fact that they had been sanctified by two illustrious missionaries—namely, the Rev. Louis de Seille, whom John Gilmary Shea calls a “confessor of the faith”; and the Rev. Benjamin Petit, whose life and death were likewise those of a saint. Both had been eminently successful in their labors among the Indians (the Pottawatomies), by whom they were venerated and loved.

Of the six hundred acres given to them by the Bishop, Father Sorin and his com-

panions found ten acres reclaimed from nature; while beautiful “oak openings” covered all the rest, except what was occupied by a small lake named in honor of Our Lady. On its banks stood a little log church to which the Indians in large numbers still flocked as in earlier years. Thus, at the beginning of an unusually long and severe winter, the little colony—a priest and six Brothers—found themselves in possession of abundance of wild land, and but little else, save their own bodily strength and unlimited confidence in Heaven.

To fulfil the terms of the contract with the Bishop, it was determined, notwithstanding the apparent lack of means, to proceed as soon as possible to the erection of the college building. The name of the place was now changed, or rather varied, from St. Mary's to Notre Dame du Lac (Our Lady of the Lake),—a name which has insensibly shortened into Notre Dame. In February, 1843, Brother Vincent, arrived, with those members of the community who had remained at St. Peter's; thus adding materially to the strength and the courage of the establishment. As the spring advanced it became evident that the college could not be at once begun, so a smaller building was erected. In July, the same year, a further addition was made to the numbers of the community by the arrival from France of the saintly Father Cointet and his companions—two priests, a Brother, and three Sisters.

The little band now felt itself strong enough to undertake the new buildings, and on the 28th of August, 1843, the corner-stone of the first college edifice of Notre Dame was laid, with appropriate ceremonies. Before winter had set in the building was under roof, and during the next spring it was completed. In June the few students were removed from the “farm-house;” and in August, 1844, the first commencement exercises took place. The institution had already received a

charter, with the title and privileges of a university; so that the actual and legal existence of the University of Notre Dame dates from the same year—1844.

During that year also the Manual Labor School was erected, and received a charter from the State Legislature. Afterward a carpenter-shop, a blacksmith-shop, a shoe-shop, a tailor-shop, and other buildings, were added—not all at once, but one after another, as their need was felt, or as men able to conduct them were attracted to the young community. The farm was, of course, gradually cleared; and everywhere “the hand of labor grasped the hand of culture, the hum of industry was mingled with the voice of prayer.”

During the administration of Father Sorin the foundations of Notre Dame were deeply and solidly laid. Save the bare land, and the sympathy of the benevolent and the charitable, the young community had in the beginning absolutely no means, except the blessing of Heaven, their own feeble strength, and, after a time, the tuition of a few students, which for many a year was a very small sum indeed. But faith and industry did not go unrewarded. Little by little, every year was an improvement upon the last. Slowly, very slowly, the number of students increased from one to one hundred. These, spread over the country, became the best advertisement of the struggling college. As if each took another by the hand, there were soon two hundred entrances; then three, four, five, even six hundred, until the halls were overflowing, and it became necessary to prepare for ampler accommodations.

With this advance everything else advanced. The faculty, which once consisted of Father Sorin, Father Granger, and Father Cointet, increased in numbers from year to year; buildings arose on every side, among them a seminary and a printing-office; twice they were destroyed

by fire, but each time replaced by more commodious and imposing ones, until now their appearance is rather that of a little town than of a college. St. Mary's Academy, a flourishing institution for young ladies a mile distant from Notre Dame, is another of Father Sorin's foundations, and to his efforts is due in great measure the wondrous increase of the community of Sisters who preside over it. In 1865 THE “AVE MARIA” was begun. His next efforts were directed toward the erection of a church in honor of the Sacred Heart. The little log chapel which Father Sorin found upon the beautiful banks of St. Mary's Lake soon gave place to a larger edifice, which has itself been replaced by a church that is the admiration of all who visit it.

Such has been the evolution of Notre Dame. How has this been effected? Not from one cause, or by one man—though chiefly by one. It is, under Providence, the quiet, steady growth of nearly half a century, based at once upon the experience of the Christian ages, and upon the ready tact which could adapt that experience to the needs of a new and rapidly developing country. To its accomplishment many minds of the first order, many self-sacrificing spirits, have devoted their best energies, from the time of small but hopeful beginnings in 1844 to that of maturity in 1893.

It is recorded of St. Alphonsus and other servants of God that they made a vow never to lose a moment of time. It would seem that Father Sorin had resolved never to miss an opportunity of promoting religion. As Archbishop Ireland observed in a sermon preached on the occasion of Father Sorin's Golden Jubilee of ordination, he was one of the few who appreciated the need of chaplains and religious nurses during our civil war. He sent half a score of his priests to the front, and scores of Sisters to care for the sick and wounded in hospitals. Some idea of the

amount of good done by these religious may be gained from the fact that one Sister of the Holy Cross, who died at St. Mary's Convent a few years ago, baptized one thousand dying soldiers. When the life of Father Sorin comes to be written, let his biographer record such services as these.

There were many trials in the life of the lamented Father which recall the sufferings of saints. When in 1854 the cholera broke out at Notre Dame, and one by one Death claimed the most needed members of the little band that had braved the hardships and privations of the struggling mission, the stoutest heart might have yielded to discouragement. One memorably sad day was marked by the funerals of three religious, and it seemed as though the whole community were to fall victims to the uncontrollable scourge. But Father Sorin's hope was never shaken. He exhorted his *confrères* to have confidence in God, and to pray that the ruin of the establishment might be averted. He often repeated those words of Holy Writ: "In the evening weeping, and in the morning gladness." And soon the longed-for day dawned that saw the community restored to health, and, though sadly reduced in numbers, filled with fresh hope, and more than ever disposed to bless the Hand that giveth and that taketh away.

Father Sorin was a great servant of the Blessed Virgin; he confided in her, and his trust was wondrously blessed. May his successors share his saint-like faith! And let them never forget that to him, under God, they owe the privilege of laboring in a vineyard which was planted with his tears and sweat, and sanctified by unceasing prayers, innumerable trials, and untold sacrifices.

May God bless his memory and rest his soul in peace!

Notes and Remarks.

One of the charges against Catholics current among members of the A. P. A. is so outrageously false and can so easily be disproved, to the shame of the accusers, that one is surprised at the obtuseness of its author. It is sought to fan the flame of bigotry by alleging that "the Catholics fill the penitentiaries." It is sad, of course, that children of the Church should deserve imprisonment; however, if they were the sole criminals, penitentiaries would not be so numerous, and might be less spacious than they are. The Northern Indiana state-prison, for instance, contains at present 846 inmates, the largest number ever confined there. Of these at most only eighty are Catholics, according to the statement of one of the prison officials. A former warden of the institution used to say that he had often remarked that Catholics were seldom to be found among prisoners charged with the more atrocious crimes. If outrages such as members of the A. P. A. are disposed to commit were punishable by imprisonment, the number of penitentiaries would have to be increased in every State where this infamous organization has obtained a foothold.

The secret of the extraordinary charm of Gounod's music, even to those unacquainted with the scientific basis of the art, is explained by the beauty of his character—his absolute sincerity and earnestness. He was accustomed to say: "I never undertake any work that my soul does not feel." Intense and unswerving faith are revealed in all his compositions. His loyalty to the Church is well known, and he had an idea that the true mission of music is to exercise a spiritualizing influence over the soul. To quote again his own words: "Music gives a foretaste of the immateriality of the future life."

In a notice of Monsig. Seton's admirable oration on "The Dignity of Labor," which has just been published in pamphlet form, the *Church News* points out another possible explanation of the present financial strain.

Dr. Seton's statement that "desperate risks, quick returns, the greed for sudden wealth,—these degrade labor, demoralize the laborer, and make unwilling workers in the mills of God," calls forth this comment from our Washington contemporary: "The present financial crisis has doubtless been brought on by this tendency to make money without labor. And the surest policy for permanent relief could be found in a determination to make money only by honest toil. Such a policy would not clog the wheels of business, but would give every man an equal chance. But to hope that such a policy will be adopted until our legislators adopt means to prevent gambling in the necessities of life, would be vain." Doubtless there are many opinions as to the cause of the "hard times," but there can be no question that the "Board of Trade" gambler is the monopolist from whom the people have most to fear.

There is a strange and most edifying history connected with the family of Mgr. Luck, the Benedictine Bishop of Auckland, whose account of the Maoris in a recent number of THE "AVE MARIA" has been read with so much interest. The Bishop's father was born a Protestant, but became a convert to the Church; and when he was left a widower, sought sacred orders and was ordained priest. Besides the Bishop, two other sons are ecclesiastics,—one being a missionary in the Diocese of Auckland, the other a canon in England. There were four daughters in the family, all of whom became members of religious communities. It would be hard indeed to find a more remarkable instance of the fruits of a conversion.

In the year 1832 two priests, companions from their early manhood, animated by the same ardent faith, by the same love of literature, and by the same political sentiments, had occasion to visit the Eternal City. Both, though in far different ways, were destined to be enrolled in the annals of celebrity, as men to whom God had given much, and from whom much was expected. These young men were Lamennais and Lacordaire. Some years afterward, when the former had succumbed

in the most tremendous catastrophe which can fall to the lot of a Christian man, each described the sensations experienced by himself during this momentous residence in Rome. One discerned therein only intrigues, covert aims, and sordid ambition; having gone there under the dominion of pride, he departed to become an apostle of rebellion. The other, though sharing for a time his friend's excessive admiration for human reason, and though he never ceased to proclaim a natural alliance between the Church and liberty, ever venerated divine revelation, and its depositary on earth. Lacordaire's utterances on his stay in Rome deserve to be quoted, and are particularly significant at the present time:

"The world seeks liberty, but in the ways of turbulence and slavery. The Church alone has been the source of liberty for man; alone, in the bosom outraged by her sons, she has preserved its inexhaustible milk. When the nations grow tired of being matricides, they will find in her that good which they no longer enjoy. The priest ought not to trouble himself with the bloody and fruitless questions of his day. Let him pray for the present and the future; let him never grow weary in preaching to his contemporaries that outside of truth no liberty or peace is possible. The priest must be what the Church is—unarmed, peaceful, charitable, patient; a traveller who blesses as he passes by, and not wondering that his generation does not appreciate him, for he does not belong to time.... Rome, I have seen thee as thou art. Serene amid the tempests of Europe, thou art not troubled; thou fearest not for thyself. Thy gaze, directed on the four quarters of the globe, discerns with sublime clearness the development of human affairs in their relationship with the things of God. Of course, the tempest, which finds thee always calm, because the Divine Spirit inspires thee, must excite some concern for thee in the heart of the simple faithful, who are little accustomed to the vagaries of the world.... O Rome, God knows that I did not hesitate to acknowledge thee because I saw no kings prostrate at thy gates. I kissed thy dust with an indescribable joy and respect. Thou didst appear to me, as thou really art: the benefactress of the human race in the past, the *only great thing in the Europe of to-day, captive of a universal jealousy, Queen of the world.*"

A singular community, and one which furnishes a striking example of devotion to the faith, exists in Maine, on the banks of the Ste. Croix River. It is an Indian village, whose inhabitants were converted over a century ago by a missionary sent by Bishop Carroll. During all these years they have

remained a people apart, steadfastly loyal to the Church, but refusing all the overtures of a higher civilization. They are represented in the Legislature by a special delegate, whose duty it is to present any grievances they may have, though he is not allowed to vote. They have a school conducted by Sisters, and before the church door stands a statue of the Blessed Virgin, the Patroness of the community.

A pleasing feature of the obsequies of the venerable Father Sorin was the large attendance of priests, representing many dioceses and religious orders. Conspicuous among them were the Bishop-elect of Dallas, Texas, the venerable Monsig. Bessonies, and the Very Rev. Joseph Brammer. Still more suggestive of Father Sorin's broad apostolate and large-heartedness was the presence of the wage-earner whom he was ever ready to help, the poor whom he compassionated and succored, and little children whom he loved.

The Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, of Fort Wayne, at the conclusion of which the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder paid a feeling tribute to the deceased, dwelling rather on the spirit in which he labored than on his actual accomplishments, which are themselves monuments to his worth.

The revival of Know-nothingism is happily restricted to the more ignorant and irreligious class of Americans. It is hard to excuse the ignorance, and the bitter hate manifested can not possibly be shared by any one who has a spark of true religious sentiment. That the spirit of the A. P. A., is repudiated by good citizens and true Americans is shown by the number of non-Catholics who took part in the celebration of the Episcopal Silver Jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons. This participation was indeed a feature of the occasion,—one which must have been particularly gratifying to his Eminence. His example of patriotism and true democracy, as well as of self-sacrificing zeal and devotion to duty, has made an impression on our fellow-citizens; and it seems to have afforded them genuine pleasure to testify to the beneficial influence of Cardinal Gibbons' life. We join in the hope, so often expressed by his friends and admirers, that

his health may be spared for the good of Church and State, and that it may be many years before his noble and exalted mission shall draw to a close.

The Vatican Observatory has been enriched by an enormous telescope—a gift to the Holy Father,—which will not only facilitate the labors of Padre Denza, but will materially enhance the value of his work as well. The Vatican Observatory is now one of the best equipped, as it has long been one of the most celebrated, observatories in the world.

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. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., whose devoted life closed in a peaceful death, at Notre Dame, on the eve of All Saints'.

The Rev. A. R. Sidley, who departed this life last month; and the Rev. Bernard Dunn, deceased some time ago at Perth Amboy, N. J.

Sister Mary Alcantara and Sister Mary Adriana, of the Sisters of St. Francis; Sister Catherine, Ursuline Convent, Tiffin, Ohio; Sister Gamelin, of the Sisters of Charity, Vancouver, Wash.; and Sister M. Ursula, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Francis C. Misner, who yielded his soul to God at Gethsemane, Ky., on the 14th ult.

Mrs. Catherine N. Dwyer, who met with a sudden though well-provided death at Glens Falls, N. Y., on the 15th ult.

Mr. John Ryan, of Merced, Cal., who passed away last month.

Mrs. D. Healy, whose life closed peacefully on the 10th ult., at Springfield, Ill.

Mr. William Lardner, of Athenry, Co. Galway Ireland; Mr. William Honett and Miss Margaret Carroll, Chicago, Ill.; Patrick and Elizabeth Hyde, Dublin, Ireland; Miss M. Thomas, Portland, Oregon; Mrs. John O'Leary, Buffalo, Minn.; Miss Eugenie Dougherty, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Mary Carmody, Chenière, La.; Mrs. John Bannan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Mary Conlan, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Mrs. Catherine Honett, Mrs. Mary Clifford, James and Dennis Gannon, and Mr. John O'Donnell, East Boston, Mass.; Mr. Henry O'Hare and Mrs. Bridget O'Hare, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. Michael Glennon, Chelsea, Mass.; and Mrs. Mary Sands, Washington, D. C.

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.

*

Soldier, Bishop, and Saint.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



GOOD many of the saints whose names appear in the ecclesiastical calendar are known to the majority of people only by some pretty legend with which tradition has linked their memory. Some others have their names associated with the instruments of their martyrdom; as, for instance, St. Lawrence and the gridiron, St. Sebastian and the arrows. One of the November saints has been especially fortunate in this respect; and, although he died sixteen hundred years ago, his name still lives, and is quite familiar to all Catholics from a variety of causes. St. Martin's cloak, St. Martin's Summer, and St. Martin's goose are in different countries common expressions, recalling the merits and virtues of one of the only true great men of the world—the heroes who lived and died for God.

Martin was born in Hungary A.D. 316, but went with his parents to live in Italy while he was still a little child. It was in the city of Pavia, afterward famous for its University, that he received the elements of his education. His father, a pagan, was a soldier, who had risen from the ranks to the dignity of Marshal of the Camp.

Martin's mother was also a pagan; so that in the boy's early days nothing could well appear more unlikely than that he would become a Christian priest and bishop. God's providence, however, often works in unexpected ways, and those who submit to its guidance with docility are sure to do well.

In Martin's case, God furnished him with an opportunity of learning something about the Christian religion. The boy profited by the grace, listened to all he heard concerning Christianity with careful attention, and afterward, when alone, thought over the various doctrines he had heard discussed. He soon recognized the beauty and truth of the teachings of the faith; the majesty of Catholic worship made a strong impression upon him, and the holy lives of the disciples of Christ filled him with profound admiration.

Finally, he resolved to consult a priest, and asked for admission into the Church. He was only ten years old when he became a catechumen—the name given to those preparing to be baptized. In the course of two years he had made such progress in Christian perfection that he wished to lead thereafter the severe life of the anchorites or hermits. His spiritual director, however, dissuaded him, saying, "You are too young as yet, my boy, to lead such a life. If God wants you to become an anchorite, He will make His will known to you very clearly when the proper time comes.

Just now your desire, excellent as it otherwise is, comes rather from your own will than God's." Martin understood the wisdom of these words, and was guided by them. He made a resolution there and then that in future he would not act of his own accord, but would always consult an enlightened priest for proper advice in all matters of importance.

Three years later, when he was fifteen, an edict of the Roman Emperor summoned under the imperial standard all those sons of veterans who were capable of bearing arms. Martin's father was, heart and soul, a soldier, and consequently desired that his son should also embrace the career of arms. Martin had no taste whatever for military life, but he yielded to his father's wish, being convinced that God would take his filial obedience into account. So he became a soldier, although his father ought to have had better sense than to induce him to lead a life for which he had no inclination.

Martin's military duties took him to France, then known as Gaul; and, despite the dissolute companions by whom he was surrounded, he continued to lead a holy life. The servant that had been allotted to him he treated as a brother. His gentleness and amiability made him known and loved by everyone, as is always the case with gentle and amiable folks, big or little, boys or girls. Never did a harsh or unkind word fall from his lips.

His charity, too, was most remarkable. Living a life of privation himself, he gave away by far the greater part of his salary to the poor. When his money was all spent he shared even his clothes. Thus the picture in which he is usually represented shows him cutting his cloak in two with his sword, and giving part of it to a half-naked beggar.

These virtues rendered him so pleasing to God that He destined him to far greater honors than he could possibly attain in

the army. Some years later Martin became a priest of Tours; and so great was his reputation for holiness that, when the episcopal see became vacant by the death of the bishop, everyone desired Martin to be his successor,—everyone, that is, save Martin himself. He did not wish honors or responsibility; and the chronicles say that when priests and people came to the monastery where he resided in order to appoint him bishop, he hid himself to escape the dignity. And what do you suppose was his hiding-place? That part of the monastery barn where the geese were kept. Placing himself in a corner, he concluded that he was safe, as no one would be likely to look for him there. He was mistaken, however; for all at once the geese began to cry and hiss and squawk with so much noise that the monks hastened to see what was troubling them, and so Martin was discovered. This is the reason why in many European countries, in Germany especially, a goose is as essential a part of the dinner on St. Martin's Day as is a turkey on our Thanksgiving festival.

As for St. Martin's Summer, known to us also as the Indian Summer, it is probably so called because it is as much gentler and milder than the season immediately preceding it as St. Martin's temper was gentler and milder than that of ordinary people. Sunshiny weather and warm winds are pleasant things indeed; but all our young folks can make a perpetual St. Martin's Summer around them if they will, by preserving always a sunny temper and a warm heart.

In the Fall.

APPLE leaves are turning, as the year grows cold,
 Into ruby pennons, blazing in the sun;
 May our hearts thus changing, as our lives grow old,
 Burn with flame undying for the Spotless One!

L. M.

The Boy in the Mirror.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

"When my Anselm was a baby," said Mrs. Florian, "I acceded, much against my will, to the custom, so common at that time among the wealthy classes, of sending young children to the suburbs to be nursed for a certain period of time by some old servant or reliable farmer's wife, under the supposition that it hardens and prepares them for the after years of childhood in a large city like New Orleans. The results in Anselm's case, or rather an incident which occurred on his return, made me firmly refuse to do the same with my other children. I believe the love and influence of a mother are more necessary during infancy than at any other time."

In this I fully agreed with her; as first impressions are always lasting, and therefore should be of a character to develop at once the intelligence as well as the morality of a child. As nearly as I can recollect, the following is the substance of Mrs. Florian's narrative:

Anselm arrived at home late in the evening, too tired to look about him at the unfamiliar objects he now saw for the first time. He did not appear to grieve much for his foster-mother Suzette, for whom he had always entertained a strong affection; but that may have been because his own mother had visited him frequently at the farm, and he had long expected to go back to New Orleans with her when he should have reached the age of four years.

He awoke very early the next morning; and, after dressing himself as best he could, made a tour of inspection through the long suite of rooms opposite his own little bed-chamber, which constituted the library, music-room and drawing-room.

He then saw, for the first time, a mirror, before which he stood for a long while, gazing in speechless wonder. He did not recognize his own image, but thought it to be another child, dressed like himself. Smiling and bowing, he talked gayly to the other boy, who also smiled and bowed, but made no reply. After a while he began to think it would be fun to tease the boy in the mirror, and so made a face, which was speedily imitated by his new friend; then he made another, which was also repeated. This made him angry. He put out his tongue, making some very disagreeable, inarticulate noises as he did so; and his neighbor was equally saucy and disagreeable. Vexed beyond endurance, he angrily clenched his fist and struck a fierce blow at the mirror, which stood on a low pedestal in the parlor. It fell, and threw him down at the same time, without injuring him, however; and the mirror, being made of fine plate-glass, in a bevelled frame, was not broken. But Anselm was very much frightened, and began to scream at the top of his voice. His mother ran into the room, to find him lying on the floor, the mirror on top of him. After extricating him, and consoling him as best she could, she asked how the accident happened.

"Mamma," he replied, "I was seeing all around; and a boy, with a blue frock just like mine, followed me everywhere. When I came into the parlor, he stood still; and I looked at him, and thought he was pretty. I smiled at him, and he smiled at me."

His mother laughed and said: "My boy, is it possible that you do not know the name of the boy in the mirror? I am surprised."

"No, mamma, I do not know it. How could I, when I never saw him before to-day?"

"And you never saw him reflected in a stream?"

"We had no stream at Suzette's," was

the wondering reply. "But would he be in a stream? Why, mamma!"

"Nor in a tub of water,—a tub of clear water?"

"Suzette would never let me go near the tub of water, for fear I should fall in."

"Nor in the copper saucepans,—the bright saucepans?"

"O mamma, how funny you are! Fancy a boy in a copper saucepan! They were not bright saucepans, they were black, at Suzette's."

Mrs. Florian kissed her boy, with a tear in her eyes. "My dear little boy!" she said, pressing him close to her bosom.

"But I must tell you, mamma," eagerly continued the child. "At last that boy laughed; so I got a little mad, and I thought he was making fun of me. So I made a face—just a little bit of a face,—and he made a terrible mouth at me. Then I put out my tongue at him—"

"Put out your tongue at him, my child! That was very rude."

"What is *rude*, mamma,—what does it mean? All the children at Suzette's, except Victorine (and she is thirteen), put out our tongues when they were mad. Is it not the custom here?"

"No, my darling!" was the reply. "You have much to learn, Anselm; and I fear your mother has also. But what followed?"

"I said: 'Ba-ba-ba—la-la-la—ma-ma-ma!' And he mocked me, and looked at me so fierce, and his face got horribly ugly."

"And then?"

"I shook my fist at him, and—"

"You shook your fist at him! Where did you learn such rude ways?"

"Suzette shakes her fist always at the children when she is angry; and so does Punot, before he strikes them."

"Well?" said Madam Florian, in a low tone. "What followed?"

"He thrust *his* fist in *my* face, and then I struck him with all my might. But he was stronger than I, and hit me back, and

threw that picture on me. I don't know where he is now. He ran away, I think, when he heard you coming,—the naughty boy!"

"My dear child," said the mother, "let me explain. As long as you smiled and looked pleasant at the little boy, he smiled also; did he not?"

"Yes, mamma."

"It was only when you began to make grimaces at him that he did the same; was it not?"

"Yes, mamma."

"You mocked him first, and struck him first?"

"Yes, mamma."

His mother then arose, took him by the hand, and, replacing the mirror on its stand, bade him look at the double image therein represented—her own and his. After explaining that the mirror but reflected the likeness of those who stood in front of it, she continued:

"It is only a looking-glass, my boy; but it is, in a certain sense, an emblem of the soul. When you are good, obedient and cheerful, your soul is pure and unstained; you are pleasing to God, to yourself, and to those around you. But when you become angry, or make use of rude gestures, or assume rough, threatening attitudes, your mood is reflected in the clear mirror of the soul, and your whole being is changed. What once appeared fair is now grown repulsive; and the bright, beautiful mirror becomes tarnished and ugly, often to the bodily destruction of its owner, as the one before which we stand might have injured you severely when it fell beneath your clenched fist from its pedestal. My son, from this moment never forget that whatsoever we do, be it good or evil, is never entirely effaced, but leaves an indelible imprint on the soul."

Young as he was, Anselm never forgot this lesson; for long after the death of his mother, when speaking of her I referred to our conversation, he assured me that

it had left a salutary impression on his mind, that had not failed often to recall her words when he was about to perform some hasty act, or carelessly omit a duty.

"It was," he said, "the first step in the education of both mind and soul; and if there is any virtue in me, it is due to the precept and example of my mother, first instilled on that eventful morning when I tried to annihilate the boy in the mirror."

Poor Bobby's Fidelity.

The story of Bobby, the famous and faithful terrier of Edinburgh, has been told many times and in many ways, but it is always substantially the same. After finding that poor Bobby insisted upon lying upon the grave of his master in the old Greyfriar's Churchyard, the sexton was at first disposed to exclude him; however, the sight of the faithful dog outside the gate, with his nose pressed against the cold iron, was more than he could resist, and he finally let him in, and even fed him.

For eleven years poor Bobby kept his watch by that grave, an example to a world of human beings who so readily forget. At noon each day, as the mid-day gun was fired, a restaurant-keeper carried him his dinner. Once there was an especial dog-tax levied, and many of Bobby's admirers asked to be allowed to pay for him; but the Lord Provost said that Bobby had earned the right of exemption.

The winters of Edinburgh are very severe, but Bobby did not mind the cold—or did not seem to,—and resisted every invitation to go elsewhere to a comfortable home. At last he died, and then the people raised a monument in memory of his fidelity; and somebody wrote some verses, which, changed a little from the Scottish dialect, so that you may understand them, run as follows:

The days and years have come and gone,
 'Tis very long, they say,
 Since first they put my master here
 And wept and went away.
 I could not and I did not go,
 For all they vexed me sore,
 And boldly said nor they nor I
 Should ever see him more.

I know he's near me all the while,
 And I shall see him yet;
 For all my life he tended me,
 And now he'll not forget.
 Some happy day I'll hear his step,
 There'll be no kindred near;
 They wept, you know, and went away,—
 But he shall find *me* here.

Is time so long? I do not mind.
 Is it cold? It matters not.
 He's near me, and he'll come to me;
 Till then I bear my lot.
 I thank you all who are so kind,
 And feed me every day;
 You're very good, but you're not *he*,—
 You'll not wile me away.

I'll bide and hope! Do ye the same;
 For once I heard that ye
 Had too a Master that you loved,
 And yet you might not see.
 A Master, too, that cared for you
 (Oh, sure you would not flee!)
 That's wearying to see you now—
 You'll keep your watch, like me!

Birds of Favor.

More than three hundred years ago a lady of London left, by will, a sum of money, the interest of which was to be used in buying grain, to be thrown daily from the steeple of a certain church near which the doves were wont to gather. It is said that the terms of the will have been scrupulously observed, and that doves still fly to that old church at a regular hour for their dinner.

Some of our young people may have been in Venice, where another flock of doves is fed before St. Mark's Cathedral,—that sacred building which is a peerless shrine for the relics of its patron Saint.



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

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Ad Corpus.

A Servant of Mary in the Sixteenth
Century.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

© H, thou maligned, misunderstood!
He looked, and saw that thou wert
good:

He did not think thee mean or low.
He set thy pulses all aglow,
Thy heart-beat and thy deep desire
He lit at His own heavenly fire;
Thy clay unto His image bent,
And through each lifeless atom sent
The force of His own will divine;
And shaped in beauty every curve and line.
He deemed not this enough for thee:
Creator, too, thou wert to be
Of thine own image, and will-free.

By all these truths thou shalt not die.
In grave-dust though for years thou lie,
And men forget and nations fall,
Fear not thy rest. He will recall
Thine ashes from the winds or wave,
The sculptured shrine or lonely grave.
Thou, the good work of His own hand,
In His own time shalt rise, and stand
And wed again the chastened soul
Which was thine ancient bliss and dole.

To love something more than one's
self—that is the secret of all that is
great; to know how to live for others—
that is the aim of all noble souls.—*Emile
Souvestre.*



T. FRANCIS BORGIA, one
of the earliest and greatest
saints of the Society of Jesus,
was no less eminently a servant
of Mary than that other great son of
St. Ignatius in the seventeenth century,
St. Francis di Geronimo, whose devotion
to the Immaculate Mother of God has
already been mentioned in the pages of
THE "AVE MARIA." These two Saints
differ, it is true, in nationality, birth
and parentage; for Francis di Geronimo
was an Italian, born in a lowly rank of
life, while Francis Borgia was the son
of a Spanish grandee of high position.
Their respective spheres of action were
widely different; for Francis di Geronimo
remained to the end of his days a simple
missionary, whereas Francis Borgia ruled
the Society as its third General. And
yet they were kinsfolk and brethren; for
the Mother of Jesus was their Mother,
and the Queen of All Saints was in a
special degree the object of their loyal
homage and veneration. Never did a
loving mother reward more kindly the
filial affection of a son, or gracious queen
recompense more liberally the faithful
service of a subject, than did our Blessed
Lady in the case of St. Francis Borgia.
Don Juan Borgia, the third Duke of

Gandia and father of the Saint, was the descendant of a long line of illustrious ancestors. He married Doña Maria of Arragon, granddaughter to the Catholic King Ferdinand, and cousin to the Emperor Charles V. She was a model Christian matron, being throughout her life distinguished for her great charity to the poor, her kind condescension to her dependents, her unceasing care for the pious training of her children. Nor was the Duke less remarkable for piety and virtue. It was his invariable custom to assist, with all the members of his family, at the sermons in the principal church of Gandia; and whenever the Blessed Sacrament was taken to the sick, it was his habit to accompany the Sacred Host, bearing a lighted torch in his hand. The deep reverence of his demeanor on such occasions impressed all who beheld him.

Francis, the eldest son of these exemplary parents, was born on the 28th of October, 1510. The sufferings of his mother at his birth were so prolonged and severe that the physicians feared her life as well as that of the child must inevitably be sacrificed. To avert so great a calamity, Masses were said and many prayers offered up to the Mother of Mercy. The Duchess, who was fully aware of her critical condition, had all her life felt a lively devotion to St. Francis of Assisi. She then made a vow that if she were safely delivered of a living son, she would give him the name of the Seraphic Saint. A few hours later all danger was past.

Even during his babyhood Francis' mother took the utmost care that his attendants should all be pious and virtuous persons, in order that he might from the very first breathe an atmosphere of religion. Before he could speak distinctly he tried to utter the names of Jesus and Mary. By the time he was five years old he was already remarkable for devotion to the Mother of God. He delighted to

collect pictures of our Blessed Lady and the saints, and arrange them upon little altars. He was scarcely ten years of age when he had the misfortune to lose his wise and tender mother, to whom he was fondly attached. His sorrow for her loss was deep and lasting, contrasting strangely with the evanescent feeling usually shown by young children.

Francis, who during his youth strove with the utmost diligence to perfect himself in virtue, and gain an ever-increasing knowledge of the things of God, early began to entertain serious thoughts of withdrawing from the world, for the purpose of consecrating himself wholly to the service of his Lord and Master. But the will of his father in the first instance, and later on his own inclination, led him to walk for a while in a very different path. When he was eighteen his father, who stood high in the favor of Charles V., introduced him at court, where his beauty, his engaging manners, his brilliant talents, and distinguished connections, won for him a flattering reception. Were we writing a biography of the Saint, it would be necessary to give an account of the pious and holy life he led at court, his watchful supervision of his household, his wise government of the province over which he was made viceroy, his judicious administration of the ducal estates to which on his father's death he succeeded; and the friendship, affection, and esteem which the Emperor Charles V. entertained for him. For our present purpose suffice it to say that the seductions of rank and wealth, the favor of princes, the pleasures of the world, never caused him to swerve for a moment from the strict path of duty and virtue. Both before and after his marriage it was his invariable custom to assemble the members of his family, his servants and retainers, every night to recite the Rosary; and frequently he addressed to them short sermons, exhorting them to the love and imitation of Jesus and Mary.

We must, however, briefly relate the circumstance which, occurring when he was about thirty years of age, had the effect of moulding and influencing his whole after life.

Francis was in attendance upon the Empress Isabella at the time of her death; and the Emperor, knowing how great was his attachment to his royal mistress, requested that he should escort the corpse to Granada, where it was to be entombed in the vault of the chapel which King Ferdinand had erected as a burial-place for the monarchs of Spain. When the coffin was brought into the vault, custom required that it should be opened, in the presence of the clergy and the principal personages of the city, for identification. Francis was then to take an oath that the deceased was none other than the Empress, the consort of his Imperial Majesty Charles V., and sign a formal attestation to that effect. No sooner, however, was the lid removed, than the spectators perceived that, although scarcely a week had elapsed since the death of the Empress, decomposition had reached so advanced a stage that recognition was an absolute impossibility. The corpse presented a ghastly sight indeed, and so overpowering was the effluvia proceeding from it that all present recoiled in horror from the terrible spectacle. Francis alone remained rooted to the spot, his eyes fixed on the disfigured countenance once so beautiful. By the grace of God, this awful sight wrought a change in Francis' heart,—a change more marvellous than that which death had wrought in the Empress' body. With many sighs and tears he lamented his worldliness, his unfaithfulness to the inspirations of grace, his love for the things of time and sense. Over and over again he repeated these words which are inseparably connected with his name: "Never more, never more will I serve a master who can die."

The impression made upon Francis' mind was never obliterated. He deter-

mined to hold himself aloof, so far as possible, from court life and worldly pleasures, while waiting to see what the will of God might be concerning him. Meanwhile he made a vow that, should he survive his wife, he would enter some religious order; if his age, state of health, and external circumstances permitted.

It was in the early part of 1546 that the Duchess, Francis' admirable and devoted wife, was taken from him. The grief of her husband was profound, not only because the parting with so beloved and faithful a companion was bitter to him, but because he was well aware of the irreparable loss the death of so Christian and watchful a mother would be to their children. Immediately after the obsequies were over, he retired to a monastery, in order to spend some days in prayer for her soul and in meditation on his own future. The conviction was irresistibly borne in upon him that the day had now come for him to fulfil the solemn promise he had made seven years before. He resolved to embrace the religious life; and a retreat, made under the direction of the Blessed Peter Faber, S. J., served to foster this resolution. The question that remained to be decided was what order he should enter. At the outset he felt strongly attracted by a penitential order, in which he could spend the remainder of his days in retirement and solitude. Again his eyes turned lovingly to the Franciscan monasteries; the religious austerities and the extreme poverty practised there delighted him, while he would have opportunities of working for the salvation of others. There remained the Society of Jesus, then in its infancy, but already hated, attacked and persecuted. This persecution and opposition mainly influenced Francis Borgia in wishing to join it. The difficulty of decision was removed by our Blessed Lady herself, who vouchsafed to intimate what was the will of God and her wish in this regard.

“As time passed on,” his biographer tells us, “Francis began to perceive that whenever his choice seemed to turn definitely toward the Society, his soul was filled with joy and consolation. When, on the other hand, he turned his thoughts in a different direction, a chilling lethargy crept over his spirit, depriving him of all sensible love of God or delight in holy things. Mistrusting himself, and not desiring to rely on his own judgment and feeling where so important a decision was at stake, Francis laid bare his whole interior to his confessor, leaving the final determination in his hands. Day by day the priest offered the Holy Sacrifice with the intention of obtaining light and guidance from on high, while Francis prayed and waited, and found the interval painfully long. At last the morning came when Father Texeda, on coming out of the sacristy after Mass, took him solemnly by the hand, and said: ‘My Lord Duke, both God and His Most Holy Mother desire that you should enter the Society of Jesus.’ Francis inquired in what manner he had been led to speak in such unequivocal terms? ‘After making my usual meditation,’ replied the Father, ‘I prostrated myself upon the ground, and with copious tears implored the Queen of Heaven, the Morning Star, to enlighten my mind. Shortly afterward I heard a sound which caused me to look up, and I saw Mary herself standing before me. With ineffable sweetness she smiled upon me and said: ‘Tell the Duke to enter the Society of my Son; for this is my wish, and it will be most pleasing also to Him. Tell the Duke, too, that he is to extend and glorify in the eyes of all men this Order, now so poor and despised; and that he is to be the means of rendering great services to the whole Church.’

“Francis was overwhelmed with confusion on finding himself thus favored by the Blessed Virgin, and at once retired to his oratory in order to pour forth his soul in

thanksgiving. Whilst on his knees before her image, he heard a voice addressing him. ‘Francis,’ it said, in accents full of tender affection, ‘hesitate no longer. Enter into the Society of my Son.’ Francis, as we have said, had always been remarkable for his devotion to the Mother of God. It will readily be imagined that, after the occurrence we have just related, this devotion was increased tenfold. He used always to say that to Mary he owed his vocation; and later on, when he found himself in a position of authority, he taught all those under his influence to love and honor her in like manner. Nay, more: he insisted that they *should* do so. ‘For,’ he used emphatically to declare, ‘it would be a monstrous thing indeed if any one were to belong to the Society of Jesus and not love, serve, and revere the Mother of Jesus.’ *Regina Societatis Jesu, ora pro nobis!* was an invocation constantly upon his lips.”

Among all the virtues upon which St. Francis laid stress when he admitted novices, devotion to the Blessed Mother of God stands out prominently. He considered it as an infallible mark of vocation to the Society, and those who were wanting in it he viewed with no hopeful eyes. Meeting in one house, which he visited in his capacity of Commissary General (an office which does not now exist in the Society), with several novices who appeared to possess little if any of this devotion, he gave orders that they should be watched with the utmost care, as he feared that they had no true vocation. The event fully justified his suspicion. Two or three fell into grave faults, and were sent away; the rest left of their own accord.

In the course of one of the numerous journeys which the Saint undertook in fulfilment of the duties of his office, through confidence in Our Lady he not only escaped from the danger to which he was exposed, but was the means of preserving his companion, Father Bustamante, from harm. The road which the travellers

were following lay through a rugged and mountainous district. At the end of a narrow defile, the bridle-path skirted the brink of a tremendous precipice, at the foot of which flowed a stream of water. Francis was riding on first, absorbed in meditation. He had passed the dangerous place, and was already on a wider part of the road, when the mule which Father Bustamante was riding all at once lost its footing and slipped over the edge of the precipice. The rocks were steep and destitute of vegetation, so that the animal struggled in vain to recover its feet, and at last rolled over and over until it reached a small plateau, where it lay, stunned and motionless, with Father Bustamante underneath it. He had partially lost consciousness, but ceased not to invoke the names of Jesus and Mary. At the time of the accident he had been reciting the Rosary, and he still held his beads firmly clasped between his bruised fingers. Francis' attention was called to the critical position of his companion by the loud cries of some peasants who were tending their goats upon the mountains, and, having witnessed the accident, came running up to proffer their assistance. The Saint raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed, in a voice of tender piety and devotion: "May Jesus help thee! May the Mother of Mercy deliver thee!" Scarcely had he uttered these words when the mule, by dint of a desperate effort, regained its feet. Father Bustamante, released from the weight of the animal, arose from the ground, as if nothing had occurred, and looked calmly round him, rosary in hand. Perceiving a winding path, safe and smooth, which led from the ledge of rock where he stood to the path from which he had fallen, he remounted his mule, and was soon by the side of Father Francis, both the rider and his beast being entirely unharmed.

In connection with the purchase of a site for the college which St. Francis

founded at Placencia, a singular circumstance occurred, which testified how truly he and all his undertakings were under the protection of our Blessed Lady. It had already been arranged that the house and chapel which he intended to build at Placencia should be dedicated to *Maria Santissima*, and the proposal was made to a wealthy landowner, who possessed a considerable tract of country close to the city, to sell to the Society a piece of ground sufficient for the purpose. The landowner was a very pious man, devout to Our Lady, and it was explained to him that the future college would be placed under her special care. Great, therefore, was the surprise of the solicitor through whom the application was made when he received a curt and positive refusal. The landowner declared, in the most decided terms, that he would have nothing to do with the college. This unexpected proceeding was entirely owing to the evil influence of his wife, to whom he was fondly attached, although she was by no means a model woman.

Both husband and wife experienced before many weeks the effects of having provoked the anger of the Queen of Heaven. For she who delights to be invoked by her loving children under the title *Mater Amabilis*, and who is so beautifully described in the Cantic of Canticles as "coming forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun," can also show herself, as the text continues, "terrible as an army set in array."* Shortly after the incident narrated above, the gentleman and his wife set out on a journey to the Pyrenees. They had not proceeded far before the lady was attacked by a painful malady. She entirely lost her breath and power of speech; her groans were distressing, and she appeared to be on the point of dying from suffocation. Medical aid was of no avail, and her death was hourly looked for. In the midst of his grief

* Cant., vi, 9.

and alarm, it suddenly occurred to her husband that this misfortune was owing to the want of devotion to Our Lady which he had shown, by refusing to sell a portion of his land when it was wanted for so pious an object. Leaving his wife, notwithstanding her critical condition, he rode with the utmost speed back to Placencia, and went straight to the Bishop, humbly begging him to accept as a gift as much land as was needed for the site of the Jesuit college. He then narrated what had happened, and implored the episcopal blessing for the wife he had left in the agonies of death. When he returned to the inn, behold his wife stood in the doorway, ready to greet him as he dismounted from his horse, fresh and vigorous as ever, restored to the perfect health she had up to that time enjoyed. She said that she had begun to recover as soon as her husband had started for Placencia, with the good intention of making amends for his past churlishness."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

From Shore to Shore.

III.

MLLE. GRAUDET, from long experience, felt disposed to doubt the sincerity of her cousin, in spite of her assertions that she was not aware of the whereabouts of Elizabeth Neville. Madame Latourière, a worthy woman in many respects, was, unfortunately, the owner of a very elastic conscience, of which her own interests and those of her family were the sole guide and measure. This Mlle. Graudet knew, and she therefore considered it necessary that she should be on the spot if she wished to help George in his unhappy love affair. If she had arrived in New York when she had intended, all might have been well; but a business complication connected with her Louisiana

plantation delayed her, and her departure was postponed.

When Madame Latourière wrote to her cousin that she knew nothing of Elizabeth's present abode, she told the truth, but not the whole truth. She might have added if she had thought fit that, in her opinion, it would be no difficult matter to discover it. Some time elapsed before she began to realize that her son was deeply interested in an affair which at first had appeared to be merely a violent fancy, to be dissipated as soon as possible, because it did not coincide with her own plans for his future welfare and happiness. When the conclusion was forced upon her, she mentally receded from her first position in so far as to write to Ireland, to the Bishop of X., and make some inquiries about the runaway. In her heart of hearts she knew that a short journey to Philadelphia would be more than likely to result in a meeting with her face to face; for it was in that city that the American branch of the Order she had thought of joining was established, and her quondam protectress knew she had been in correspondence with the Sisters while in New York, and she herself had given Elizabeth permission to pay them a visit in the near future. Therefore, nothing could be more natural than that she should have hastened to them in her hour of need, especially as she had taken nothing with her but a small satchel of clothing, and a trifling sum of money; preferring, no doubt, in her just pride and girlish indignation, to leave behind her all mementos of the short past which had suffered so sudden and mortifying a conclusion.

Madame Latourière was too thoroughly a woman of the world not to have read correctly the signs of the girl's character, which, from the very fact of its superiority to her own, she had often admired; for she was wise enough to appreciate even where she could not or would not imitate.

Consequently, her mind was at rest with regard to any possible evil results that might follow from the hasty step Elizabeth Neville had taken. She knew her to be cool, clear-headed and pure-minded, with a solid foundation of virtue and sufficient natural pride to enable her to take care of herself. So, while little by little, distressed at the alienation of her son, she professed to be greatly alarmed at the disappearance and prolonged silence of the young girl, in her heart of hearts she congratulated herself that events had been ordered to her liking, deeming it merely a question of time when his fancy for her would pass away. This was at first, when she did not propose in any way to retard that desired consummation. Ambitious for him she had always been, and would be to her dying day; and it was not in her plans that he should marry a dowerless girl, no matter how great her beauty or how pure her lineage. Sooner or later she hoped and believed he would accede to her wishes, and marry where she wished him to marry. Although Elizabeth had become very necessary to her, and under other circumstances she would have mourned her departure, all else was lost sight of in view of the consequences that might have ensued had the old state of things continued. Besides, the girl had spared her the necessity of dismissing her,—something she would not have relished; for she was not a cruel-hearted woman. Providence had ordered it, the good woman reasoned. Not for a moment did she believe that Elizabeth had been eaves-dropping, albeit that in the heat of anger she had so indicated to her son. Probably the young girl had returned to the drawing-room for something she had forgotten, and had thus become an unwilling listener to the argument between mother and son.

As the days went by, and Madame Latourière grew more cool and rational in her thoughts, she saw that it behooved

her to pursue a different line of action. Her son was desperately in earnest, and very unhappy. Fearing that if she deprived him of her sympathy, much less opposed him, he would be equal to instituting a plan of inquiry which would altogether defeat her intentions, she suddenly one day relapsed from stern and haughty silence into tears, and felt the battle half won when he came forward from the corner of the room, where he had been pretending to read, and kissed her on the forehead. From that time they appeared to work in concert—to be of one mind; and it soon came to pass that Madame Latourière bethought herself, all in a moment as it were, of writing to the Bishop of X. She thought she knew her man; having had a couple of interviews with him; and she was not mistaken. The answer came speedily. It was curt and to the point, informing her that his relative was in safe hands, and desiring that she would relieve her mind of all fears concerning the future of the girl, who was not utterly friendless, as the letter of Madame had inferred.

The gratified mother subdued all evidence of exultation when she showed this short epistle to her son. It had indeed relieved her mind, and now time must do the rest for the boy. But, to her amazement, he stormed and raved, announced his intention of going to Ireland forthwith and taking her by force, if necessary, from the stronghold of the Church, as he rather wildly termed the convent where he supposed she had taken refuge. His mother endeavored to show him the folly of such a course. In her opinion, it was certain she had not gone to Ireland—as yet, at any rate,—but had sought the shelter of some conventual roof in America. Thereupon he rushed out of the house, and reappeared with a Catholic Directory, on the pages of which he vainly essayed to point out the possible retreat of his beloved.

His mother did not tell him that a motion of her finger could have directed him to the address of the convent where she believed the girl to have gone. From her point of view, it would have been to connive at his ruin, so she preserved a discreet silence. Meanwhile he fretted and fumed, was by turns moody or cross; his former occupations did not seem to interest him, and Madame Latourière was at last compelled to acknowledge to herself that she had made a mistake. It had become evident that her son was deeply interested in the girl, whose absence she now also began to mourn, since it had worked such a revolution in their formerly happy household.

The vision of a penniless bride began to appear less forbidding when that bride wore Elizabeth's crown of shining hair; and she even saw herself in the not far distant future introducing the young woman as the wife of her son, and enjoying the comments of admiration, not unmixed with envy, which the beauty of her daughter-in-law to be would not fail to elicit from the dear five hundred whom Madame Latourière called the cream of society. It never occurred to her that she might possibly meet opposition from any quarter as to this desirable termination of her difficulties. In her imagination, when she suffered it to run loose, Elizabeth was pictured as a dishevelled damsel, looking eagerly forth from behind the convent lattice, awaiting the arrival of her deliverer; which in this case was not to be, as of old, a handsome young cavalier, mounted on a gayly caparisoned steed, but her own indubitable self, who would fold her capacious arms about the forlorn girl, and invite her to return to her motherly bosom. Thence all would be plain sailing.

Her plans matured, Madame Latourière resolved to surprise her son, now growing more restive and discontented every day. She felt that his unhappy condition was a

reproach to her; and she acknowledged to herself that the reproach was just. She loved him, she had wounded him. Through her, who lived but for him and his happiness, had come his evil day: through her, who would willingly have died for him, should come his springtime of love, his summer of content.

In the solitude of her chamber at midnight, after a half hour spent on her knees, she wrote to the superior of the convent where she supposed Elizabeth had gone. On the next day but one the answer would arrive—she never doubted its import. The following week she would go for Elizabeth; and, returning with her, would introduce her as the promised bride of her son, her own adopted daughter. The wedding would follow as soon afterward as a suitable *trousseau* could be prepared,—one in all things befitting so fair a bride and the chosen of a Latourière. So dreaming, Madame fell asleep.

On the next day but one the answer *did* arrive, but it was not as Madame had expected. The superior wrote:

PHILADELPHIA, May 6, '73.

DEAR MADAME:—The young girl of whom you make inquiry was with us from the beginning of October until within a few weeks ago. She was married early in March, and has left the United States. If you wish to have her present address, we can send it to you.

Yours sincerely,

SISTER MARY BRIDGET.

The letter dropped from Madame Latourière's nerveless hand. Disappointment, anger, mortification, and a keen pang of regret, mingled in her surprised soul. The fabric of her dreams, her son's future, were shattered by one cruel blow. A cold sweat broke out on her forehead. Her poor George! What would become of him? Mechanically opening her secretary, she pushed the messenger of ill tidings far back in a drawer, then flung herself upon her bed in a storm of sobs and

weeping. Her grief was deep and more than she could bear. That very night another messenger came to summon her,—the dread messenger whose call none dare gainsay, whether ready or unready.

George Latourière learned too late that his mother had suffered from an organic weakness of the heart, which she had concealed from him, and which he accused himself of having aggravated by what he humbly called his selfish disregard of her condition. He mourned for her deeply and long, and months passed before he alluded to the unfortunate occurrences which had temporarily estranged him from her. His Cousin Clémence, who had arrived from the South, intent on this business, a couple of days after his mother's death, had delicately refrained from any mention of it, thinking it in good part to wait his pleasure in a matter which had but a short time previous seemed so near his heart; but which might, after all, have been but a fancy, dissipated and forgotten in the deep grief occasioned by his mother's loss.

But one day in autumn he remarked: "Cousin Clémence, this is the anniversary of Elizabeth's departure. Since that day she has never been absent from my thoughts." Then he opened the flood-gates of his bereaved soul, and she knew that it was no ordinary love which had taken possession of his life. The confidence seemed to cheer and revivify him; for she had found him greatly changed. "We will look for her," she had said; "and, unless the earth has opened and swallowed her, we shall find her. But, George, you must not forget to take into account that she may neither care nor be persuaded to care for you." To this he had answered lightly, with the confidence and unconscious egotism of youth and love in his eager voice.

With their ultimate purpose in view, she went that night to the long-unopened

secretary of Madame Latourière, hoping to find there some address or scrap of writing which might aid them in their inquiries. After long search she found the letter which her cousin had hastily thrust away in the moment of her disappointment and chagrin. With a heavy heart she showed it to George the next morning. After reading it, he calmly threw it into the fire, and walked slowly out of the room. "Poor mother!" he said that night, after a long silence, as they sat together in the library. "Very likely she had just learned it, and hesitated to tell me. Poor mother!" He said no word of Elizabeth, nor did she; and the subject was never again mentioned between them.

George remained unmarried; and as the years passed and Cousin Clémence watched his character develop, she said that he had seasons of depression and loneliness, and wondered if they had not something to do with a memory idealized and treasured, the half-told story of his early youth. Often, too, she would watch him as he absently, but caressingly fingered, the tiny crystal locket which always hung from his watch chain. At such moments the little old maid would heave a sigh, and turn away lest he should discover the tear that made her eyes grow dim. For hers was a faithful, loving heart, that had cherished him from his babyhood; while on his part he entertained a deep affection for the only near relative now left them. The tie between them was very strong.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

EACH soul is created to become a beauty and felicity which is in a measure unique; and every one who has attained to a life upon his own lines desires to become more and more truly and manifestly this singular excellence and happiness, for which he alone was born.—
Coventry Patmore.

Did the Dauphin (Louis XVII.) Die in the Temple?

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

TO our mind, one of the most convincing arguments for the theory that the Dauphin did not die in the Temple, and that it was another lad (one already near to death) who was substituted a few days before the pretended demise, was furnished by Dr. Peladan in an article published in a newspaper of Lyons in 1869. According to this physician, "those who performed the autopsy on the presumed Dauphin declared that the death of the child was due to scrofula of long standing.... This avowal destroys forever the theory inculcated by the necrology of Louis XVII. In order to acquire a malady, an occasional cause, an innate or acquired predisposition, is necessary.* Now, from the day when Louis XVII. was consigned to Simon, July 3, 1793, to the day of his pretended death, June 8, 1795, there was not the time physically necessary for the acquisition of a predisposition to scrofula, or for a scrofula to evolve its phases unto 'cachexia' and death. But it may be said that Louis XVII. was scrofulous before his imprisonment. In this case an innate predisposition would have been required—*i. e.*, an hereditary influence. Now, morbid heredity always proceeds from one sex to the other—from father to daughter, and from mother to son. But it is well known that the Emperor Francis I., father of Marie Antoinette, was a man of pure blood; and is it necessary to predicate the

* It is admitted that six months before the demise of the child of the Temple, the Dauphin was in fairly good health. In February he was quite strong. How is it possible that this child, whose blood had always been pure, died of a scrofulous trouble of long standing? Dr. Desault denies the supposition: "I visited him every morning, and each time I found an amelioration."

same of Marie Antoinette? ... Interrogate medical men. If they know history, they will declare: Louis XVII. did not die in the Temple."

We would now draw the attention of the reader to testimonies of some of the members of the committee formed for the purpose of effecting the delivery of the Dauphin from the Temple. A list of these persons, together with several papers of Robespierre, was found among the effects of Courtois, who had received them from the daughter of Duplay, the host of Robespierre.*

BARRAS.—During the exile of this ex-director of the Republic, one day at Brussels, in 1803, he entertained at dinner the Marquis de Broglio-Solari. Bonaparte became a subject of discussion, and Barras exclaimed: "I shall live to see that Corsican rascal hung for his ingratitude to me! I made him what he is, and he exiled me. But he will not be satisfied in all his ambitions, for the son of Louis XVI. is living."

COURTOIS.—While living at Remblusin in Lorraine, Courtois told Aubry, a gentleman of Brussels, that he possessed certain documents which would one day "be of great service to an august personage who had escaped from prison, and for whom the Convention had sought in vain. They said he had died in prison, but his death was a fiction, his escape a reality."

SIEYÈS.—This triumvir is supposed to have been the chief agent in substituting the scrofulous child for the young Dauphin. He is designated as such in many letters received by some of the highest nobles of France during the periods of the Convention, the Directory, and the Empire.

* Louis XVIII. thought, in 1816, that he possessed all the documents of Courtois; but although the royal agents had well searched the premises of the Conventional, they had not discovered the most important. These had come to the hands of Duplay; and they are now, says M. d'Argill, in the possession of an illustrious family, well known for its sufferings in the royalist cause.

DILLON (Arthur).—M. d'Argill cites an unpublished account of the plot styled "The Conspiracy of the Prisons," in which it is stated that General Dillon was to march, at the head of a numerous body of volunteers, against the Convention; and that, having massacred the members of the Committee of Public Safety and of the Revolutionary Tribunal, he was to attack the Temple, deliver the Dauphin, and hand him over to Danton, who had engaged to present him to the people as their sovereign.

DE CHARETTE.—Concerning the important share which this hero, one of the purest glories of French military history, had in the escape of Louis XVII., there are many proofs. We shall cite only two. In the Mémoires of La Rochefoucauld we read: "And was it not well known that shortly after the announcement of the decease of Louis XVII., the Vendéans received with acclamation into the midst of their army the son of Louis XVI., who had been presented to them by General de Charette?" M. Leduarin de Lémou, who was an officer among the Vendéans, says that he "can remember perfectly the Order of the Day announcing the presentation of Louis XVII."

PUISAYE.—Read the proclamation,* issued by this celebrated commander before the expedition of Quiberon: "To the French People! Frenchmen, in the name of God, of your King, and of your legitimate princes... why is this interesting and august descendant of so many kings, the son of that unfortunate monarch who, thinking he could confide in the love of his people, voluntarily placed himself in the hands of his murderers, not proclaimed king and restored to the throne of his

ancestors?... Be the saviors of our country and of our young prince! It is glorious to receive the reward of valor from a King whom we have re-established in his rights." This document is dated at Carnac, on June 30, twenty-two days after the alleged death of the Dauphin.

FROTTÉ.—This Vendéan General, says Thiers, told Napoleon that he could not be ignorant of the escape of the young Louis; and he begged the First Consul to be magnanimous enough to aid the prince in attaining his rights.

THE WIDOW SIMON.—There is extant the testimony of a physician named Remusat, who says that in 1811 he attended a widow called Simon, who, complaining of her lot in being lodged in a hospital, declared that if her "little ones" knew of her condition they would help her. She then said that she was the widow of the Jailer Simon, and that she had just alluded to "her little Bourbons." Remusat telling her that while the princess had been freed from prison the Dauphin had died, the widow exclaimed: "He is not dead!"

To the above testimonies many similar ones might be added; but we shall be content with mentioning that, according to Louis Blanc, the regicide Marceau insisted that Louis Philippe accorded him a pension of 1,200 francs as the price of his silence regarding the Dauphin's escape.* This fact brings us naturally to a consideration of the treatment which Louis XVII. received from his own kindred. Most remarkable and most unnatural was the indifference to his fate shown by Marie Thérèse, Duchess of Angoulême, who had shared his imprisonment. But it must be remembered that during the whole of this princess' adolescence and mature womanhood, false dauphins were pestering her on all sides; and that the courtiers around her, in their own interest, kept strict guard at the gates of her conscience in this matter. She

* "Mémoires de la Vendée," by the Count de Vauban; re-edited in the "Mémoires sur la Guerre de la Vendée et l'Expédition de Quiberon, avec Introduction par M. de Lescure"; Paris, 1887. The proclamation is signed by "Joseph, Count de Puisaye, lieutenant-general of the armies of the King, and commander of the Catholic and royal army of Brittany."

* "Hist. de la Rév. Fran.," edit. 1869; vol. xiii, p. 100.

herself writes that she was never able to come to any satisfactory conclusion concerning the matter, but her very uncertainty would show that she knew of the opinion of Charles X. and of the Duke de Berry, and of the fear of Napoleon that Louis XVII. was living. This apparent perplexity of the Duchess d'Angoulême lasted until her death at Frohsdorf in 1851. Whether the approach of the great enlightener opened her eyes, or merely determined her to a just course, it seems certain, according to the traditions of many prominent royalist families, that just before her demise the princess sent for the Count de la Rochejaquelein, and thus addressed him: "General, I have an important secret to reveal to you; and it is the last testament of a dying woman. My brother is not dead. That has been the nightmare of my life. Promise me that you will take every step to find him; see the Holy Father; search land and ocean for our old servants or their descendants; for France will not be happy until the Dauphin or his heir mounts the throne of his ancestors."*

The Count of Provence was thunderstruck when couriers from the Vendéan chiefs informed him of his nephew's escape from the Temple. † Relying upon the truth of the report of the prince's death the Count had assumed the style and title of Louis XVIII. on June 24, 1795; now he took the title of Regent of France, contenting himself with trying to cast the Dauphin's name into oblivion. He ordered a funeral service for his nephew, but countermanded it when the Pope reminded him that such a celebration was not for a living man. Then he made use of the French police to raise up a number of false dauphins.

The news of the Dauphin's escape was not withheld from the courts of

Europe. Although they are hidden in the secret archives of these governments, documents attest that for some years England, Austria, Prussia, Spain, and the Italian States were well informed of the movements of the royal wanderer. A Prussian Minister of State, M. Rochow, once remarked to M. Laprade: "We know as well as you do that Louis XVII. did not die in the Temple; but to admit this openly would be to dishonor all the monarchies of Europe." M. Morel de Saint-Didier attests that a report, *procès verbal*, of the escape was transmitted to the Austrian Government by the Count de Lamarque, who had been charged by the Emperor Francis with the task of reporting whatever might happen to the august prisoner. The conduct of the European powers in recognizing the Count of Provence as King of France was, in the event of the survival of Louis XVII.—which seems to us indubitable,—contemptible and wicked. But what judgment must be passed upon the Counts of Provence and Artois in posing, the former as Louis XVIII., and the latter as Charles X.? Did not these strenuous asserters of the divine right of kings, when they were stigmatizing Bonaparte as an usurper, tremble at the thought that they merited the brand far more than the conqueror, who had at least the popular vote as a warrant for his audacity? Probably Louis XVIII. was too much of a "philosopher" to feel any qualms of conscience for so small a matter; but Charles X., possessing, as he did, a certain amount of piety and of nobility of character, must have passed many a miserable hour in thinking of his persecuted nephew. And what of the royalists of the present day? Pious as most of them are, and accustomed to discern the hand of God in the turns of human affairs, do they ever reflect that perhaps the wrongs of Louis XVII. were revenged in the second dethronement of the elder branch of their royal family, in

* "La Vérité et le Droit," Paris, 1873; p. 23.

† The authority for this fact is Steiger, ambassador at Berne.

the accession of a usurper of the same blood, in the noble inactivity of the admirable and venerated Chambord, and in their present gloomy prospects for a return to power? God reserves the condign punishment of individuals for the next world; He chastises dynasties and governments here below.

A Ladder of Love.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

NOW is the time when friendship
Reaches to heaven from earth;
Now is the time when loving
Is tested by its true worth.

Wreathed was a grave with blossoms
Only a year ago;
Sad were the tears and the sighing
For a cherished face laid low.

Only to see him a moment,
Only to take the chill
From the coldness of the prison
In which he lay so still.

Only a chance at undoing
The unkind act or word!—
All sacrifice were nothing
Could his dear voice be heard.

All sacrifice were nothing,
Thus our sad hearts say,
If from the gates of vastness
He'd come but for a day.

And now is the time when friendship
Can reach the height of love,
And now is the time when loving
Can touch the Throne above.

For the soul of the friend is waiting
A glimpse of the Vision bright,
And the pain of loss and regretting
Can be made a ladder of light.

A ladder of light, O Christian!—
Though we laid him beneath the sod,
His soul may now by our loving
Be lifted above to God.

The Story of Pierre Toussaint.

BY E. F. CARY.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

WHEN Pierre Toussaint was nearly fifty years old he assumed a new care in the charge of Rosalie's little daughter, when his sister's life of disappointment had ended. Euphemia was the delight of his life, sharing his charities, and responding to his wish that she should be a fervent Catholic, and a useful and well-educated woman.

Toussaint's heart embraced all the world without distinction of race or rank. He educated colored boys and established them in life. He was said to be the chief support of the colored women from the old plantation; and his house was the home until death of Juliette's mother and of his own aunt, Marie Berce-man. Even in his will he left a provision for the benefit of any of his relatives who might be found in San Domingo or elsewhere.

He took great interest in an asylum for white children cared for by Sisters of Charity. "On Euphemia's saint's day," he said, "I always took her with me to the cake shop, and we filled a large basket with buns, jumbles, and ginger-bread, which we carried to the orphan asylum. I told her to ask one of the Sisters if she would give them to the children. When they were sent for, Euphemia stood on one side with me to see them come in; and when they had received the cake they were so glad, and my Euphemia was so happy! One day, as we went there, she asked me: 'Uncle, what are orphans?' I answered: 'They are poor little children who have no father or mother.' For a moment she looked very sad; then she brightened up and said: 'But have they no uncle?' O Madam, I felt so much, so very much, then! I thanked God with all my heart."

Euphemia was a graceful young girl, with an exquisite voice in singing; and the many friends of her uncle showed their respect for him by kind attentions to his adopted child. When at an early age she showed a tendency to consumption, there was no rest for Toussaint night or day. The intensity of his grief seemed to threaten his life. He would sit on her bed, where she lay propped up with pillows, and hand her the articles she wanted, and amuse her with the endless variety of gifts sent to her by his friends.

The Rev. Father Power, came constantly to visit the suffering household. Euphemia was in full sympathy with her uncle in religion; for, as Toussaint's biographer says, "it was obvious that her religious and moral cultivation was the first object with her uncle." He recognized all the blessings of their lot, among them the boon of Euphemia's freedom from severe pains. "I thank God for all His goodness," he said, humbly. "He is good; we know it here, but my Euphemia will be the first to know it there," pointing upward. She used to rest in her uncle's arms, and tell him what she would do for him when she recovered, and repeat the assurance of her love for him,—a story that never wearied either of them.

The end came soon, and for a long time he could only say to his comforters, "My poor Euphemia is gone," and avoid all society. But in her grave his piety struck deeper, stronger roots than ever; his charities became even more abundant than before, and the affection of his friends was enhanced by a feeling of reverence for him. "His pity for the suffering," it was said, "partook of our Saviour's tenderness at the tomb of Lazarus."

When the yellow fever was in New York, Toussaint would fearlessly cross the barricades to look for those who might be forsaken in the doomed houses. He was an excellent nurse, and was often summoned to watch beside the sick at night.

The poor he served without pay. A priest, whom he found ill with ship-fever, he removed to his own house, and nursed him until he was restored to health.

"Toussaint, you are the richest man I know," said a friend. "You have more than you want; why not stop working?"—"Then, Madam, I should not have enough for others," he replied.

A lady of good position lost much by the fire of 1835, and Toussaint was the first person who came to offer his sympathy. But when it turned out that he, too, had lost by the failure of an insurance company, he promptly checked the efforts of his friends to raise a subscription to repair the injury to his modest fortune. "I do not need it," he said; "others are far more in want of it than I am."

The tranquil happiness of Toussaint's life, when he recovered from the shock of Euphemia's death, lasted for years. He was deeply attached to his wife, who was a woman of good judgment and warm affections; and in his playful, fatherly way he indulged her wishes, and gave her in full measure that freedom which he had purchased for her when she was fifteen years old and he thirty-six. She aided him in his offices of charity, and understood the delicacy of his beneficence.

For months a poor French gentleman, who was ill and suffering, received from this excellent couple his dinner, sent to him daily without the giver's name. "I am well known," he used to say to Toussaint, who often called to see him. "I have good friends. Every day some one sends me a nice dinner, cooked by a French cook." The secret was never revealed to him, lest his pride might be wounded.

Though Juliette was so much younger than Toussaint, he had the anguish of seeing her go before him. It seemed to him impossible that she was going to die. "She is much younger than myself," he argued. "She is strong, very strong. She is nervous; she will soon be better." But

death will not hear reason, and it soon became evident that Juliette must go. Between her room and her husband's there was a small room fitted up as an oratory. "And there," said Juliette, "he prays for me. It is the only comfort he has. He will soon be alone, poor Toussaint!" In this oratory were a *prie-dieu*, a crucifix, and many beautiful emblems of our faith, given to Pierre by his friends.

His life was so perfect, and he explained the teaching of the Church with a simplicity so intelligent and so courageous, that everyone honored him as a Catholic. He would explain our devotion to the Mother of God with the utmost clearness; or show the union of natural and supernatural gifts in the priest; or quote our great spiritual writers in a way to account best for the faith that was in him. When I was young I used to hear Protestants speak with reverence of two Catholics—the great Fénelon and the humble Pierre Toussaint,—and it made a strong impression on my mind.

Toussaint suffered deeply from Juliette's death, and was never again the same man. "It is the will of God," he said; and his life was now wholly devoted to the Church, to works of charity, and to that lovely form of charity not understood by all, daily visits to beloved friends. Through snow and ice his tottering steps carried him each morning to Mass; and later in the day his tall figure, bent with age, was to be seen working its way through the city on errands of mercy. "Do get into an omnibus, Toussaint," said some one; and he replied, good-naturedly: "I can not: they will not let me." He assisted Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, as well as all the Catholic works of New York. His tender heart seemed literally to have no limit to its wealth of charity. Other sorrows came to him in the death of his intimate friends; but at last came the time of release, and Pierre Toussaint died, with all the consolations of the Church,

in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

"Excellent Toussaint!" wrote a lady who visited him every day during his illness; "he has gone to those he loved. On Monday, when I entered, he had revived a little, and, looking up, said: '*Dieu avec moi.*' When I asked him if he wanted anything, he replied, with a smile: '*Rien sur la terre.*' I did not think he was so near the gates of heaven. But on Thursday, at twelve o'clock, his spirit was released from its load. . . . I went to town on Saturday to attend Pierre Toussaint's funeral. High Mass, incense candles, rich robes, sad and solemn music, were there. His friend, the Rev. Mr. Quin, made a most interesting address. He did not allude to his color, and scarcely to his station. It seemed as if his virtues as a man and a Christian had absorbed all other thoughts. . . . He said there were few left among the clergy superior to him in devotion and zeal for the Church and for the glory of God; among laymen, none."

When Juliette was buried, Toussaint wished no white persons to follow her remains; and at his own funeral this feeling was remembered and respected. Only those of his own race followed his bier, but around the grave were gathered many of his white friends. Several newspapers noticed Toussaint's death, with short sketches of his eventful career in New York. A graphic account of him in the *Home Journal*, by the late Henry T. Tuckerman, concluded thus:

"For sixty years he attended Mass at six in the morning, as punctual as a clock, until prostrated by illness. His days and nights were given to visits, ministrations to the sick, attendance on the bereaved, and attempts to reform the erring and console the afflicted. . . . The last time I saw Pierre he was seated among a group of mourners, beside the coffin of a lady venerated for years in the highest social sphere of the city.* She was almost the

* Mrs. Philip Schuyler.

last tie that bound him to the past. He had visited her daily for thirty years, and brought his offering of flowers; and there he sat, with his white head bowed in grief, and every line of his honest sable face wet with tears. It was a beautiful homage to worth,—a beautiful instance of what may be the disinterested relation between the exalted and the humble, when the genius of character and the sentiment of religion bring them thus together. Peace to the ashes of good, noble, loyal Pierre Toussaint!"

Of Toussaint's views on slavery he rarely spoke, and we have no right to pretend to interpret them. He had seen the horrors of a servile insurrection; he had, by his own account, a quick temper, and may have feared to arouse the hidden fires in his own nature. That he valued freedom no one can doubt; for he purchased it for the two women most dear to him—Rosalie and Juliette. That he valued his own race we know; for he always spoke of himself as a negro; and, with characteristic dignity, he avoided all collision with the coarse prejudices of race in those days.

I believe Pierre Toussaint to have been a man who dwelt above the region of human passions and personal interests. He had a strong sense of the dignity of being a creature of God, and no outward circumstance of birth, of station, or even of bondage, could lessen his interior contentment. He was the guide of the broken-hearted woman who owned him; he was the trusted friend of those in whose presence he refused to sit down; he moved as an equal among men inferior to him in manners and education. I believe he never gauged his own merits by any measure of man's making, but said, like St. Francis of Assisi: "What I am in Thy sight, O God! that am I, and no more."*

* The author of this sketch is indebted to a memoir of Pierre Toussaint by the late Mrs. George Lee, of Boston.

In the Path of Pioneer Priests.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

VII.—THE COOK'S EXPERIENCE.

OUR cook, Theophile Rivais, was very peculiar. He was kindly, sympathetic, helpful, and, as a rule, reticent enough. He never took a prominent part in any of our little entertainments by the evening fireside; for he was, in his own rough way, a man of moods. But when he was thoroughly aroused—when some trifling incident in the experiences of the day had awakened him from his customary lethargy into animation, then indeed our Theophile became generous of conversation. The flood-gates of his spirit seemed to open, and a torrent of words burst forth, all the more uncontrollable for the long imprisonment they had suffered. Then Rivais, who had so often proved himself a patient and even an appreciative listener, was metamorphosed into the most tyrannous of talkers; and we all felt that it would be next to useless to attempt to interrupt him.

We were seated round the log fire one stormy night in mid-winter, when we became aware that Rivais was in one of his rare talkative moods, and evidently inclined to be abusive. He railed at everything that was not Canadian. Nowhere else were the fields so green, the snow so pure, the rivers so beautiful, the mountains so rugged and picturesque. When some one ventured to suggest that Rivais had never seen "the castled Rhine," the conversation turned from the consideration of that most entrancing of rivers to a comparison of national characters. The conversation soon became stormy, however, and we were all willing to give up the discussion, when Rivais vaguely referred to a story in which he had played a part, and which he promised to relate at another time. As we were not loath to

"change the subject," and knew well the uncertain temper of our good cook, we instantly demanded the story, and Rivais had nothing to do but to comply.

"Ten years ago," he began, "I came up as cook to Caldwell's drive. The foreman was the notorious Larry Frost, and a young German, named Hans van Derveer, served as clerk. There were sixty-two men camped at the reserve dam when I arrived, and they had already got their timber into the Coulonge. We relied on the June rains and the north waters to effect a rise in the river; and accordingly we worked leisurely along, pushing and poling our logs out of bays and off shoals, until we came to the head of Galarneau's chute. Galarneau's, you know, is one of the most dangerous passes on the whole river; and, as we had not sufficient water to sweep down our immense drive, we camped at the head of the falls on the left bank, and made up our mind to wait for the flood. Meanwhile the logs and timber had been piled up until there was a barrier, fully forty feet high and five acres in extent, across the stream.

"The water, however, was not rising; and, as our provisions were rapidly disappearing, we determined either to abandon the drive or to try an extraordinary plan. Hans said that McLaughlin Brothers had a huge dam at the end of Seven League Lake, which kept back two feet of water upon that great expanse. He added that the McLaughlins did not require this dam, and volunteered to cut it if the foreman would agree. Of course we were all pleased at the prospect of such a flood, and Hans was allowed to go. I was the only member of our party who had ever been at the Lake in question; so it was decided that for three days my chore boy should do the cooking, so that I might be free to accompany Hans.

"We set out for the dam on the morning of the 26th of May, in a small canoe, carrying provisions for four days, our

blankets, and some necessary tools. We reached our destination at noon on the 27th, and at once began to cut the barrier away. We had worked some time and both sides of the dam were almost completely severed; but before giving the *coup de grâce* which would send the whole fabric floating down the Coulonge, we rested a while and rigged our canoe, so as to be ready to follow the flood as it swept onward.

"While we smoked Hans seemed very sad, and I ventured to inquire the reason. He told me that he much regretted having neglected his religion for some years. He saw the countless perils that surrounded us; he did not know at what moment he might be snatched away; he had not prayed nor reflected sufficiently. After several remarks of a similar nature, he asked me if I really believed that a man who seriously desired to be converted, who longed for absolution, but who died in a place like that in which we were, would be pardoned and received into heaven. I told him that if the man were truly penitent I was positive he would be dealt with like one who had received the rites of the Church.

"In a short time we returned to the dam; and, after a few blows with the axe, the huge timbers began to crack, to strain, to grind, until at last, with a thunder-clap, they collapsed, and the whole mass of the framework was whirled down the river. The level of the Coulonge rose seven feet in a few seconds; and, jumping into our canoe, we were swept down the stream without the aid of a paddle. It was dark when we reached the mouth of Victoria Creek; and, although within fifteen miles of our men, we were obliged to land and camp; for it would have been tempting Providence to proceed in the darkness.

"The next morning, before sunrise, we were up and preparing to launch our canoe upon the still rising river, when,

to our surprise, we beheld a well-known Oblate missionary upon the opposite side of the Creek. It was indeed a providential circumstance. We crossed over and greeted him warmly, of course. He told us he had been at Victoria Lake, visiting the Tête-de-Boule Indians; and, having heard of several drives upon the Coulonge, he came this way in hopes of meeting them. Besides, he was anxious to return to Ottawa, and intended to go by way of the Coulonge.

"As we had plenty of room in our canoe, the good Father embarked with us; and while we floated down stream each moment with increasing speed, I told the priest about Hans and the questions he had asked. Being deeply interested in the conversation, and forgetting that the river had been rapidly rising and becoming swifter, we did not notice that we had passed the head of the portage path over Galarneau's chute. We were in the current! There was no possibility of turning back, and there was nothing to be done but to shoot over the surging waters, that had closed around many an ill-fated raftsman. Our only hope was that the great flood might lift us in safety over the rocks, and reduce the height of the falls. We realized our peril fully, but there was no alternative: we were obliged to shoot over the Galarneau falls, over which no man had ever gone and lived to tell the tale.

"The priest, ever faithful to his mission, referred to the conversation between Hans and myself on the preceding day. At that moment there seemed but five minutes between us and eternity; and the good Father, finding it impossible to hear our confession in so short a time, exhorted us to acknowledge our sins in our hearts, to implore the forgiveness of God, and to make an act of fervent contrition. Then in that little canoe, which seemed to take a fiendish delight in hurrying us to our destruction, the Oblate, kneeling between

us two, and holding the crucifix in one hand while the other was raised in absolution, pronounced, in accents wondrously solemn, the remission of our sins. For an instant Hans relaxed his grip upon the paddle to make the Sign of the Cross; and as he turned his face toward the priest, I saw the tears trickle down his cheeks. The next moment we were in the middle of the chute; but we did not go far; for scarcely had we taken the plunge when our canoe was snapped in twain, and we were caught up and whirled about like chips in the vortex—

"I can remember no more," said Rivais, as he concluded his story. "I only know that the priest and I were rescued by the men of our party, who were encamped within sight. The next day the body of poor Hans was found, and buried with all the rites of the Church near the falls where he perished. Before setting out for home I made a large wooden cross, which was reverently set up by the priest. We shall pass by his grave as we descend the river; and if the cross be not still there, I will make another."

I may add to Rivais' simple narrative that the Oblate missionary—Father Fafard—was afterward murdered by the Indians of Big Bear's tribe during the "Northwest Rebellion." He sleeps in a martyr's grave at Frog Lake. The cross still towers over the mound which marks the lonely resting-place of Hans, and Rivais is still the prince of cooks in the shanties along the Black River.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIANITY honors poverty, and counts poverty neither a crime nor a misfortune; and the poor to be the more, not the less, favored class. Consequently, while it relieves distress with a prompt and liberal hand, it never seeks to remove poverty itself by making the poor rich.—
Dr. Brownson.

Golden Tree.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.

UPON my chestnut-tree the year
 Hath hung its parting sign.
 What light is streaming gold and clear
 From that tall tree of mine?

Without, the leaves yet keep their green;
 Within, the leaves are gold.
 The light my gold-heart boughs between
 Sends glories manifold.

In spring my chestnut lit her lamps
 A down the young year's path;
 But now in autumn mists and damps
 A gayer light she hath.

In spring she made my tender veil,
 In summer deepest shade;
 Now, far from rose and nightingale,
 She makes my sun instead.

O paling autumn skies, and chill,
 Bright days of year's decay!
 My small house keeps a glory still
 Finer than in the May.

Turn round, O autumn days! and soon,
 In time of wind and snows,
 My chestnut boughs shall hold the moon
 And a south sky of rose.

Dear days of autumn, turn again
 To winter and to night,
 Yet steep my life in such calm rain
 Of sunshine, pure and bright.

Keep for me yet some gift apart,
 As my tree keeps to-day
 The gold about its golden heart,
 Though spring is far away.

OCTOBER, 1893.

A Book that Needs Revision.

ATTENTION was so frequently called to an offensive notice of the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in the "Catholic Dictionary" on its first appearance, that it was natural to suppose that the editors of that important work would revise the article as soon as a new edition should be demanded. Our notice has just been directed to the fact that the article appears unamended in the new, revised edition of the Dictionary, a general review of which was given in a recent number of THE "AVE MARIA." We remarked that any work of the kind was expected to furnish information at once exhaustive and trustworthy upon every subject of which it treated. We did not say, as a certain Catholic periodical asserts, that "the Dictionary is reliable on every subject which it treats," but that such works are expected to be. As a matter of fact, the book is highly valuable as a whole. Our expectations, however, have not been realized with regard to the article on the Brown Scapular. The information furnished on this subject is the very reverse of reliable, and we have no hesitancy in so declaring it. Having praised the work in general terms, we now feel obliged to denounce it once more for the scandalous article to which we refer. Perhaps we can not do better than reprint what we wrote in a notice of the third edition of the Dictionary:

THE "AVE MARIA" is intended chiefly for perusal in Catholic families; the discussion of mooted points of theology, ecclesiastical history, canon law, etc., is altogether outside its province; it is published for the people, and we are convinced that comparatively few of our readers are interested in foggy disputations on subjects concerning which savants are constantly wrangling. But when, as in the present case, a slur is cast upon a

THERE is only one person in the world to whom we may be severe. There is one who deserves it, and we may vent all our severity on that person—and that person is our own self.—*Cardinal Manning.*

devotion specially dear to the children of Mary—a devotion universally practised by Catholics—a devotion repeatedly approved by the Holy See,—we should be recreant to what we consider our bounden duty did we remain silent; all the more so from the fact that the very object of our little magazine is to honor the Mother of God.

All those who have taken exception to the article in question have contended: (1) That the arguments adduced in the "Catholic Dictionary" to discredit the supernatural origin of the Brown Scapular are groundless. (2) That there exists evidence sufficient, and more than sufficient, to prove the fact of the apparition to St. Simon Stock. (3) That in a matter concerning the honor of a great religious Order; and a devotion dear to the faithful everywhere, it is very unseemly that a Catholic author should take as his authority a book condemned by the Holy See, the production of an unscrupulous writer, disloyal to the Church and hostile to the religious orders. That these points are well established no unprejudiced reader can for a moment deny. The arguments employed are entirely conclusive; the evidence brought to bear can not be rejected; and Launoy is proved a notorious defamer of the religious orders, and an enemy of Rome and of religion. Furthermore, it is shown that the very work on which the author of the "Catholic Dictionary" has based his arguments against the supernatural origin of the Scapular has been on the Index for two hundred years.

It is true that the Dictionary bears the *imprimatur* of high ecclesiastical authority; but it must be remembered that the approbation of such authority could apply only to what is good in the work. It is not to be expected that MSS. submitted for the approbation of ordinaries will be read through and through before such recommendation is granted; hence

the necessity of ability and learning, sound faith, and the instinct that comes of it, in those who undertake to prepare works like the "Catholic Dictionary," which sooner or later are sure to find their way into the hands of Protestants as well as Catholics, and to which those ill informed will turn for authoritative statements of Catholic doctrine, and for full and exact information concerning the ceremonies, councils, rites, discipline, etc., of Holy Church.

In reasserting the honor due to the holy Scapular as a gift from our Blessed Lady's own hands, carrying with it privileges almost miraculous to those who wear it as a pledge of their devotion to her, we can not refrain from quoting two passages from an article in *The Month*,—an article creditable alike to the editor's scholarship, faith, and devotion to the Blessed Virgin:

"We do not believe that there is any practical danger of Catholics placing any undue confidence in the efficacy of the Scapular. We certainly have never encountered an instance. The tendency is quite the other way. One of the strongest practical arguments in favor of the privilege attaching to it is that a continuance in sin almost always carries with it the voluntary or involuntary abandonment of the Scapular. We could quote instances without number which have come under our own experience. Often a Catholic who intends to commit mortal sin will deliberately take off his Scapular. Bad he may be, but not so bad as to insult the Holy Mother of God by wearing her uniform while he is outraging her Divine Son. More often the indifference to holy things which is one of the effects of sin will make him careless, and one day he will forget or neglect to resume it after it has been taken off. Somehow or other, the abandonment of the Scapular is one of the most certain signs which accompany wilful persistency in wrong-doing, and a determined resistance to the grace of God.

"All over the world the Brown Scapular is not only a popular but a universal devotion. Not only is it dear to the faithful, but their confidence in it is unlimited. They accept it as the gift of Mary. Bishops recommend it to their dioceses, missionaries preach it, priests explain it, catechists instruct the children under their care respecting it. One and all, they give the same account of it; one and all, they profess and inculcate their absolute confidence in its celestial origin; one and all, they confirm by their own experience the truth of the promise made—that none wearing it fails to die well; one and all

bear testimony that the hardened sinner, sooner or later, loses or throws off his Scapular,—*Securus judicial orbis terrarum*. In spite of the attacks made upon it by Gallicans and other enemies of the Holy See, in spite of the insinuations of the 'Catholic Dictionary,' this absolute reliance remains, and will ever remain, ineradicably fixed in the hearts of the faithful children of Holy Church. What the *Ecclesia docens* teaches in every country and every age, what the *Ecclesia discens* accepts and approves, what Catholic instinct—the unfailing touchstone of truth in things spiritual—pronounces to be in accordance with the ways of God's Providence, and what an ever-increasing experience confirms and ratifies, can not be rejected without the greatest peril, except where invincible ignorance excuses."

We feel that we have performed a disagreeable duty in once more protesting against this attack on a cherished devotion. In cases like the present, silence would be anything but golden; and we shall feel obliged to decry the "Catholic Dictionary's" article on the Scapular of Mt. Carmel until it is erased from the pages of that important work, or rewritten by a competent and reverent pen. As it stands, the notice is likely to mislead the uneducated, to scandalize the weak, to disgust all lovers of truth, and to wound the heart of every loyal client of the Virgin Mother.

The editorial expressions of THE "AVE MARIA" are not influenced by the consideration of advertising, and we are not in the habit of stopping to reflect whether or not it pays to give our honest opinion of books sent to us for review. It is to be hoped that the one who lately made this accusation against us in print will see the justice of withdrawing it as publicly as it was put forth.

ONE of the many points in which Catholic philosophy shows itself superior to the philosophy of Protestant religionists in the knowledge of the human mind is its distinct recognition of the fact that there are as many degrees of human capacity for holiness as for any other kind of eminence.—*Coventry Patmore.*

The Hard Times.

BY LOUISA M. DALTON.

OUR country is beginning to recover from the shock of one of those grave financial crises we are wont to term panics. The cause of this calamity, which was happily controlled before its grasp had become too tenacious, we leave for others to determine. Whether it was the excessive purchase of silver, the tariff, over-production, or a dozen other things, we do not know, and it does not matter. History is ever singing a familiar song. It seems to be in the order of political economies that the monetary system of a nation shall be disarranged at intervals. The strong, good sense of the country will be even stronger for the lesson; and, judging from past experience, the panic of 1893 will soon be something to be spoken of as a peril that is past.

But, notwithstanding the prospect of a measurable revival of industry, there has been much suffering; and it will increase instead of lessen with the cold weather, according to an inexorable law which governs the workings of communities in a latitude where shelter, clothing and fuel are necessities the greater portion of the year. To find the cause of this panic needs no uncertain conjectures. It is manifestly the undue love of luxury, the straining after a style of living which one's income does not warrant; in short, the universal improvidence of the poor. When the rich are prodigal, they help to preserve the balance; when those of small means fail to provide for the proverbial rainy day, it is another matter. Living from hand to mouth, the men squandering their surplus wages in dram-shops or for tobacco, the women expending all the money they can lay their hands upon for finery or table luxuries,—the approach of

hard times finds them at the mercy of the landlord, and in debt for their daily loaves. It is the wives of the working men, retail merchants say, who are the best patrons of the dry goods dealers; it is the working men themselves who know least of the value of the pennies which go to form a dollar. It is, in short, the absence of simplicity in prosperous seasons which is to blame for the evictions and the pauperism which follow in the wake of every panic. The wife must have her silk gown, the husband must lounge about the cigar shop and smoke with the other jolly good-fellows; and then comes the line of rags and tatters, which waits in pitiable patience before the free-soup kitchen, and the crimes which desperation engenders.

With reasonable health, the provident may, in the prosperous times which are all but perpetual, defend themselves against these periods of depression, and save enough so that they may weather the storm themselves, and even send out a life-boat to those less fortunate.

The Verdict of an Authority.

CATHOLICS are sometimes inclined to look upon parish schools as a mere make-shift—a necessary though, from the intellectual point of view, a very unsatisfactory substitute for the public schools. These schools, it is fondly believed, on account of having more abundant support, employ better teachers and impart more thorough education. It is a well-known fact, however, that those best acquainted with the public schools are least enthusiastic over them. As to their morality, perhaps the less said the better. Prudent parents are often heard to remark that their reason for not sending their children to the public schools is the same which influences them to keep them away from the public streets.

The most vigorous arraignment of the much-vaunted public school that has come to our notice is made by Dr. J. M. Rice in a book entitled "The Public School System in the United States," which has just been published by the Century Co. Some time ago the *Forum* employed this gentleman to make a careful study of our educational system. For more than five months he went from one school to another, and only in four cities in the whole country did he find anything like satisfactory results. Even with the evidence of Dr. Rice, who certainly can not be accused of prejudice, before one's eyes, it is difficult to credit the state of things which he describes. We never had a high opinion of the glorious public school, but now we shall be forced to think less favorably of it than ever. The most intolerant among Catholics will hardly be prepared to receive the charges, set forth with so much authority and dispassionateness; and they who have so bravely borne a double burden for the education of their children will learn with satisfaction that the little ones in parochial schools are taught not only better morals but in all probability better arithmetic than they would be taught in the public schools. We quote one passage from Dr. Rice's work, which we feel sure no italics could further emphasize: "The office of the teacher in the average American school is perhaps the only one in the world that can be retained indefinitely, in spite of the grossest negligence and incompetency." We have read the book from cover to cover, but this quotation will suffice for the present. At some future time we may have occasion to refer to what our author has to say about the workings of the "political pull."

Those who are forever disparaging our parish schools, and who seem to think that the public school system of the United States is one of its chief glories, would do well to meditate on Dr. Rice's

statement. There is no person better qualified to pass judgment on the worth of our educational system than he, and his words go to show that it is because of being so well acquainted with its methods and results that he thinks so ill of it.

Notes and Remarks.

That forged Papal Bull calling for the extermination of Protestants is being industriously circulated in some parts of the country, with a view to influence political sentiment and to intensify prejudice against Catholics. The A. P. A. and other organizations of the kind are likely to cut an important figure in coming elections, and their methods should be noted and combated by every lawful means. As the average Protestant minister, said to say, is generally a supporter of any movement antagonistic to the Catholic Church, it is gratifying to hear of one of them who has the manliness to denounce discrimination against Catholics. The Rev. C. W. Wendte, of Oakland, Cal., seems to be one of these fair-minded preachers. In the course of an address, delivered before a large audience in that city a week or two ago, he took occasion to score severely those who are engaged in circulating the spurious Bull. Mr. Wendte characterized it as "an impudent and shameless forgery for private or political purposes. . . . Not by circulating slanders and forgeries, not by misrepresentation and abuse, but by fair and reasonable argument, and the display of charity, should we pursue our cause."

An esteemed correspondent in England relates the following anecdote, as pleasant as it is edifying: "An old Irishwoman here had a very bad cancerous swelling in the foot, and went to the infirmary for an operation. When the time came, the doctor said to her: 'Now, grannie, you must be chloroformed, because we shall hurt you very much.'—'No I won't,' she replied: 'I won't be chloroformed!'—'You *must*,' answered the surgeon;

'it will be a very painful operation.'—'I won't then,' she answered. 'Give me time to say me prayers, an' I'll have the strength to bear it.' So down she went on her knees before them, and said, loud enough for all to hear, the 'Our Father,' Creed, and 'Hail Mary,' adding an invocation to Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Then, rising, she said: 'Now I'll have the strength.' And she got up on the board, and bore the operation without a cry. The infirmary people—all Protestants—were as much edified as surprised."

The good old creature did not know how closely in this instance she had imitated St. Alphonsus Liguori, of whom it is related that on a similar occasion he sat through a painful operation holding the crucifix in his hands. Through the thoughtfulness of our correspondent the old woman's faith, piety, and absence of human respect, will give edification to thousands of readers. Who can tell what this simple witness to the power of prayer may have effected in the minds of those present? Even one like Mr. Tyndall might wonder at the medicinal properties of such an act of devotion.

A petition representing the women of California has been addressed to the newspapers of San Francisco praying for the abolition of sensational methods in journalism. These zealous ladies express a just appreciation of the energy and enterprise of the modern newspaper, but denounce in unmeasured terms the offensive minuteness with which crimes against morality are set forth. A newspaper, it must be remembered, is too often a mere business enterprise; and the creation of a healthy public sentiment against hurtful and disgusting sensationalism is the most effective argument for "a higher moral tone in journalism." We hope, however, that the editors of San Francisco will remember this petition when forming their New Year's resolutions.

The Church in England has lost one of her most valiant champions by the death of Father John Morris, S. J., who gave up his pure soul to God while in the very act of preaching from the text: "Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's." While still an

undergraduate at Cambridge, Father Morris became a convert to the Church, which he afterward served with such fidelity and success. His tutors in college were Dr. Alford and Mr. F. A. Paley, who subsequently became a Catholic; and the conversion of young Morris at so early an age created considerable stir at the University, and formed the subject of a stormy debate in Parliament. He afterward studied in Rome, where he conceived that great love for the Eternal City which endured throughout his life. In 1867 he entered the Society of Jesus, and at once became the most fervent of novices, as he had previously been the most zealous of priests. His pen was as graceful as it was indefatigable, and his literary labors alone would have constituted the life work of an ordinary man. His favorite work, however, and one which he was eminently qualified to undertake, was that of furthering the beatification of the English Martyrs, and in this cause his enthusiasm and industry were unbounded. Father Morris was sympathetic, helpful, broad-minded, learned and devout; and his sudden death will be mourned not only in England but in America as well, where his excellent books have won for him many warm admirers. May he rest in peace!

President Cleveland's Thanksgiving proclamation is notable for this eminently Christian sentiment: "Let generous gifts of charity for the relief of the poor and needy prove the sincerity of our thanksgiving." This recommendation would seem to indicate a return to the old-time methods of feast-keeping when the poor and needy were made partakers. President Cleveland deserves to be classed among Christian rulers, and his utterances prove that his religious sentiment is deep and genuine.

The inconsistencies arising from private interpretation of the Bible as the sole rule of faith have been pointed out times without number by Catholic writers; but, strange to say, Protestants themselves seem never to have recognized these inconsistencies until recent occurrences emphasized them in a very special manner. The "heresy" of Dr. Briggs, the most consistent of Protestants, is

the most effective argument that can be presented touching this subject. The latest project of the Presbyterian divine is the forming of a "new theology," because "the people have lost confidence in the old." This wholesale disregard for traditional faith is private interpretation with a vengeance. Commenting on this proposal, the *New York Sun* expresses a thought that has been endlessly but ineffectually reiterated by Catholic writers: "Consistently with this doctrine, Dr. Briggs ought to be either an agnostic or a Roman Catholic." We prefer to hope that this heretic among heretics may eventually find his way into the Church, and that he will be one of many earnest Christians who, dissatisfied with the vagaries of Protestantism and repelled by the hopelessness of agnosticism, find true heart's-ease and spiritual peace at the feet of the Vicar of Christ.

Basutoland is a district of Southern Africa which promises an unusually large harvest for missionary zeal. The country itself has been called "the African Switzerland"; and the people, a simple race, are easily won over to the truths of Christianity. A missionary among them relates the following incident in a communication to the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*:

"One day I received a letter from a Basuto man asking me to visit his sick wife. 'You must come; because if she dies without the priest, God will blame you.' His home was seventy miles distant from my mission. Darkness overtook me on the way, and I was wet and hungry when I reached the village where he lived. I asked the natives if they knew where a Catholic woman was lying ill; no one knew, till at last an old Basuto woman exclaimed: 'Perhaps he is looking for the woman that is always on her knees saying the beads.' I soon found the good old creature who said her Rosary. She is living still, and has said many a 'Hail Mary' since then."

As is usual in missionary countries, the people of Basutoland are devoutly attached to the Rosary, that beautiful devotion being the simplest medium for expressing their love for the Queen of Heaven.

The system of "co-education," which was ushered in with such a flourish of trumpets from the "progressive" theorists, is likely to be abandoned with significant silence. The

experiment has been given a fair trial; and the only results obtained have been in some cases disastrous, in all cases very discouraging. It has been found that the young men are little influenced to refinement by the companionship of the gentler sex; and that the young ladies, far from radiating gentleness around them, have with difficulty preserved their native delicacy of manners. Catholics, of course, have been opposed to "co-education" from the beginning, and it is encouraging to know that the most ardent advocates of the system are gradually coming around to our point of view. A writer in the *North American Review* expresses the belief that as "wealth and civilization increase, we shall grow out of this system, and found separate colleges for men and women."

It is not often that Catholics find anything especially important in the utterances of Lord Salisbury, though the English statesman shows considerable penetration whenever he speaks dispassionately. The question of denominational education has again become prominent in England, and in a speech delivered at Preston a few weeks ago the ex-Premier pledged himself and his party to the support of religious education in these noble words:

"Numbers of persons have invented what I may call a patent compressible religion, which can be forced into all consciences with a very little squeezing; and they wish to insist that this should be the only religion taught throughout the schools of the nation. What I want to impress upon you is that if you admit this conception, you are entering upon a religious war of which you will not see the end. There is only one sound principle in religious education to which you should cling, which you should relentlessly enforce against all the conveniences and expediences of official men; and that is that a parent, unless he has forfeited the right by criminal acts, has the inalienable right to determine the teaching which his child shall receive upon the holiest and most momentous of subjects. That is a right which no expediency can negative, which no State necessity ought to allow you to sweep away; and therefore I ask you to give your attention to this question of denominational education. It is full of danger and of difficulty; but you will only meet the danger by marching straight up to it, and declaring that the prerogative of the parent, unless he be convicted of criminality, must not be taken away by the State."

We trust that the day may not be far

distant when an American politician of equal influence will have the courage to point out the duty of our own country on this all-important subject.

Mr. C. A. Doyle, who contributed many of the best sketches to the *Illustrated London News* of late years, passed away peacefully at Dumfries, Scotland, last month. He was one of a well-known Catholic family, his father being the famous John Doyle, author of the "H. B." sketches, and his brother the celebrated caricaturist "Dicky Doyle," who quitted *Punch* some years ago when that journal, then under Protestant control, published an offensive picture of the Holy Father. Mr. C. A. Doyle was also the father of Dr. Conan Doyle, the novelist, who, like our own Dr. Holmes, gave up medicine for literature, but whose writings, we regret to add, are unfortunately more highly flavored with the worldly spirit than with religious faith.

Obituary.

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

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

Sister Mary Anna, of the Order of the Visitation, Frederick, Md.; and Sister Mary Leonilla, of the Sisters of St. Francis, Tacoma, Wash., who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. Nicholas J. Willson, who passed away in Liverpool, England, on the 17th ult.

Mr. Denis Conway, of Philadelphia, Pa., who departed this life on the 6th inst.

Miss Nellie M. Golden, whose happy death took place at Paterson, N. J., on the 19th ult.

Miss Rose M. McCambridge, who breathed her last in Denver, Colo., on the 18th ult.

Mrs. Ada S. Clarke, of New York, whose life closed peacefully on the 20th ult.

Mrs. Margaret E. Norris, of Jackson, Mich., who died a holy death on the 24th ult.

Mr. Edward Murray, of Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. John Turbot, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine W. Crimmins, Somerville, Mass.; Mrs. Mary White, Suspension Bridge, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Lynch, Boston, Mass.; William and Thomas Harrigan, Newark, N. J.; Miss Katherine Harney, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Glass, Detroit, Mich.; and Mrs. Bridget Greely, Roxbury, 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.

*

How Zeke Saved the Family Fortunes.

BY MARY ALLIS.

I.



OME, come, little brother! You aren't playing fair! You were to have the table cleared and the dishes ready to wash while I 'tended to mamma and made the beds. What are you looking at, pray?"

"I'm looking at Ras; he's sharpening his big knife," answered the little boy, who stood by the window. His tone was rather doleful; and when his sister came up behind him and put her hand on his shoulder, he looked up at her so wistfully that she turned abruptly away.

"Well, that isn't keeping your promise, you know. Come now, Dicky; this water's piping hot. We'll do the dishes up in a jiffy, and then we'll go out and help Ras catch the turkey; and to-morrow—oh, *won't* we have a feast! Why, I actually believe you don't even know the smell of turkey, much less the taste of it. It's three years since we had any ourselves; and you were only three and a half years old then, so of course you can't remember it. But before that, before father died, we always had turkey for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and lots of other times. And, then, there was cranberry sauce and pumpkin-pie—

or maybe mince-pie,—and cider and nuts and apples, and everything like that. But you can't remember."

The girl stole a sidelong look at her brother, to see whether her description of the delights of turkey had had any effect. He was trotting briskly to and fro between the table and the cupboard, putting away the few dishes and knives and forks they had used at their frugal meal, and which were now being washed and wiped by deft and long-accustomed hands. For Susie had been housekeeper and maid-of-all-work, though she was but thirteen years old, ever since their mother's health and strength had suddenly failed; and that was almost a year ago.

"Susie," said the little boy, still somewhat wistfully, "is turkey better than chicken,—*much* better?"

"Oh, my, yes! It's just like what roast beef is to soup-meat, or brown sugar to maple sugar, or—or—chocolate drops to gum drops."

Now, chocolate was a delicacy of which Dicky was particularly fond, though the poor little chap had seldom indulged in it. But sometimes, when Farmer Veith went to town, he came back with a small, knobby, and deliciously fragrant package in his pocket for his neighbor's little boy. At the mention of chocolate drops Dicky's visage brightened very perceptibly, much to his sister's relief; for she feared a state of affairs that would put an end to a Thanksgiving dinner. So she added, gayly:

"Now everything is done, and mamma's all comfortable, so we'll go and see if Ras is ready for us. Here's your coat, little brother; and you'd better put on your mittens and pull your earlaps down, for it's as cold as cold can be outdoors. Ready? Come, then; we'll run for it as far as the chicken house."

It was bitterly cold outside. There had been a light flurry of snow some days earlier, followed by a wind that cleared the northern exposure of fence, tree, or hummock, and left the southern side, in consequence, with double its original allotment. Then it had turned cold. And to-day the sun shone from a deep blue sky on a land that glittered and sparkled with frosty brightness, and rang sharp as iron under the heel.

When the girl and boy reached the lee of the chicken house, where they were sheltered from the piercing wind, they faced toward the barn, and saw Ras just stepping out of its door, his big knife bright with sharpness in his hand; while behind him in the barn the grindstone still made some feeble whirring revolutions.

"I thought you two were never coming!" he called, as he walked briskly toward them. "I chased that turkey ten good minutes before I sharpened my knife. Thought I'd get him fastened up in the chicken house, and have him all ready for operating on without your assistance. But I tell you he's sly. I couldn't come within salting distance of him. Did you bring some salt, little brother?"

"No, I didn't," said Dicky. "I can catch him without."

Ras and Susie looked at each other expressively, for Dicky's voice sounded very near to tears. Then Ras whistled softly under his breath, and slipped the big knife out of sight.

"See here," he said, "it's too cold for you to be out. Better go in the house, and I'll take charge of his turkeyship. I reckon I can manage him."

"Oh, no!" said Susie, for she saw that Dicky was determined to stay, and feared that if he was obliged to go in against his will, the catastrophe might be precipitated. "Dicky never tasted turkey since he can remember; and I've been telling him how much better it is than chicken, and about the cranberry sauce, and all that. You'll catch him, won't you, little brother?"

"Yes," he answered, dolefully. And then he began to call, in a spiritless voice: "Here, Zeke! Here, Zekie, Zekie, Zekie! Corn, Zekie! Good corn!"

Presently a fine fat turkey made his appearance from the far side of the chicken house, and eyed the group suspiciously. He evidently knew that Ras was his enemy, and refused to approach. So Dicky went slowly forward with some kernels of corn in his hand, and met his pet more than half way. The turkey, who had always found the little boy gentle and well supplied with corn, was wholly unsuspecting of double-dealing; and so when Ras slipped around the chicken house he found Mr. Turkey quite unprepared for a rear attack; and, seizing him suddenly, he bore the bird, squawking and fighting, toward a big log, which was to be the scene of the execution.

"Better get on the other side of the fence," advised Ras; "'cause I warn you that this gentleman is going to do some fancy dancing directly."

"Let's go in, little brother; I'm 'most frozen," cried Susie.

But the dreadful proceedings seemed to have a horrible fascination for Dicky, who perched himself on top of the fence, his short legs dangling over into the chicken yard. Susie stood behind him to steady him, and unrolled her hands from her apron to shield her eyes from the sight when the blow should fall. Ras poised his gleaming knife, waiting for a chance to strike—when, almost simultaneously, there came a loud squawk from Zeke and a wavering howl from Dicky.

"You sha'n't kill him!" cried the little boy; and then, more vehemently, as Ras made an ineffectual slash: "You sha'n't, I say! He's *my* turkey, and I won't have him eaten. Let him go, Ras; let him go!"

Ras looked at Susie, undecided what to do. She protested pleadingly:

"O Dicky! Why, don't you know that's what he's for? When Mr. Veith gave him to you he said: 'Here, Dicky; here's your Thanksgiving dinner.' Don't you remember?"

"Yes; and he was a little *weensy* chicken," sobbed Dicky; "and just as soft! And I took him in every night, and fed him my own self; and he came every time I called him. And if you think I'm going to eat him for any old Thanksgivings, you're mistaken, Susie Dodger. Ras, you let my turkey go!"

"But say, Dicky, don't you want any good dinner?" pleaded Ras, whose mouth watered for a savory dish. "We haven't had anything good for a month. And I know poor mamma would like some turkey."

"No, she wouldn't. She wouldn't want to eat my Zeke any more than I do, and you're mean to say so."

And the little boy's tears and protestations rose to such a pitch that his sister and brother were obliged, with great reluctance, to let him have his own way. The turkey, with much fluttering and squawking, retired to the roof of the barn, and the three children returned slowly to the house. Ras and Susie were grievously disappointed; but Dicky, having gained his point, protested that he'd "just as lieve eat broiled ham as anything else in the world." So the whole matter was laid before the invalid mother, who couldn't blame Dicky for shielding his pet; while her glance at the same time commiserated the others for their disappointment, and praised them for so kindly giving in to his whim.

"Well," said Ras at length, "I may as well be getting over to Veiths'; they want a lot of wood sawed and split. Would you mind, mamma, if I don't get back to-night? You know the more I do the more money I'll get. And maybe I can buy a turkey over there for Thanksgiving, if Mrs. Veith hasn't sent them all to market."

Mrs. Dodger gave her consent, as there was really nothing to be feared in that isolated neighborhood; and Ras started for his four-mile walk to Farmer Veith's, the blue smoke from whose chimney was the only sign of human life to be seen from Mrs. Dodger's farm.

(To be continued.)

Little John Chinaman in School.

American school-children ought to be very glad that they were not born in China; for in that country there is far more work than play in attending school. According to the *Republic*, little John Chinaman begins his education at the age of five. He rises as soon as the daylight comes, and, having carefully arranged his "pigtail," starts off to school without any breakfast. After a few hours, if he studies well, he is allowed to eat his breakfast, and later on he has some time for lunch. He studies twelve hours every day; and, as these poor pagans have no Sunday nor free-days, the little boys and girls have to work hard every day of the week. Probably most children would prefer to go to school in the United States; and perhaps some of our boys, if they lived in the "Celestial Empire," would strike for shorter hours and longer recess. But in China the boys never strike; that is attended to by the teacher, who always holds a birch rod in his hand, and gives a striking example now and then to the young Celestials:



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

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The Morning of the Presentation.

The Legend of St. Catharine.

THE shadows in the Temple must have fled
 Before the radiance by the angels shed,
 Who hovered round sweet Mary's lily heart,
 That Flower of Eden, from earth's flowers
 apart.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M. D.

"Herken, and Y you will telle
 The lif of an holy virgine,
 That treuli trowed in Jesu Crist;
 Hir name was hoten Katerine."

The wailing echoes of the Advent years—
 A threnody of prophets' hopes and tears,—
 Must have rung forth as notes of jubilee,
 When Mary's name—that word of melody—
 First trembled in the place of sacrifice.
 And when the gentle Maiden raised her eyes,
 What depths of Heaven therein must not the
 priest
 Have seen that primal Presentation Feast!

O Mary, who didst offer thy young heart,
 Wherein no thought save God had e'er a
 part,
 Do thou our hearts make ready, we implore,
 And from them drive dark sin for evermore;
 That, though deep stained, they may accept-
 ance meet,
 As on this day we lay them at thy feet.
 And, Mother, do thou bear them to God's
 throne,
 Our sin-sad hearts, and give them with
 thine own.



MAXIMIN was Emperor of those Roman possessions which lay below and east of the Mediterranean; and Alexandria, then at the height of her greatness, stretched along the narrow line of sand that held out the waters of the sea from Lake Mareotis. It was the time of year when ripened olives hang against a hazy sky, and the grapes are passing through the wine-press. All day long the people had been celebrating the high festival of the god Dionysus; and as the night was closing in, and the light of pharos trembled against the east, the songs and cries of revellers came and went with the wind. From the palace of the General Porphyrius one could see the horns of the African moon burning faintly in the misty Nile; and within the guarded walls, imprisoned for Christ, was the Princess Catharine.

HE who aims only at the lowest is sure never to attain to the highest, but is not unlikely to miss even the lowest.—
Dr. Brownson.

During the day just ended Maximin, with his court, had reclined beneath a magnificent pavilion on the Canopic Way, and watched the procession of Dionysus.

Into the slanting sun of the cool morning the Masque of the Morning Star had swept along the carpet of roses before the imperial presence; and with it went the revel of kings and gods, till the Evening Star came to end the first part of the pageant. Then, with chiming of silver trumpets, the Satyrs and Sileni hurried past. After these came Victories swinging smoking thuribles, and troops of boys in purple robes scattering precious perfumes from golden salvers, and the altar of Dionysus. Next, surrounded by crowds of priestesses, Mænads and Bacchantes, Bessarids and women vine-crowned or garlanded with snakes, was borne the gigantic image of the god. After this had gone by, the Emperor went down to his litter and slowly followed the procession of a thousand boys, that, clad in white tunics and wreathed with ivy, carried to the temple the vessels of gold and silver containing the wine for his guests.

Within the temple the light was dim with fragrant smoke from blazing altars, and the multitude stood close as reeds along the Nile; while over their heads swept the blare of trumpets, the bellowing of frightened bulls, and shouts of priests. The Emperor stood before the god, and as he raised the jewelled thurible, a maiden pressed forward, up to the line of levelled lances that kept back the encircling throng. Tall she was, and graceful as a lotus stalk; and as one might see a starling's wing above apple blossoms in a Northern April, so lay the dark hair above her white forehead. Her snowy *peplon*, from the shoulder where it was clasped by rubies down to the gems on her sandal-thongs, was without ornament, save the royal scarlet stripe around her feet. This was Catharine, the Christian, the daughter of Costis, half-brother of Constantine, and of Sabinella, a queen in Egypt.

"Maximin!" she cried across the spears; and as the Emperor started and turned,

her great brown eyes were gleaming, and her white arms were outstretched and trembling,—“Maximin, there is no god but Christ! Why dost thou lead His lambs astray?”

The Emperor grew slightly pale; then he said, quietly: “Bind the girl! We shall prove if this Christ be a god.”

The ranks opened, the maiden was hurried out, and the sacrifice was finished in peace. The day went on, and the night came; and Catharine, imprisoned in the palace of Porphyrius, awaited the end.

The following day she was brought before Maximin. He was so amazed by her wonderful beauty that he strove to lure her from her faith by kind words, but he failed. It was clear he was loth to put her to death, and at length he said:

“We are told, Catharine, that thou art skilled in the learning of our Alexandrian schools, and we shall see if thy philosophy can show this Christ to be God.”

Then she was led back to imprisonment, until the priests brought philosophers from the Serapeum, that these might prove Christ false. She feared greatly at first, because the defence of the Lord was laid upon her little mind; but the night before the disputation, while she was at prayer, a strange light greatened through her cell, and in the midst thereof shone out a ghostly form. She bowed down in awe, but a sweet voice said:

“Fear not! I am Mark, who first was bishop here. I tell thee the Lord our God hath pleasure in thy faithfulness, and He shall be thy strength.”

Fifty wise men came, but God's wisdom flowed across her lips; and when she ceased they all were still, until their chief arose and exclaimed before the court: “Christ is my only God!”

Then the others, starting up, cried in echo: “Christ is our only God!”

A dumb wrath held the Emperor, and when he could he muttered: “Burn them,

burn them all! But take the girl and scourge her till she die!"

That morning the lictors lashed her in the palace court till the stones ran blood. She thought of Pilate's court, and at last she cried out, "Christ my Love is God!" and she fell. They thought her dead, and she was carried back to the palace of Porphyrius; but with the next day's sun she awoke.

The following night, when she prayed again, the heavy tread of soldiery was heard outside the room. The bolts were shot back, and Catharine saw the old General Porphyrius standing upon the threshold.

"Art thou come, Porphyrius, to lead me to my marriage-feast?" she asked.

"Nay, Catharine; but some of my men are here, and they would speak with thee."

She went to the door, and there, along the broad *ambulacrum*, was drawn up the imperial body-guard. Porphyrius then spoke:

"Catharine, these men and I heard all thy words before the learned men, and we believe. We come to ask thee if Christ thy King will take us in His service."

A flush of joy made the maiden very beautiful, as, through tears, she answered:

"Ah, yes! and He shall pay ye well—to each a throne, and love and rest."

"Love and rest?" cried a veiled lady near the door, whose presence Catharine had not noticed. "Can He give me love and rest?" she asked, as she lifted her veil, and lo! it was Augusta, wife of the Emperor. "I, too, believe in Christ; and I would be a Christian did I fear the certain torture less. I come to beg thee plead for me with Christ."

Then the Empress and the General strove to persuade Catharine to escape; for Maximin thought her dead.

"Nay, Augusta," said Catharine, quietly. "I have listened through years for the nuptial chant; and now when I hear it wouldst thou bid me leave my coming Love?"

She went back into the cell, and they left her.

The night wore on, and she was sleepless, praying for the soldiers and for the Empress. At last an orange light spread over the east, the stars floated back, the sea began to murmur in the awakening wind; and when the sun lit up the cell, a message from Porphyrius told her that the Emperor knew she lived, and that he would send for her during the morning. Then the light deepened in her beautiful eyes, and she said:

"The bridal day is come!"

A few hours later she stood before the Emperor. Maximin said:

"Maiden, we thought thee dead; but Dionysus forgave and saved thee for thy beauty's sake. Come! but bend to him, and we shall even put away our wife and make thee Empress."

Then she made answer: "I will love no spouse but Christ."

In his wrathful pride, Maximin cried out: "Lictors, bind her on the wheels! Crush out her life!"

Two Nubians tie her, the wheels start—but hark! A rush of wind, a sound like the movement of mighty wings; the bonds are snapped, the wheels are dashed to pieces.

Now the throne-guards clash their brazen shields and shout: "Live Jesus Christ the King! We serve but Him!"

In fear the Emperor cries: "Take all without the Canopic Gate, and kill her and these traitors with the sword."

The guardsmen, with the light of martyrdom in their eyes, threw down their shields and belts; and then they went out, followed by Catharine.

That evening the sentence was executed. As the soldiers were led up one by one, she encouraged them, till her own time came. Then as she knelt on the crimsoned sand, the bronze whirled through the gathering dusk, and lo! she was at peace.

The Christians wait in silence until the executioners depart to gather up the precious relics; but as they linger, behold an awful light!—the ranks of a million star-bright spirits appear along the eastern sky. In a moment the battle-angel Michael stoops down to the sand, and lays the fair dead girl in the hollow of his mighty shield; then, rising through the silent twilight, he shouts: "Live Jesus Christ the King!" And his army's echoing roar—"Live Jesus Christ the King!"—sweeps over the sea; and they wheel, and fade down the eastern darkness. And they laid the maiden to rest over against Horeb, where from the cloud God said to men: "Ye shall not kill!"

And there the lady sleeps unto this day, above the desert of Zin, by the strange Red Sea.

♦♦♦

From Shore to Shore.

IV.

IT was a lovely morning. Spring was in the air; there had been a delightful shower, and the wild flowers were making a fragrant carpet for the feet; while the breath of southern-wood and sage, mingled with the peach-like odor of yellow violets that peeped up from the greensward by thousands, shed a delicious fragrance all about. In the distance the waters of the blue Pacific washed the rocky shore, the waves dancing and glimmering in the sunlight like a field of sparkling gems.

There had been Mass in the little chapel that morning; the beach folk had dispersed, and now the few guests of the hotel, who had by their attendance at church announced themselves to one another as Catholics, were taking the bypath across lots to a late breakfast. They were indeed few in number—a couple of old gentlemen, one young man, and three or four of the chambermaids.

A little old lady, with delicate features and a fine, aristocratic bearing, tempered by a bright and benevolent smile that illumined all her face, had lingered to speak to the priest—or rather, one might suspect, to make a few words of conversation an excuse for slipping a gold piece into his hand. As she came out a tall, elegant-looking woman of thirty or thereabout passed into the sanctuary, with a courteous bow, which was as politely returned. She did not remain long; her errand had also been a pious and charitable one; and her quick footsteps soon brought her to the path by which the elder lady was retracing her steps to the hotel, of which both were guests. Previous to that morning they had not spoken, although each had observed the other for several days. Now the old lady paused and said simply, as the other overtook her:

"I see we are both Catholics; that is in itself a bond, even if we were not temporarily inmates of the same house—if a huge caravansary like that yonder can really be called a house."

"It is indeed a wonderful bond between Catholics, this tie of religion," replied the younger lady, suiting her steps to that of her companion. "I have had a wish to speak with you since I first saw you," she continued; "and would have done so to-day, I think, in any event."

"Thanks!" replied the other, evidently gratified. "It pleases an old woman to be noticed, especially by a younger one so attractive as yourself. You will call me a gross flatterer, but I claim the privilege of garrulous old age."

The other laughed merrily. Hearing her, one would have fancied it the laugh of a young girl, it was so fresh and clear and musically sweet. Her companion looked at her keenly, though with admiration, and said:

"You laugh as one who has never known pain or sorrow. And yet I believe you are familiar with both; for by

your dress you appear to be a widow."

"You have judged rightly," was the reply; and her sweet, Madonna-like face assumed a shade of gravity as she spoke. "I am naturally of a cheerful disposition, and thus perhaps have surmounted trials that to others might have appeared formidable. I have been a widow nearly two years."

"You have children?" asked the other.

"No—that is, none of my own. But I have two step-children whom I love very dearly, albeit they are not much younger than myself."

She spoke with a slight foreign accent, that sounded very sweet in the ears of her new acquaintance.

"Spanish?" she inquired, with the quick, radiant smile that rendered her old face so charming.

The other hesitated for an instant. "No," she replied; "my husband was a Mexican. I have lived in Mexico fourteen years, and have spoken but little English during that time. This is my first visit to the United States in eight years."

"You are an American, then?"

"No," again with some hesitation. "I am Irish by birth. My father was an Irishman, my mother a Frenchwoman."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other, extending her hand, which the younger lady cordially took. "We are in some sense akin. I, too, am of French extraction, and have spent several years in the old country; my name is Graudet."

"And mine Valdespino."

"And you are a good Catholic still, in spite of your long residence in Mexico, and intermarriage with a Spaniard?"

"Probably it is because of that, rather than in spite of it, I am one," said the other, simply. "The piety of my new countrymen has often reminded me of that of my earliest friends, the dear Irish cousins with whom I lived in my childhood."

"That is a new story," said the older

lady. "We hear so often that the religion of the Mexicans is all superstition."

"In Mexico, as everywhere, there are Catholics and Catholics," was the reply. "It has been my good fortune to meet and live among those who were at once well informed and sincerely pious. But even what many are pleased to call the 'superstition' of the lower classes is more pleasing to me, and far more admirable in itself, than the irreligion of the corresponding class in the United States. It is a grand thing to have kept the faith, Madame."

"Ah! there the Irishwoman spoke," exclaimed the elder lady. "But pardon, Señora! I am mademoiselle not madame. Behold me at sixty-five still fancy free!"

She laughed a gay little laugh, in which her companion joined, but with a certain serious wistfulness as she looked down at the delicate little face and dainty figure at her side. With every word and gesture of her companion a certain familiarity or reminiscence thrust itself upon her. Had she known any one like her in the past? Whom or what did she vaguely recall? She could not tell; but as they walked on she felt herself strongly attracted to the woman beside her, who seemed to be full of hope and vivacity and the enjoyment of living.

The attraction was mutual. Mlle. Graudet looked with admiration at the tall, well-poised, slender figure of her companion, gazing with satisfaction at the beautiful complexion, fine grey eyes, and luxuriant brown hair that curled about the broad white forehead. As she looked this was the burthen of her thoughts:

"She has a fine character, a well-balanced mind. Her face shows great determination, but also great gentleness and amiability. She is very beautiful, and quite unconcerned thereat, though she is too sensible not to be conscious of it. She attracts me strongly. She would make a fine wife for George."

Thus began an intimacy which grew rapidly and to the younger woman, who had led a life of reserve, quite unaccountably. For the first time in her experience she felt herself irresistibly drawn to an entire stranger, as to the mother of whom she had often dreamed, for whom she had longed, but never known. On the other hand, Mlle. Graudet found the greatest pleasure in the society of this clever young woman, even to the extent of placing her but a step or two lower than her cousin George in the heart of hearts to which he alone had until now held the key.

So it happened that, thrown very much together as they were, at the end of a fortnight Mlle. Graudet felt free to hazard a question, on the answer to which depended the evolution of a plan she had been contemplating for some time. She had become possessed of the information that the step-children of la Señora Valdespino were married, and that her future was quite at her own disposition.

One evening they were strolling on the beach together, according to their usual custom after dinner, when Mlle. Graudet abruptly said:

"My dear, you are still very young, and your life is a lonely one. Have you never thought of marrying again?"

She could not see in the twilight the flush that mounted to the face of her companion, who answered, calmly:

"Never: on the contrary. But why do you ask?"

"You are not resolved against it?" inquired the other, with some anxiety.

Her companion laughed.

"No, I have made no vow," she said; "but, frankly, I do not *wish* to marry again. Indeed, I feel almost sure that I never shall."

"I am sorry," was the reply; "though in such cases a woman's word goes for nothing. Therefore I am hopeful. I will be honest, so as to save complications. I

have a cousin, my nearest and dearest on earth. He is considerably older than you, but still a young man. Although it has long been my wish that he should marry, as I consider it the safest and happiest life for a man, whatever we may say of women, you are the first to whom I could truthfully say: 'Take him; I give him to you with all my heart.'"

The Señora Valdespino laid her hand on the shoulder of the little old maid, as she answered, kindly:

"Thanks, my dear friend, for the compliment implied; although your cousin, who I am sure is in every way worthy a relative so charming, might not be so ready to allow himself to be given away."

"I must interrupt," said Mademoiselle. "Between us, as you must know, such sayings are platitudes. I already feel as though you had been my daughter for years. He might not be willing; and yet, so strong is the impression which I have to the contrary, he might find his destiny and happiness in you. But I should not wish him to come here without at least the ghost of a chance."

"He is coming, then?"

"Yes: he has promised to join me in March. And so sure am I that he will fall in love with you, as I have done, when he arrives, that if you satisfy me the case is hopeless, I will betake myself to Monterey, and write him to meet me there instead. For I would not have him again suffer—"

"Ah, he has suffered, then!" quickly interrupted the other. "May I ask if from unrequited love?"

"That I can not say, for I do not know whether the love was unrequited or returned; though I suspect the first conclusion would be correct. It is a mysterious story,—a story but half told and then abruptly broken off. But I have long felt that he has made a mistake in being faithful to a memory."

"What a *rara avis* to meet in this

nineteenth century of ours! I almost feel impelled to wish for his acquaintance. I thought such men existed only in novels."

"You jest, my dear; it is a fact."

"Does he seem unhappy? Is he a woman-hater?"

"Not at all: on the contrary, he goes considerably into society; has pleasing manners, and I think him the handsomest man I know. He is tall—over six feet,—with dark hair and eyes, and olive skin, clear-cut features—just your opposite. You would make a handsome couple."

Once more the Señora's face flushed pink, but Mlle. Graudet did not see it in the gathering darkness.

(To be continued.)

The Valley of the Shadows.

BY HERBERT E. DAY.

THERE'S a valley where the shadows of the sins that men commit
Darken all the pleasant places where
once angels loved to sit;
And the souls of the departed walk in endless
darkness there,
While above, the sun of glory shines forever
bright and fair.

All around, the mighty mountains reach their
tops into the sky,
Which no cloud has ever darkened, where no
light can ever die;
And the spirits of the valley strive to climb
the tempting height,
Though they backward fall, lamenting, to
the darkness of the night.

And their prayers are hushed to silence, their
desires are turned to tears,
As they wander in the darkness through the
never-changing years;
For the walls that thus surround them sinful
souls can never climb,
Though they struggle undespairing to the
fulness of all time.

Up above that dismal valley where the light
of glory lies
There are angels clothed in raiment fair as
are the heavenly skies;
Yet they once dwelt in the valley where the
souls of darkness dwell,
They, too, tainted and unhappy beyond all
that tongue can tell.

And those angels pray forever for the souls
that dwell below—
For the suffering souls that wander in the
vale of sin and woe;
And their trembling supplications reach the
throne of God above,
Who is often moved to pity by the largeness
of His love.

And ofttimes in that dark valley of un-
speakable unrest
A radiant angel hovers o'er a soul that
struggles best;
And to do the Master's bidding swift the
loving angel flies,
With the spirit of the valley, to the Master
in the skies.

And the Master breathes upon it, to impart
the living rays
Of angelic life and sweetness to a soul that
ne'er decays;
And the soul shines out in raiment that the
loving angel bore,
To sing glory and thanksgiving as its song
for evermore.

So throughout the countless ages till the
souls be all forgiven
Shall the angels drive the darkness of the
valley from their heaven;
And the light of God's great goodness shall
illuminate the way
From the valley where the fretful souls are
struggling toward the Day.

Do you ask me who the souls are that to
darkness have been hurled?
They were even men and women who once
lived in our own world;
And their souls are doing penance for the
sins they could but know
Would condemn them to the valley of un-
utterable woe.

Pray for them thou child of pity! pray for
 them that they may be
 At the noonday of their penance all unfet-
 tered, fair and free;
 And the God who hears them calling in their
 hours of anguish there
 Will direct His chosen angels to record thy
 soulful prayer.

Pray for them; though life once crowned them
 with the blessings of the years,
 They are such within the valley of the shadows
 and the tears;
 For souls rare depart unchallenged, shining
 fair and all forgiven,
 Fit to dwell within the sunshine of the high
 and perfect heaven.

A Servant of Mary in the Sixteenth
 Century.

(CONCLUSION.)

CARDINAL CIENFUEGOS, one of the biographers of St. Francis Borgia, speaks thus in regard to his devotion to Our Lady: "So habitually had he recourse to this unfailing fountain of grace, that never did he enter upon any undertaking, set out upon any journey, or find himself in any danger, without raising his eyes to that gentle Star, and gaining strength from his upward gaze. So affectionate, so steadfast, was his confidence in her that, however perplexing might be the circumstances in which he was placed, however severe the trial which had assailed him, no shadow of doubt ever clouded his soul; on the contrary, the more impossible anything seemed, the more surely did he expect to receive it from the hands of his sovereign protectress. There was not a single shrine of Our Lady throughout Europe at which Francis had not, at some period of his life, offered a lamp with heartfelt devotion."

"It may safely be said," a recent biographer adds, "that no one did more

to teach and diffuse the cultus of Mary than St. Francis Borgia. By sermons, by familiar instructions, by personal exhortations, in courts and in cottages, among princes and peasants, the same lesson was ever on the lips of this servant of Mary. Perhaps the means by which he did most to promote the object he had so deeply at heart was the establishment of confraternities of the Blessed Virgin. Associations which have for their end the honor of Mary are, under various designations, to be met with everywhere at the present day; but in the time when St. Francis lived they were far less widely spread. So far as Spain is concerned, he seems to have been their originator.

Another method by which the Saint strove to encourage devotion to our Immaculate Mother was by distributing pictures of her. He could not do this to any great extent until he was General of the Society. Not long after his election to that post, he took measures to fulfil a desire he had long cherished—that of possessing a copy of the picture of Our Lady which is piously supposed to have been painted by St. Luke, and is carefully preserved in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome. He had no small difficulties to encounter before this wish could be carried out. The guardians of the treasure feared to diminish its value by allowing it to be copied, and also to deprive their church of its chief attraction. However, Francis never rested until he had achieved his object. He applied to St. Charles Borromeo, and through his influence permission was given to him to have a copy made of the picture. He commissioned one of the best painters in Rome to execute this, and subsequently caused the painting to be placed over the altar in the chapel where he said Mass every day. At a later period several copies were taken from it; these he sent as presents to various royal personages, as well as to some of the houses of the

Society. It was one of these pictures, the gift of St. Francis Borgia, which Father Ignatius d'Azevedo took with him when he set sail, at the head of a band of missionaries, to labor in Brazil; and which he held tightly grasped in his hand when, with thirty-nine companions, he suffered a cruel death for the faith at the hands of the French heretics.*

In the addresses he delivered during his official visitations to the different Jesuit houses, St. Francis was wont to mention four things by which principally he hoped that the spirit of the Society might be maintained in all its pristine vigor and energy. These were: 1st, prayer and frequent use of the Sacraments; 2d, the persecutions stirred up by the malice of enemies; 3d, blind obedience to the Holy See and to superiors of the Society; and, lastly, tender love for that great Queen, without whose favor no ship can reach port, even should a prosperous wind fill its sails. This, he added, is a sure mark of predestination, and an unfailling means of securing happiness both in this world and the next.

Three years before his death, St. Francis was attacked by a dangerous fever, complicated with other diseases. He bore his severe and protracted sufferings with a patience and resignation worthy of his courage and of the grace of Him who gave him strength in his weakness. During this illness, in consequence of having received special spiritual favors from the Queen of Heaven, he made a vow to undertake a pilgrimage to Loreto in thanksgiving. When he mentioned this design to the Fathers about him (he was then in Rome), they used every argument within their power to deter him from undertaking the journey; for they deemed his presence absolutely necessary to them. Besides, the physicians told them plainly

that the fatigue inseparable from this imprudent journey—for so they termed it—could not possibly be borne without peril to the patient, and that he would probably not reach Loreto alive. But St. Francis, whose actions were guided by an interior wisdom, compared with which the opinions of the most learned physicians are darkness and folly, showed himself determined to carry out his resolution, and that without delay. "I have received," he said, "so many and such signal favors from our Blessed Lady that, even if I had to crawl thither upon my hands and knees, it behooves me, before I die, to go once more to her shrine, in order to hang up an *ex-voto* in token of my gratitude." The result fully justified him in his course of action. In the evening of the day on which he departed from Rome, his illness diminished to a considerable extent, and his pulse was lower. This improvement steadily continued, so that by the time Loreto was reached his recovery was well-nigh complete. He attributed this entirely to the loving kindness of her whom her children invoke as *Salus Infirmorum*, and returned thanks for it accordingly, promising to be more zealous than ever in her service and that of her Divine Son.

His recovery from this illness can, however, hardly be said to be miraculous, as it was not complete. The fever left permanent traces behind, and rendered him quite unfit for a long journey, which he undertook in accordance with the desire of the Sovereign Pontiff. In the spring of 1571 Pope Pius V. expressed his wish that the Cardinal whom he was sending as Legate to the courts of France, Spain and Portugal, to negotiate certain weighty matters concerning the Church, should be accompanied by St. Francis, on account of the great reputation he enjoyed with the rulers of those countries. The Holy Father did not hesitate to say that the success of the legation depended in great measure on the Saint's compliance

* This incident was narrated, under the title of "A Martyrdom on the Ocean," in THE "AVE MARIA" for August 26, 1893

with his request. Francis yielded therefore, although he felt—and all the Fathers of the Society felt with him—that, in his state of health, it was hardly probable he could survive the fatigues of the journey.

The last illness of St. Francis may be said to have begun on the Feast of the Purification, 1572. On the evening of the 1st of February the party of travellers, who were journeying through France, halted for the night in a spot whence could be clearly discerned a church, which the hands of heretics had converted into something very like a ruin. The grief of Francis knew no bounds. Again and again he repeated the words of David: "O God, the heathens are come into Thy inheritance! They have defiled Thy holy temple."* Desirous of making reparation, as far as possible, for the insults heaped upon the altars of God, he resolved to offer the Holy Sacrifice the next morning at the one altar which the impiety of the miscreants had allowed to remain intact. The winter was an exceptionally severe one, and the morning of Our Lady's feast broke grey and cold. Low clouds were drifting across the sky, and a few snowflakes, falling at intervals, betokened a coming storm. Cutting winds swept through the desolate sanctuary; and his companions entreated Francis, who had all his life been peculiarly susceptible to draughts, to remain indoors on such a day. Nothing they said could induce him to alter his intention, and he proceeded to the church. This Mass of the Purification seems to have been his last Mass; for from that day his weakness became so great that he could not stand even for a few moments. Touching indeed must have been the sight for those who witnessed it, and we are told all present wept bitterly. It was with much difficulty that the Saint finished Mass; and as soon as he had reached the inn where he had passed the night, he was seized with a

violent shivering fit. To this succeeded an attack of the fever from which he had suffered two years before, and to which he had a constitutional tendency.

As soon as the Saint was able to resume his journey, he proceeded, by slow stages and with great difficulty, on his way toward Rome. He had often earnestly entreated Our Lord to grant him the favor of dying either at Loreto or Rome. It seemed as if his life had been protracted during the last months only in order that the wish of his heart might be granted, so excessive was the state of debility to which he was reduced. He passed through Loreto, and had the consolation of once more saluting the Virgin Mother of God in the very dwelling where, according to the common belief of Christians, the Saviour passed the first years of His earthly existence.

"St. Francis entered Rome," we are told, "by the Flaminian Gate. When he found himself opposite the portal of the Church of Our Lady del Popolo, he gave orders that the litter in which he was stretched should be set down. Calling to his brother, Don Thomas Borgia, he begged that the curtains might be drawn, so that he might have a short space for recollection. He also asked that no one should be allowed to break the silence, or in any way disturb the repose of a frame so exhausted that it could scarcely be said to be yet living. After taking these precautions against interruption, he devoutly folded his hands, and passed half an hour in secret colloquy and loving intercourse with the Queen of Heaven, offering the sacrifice of his life to her who had, contrary to all expectation, prolonged it up to that hour, in order that he might have the joy of laying it down at her feet."

It was on the 28th of September, 1572, that he reached Rome, and he knew that he had then only two days more to live. He spent them in communing with the God whom he had loved and served so

* Psalm, lxxviii, v, 1.

faithfully, and in preparation for the last great journey which was before him. His countenance was lighted up with ineffable joy when the moment drew near when he was to receive his eternal reward, and the words most frequently upon his lips were: *A Jesus quiero*,—"I desire only Jesus."

From the incidents herein related it will be seen that throughout his whole life, from his earliest years until his closing days, St. Francis Borgia cherished the tenderest affection toward the Blessed Mother of God. Some MSS which were found after his death bear additional testimony to his veneration for and confidence in his celestial Patroness. "In all that I try to do for Jesus Christ," thus runs one of these papers, "in all that I ask of Him, I invariably look, in a certain sense, to Mary also. The confidence I feel in the divine Mediator, who experienced all our sorrows, and knows how to compassionate all our weaknesses, rests partly on my trust in the divine Mediatrix. I am entirely persuaded that in honoring the Mother I honor the Son also. With St. Bernard, St. Anselm, and many other Fathers of the Church, I believe that there is no better means to obtain from Our Lord all that we ask of Him than to resort to the intercession of her whom He has made the channel of His gifts and graces, by choosing to become, through her means, a partaker of our human nature. Let us above all invoke her with filial love, and trust that she will aid us *in hora mortis nostræ*. Remember the words of St. Anselm: 'It is by Mary that we shall enter into the glory of Him who by her descended into the valley of our misery.' Remember also what St. Thomas Aquinas tells us: 'The great King has made her the Queen of Mercy, as He is Himself the King of Justice.' I wish that everyone could know and love her, and I wish that I had the power of spreading this knowledge and this love throughout the whole world."

Laus Deo Virginique Matri!

In the Path of Pioneer Priests.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

VIII.—THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE ice was still solid upon the lakes, and the snow weighed down the branches of the spruce and balsam; but the sun was bright, and the days were growing longer. Simon and I left the shanty for a day in the woods; and, after tramping about for a few hours, drew near the foot of an undulating ridge. Suddenly, as we emerged from a clump of pine-trees, we beheld on the top of a hillock, and in a sort of overgrown clearance, the huge black arms of a cross. There it stood, pointing with its shadow to the mounds in which the mortal remains of the almost forgotten dead lie mouldering,—pointing upward to the sky, too, where the souls which once dwelt in those bodies are enjoying the glories that are the reward of repentance and sacrifice. There it stood, mutely eloquent in the midst of that vast solitude, to tell the Indian nomads of the glorious work of man's redemption, and to meet the advance-guard of colonization with the story, so oft-repeated the world over, that Catholicity had long since set foot upon that soil, and had claimed its children as members of the one true fold. Beneath the cross, and upon the mound, we two sat down to rest a while; and it was thus that Simon came to tell me the story of the cross in the wilderness.

"There is a scourge more terrible to the Indians than the Asiatic cholera: it is the small-pox. I know not whether it is because this disease is even more virulent than that destroying pestilence; but, in any case, when the small-pox appears in an Indian encampment, it rarely departs before sweeping away nearly every member of the band. Moreover, it is almost certain death for the whiteman who

ventures within the infected circle. Generally when the news gets abroad that the plague has appeared in a district, every person who can escape immediately 'folds his tent like the Arabs, and as silently steals away.' The shantymen leave their work, the fur-traders flee the country; the Indians disperse in all directions, removing their families as far as possible from the abode of death.

"More than twenty years ago the Tête-de-Boule band, led by Jacco, an Indian well known in the whole valley of the Ottawa, was encamped in a gully about half a mile from here. It was the month of April when the small-pox first appeared amongst these poor children of the woods. An old squaw had been ill for a few days, and it was thought by all that she was suffering from a severe cold; but one evening the signs of the dread plague appeared upon her skin, and immediately the news spread from one wigwam to another. [Be it here remarked that there is a beautiful and heroic trait peculiar to the Indian: however anxious the members of the band may be to escape, much as they fear the scourge, if they think there is a probability of their carrying the disease into other encampments, they will remain in the midst of the danger, and take their chances of life or death.]

"Very soon it was known far and wide that the small-pox raged in Jacco's camp. There were no "drives" in this vicinity at the time, and the few shanties that once stood in the neighborhood had already been broken up. Thus the thirty-five families of that Tête-de-Boule band were isolated in earnest; and before the first week had passed there were seven deaths, while eleven other sufferers expected the awful summons at any moment. These poor Indians were all Catholics, having been converted in the days of the venerated Father Reboul.

"The plague had been raging seven days when two missionaries heard of the

misfortune that had befallen Jacco's band. They were also aware that several members of that party were yet unbaptized, and that many of the older ones were lax in performing their duties. Besides, the priests were, in a certain degree, skilled in medicine; they always carried a stock of the most necessary remedies; and, though little could be done for the physical alleviation of the Indians, they remembered that the souls of these neglected people were precious in the eyes of God. Duty called, and the missionary Fathers of the North were ever ready to hearken and respond. With all speed they crossed over the Black River, and appeared, on the morning of the eighth day, in Jacco's village.

"Needless to say, they were heartily welcomed by the Indians; and scarcely had they reached the scene when they began their work—visiting the dying, baptizing those who had not yet received the Sacrament, hearing the confessions of others, administering consolation to all. Meanwhile the bodily wants of the poor sufferers were not neglected. While one Father spent his time encouraging the weak, teaching the ignorant, absolving the sinful, and praying for the agonizing, the other priest went about making warm drinks and administering medicines. And every night the sun set upon new deathbeds, and every morning rose upon fresh scenes of desolation. Still did the priests labor on among the sick and dying. Each evening they heard confessions; each morning they said their Requiem Masses and distributed the Bread of Life. Much of the day was spent in public preaching and in private exhortation.

"At last a day came when the chief himself was stricken with the fell disease. So long as Jacco resisted the influence of the scourge, the other members of the band felt courageous enough. They had great faith in their leader, and believed that while he remained well there was

hope for themselves; but when he, too, fell a victim of the fatal malady, all fortitude fled, demoralization set in, and forty-eight adults and twenty-three children perished. But the chief survived. He had a powerful constitution, and he received all the care that his companions and the priests could possibly bestow upon him.

"On the day when Jacco was declared out of danger, one of the missionary Fathers showed signs of the disease. He certainly was very ill, and had been so for some time; but would not acknowledge it, even to himself. He had been worn by long journeys, severe fasts, and painful sufferings from cold and privation; and he had been exhausted by the vigils and exertions of the two fearful weeks spent in the cause of God and humanity. Three days he suffered; and his devoted companion gave him the last sacred rites of the Church, and an absolution that seemed almost unnecessary; for it was hard to believe that this heroic priest had ever committed a grievous sin, and surely his failings had been well expiated upon earth.

"On the morning of the third day the other missionary, who had thus far resisted every attack of the plague, said Mass for the dying priest, who lay upon a rough balsam bed in front of the rude altar. His eyes eagerly followed the movements of him who offered up the Holy Sacrifice. It was about the *Pater Noster* when the dying priest's eyes grew glassy and his features became rigid; and before the *Domine non sum dignus* was reached, his soul had fallen trembling into the lap of God. That very night the other Father became ill, and in four days he went the way of his companion.

"Old Jacco and the remnant of his little band dug two large graves. In one they interred the bodies of the seventy-one Indians; in the other they laid the two priests side by side. They were buried in their priestly soutanes, their crosses,

beads, and other objects of devotion being placed between them. But Jacco himself preserved the sacerdotal vestments, altar-stone, and all the vessels used for the Mass. These he gave to the priests at the Desert a year afterward; and, if I mistake not, they are still in the Oblate church at Maniwaki.

"This cross was made soon after, and placed here by a body of shantymen who were going to work. Since then very few have ever seen this spot. An occasional hunter may track a moose in this direction; but no lumbering operations have brought the woodsmen here, and few men know of the cross in the wilderness. Fewer still could tell you where it stands, and hardly any could tell you its true history."

Thus ended Simon's story. Before returning to the camp we said a prayer for the departed. Beneath our knees were the ashes of these martyrs to duty, above our heads was the sign of eternal reward for the just. As I arose to depart I bethought me of Father Damien, who gave up his life for the souls of the lepers of Molokai. The world knows of his glorious record. But there, beneath that cross, sleep two other missionary priests, equally devoted, though unknown to fame, who laid down their lives for three-score and ten savage souls. The cross, indeed, may disappear, but the mound beneath will ever continue to be a milestone along the path of our pioneer priests.

(To be continued.)

OFFENCES against the person which spring from heated blood or untamed passion are bad enough, but nothing like so bad as the cool, deliberate offences against the rights of property, which are the chief characteristics of modern society; and so numerous and on so gigantic a scale have they become that the strongest governments are impotent to redress or to restrain them.—*Dr. Brownson.*

A Song for Thanksgiving Day.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

WE thank Thee, sovereign Lord of hosts,
 Because Thine ægis shields
 The hills that line our foam-lashed coasts,
 The crops that clothe our fields;
 The groves of pine-tree and of palm,
 Our meads of asphodel;
 The happy homes where peace and calm,
 Like guardian angels, dwell,
 Where bosoms thrill at Thy sweet will
 To love as rich as wine,—
 For boons like these, on bended knees,
 We thank Thee, Lord Divine!

The land, grown fertile day by day
 In sunshine and in rain,
 Becomes 'neath autumn's genial sway
 A sea of golden grain;
 The seeds once sown, when spring was here,
 Have blossomed o'er the leas;
 The rich ripe harvests of the year
 Now fill our granaries:
 To Thee we owe such gifts, and so,
 As votaries of Thine,
 Where'er we be, oh, fervently
 We thank Thee, Lord Divine!

We thank Thee that our ship of state
 Is sailing o'er the main,
 Freighted with hopes and projects great
 For mankind's growth and gain;
 Progress engraven on her bow,
 And Freedom on her sails,
 Old Glory flutt'ring from her prow,
 Braving the fiercest gales,—
 For overhead Thy stars shall shed
 A balm to lull the brine,
 And bless the bark, the stately ark,
 Whose pilot's care is Thine.

We thank Thee that that faith is ours
 For which the Christ hath died,
 That o'er our church spires and our towers
 Its symbol far and wide—
 The precious Cross—cleaves the blue skies,
 Untrammelled as the sea;
 Proclaiming through its prophets wise
 To all humanity

A peerless creed, a heavenly meed,
 To those who see its sign—
 Who watch and pray. Wherefore to-day
 We thank Thee, Lord Divine!

The dreams we dream in youthhood's clime,
 Where life is ever fair;
 Manhood's deep joys and hopes sublime,
 Unvexed by grief or care;
 Glad mem'ries of the days of yore
 To cheer the aged mind,—
 Such are the treasures Thou dost pour
 On grateful humankind:
 For all these boons, bright as the noons
 Where Southern sunrays shine,
 We laud Thy fame, we bless Thy name,
 And thank Thee, Lord Divine!

◆◆◆

The Apparition of a Soul from
 Purgatory.*

ABOUT the middle of September, 1870, a Sister in the Redemptorist Convent at Mechlin, Belgium, suddenly experienced an indescribable pain of soul, as oppressive as it was inexplicable. Unconscious of any cause to which this unusual sadness might be attributed, the religious endeavored to overcome, or at least to disregard it; but all her efforts were futile. Sister Mary Seraphine of the Sacred Heart—to give merely the name by which she was known in religion—had become, both to her companions and herself, a real enigma. Hitherto she had been light-hearted and joyous—a true Frenchwoman by nature as by birth; and now she asked herself how it happened that even in the first year of her religious profession sorrow and tears had become her daily portion.

* This narrative, whose truth is vouched for by the venerable Abbé Curicque, can convey only one lesson to Catholic minds and hearts—the urgent necessity of our offering prayers and almsdeeds, acts of piety and mortification, Stations, Communion, and Masses, for the purpose of freeing from the expiatory flames of purgatory the suffering souls of our faithful departed.

Far from conquering her depression, she found herself, a few days after her first attack of melancholy, besieged as it were by an invincible power, which surrounded and followed her everywhere, leaving her no rest or peace night or day. She felt herself frequently drawn, for instance, by her Scapular; again a heavy weight seemed to press upon her right shoulder. "It is just like a load of lead," she said to her superioress, from whom she withheld nothing, and who was consequently cognizant of all the mysterious incidents connected with this manifestation from the other world.

Finally, on September 29, there arrived from France a letter, which, owing to the disturbed condition of the country at that period, had been delayed two weeks. It announced the death of Sister Seraphine's father on the 17th of the month. This gave the key to the mystery. Henceforth the poor Sister's trouble became intensified, and she often heard groans which resembled the broken ejaculations her father used to utter when in pain. A distinctly audible voice now began to repeat in her ear: "My dear daughter, have pity on me, have pity on me!"

On October 4 the Sister experienced new sufferings, and became physically ill. Her head was the principal seat of this additional torment; and the excess of pain was often so violent and intense as to be scarcely tolerable. These attacks lasted until the middle of the month.

On the evening of October 14, just as Sister Seraphine had retired at the usual hour, she saw approaching her, between the wall of the room and her bed, her poor father, all enveloped in flames, and seemingly a prey to extreme sadness. So pitiful was the spectacle that the Sister could not help raising plaintive cries. At the same time it seemed to her that she, too, was being burned by those terrible flames.

The next evening, about the same hour, just as she was reciting, at the foot of her

bed, the *Salve Regina* prescribed by her rule, she again saw her father in the same position as before, and still in the midst of the purgatorial flames. At that hour she was henceforward to see him during the frequent apparitions that were to precede his deliverance. On this occasion Sister Seraphine asked herself interiorly whether her father had not perhaps been guilty of some injustice in his business affairs. Answering her thought, however, he said to her:

"No, I have committed no injustice; but I suffer on account of my continual impatience, and for other faults which I am not permitted to tell you."

She then asked him if he did not receive solace from the Masses that were being celebrated in his behalf.

"Oh, yes!" was the reply. "I feel every morning a refreshing dew that eases my soul. But that is not sufficient: I need the Stations of the Cross, the Stations of the Cross!"

The next time that the apparition occurred the Sister, following a recommendation that had been made to her, exclaimed: *Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum!*—"Let every spirit praise the Lord!"* As her father did not reply, she said to herself: "It is the evil one." But, reading her thought, the father protested:

"No, no! I am not the demon."

"In that case," she answered, "say with me: 'Praised be Jesus and Mary!'"

He repeated the ejaculation twice, and added these words from the Gospel of St. John: "And the Word was made flesh." "Alas! alas!" he continued, with heart-rending moans, "I have already been more than a year in purgatory, and you have no pity on me!"

"But, my poor father," said the Sister, "it is hardly a month since you died."

To this he replied:

"Oh, how foolish I was to oppose your entering religion! It is only through you

* Psalm, cl, 5.

that I can obtain any relief. My other children think me in heaven, and among them all there is scarcely a *De Profundis* said for my repose."

As a matter of fact, his other children did think their father already in heaven, as may be seen by this extract from a letter written by one of them to Sister Seraphine: "Your father died like a saint. He is certainly in heaven." How very, very often do not parents, relatives, and friends thus delude themselves as to the fate of their unhappy departed!

On the following evening Sister Seraphine saw her father overwhelmed with sadness, but not surrounded as before with flames. He complained that he had not been relieved from his torments so notably on that day as on the day before.

"But, my dear father," said the Sister, "don't you understand that the Sisters can not be praying all day?"

"I don't ask," was the reply, "that you should be always on your knees; but that your work may be done for my intention, and the indulgences you gain be applied to me. . . . O my dear daughter, remember that you offered yourself as a victim on the day of your profession! You should now undergo the consequences. Ah! if people only knew what purgatory is, they would suffer everything to escape it, and to help the poor prisoners who are detained therein. You, my daughter, ought to become a holy religious, and observe faithfully the smallest details of your rule; for the purgatory of religious is something terrible."

The permission enjoyed by this holy soul to appear to his daughter and appeal for help was due, the Sister learned, to the many good works he had performed during his lifetime. Thus, he was especially devoted to Our Lady, in whose honor he approached the Sacraments on each of her feasts; he was very compassionate toward the unfortunate, and did not stint his charitable offerings; he had even begged

from house to house in aid of the establishment in his native town of a convent for the Little Sisters of the Poor.

At different times Sister Seraphine put various questions to her father, but it was not always permitted to him to answer. On one occasion she begged him to leave upon her a visible mark.

"You see, dear father," she urged, "how much I suffer from my uncertainty as to whether I am not the victim of an illusion, and whether your apparition may not be simply the work of my imagination. I beg you, then, to leave upon my hand a mark by which I may know that it is really you whom I see."

"No," was the reply, "I will not leave any mark. The pain you suffer is willed of God, and the uncertainty that torments you is destined to hasten my deliverance."

Later on, however, the apparition touched Sister Seraphine on two different occasions. She felt as if badly burned; and, as she confided to her superioress, her skin was blackened by the touch, although her habit showed no trace of fire.

On October 30 the Sister, instructed by her confessor, asked her father what would be the most profitable line of thought for a sermon on All Souls' Day.

"Alas!" he answered, "the world either does not know or does not practically believe that the fire of purgatory is like that of hell. If a mortal could pay one momentary visit to purgatory, he would never again wish to commit a single venial sin, so rigorously are such faults punished in the expiatory flames."

On All Souls' evening he seemed to smile, and said: "We have been greatly comforted to-day, and many souls have gone to heaven."

About this time the apparition appeared to another religious of the community—a Sister who suffered a great deal from a fear that her own father, whose death was almost sudden, and who did not receive the last Sacraments, might be eternally lost.

"Your father is saved," said the apparition to her; "but he is condemned to a terrible purgatory. I should add, however, for your comfort, that your little sister N. has just been admitted into heaven."

Some days after this vision, Sister Seraphine, at the command of her confessor, asked her father whether he had really appeared to her companion, and announced to her the good news that her father was in purgatory. He answered twice in the affirmative; and when, a few moments later, Sister Seraphine, fearing that she might have misunderstood him, put the same question again, he reiterated the affirmation; adding that she and the whole community should interest themselves particularly in the fate of the poor soul in question.

Indefatigable in her charity, Sister Seraphine begged her father to appear again to the same religious, still further to reassure her as to the fate of the parent whom she had mourned so bitterly. To this request he made no reply; but the religious afterward received specific details concerning the state of her father's soul in purgatory.

"Do the souls in purgatory," inquired Sister Seraphine on another occasion, "know those who pray for them, and can they pray for the faithful still on earth?"

The answer was in the affirmative.

He further informed the Sister that he had seen (probably at the moment of judgment) God in all His beauty, as well as the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph; that the sight had enraptured him, and that ever since then his desire to possess God had been growing more and more ardent. He added that his Guardian Angel came often to comfort him.

Toward the end of November, Sister Seraphine saw her father as usual one evening; but he seemed closer to her than before,—a circumstance that caused her excruciating pains. She appeared to

herself to be all on fire, so real was the sensation of being burned, especially about the ears.

Her father told her on this occasion that, if the community continued to pray for him, he would be delivered from his fiery prison during the Christmas festivals. It is noteworthy that this soul was immediately solaced by even the most secret prayers or good works offered to God for his intention, and that he had full knowledge of such acts and those who performed them. He mentioned, for instance, the great relief merited for him by a devoted Sister who was making a private retreat, and displayed great fervor in petitioning Heaven for his deliverance.

Acting always on the instructions of her confessor and the superioress, Sister Seraphine in the meanwhile continued to seek information from her father. She once asked him whether it is true that all the torments of the martyrs were less painful than the sufferings of purgatory. He replied that it was strictly true. To the question whether all the members of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Mount Carmel who wear the Scapular are delivered from purgatory on the first Saturday after their death, he replied:

"Yes, if they have faithfully fulfilled their obligations to this end."

On November 30 the Sister heard her father exclaim, with a dolorous sigh:

"It appears to me an eternity since I entered purgatory! My most acute pain at present is the unquenchable thirst to see God and possess Him. I am continually darting upward to reach Him, and feel myself continually thrust back into the flames. Sometimes I am about to escape by a supreme effort; but I feel divine justice at once detaining me, because I have not yet fully completed my satisfaction."

The Sister reiterated the prayer which she had for some time been addressing to her father, that he would obtain for her

from God the moral strength necessary to preserve herself in the state of grace amidst the excessive bodily sufferings and the painful interior struggles which she had continually to endure.

"I have prayed for you," said her father, "and will continue to do so; but in return you must make up your mind to suffer still more until I am delivered."

On December 3 her father, although still sad, appeared resplendent to Sister Seraphine.

"My dear daughter," he said, "you will endure great sufferings from now until Christmas Day, when I shall be delivered from purgatory."

"And after that, my good father," rejoined the Sister, "what am I to expect? Shall I have renewed strength to serve God and observe perfectly all the points of my holy rule?"

"That is one of God's secrets."

From that evening, December 3, until the 12th, the apparition no longer visited Sister Seraphine; but on the 12th, 13th, and 14th it appeared at the usual hour, radiant with additional splendor at each successive visit. From the 14th until the 25th it again ceased to appear.

In the meantime Sister Seraphine's sufferings became intensified, and on Christmas Eve she was so prostrated that it seemed almost impossible for her to drag herself to the chapel. She went, nevertheless, to the Midnight Mass. Her father appeared to her for the last time between the two Elevations of the first Mass, resplendent as the sun at high noon.

"I have completed my term of expiation," he exclaimed, all radiant with beatitude; "and am come to thank you, my dear daughter, and your community, who have prayed so much for me. In my turn I will now pray for you all."

The Sister begged him to obtain for her not only her cure, but the strength faithfully to observe her holy rule.

"I will ask for you," was the immediate

reply, "perfect submission to the holy will of God, and the grace to enter heaven without passing through purgatory."

Then he disappeared. So brilliant and luminous was the apparition during this farewell visit that the Sister could only catch a glimpse of his face; the rest of his figure was lost in a blaze of effulgence.

From that hour Sister Seraphine's joy and happiness was at its height. She experienced thereafter an ineffable peace of soul, together with an invincible conviction that she had not been a prey to the illusion of her senses or to the machination of the demon, as she had often doubted was the case.

Little remains to be told. On that same Christmas Day which saw Sister Seraphine regain her old-time joy and gaiety, she felt herself already attacked by the disease which six months later crowned her aspirations to behold the glories enjoyed by her beatified father. Her sufferings were long and agonizing, but she bore them all with the patience of a martyr, and died like a saint.

An Inspiring Book.*

IN these *fin de siècle* days, when Fiction reigns supreme, and counts her votaries among the millions, it is perhaps rash to claim for her more retiring though not less alluring sister, Biography, the charm to attract an audience whose numbers also might easily mount high. And yet to one fresh from a perusal of the pages of that most inspiring of biographies, the life of Frederic Ozanam, such claim does not seem to be at all exaggerated. Putting down the book, the reader feels moved to draw a long breath; and, stretching forth his arms, to exclaim: "O God, it

* "Frederic Ozanam, His Life and Works." By Kathleen O'Meara. New Edition. With an Introduction by Cardinal Manning.

is good to be young!" Good to be young! yes, glorious to be young, when one remembers what youth may do, and has done; good and glorious to be young, when one recalls that noble young man, Frederic Ozanam.

There are some gifts which cause the heart to swell with especial gratitude toward the Giver of all good things; and high among them is that enduring gift, a good book. Such is the life of Frederic Ozanam, familiar perhaps to many of our readers, yet an unknown treasure to others. While reading these glowing pages the young are inspired to noble deeds, and the old grow young again as the aspirations of a long past youth flame up in their hearts. To all, young and old alike, a thrill of rapture comes in contemplation of that type of the noble-hearted Catholic youth.

We sincerely pity any young person who can read without emotion the account of Ozanam's last appearance at the Sorbonne and of his death. Let us quote it here:

"He had continued to lecture regularly long after he should have ceased, in sheer mercy to himself; but to the medical men and friends who entreated him to give it up he would reply: 'I must do my day's work.' He continued to do it as long as he could gather a remnant of strength to drag himself to his chair. But the day was spent now, and the faithful laborer was soon to receive his reward.

"He was still confined to his bed, suffering great pain and consumed with fever, when one day he heard that the public were clamoring for him at the Sorbonne, accusing him of self-indulgence and neglect of duty in being so long absent from his *cours*, when he was paid by the State for giving it. The news stung him to the quick. 'I will show them it is not true. I will do honor to my profession!' he cried. And, in spite of the tears of his wife and the entreaties of his

brother and another medical attendant, he had himself dressed, and drove straight to the Sorbonne, where he found the crowd still collected outside his class. When the Professor, leaning on the arm of a friend, pale, worn, more like a spectre than a living man, advanced through their midst, the rioters were smitten with horror and remorse; as he ascended the chair that had witnessed so many of his triumphs, and that he was never to ascend again, their applause broke forth, rising and falling like waves around him. He stood for some minutes gazing in silence on the thoughtless, cruel young crowd, his black, dazzling eyes shining with the terrible light of fever, his long hair hanging, his whole appearance that of a man who was nearer to death than to life. When at last the tumult subsided, he spoke. His voice rang out as clear as silver, more piercing from its very weakness, like a spirit imprisoned in a body too frail to bear the shock of its inspiration. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'our age is accused of being an age of egotism; we professors, it is said, are tainted with the general epidemic; and yet it is here that we use up our health; it is here that we wear ourselves out. I do not complain of it; our life belongs to you; we owe it to you to our last breath, and you shall have it. For my part, if I die it will be in your service!'

"He said truly: this last effort killed him. He gave the lecture, speaking with an eloquence and power that startled those who had heard him in his palmiest days. The enthusiasm of the audience rose at last to frenzy. Perhaps they felt instinctively that human speech could go no higher, and that, having now reached its apogee in Ozanam, they would never hear his voice again....

"Feeling that the end was near, he asked for the last Sacraments, and received them with great fervor and the liveliest consciousness. When all was over, his brother, remembering how keenly he had feared

the divine judgments, urged him gently to have confidence in the great mercy of God; but Ozanam, as if he understood not the allusion, answered with a look of sweet surprise: 'Why should I fear Him? I love Him so much!'

On the evening of the 8th of September, the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, the summons came. His wife was beside him, and his brothers, and a few near relatives. The adjoining room was crowded with those other brothers, the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, who knelt in silence, joining in the prayers that were speeding their founder into the presence of his Judge. He had fallen into a gentle slumber, waking up at intervals to murmur a blessing, a word of love, an invocation.

"Suddenly opening his dark eyes in a wide, startled gaze, he lifted up his hands and cried out in a loud voice: 'My God! my God! have mercy on me!'

"They were his last words. Frederic Ozanam had passed into the light of his Redeemer's presence."

Had Ozanam lived to be a hundred, we doubt if he would ever have lost the fire and energy of his youth. Cut off, as he unfortunately was, in the prime of life, a halo of romance—romance of the highest, purest kind—encircles his brow. No gallant, chivalrous knight of ancient times ever crossed swords with more powerful foes or in a more glorious cause than this brave, high-minded, lion-hearted Catholic knight of our day. Even to those who would turn with a shrug from the life of a saint, his biography would prove most fascinating.

They tell us that the youth of this age are absolutely devoid of enthusiasm. They admit that Jack can perhaps glow over the success of his college team at the last ball game, can swell in sweet anticipation of the delight of being a moneyed man some day. Jenny can "gush," too, over a new toilet, or "enthuse" upon

the neck of her *hundredth particular* friend. But where the deepest, dearest, holiest interests of life are concerned this youth and maiden are cold, callous, and indifferent.

Jack's manner may indeed be careless, but his heart is noble; let us think so at least. Jenny may *seem* frivolous to a superficial observer, but forgive her; to every healthily constituted girl a new dress is a pure and innocent joy. Look deeper, and you will find a fresh, girlish heart, eager to know, to love, and to follow high ideals. Enkindle within the hearts of the youth and the maiden a love for the true and the beautiful; give to them such a book as the biography of which we speak; and if they have one spark of genuine nobility in their natures, they will soon disprove that charge.

To our Catholic young people of to-day this Life must appeal in a particular manner. If the days in which Ozanam lived, fought and suffered were dark with infidelity and scepticism, our own day and time are hardly less bewildering. If the clouds hung low in 1843, and in that fair land of France both Church and State seemed staggering under burdens too heavy to bear, now in 1893, in this free and beautiful country of ours, the foes of religion are upon the right hand and upon the left; and they are foes who never sleep. If France needed and was blessed with an enthusiastic youth in the early days of the century, surely here in America a field awaits it to-day. We are sure there are hundreds, aye, thousands, of young men to whom the story of this French hero would open up, as it were, a new life; and hence our desire to make it known and loved. But we shall say no more. To endeavor to reproduce in words of ours the charm which the style of the late gifted Kathleen O'Meara lends to the narration were but a waste of time.

An Arch-Athelst on the Perpetuity of the Church.

FEW enemies of Catholicism have evinced more venom in their hatred than that which is exhibited in the works of the French socialist, Proudhon. He was fond of inculcating "justice to our neighbors, devotion to our country, and war on God." But he was far from supposing that Catholicism has seen its best days, or that it is at all near its end as the most influential of institutions affecting the human race. In one of his later works, written in reference to the present Italian revolution, he gave utterance to certain reflections worthy of consideration by timid Catholics, as well as by the more sanguine of those who fancy that they discern, in the present march of events, signs of a speedy collapse of "Popery":

"The threats that they will enter into schism, or embrace Protestantism, made by certain parties in order to frighten the Papacy, are only extravagant dreams, which indicate mental disturbance. As to schism, if it were seriously desired—that is, if its motive were a real religious sentiment, the Christian idea,—it would simply effect another triumph for the Papacy, by manifesting the solidity of the rock on which it rests. As to Protestantism, that is dead.

"What profit the attacks of our day against the Papacy? Nothing. The adversaries of this institution are forced to confess that Catholicism ever remains the sole refuge of morality, the sole illuminator of consciences. . . . When I assert that whenever Deism and Doctrinaireism strike a blow at the Holy See, they simply infuse new strength into the Church, I do not reason like a partisan of the Papacy, but like a freethinker. In this matter we must consider facts above all else. Now, facts show that religion has struck

its roots far down in the minds of men; and whenever, by some influence or other, religion loses its force therein, superstition and mystic sects of every kind take its place. . . . Things being in this condition, every attack on Catholicism bears the character of persecution; and were we to succeed in dispossessing the Papacy, we should by no means destroy it, but would rather add to its triumphs by each one of our onslaughts. These facts are unpleasant, nay, irritating, to our rationalism; but they are incontestable, and are not to be attenuated. In 1793 we tried to abolish Catholicism with the guillotine; but never did the Church flourish more than under the Consulate. Thirty years before, Voltaire had sought to render the Church 'infamous'; but he and his school were soon designated as libertines, and Catholicism held aloft the standard of morality, thenceforth defiant of all attacks."

The weapons employed for the destruction of the Church in our day are not the same as those of a century ago, but the results are identical. And who can deny that the Faith is spreading widely and deeply, in spite of all opposition? The persecution of the Church in the present is a sure indication of fresh triumphs in the future.

THE loving compassion, active emotion of pity, the tears and tenderness with which the holiest men have ever dealt with the sinful, is a proof that, in proportion as sin loses its power over them, their sympathy with those that are afflicted by its oppressive yoke becomes more perfect.
—*Cardinal Manning.*

DOGMATIC truth is the key, and the soul of man is the lock. The proof of the key is in its opening of the lock; and if it does that, all other evidence of its authenticity is superfluous, and all attempts to disprove it are absurd in the eyes of a sensible person.—*Coventry Patmore.*

Notes and Remarks.

The Protestant Episcopalians have been indulging in what they call a Church Congress. It was held in New York, and there was a spirited discussion of the School Question. The reports of the session, in which we felt specially interested, would seem to show that the speakers who had least to say talked longest. It often happens so. The Rev. Mr. Gill, however, was an exception, and his remarks received the attention they deserved. He expressed himself in favor of the establishment, by the Protestant Episcopal Church, of parochial schools wherever possible; and declared that, in view of the spread of agnosticism, "our country would be infinitely safer if we sacrificed Americanizing children to Christianizing them."

One of the best abused men in the United States is the Hon. William McKinley, but he deserves hearty praise for a letter in which he declined to attend a celebration in honor of his re-election as Governor of Ohio. "These jollification meetings," he wrote, "are expensive; and at a time like this, when there is so much distress, it has seemed to me that the money that would be required for a jollification could be better expended for the benefit of the unemployed and for those distressed." Mr. McKinley is right. There is suffering among the poor, and the hearts of parents are filled with anxiety for comfortless children. This is no time for expensive banqueting or "profane fiddling."

The Most Rev. Archbishop of Philadelphia has expressed his belief that "just as the Catholic view of divorce has at last triumphed in the minds of intelligent people, will the parochial school be some day recognized by the community." The Catholic view has already made flattering progress, and it would require a large volume to contain the expressions of sympathy that have come from unexpected sources. In a recent issue the *Forum* complains that the present system of education "does not assure good citizenship," and continues: "Education without moral

training has proved to be a curse instead of a blessing. The duties that appertain to good citizenship, such as honesty, truth, chastity, industry, and respect for the Sabbath, are not taught in the schools." Lord Salisbury has declared for religious education in England, and a writer in the *Pall Mall Magazine* says that James Russell Lowell, a short time before his death, expressed to him his sympathy with the Catholic agitators, and his thorough appreciation of the justice of their claims. The world moves without a doubt.

The precious remains of Madame Barat, foundress of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, were disinterred last month from the vault in which they had been reposing for nearly thirty years. The cover of the coffin was decayed and sunken, the linen cloth over the body decayed, but the body itself was so well preserved in every limb and feature as to be easily recognized. The tongue was found to be quite flexible, and the hands, which held a small crucifix covered with verdigris, particularly well preserved. Two physicians who were present at the exhumation expressed astonishment at the condition of the body.

The *Catholic Times* re-tells a little story that drifted out of the Midway Plaisance into the newspapers during the World's Fair. Prayers for the natives were said daily in the mosque, and those devotions attracted many sight-seers. A pious old lady, passing, accosted a young Oriental, and chatted with him, finishing with a nod toward his prayer-house and the remark: "I hope you go to church every Sunday, like a Christian?"—"No," was the quick reply: "I go every day, like a Turk." What a rebuke to those Christians who so often omit morning and night prayers, and who can find time to attend the Holy Sacrifice only one day in seven!

Since it is of the essence of Protestantism to "protest" and pull down rather than to construct, we are never surprised at any exhibition of latitudinarianism which our assumedly progressive friends deem proper to furnish. We were scarcely prepared,

however, to learn that the Young Men's Christian Association admitted Jews to its membership. Of course, we knew that many Jews admire Jesus of Nazareth as a sublime philosopher and a sincere philanthropist, and that very many Protestants deny His divinity; that therefore not even the broad notions of non-Catholics concerning toleration are needed to justify a common religious platform for certain Jews and certain Protestants. But we would suggest to the Young Men's Christian Association that it would be but honest, in view of their further advance in liberalism, to eliminate the term *Christian* from the title of their Association. They themselves seem to admit that the term is, for them, a mere sound; for the respected Jewish rabbi, Dr. Gottheil, told the members of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, on November 9, that in the Young Men's Christian Association "no effort is made to proselytize among the young Jews who join it." In fact, the members of this association would do well to apply to their own body the warning which Dr. Gottheil gave to the Young Men's Hebrew Association: "Until the stamp of the Jewish [in this case, read *Christian*] religion is on this Association, I have no hope that it will succeed."

It is presumed that *Scribner's Magazine* is edited by Christians, and no doubt most of its readers are Christians; and, being carefully edited, and having the usual array of distinguished contributors, it is reasonable to suppose that the editor could easily dispense with any article calculated to offend a considerable class of his clientele. The slur on the Mother of Christ in a contribution by Col. H. E. Colville, appearing in the November number, should call for general protest. Catholics especially should never let such offences pass unnoticed. If they were to act as a proper spirit would seem to dictate, grievances of this kind would be less frequent. The half-heartedness of Catholic readers is responsible for the insults to their religion constantly repeated in periodical literature.

The celebration of the golden jubilee of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.,

brought together a large assemblage of prominent ecclesiastics, eager to attest their devotion to that institution, and express their appreciation of the good it has accomplished during the half century of its existence. The festivities were fittingly opened by solemn religious services, at which many old students were present. The Rt. Rev. D. M. Bradley, Bishop of Manchester and an alumnus of the College, delivered an eloquent and affectionate discourse, in which he exhorted his hearers to be true to the traditions of their *Alma Mater*. We congratulate the Faculty on the well-merited success that has attended their labors, and we bespeak for Holy Cross College many years of continued prosperity and usefulness.

A successor to the lamented Father Sorin has already been chosen in the person of the Very Rev. Gervais Français, C. S. C., rector of the Collège Notre Dame de Ste. Croix, Neuilly, Paris. The announcement of his election as Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross has been received with the greatest satisfaction. Père Français is a native of Brittany, where he was born about forty-five years ago. He is one of the noted preachers in the French capital, and is widely known as a priest of learning, zeal, and piety. These qualities, together with his successful administration of the flourishing establishment at Neuilly, marked him as the most worthy successor of the venerable Father Sorin.

To a correspondent who asked: Why does God love the Irish? the New York *Sun* gives this characteristic answer:

"God loves the Irish because of their faithfulness to Him; because of their valor, patriotism, and loyalty; because of their tender-heartedness, their willingness to help others, to bear one another's burden. Are not these good reasons?"

Yes, good and sufficient.

The Church of the Ascension, on Fifth Avenue, New York, has a wealthy and exclusive congregation, and is now presided over by the Rev. Percy S. Grant, who has signaled his incumbency by making the pews free. His object, doubtless, was to put a stop to the

traffic in pews so common in large cities. "The pew system, as it prevails in most of the Protestant churches of New York," writes a correspondent of the *Sun*, "would be a curiosity to a primitive Christian, if he were to rise again and try to go to church with the idea that salvation was free. Capitalists buy and rent pews as they do houses and lots, without the slightest purpose of using them as occupants. The traffic in pews, in fact, is a form of speculation and investment that combines the spice of risk with the aroma of eminent respectability; and it is generally quite profitable."

Happily, no such scandalous traffic is carried on in connection with Catholic churches, but who would not be glad to have money-taking for seats dispensed with? There is something abhorrent in the idea of paying out money at the door of a church for the privilege of a place within. True, none are excluded; however, that is the feeling of and for those just inside the entrance. Let us hope that a future generation of Christians will dispense with the pew altogether; there could be nothing more Protestant. Time was when a seat in church other than one's heels would be considered a scandalous innovation; but that was in the good old days, when it was thought that a sermon to be good needn't be long, and that if it were not good it ought to be all the shorter.

The duty of Catholics in regard to all forms of organized religious intolerance is pointed out by the *Sacred Heart Review*. It would be well if our contemporary's wise and moderate words could find a general hearing at this time:

"The duty of Catholics is plain. We appeal to them, and to the Catholic press all over the country, to put into practice now the Christian principles which we profess. Let us cherish no angry thought nor speak any angry word. Let us live on quietly and peaceably, even under this attack upon our liberties and our common rights; hating none, injuring none, bearing no malice, and having no thought of revenge. Curbing and stifling the natural indignation and resentment that men must feel at such an invasion of their rights, let us quietly await the revulsion of public sentiment, and the return of that better and saner feeling sure to come when the first outburst of unreasoning prejudice shall have spent its force, and men shall have returned to reason,

moderation and common-sense. We look forward to that time with calmness and certain confidence, well assured that it is not far off. Meantime it is in our power to disprove, by our conduct and our daily lives, all the false charges brought against us and our religion."

There is no people on earth quicker to repudiate injustice once it is recognized than our own. The present revival of bigotry will pass, and the Church will be all the better for it.

It was a beautiful legacy which the late lamented Father Sorin left to his friends,—beautiful and characteristic of the deceased. Some years ago he founded at Notre Dame a Perpetual Daily Mass in behalf of his friends, benefactors, and colaborers, living and dead. It is, we believe, the only foundation of the kind in the United States. The subscribers of THE "AVE MARIA" are also sharers in this inestimable treasure. At the present season the Mass is offered at six o'clock.

It is noted as a mark of a liberal spirit that Mr. W. S. Lilly, a well-known Catholic publicist in England, has just been elected an honorary fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, of which in his student days he was senior scholar and classical prizeman. The University of Cambridge itself was founded by a Pope—John XXII.

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 Veronica Ewing, of the Sisters of Mercy, who was called to her reward on the 15th inst.

Mr. Charles Langlois, who departed this life at Ludington, Mich., on the 9th inst.

Mr. Peter Label, of the same place, who passed away on the 16th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Lange, of Chicago, Ill., who breathed her last on the 29th ult.

Mrs. Anna M. Laverty, whose happy death took place on the 9th inst., at Hoboken, N. J.

Mr. Michael Gough, of Austin, Texas; Mr. Simon Carter and Miss Mary Caraher, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mrs. Hanora Kennedy and Mrs. Mary Campbell, Portland, Oregon; Miss Katherine Tracy, Omaha, Neb.; and Mrs. Annie Powell, Malden, Mass.

May they rest in peace!



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

The Dream.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

ONCE in a dream a little girl saw well
 One that she loved caught in a sand-
 pit deep—
 (The one she loved was dead), and she said,
 "Tell

How can I help you?" and began to weep.

No answer came but white, uplifted hands,
 And struggling feet held fast in sandy way.
 The child awoke. "She's caught in shifting
 sands

Away from God,—how can I save her?"
Pray!

How Zeke Saved the Family Fortunes.

A STORY FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY MARY ALLIS.

II.—(Conclusion.)

MOTHER," said Farmer
 Veith next morning, as
 he pushed back his chair
 from the breakfast table,
 "I was thinkin' that we'd
 oughter send Mrs. Dodger
 a turkey when Ras is
 goin' home. Reckon they ain't got none
 too many to his house."

"Better give him an extra dollar

instead," answered his wife. "They may
 have to scrimp other times, but they're
 provided for to-day; 'cause they've got
 that turkey you gave Dicky last spring
 for this very day. And a-Monday I sent
 Susie over some cranberries and a squash.
 No, it's not to-day I'm worryin' about,
 but how they're goin' to get through the
 winter, with their mother sick abed."

"Oh, well, well! We'll have to see
 about that. An' I clean forgot all about
 the little turkey."

The farmer went out to the wood-pile,
 where Ras, with a big woolen comforter
 around him, was sawing away lustily.

"That's right, Ras! You don't waste
 no time. That lazy fellow, Sam Gorham,
 t'other side the Ridge, he ain't worth a
 lick 'longside o' you. I was just tellin'
 the Missus she'd oughter donate you a
 dinner; but she reminded me of Dicky's
 turkey. Can Susie cook it nice?"

Ras straightened himself up.

"No turkey for us," he said; and went
 on to describe the scene of yesterday,
 when the turkey's life had been spared
 at the expense of the table.

The farmer listened with mingled
 amusement and vexation.

"Well, well! To think of you givin' in
 to Dicky like that! An' the little chap
 bein' so attached to him! You'd oughter
 killed him anyhow; I reckon Dicky'd got
 over his cryin' long enough to eat some.
 But what you going to do? Ain't got no
 chickens, have you?"

"No, sir. Susie's got a little piece of beef she's going to cook for mamma, and the rest of us will have—broiled ham." And the tone of his voice as he uttered the last two words showed what little store he set by the oft-repeated dish.

The farmer said no more, but returned to the kitchen, where he lost no time in repeating Ras' story to his wife.

"Now, did you ever!" she repeated more than once during the recital. "And to think I ain't got a blessed young turkey left to send them! Sent every one to market a-Monday."

"Why can't I fetch them over here in the spring-wagon before I go to the station after Josephine?" queried the kind-hearted farmer.

"That poor woman'd never stand the cold. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send them a good fat pullet—it's almost as good as turkey,—and I'll fix up a basket just the same's we're goin' to have ourselves; and you can take it and Ras along when you're goin' after Josephine. Let Ras knock off at 'leven o'clock—and mind you give him that extra dollar,—and then you can have a talk with Mrs. Dodger before it's time to meet the train."

This arrangement was carried out, and shortly after eleven Ras found himself in the carryall, with Farmer Veith, and such a hamper of edibles as had made his mouth water while he watched it's being packed. He had entered a feeble protest, being unused to accept this kind of bounty from the neighbors; but both the farmer and his wife refused to listen, asserting that anything they could do for his mother, and for his dead father's sake, was only a return of kindnesses long past and gone.

Arrived at Mrs. Dodger's, Farmer Veith dismounted at the barnyard gate and took out that precious hamper; directing Ras to cover the horse and loosen the check-rein, as he intended to have a chat with the boy's mother. Then he made for the house, stopping at the foot of the porch

steps to search in his overcoat pocket for a cake of maple sugar he was bringing to Dicky. While he stood there he heard Susie's voice calling to Dicky, who had entered the other room. No one seemed to have heard the good farmer and Ras approaching.

"Little brother," called Susie, "come here and order your dinner!"

The farmer heard Dicky's small boots cross the uncovered floor, though he himself could neither see nor be seen. Then Dicky's voice answered:

"Are we going to play dinner again? Why? 'Cause we ain't got nothing but bacon? Oh, well! I guess it's as good as ham."

"What will you have, little brother?"

"Well, I guess we might as well have turkey as anything else."

"Of course—turkey on Thanksgiving. But what part?"

"What are *you* going to have?"

"I think—" Susie deliberated as if she found it difficult to choose,—“well, I think I'll take a drumstick and a *leettle* bit of white meat."

"I'll take a drumstick too," announced her brother.

"Oh, then there won't be any for Ras! But never mind. He may have mine. I'd just as soon have the thigh. Black meat is always the sweetest, father used to say. Will you have some dressing, Dicky? It's got sage in it—or thyme, I mean,—and it's just as brown on the outside! Maybe you'd rather have it stuffed with oysters? We had it that way once, but I didn't like it much."

But Dicky was not familiar with oysters, and declared in favor of the bread dressing.

"And here's some fine cranberry sauce. Isn't it clear? Some's sour and some's sweet. Which will you have?"

"I'll have the sweet. Have we got sweet-potatoes too?" asked the little boy.

"Of course,—anything you want. And there's mashed potatoes as white and

light as cream. And the gravy—my! the gravy! It'll make your mouth water. Will we have cider or coffee?"

"Let's have both," said Dicky.

"All right. Mamma likes cider and Ras likes coffee, so we'll have both." Then, in a different tone of voice: "Ras ought to be here pretty soon."

The farmer still stood on the porch step, hardly knowing what to make of the children's talk.

"I never knew Ras to tell a lie," he thought; "and there isn't any one near enough to bring them anything; and yet they're talkin' about dinner as if there wasn't anything they needed."

The chat went on:

"What's for dessert, Susie?"

"Dessert! Why, we haven't near finished dinner yet! There's squash, and there's pickled onions, and there's fried giblets. And I'm going to have some more dressing and—and a wing."

"Oh, all right! Can I have some black meat now?"

"Yes; here's some. How nice and juicy it is! Some more gravy? When we come to dessert, Dicky, you'll open your eyes. There's going to be pie first, and then nuts and raisins,—different kinds of nuts, you know; all heaped up in the big glass dish. And maybe there'll be candy,—maybe chocolate drops."

But Farmer Veith could wait to hear no more. Leaving his hamper on the porch, he opened the door, expecting to smell and view the glories of Susie's bounteous feast; and he saw instead a bare table, and a cupboard whose open door revealed, on a platter, a small piece of steak and some slices of bacon.

"I swan to goodness, Susie," he cried, "I thought you had enough in here to feed a regiment! What was you tryin' to do, talkin' like that?"

"Oh, Dicky and I often play we've got different things for dinner, when it's only bacon! You see, we get tired of bacon

sometimes" (I should think so! thought the farmer); "and then we play it's something else, and it tastes kind of different. Ras used to, too; but he won't do it any more."

Poor Farmer Veith groaned audibly at the thought of the brave misery to which he had been for many months a next-door neighbor.

"Can I see your mother?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" And Susie opened the bedroom door. "Mamma, here's Mr. Veith."

"What do these children mean?" he said, standing beside the invalid's chair. "by *playing* they've got things to eat? Don't they have enough?"

"Oh, yes, they have enough! You know how many hogs were killed—if it hadn't been for you, neighbor, how should I have had them killed! But they don't have much variety, and then they play. I didn't like it myself at first, but Susie says they like it; and, then, it's one way of keeping Dicky amused."

"A mighty poor way, I'm thinking! But look here, Mrs. Dodger, why didn't you let us know you was in such straits? Do you think we'd a stood by and done nothin'?"

"Oh, no, no! You've always been too kind. But I thought if I got better we might be able to manage. And I am really a little better," said the poor woman, eagerly.

But the farmer was what he called "riled."

"I always said you was too proud," he continued. "Now, Ben, he'd ask for a day's help as freely as he'd give it; but you go pottering on by yourself, till you ruin your own health, and then starve your children. Now, what are you cryin' for? Ain't I here to help you out?" And he stamped up and down the small room. "I'm goin' to run this farm on shares; and—well, I ain't got time to fix plans now, 'cause I've got to meet Josephine at the station; but I'll come over next week and talk to you about it. Now stop cryin', that's a good woman!"

"I'm cryin' because I'm glad you found me out, and because you're so good to us," sobbed Mrs. Dodger, from whose shoulders a load of misery had slipped. "If I only had some one to help with the farm for a couple of years, until Ras is grown and gets some schooling, I know I could make it pay."

"Well, now you've got me; and you could a had me long ago for the askin'. But, land! I must go. Susie, where's that boy? Where's Ras? Never mind: I'll send him in. And see here, Dicky, next year you shall have a whole brood of turkeys. And you can't love 'em all too much to eat 'em. And Zeke, he'll be boss of the yard; 'cause if it hadn't been for him we'd never got to know — here, here's some maple sugar for you," and he thrust a small package into Dicky's hand. Then he went out, drowning a very decided snuffle in the banging of the door.

As the farmer drove away, Ras came in with the hamper, which he and Susie proceeded to unpack with unbounded delight; talking meanwhile of the good times that were coming, when Farmer Veith should work their farm on shares.

When the hamper was at last quite empty, Dicky ran to the window and addressed Zeke, whom he could see strutting about the barnyard:

"Next year, Zekie, you'll be boss of a yardful; 'cause if I'd let Ras kill you, Mrs. Veith wouldn't have sent us a basket-load of stuff. And we'll never eat him, will we, Susie?" he finished, looking appealingly up at her.

"No, indeed, little brother. He's like the goose that laid the golden egg, and we can't afford to kill him."

So it happened next day at Mrs. Dodger's that the children said, after grace: "Hurrah for Farmer Veith!" And that the farmer said, as he held up to the light his glass of sparkling cider: "Here's to Dicky Dodger's Zeke, that saved his own life and the family fortunes!"

A Good-Natured Dog.

One of the best-natured dogs in the whole world is a beautiful black retriever named Ashley, owned by a gentleman in London. Ashley, like most dogs, is blessed with a good appetite, and his master gives him just enough food for a mastiff of his size. A few weeks ago a thin, starved-looking canine, that leads a dog's life in a neighboring alley, came to visit Ashley about dinner-time. He politely offered half his dinner to the strange dog, and stood by, with a pleased expression of countenance, while the food was being eagerly snapped up by his famished visitor. Since then Ashley saves half his dinner every day for his humble friend.

Even well-behaved cats are admitted to Ashley's table, and partake of his hospitality without fear. Once, when his master was absent for a whole week, this noble dog ran short of food; but he still saved part of his allowance for his less fortunate companions. This shows that Ashley was generous, not because he had more than he could eat, but out of pure unselfishness and kindness of heart; and that even cats and dogs can get on without quarrelling.

In Olden Times.

An old writer tells us of the pain it was the custom to inflict upon unruly school-children in England a hundred years ago. They wore iron collars around the neck, and a backboard was sometimes strapped over the shoulders. These uncomfortable things were put on in the morning and worn all day. And the food! Dry bread and cold milk! In those days little people were never allowed to sit down in the presence of their parents; yet we are told that they were happy children, and loved and revered those who inflicted such rigorous treatment upon them.



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

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In Expectation.

ADORING angels, full of love profound,
 Are bending o'er thee, sharing ev'ry hour
 Thy tender longing for the seed to flower
 Which God has planted in the chosen ground
 Of thy pure bosom, Mary! And the sound
 Of heavenly music—falling like a shower
 Of silv'ry notes rung from a belfry tower—
 Chimes in thy ears, and makes thy soul abound
 With peace and joy. At last thy heart reads
 well

The meaning of a wondrous mystery:
 The Holy One, the true Emmanuel
 By prophets long foretold, dwells now with
 thee;

And thou art waiting, Maid of Israel,
 The bliss divine of thy maternity.

T. A. M.

The Second Advent.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

THE holy season of Advent,
 first of the five divisions
 of the ecclesiastical year, is
 ushered in by the Church with
 the solemn announcement of
 the second coming of Our Lord.

The better to prepare us for the full
 understanding of the law of love so strik-
 ingly manifested in the Messiah's birth,
 our provident mother begins by fixing our

attention on the terrific consequences of
 the law of justice. Apprehension of the
 justice with which we are threatened
 urges us to have recourse to the mercy
 that is thrust upon us; and if we learn
 the lesson well, confidence succeeds to
 terror, and fear is swallowed up in love.
 That genuine fear and trembling should
 be the outcome of our contemplating the
 second advent of Our Lord is only natural;
 for in the tremendous fact of the general
 judgment, which that advent heralds, we
 have before us the most awful and terri-
 fying spectacle that religion can present
 to the eyes of faith.

The Council of Trent tells us that Jesus
 Christ is invested with three principal
 offices, or functions, as regards man, whose
 nature He assumed: He is our Redeemer,
 our Patron or Advocate, and our Judge.
 By His passion and death He did all that
 was required of Him in the first capacity.
 Ever since His Ascension He has been
 sitting at the right hand of His Father,
 presenting our petitions and pleading
 for our pardon; and of this function
 of advocate He will continue to acquit
 Himself as long as the present order of
 things shall last—as long as time endures.
 When the pendulum of time shall have
 ceased to swing, and the present order to
 exist, then Christ will appear in His
 third character of Judge.

Holy Scripture mentions two distinct ad-
 vents, or comings, of Jesus Christ into this

world: the first occurred at the moment of the Incarnation, when Mary, in response to the Archangel's "Hail, full of grace! the Lord is with thee," answered: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word." The second is an event of the unknown future, coincident with the end of the world and of time.

Christ frequently spoke to His disciples of this His second coming, in order that they in turn might teach it to the world at large. Sometimes He announced it in the language of parable, as when He represents Himself as the father of a family who distributes his goods among his servants, and afterward calls each to account for the portion which he has received; or as a king who goes to take possession of a kingdom to which he has fallen heir, and on his return rewards his faithful subjects and punishes those who have forsworn their allegiance; and sometimes in the plainest and most formal terms, as when He said to them: "And they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with great power and majesty." On the occasion of His Ascension, the angels predicted this second advent of our Divine Lord. "Ye men of Galilee," they said to the disciples, "why stand you looking up to heaven? This Jesus, who is taken up from you into heaven, so shall He come as you have seen him going into heaven."

As it is a doctrine of the Catholic Church, however, and an integral portion of our faith, that each man undergoes a particular judgment immediately after death, and that his fate is then sealed in an irrevocable manner, does not this second coming and judging of Our Lord appear superfluous? If each soul is judged and acquitted or condemned immediately on its liberation from the body—if, as soon as his little span of life is past, man enters at once on the enjoyment of his reward or the expiation of his punishment,

—what need is there for a general judgment? The need is evident, and will be very readily understood. A judgment at which all men, the congregated world, shall be present, on the same day and in the same place, is necessary, in order that full and complete justice may be done to Jesus Christ, to His Almighty Father, and to all mankind.

First, with regard to Jesus Christ. Rejected and disowned by the Jews, crucified by pagans, blasphemed by heretics, shorn of His divinity by rationalists, insulted and mocked by blatant infidels, dishonored and outraged by traitorous Christians, it is fitting that the most solemn and public reparation be made to Him. It is necessary that all the countless multitudes who have denied Him before men shall recognize and proclaim Him in the face of heaven and earth as their supreme and sovereign Lord; necessary that for once all mankind shall fall on their knees and adore Him who for love of them was pleased to die upon the Cross.

Again, the divine providence of God is, in this world, subject to unceasing blasphemy. Blind mortals, viewing the prosperity and apparent happiness of so many wicked people, and the privations and misery of so many righteous ones, are too often prone to accuse God of injustice in the ordering of His ways toward men,—if indeed they do not go further, and declare that God does not concern Himself with the affairs of men at all. Many Christians even, without being irreligious, are scandalized at certain events which God allows to happen, and which in the feebleness of their intellect they are unable to understand. The saints themselves seem sometimes querulously to murmur against the dispensations of Providence, according to these words of the Prophet: "Behold these are sinners, and yet, abounding in the world, they have obtained riches; and I said, then in

vain have I justified my heart and washed my hands among the innocent." This has ever been and will continue to be a frequent complaint; and hence a general judgment is necessary, that all men may finally admit the wisdom, justice, and benignity of God's providence, and understand the deep economy of its designs. On the last day God will allow mankind itself to be the judge of the rectitude of His ways, and mankind will be forced to acknowledge that He has done all things well.

In the third place, a general judgment is necessary, is essential, in order that the full measure of justice be meted out to all men. No man wholly dies, even as regards this world. He survives to a greater or less extent in his children, his friends and companions, his followers, his works. No individual is so insignificant that in the course of a lifetime he does not influence, whether for good or evil, some of his fellow-beings. There is a solemn religious truth as well as the statement of an historical fact in Shakespeare's line: "The evil that men do lives after them." The education which a man has given to his children, and the lessons, maxims, and examples which he has left to those with whom he lived, continue to produce results long after his body has crumbled into indistinguishable dust. Scientists tell us that every word we utter is the initial movement of a vibration of air which will be perpetuated in successive undulations of the atmospheric fluid throughout all time; and just so, many an act of ours is the primal cause of a multitude of other actions that will be performed by succeeding generations until the end of the world. The influence of good or bad example, in a word, will survive as long as there are men and women on earth to be influenced; and hence to form a proper estimate of the praise or blame due to the virtue or criminality of each, there must be a final

judgment when the reign of man on earth is at an end.

Moreover, there are in this world a multitude of virtuous men and women who are neither known nor appreciated by their fellows,—nay, who are ridiculed, despised, contemned, calumniated, slandered, and persecuted; while there is a still larger concourse of wretched sinners who are held in high esteem and crowned with honor, simply because their crimes are secret, their vices veiled. Now, it is supremely consonant even with our restricted notions of justice that there should come a time when, in the presence of all mankind, hidden worth and solid virtue shall receive public vindication, while the mask of hypocrisy shall be torn aside, and the loathsome corruption of the hypocrites be revealed for their confusion and ignominy.

Finally, by the particular judgment the soul alone is affected; and, in order that complete justice be done, it is necessary that the whole man, body and soul, should receive publicly the reward or punishment of the works which soul and body during their mortal career performed in concert.

The general judgment is necessary, then, for a variety of reasons. But when will it take place? The Apostles once put that question to our Divine Lord, and the answer He gave them was: "No one knows save God alone." Christ, however, made known to them certain signs which are to precede the last day, and which will warn Christians who live in the last years of the world that its end is at hand. The first of these is the preaching of the Gospel throughout the whole earth. "The Gospel of the Kingdom," says Christ, "shall be preached in the whole world, for a testimony to all nations; and then shall the consummation come." In connection with this first sign, it is to be noted that there is a constant tradition, founded upon various passages of Holy

Scripture, and notably upon a text from the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, that before the end of time the Jews, as a people, will recognize Jesus Christ as the true Messiah, and become converted to Christianity.

The second sign of which we are told is a very general apostasy, not only of individuals, but of entire nations. "The judgment will not come," says St. Paul, "till a revolt precedes." The third is the appearance on earth of Antichrist. "The last judgment," says the same Apostle, "will not come until the man of sin has first appeared,—the son of perdition, who raises himself above all that is called God." Antichristian doctrines having perverted the nations by diffusing everywhere the spirit of impiety and revolt, there will come a man who will be at once their impersonation and their punishment, and who will be the most frightful tyrant ever known in the history of the world. The persecution which he will wage against the Church will be the last trial of that victorious spouse of Christ.

These are called the remote signs of the coming of the end of the world. As for the immediate marks or notes of its advent, they will be found in those convulsions of the universe spoken of in the Gospel of St. Matthew (xxiv, 15-35): upheavals of visible nature in the throes of her last agony, at sight of which "men shall wither away with fear, in expectation of that which shall come upon the whole world." Finally, there shall sound, in the Archangel's trumpet tones, the mighty cry: "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" At this imperative summons earth and sea will give up their dead; and souls from heaven, hell, and purgatory will take possession of the bodies which during their earthly pilgrimage were the partners of their virtues or their crimes.

The union of body and soul on the last day is a circumstance which, while it

will immeasurably enhance the happiness of the elect, will just as immeasurably aggravate the misery of the reprobate. We learn from Scripture that, while the bodies of the just will rise glorious and resplendent, even as that of our Redeemer on Easter morning, those of the wicked will be mere livid masses of foul corruption; putrid corpses, exhaling a fetid odor and furnishing a horrible abode to gnawing worms. "Rottenness and worms," says Ecclesiasticus, "shall inherit them." And if we ask why, St. Paul answers: "For he that soweth in the flesh, of the flesh also shall reap corruption."

The last act of this tremendous tragedy at length approaches. First there appears in the firmament, resplendent with inconceivable lustre, a luminous cross, the sign of the Son of man,—sign of salvation and joy to those who have learned its lesson, of condemnation and woe to those who have mocked and reviled it, or who have neglected to lave themselves in the Precious Blood which crimsoned its prototype on Calvary. Then the heavens open; and, seated on a brilliant cloud, more beautiful than the morning star, a thousand times more refulgent than the noonday sun, adorned with such glory and majesty as no mortal intellect can conceive, invested with a power in comparison with which the authority of all earthly monarchs is as nought, surrounded by myriads of angelic spirits floating in an ocean of light, the Supreme Judge, the adorable Humanity of the Word made flesh, is disclosed to the gaze of the assembled world.

There follows the manifestation of consciences—the publishing to men and angels of all that was secret and hidden in the life of every individual in that mighty throng. Then comes the pronouncing of that dread sentence which will consign the reprobate, already separated from the just and placed on the

left hand of their Judge, to an eternity of supremest woe. "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Shrieking and wailing, the damned are plunged into that hell whose existence so many of them while on earth scoffed at and denied; the gates are closed; and forever, for eternity, as long as God shall be God, those lost souls will suffer their excruciating torments; and not one ray of hope will ever illumine the impenetrable gloom that shrouds in blackest darkness their never-ending night of horror and despair.

How will that awful sentence affect us? We shall all hear it,—shall all be actors in that realistic drama to be enacted on the Day of Judgment. Shall we be standing on the right hand or the left, among the glorified or the damned? It depends solely upon ourselves. We are writing our sentences now from day to day; and when death arrests our hand, God will simply pronounce the doom that shall have proven the choice of our own free will. Well may we, then, during Advent time reap lessons of wisdom from these mighty truths which the Church would have us meditate. Well may the terrors that are to surround the second coming of Our Lord persuade us to remove all obstacles to our full reception of the salutary fruits of His first blest advent, and the vision of judgment be a fitting preparation for the mercy and love of Christmastide.

To such of our readers as are curious in the matter of anagrams the following may be of interest. Many centuries ago this one began to circulate in the monasteries and schools of Italy:

AVE MARIA, GRATIA PLENA, DOMINUS TECUM.
(Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.)

By transposition of the letters it becomes:

INVENTA SUM DEIPARA, ERGO IMMACULATA.
(I was made Mother of God, therefore Immaculate.)

Vogel and Blinder.—The Judge's Story.*

AT the residence of Judge Ruprecht, of the Criminal Court of Prussia, a few intimate friends were assembled, among whom were Judge Amberg, of the Civil Court, and his wife. The party might almost be considered a family reunion. The occasion was the meeting, after a long separation, of the two Judges, who had been school-fellows.

It was twelve long years since the friends had met; and now, during the vacation of the courts, the families could spend at least a week in the same neighborhood. Judge Amberg had, therefore, come with his family to the town where Ruprecht lived, and had taken rooms in a hotel; but, as a matter of course, he and his wife were daily guests at his friend's house. The Ambergs had lately given their only daughter in marriage, and their son was on a pleasure trip in Sweden. They were not a little surprised to see how the young Ruprechts had grown. The girls were nineteen and twenty respectively, and the son was just twenty-three.

Dinner was over, and now the three young folks moved to the piano. The young man was an excellent performer on the 'cello; one of the girls played the violin, and the other was clever at the piano. They performed one of Haydn's trios in masterly style.

When the piece was ended, Amberg and his wife expressed their delight; whilst Ruprecht senior rubbed his hands with a satisfied air, remarking:

"That is nothing to what they can do. To hear them to advantage, we must go to the concert hall. Here in the parlor the music is smothered."

"Who shall say that talent is not hereditary!" exclaimed Judge Amberg.

* A. Oskar Klausmann in the *Alle und Neue Welt*. Translated for THE "AVE MARIA" by J. M. T.

"Your children have inherited their musical abilities from you, Ruprecht. Take care that they do not some day play such a prank as we once played."

Judge Ruprecht smiled and said:

"I hope not. But even if they did, I suppose we should have to forgive them at last, even as we were forgiven. And if on their tramp they found the happiness of their lives," he added, bowing to Mrs. Amberg, "I think we might well send them off with our blessing."

The two elderly ladies laughed heartily, and the younger members of the party looked surprised.

"Did your children never hear of our adventure?" inquired the visitor.

"No," replied his friend; "I have never told them of it. I feared that it might be a bad example to them."

Amberg shook his head and said:

"You are wrong, Ruprecht. There was no bad example in the proceeding. I do not understand how you could so long keep from your children the knowledge of this very uncommonplace adventure."

"I will give you one reason," said Judge Ruprecht. "I felt that I could not do the subject justice. But if you will have the kindness to tell the story of our tramp, you will be conferring a favor, not only on the children, but on me and my wife; and I am confident that your wife will also look back to those days with pleasure. But wait till the bowl that I have ordered is brought in. You will then be in better humor for the story."

"It is now nearly thirty years," began Judge Amberg, "since two young men, who had already made some slight progress in the career of law, were seated together in a modest boarding-house in the Weidenstrasse in Breslau. Our hearts were very sad for, of course, you must have guessed that the two students were the present Judge Ruprecht and my insignificance. The sorrow that weighed us down was

one of which we need not be ashamed. It was not for ourselves, but for a school friend and companion, who had just left us, that we were troubled.

"This friend, who had been our companion at the University, and who was now teaching in a gymnasium, although I can not exculpate him from a certain levity, was, however, an honorable and good young man at heart. He had been only a short time in his present employment, which he had secured with difficulty, from the fact that during his studies he had lost his parents, and with them all his means of support. When he was appointed, he needed the small capital of fifty dollars to procure some necessary articles. Unfortunately he fell into the hands of a usurer, and at the time when we were puzzling our brains about him, his debt of fifty dollars had grown to three hundred. The usurer demanded his money, which our friend could not pay. The fellow then threatened to expose our friend, and he was quite capable of doing it. In that case our friend would be instantly dismissed, with no chance of obtaining employment elsewhere, and thus his career would be ended. He had just visited us with this information; and in taking leave he remarked that we need not wonder if before long we should hear that he had put a violent end to his life. We tried to dissuade him from such a proceeding, but he declared that in three days the matter would be decided; he had written to a distant relative for help; he had little hopes of a favorable answer, but it was his last and only chance.

"We were deeply touched by our friend's predicament; for youth is by nature compassionate, and they are most compassionate who themselves have nothing. We would gladly help our friend if we knew how. But Ruprecht commanded an income of only twenty dollars a month, on which he had to live very sparingly; besides our president required that when-

ever we appeared in court we should be dressed irreproachably; and rummaging amongst musty old documents in the halls of justice was hard on clothes. I had no one to look to but my aged mother, who received a pension, which she shared with me; and my portion was even smaller than Ruprecht's. For economy's sake we had hired a room together, but it was impossible for us to help our friend.

"Ruprecht was always the leader amongst us, and in his after life he has continued a leader by attaining to his present high position. My sphere was of a lower order; for I could quietly carry out a plan rather than invent one. It was nearly dark that night when Ruprecht startled me by saying:

"Look here, Amberg. We can help our friend, at least for a quarter of a year, by going security for him. If we go to the money-lender, tell him who we are, and indorse a new note which he will accept from our friend, he will let the matter rest for another quarter, even though he may charge fifty dollars more.'

"And when the quarter is up?" I asked.

"We will pay,' replied Ruprecht; 'and in this way. In four weeks the courts take a recess. You are a splendid singer and declaimer; and you know that in our musical societies at college, where there were many good musicians, I was considered a success at the piano, especially at improvising. During the holidays let us change our names, and visit the watering-places of Bohemia and Silesia; we can thus make money enough not only to cover our expenses and to relieve our unfortunate friend, but also to have a balance in our favor. We shall enjoy ourselves immensely, help our friend, and return to our work with the happy consciousness of having done a good deed which is out of the common, and the thought of which will be a joy to us for the rest of our lives.'

"I will confess that the proposition

took away my breath. At length I recovered myself sufficiently to say, or rather to gasp out:

"And if any one should recognize us on our tramp, and our president should hear of it, do you know what he would do with us? I need hardly tell you that he would demand our instant resignation. We should be considered deceivers, representing ourselves as virtuosos, taking people's money under false pretences; and even though the motive be excellent, that will never be taken into account by the lawyers.'

"My friend Ruprecht on that occasion, I will admit, pronounced me to be a goose, who had no idea of jurisprudence; and he proved to me conclusively that we should be guilty of no deceit. We were both good pianists and declaimers; a number of fellows travelled the country who could not do half as well as we could; and they not only made money, but moreover won considerable fame as artists. Our president would not recognize us, for he was not accustomed to visit those watering-places. If we removed our mustaches and dressed as artists, no one would recognize us, especially as we should keep away from the famous baths, and visit only obscure places in Bohemia and Silesia.

"Ruprecht was a famous disputant, who had hundreds of times shown his ability to convince an intelligent jury. It took him only two days to convert me to his point of view, and to make me surrender at discretion. If anything more was needed to make me yield myself a pliant tool into Ruprecht's hands, it was furnished when our friend the teacher threw himself weeping on our necks, on learning that we would go security for him, and declared that we had saved his life. No sacrifice would be too great which promised such a result.

"The preparations suggested by friend Ruprecht were excellent. He at once

secured passes under the names of two bailiffs—Vogel and Binder; and as these men were acquainted in police circles, they had one of us designated as a virtuoso, and the other as a declaimer and opera singer.

“Ruprecht proved himself equal to every emergency. He had a number of tickets printed in different colors, with the words ‘first row,’ ‘second row,’ ‘private box,’ etc., and a vacant space for the price. And he had made another preparation for our departure, of which I was unaware at the time. He had a friend in Breslau who was correspondent for a paper published in Karlsbad; he induced this friend to inform his paper that in a short time the two virtuosos, Vogel and Binder, whose reputation was world-wide, would make a professional tour through the Bohemian watering-places. I was ready to scream and dance when I saw this announcement in the paper. With that prudent foresight which has not deserted him to this day, friend Ruprecht had found out whither our acquaintances, especially those of the law courts, were going. In those days no one went to the Bohemian baths, those of Silesia being much nearer, and we learned that most of our colleagues were going to Berlin or to friends in Lower Silesia.

“When we began our romantic journey, we sent up a fervent prayer to Heaven for a blessing on our enterprise, since we were setting out on a good work. We passed the frontiers, and made our first halt at a little Bohemian town which, I think, was called Braunau. In reality, Braunau was not a watering-place, but merely a resting-place for people from Prague and Vienna. It was an inconceivable piece of impudence on our part to appear here; but Ruprecht remarked that, in an affair like ours, we should venture everything, unless we wished to lose confidence in ourselves at the very outset.

“The weekly paper of Braunau accepted in good faith the notice in the Karlsbad

journal, which we furnished it; and on the same day posters appeared on the street corners of Braunau announcing that the famous virtuosos, Vogel and Binder, from Berlin, would give a concert in the first inn of the town. We chose to announce ourselves as from Berlin, because Berlin was then as it still is the capital of Prussia, and at that time the city enjoyed a high reputation throughout Germany as a theatrical and musical centre.

“Friend Ruprecht had drawn up the programme, and was shameless enough to demand a gulden [forty cents] for the first places, and half a gulden for the second: there were no boxes. About midday we learned that every seat in the hall, which could accommodate about one hundred and twenty persons, was taken for the first night.

“I was the first to go under fire with a declamation, and, if I mistake not, my piece was from Byron, who was then all the rage. Next followed a rhapsody from Liszt, which was quite new, and not known in Braunau. I have forgotten the rest of the programme, and know only that I had to enter the breach first, and that I was terribly nervous when I mounted the platform.

“With mighty pathos, which perhaps I overdid, I declaimed my piece, and received thunders of applause. Immediately afterward friend Ruprecht dashed off the Hungarian rhapsody by Liszt, and he, too, received a storm of applause. To be brief, our success was immense—”

“Hold up there, Amberg!” cried his friend; “hold up! You must not minimize your merits: you must not forget to add that the storm of applause was most enthusiastic when you sang that exquisite serenade from Mozart. I thought the house would be pulled about our ears. The ladies especially were beside themselves, and particularly the younger portion of them. In those days friend Amberg was a pretty boy.”

This last remark provoked hearty laughter, and the Judge resumed his narrative:

"I did not want to thrust myself forward too much, and therefore I did not dwell upon my abilities as a singer. Our success was most gratifying, the receipts were more than satisfactory; and, best of all, the moral effect was brilliant. We had made a big venture at the first throw; but we had succeeded, and our courage and spirit of enterprise rose accordingly. We had the boldness to give concerts in Braunau on the two following nights, to which the aristocracy of the surrounding country came from miles; for our fame spread rapidly.

"I will not detain you with an account of all our proceedings; but, with the ladies' permission, I will mention only two important circumstances.

"Our success was so great that we ventured to perform in large towns that were not watering-places. But we passed by the capital of Bohemia. Of course we also avoided such places as Karlsbad, Marienbad, where we might be recognized.

"When we arrived at Trautenau, it happened that at the inn where we were to perform there was no piano, nor indeed any store in the town where we could hire one. But we were informed by a musical enthusiast that in a private family there was a wonderful instrument from Vienna, a masterpiece of its kind, which we might be able to borrow. It was, however, a difficult matter. The piano belonged to a widow, whose husband had died lately. The lady lived quite alone with her daughter; and it seemed likely that, on account of her mourning, she would not be inclined to lend her instrument.

"It was considered a risky thing to ask this lady to help us. We, therefore, took two matches, shortened one of them, and made an agreement that whoever drew the shorter piece was to make the attempt. As friend Ruprecht was always a lucky fellow, I of course drew the short piece,

and accordingly went to see the widow.

"I found the lady more friendly and gracious than I expected. But her young, amiable and pretty daughter was much more interesting to me—you need not blush, my darling!" said the Judge, turning to his wife. "In my eyes you are yet the most charming woman in the world; and you were really a beautiful girl, as friend Ruprecht can bear witness."

"I will *swear* to it," answered the latter enthusiastically, emptying his glass.

"The mamma of this charming daughter," continued the narrator, "expressed her willingness to help a couple of artists in a pinch; but she wished to know to whom she trusted her instrument, and asked me to play something as a proof of my ability. As I was more of a success at singing than at playing, I sang a couple of melancholy airs, which moved mother and daughter to tears—my dear Paula, who always had a tender heart, and my future mother-in-law. The latter finally lent us the piano for our concert, and expressed her sincere regret that she and her daughter were hindered by their mourning from enjoying what she knew would be a rich treat. I naturally hastened to assure her that on the evening following our public concert we would take the greatest pleasure in giving the ladies a private rehearsal, if they would only permit us. I may as well confess honestly that I was anxious to become better acquainted with the young lady, the daughter of the house. My offer was accepted with hearty thanks. The piano, a really splendid instrument, was sent to the concert hall; and a part at least of our success that night was due to the grand instrument, which, under Ruprecht's masterly touch, gave forth music that seemed to be hardly of earth.

"On the following evening our hearts beat more anxiously than at our public performances. We had by this time got over the fever of the foot-lights, and were

perfectly cool on the stage. The instrument was returned to the kind lady; and in the evening Ruprecht and I, both of us faultlessly dressed, presented ourselves to give our private concert. We did our very best; and I flatter myself that, under the influence of our feelings, we surpassed ourselves that night.

"As there are more important matters coming up in my story, which will occupy some time in telling, I will not dwell on a point which is known to you all. I succeeded in winning a place in the heart of my dear Paula and in that of my future mother-in-law. When we took our leave it was with the words, '*Auf Wiedersehen*'; and my dear little woman uttered those two words in such a tone as gave me clearly to understand that I should be welcome whenever I returned."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

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"Per Mariam."

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

BE thou my prayer—by morn, by night,
 And all day long!
 My soul shall, lark-like, wing her flight,
 On, up, into the perfect light,
 With thee her song.

To muse upon thy joys, my Queen,
 Is sweet repose:
 But wiser still, for me, I ween,
 To pore on sorrows deep and keen—
 Thy peerless woes.

Those lovely lips have held their breath
 At madden'd strife:
 Those eyes have wept rejected faith,
 And bravely look'd upon the Death
 That gave us life.

That Heart, now restful evermore
 In God's own peace,
 Was once thrust through and wounded sore:
 A wordless anguish at its core,
 And no surcease.

Then let thy beauty hold me fast
 In blissful chain:
 A spell shall never break, but last
 Till earth's fond dreams be overpast,
 And nought remain

But love unblinded, joy all true—
 Unsating feast.
 Yet teach me *here* to sorrow too—
 To rue the sins which thou didst rue,
 Nor mine the least.

And teach me, dearest Mother, teach
 My heart to prize
 The science worldlings can not reach—
 The "folly" martyrs, virgins preach,
 That maketh wise:

To love the Cross, for His dear sake
 Who on it died:
 To love it well, and daily take
 My grace-fraught portion, and off shake
 All care beside.

Be *thus* my prayer, by morn, by night,
 And all day long:
 That so my spirit wing her flight,
 On, up, into the perfect light,
 With thee her song.

ST. MICHAEL'S RETREAT,
 West Hoboken, N. J.
 Nov., 1893.

◆◆◆

In the Path of Pioneer Priests.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

IX.—MASS ON THE WATER.

IT was customary many years ago in the South of Ireland for the boatmen to assemble when the fishing season opened, and sail out upon the sea, cast anchor, and hear Mass. "I have seen this Mass on the ocean upon a calm day," says an Irish writer, "when naught could be heard save the tinkle of the bell and the murmur of the priest's voice; behind us the distant hills of Bantry, before us nothing nearer than the American coast." I have read many interesting accounts of this time-honored custom, and it always

appeared to me another beautiful evidence of the faith of the Irish race. But never was I so strongly reminded of those glowing descriptions, and never did I feel so thrilled with the sublimity of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, as upon the occasion of which I am about to write.

It was a morning in May. Our "drive" had drifted far ahead of us; our six small boats were "sweeping" the bays, and the cookery boat was lying at anchor beside the camp. The cook had just loaded his utensils onto the boat, and we were preparing to launch out into the stream and float quietly down to the next camping ground.

When all was in readiness, the foreman, who had strolled up the portage path, called to us to wait; and, looking in his direction, we perceived that he had a companion, a stranger, who was bravely striving to keep pace with our leader. In a few seconds they were with us, and only then did we discover that the newcomer was a missionary. He was quite a young man comparatively, looking so pale and delicate that one might wonder how he could ever attempt a trip into that rough, uninhabited country. When the cook invited him to eat, he declined, saying that he had intended to say Mass for our men; that he had expected to reach camp before the day's work had begun, but had not properly calculated the distance.

The foreman suggested that we rig up the cookery boat for the Mass; so that, as we drifted down the stream, the men who were working there could join our craft and take part in the service. The idea seemed a good one, and the priest was delighted. The cook prepared the centre of the immense boat, and turned the bread-box into an extempore altar. The priest watched the proceedings with great attention; he had never dreamed of so romantic a scene as that in which he was to take part.

It was about six o'clock when the arrangements were completed and our

strangely-freighted vessel was pushed out from the river bank. Once in midstream, we plied the oars with unusual energy, sending the boat scudding along through the placid waters. At half-past six we came within calling distance of the men, who were working away on either side of the river. We backed water and checked the forward movement of our boat. The priest, clothed in purple vestments, ascended—or rather descended—the altar steps, and began the Mass. His movements were somewhat cramped, on account of the narrow space at his disposal; and he was obliged to dispense with a server except for the responses.

The good priest no doubt was deeply impressed by the extraordinary circumstances under which he offered the Holy Sacrifice; and the men, who were busy at their work, were astonished beyond expression when the foreman summoned them, with a blast from his horn, to behold the priest in full sacerdotal robes. The signal was promptly obeyed, and the six boats rowed over to us. Three on each side formed a guard of honor; and the old cookery boat, moving slowly with the current, glided on majestically down the stream. The sun shone in splendor from above the eastern hills. Silence reigned upon hill and flood, and not even the plashing of the oars was to be heard. All Nature seemed to feel the presence of God and the influence of the awful mystery about to be celebrated.

"*Introibo ad altare Dei.*" The priest alone was standing; the peculiar congregation, half kneeling, half sitting, in attitudes of devotion in their little boats; the blue dome of the sky arched over us; the pines on the hillsides were the only columns in that vast temple; the breeze from the west, the nearest approach to sacred music; and the words came distinctly: "I will go unto the altar of God."

"*Confiteor Deo omnipotenti.*" Seventy-two shaggy heads bowed low, and seventy-

two rough, toil-worn hands struck honest, Catholic breasts at the "*Mea culpa.*" A quarter of a mile down stream had we drifted, and the hard-wood forests along the shore looked richer and brighter in the foliage of spring. We were leaving the black rocks and giant pines behind, and approaching one of the most picturesque spots along the river.

"*Kyrie eleison.*" We were drawing still closer together. The current became stronger, and our vessels glided along with increasing rapidity; yet the change in motion, and the shifting of the natural panorama before us, in no way disturbed the meditations and prayers of the silent and devout crew.

"*Orate fratres.*" "Pray, brethren," said the priest; and from the depths of earnest hearts went up prayers that must have sounded joyous in the chancel of God's glory,—prayers for wives, children, relatives, friends; prayers for the souls of dear ones dead, prayers for the happiness and health of cherished ones living. Upon the altar-stone in our poor old cookery rested another Jacob's ladder, whose top round touched the gates of heaven; and along that ladder the ministering angels sped upward with the prayers of the raftsmen; down that ladder came the messengers of God's bounty, bearing the benediction of Heaven to the earth.

"*Sursum corda.*" All hearts were raised to the Lord as the Mass progressed. The most solemn moment was approaching; and as the priest bowed low, and pronounced the words of Consecration, all eyes were turned upon him. And soon the bell announced that the dread miracle of transubstantiation had taken place, and that even there in the great wilderness and upon that unfrequented stream, the mystic words of Consecration had brought down the Eternal God to become the Bread of man.

"*Pater noster.*" We were passing a

vast headland which stands out beyond a silver brook that dances down the hillside and leaps far out into the bosom of the river. There was a cross on the headland, an indication that an unknown raftsmen had found a last resting-place beneath the elms on that solitary cliff.

"*Agnus Dei.*" On glided the boats; higher rose the sun; nearer appeared the dark headland; brighter leaped the silver brook. Upon the river-bank we now beheld a lordly moose which had come down to quench his thirst at that crystal fountain. The murmur of voices in subdued accents of prayer attracted his attention, and the monarch of the forest, the untamed giant of the Northland, gazed upon a scene which angels and saints behold with feelings of awe.

On swept the boats. The headland was almost passed; the little brook had vanished from sight; but the moose was still there, peeping over the lower foliage, its big round eyes staring in mute astonishment at the strange picture. "*Ite, Missa est.*" The Mass was said, the blessing was given, and the congregation stirred; each man took his place at the oar; the six boats returned to the bays and eddies; the cookery proceeded down the stream; the great headland was left behind; and the moose—as though he had heard and understood the last words of the priest—wheeled round, and galloped off to the mountains; turning now and again upon the summit of a hillock to look back upon the strange visitors whose presence awakened the echoes of his lonely haunts.

Before we parted the priest declared that never before had he felt a thrill of joy like that which filled him while offering up the Holy Sacrifice that day in mid-stream. It was the last Mass that he ever said in the woods; for in October of that year he fell a victim to consumption, and his noble soul ascended to God. Poor Father Gillies!—may he rest in peace!

The Christmas Boons to the Church
of God.

—
BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.
—

☉ THE last sad days of the Month of Souls
Bring ever the dawn of the Advent time,
And the passing-bell that mournfully tolls
Shall change to the Christmas chime.

And forth from their desert of woe and pain
A pallid, long-pining, but patient band
Shall pass, in the sound of the Christmas
strain,
To the bliss of their Promised Land.

And they who must linger in exile lone,
With sweet submission shall softly say:
"We will wait for the Babe unto manhood
grown
To free us on Easter Day."

And thus o'er the suffering Church so sad
The beams of the Bethlehem Star shall
shine,
And its silence thrill with the echoes glad
Of the *Gloria* song divine.

While the opened heavens shall "rain the
Just"
On the waiting earth at the Advent's close,
And the waste shall shrine, 'mid its thorns
and dust,
The beauty of Sharon's Rose.

And the dawn shall break in the midnight
dim,
And men be wreathed by its wondrous glow,
And rapt in the joy of the angels' hymn,
As forth to the Crib they go.

And the hearts that long 'mid the worldly
din
For the promised Messiah all vainly search,
Shall find Him, peacefully cradled, in
The heart of the militant Church.

And Heaven, that giveth the priceless Gem—
For ransom of man—from its royal crown,
And plucketh its Rose from the shining
stem
To plant on the earth adown,

Shall gleam with the wealth of a fresh, bright
dower
Of earth-gems, meet for its King to wear;
While its fair fields blossom with many a
flower
That copied its Rose-bloom rare.

And so a new beauty sweet Christmastide
Shall e'en to the Church triumphant bring,
That biddeth its limitless kingdom wide
With an endless *Gloria* ring.

—◆◆—
From Shore to Shore.
—

V.

"A H, Mademoiselle," said the younger
lady, with that sweet simplicity which
was her greatest charm, "I fear you think
too kindly of me. My marriage was not
indeed one of love; still I was very happy,
and I believe I proved a dutiful wife in
every respect. Yet, since I have been a
widow, I have almost wondered if I did not
make a mistake in marrying at all. But
you will not understand. Having said so
much, I feel impelled to tell you my
story,—which, after all, to you, who have
lived so much in the world, may seem
very commonplace."

"Nothing which concerns you will
seem commonplace to me; nothing about
you or relating to you *can* be common-
place," answered the old lady, smiling
brilliantly into the face of her companion,
who, in spite of her stately figure and
dignified carriage, blushed at this sally
as shyly as a young girl.

"Well," she said, slowly and deliber-
ately, after a pause, "I will tell it to you;
although, after all these years of silence,
I can scarcely put it into words; for I do
not myself know my own feelings,—that
is, I can not analyze them. The moon is
rising: let us walk down to the point;
for I can speak better in the silence and
loneliness of the shore. To go back to

the house would put a spell upon my lips and lock my heart anew."

"Speak, my dear. I am all attention," said her companion; "and it may be that I can even counsel or assist you."

"No, I fear not," was the reply. "But you can at least sympathize with me, or tell me whether I need sympathy.—I was born in Ireland, as I told you, and early left an orphan. My mother, a Frenchwoman, returned to Paris after my father's death, and there remained. I do not know how it happened that we children—six in number—were left behind, but it was so. We were all taken by different relatives, and thus became almost as strangers to one another. I was educated in a convent at X. My cousin, the Bishop—"

"Will you tell me your name, my dear?" asked Mlle. Graudet, nervously clutching her companion's arm.

"My name was François Elizabeth Neville."

"Ah!" said Mlle. Graudet, with a quick, sharp sigh. "But go on, my dear."

"When I was about seventeen years old, and while hesitating whether I ought not to enter the convent in which my sister was already a nun, a friend of my mother, a wealthy lady from New York city, came to Ireland; and, seeming to take a fancy to me, she persuaded me to accompany her to America, where she promised to treat me as a daughter. My cousin, the Bishop, thought well of the project; so I accompanied her, and for six months led a very happy and comfortable existence. At the end of that time her only son returned from Europe, and then the trouble, of which I was the innocent cause, originated. He was a very handsome young man—tall, dark, with fine eyes and a magnificent carriage. To me he seemed like a creature far above me; for in those days I was but a simple child, in spite of my seventeen years. He was always most courteous and deferential in his treatment of me, never familiar;

although in course of time we grew to be very friendly—sang together, played duets, and sometimes read a little French in the evenings. He was not fond of going about, although his mother would have liked him to mingle in society.

"One night, about six months after his return, I left them in the drawing-room, and went upstairs early, as it was often my habit to do. Some time after I remembered that I had left my writing-case in the extension that opened off the drawing-room, and ran down to get it. My footfall made no noise on the heavy stair carpet, or the conversation that was going on below would not have been continued. Years have passed, and I have tried to forget the bitter words I heard that night. I too was to blame for having listened, but I did not listen long. It is enough to say that Madame Latourière accused me to her son of trying to make him fall in love with me, which he vehemently denied; and I flew upstairs in an agony of shame and mortification at the discovery I had made. As I lay weeping on my bed I heard footsteps pass my door. My senses were blunted. Thinking that Mr. George had gone to his room, I arose, fell on my knees and besought my dear Mother in heaven to guide me aright. Then I hastened downstairs once more, determined to acquit myself to Madame Latourière of the charge she had made against me. I well remember that my feeling was not so much one of resentment as of humiliation, that anything in my manner toward her son should have laid my conduct open to her accusation.

"When I reached the parlor door, some one was sitting in the large easy-chair in front of the fire. In a moment I saw that I had made a mistake: it was he whom of all others I least desired to meet. I turned to retrace my steps, but he sprang toward me, seized my hand, and spoke in an excited manner. For the first time it dawned upon me that his defence of me

to his mother had its origin in something deeper than a desire to shield me from a false charge. In short, dear Mlle. Graudet, he assured me that he loved me, and begged me to give him some hope. I do not remember what I said, other than that I refused to listen; my predominant feeling being that I had been the cause of discord in the house, and that I could never again confront either mother or son. I hurried to my room, locked the door, placed some necessary clothing in a satchel, and took ten dollars from my bureau drawer—all the money I had in the world. Dressed in my hat and cloak, I alternately knelt and sat by my bed until the first streak of dawn told me it must be nearly five. At half-past five the train left for Philadelphia. I stole softly down the stairs, unlatched the front door, and in a short time was on my way to the convent, where I had sometimes believed I would find the joy and peace of a true vocation."

"Poor child!" exclaimed Mlle. Graudet. "It was indeed hard, and I can not blame you for your action. But had you no regrets?"

"Not then," was the reply. "My brain was in such a whirl, my heart so torn and wounded, that I thought only of hiding myself forever."

"And the Sisters,—what course did they advise you to pursue?"

"They suggested that it would be better to write and inform Madame Latourière of my purpose not to return to her house; but I so dreaded meeting her that I implored them to allow her to remain in ignorance of my place of refuge. At the same time I represented to them that she would naturally know that the convent must be the spot to which I would turn, as I had written, with her permission, a short time before, asking when it would be convenient for the Sisters to receive me on a short visit. If she wished to know of my whereabouts, she would write to them, I felt certain; if not, her silence would be

an assurance that she wished all to be ended between us."

"And did you not hear from her?"

"No word came during the six months I remained at the convent. What occurred later I never knew."

"Were you unhappy?"

"Not unhappy, but restless and altogether unlike my usual self."

"And did you not, even in a slight degree, reciprocate the feeling you had inspired in the young man who had declared his love for you?"

"Ah, my friend!" and the voice of the younger woman trembled, "perhaps I did, without then being conscious of it. I was so young, so inexperienced, and so simple. But I kept my thoughts entirely to myself, and endeavored to put the memory of all that had passed away from me, as I might an evil thing. When in those days I tried to analyze my thoughts, I felt the very love he had expressed for me to be a temptation—something of which, though the innocent object, I should be ashamed; as it had served to alienate, at least for a brief time, that mother and son who had been all in all to each other."

"There you are mistaken," said Mlle. Graudet. "He was a good son, but there were depths in his character his mother could never have reached." Then she added quickly, seeing surprise in the face of her companion: "I have lived long in the world, and need but a hint to fathom the 'ins and outs' of such a story as yours. You should have allowed yourself to return that sincere affection."

"But, Mademoiselle," said the other, "you are more romantic than I could have imagined. To what end would it have been, since I had gone into voluntary banishment, and hidden myself away?"

"To this end," was the reply. "You would not have married another man, and all could have been righted. The mother would never have held out against her son's fidelity to you, and would have

sought you sooner or later. It was a pity—oh, a great pity!" she said, very gravely, standing still in the moonlight and taking the hand of her companion. "But proceed, my dear friend; I am all eagerness to know the rest."

"Ah! do not blame me, Mademoiselle, now that it is many years too late," said the Señora, her voice slightly broken. "Do not awaken reproachful regrets, that I have never allowed to harass me during all these peaceful years. To convince me that I had done wrong would be to make me miserable forever."

"There is no doubt that you loved him,—you love him still," answered the impulsive little Frenchwoman.

"I assure you that until this moment the thought of him has never given me pain."

"What! you have felt no pain in the reflection that you had probably wrecked a good man's happiness?"

"But, Mademoiselle, consider. There is no reason to suppose that his happiness was more than temporarily marred. You look from a wrong standpoint. Doubtless it was but a fancy—one that died with the year. I have no good reason to think otherwise."

"You may be right. But have you never heard?"

"Never."

"Or cared to hear?"

"Until recently, no. I had a good, kind husband and a happy home."

"Did you love your husband?"

"With the love of which I have read and heard, no. But if wifely devotion to him and his interests counted for anything, yes."

The moonlight gleamed like a sheet of silver over the placid water; and the two women remained silent for a few moments, each struggling with the emotions which the strange recital had stirred up within her bosom.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Viewed from Without.

MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, who made a special visit to the United States some time ago, in order to study the condition and prospects of the Church among us, gives his impressions in a late number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. The result is highly interesting, and shows that the writer approached as near to an appreciation of the Church as a non-Catholic may reasonably be expected to come. To those who regard the advancement of Catholicism here as a menace to the State, he says: "If the Church but carries out her highest aims, acts up to her loftiest ideals, she will in the end be a source of safety and not of peril to the great Republic in whose midst she has taken so firm a root. . . . Rome, say what we may, and however much we may dislike or seek to explain away or absolutely deny the fact,—Rome, nevertheless, is the one great Church; the one vast political as well as ecclesiastical organization that speaks with authority, with a voice that *will* be heard."

If Mr. Blathwayt understood the Church as she is, he would apprehend that she can not fail to carry out her highest aims, and to act up to her loftiest ideals. That she is not a source of safety to all governments is because her beneficial action is hampered by ignorance or opposed by malice. Only in the sense of being a supporter of authority, an exponent of the duty of patriotism, and a conservator of morals, can the Church be called "a political organization."

Conversing one day with Mr. Blathwayt on the progress of the Church in the United States, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes remarked, in his usual epigrammatic style, that "the Mississippi will never allow itself to be dominated by the Tiber." Mr. Blathwayt, after rightly inferring that the Tiber has no marked desire to

dominate the Mississippi, observes: "It is quite true, in another sense perhaps than Dr. Holmes meant it, that the Tiber will never dominate the Mississippi; but it is equally true that the Mississippi may yet flow into the Tiber. And I believe the day will come when, if she will but act up to her loftiest ideals and in accordance with her noblest traditions, Rome will dominate not the United States only, but the whole English-speaking world."

Mr. Blathwayt deserves congratulation; he is one of the small but happily increasing body of non-Catholics who can discriminate between spiritual domination and civil government. In this sense the Mississippi may yet flow into the Tiber; and when that day comes—as we hope it may come speedily—it will be found that the glorious Father of Waters will be none the worse for the commingling.

Notes and Remarks.

The fact that no hymn or collect in honor of the Blessed Virgin is to be found in the Bangor Antiphony, of which we made mention not long since, has been regarded by certain writers as a proof that the Church in Ireland, comparatively isolated from Rome as it was when the antiphony was compiled, had as yet little share in the Catholic devotion to the Mother of God, so popular among other nations. This conclusion is hasty, to say the least. The cultus of the Blessed Virgin was widespread throughout Ireland in the seventh century; and if no Marian hymns appear in this ancient MS., it is probably because, as was frequently the case, the convent possessed a special antiphony for services in her honor. The same conclusion has been drawn from the absence of reference to the Mother of God in the "Imitation of Christ." That the devout A Kempis had a tender devotion to Our Lady there can be no doubt. He had a special love for the *Ave Maria*, of which he said,

"There is no sweeter prayer"; and in the Gertruydenberg portrait of him he is represented holding the rosary in his hands. As everyone knows, he was the author of other works besides the "Imitation"; and no doubt the erroneous conclusion to which we refer arose from a misapprehension of the special scope of this best known book.

The address delivered at the Episcopal Church Congress in New York by the Rev. Dr. Dumbell, of Staten Island, caused a sensation among the audience; but the Doctor was in good training, and had his say, in spite of yells and hisses from the divinity students and frowns from the bishops. Dr. Dumbell declared that emissaries of his sect ought not to invade Catholic sheepfolds, and that their labors in that direction were sure to be futile. "I never knew any proselytes from the Roman Church," he said, "who had not neglected their duty in their own." Nor did any one else ever know of such; but we could give a long list of dutiful Protestant Episcopalians who have joined the Mother Church. It is only the best of Protestants who are likely to become Catholics.

No one that has not seen the organs of the A. P. A., can have any idea of the ignorance, bigotry and bitterness of this new Know-nothingism. Numerous as the organization is—much more so than we had thought,—there appear to be ten backers to every member. What gave rise to the present anti-Catholic movement in the United States, and how it may best be put down, are questions which should interest every truly American and truly patriotic citizen, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. As every effect has a cause, there must be reasons for this deplorable outbreak of religious strife; and that the responsibility of it rests in some measure with Catholics themselves there can be little doubt.

It is to the credit of the present generation that the closing years of the nineteenth century have been marked by a general repudiation of the selfish spirit introduced by the "Reformation," and a partial return to the broad, unquestioning charity of the

Ages of Faith. Altruism and philanthropy are, of course, poor substitutes for Christian charity; but they are undoubtedly better than the selfish indifference that preceded them. An English antiquarian has just published an essay on the ancient "Guild of Holy Cross, Birmingham," which presents one aspect of medieval charity, and which might be profitably studied by the followers of the modern altruistic gospel. This guild, founded in 1389, was one of the most active in England; and, like others of its kind, had a marked religious character. The members paid entrance fees, and contributed wax for the lights which burned before the guild altar in the church. When one of them died, all attended the funeral Mass, and the expenses of burial were defrayed from the common fund. The richer members loaned money to the poorer ones, and food and fuel were freely dispensed to those in want. Sometimes the guild undertook the repair of bridges and improved the public roads. Over all and permeating all these works was the gentle spirit of Christ, which alone is needed to transform modern philanthropy into that beautiful charity which is "religion pure and undefiled."

We learn from the *Revista Catolica* that the yellow flag of Russia has been placed in the sanctuary of Lourdes, beside those of the other nations. On the front, in embroidery, it bears the name of the city of Peter the Great, the inscription *Ave Maria* in Latin, and in Russian the title "Comforter of the Afflicted." It was blessed by Cardinal Despres before being set up. "In this symbol," remarked his Eminence, "we hail the first fruits of the union between two Churches, which we hope will soon form but one flock under the guidance of one and the same shepherd."

Last year the Mexican Government sent a Jesuit Father to visit the Tarahumares, a neighboring tribe of Indians, for the purpose of collecting ethnographical information. These Indians were converted nearly two centuries ago, and they still preserve the traditions of the faith in a remarkable degree, although they had not seen a priest in a

hundred years. The church furniture and sacred vessels are hidden away in mountain caves; but the missionary was assured that as soon as priests were sent to minister to the Indians, the church vessels would be restored. These faithful people hold the vice of theft in great abhorrence, and there is an utter absence of idolatry even among those who are not Christians. About four years ago the Provincial of the Jesuits announced his intention of sending them priests, but the Mexican Government interfered. It is to be hoped that the saving light of Christianity may soon shine in its fulness upon these poor Indians, as it did on their Catholic forefathers.

Members of the Apostleship of Prayer and of the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart owe special suffrages in behalf of the late Very Rev. Edward Sorin. He was among the earliest promoters of the Apostleship in the United States, and THE "AVE MARIA" was the precursor of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, the organ of the Apostleship. The Archconfraternity of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart was originally established in this country at Notre Dame, and scores of thousands of members had been enrolled when it was turned over to the charge of the Missionaries of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, who now publish a monthly messenger instead of the weekly bulletin that was given in THE "AVE MARIA" before the Fathers had established themselves in this country.

The Catholic public of the United States owe more to Father Sorin than they know. His zealous efforts for their spiritual profit seemed to be specially blessed because of his admirable disinterestedness.

The Society of Foreign Missions numbers many martyrs among its members, including native priests of the missions which it directs. In the seventeenth century it was privileged to give to the Church witnesses of the faith in the missions of Pegu, Tonkin, and Cochin China, and during the eighteenth century in Sumatra and Indo-China. But it is especially in this nineteenth century that the blood of bishops, priests, and the faithful

laity has been poured forth in profusion. And the Sovereign Pontiffs, in several decrees, have introduced the cause of their beatification, so that they may be addressed by Christian people under the title of Venerable. At the present time the cause of these holy martyrs is making rapid progress, and we may hope soon to have the consolation of seeing them raised to the altars of the Church.

Under these circumstances, the Seminary of the Society has properly thought it fitting that these Venerable Servants of God should be known to the world. To that end it has published a work in two volumes, containing the biographies of fifty-two martyrs—French, Annamites, and Chinese,—who suffered for the faith between the years 1815 and 1856. The work has been written by M. Adrien Launay, a noted French author, and abounds with examples of most remarkable heroism.

Father Alberto Guglielmotti, a distinguished scientist of the Dominican Order, who died in Rome, at the age of eighty, on the eve of the Feast of All Saints'. This venerable priest was revered by men of all parties for his remarkable scientific attainments, and held at different times many important offices in the colleges of Rome. His favorite study, however, and one in which he stood without a rival, was nautical history; he had recently compiled a naval and military vocabulary, for the sake of which the Academy delayed the publication of its new "Dictionary of the Italian Language." Father Guglielmotti's most important work was a "History of the Pontifical Navy," in ten volumes, the last of which had been issued at the expense of the Holy Father only a few weeks before the death of its author. Signor Bixis, in the Italian Parliament, declared him to be "the greatest writer on maritime affairs in Italy."

THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN, D. D.;

assisted by

RT. REV. JAMES RYAN, D. D.,

and

RT. REV. JOHN FOLEY, D. D.,

will perform the ceremony

of my consecration to the Episcopate,

at All Saints' Church, Chicago,

ten o'clock a. m.,

Thursday, November 30, 1893.

You are respectfully invited to be present.

Dinner at one o'clock.

E. J. DUNNE,

Please send Acceptance.

Bishop El. of Dallas.

This invitation was doubtless composed by the Bishop-elect, and what a slight thing may reveal character! The chosen day of consecration is the Feast of St. Andrew, the great Apostle of the Cross, whom the Liturgy describes as "the friend of God, who is just, courteous, and godly." "Dinner at one o'clock,"—only a dinner. Then, "Please send acceptance." One feels disposed to accept an invitation worded in this wise. Bishop Dunne is sure to have the most hearty co-operation of the clergy of the Diocese of Dallas. His spirit is revealed by the above lines to any one who knows how to judge of a man's worth by the letters he writes.

The late Sir Andrew Clark, who was, perhaps, the most celebrated medical practitioner in England, was well known to priests, who were his favorite patients, and from whom he would never receive a fee. He was a famous talker, and could interest an ordinary assembly in the most abstruse questions of metaphysics. Sir Andrew was evidently no believer in Darwinism; for in a speech delivered last year he took occasion to score materialism. "There is," said he, "such a thing as divine intention,—an omnipresent something, not ourselves, making for good." Dr. Clark was frequently seen in Catholic churches, though he seldom or never attended Protestant services.

About ten years ago Mr. M. J. Harson, of Providence, R. I., suggested the appointment of a "Communion Day" for the Catholic Young Men's National Union. Since that time the idea has grown in favor with the members, the date chosen being the Sunday within the Octave of the Immaculate Conception. The Holy Father has now transmitted, through Cardinal Gibbons, a rescript granting a plenary indulgence to all who approach the Holy Table on that day.

Another "bright particular star" has passed out of mortal sight by the death of

New Publications.

ENGLISH HISTORY FOR AMERICAN READERS. By T. W. Higginson and E. Channing. Longmans, Green & Co.

We have often felt the need of an easily-handled and easily-readable manual of English History, which would state the truth without the least attempt at its minimization; and which, therefore, we could recommend to the tyro in historical studies, as well as to the many who can not investigate for themselves; and we have thought that, considering the unfortunately still dominant prejudices of many of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, such a work would be of more utility if it came from the pen of a fair-minded Protestant than would result from the labors of a Catholic author. Hence it was with hopeful anticipations that we began a careful examination of a neat duodecimo of 334 pages, purporting to be what we desired, and designed especially "for American readers" by two Protestant gentlemen, one of whom is an assistant professor of History at Harvard, and the other, one who has had some experience as a writer for youth. But our expectations have not been realized; and, for aught that we shall advise to the contrary, our Catholic schools and the ordinary Catholic investigator into English History will continue to consult Burke's Abridgment of the work of Lingard. The authors of this new English History furnish their readers with a large list of books, which they deem worthy of consultation by him who wishes to delve more deeply into the subject-matter; but among these ninety-six works—of course Froude's are there—only one is by a Catholic. Whether this omission is a result of supine ignorance or of bad faith might be disputed, but we are not surprised that it has led to the perpetration of many grave historical blunders. We have room to cite only a few of these curiosities.

Twenty lines are devoted to the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons; and we are simply told that "a monk named Augustine visited" the land, converted it, and that soon after "the English Church became a portion of

the Roman Catholic Church." Not a word as to the Roman Pontiff who sent Augustine; not a word as to the doctrines taught by the missionary; but an insinuation of the usual Protestant theory—a thumping falsehood—that the ancient British Church had not been in communion with, and subject to, the Holy See. Then we are told that William the Conqueror won the Pope's consent to his invasion of England, "by promising to bring the English Church into closer union with the Roman Catholic Church"—another more than implication of the presumed anti-Roman spirit of the olden English. The clergy imported by William, we are told, soon "made the English National [*sic*] Church a part of the Roman Catholic Church." Coming to the region of King John, we hear nothing about Archbishop Langton's share in wrenching the Magna Charta from Lackland; and that monarch's vassalage to the Pontiff is described as "paying rent" for the kingdom. Concerning the matter of Henry VIII., we learn that "ordinarily the Pope would have had no difficulty" in divorcing the king from his wife; but that "it could hardly be expected that he would offend Charles V. by declaring his aunt Catharine's marriage illegal." And hearken to this eulogy of Henry: "Let it be said to his credit that it was owing to his sagacity and firmness that England was spared the religious wars and persecutions to which France, Germany, and Spain were subjected." And this is termed history! God save the mark! "Almost in self-defence the King was obliged to break with the Pope." Poor Henry! It is amusing to read that when, owing to the destruction of the monasteries, "the abbots disappeared; the House of Lords took on its modern shape of a body composed of the wealthy landowners and *great soldiers and statesmen* of England." "Calvinism first revealed the dignity of man." Poor man!

We must give these authors credit for one sage remark. Speaking of the attempt to plant the Reformation in Ireland, they say: "The attempt was a failure from the beginning; partly because the Irish could not understand the service in English any better than when it was read in Latin, but more especially because the Roman Catholic Church

was well suited to their habits." It is to be regretted that we are not informed concerning the peculiar "habits" of those whom our new historians style "wild Irish." When reading about Wycliffe, we learn that at that time "only the *upper* clergy were able to read the Bible." Although American readers are not treated in this History to any exhibition of Anglomania, yet they are reminded that "England is nearest to us among all nations," although "we draw our art from France and our science from Germany."

The most curious thing about the book is its complacent didacticism in matters that have exercised the talents and patience of those most deeply versed in historical polemics, but which its authors apparently regard as never having been subjects of controversy. Certainly this new English History does not merit to be classed among works of prose fiction, but there is in it sufficient to warrant us in suggesting that its title-page should bear the poet's protestation against such elucubrations:

"... Et quidquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historiis..."

R. P.

THE PHYSICAL SYSTEM OF ST. THOMAS.
By Father Giovanni Maria Cornoldi, S.J. Translated by Edward Heneage Dering. Art and Book Company.

This is a work well adapted to combat many of the errors of modern thought. The vagaries of the so-called scientific spirit of the day proceed from principles diametrically opposed to the true philosophical principles of rational physics. The fundamental questions of natural science—all that is not pure experiment—come properly within the domain of reason, and form part of the great study of philosophy. It is important, therefore, that investigations into the nature and constitutive elements of material bodies should be based upon principles that reason dictates. And herein is found the great value of the scholastic system, which, unlike the modern transcendentalism, is the product of pure reason, and forms the best security against theories that lead to positivism and materialism. Centuries ago this system was propounded by Aristotle, afterward elucidated and perfected by the Angelic Doctor; and

at the present day, with all the wonderful discoveries of modern science, the greatest minds recognize the truth of its principles, and their adaptability to account for phenomena which experiment may bring to light. Father Cornoldi's treatise, therefore, possesses a character of timeliness, and must prove of great utility to all engaged in the study of philosophy and the natural sciences. The work is essentially a development of the grand, fundamental teaching of the Physical System of St. Thomas: that "every individual corporeal substance is essentially composed of two principles really distinct. One is the source of extension, and is called *materia prima*; the other is the source of activity, and is called the *substantial form*" Each part of the system is considered in detail, with the development of the principles which aid in the solution of questions regarding the nature and origin of corporeal substances, and the laws by which they are governed.

BRENDANIANA. By the Rev. Denis O'Donoghue. Brown & Nolan.

There are few names in the calendar of saints more completely invested with the glamour of romance than "Brendan the Voyager." So little is known with certainty of his life, and so much has been ascribed to him in mediæval story, that the sceptical might almost be pardoned for doubting his existence. It was, therefore, a happy inspiration, that of gathering into one volume all the authentic accounts of the saintly seafarer.

Two thoughts occur to the reader as he turns these pages: the work was evidently done *con amore*, and it has been done with the utmost thoroughness. The author is the parish priest of Ardfert, and St. Brendan is the patron of the diocese; as might be expected, therefore, every page betrays enthusiastic devotion to the Saint. Nevertheless, Father O'Donoghue displays exceptional ability in historical writing. His work has in a high degree the quality of historical perspective, and above all it evinces a sobriety of judgment as commendable as it is rare in dealing with myths and legends.

The volume opens with an entertaining account of the ancient Cathedral of Ardfert-Brendan and the neighboring chapels. It is interesting to know that one of these latter,

which is described as an exquisite bit of architecture, was dedicated to the Mother of God by a successor of St. Brendan in the twelfth century, and has been called up to this day the "Temple of the Blessed Virgin." A translation of the Irish life of the Saint, from the celebrated "Book of Lismore," is printed side by side with the Gaelic original. The notes furnished by the author are abundant and highly valuable.

One of the most interesting features of the work, however, is Father O'Donoghue's translation of the Latin life of the Saint. It is the first to appear in English, and was a task of double difficulty, because the mediæval Latin of the original does not easily lend itself to the idiomatic English into which the translator has turned it. The "Voyage of Brendan," with numerous pretty legends of the Saint, is given in separate chapters, and will prove interesting and edifying reading.

The author of "Brendaniana" deserves the thanks of the English-speaking public for this valuable contribution to hagiography. We congratulate him on the successful issue of his labors, and bespeak for this book an extensive circulation.

THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD. By the Rev. Michael Müller, C. SS. R. Benziger Bros.

We can give no stronger proof of our love and veneration for a saint than by striving to walk in his footsteps and imitate his virtues. That Father Müller offers this homage to the great St. Alphonsus Liguori is evident to any one that reads a list of the books published by this indefatigable Redemptorist; but we thoroughly appreciate the fact only when we examine his works and become acquainted with their contents. St. Alphonsus did not write with the object of keeping his name before the public; but when he saw a want of his day that he thought could be filled by means of the pen, he drew upon his vast erudition to fill that want. By the same spirit his zealous disciple is guided, as his many published works clearly show.

Each age has its own peculiar wants, and Providence raises up men to supply those wants and to combat the errors of the day. One of the great evils if not *the* great evil, of this close of the nineteenth century, is

the spirit of indifference. The clergy themselves, were they not fully alive to the duties which they owe to themselves and society, and were they not filled with zeal for the cause of God, might easily catch this infection in a more or less dangerous form. Thank God, our clergy as a body are able to meet these dangers; but "let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." There is no man so strong that he need not arm himself when he has to face powerful enemies, and especially when he lives amongst them; and there is no man so perfect that he can not be perfected still. Therefore, works like those of Father Müller are more than welcome.

As to the scope of the present work, we will let the author describe it in his own words: "It would never have occurred to me to publish a work like this, had I not been told by many priests that there are clerical critics, and they strangers to me, who think well of my publications. It is this commendation which has encouraged me to publish what I have from time to time written on the Catholic Priesthood for my own spiritual benefit, believing that what has been of great usefulness to myself may also prove beneficial to many other priests. . . . I can find for myself no excuse [for what, in his modesty, he calls his presumption in taking up this theme] but in the sincerity with which I have sought to collect from all the authors at my command the most select and pithy sentences of the Fathers and theologians of the Church, in order to give brother-priests an opportunity, with little effort or expense, to become acquainted with the ideas which those great men conceived on the subject, and thereby inflame them with greater love for their calling, and the faithful compliance with the duties of this holy state. . . . Thus, imperfect as this new production may be, I present it to my brethren of the clergy, confidently hoping that they will kindly accept my labors of thirty-two years as an offering which I make them, to show the deep reverence and love which I have always entertained for their exalted dignity."

We regret that the limited space of a magazine notice will not allow us to enter into an examination of the merits of this work; but we trust that what we have said is

enough to make our brethren of the clergy, who were not acquainted with these volumes, wish to become possessed of a copy, and to make them their daily study.

THE SEVEN CITIES OF THE DEAD, AND OTHER POEMS. By Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart. Longmans, Green & Co.

This handsome, beautifully printed volume is a welcome addition to the library of English Christian poets. It contains many elevating thoughts, gracefully expressed, which prove the author to be a true poet. The second part of the title, though subsidiary, marks the best part of the collection. It includes a number of fine sonnets, notably those entitled "To Pope Leo XIII.," "The Last of the Laureates," and "To Cardinal Newman." The gem of the book, however, to our mind, is a poem which had almost escaped attention, and for which we must make room. It unites in the happiest manner delicacy of thought with charm of expression. Many of the most prolific of poetical writers are known to fame for one poem in particular. Sir John well deserves remembrance for his lines entitled "Husband and Wife":

So dear from first! so dear from teen to teen!
 More dear to me, my love, as thou art now;
 Thou seemest to my eyes each day to grow
 More and more dear than thou hast ever been!
 We two, together, through each changing scene
 Through which the path of life lies here below,
 Together heavenward, hand in hand, will go—
 I thy sole king, and thou my only queen.
 And when at length the music of one voice,
 By death of one of us, shall die away,
 Oh, may some love-left echo still rejoice
 The spirit of the other day by day,
 Till, reunited in that lovelit land,
 We more shall love as more we understand.

ENCHIRIDION AD SACRARUM DISCIPLINARUM CULTORES ACCOMMODATUM OPERA ET STUDIO ZEPHYRINI ZITELLI-NATALI. Editio Quarta Cura A. J. Maas, S. J. John Murphy & Co.

The "Enchiridion" is a most valuable book of reference for the theological student. It opens with a list of the Roman Pontiffs from St. Peter down to Leo XIII., with the date of their reign and a summary of their principal acts,—sometimes in half a dozen lines, at other times in a whole page, as in the case of St. Gregory VII. Then two pages are occupied by a *Conspectus Conciliorum*

Generalium, the principal acts of each Council being mentioned. Following this, ten pages are devoted to the principal editions of the Sacred Scriptures in the various classical tongues and the languages of the East. The date and place of publication, together with the names of editors and publishers, are given. The next part of the "Enchiridion" introduces us to the principal ecclesiastical writers, giving a brief account of what they have written, indicating what parts of their writings have come down to us, and a brief estimate of the value to be attached to the opinions of the writers.

Finally, we have the melancholy list of heretics and schismatics, in the same chronological order, and with a similar brief account of their aberrations. Then there is a summing up of the state of Canon Law in its various periods, followed by a list of Particular Councils, a *Conspectus Generalis Ecclesie Catholice in Statibus Fœderalis Americæ Septentrionalis*, and two indexes: one, of the headings, of which we have spoken above; the other, an alphabetical list of the persons and subjects mentioned in the work. The whole is comprised in 246 pages.

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. P. M. Meschenmoser, rector of St. Nicholas Church, Zanesville, Ohio, who was called to his reward on the 22d of October.

Sister Lucy of Narni, of the Sisters of St. Dominic, Saratoga, N. Y.; and Sister Mary Stephen, of the Sisters of Charity, Vancouver, Wash., lately deceased.

Mr. Andrew Hanibal, who departed this life at Copemish, Mich., on the 21st ult.

Mr. Michael McBeckett, of Dover, N. H., whose life closed peacefully on the 15th ult.

Mr. Henry Clagens, of New Richmond, Ohio; Mr. William McGovern, Columbus, Ga.; Mrs. John Gleason, Minneapolis, Minn.; Miss Mary Feenan, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. Patrick D. Walsh, Vallejo, Cal.; Mrs. M. Regan, San Francisco, Cal.; Catherine Broderick, New York, N. Y.; Mr. Andrew Downey, Bridgeport, Conn.; Miss Margaret Feren, Vicksburg, Miss.; Mrs. Mary J. Reilly, Jackson, Mich.; and Mrs. Margaret Quinn, Hartford, Conn.

May they rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Making Ready.

CHRISTMAS is the children's feast-day,
 So each little girl and boy
 Should prepare to make this yule-tide
 One of holy peace and joy.

And to do this, you need only
 Make an offering of each day—
 All your thoughts and all your actions,
 And each little word you say—

To sweet Mary, and she'll save them
 As a gift for Christmas morn
 For her Son, the gentle Christ-Child,
 And His Crib they will adorn.

Think what joy! The little Infant
 In His hands your gifts will hold,
 And the touch of Mother Mary
 Will have changed them all to gold.

The Legend of the Thimble.



UNCANNY though it is, the legend attached to the little safeguard for female fingers, that has proved so indispensable to needlewomen, is deeply interesting; and the old housewives of Brittany, while spinning in the long winter evenings, delight to repeat the story which for centuries has amused generations of mothers and daughters.

It relates how on a memorable occasion the Evil One was gloriously defeated by a young girl, and covered with shame and confusion.

It happened long, long ago, perhaps in the thirteenth century, when noble knights and their vassals had gone to the blessed land of Palestine to deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. The manors were silent, the highways deserted; and seldom, very seldom, did the warder of the watch-tower welcome feather-capped troubadour or weary pilgrim in dusty garb. Silence weighed down the very air, which seemed impregnated with sadness.

Fair ladies were wont to gather in an ancestral castle, to encourage and console one another during the tedious absence of the Crusaders—their fathers, brothers, husbands or friends. At the last full moon messengers had sounded the trumpet for admittance; they were bearers of large missives sealed with wax. The noble ladies got their chaplains to read the contents. They were sad tidings of the continuance of war against the barbarous Saracens. "It is God's will," was the general exclamation; "and we must submit to it."

With what occupation did the fair dames and damsels while away the endless days in the spacious halls, when their hearts were tortured with anguish at the thought of the dangers that beset dear absent ones? With what but that of the

needle, the distaff or the loom. The busy workers plied the needle diligently; and variegated banners of golden tissue, silken scarfs shimmering with silver stars, heraldic oriflammes, and richly-embroidered vestments ere long began to line the meeting-room.

When the needle runs swiftly through deft fingers, especially when it embroiders the holy cross or the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, the mind, absorbed in its task, harbors no evil thought, and the tempter is kept at bay. Never had noble matrons, fair maidens and their attendants been so devout, so industrious, so intent upon almsdeeds and devotion, as at the time of which I write.

"This must not last," quoth Satan. Then, assembling his council for seven whole nights, the evil spirits devised crafty snares. The portals of hell seemed to rust on their hinges, so seldom did they open; even purgatory looked deserted. "Sloth, my helpmate," the demon cried, "thou, who art mother of all vices, do thou rescue us from this dilemma." Sloth stretched out her lazy limbs and yawned. Satan urged Sloth to make another effort to forward his interests in the Castle of Scarfort. "I do my utmost," was the brief reply. "Well, I will call to my aid that old hag who has been in the depths of my dominions these five hundred years. I will order her to rub some adder-wort oil on every sewing-needle in the country surrounding Brittany. This oil shall have an evil influence, and will irritate and exhaust the patience of the fine ladies, who will soon grow weary of their work, and give it up in disgust."

On the following day loud complaints and bemoanings rang through the castles of Brittany. Many a piece of rare Flemish linen, transparent gauze, lace as fine as the spider's web, and beautiful tapestries, were stained with blood. The least courageous workers gave up at the end of the first hour, the braver ones kept on for a

day; but the next day none were at work in Scarfort Castle,—none save Yvonne, the betrothed bride of Alain de Kergolec. The other young maidens decked themselves in gay attire and danced all day on the greensward.

Yvonne's patient industry enraged the Prince of Darkness. What did he care for the easy victory won over giddy, light-headed maidens! It was her pure soul especially that he wished to defile by sin. Assuming the soft voice of a troubadour, the wicked one sang under Yvonne's window, the prettiest song she had ever heard. "Listen to my ditty," he sighed. "Thou art fairer than the lily and more fragrant and beautiful than the rose." Allured by the charmer, the young girl was about to look through the lattice to catch a glimpse of the minstrel, when her eyes met a beautiful picture of Our Lady of Dolors, and she at once resumed her task, though her finger was sorely pricked and her temper tried. Now Satan changed his tone into a deep, doleful one. "Yvonne, noble maiden, wilt thou not give me some food and drink? I am a poor pilgrim from Palestine, bringing thee tidings of thy affianced knight." The maiden's heart leaped wildly, and, with an invocation to the Blessed Virgin on her lips, she quickly descended to the courtyard. No troubadour was to be seen anywhere; but standing before the drawbridge was a miserable old man, shivering from head to foot.

"Come here, poor wayfarer. I will give thee a loaf and a flask of wine; they will restore thy strength."

"Thanks, young damsel! May God reward thy charity in His holy Paradise. Accept this shell in token of thy benevolence; it touched the tomb of Our Lord." So saying he handed her a small pink shell, hollow like a miniature shrine.

Yvonne speedily returned to her needle-work. Her bleeding finger drew tears from her, in spite of her courage. She sighed

out piously: "Sweet Jesus, I offer Thee my sufferings. Save Alain, my betrothed, from all danger." As she drew her handkerchief out of her alms-bag to wipe away the blood, her middle finger accidentally slipped into the shell, and instantly her smarting wounds were healed. She was cured by the blessed shell that had touched the Sacred Tomb.

How all the maidens of the country around ran to the shore the next morning, before the Angelus, to gather the small shells the retreating tide leaves upon the sand! How buoyant they were with their resolutions of industry and patience! Sometimes the treacherous needles broke against the shells; but they were soon replaced, and all went on smoothly again, and webs and tapestries grew under nimble fingers. The thimble was found somewhat rough and uncomfortable at first, but was gradually improved by ingenuity.

Even now whenever, in the winter evening gatherings in old Brittany, a seamstress breaks her needle, her companions exclaim: "Begone, Satan! Thou shalt be confounded."

A Greedy Little Girl.

It happened on Thanksgiving Day. Jennie's uncle called after dinner to see her father. The little girl entered the sitting-room, wearing a troubled expression. Uncle Austin noticed this, and said:

"What's the matter, Jennie? You look mournful."

"I *am* more'n full," whimpered Jennie.

Any one that eats too much, it is my belief,
Never can be happy, but must surely come to grief.
Though you may be hungry, you never should be
greedy.
Think when you have plenty of the many who are
needy.

AUNT ANNA.

How Steve Made the Farm Pay.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

"Ho you, Steve! Steve, I say!" called Farmer Gray with the full force of his lungs. He stood at the kitchen door, and his voice rang across the poultry-yard, and through the barn, which was but a few rods distant. Yet the call met with no response. "Plague take the boy!" he ejaculated, angrily. "He'll be a greater good-for-naught than any in the village afore long."

"Land's sakes, Martin," said his wife, a hard-featured, angular woman, who, in the shade of the grape-arbor known as the summer kitchen, was splashing up and down the dasher of an old-fashioned churn, "you'll never make a farmer out of that lad, and you might as well get quit o' the notion. He aint no more fit for it than Speed your dog there—nor as much; for the collie can drive the cows to and from pasture as well as a man, and mind them too, even in that unfenced meadow by the railroad, if needs be. But, Lors, set Steve to do it, an' you have to see he don't carry a book along, or black Bess' an' the others'll be browsing at the edge o' the track, whilst he's mooning over his reading. Best make a schoolmaster of him, same as his father was; an' get some wide-awake chap, that don't know one printed letter from another, to do the chores about the farm,—that's what I say."

"Schoolmasters be—blessed!" returned the farmer, with apparently a good deal of unnecessary force. "If his father had more gumption an' less book-learnin', he'd a left his widow, my poor sister that was, an' the boy something to live on. An' she wouldn't a broken down in the struggle to get along, an' come home to me to die.

By George, if Steve was not that dead sister's child, I'd have lost patience an' turned him adrift long ago. But he'll not be a scholar if I can help it; he'll be a farmer, an' my heir, since we have no child of our own. When he comes of age, he an' I'll work the land on shares; an' later, when age creeps on me, when my hand grows unsteady for the plow an' I cling to the chimney-corner, then he'll manage it all, an' have it for his own when you, Marthy, an' I are gone. What better prospect has any youth in these parts, I'd like to know?"

"Sartain none has, Martin," replied his wife, wiping her eyes. "An' for sure you mean to do right an' generous by poor Abbey's boy, if you are harsh with him sometimes."

"Harsh? I want to spur him up an' not make a dawdler of him," answered her husband, grimly.

"Steve! Steve, you rascal! Don't you hear me?" he roared again.

In the loft of the barn was stretched Steve, absorbed in a book. He certainly heard the summons; but, secure in his hiding-place, he inconsiderately hoped his uncle would get tired of calling. As the angry tones which now reached him were an assurance, that this was not likely to be the case, he slipped a yellow-covered novel under a pile of hay, scrambled down the ladder, and made his appearance at the door of the barn, with the bewildered look of one roused from the contemplation of other scenes, and suddenly brought back to the life around him.

"What's the matter? Been asleep?" inquired his uncle, gruffly. "Here I've been ahollerin' for you as if to wake the dead. How do you expect to catch up with the world again if you idle away an hour in the heart of the day? Oh, don't waste more time with excuses, but take old Dick down to the blacksmith's. If Pete can't shoe him right away, leave him at the forge, an' foot it home as fast as you

can. Don't dally in the village, mind; for we must get to work at the potato patch this afternoon.

"Jehoshaphat! I believe you're right, wife," continued the farmer, as Steve shuffled off. "He'll be nothin' but a disappointment an' a ne'er-do-well—"

"Oh, come now, the lad's not so bad!" interposed Martha. "After all, there's no great harm in his idlin' for a while after dinner, any more than there is for you to take your pipe an' your forty winks o' sleep in your chair."

"Ah, but what is well-earned rest at fifty is idleness at fifteen!" said Martin. "When I was his age it was back to the plow in a jiffy. No day-dreamin' in the hay-loft, I can tell you."

"Perhaps he was ahuntin' eggs," argued Steve's defender, persistently.

"No, he wasn't neither," said the farmer, shutting one eye and looking at her shrewdly with the other. "An' you know it, Marthy; only you women have a soft spot in your hearts for a boy that's in danger of gettin' his deserts. But if he isn't back in half an hour, your aid won't save him. I'll give him a tremendous haulin' over the coals at least."

Fortunately for himself and all concerned, Steve returned betimes. Until late in the afternoon he diligently hoed the potato patch with his uncle. Then he trudged a mile to the blacksmith's again, for the horse.

Lounging about the forge was Ned Nixon, a young fellow of about seventeen years of age, who reappeared in the village at intervals. His mother occupied a little house just off the main street, and eked out a meagre living by tailoring and dressmaking. The simple and credulous soul was wont to entertain her customers with tales of how well her son Ned was doing in the city, and how soon, no doubt, he would be sending home a pile of money. This would buy many comforts, of course; but she would not give up her

trade: she preferred to be independent; and Ned's earnings should be laid up for him, against a possible rainy day in the future. Meantime every little while Ned came back, loitered around for a few weeks, and then vanished again. The old folk wagged their heads, and made uncomplimentary allusions to "a rolling stone." But to the youthful and restless spirits of the vicinity he was quite a hero; for he had a stock of stories of the charms of the city and of city life; while the history of his own adventures was thrilling, and lost nothing in the telling.

"Halloo, Steve!" he said, strolling up to him. "Coming back to Chicago with me when I go this time?"

"I'd like to," replied the boy, walking along and leading Dick by the bridle.

"Oh," continued Ned, biting at a plug of tobacco, and passing it to Steve, "the country is no place for a smart fellow like you. Better come. You'll soon be earning good pay in the city. Then there's the theatres and so many ways of amusing yourself. In a little while you'll wonder how you ever stood the tame life of these diggings." Ned gave a prodigious yawn. "I'm off again next week. Shall I count on your company, pard?"

This style of talking fascinated Steve.

"Why stay on at the farm?" he said to himself. "Why not put an end to the continual strife with my uncle? Why not go and grow rich and have a jolly time?—Well—we—ll, perhaps I will," he answered at length.

"That's a clever bloke!" exclaimed his companion, clapping him on the shoulder. "Just make up your mind, and keep to it. I've got another newspaper. It's spicy reading. Full account of the—murder. Want to see it?"

"Thank you!" said the other, eagerly accepting the crumpled journal, and hiding it away in his blouse. "But I have to hurry home now," he added. "It's getting late."

"Old man'll raise Cain if you're too long on the road, hey?" laughed Ned.

"Well, so long."

Steve sprang upon Dick's back and galloped away; while Ned, making another attack on the tobacco, sauntered on.

(To be continued.)

A Noble Deed.

There are several instances in history where men have refused a cup of water, although perishing of thirst, but have given it instead to a comrade whose necessities were greater. Here is a true incident, which may well take rank with those examples of lofty heroism:

The brave Sir Ralph Abercrombie received his death wound at the battle of Aboukir; and his faithful soldiers carried him to his ship on a litter, and placed a folded blanket under his dying head, that it might rest more easily.

"How comfortable my head is now!" he said, faintly. "What have you put under it?"

"Just a soldier's blanket," they answered, deeply touched.

"But *whose* blanket?" he insisted; "what is the man's name?"

"Duncan Roy, of the Forty-Second, Sir Ralph."

"Well, take it away, and have it sent back to Duncan Roy. If he gets through this day alive, I want him to have his blanket to-night. I don't believe I could die in peace if one of my poor lads was deprived of a comfort for my sake."

Another blanket was found, but Sir Ralph was soon beyond aid. We can easily imagine how Duncan Roy, of the Forty-Second, kept his blanket, if he survived the carnage of the day, as a token of affection from the brave commander, who loved his soldiers more than his own comfort.



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

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Immaculate.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

MORE pure art thou than wintry snows
That fall when chill the north wind
blows ;

Purer, dear Mother, than the gale
That sweeps o'er wood and hill and vale,
Or dewdrops clinging to the rose.
Than lucent, sparkling stream that shows
The golden sand o'er which it flows,
Than snowdrop white or primrose pale,
More pure art thou.

No tongue has told in rhyme or prose,
No heart, thy Son's excepted, knows
How pure thou art, whom angels hail,
With whom no sinner's pleadings fail.
Than all the saints heav'n's walls enclose
More pure art thou.

Gedeon's Fleece, a Type of the
Immaculate Conception.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

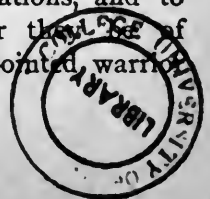
IT is well known that under
the Old Dispensation Almighty
God was wont to indicate His
will to His chosen people by
means of signs and wonders ; and that
these extraordinary occurrences, in addition
to the external meaning attached to them

at the time, possess to the eye of faith a
mystical signification, alike beautiful and
instructive. Amongst the many wonders
recorded in the pages of Holy Scripture
wherein, for the benefit of His people, the
action of the ordinary laws of nature was
arrested or reversed by God's command,
the miracles worked in connection with
Gedeon's Fleece are remarkable. They
represent in a striking manner the miracles
of grace which the Most High wrought in
the Blessed Virgin.

We are told that in punishment for the
evil which the Israelites did in the sight
of the Lord, a neighboring nation—the
Madianites—were allowed to oppress them
grievously for seven years ; to ravage their
land, devour its produce, and reduce
its inhabitants to destitution. A young
man named Gedeon, strong and valiant
above his fellows, was chosen by Divine
Providence to be the deliverer of his
country. An angel was sent to instruct
him concerning his mission. Leaving the
agricultural work on which he had till
then been engaged, Gedeon raised a band
of followers from among the tribes of
Israel, and led them to the spot where the
invaders were encamped in full force.

But even as the saints of Christian
ages are accustomed to mistrust the nature
of supernatural communications, and to
"try the spirits, whether they be of
God,"* so this Heaven-appointed warrior

* I. St. John, iv, 1.



doubted whether he might not be deceived as to the character of the message he had received. Prostrate before God in humble supplication, he entreated that a sign might be vouchsafed to him, that he might know with certainty whether his enterprise would in truth be successful. "If," such were the words of his prayer to God,—“if Thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as Thou hast said, I will put this fleece of wool on the floor; if there be dew in the fleece only, and it be dry on all the ground beside, I shall know that by my hand, as Thou hast said, Thou wilt deliver Israel.” The sign he had chosen was one which would suggest itself only to one who had led a pastoral life.

Gedeon had visited the fold in the early morning, and found the sheep with dry fleeces when the earth around was drenched with refreshing dew. Eager and anxious to see the result of the experiment, he rose before dawn on the following day, and hastened to the spot where he had exposed the fleece, before the rays of the rising sun could dry up the dews of night. The ground was dry, but the fleece was so full of moisture that he filled a vessel with the drops he wrung from it. But still some misgivings lingered in his mind as to whether victory in reality awaited him. “He said again to God: Let not Thy wrath be kindled against me if I try once more, seeking a sign in the fleece. I pray that the fleece only may be dry, and all the ground wet with dew. And God did that night as He had petitioned: and it was dry on the fleece only, and there was dew on all the ground.”*

St. Bernard gives the following interpretation of this miracle: “What is meant by the fleece of Gedeon, which, coming from the body, free from the ills of the body, is put upon the floor, and first filled with dew, which afterward covers the ground, but the human nature which our

Saviour took from the Blessed Virgin, without loss of her virginity?” The fleece, therefore, which was laid upon the ground to receive the dew from heaven, is a symbol of Mary’s virgin body, into which, in a manner contrary to the natural course of nature, the glorious Divinity descended. Thus the inspired Psalmist, speaking in prophetic vision of the future Messiah, says: “He shall come down like rain upon the fleece,”—*resting, that is, upon a spot where, without the extraordinary intervention of Providence, it would not be found.

The dew of heaven is compared to God’s grace, which “steals in silence down”; and it was by the mysterious and tranquil operation of the Holy Spirit that the humanity of Christ was conceived in the Blessed Virgin. Moreover, the dew descends in the night-time to fertilize the earth: the Incarnation of the Divine Word was effected in a manner secret and hidden from the knowledge of all mankind. Mary was “full of grace,” when the whole earth around was dry and parched: the celestial moisture descended upon that sacred fleece in abundance, and was absorbed by it alone; the fleece, which although to all appearances differing in nowise from any other, was specially prepared and extended upon the ground for the reception of the dew from above. As the Church sings in expectation of the coming Saviour: *Rorate cœli desuper, et nubes pluant justum*,—“Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One.”

The first sign obtained by Gedeon—that the dew should be in the fleece only, not upon the earth around—was, therefore, verified at the moment when Our Lord came down from heaven and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary. *Descendit de cœlis, et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto, ex Maria Virgine.*

* Judges, vi, 36-40.

* Ps., lxxi, 6.

When the sign solicited of God was that the fleece alone might be dry, while the ground was wet, it may again be regarded as an image of Our Lady Immaculate, who alone was privileged to be preserved from the taint of original sin—to be exempted from the curse to which all the children of Adam were subject. The Eternal Father made her different from the rest of mankind, who are born in sin and conceived in iniquity. She was created in innocence inviolate, in absolute and unblemished holiness, just as the fleece received no drop of the moisture which soaked the surrounding earth. The Church suggests this comparison; for in the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception Our Lady is spoken of under this figure, *Vellus Gedeonis*—Fleece of Gedeon. And in a sequence in honor of the Virgin Mother, found in ancient Roman-French missals, we read:

Fusa cœli rore tellus,
Fusum Gedeonis vellus
Deitatis pluvia.

Mary is the earth spoken of as enriched with the dew of heaven; she is, as Gedeon's fleece prefigured her, filled with the dew of the Godhead.

Let us rejoice in the happy privilege granted to our Blessed Mother in order to render her a fitting resting-place for the Saviour of the human race; and, encouraged by this sign from Heaven, go forth courageously like the valiant Gedeon, to combat and conquer the foes that assail us. *Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata; da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos*,—"Deign that I may praise thee, O Holy Virgin! Give me power against thy enemies."

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception is a prelude to that of Our Lord's Nativity. We prepare for the second by the devout celebration of the first. One of the prayers for the holy season of Advent in the Mozarabic Breviary may fittingly conclude our article:

"The tidings we have heard of Thy Incarnation, O Jesus! have filled us with gladness and joy. We beseech Thee, grant that we who are expecting the manifestation of Thy power, may enjoy the abundant sweetness of charity; that thus, corresponding to the grace of the mystery announced to us, we may not be confounded when Thy glory shall appear to us. Amen."

Vogel and Binder.—The Judge's Story.

(CONCLUSION.)

"FOUR months afterward I repeated my visit, when I penitently confessed that I was no opera singer, but a mere prosy Prussian law student, who had gone on that expedition for a benevolent purpose. Mother and daughter were well pleased at this information; though I believe that Paula would have married me even if I had been an opera singer."

At this his wife bowed her head, and held out her hand with a smile. The Judge continued:

"We had been rambling about the country for two weeks; and, though our expenses were considerable, we always managed to save something, and soon had enough on hand to meet our friend's note. But we had begun to like our rambling life, and perhaps we even thought of replenishing our own coffers; at any rate, we resolved to travel two weeks longer. We were growing bolder and bolder.

"Heaven had protected us as long as we were intent on a charitable purpose; but now, when we resumed our travels for mere gain and wanton love of adventure, we narrowly escaped the chastisement which we merited; and it was only the rare impudence of Ruprecht that delivered us from peril."

"Here, Judge, I must solemnly protest," said Ruprecht, smiling. "Our help and

escape came to us solely by means of a certain young lady, who for a considerable time past had taken an interest in a certain young limb of the law; else all our impudence would have been of no avail. To all appearances, we should have been 'plucked,'—that is, dismissed from the career of law. Our president was not a man to be trifled with, still less was Judge Baumgärtner, of the Supreme Court of Appeals. He was known amongst the younger practitioners at the bar as the 'General Code,' because he judged everything by the letter of the law. As to feeling, regard for others, pity, he had no idea of what they were. You and mamma," added the speaker, turning to his wife, "had to swallow many a bitter pill on account of the peculiarities of papa. But resume your story, my dear Amberg; and pardon the interruption."

"I have explained," said the latter, "that our success had made us bold, and it certainly was brazen of us to challenge Fortune to her face by announcing a performance in Flinsberg, a watering-place in the Prussian territory. We were on our way back to Breslau, with our pockets well filled with money, after having enjoyed ourselves to our hearts' content. And what more could we desire? But the sword of Damocles was hanging over our heads.

"Flinsberg at that time was only beginning to be known as a watering-place, and we could not expect to earn much; but we counted rather on the patronage of the neighboring gentry than on that of the visitors. I remember that we felt rather melancholy. We were taking leave of our free artistic life, our jolly tramps, and in a few days we were to be transformed again into sedate and respectable Prussian law students.

"The evening was a disappointment: there were hardly thirty persons in the audience. Ruprecht opened the performance on a rather shaky old piano, and I

stepped out on the platform. Instinctively I took in my audience; for the confidence that I had by this time acquired enabled me to study them whilst I spoke. That sea of faces, which to the beginner appears to wave to and fro, and in which he can not distinguish a single countenance, was an open book wherein I could read the impression that I made. But it required all my self-command to keep me from breaking down in my declamation when, just in front of me, I recognized the 'General Code.'

"We were personally acquainted with Baumgärtner, and, alas! he was personally acquainted with us too; for he had been one of our professors. That he recognized us I felt no doubt; I could discern it in the peculiar and sinister smile with which he regarded me. He was called the 'General Code' because, as Ruprecht has already explained, he was a fanatical jurist, who knew nothing but the law, and who would be delighted to see the whole world governed by the prescriptions of the Prussian General Code.

"When the first intermission came, I said to Ruprecht: 'Did you see the "General Code?"'

"And the wretch answered, with the utmost coolness: 'Yes, of course I did. He did not seem to be much edified, and neither am I.'

"'And what do you think will be done in the matter?' I asked my fellow-tramp, in alarm.

"'Oh!' said he, coolly, 'what more can they do than pluck us? It will be advisable for us to send in our resignation to-morrow from the service of the State, or we shall hear of the matter in a way that will not be pleasant. Our career in the law is at an end.'

"'And you can say that so coolly?' I exclaimed, almost ready to burst into tears.

"'Yes, with all the coolness in the world I can say it. I am not in the least alarmed about our future. What we have

just been doing for fun we can do in earnest; and if you stick to me, old boy, let all the judges in creation do their worst, and what need we care? You see that we can make a better living than if we were already on the judge's bench.'

"I must confess that at first I thought this logic conclusive; but when I came to reflect on what my mother would say when she learned that I had become a tramp musician, while she expected to see me a lawyer, a cold shiver crept over me. Most of my family had held offices for generations, and I should be looked upon as a degenerate fellow should I adopt Ruprecht's suggestion. Whilst we were discussing the matter a servant brought us a note, written in pencil, to the following effect:

"Papa has recognized you, and is wild. After the concert he intends to call on you and force a confession from you. Flee at once if you can. Papa has no witnesses, and I would not speak in this matter for the world. Mamma will also be silent.

ELFRIDA.'

"At the lower left-hand corner of the note was written: 'To Lawyer Ruprecht. Best wishes.'

"Yes, yes, dearest Madam," continued Amberg, laughing, "you should have seen the smile of friend Ruprecht then, as he held the note in his hand and remarked, oracularly:

"It is one of the mysteries of Providence that the most terrible fathers have the sweetest and most amiable daughters. This Elfrida, daughter of the "General Code," is a pearl amongst women. See how anxious she is about us. If the old man had any hint of it, I believe he would disinherit her.'"

"I think it is now my turn to take up the thread of the narrative," said Ruprecht, "as the part to come concerns me and my dear wife; and thus the children may

know how it all came about. Will you permit me, my dear Amberg?"

"With the greatest pleasure," answered the visitor, heartily. "I have talked myself dry, and now I shall drink whilst you speak."

Ruprecht hereupon took his wife's hand, which he continued to hold during the rest of the narrative. He then began:

"I had several times met Miss Elfrida Baumgärtner in company, and had begun to take an interest in her. I often reflected that she was more to me than other women, and I even fancied that she did not look upon me with an indifferent eye. But such a father as the 'General Code' was enough to frighten any young man from seeking the hand of his daughter, especially when that father had the young man under his authority.

"When I received Elfrida's note, I was moved. I felt as if the misfortune into which we had fallen was not so bad as it seemed at first, since I had discovered that Elfrida was interested in my fate. In the note of warning we were indeed both included, but I considered that I had the first place. I saw that Elfrida was interested for both of us, but I persuaded myself that it was more than a friendly interest which she took in me. I tore a leaf out of my note-book and wrote:

"I must speak to you if possible this evening in the garden of the hotel, were it only for five minutes. My heartiest thanks for the kind warning, which I shall never forget.'

"I charged the servant most strictly to give this note to the young lady privately. Then we went on with the second part of our programme, which was received with enthusiastic applause. Immediately after the concert we hastened to our room, and five minutes afterward the servant brought us a card, with the message that the Judge of the Final Court of Appeals desired to speak to us. We boldly sent back word that we had not the honor of

knowing that eminent gentleman; that we were tired out after the concert; moreover, we were not accustomed to receive visits at so unseasonable an hour; but that we should feel highly honored if the distinguished Judge would favor us with his visit next morning.

"That such an answer would not soften the Judge we very well knew. But what of it? Our career was ruined; for the 'General Code' knew no pity, and would denounce us to the president. With any other man we might have had a chance to explain. We would have made known our reasons for starting on our concert tour; we should perhaps have said, '*Pater, peccavi*,' and suggested that as a penance we be sent to some remote provincial town, and the matter would end there. But with the 'General Code' there was no defence and no appeal to be hoped for; although indeed he was a member of the highest Court of Appeals. Fate had confronted us with the one amongst our superiors with whom there was least chance.

"After we had declined the unwelcome visit, I slipped into the garden, and a few minutes later Miss Elfrida came out through the back door of the hotel. Her room was at a distance from that of her parents, and thus it had been possible for her to meet me. We were only five minutes together, but those five minutes determined our lives, and determined them happily. When I saw tears in Elfrida's eyes, when I heard the sigh that escaped her as she reached me her hand, I yielded to the impulse of my heart and drew her fingers to my lips. She spoke no word to me; but when she hesitatingly pressed my hand, I was prepared, if needs be, to suffer the worst blows of fortune. I was the happiest man on earth. I begged her to meet me next morning on the same spot at five o'clock, because I must speak to her again by daylight; and she nodded assent.

"When I returned to our room and saw my dear Amberg sitting there with such a woe-begone countenance, I could not help bursting out into a hearty laugh. My heart was swimming, overflowing with joy. But here let me beg Amberg to resume the story; for he can better describe the surprise that followed during the next few days."

"You are right," replied Amberg. "It belongs to me to tell of that. I do not know that I was ever so much astonished in my life.

"That Ruprecht had a meeting with Miss Elfrida I knew, but I did not ask him what was the subject of their interview; for at his return he wore a strange look, and did not seem inclined to talk. That he had another interview with her next morning I did not know. Neither did he refer to it during our journey back to Breslau; in fact, we spoke but little on that journey. I once asked him: 'Shall we send in our resignation from the courts as soon as we arrive?' And he answered, with a laugh: 'Not yet; there is time enough.'

"The morning after our arrival in Breslau there appeared in the local newspaper—which was read not only in Breslau, but throughout the entire province,—the following brief notice in the column of family news:

"'Elfrida Baumgärtner—Joseph Ruprecht, engaged to be married.'

"For a full quarter of an hour after reading this notice, I sat with the paper in my hand, doubting whether I was dreaming. And yet the notice was really there. It could not help being there; for friend Ruprecht had carried it to the printing-office with his own hands, and had paid for its insertion.

"This sudden engagement, of which even Elfrida's parents knew nothing, was one of the strokes of genius by which Ruprecht sought to ward off any proceedings that the 'General Code' might be disposed to take against us. The scene

that was enacted next day at Flinsberg, when the notice of the engagement was received, is one that could be described only by the amiable daughter herself. The Judge of the High Court of Appeals stormed at the rascally trick that was played on him; but when Miss Elfrida told him that the notice was inserted with her consent, and that she insisted on marrying Ruprecht, he nearly became frantic.

“For the first time in his life Judge Baumgärtner met with opposition in his own family, and he soon discovered that his daughter was possessed of the same stubborn and unyielding spirit as himself. In vain did the mother strive to mediate between father and child. For three whole days Baumgärtner stormed and raved about the house like one deranged; on the fourth he started back to Breslau with his wife and daughter; on the fifth he called on us at our rooms, and on the afternoon of the same day, without a protest, but smiling and dignified, he received congratulations on the engagement of his daughter to such a promising and worthy young man. He had had the good sense to recognize that it would be better for him to yield to the inevitable, approve the engagement, and be discreetly silent as to our musical escapade.

“Ruprecht’s genius had triumphed. Two years afterward he stood his final examination, and then married our dear friend. I had passed my examination at the same time, and in fourteen days followed him to the altar.

“And now, children, you can see for yourselves how providential for us was that tramp through Bohemia; and you will understand why I now propose the toast: “The ladies, Madam Elfrida Ruprecht and Madam Paula Amberg, who proved themselves to be saving angels to us when we were in hard straits: Long life to them, long life to them, and once more long life!”

A Castaway.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

HERE is the little relic
I gave him long ago;
He wore it on his bosom
Until the last, I know.
The silken case that held it
Has fallen quite apart,
Where could it so have faded
If not upon his heart?

They found this, too—a medal;
All bright and new it gleamed;
The day he went forth seeking
The future he had dreamed.
What though from that ideal
Sin lured him far away,
I know, through shame and sorrow,
He wore it night and day.

But yester-morn a woman,
Weak, trembling and grayhaired,
Stopped by the open window
To ask me how I fared.
“His portion is in heaven,
Near Mary’s feet,” said she;
“So tender to the aged,
So kind to all was he.”

And when, half tears, half smiling,
The children say their say,
Who otherwhile around him
Would gather in their play;
And the brown robins twitter
Upon the windowsill,
That from the crumbs he scattered
Were wont to peck their fill,

I feel—and shall forever—
That when the message came,
In spite of long years wasted,
In spite of wrong and shame,
The dear God touched him softly;—
I feel it, for I know,
Through good and ill he wore them,
Those gifts of long ago.

LIGHT is the life of the world, while
love is the light of life.—*Lew Wallace.*

Irish Colleges in Paris.

 BY EUGENE DAVIS.

I.

THE first Irish settler in Paris, of whom we know anything, was St. Fiachra. In the early days of Christianity this fervent and enthusiastic apostle—following the example of his compatriot, St. Killian, who was preaching Christ's creed among the pagans on the banks of the Rhine—left Ireland and proceeded to Gaul, to assist in converting the natives of that benighted land to the true faith. Paris was little more than a hamlet when St. Fiachra walked its streets, baptizing its old and its young, convincing its warlike denizens of the blessings of peace and good-will, and inaugurating, for the first time perhaps on the banks of the Seine, a reign of grace and godliness. As a missionary, his work was a complete success, and his name and memory are treasured in French ecclesiastical annals. The city which in its dawning youth he had done his part in rescuing from the darkness of death, did not forget his services when it became the capital of a great nation, honored with the title of "Eldest daughter of the Church"; for he has been for years the patron saint of the Jehus of Paris, who have named their cabs "fiacres" in memory of the Irish Saint.

Another missionary and scholar, whose nationality is a matter of dispute, although several authorities claim that he was a native of Ireland—Duns Scotus by name,—visited Paris in or about the year 1300, when the learned ecclesiastics of that city were engaged at the Sorbonne in discussing the *pros* and *cons* of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. Duns Scotus, who was a fluent Latin speaker besides being a talented theologian, took part in the debate on the

affirmative side, and delivered a very eloquent and logical discourse on the ever-spotless purity of the Mother of God. No less than two thousand objections, couched in syllogisms, were made to his propositions; but, thanks to his keen acumen, and to the inspired enthusiasm with which he defended the cause of the Madonna, he answered them all so well that his triumph was acknowledged to be complete by friends and opponents alike.

The University of the Sorbonne, where this memorable disputation took place, was the scene of other intellectual victories achieved by the exiled children of the Gael. Dr. Michael Moore, a native of Dublin, was at one time professor of Hebrew and philosophy within its classic halls, and eventually attained the exalted position of Rector Magnificus. The then Pontiff, Clement XI., honored the scholarly Irish Doctor furthermore by placing his nephew under his tuition. Among the distinguished Irish *alumni* of this famous institution were two historians of wide repute—Geoffrey Keating and the Abbé MacGeoghegan, both chroniclers of the annals of their native land,—and Dr. Thomas Massingham, author of a valuable volume of biographies entitled "A Garland of Irish Saints."

The first band of Irish students, who were aspirants to the priesthood, reached Paris, in charge of the Rev. Father Lee, toward the close of the sixteenth century. These young men, burning with a desire to be consecrated ministers of Christ, were unable to secure at home that proper ecclesiastical training necessary to those who wish to become preachers of the Gospel. English law forbade the establishment or existence of any Catholic seminaries in Ireland, where the faith was put under as severe a ban as if it were a hideous pest that should be extirpated with fire and sword from her emerald soil. Irish levites were, therefore, compelled, often in disguise and in the dead of night,

to proceed to the coast, where they would embark in fishing smacks bound for the friendly land of France. Father Lee's students brought with them to the French capital none of this world's goods. Coming from a country impoverished—not by nature, but by the tyranny of man,—they were practically penniless on reaching the banks of the Seine. Yet the gates of the College of Montaigue were opened with right good-will to these poor strangers by the French ecclesiastical authorities, who understood the sad position of the exiles, and were in thorough sympathy with the object for which they were forced to leave their native land.

The Montaigue Seminary was a training school for the future priests of the archdiocese of Paris. Philosophy and theology formed the chief features of its curriculum. Learned professors filled the various chairs in the institution; but, if we are to believe some quaint old annals written and compiled at the time, the inner man was by no means provided for as adequately within its walls as was the intellectual. Whether it was owing to crippled finances, to rigid economy, or to a purely ascetic spirit on the part of its directors, the fare served in the refectory was of a very meagre character. Meat of any kind was an unknown quantity on its *menus*,—herrings and haricots being the sole and invariable products of the collegiate kitchen. Some ingenious philosophers of that day attributed the high mental calibre and varied talents of the Montaigue students to their consumption of fish,—a food which, according to medical scientists, supplies the brain with a goodly amount of phosphorus. However that may have been, Ireland was supplied by this College with some of her ablest and most zealous priests.

In 1605 the Irish levites were transferred from the College of Montaigue to that of Navarre, with a branch house in the Rue de Sèvres, from which they subsequently

removed to the Collège des Lombards, the first exclusively Irish seminary established in Paris. The Lombard College was put on a sound financial footing, thanks to the generous contributions made to its budget from French and Irish purses. The house itself was the spontaneous gift of King Louis XIV. to the Irish ecclesiastical exiles. Burses were supplied to indigent students within its walls out of various legacies left it by retired officers of the Irish Brigade in the service of France. One of its chief benefactors was the Abbé de Vaubrun, who laid an entire fortune at the disposal of its directors. In a subsequent stage of its career King Louis XV., of France, made a personal contribution to its exchequer, and awarded the sum of eighteen hundred francs to every young priest ordained at its altar, to enable him to return to Ireland and commence his missionary work in that country.

The Irish at home were not ungrateful for this whole-souled and thoughtful generosity to a College whose zealous emissaries had faced the scaffold and the dungeon in their efforts to guard intact the faith first planted in their midst by St. Patrick. Several prelates, who were provided with priests by the Collège des Lombards, stated that without such assistance many parishes in the country districts would have been spiritually destitute. The pastors, who came from Paris to look after these hitherto helpless flocks, were among the most vigilant guardians of the national faith. Devoted to the interests of the people, they consoled them in their afflictions, and appeased their pangs of poverty and pain by those divine teachings which change the gloom of the soul of man into sunshine by opening to its gaze the radiant glory and happiness of a better world beyond the grave, where there is no sorrow or suffering, and all is eternal joy. Imbued with that heavenly belief, the Irish race,

scourged, robbed, exiled, outlawed, insulted and oppressed, bore their cross bravely up the slopes of the bloody Golgotha for hundreds of dreary years, and trod the thorny path of martyrdom with a patience which was superhuman; for they had that supreme faith which can move mountains, and that supreme devotion to the divine creed of their forefathers, against which the gates of hell can never prevail.

The Collège des Lombards continued its good work for many years. Students flocked to its halls from Ireland, and in due time returned to that country, thoroughly equipped, and well able to foil and defy the wiles of heretics in their efforts to undermine the Church of the people. It became at one time the residence of the Abbé MacGeoghegan, to whom reference has already been made in this paper. To these quiet cloisters the saintly priest retired after a long life spent in the service of the Irish Brigade, whose devoted chaplain he had been from early manhood. In an humble cell, removed from the din of combat and the clash of arms, he passed the close of his chequered career in writing a "History of Ireland," which was subsequently completed and brought down to our own times by the late John Mitchel. It may be noted, moreover, that years before the Irish students took possession of the Collège des Lombards, it was the home of St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier.

In 1770, owing to the increasing number of Irish students in Paris, it was decided to establish a branch house for the better accommodation of the community. With this object the Rev. Laurence Kelly, prefect of studies, was authorized to purchase a large building in the Rue du Cheval Vert—now the Rue des Irlandais,—where eventually all the Lombard *alumni* were installed. This new house became known as the Collège des Irlandais, the Lombard property still remaining in the possession of its original owners.

The new Irish College was opened under the most favorable auspices. Some one hundred and seventy students occupied rooms under its roof, and attended the lectures given daily in its study-halls. It had the patronage of King Louis XVI., as well as that of his Queen, both of whom took a friendly interest in its progress and development. The Irish episcopal board had thorough confidence in the ability and piety of its professors. Its president, the Abbé Kearney, was a man of commanding influence at court and among the aristocracy, with which he was connected through the marriage of his sister with one of France's leading nobles. Paris was then enjoying peace and quiet. The political atmosphere of the capital was as calm as a sunlit lake unvexed by the tiniest of ripples; but it was, after all, unfortunately, a calm that preceded one of the most terrible storms of modern times.

(To be continued.)

In the Path of Pioneer Priests.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

X.—LOST IN THE SNOW.

IT was a stormy night. All afternoon a strong blast from the north had swept across the lakes and over the snow-clad hills. As twilight approached, the wind gradually became colder and fiercer; and when the men came home for the night a regular tempest was abroad. The wind moaned through the vast corridors of the forest; and, although it was not snowing, and the stars shone brightly in the blue dome above, the pine-trees shed a very mist of soft, powdery snow; the breath of the Arctic spectre shook the giant limbs of the trees, and the huge flakes that had accumulated for long months upon them were whirled and driven in every direction.

It was a dreary night, and yet there was a certain sense of comfort and security in the men, who sat around the great fire of the camboose, smoking their pipes, spinning long yarns, and listening to the storm without. At times a gust of wind rushed down the immense chimney and played pranks with the ashes and flames; again the white and feathery flakes would come oozing in through the chinks between the logs.

When the snow drifts before the wind, and the trees shake the white dust from their branches into the traveller's face, it is easy to lose one's path or to miscalculate distances. But all the men, even the road-makers who worked at a distance from the shanty, were in their places. Supper was over; the cook had already completed his work; and the men were dropping, one by one, into their bunks. It was the hour when the teamsters usually went out to the stables to look after their horses for the night. Half an hour later these hard-working fellows returned to the shanty, and, with the exception of one—"Paddy" Kearns, of Pembroke,—were preparing to roll into their blankets.

It appears that Kearns, who had a maimed horse, was obliged to remain in the stable some time longer than the others, to attend to the animal. Another half hour passed, and still the teamster did not return. The foreman began to grow anxious, and finally, being unable to wait longer, he arose and set out to look for him. Just as he was about to lift the latch, the door swung suddenly in, and Paddy Kearns, with a queer-looking bundle in his arms, rushed into the shanty. The usually jolly Hibernian went straight to the fire, and laid his small load down upon the bunk in front of the flaming logs.

"What kept you so long, Paddy? What have you got there?" asked the foreman.

"One question at a time," answered Kearns, as he began to unroll the horse-

blanket which he had wound around his treasure.

"But what is in the blanket?" again queried the astonished foreman.

"Keep off till I see myself exactly what it is," was the reply.

By this time nearly everyone in the shanty was awake, and eager to know what was taking place.

Kearns slowly removed the blanket, and displayed his treasure. It was a child—an Indian boy, about four or five years old. It was not badly clothed, but the poor little fellow had been exposed to that terrible storm, and was almost frozen to death. In fact, there was no knowing what the child's sufferings were until a careful examination of its body could be made. Probably the tiny thing had not eaten a morsel since the day before; perhaps its little limbs had carried it many a weary mile through the snow and wind.

It appears that Kearns had completed his work in the stable, and was returning, when he heard the cry of a child coming, as he thought, from behind the shanty. He paused to listen, and each time that he did so the cry was repeated. At last, determined to find out what was making that peculiar noise, he tramped around the building and into the grove behind. There, half buried in a soft snowdrift, and crying bitterly, lay the little Indian boy. The warm-hearted Irishman lifted the child and rolled it in a horse-blanket which he carried.

The mystery, however, was unexplained, and all wondered how the little fellow had come our way. There was no Indian camp nearer than fifteen miles from our shanty; and unless some stray Tête-de-Boule family had joined those Indians, there certainly were no children there. Moreover, it was the season when nearly all the bands moved away from our part of the country, and went farther north to hunt moose and caribou. To have reached the spot in which Kearns

found him, the boy must have walked more than fifteen miles; unless—which was a thing unheard of among the Indians—some heartless father or mother had abandoned the child, leaving him near the shanty, in the hope that some one would assume the care of him. For the present, at least, the mystery seemed too deep for solution; and the child could cast no light upon the subject. Kearns, however, vowed that henceforth the boy was his property, and that his wife, down near Pembroke, would look after him.

When we had thoroughly examined the little stranger, we found that the legs and part of the body were badly frozen. Evidently the poor sufferer was famished. As Kearns turned the dark but well-formed features toward the fire, the tongue and lips seemed to move as if in an attempt to speak. Finally, to our surprise, a feeble voice came forth from the depths of the shivering chest, and the words we heard, though few, were distinct: "*Petit Paul aime petit Jésus,*"—Little Paul loves little Jesus. Remarkable words coming from this strange being. The boy could not speak a syllable of English, nor did he seem to know any more than these few words of French. Decidedly we were to receive no further information than might be gleaned from these five words. In answer to every question, in thanks for every little caress, in acknowledgment of food and of each attention paid him, this peculiar visitor replied by repeating the same phrase: "*Petit Paul aime petit Jésus.*"

We now held a council, and decided that little Paul was in a very unsatisfactory condition. We doubted very much whether the rude remedies at our disposal, and the care that rough woodsmen could bestow, would suffice to rescue the little fellow from death. However, all that could be done was done, and few of us in the shanty were inclined to sleep that night. When Simon, who was our

physician in chief, undressed the child in order to apply the oils and ointments to the frozen parts, he found a tiny rosary around the little neck. And as the old Indian removed the beads, the child's eyes brightened and the shrill but feeble voice cried out: "*Petit Paul aime petit Jésus.*" The scene was a most touching one. Many a hardy *voyageur* bethought him of his own home and his little children; many honest tears rolled down the weather-beaten cheeks of men unaccustomed to weep.

Toward midnight little Paul fell into a deep slumber. When Simon said that the "baby" would probably sleep longer and sounder than any of us, I lay down to snatch a few hours' much-needed repose. The next morning about half-past four o'clock, when the foreman shouted, "*Level level! grand matin,*" our first thought was for little Paul. Paddy Kearns anxiously inquired of the cook the condition of the child, and was told that Paul was sleeping comfortably. When Simon arose he went over to the bunk in which the little fellow was placed; but, finding that the worn-out bit of humanity still slumbered, he concluded that it was better not to disturb him. We ate our breakfast in silence, for each feared to awaken poor little Paul.

But, had we known it, there was no need of such precaution,—there was little danger of our disturbing the child's slumber. Simon had spoken truly, and the infant's sleep was indeed longer and sounder than ours. While we were lost in the land of dreams, while old Simon was racking his brain to solve the enigma of the child's advent amongst us; while honest Paddy Kearns was building castles, with stately stairways and long halls for the Indian child, the soul of little Paul, which like a captive bird had been beating its wings against the cage that held it prisoner, escaped from the frail body and sped away to the blue and beautiful

realms, where *le petit Jésus* awaited *le petit Paul*, who loved Him.

Yes, when we went to examine the child's bandages and wake him for breakfast, the little body was stiff in death; and the smile that had played upon the waxen lips, that told so innocently of the love of little Paul for little Jesus, was stamped there as if the seal of an angel had been set upon it. There was sorrow in the shanty such as I had never witnessed among grown-up people. The men vied with one another in suggesting some pretty memorial of little Paul. Paddy Kearns claimed the beads; Simon designed the inscription for the cross; the carpenter made the coffin; the cook dressed the child as neatly as our van assortment afforded,—in fine, each man looked upon little Paul as in some way belonging to himself.

On the day following his death we buried the remains upon the very spot where Paddy Kearns had found the lost lamb. The cross was not completed for some weeks, as the carpenter, the handyman and the blacksmith, had combined to make it a lasting monument.

Four days afterward a half-distracted *Tête-de-Boule*, named Bouggie, came to the shanty. He seemed to be demented, for he acted in a most eccentric manner. Finally, after considerable trouble, we learned that Bouggie was little Paul's father. He was travelling northward, with his wife and four children, and had pitched his tent about three miles from our shanty. The child had wandered away from the camp, and, owing to the heavy fall of snow, the little fellow's tracks were soon effaced. Poor Bouggie was nearly distracted when he heard of little Paul's death, but he was thankful that the child had not perished in the forest.

We learned from the father that Paul could speak neither English nor French, but that a year previously a missionary travelled forty-two miles to baptize the children of that single family. Our little

waif had received the Sacrament, and was called Paul, after the priest who went so far to open the gates of light for him. The priest had placed the rosary around the child's neck, and as a parting injunction to the little boy he said: "*Petit Paul, aime toujours le petit Jésus.*" The mother caught the phrase; and as she taught her baby his prayers in the Indian language, she always made him repeat the priest's words.

Little Paul was not forgotten in our camp. For weeks his name was daily upon our lips; and when Christmas morning came, we remembered him when we thought of another Babe, who long centuries ago lay shivering in the Manger.

(To be continued.)

In Remembrance.

VERY REV. FATHER SORIN, C. S. C.

BY M. M. RICHARDSON.

①CTOBER dusk on frosted eaves,
Nut-brown beneath a golden sky;
Flutter and fall of ripened leaves,
A whisper as the wind goes by.

And look! the star that for us shone
Above the sunset shines no more:
Some other land its light hath won,
Its glory touched some farther shore.

With dropping beads we murmur low,
Ave Maria, guard his rest;
The Christ he served in mist and snow
Receive him into mansions blest.

For he, consumed with God's white fire,
Hath wrought among the souls of men;
Immortal deeds shall call him sire,
Born through his might of tongue or pen.

Like gold and frankincense and myrrh,
May he bear upward from the earth
His good works to the feet of Her
Who gave Judea's Saviour birth!

From Shore to Shore.

(CONCLUSION.)

VI.

"MAY I ask how you came to marry the deceased Valdespino?" asked Mlle. Graudet. "Pardon me, but I almost bear him a grudge."

"Dear Mademoiselle, how seriously you take it all! Indeed he was kindness itself. My marriage came about in a strange way. His daughter was at the convent in Philadelphia, but he found he could not bear her absence from home. He came to the convent to take her away, with the intention of engaging a governess for his children. He asked the Sisters to recommend one, and the superior thought of me. As soon as he had seen me he said: 'This young girl could not live alone in my house without an older woman for companion.' And I was dismissed. But after I had left the room, he abruptly inquired why he could not marry me. My wishes were consulted. I at once gave consent. Thus quickly was it done."

"What a very strange proceeding!"

"Not so, Mademoiselle. His character was well known. I had no religious vocation, was without a home. The Sisters almost thought it a direct interposition of Providence, and so did I."

"You became at once wife and governess, then?"

"Yes, if you wish. I am thankful to have been of some use in the training and education of those dear children, who have always been devoted to me."

"And you mourned for your husband?"

"I truly mourned for him, and do still. But my affection for him was more that of a child for a father than of wife for husband. I forgot to say that he was many years older than I."

"And your purpose, I take it, in telling the story is to assure me that you will not marry again. Why not, if your heart is

not buried in the grave of your departed husband?"

"Mademoiselle, I have told the story ill if you have not seen that since my widowhood the memory of the incident of my youth has reasserted itself, and that I do not feel—"

"You mean that you intend to live for a memory?"

"You put it perhaps too strongly. But I assure you it is only now, after all these years, that I have allowed myself a regret, and the portrayal in fancy of a possible past in which I might have had a happy share."

"To be precise, you feel yourself twice widowed, as it were?"

The Señora laughed.

"No, Mademoiselle, not that. But I can best describe what I do feel by saying that an aroma lingers about the memory of that brief episode of my youth, too sweet and precious ever to be desecrated by another love; too sacred also, now that I have lived my thirty years and learned somewhat of life, to be lost in the tameness of a marriage either of convenience or reason. In two words—the past is sufficient for me."

A pleased smile played about the lips of Mlle. Graudet, of which her companion was quite unobservant.

"I am only a curious old woman," she said; "and your story has interested me. Tell me if, as you have asserted and I believe, that episode slumbered during all those years, how came it to be recalled again?"

"I was about to relate the circumstance," was the reply. "It has seemed to me a little strange. While making preparations to come to the United States, I came upon a small casket, which I had long overlooked, and which contained some relics of my girlhood. Few and simple they were, and among them I found a little medal of the Blessed Virgin, which I had been accustomed to wear attached

to a silver band, or wristlet, given me by a nun in the convent at X., in Ireland. There had originally been two medals, but on the night of that unfortunate experience I must have lost one. I missed it the next day, and never found it. Singularly enough, the sight of that little medal recalled every circumstance of the time; and from that moment, in some unaccountable way, the memory has remained. I can see Madame Latourière as I saw her then, in the drawing-room, her eyes flashing, her hand dramatically pointed toward the dark hall where I stood, although she was not aware of it. I can see her son—tall, dark and handsome—leaning against the piano; I can hear his low, musical voice; can almost feel again my own mortification and pain,—yes, it is all as fresh in my mind as the night it happened.

“And I will finish this confession, Mademoiselle—if confession it may be called,—by confiding to you that from that day I have worn the medal on my watch chain; and that it serves, in some inexplicable but vivid manner, to connect me with that past which I had well-nigh forgotten; seeming, I know not why, to form a link between myself and my whilom lover, who no doubt has long ere this forgotten me. It has grown to be a talisman, — a sacred talisman, with which nothing could induce me to part. And there is not a morning that does not find me saying, as I press the little relic to my lips, ‘Holy Mary, my Mother, bless him, living or dead!’”

That night, while the Señora Valdespino slept calmly, Mlle. Graudet sat writing sheet after sheet—a long letter, over which she stopped now and then to laugh and chuckle and cry alternately. The dawn was breaking when she lay down to rest, her feeble old hands tired and trembling, but her young heart throbbing with joyful anticipation.

“Ten days at most will bring him,” she said softly, as her grey head sought

the pillow. “O Thou dear Lord, thanks that I should have seen this day!”

It might have been a fortnight later that the Señora Valdespino sat in Mlle. Graudet’s little parlor, awaiting her arrival from the station, whither she had gone to meet the cousin whom she had been expecting. The son of her old age, she had described him; the comfort of her life, and the darling of her lonely heart. That morning she had said, in her pretty, authoritative way:

“Oblige me, my dear, by putting on white this afternoon; with black ornaments, if you must,—but still white. And see to it that you do not come to the portico when you hear the carriage. I have a very particular reason, remember, for wishing that you and my dear cousin shall not meet for the first time in the glare of the public eye.”

And the Señora had laughingly replied:

“Not for worlds, dear Mademoiselle, would I permit my curiosity to lead me to the portico; for I am not ignorant of the vanity of man. And I even have misgivings about awaiting you in the parlor, lest that wonderful cousin might be flattered thereby. But I would do much to oblige you, and shall take care that my dress is becoming.”

And so it had happened that the old lady had fluttered away in a tremor, unaccountable to her friend, who considered the advent of the newcomer in a very prosaic light,—rather as an interruption to their pleasant friendship, and welcome only for the sake of his charming old relative, to whom he was so dear. She arose and looked at herself in the glass.

“White is becoming,” she mentally soliloquized; “it makes me look much younger. But why should I care?” heaving a sigh. She walked toward the window. The pony-carriage for which she had been listening had arrived with noiseless wheels. A gentleman was assisting Mlle. Graudet to alight. He was tall, dark,

and very distinguished-looking, his hair slightly touched with grey.

She turned from the window with a sudden, quick movement, her heart a flash of fire, a lump of ice,—turned to see him already standing at the open door.

“Elizabeth!” he cried, and he stretched out his arms to support her.

But of the three happy souls who sat together that day, none, perhaps, was happier or more thankful than Mlle. Graudet.

An Humble Hero.

LAST July, writes Father N——, I was on a visit to a pretty little village of Brittany. The rector welcomed me to his residence with that hospitality for which the Bretons are distinguished. After conversing a while, my eyes wandered about the room, and finally fell upon a photograph of a religious, evidently only recently taken, who appeared to be about thirty-five years of age. This religious, the pastor informed me, was Peter the master-mason, who built his church. The edifice was quite new, and attractive in its roseate granite, with its three naves and their beautiful windows. It is a monument proclaiming loudly the faith and the pious generosity of the congregation, as well as the skill of the workman. The latter had met with a great misfortune, the rector told me; and this affliction was for him the call of God. As my looks betrayed the desire I felt to hear the story, he was kind enough to relate it to me. I give it as I remember it:

“The work was coming to a close; the church had gone up rapidly, and no accident had occurred amongst the workmen, although their number was considerable. The framework of the roof had been raised, and, to commemorate the event, a religious celebration had been

arranged for St. Peter's Day. A large congregation was thus gathered in the new church, which was gracefully decorated for the occasion. Peter's wife was there, with many of her friends, her voice uniting with theirs in prayer and song. She had decked herself out in her best, and one of the women remarked to her: ‘How charming you look to-day, Frances!’—‘Ah!’ she replied, with a smile, ‘to-day is the feast of my Peter, and I offered my Communion for him this morning.’

“The ceremony had come to an end, and the priests were turning to go back with the procession to the old church. Suddenly a thrill of horror ran through the pious assembly. Although it had been formally forbidden, two or three workmen had climbed up on the framework to put some flowers at the top, and one of the men struck against a beam that was resting on the joists. The beam slid off, and came down perpendicularly on the head of Peter's wife. She uttered no cry, but was borne down to the floor, bathed in her blood, like a victim that had been selected for the occasion. She lived only long enough to receive the last Sacraments.

“It was a terrible blow for her poor husband. ‘Well, Peter,’ asked Father B——, in a voice trembling with emotion, ‘what do you intend to do now? Do you feel that you have courage enough to continue your work?’—‘Yes, Father,’ he replied, simply, ‘with God's grace I hope to finish the church.’

“And for several months more he came to his work on the spot watered by his wife's blood, never uttering a word of reproach to the imprudent and awkward workman who had caused his misfortune. He felt that the stroke came from above; and as God sent him the trial, God's grace spoke to his heart. He continued his work just the same as before; was equally assiduous at the offices of the Church; and, as is the custom of pious Christians,

he frequently visited and decorated the tomb of his beloved wife.

"When the church was finished, he came to my room one morning, and said: 'Monsieur le Recteur, my work is done, and I am going away. God has broken the ties that bound me to the world. He gave me no children, He took my wife from me, and now I am free to go whither He calls. The missionaries amongst the infidels and savages often have no one to help them to build churches; I am going to knock at their door; and, if they will accept me, I am at their command.'

"After selling his property and closing up his business, Peter gathered together what was his, and prepared to take leave of the parish. For the last time he visited the grave of her who had been the companion of his youth; he came to pray on the spot that had been watered by her blood. He kissed the ground as one might kiss a relic; then, rising with new strength and courage, he set out for Algeria. There he went to the house of the Pères Blancs (the White Fathers), and asked for an asylum amongst them, humbly offering them his services. After a year's novitiate, Peter, wearing the religious habit, was sent to far-off Zanzibar to erect a chapel. 'The trial was severe,' he wrote to a reverend friend; 'but the grace of God was stronger still. I am happy now; and the thought that I am working for God—that I am contributing to the spread of His kingdom by raising temples to Him amongst people who do not yet know Him—fills me with a joy such as I never felt before.'"

I was deeply moved on hearing this history; and as I again fixed my eyes on the photograph, I tried to engrave in my memory the features of this hero of the faith, whom I never expect to see on earth, in order to recall them one day in heaven, if God grants me the grace of admission into His kingdom.

A Mystic Poet.

And drank from the eternal Fount of Truth,
And served Him with a keen, ecstatic love.
"DREAM OF GERONTIUS."

THERE are some poets who die young, and whose early taking off adds a postlude to all their melodies,—such a postlude as makes what has gone all the sweeter. Of these were Maurice de Guérin (whose "Centaure" has been wonderfully translated by Mrs. Fields), David Gray, Keats, and Chatterton. And of these was Adrian Worthington Smith.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman believes that few people read poetry nowadays. He may be right; it is unfortunate for the future generations. When men cease to love the beautiful, and adopt that materialism which sees only in nature the useful, the radiance of life will be gone. At any rate, few people take time to look for the sign of the coming of a new poet. The Philistine buys his poetry by the weight on birthdays and at Christmas. It is only the elect who find in a few lines a more delicate and permanent savor than in whole volumes.

Here is a volume with a delicate and permanent savor. It is "Thalassa, and Other Poems," by Adrian Worthington Smith.* It has this delicate savor and the permanence for those who take a book to their hearts; it will not appeal to the great mob who run and read, and who take their opinions from chance newspapers. It is for the few—the elect; and, without irreverence, it may be said that the true beauty of fine literature is for the few chosen ones, not for the many to whom it seems to call.

Adrian Smith was the most modest of men, the most sensitive, and the most deep-feeling. His sister Grace, in her "In Memoriam," says, without the exaggera-

* Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

tion that her love and his early death might seem to excuse:

"Thou, through whose thought the heaven-anthem rolled

In ceaseless music breaking on thine ear.

None can replace

Thee, O beloved! holding with such care,

Within thy faithful hand,

Thy great Art's Treasure. Hear me!—let me speak
And tell the listening world that, brave and fair,
Though gавest of thy best; and, though they seek,
Thy like lives not in all the shining land."

"Thalassa" is the most exquisite poem in the book. It begins:

"Dost hear thy praise, O Sea? My love is singing
A tender pæan to the irised day,

While orient clouds are fleeting,

And fresh'ning winds are greeting

The laughing waves that threaten in their play."

The motto for it is from Newman's "Dream of Gerontius,—“A world of signs and types.” His love was no earthly love. She is, like Dante's "Beatrice," a symbol of the immortal longing of the soul for God,—of that serene peace which possesses the soul assured of the Beatific Vision; but, like St. Teresa, content only with His love, whatever He wills.

"At home with thee, no cruel care is quelling
The triumph of her mind's commanding power;
In fancy's crystal springs
She views more wondrous things
Than mermaids fashion for a fairy's dower."

The spirit and the mystery of the sea run through the whole book. "Egeria" is another poem through which the voice of the sea whispers and swells. Sometimes the poem has an echo, like a shell.

"Listen

To the inward echo of the sounding soul,

Whose lucent passions glisten,

And melodiously roll

Against thy silent will

Sublime and still,

An alabaster cliff that shines above

And yet sustains thy surging sea of love;

And calms thine idle fears,

That souls are only radiant tears;

For luminous in thine

Is love, whose life is consciously divine,—

This love, that hath no body death can keep

Buried beneath his dark, abhorrent deep."

These poems are the utterance of a mystic,—sincere above all things, and

possessing that quality which Mr. Coventry Patmore calls distinction, and which is the gift only of the rare. If poetry be the attempt to reach beyond common language, to express musically the sense of the immortal, the author of this slender volume is a true poet,—for the definition fits his work. He is Greek in form and in reticence, and Christian in the highest and purest sense.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

The Authenticity of the Holy Tunic at Argenteuil.

SOME time ago there appeared in THE "AVE MARIA" a short account of the Holy Tunic of Our Lord, which has been preserved since the year 800 at Argenteuil, a town in the vicinity of Paris. It may be remembered that this venerable relic was the gift of Charlemagne to his daughter Theodrade, prioress of the Benedictine Monastery of Argenteuil. It is, of course, needless to remind Catholics how cautious the Church is, and how minute and critical are the investigations she makes, before allowing the public veneration of relics. Nevertheless, it is a sign of the times that, in order to meet the objections of sceptics in our day, Natural Science has been called in to prove the authenticity of this precious garment, which was worn by our Divine Lord until the moment of His crucifixion. Mgr. Goux, Bishop of Versailles, in whose diocese Argenteuil lies, commissioned two distinguished scientists to examine, with microscope and chemicals, the nature of the stains upon the fabric. The result was the following technical report, signed by Monsieur Ph. Lafon, laureate of the Paris Academy of Medicine and Director of the Laboratory of Researches; and Monsieur J. Roussel, member of the Paris Society of Chemists. The documents which have been in pos-

session of Mgr. Goux for many months were made public only on November 10.

“Having been appointed by Mgr. Goux, Bishop of Versailles, to make an examination of the Tunic... preserved as a sacred relic at Argenteuil, the seals of which were broken in our presence, we certify that we have made the following chemical and microscopic tests. First, a reaction by the tincture of Gayac and turpentine: after leaving the stained fragments in distilled water for several hours, we collected on white unsized paper, folded in several doubles, the mark of two stains. Having applied to these marks a few drops of a mixture, in equal parts, of tincture of Gayac and turpentine, we found they became of a greenish color; it is a well-known fact that this reaction is characteristic of blood and of other fluids of the human body. On a spectroscopic examination, these stains, after prolonged maceration in distilled water, hardly colored the solution. The spectroscopic study of the hemoglobine (coloring matter of blood) and of its transformation led to no result. To discover the globules of blood we left the above-mentioned fragments during several days in Hayem's artificial serum, composed of distilled water, chloride of sodium, sulphate of soda, and corrosive sublimate of mercury. After scraping and dissolving the tissue in this macerating liquid, we saw in the centre some globules of blood of a light pink color. The number of these globules, their form and characteristic size, sufficed to prove the existence of human blood.

“Another portion of the tissue was put in contact for several days with a drop of chloride of sodium in the thousandth degree air-tight; the saline residue obtained after evaporation was put under the action of iced acetic acid. Successive additions and evaporations of acetic acid were made, and, after the evaporation and complete disappearance of acetic acid, we saw through the microscope some

crystals of hemine, chlorhydrate of hematine, or crystals of Teichmann,—this reaction belongs to blood, and distinctly characterizes its presence. We also sought iron as another proof of the existence of blood. In our processes we made two series of investigations: one on those fragments of the tissue, where stains appeared visible to the naked eye; the other on an unstained portion of the Tunic. On both we were able to obtain the clearest and most abundant reactions of iron by prussiate of potash, etc. In our opinion, the great amount of iron discovered in the material can not be due alone to traces of blood: we attribute some of the iron to matter used in dyeing the tissue.

“To sum up our experiments. By the tincture of Gayac and turpentine, we found on the stained part of the Tunic a slight green color, and some red globules of blood, besides a few crystals of hemine or chlorhydrate of hematine (blood decomposition). We consider these characteristics sufficiently evident to justify us in affirming that the stains examined are clearly due to blood; the shape and size of the red globules seen by the power of the microscope are identical with those of human blood. From the whole examination we conclude that the blood is very ancient.”

The tissue itself was likewise examined at the Laboratory of the National Manufactory of Gobelins Tapestries in Paris. The following is the technical report on the subject, dated February 10, 1893.

“The three samples of the Tunic of Argenteuil submitted to us for chemical tests are evidently all of the same texture, which is rather loose, but supple and light; the warp and the woof of the tissue being exactly of the same size and quality. Although woven on a very primitive loom, the web is regular, and the evenness of the threads is remarkable, the more so considering that the threads were spun by hand. When submitted to the action of

heat, the fibre began to swell and melt, expelling at the same time ammoniacal vapors. Without any doubt, these threads are due to animal nature. After an hour's maceration in distilled water, the thread expanded and separated into several hairs; each fibre was minutely studied, and bears no resemblance to camel's hair; for camel's hair has an absolutely smooth surface, even viewed through a magnifying-glass of five hundred diameters. The same difference is observed when compared with goat's hair; while the fibres of this tissue present the appearance of wool fibrils, the perfectly clear surface being formed of imbricated scales. To us, it is absolutely certain that the tissue is composed of fine wool, spun to about the size of the wool used in the National Manufactory of Beauvais.

"One might be tempted to conclude that the dark-brownish red shade of the tissue was the natural color of the wool employed, but the uniform violet hue pervading the red must be the effect of a dye. The fibre, on being put under the influence of oxygenated water, became much lighter in shade (the dye being partly destroyed), and the imbricated scales on the surface of the wool stood out more clearly. There appears to us a complete analogy, even *identity*, of the raw material, as well as of the fabrication of the tissue with antique tissues found in Christian tombs of the second and third centuries of our era. Some of these textures bear a violet brown shade. It has been impossible to discover the nature of the coloring matter; but, examined through the microscope, the dyed fibres of these ancient stuffs appear exactly similar to those of the tissue of the Tunic of Argenteuil."

Ecclesiastics who have seen and closely examined the Seamless Tunic of Argenteuil and the Holy Robe of Treves agree that they are dissimilar garments, both equally venerable and authentic. The testimony of experts, though it can add

nothing to the faith, of good Catholics in the authenticity of the precious relic of Argenteuil, will probably have the effect of stimulating the faithful to new fervor. In addition to the three devout pilgrimages that take place annually at Argenteuil, a solemn exposition of the sacred relic is announced.

One Type of Missionary.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—In an article entitled "Sandwich Island Missions," published in the New York *Sun* of November 15, the writer refers to the pious zeal of American missionaries—Protestant, of course,—as one of the leading factors in the present prosperity enjoyed by Hawaii. He makes special mention of "Missionary Bingham," whose name he tells us is still held in benediction among thousands of people in these United States for the great services he rendered to Christianity in the Sandwich Islands. My curiosity was excited to learn what great works Missionary Bingham had performed to render him an object of veneration. Turning to "Marshall's Missions," a standard work upon missionary labors in foreign lands, my search was rewarded by the discovery of the following passages, which, in the hope that they may prove interesting to your readers, I transcribe verbatim. (Vol. I., page 512 of the fourth edition):

"The missionaries [in Hawaii] were now installed, and then began once more that eager race after wealth and power—cruel, greedy and unscrupulous—which their friends have so often described, but even they have rarely attempted to palliate. Mr. Bingham was for many years their leader, and he is thus described: 'Bingham meddles in all the affairs of government,' says Kotzebue, 'pays particular attention to commercial concerns, and seems to have quite forgotten his original situation and the object of his residence in these Islands, finding the avocations of a ruler more to his taste than those of a preacher.'... That Bingham's private views may not

be too easily penetrated, religion is made the cloak of all his designs. . . . Perhaps he already esteems himself the absolute sovereign of these Islands.' ('Voyage Round the World.') Lord Byron, who was struck by the same facts, observes: 'Mr. Bingham loses no opportunity of mingling in every business.' ('Voyage H. M. S. Blonde.')

I have no wish to disparage the missionary labors of Protestants that toil in good faith for the conversion of the heathen; but when we behold a man elevated on a pedestal as the exemplar of American missionary zeal, we have a right to expect that this pedestal will be less shadowy and unsubstantial than that of Missionary Bingham.

COLA.

Notes and Remarks.

Suffering among the poor, always greatest at the present season, and which is aggravated this winter on account of the number out of employment, has occasioned the formation of numerous aid societies in the larger cities. It is pleasant to hear that in some places Protestants of all shades of belief, infidels and Jews, ministers and rabbis, willingly co-operate with Catholics in providing for needy people and in aiding the unemployed to earn a living. A great amount of good is thus effected, and there is no clashing of creeds. Catholics are never exclusive or uncompromising when the exercise of charity is in question, and association with our separated brethren under such circumstances is sure to result in good. As one of the New York dailies remarked in commending the formation of committees to aid needy people, "they may not make as much noise as was made by the Parliament of Religions, but they will probably be of more service than was that queer body."

We have no hopes that the Baltimore plan for the settlement of the School Question will prove successful. As far as we can judge, it has already stirred up fresh opposition, and added fuel to the flame of bigotry fanned by anti-Catholic organizations like the A. P. A.

Bishops Doane and Coxe have taken occasion of Cardinal Gibbons' circular to give vent to their spleen; and, although they are not perhaps representative American citizens, they do the thinking for a large body of Protestants, whose sentiments on the subject of denominational education may be known by the public expressions of these two gentlemen.

The School Question is far from settlement, and it is altogether too much to hope that for years to come legislative bodies in this country will consent to a division of the school fund. Religion is not to non-Catholics the all-important matter it is with us, and herein lies the secret of their lack of sympathy with Catholic views. Sympathy was beginning to be felt; but now, to judge from the utterances of leading newspapers and prominent Protestant leaders, what existed is being destroyed. Should the Baltimore plan be rejected—and, as we have said, we have no hopes that it will not be,—the result will be increased antagonism to Catholics, and their grievances touching the School Question will be farther from redress than ever.

A colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin is to be erected on one of the loftiest summits of the Rouergue Mountains, in the Department of the Aveyron. The statue, which will be easily visible to passengers travelling from Paris to Montpellier and Béziers, is to be fifty feet in height, and will probably not be completed for three or four years. The site chosen is one of the most picturesque spots in that mountainous region; and the gigantic statue, smiling upon toiling peasant and wondering pilgrim, will be an appropriate recognition of the signal favors conferred on France by the Queen of Heaven, and a constant reminder of the palmy days when she reigned a very Queen over all that fair land.

The Protestant Episcopalians in the rural districts of the Empire State must be excessively obtuse and deplorably gullible, if their prelates do not very badly represent them. Following on the unmitigated nonsense concerning the mission of Mgr. Satolli, with which Dr. Cleveland Coxe, of Buffalo, lately

treated us, now comes an assertion by the Protestant prelate of Albany, Dr. Doane, that "the Roman Church is really on trial in America; and she is claiming to be adapting herself to American principles and habits." When we make our next visit to a Catholic parochial school, we shall ask some pupil—and we will not need to seek him in the highest class—when this "trial" began.

No one that loves peace can fail to rejoice over the decline of religious controversy. The day of disputation is waning, and soon controversies and controversial books will be as old fashioned as spelling-bees. The intellectual tournaments to which we refer are fast giving place to clear, calm statements, whether made by word of mouth or in books. Sonorous phrases to which no exact meaning can be attached, and verbal skyrockets of all kinds, are no longer employed by speakers or writers who wish to gain a hearing or a reading; and it has come to be generally held that the naked truth when expressed in the indicative mood is most effectual. There never was a time when clear, accurate, unadorned, unimpassioned statements of Catholic belief were more in demand than now.

The late Mr. James Toovey was one of the best-known bibliophiles of England. He had acquired many first editions, and his shop in Picadilly was a sort of literary Mecca, to which the book-lovers of London made regular pilgrimages. Mr. Toovey, as we learn from the Roman correspondent of the *Pilot*, was a man of wide culture and a devout Catholic. It is pleasant to know that although he could have made large profits from books of a questionable character, such volumes never found a place upon his shelves, no matter how "rare and valuable" they might be.

The late Francis Parkman was not by any means an ideal historian. It is almost a mystery that an author who wrote about the Church with such intelligent appreciation in one moment could assail her with so much bitterness in the next. It must be confessed,

however, that the author of "The Jesuits in North America" rendered a service which ought to be appreciated by Catholics. Before his time the Jesuit was regarded by Protestants with much the same feeling as that with which the child hears of the "Bogey man." There was much about our missionary which Mr. Parkman himself could not understand, and thus he often unwittingly misrepresented our holy religion. Besides, as he once confessed to Dr. John Gilmary Shea, he had to consider the prejudices of his readers. The sublime devotion of priests like Jogues and Brebœuf, however, was not to be disparaged, and he has written of these heroic martyrs in words that glow on the printed page. Indeed, there are few more beautiful pages of English literature than those in which he has described the hardships and horrors which they braved in carrying the Gospel to the Indian tribes of New France. The charm of Mr. Parkman's style won for him many readers, and the fact that he was a staunch Protestant invested him with a power for dispelling prejudice which no Catholic could be expected to possess. What a pity that he did not exercise that power to the fullest extent!

The methods by which Protestant ministers seek to attract large congregations are often such as might fill legitimate business men with envy. Theatrical managers in search of "attractions" might well take their cue from the shrewdness and enterprise of these gentlemen, and one is sometimes tempted to regret that a first-class fakir was spoiled to make an indifferent preacher. Thus one minister in Ohio recently enlivened a discourse on gambling by skilful manipulation of a pack of cards, in which he performed and explained the "three-card monte" trick, to the great surprise, if not edification, of his flock. A Protestant divine in Brooklyn, concluding church services at which Mr. McKinley happened to be present, looked toward the seat occupied by the Governor, and said: "I could not forgive myself, and I feel sure the members of my congregation would not forgive me, if I failed to say that we have worshipping with us this morning one of the most eminent statesmen of the day." Many

of the congregation cheered, while others clapped hands or waved handkerchiefs; and when the services were over, the distinguished visitor was forced to hold a reception at his pew.

Formerly Protestant places of worship were called "meeting-houses," and incidents like these make one deplore that the name was ever changed to the less appropriate one of "church." One is inclined to wonder, in a reverent way, whether the congregation had as lively a sense of the presence of God as of the presence of the Governor of Ohio.

If a good son is the best assurance of the virtue of a mother, then the venerable Mrs. Brennan, who died last month at Pantasaph, Ireland, at the age of seventy-nine, must have lived a very pious and edifying life. Four of her sons are prominent members of the Order of Capuchins, one of them being the provincial. Three others are Brothers in the same community, and her four daughters are Sisters of Charity. The presence of these eleven religious at the funeral of their mother was a sight for men and angels. What a tribute to the faith and devotedness of the parents, and what a picture it suggests of the ideal Catholic home!

M. Sabatier, the leading exponent of Protestant theology in Paris, has published a study of French Protestantism, in which he declares that the members of that communion do not exceed 650,000; and even this number is rapidly decreasing. In view of the large percentage of Protestant office-holders under the present Government, this statement is indeed surprising. Infidelity has always proved more acceptable than Protestantism in France; for Frenchmen, as everyone knows, are apt to be extremists.

There could be no greater mistake than to suppose that the American Protective Association, and similar organizations which have lately come into existence in the United States, are insignificant in point of numbers and influence. On the contrary, they are a host and a power which it would be folly to ignore. In Columbus alone the A. P. A.

claims a membership of 10,000. Any movement on the part of Catholics at the present time which is calculated to stir up strife and to inject politics into religion is therefore deplorable. We have now to contend with a new Knownothingism; and, in the present state of public feeling, it is utterly useless to expect that any proposals favoring our religion will meet with dispassionate consideration. Those who would know the disposition of a large body of Protestants in this country toward their Catholic fellow-citizens may learn much from this passage of a virulent letter addressed to his Excellency Mgr. Satolli by Bishop Coxe, of Buffalo:

"Yours is a deliberate invasion of our Capital, and a practical intermeddling with our most delicate domestic affairs, which you threaten to make permanent. Our system of education and our common schools are as the apple of the eye to every true American. As Americans, it is the right of your co-religionists to settle their relations with their fellow-citizens without any alien interference."

Think of such a speech as this from an intelligent old dominie who claims to be an American of Americans! It is all well enough to call Dr. Coxe a man of straw. At least he gives evidence that a strong wind is blowing, and the best thing we can do is to let it exhaust itself.

The people of Italy are enjoying one of their periodical bank scandals. Ever since the "glorious accession" of Victor Emmanuel, such little episodes as this have supplied society with conversation, and the newspapers with spicy accounts of corruption in high places. The latest sensation, which easily throws all previous achievements far into the background, culminated in a stormy scene in the Italian Parliament. Seven patriots who are now, or have been, cabinet ministers were convicted of the most flagrant dishonesty, Signor Crispi and Premier Giolitti being specially censured by the howling deputies. Catholics as well as Protestants may profit by this exposure of the corrupt politics of Italy. It is well that they should know the character of the men who robbed the Pope of his temporal power. It is well that they should form a proper estimate of the Government which has replaced the just and benefi-

cent rule of the Pontiffs, who have ever been the true friends of the people, and to whom sooner or later the people are sure to turn for help.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson, paid a glowing tribute recently to the memory of his fellow-actor, Edwin Booth,—a tribute which would go to prove that the speaker himself possesses in no slight measure the virtues which he so much admired in his friend. One passage of his discourse was especially remarkable for its exalted Christian sentiment. After speaking of Booth's unostentatious charity, Mr. Jefferson quoted the great actor as saying: "I consider no man happy until he can enjoy the success of his enemies." These noble words reveal that greatness of soul which is absolutely essential to excellence in any of the arts. They might be heard with edification from the highest pulpit in the land, and the spirit which dictated them ought to go far toward making the Drama what in truth it should be—the handmaid of Religion, and a powerful influence for the preservation of Christian faith and morals.

Mr. F. R. Coudert, who acted as counsel for our Government during the late Behring Sea controversy, has this appreciative reference to the Abbé de Saint Pierre in an article on "Arbitration" in the current issue of *Harper's Magazine*:

"As far back as the reign of Louis XIV. a simple Abbé wrote a treatise, which he called a 'project of perpetual peace.' It was his idea—we might call it his hobby,—and he rode his hobby so hard that he ran recklessly into the premises of royal majesty, and was thrown out of the Academy for his pains. He was laughed at and ridiculed for two hundred years. The rare friends who ventured to follow timidly in his footsteps were seldom taken seriously: they were looked upon as harmless optimists, whose theories were as refreshing as their conduct was inoffensive."

The French Abbé was ahead of his time. Since that day the doctrine of "perpetual peace" has won favor among civilized nations; and of the final triumph of arbitration as a substitute for war there can be no doubt, even though the world should fail to realize the poet's vision of "the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

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. William Early, of Syracuse, N. Y.; the Rev. John J. Gray, Salem, Mass.; and the Rev. Anthony Ciampi, S. J., Washington, D. C., who were lately called to their reward.

Brother Charles, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.; Sister M. of St. Clement, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, South Bend, Ind.; and Sister Berchmans, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Minneapolis, Minn., deceased last month.

Mr. James Fury, Sr., whose life closed peacefully on the 14th ult., at Trenton, N. J.

Mr. Owen Caden, of Central Falls, R. I., who departed this life on the 11th ult.

Mr. Michael Turbit, of Southington, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Dooley, Shieldsville, Minn.; Mr. Patrick Hourigan, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mrs. M. McHugh, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary O'Connor and Mrs. Nora Winn, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Curtin and Miss Alice Duffy, Taunton, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Quigley and Miss Mary Morissey, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. Humphrey O'Sullivan, Victoria, B. C.; Mrs. Ellen Turbot, Philadelphia, Pa.; John Martin, Patrick Sullivan, Mrs. Julia Hughes, Miss Mary Bradley, Mr. Nicholas Lynam, Mrs. Catherine Doran, Mr. Joseph Burgoon, Mrs. Mary Farren, Mrs. Ruth Stevens,—all of Altoona, Pa.; Mr. James Gormerly and Mr. Peter McGough, St. Augustine, Pa.

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 Maori Mission :

Mr. George J. Gross, \$2.50; Thomas F. Smith, \$2; The Rev. A. McDonald, \$2; Mrs. Edward Walsh, \$1; Mrs. D. Turner, \$1; A lady, Bridgeport, Conn., \$1; Mrs. J. H. Sands, \$1; A Friend, St. Thomas, Minn., 30 cts.; Mrs. H. V. Jewell, \$1; N. S., 50 cts.; M. J. Cooke, 50 cts.; A Friend, \$1; B. S., \$2; the Rev. D. L. Murray, \$1; Mrs. George B., 25 cts.; Mrs. Miles O'Reilly, \$1; Friends, New York, \$1; N. N., Fall River, Mass., \$1; V. Z., \$5; A Friend, Louisville, \$2; A reader of THE "AVE MARIA," \$1; A Friend, \$3; Mary J. Carvill, \$2; A mother and daughter, \$1; Anne Smith, \$5; Mary E. Maillain, \$1; Catherine Kelly, \$1; Mrs. J. Nause, 50 cts.; A Friend of THE "AVE MARIA," \$10.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Harry's Birthday.

MY birthday comes in summer time;
 But, then, it must be nice
 To have it come in winter months,
 When there is lots of ice.
 I think the little Infant dear
 Picked out the nicest day;
 I believe I'd pick out Christmas, too,
 If I had any say.

I like to get nice birthday gifts
 From those I love so well;
 I wonder what the Infant wants?
 I really can not tell.
 I guess I'll be a real good boy,
 And please Him all I can;
 And wait to get Him other gifts
 Till I'm a grown-up man.

How Steve Made the Farm Pay.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

THAT evening, as usual, Farmer Gray went to sleep in his arm-chair almost immediately after supper. Martha sat darning stockings by the light of a smoky kerosene lamp. Steve, at the other side of the table, unfolded the newspaper and began to read. For some time the silence was broken only by the ticking

of the clock and the steady snoring of the farmer. Presently Steve leaned across the table, and spoke in a low tone.

"Ned Nixon says I could get a good situation in Chicago, Aunt Marthy," he began, by way of ascertaining how the idea in a general way would strike a third party.

"Now, Steve," said his aunt, bristling in alarm, "don't be in too much of a hurry to throw away a good thing. Stick to your schoolin' another year, at any rate; you won't lose by waitin'."

"Schooling!" repeated the boy, scornfully. "I can't go to school except in winter. Uncle wants me to help him on the farm the rest of the time."

"Well, it seems to me that as long as you have to do it, you might take a bit more interest in your work," she ventured. "It's no wonder your uncle don't set great store by book-larnin', when it don't make folks brighter an' snerter about what's set for them to do."

Steve lapsed into silence again. He felt that he was neither understood nor appreciated.

The surroundings were certainly dull for an active, lively boy of fifteen. To be sure, his chum, Tom Davis, lived only a short distance down the road. He might have run down there, where he would be apt to meet three or four other boys of the neighborhood; or, at any minute, they might appear at the door for an hour of fun with him. His uncle never objected to these visits, when the labors of the day

were over. He would rouse himself, pass a joke with the boys, or tell them a story, and then go off to bed; while Martha usually feigned to be called away by some household duty—such as being obliged to mix a batch of bread, or the like—and thus the kitchen was left to the young people.

Lacking their companionship, Steve might have amused himself by signalling to Tom by means of a system of telegraphy which the two boys had agreed upon. The apparatus consisted of a starch box with a sliding cover, and within it a kerosene lamp. The box was placed so as to open on the side; and through what then became the top a round hole was cut, to admit the air, and prevent the lamp from smoking. With this contrivance placed upon the windowsill of his room, with the sliding cover against the glass, Steve could readily establish communication with his chum. The slide set wide open, the light would soon attract Tom's attention; then he would carefully watch for the signs. If Steve closed the slide half way, it meant one thing; if he shut it almost entirely, allowing only a faint spark to appear, another, if he drew it out far, letting a long line of light shine forth in the darkness, a third. Tom had a similar outfit. The boys were proud of their invention, and had used it frequently during the winter. But Steve was in no humor for this to-night. He found the newspaper with the lurid head-lines very absorbing. At another time he might have given play to his imagination by describing the tragedy to his aunt, getting her so frightened that she would start at her own shadow. But to-night he felt aggrieved, so he read on in silence.

Farmer Gray woke up, heard the rattling of the paper and grunted out:

"Reading again,—and trash, I'll be bound!"

"Uncle don't care to be up with the times," mumbled Steve, under his breath; and, hastily concealing the offending

newspaper, lest it might be confiscated, he sought his own little room.

The next day something happened which broke the monotony of existence for Steve. The village was ten miles from the railroad; but every day, at half-past twelve, the stage-coach started from the White House Tavern, and landed through passengers at the station in N., in season to take either the Western or the Eastern Express. This stage-coach commonly reached the cross-roads, just beyond Farmer Gray's, exactly eight minutes after it had left the Tavern; and if any one in the neighborhood was bent upon a trip to the town, he could board it there, instead of going in to the village.

On this particular day it passed on time as usual, as Steve noticed by the kitchen clock after dinner. About half an hour later, as he was going through the barnyard, he descried the figure of a tall man striding along, with an appearance of haste and perturbation. When he reached the sign-post, he stopped, glanced anxiously up and down the road, took off his hat, mopped his forehead with his handkerchief, and stood there, short of breath after his rapid walk.

He was a portly personage of middle age, with a fine, handsome face, and hair and beard just turning to gray. His clothes were well fitting and of a fashionable cut, and his whole appearance indicated the man of the world and the gentleman.

"A city fellow expecting to meet the stage," soliloquized Steve.

"Hello, there, my good lad!" called the traveller, catching sight of the boy. "Can you tell me what time the stage for N. passes this way?"

"It's gone, sir," replied Steve, going down to the fence.

"Gone!" repeated the gentleman, with a frown. "How very unfortunate! I have an engagement in Chicago to-morrow morning, and must get the night express.

Is there any place in this vicinity where I can hire a trap and driver to take me over to the station?"

"There's nobody round here that rents teams," answered Steve, meditatively; "but perhaps if you see Farmer Gray, he'll help you out somehow."

Steve went into the house and told his uncle, who was just arousing himself from his after-dinner doze.

Martin returned with him.

"Well, stranger," began the farmer, "it's too bad what the boy tells me 'bout your losing the stage."

"Yes," responded the gentleman. Then, good-humoredly willing to gratify the countryman's evident curiosity, he went on: "I've been staying at Bonnie Brook, with my friend Mr. C., for the fishing. I understood the stage passed here about one o'clock. I am annoyed to have missed it, for I must be in Chicago to-morrow morning. Can you direct me where to get a conveyance?"

"Well, I dunno," drawled Mr. Gray. "It's a busy time, and I calculated to get the potato patch all hoed this afternoon. But you're in a bad fix, and I'm willin' to do a neighbor a good turn; so, even though you ain't 'xactly a neighbor either, I reckon I'll have to send you over to X. myself. Here, Steve! Hitch up Dick to the carryall, and drive the gentleman."

"I am greatly obliged to you," said the stranger, warmly.

Steve sped away, pleased at the prospect of the jaunt, which partook somewhat of the character of an adventure.

"Step into the house, sir, and rest till the team's ready," said Farmer Gray, hospitably.

"Thanks! It is hardly worth while. I may as well wait here," responded the chance guest, restlessly pacing up and down the walk.

Mr. Gray led the way to the barn, and the two men stood watching Steve harness

the horse, as if thereby they hurried the process. Thus it was that the boy caught a fragment of their conversation.

"So you've been staying at Mr. C.'s fishing lodge?" said Martin, bluffly,— "Senator C.'s, that is?"

"Yes," rejoined the stranger, smiling.

"I heard tell that he had some of those chums of his from Washington up there with him."

As this was not a direct question, the other did not seem to consider a reply necessary.

The farmer hemmed and hawed.

"Well, friend," he broke out at last, "perhaps you wouldn't mind lettin' us know who *you* are, seein' we don't often meet with strangers in these parts?"

"I beg your pardon for not having done so earlier," rejoined the gentleman. "My name is A."

"I've heard tell of a Senator A., who was once Governor of his State," murmured Martin, with a quizzical glance; "but I suppose you can't be him."

"I hope you never heard anything very much against him; for I must admit that I am the man."

"Well, I want to know!" ejaculated Farmer Gray, in breathless surprise. "No, I've heard nothin' but good reports of you," he added, grasping Mr. A.'s hand and working it up and down like a pump handle. "I've seen a Governor at the county fair, and heard a member of Congress speak at a political meeting; but I don't know as I ever afore talked familiar like to a Senator and a man what's been Governor too."

Mr. A. laughed easily, and made some polite reply.

Just then Steve announced that the carryall was ready. The stranger stepped into it, and bowed courteously to the old man. Steve sprang to the front seat, took the reins, flecked the back of leisurely Dick with his whip, and they drove away.

A Little Cow-Boy.

Once there were two little boys who were very fond of playing together in an old bog. The elder was a good-natured fellow, known as Tom Tholaway; the younger, a little lad whom his playmates called Geordie. Now, Geordie, although but eight years old, was possessed of some grown-up ideas, and he was constantly trying to make steam-engines out of the soft clay found in the bog. As there was nothing to make the steam out of, that had to be imagined.

Poor Geordie, sad to say, had not much time to call his own, being hired by a woman known as the Widow Ainslie to tend her cows; but when his work was done, away he would scamper to the bog, Tom with him, to play at making and running steam-engines. Tom, it would appear, had more interest in his little companion than in the engines, for we never hear of him again; while Geordie, better known as George Stephenson, has stamped his name on the scientific roll of honor for all time.

"If I could only stop tending cows," said Geordie in his own mind, "and tend a real engine!"

His wish was realized when he was about fourteen, and he then began to study so faithfully and think so hard that the name of Stephenson is held in great esteem in every country where railways run. What Fulton was to the steamboat, Stephenson was to the locomotive.

Concerning the invention of steam as a motive power a false idea prevails. An English nobleman, the Catholic Marquis of Worcester, had a complete steam-engine in working order in his castle many years before its supposed invention.

THE truest heroes and heroines are those who have S before their name.

Children without Toys.

Mrs. Molesworth, the author of a number of pleasant books for young folk, is also an enthusiastic worker among the poor of London, and in a recent article she relates many touching incidents connected with her life among the lowly. There are thousands of poor children in London, she tells us, who never owned a toy, even the most common one.

Mrs. Molesworth found one little girl in a wretched house who was ill with an incurable disease, and all day long she lay patiently in her ragged bed, watching the damp spots on the wall. She gave to each one a name, and imagined that it was alive and doing all sorts of things. These spots she called teachers and scholars, or mothers and children; and she gave them imaginary qualities, or made believe that they were the playthings of which she had heard, but never seen.

The same kind-hearted author also tells us of a poor child who pondered the saying of her teacher that we should offer to God what was most precious to us. The next day she came and handed to her instructor a carefully tied package, saying it was for the good God. The teacher opened it, and found a few grains of rice,—all that the child could call her own.

It may do our children good to think of these perfectly true stories the next time they are tempted to complain that they are tired of their old toys and amusements.

A Coming.

"O MAMMA, what does Advent mean?"

"A coming, Willie dear."

And mamma was too busy then
To make the meaning clear.

That day at dinner Willie said,
His new-found lore to show:

"The advent of the pudding, ma,
I think is very slow."



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

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Our Lady's Expectation.

I.

LONG ere the heralds of day o'er the
hill-tops

Break with their lances the cloud-ranks of
night,

Hear we their footsteps along the horizon,
See we in spirit their helmets of light.

II.

When in the leaves we find nestling a
rosebud,

Petals ablush in its thorn-guarded bower;

Swift o'er the barriers of time are we carried,
Lo! we see bending a full-blossomed flower!

III.

Thus in the night of a sin-darkened Advent,
Breaks on our vision the bright Morning
Star;

Mary, our Mother, the herald of daydawn,
Brings the glad tidings of light from afar,

IV.

Gently a lily-stem rises in beauty,

Telling its secret unto the grey sky;

Souls that are listening hear the sweet story—
Jesus, the Flower of Jesse, is nigh!

UNQUESTIONABLY, though rarely, there is a duality of nature in men, by which, to put it extremely, a seeming incapable may be vastly capable, outward gentleness a mask for Neronian violence, dulness a low-lying cloud surcharged with genius.—
Lew Wallace.

A Shrine in Normandy.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.



FEW towns in France possess in the same degree as Rouen the advantages of a striking and picturesque situation, a fund of historical memories and associations, ecclesiastical monuments of rare antiquity and beauty. At the same time Rouen is an important centre of commercial activity, and presents the somewhat uncommon spectacle of modern prosperity and industry existing side by side with relics of artistic glory.

The ancient capital of Normandy is situated, as our readers know, on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of a rich and varied landscape. Its churches are numerous and beautiful; the Cathedral, begun under the reign of John Lackland and finished during the following centuries, is a majestic edifice. St. Ouen, once an Abbey Church, is justly regarded as one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture in France, and a marvel of pure, artistic beauty. St. Maclon and its curious porch, St. Patrice and its glass windows, St. Godard and its paintings, all deserve a visit from the passing tourist.

Around the city extend a circle of chalk hills, some studded with country houses,

villas and *chalets*, belonging chiefly to the wealthy merchants of Rouen; some covered with shady woods, others again bare and solitary. On one of these cliffs, situated to the east of the city, just above the river, arises a Gothic church, whose pointed steeple may be distinguished far and wide, standing out clearly against the blue sky. It is here, on this solitary height, above the restless turmoil of the great city, that the Patroness of Rouen, Notre Dame de Bon Secours, has her shrine; and the pilgrim gazing up at the holy mountain, dedicated to Mary, instinctively remembers the words of the Psalmist: *Levavi oculos meos in montes, unde veniet auxilium mihi*,—"I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains, whence hope shall come unto me." Often and often the hope here expressed has been fulfilled, and a helping hand has been extended to the wayfarer struggling with life's difficulties in the valley below.

The origin of the pilgrimage of Bon Secours dates back as far as the twelfth century. The chapel is named in a Bull addressed by Pope Eugenius III. to Hugh, Archbishop of Rouen, in 1144. We find it mentioned again in a charta of the year 1261; the chapel was at this period a parish church, and was called Beata Mariæ de Bloville, from the name of a neighboring village.

In 1473 the little sanctuary was burned to the ground by the troops of the Duke of Burgundy; it was subsequently rebuilt by the generous offerings of the faithful, to whose piety Cardinal d'Estouteville, Archbishop of Rouen, made a touching appeal on behalf of Our Lady. In 1552 it was pillaged by the Calvinists; and in reparation of the sacrileges committed by those heretics, Cardinal de Bourbon, then Archbishop of Rouen, organized a solemn procession to the holy mountain.

During the eighteenth century popular devotion to Notre Dame de Bon Secours appears to have developed rapidly; but

the Revolutionary outbreak of 1793 put a stop to the pilgrimages and closed the chapel. When persecution ceased, Mary's clients might be seen once more wending their way up the steep mountain path, and soon the little sanctuary became too small to contain them.

The task of raising a new and worthier shrine to the holy Patroness of Rouen fell to the lot of a priest whose memory is to this day held in deep veneration. The Abbé Godefroy was appointed in 1838 parish priest of Bloville, and consequently guardian of Our Lady's shrine; his piety and courage overcame all obstacles, and on the 4th of May, 1840, the first stone of a new church was laid by the Archbishop of Rouen, Mgr. de Croy.

A few years later the church was completed, and it is now an exquisite piece of Gothic architecture, remarkable rather for the finish of its details and the richness of its ornaments than for its size. The paintings that adorn the interior give it an aspect of singular brightness, softened and mellowed by the light that streams through the stained-glass windows.

The ancient statue of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, holding her Divine Son in her arms, stands above a side altar to the left on entering the church; and at all hours of the day pilgrims, rich and poor, old and young, may be seen kneeling before the image of her whose title, Notre Dame de Bon Secours (Our Lady of Good Help), suffices to inspire confidence.

The walls around the church are covered with white marble tablets, bearing inscriptions of gratitude for favors received; and to those whose hearts are heavy with anxiety and sorrow, the mere reading of these inscriptions brings hope and confidence. "*Merci à Marie, elle m'a exaucé,*" is the ever-recurring burden of these loving records; and as we read them we gladly remember that the Mother to whom they are addressed is as loving, as powerful, as pitiful as of yore. A great

number of these tablets bear the dates 1870, 1871,—years of bloodshed and distress, during which the assistance of Notre Dame de Bon Secours was more especially sought by her clients.

At a few steps from the pilgrimage church, on the very brow of the steep hill that overlooks the Seine, a monument has lately been erected to Joan of Arc, the peasant maiden who once saved France, and whose death took place at Rouen. Certain details of the monument—for example, the stone lambs that remind us of Joan's life as a shepherdess at Domremy—are graceful and well conceived, but the general aspect is heavy and massive, the statue of the maiden seeming crushed by the ponderous canopy that rises above it.

A magnificent view may be enjoyed from the flight of stone steps that leads to the platform. To our right extends a steep hill, green and bare, forming a kind of promontory that faces the city of Rouen. In 1030 Gosselin, Lord of Arques and Dieppe, founded a monastery in honor of the Holy Trinity on this solitary height. By mutual consent, he and his wife Ameline agreed to embrace the religious life: Gosselin becoming a monk in the monastery of la Trinité du Mont, as it was called, and his wife joining the community of St. Amand at Rouen. It is said that husband and wife died within a few days of each other, and were laid side by side in the Church of la Trinité.

Among the illustrious personages who visited this once flourishing abbey, the old records mention St. Louis. They tell us how, after performing his devotions at the abbey, the holy King insisted upon visiting Adam Bacon, a former Abbot of St. Ouen, who had embraced the life of a hermit, and lived in a miserable hut at the foot of the hill, supported only by the alms of the faithful.

The monastery of the Holy Trinity was completely destroyed in 1597, and not a

stone now remains to point out where saints and heroes once lived and died. The steep hill is covered here and there with short grass; a cluster of wild roses, a bright patch of yellow gorse or of scarlet poppies giving a touch of color to its barrenness. To our left, just below the Chapel of Bon Secours, is the parish cemetery; the peasants, whose simple lives have been spent under the shadow of the sanctuary, find their last resting-place beneath their mother's wing. Below us flows the Seine, covered with boats and barges; in the distance are the spires and steeples of the ancient capital of Normandy, the Cathedral where Richard the Lion Heart sleeps under the Gothic arches—St. Ouen, once peopled by the sons of St. Benedict. Then, close to the church towers, rise the tall chimneys of the factories that are the riches and prosperity of modern Rouen; the busy, mercantile spirit of our own day revealing itself side by side with the artistic and devotional manifestations of medieval times. Then again, beyond, far away, wooded hills extend, dim and hazy, against the sky.

The chief characteristic of the picture before us is its life and movement. From the turmoil of the great manufacturing city at our feet, we turn to the Gothic spire of Our Lady's shrine, on the height of Bon Secours; and we feel as though a peaceful influence descends from Mary's sanctuary to the busy city at her feet, drawing men's hearts and minds to things divine, bringing hope to the sorrowful, pardon to the guilty, assistance to all: "*Levavi oculos meos in montes, unde veniet auxilium mihi.*"

THE Church is imperishable, because its life is God; indivisibly one, because He is numerically one; holy, because He is the Fountain of holiness; infallible both in believing and in teaching, because His illumination and His voice are immutable.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Luck of Uncle James.

 BY MARY CROSS.

I.

WHEN James Morton wrote to his sister saying that at last he was returning from his wanderings in the other hemisphere, to die in his own country and among his own relatives, the majority of those relatives, including Mrs. Ferrars, the sister aforesaid, jumped to the conclusion that he had made a fortune. Men who wandered from Africa to Australia and back again made fortunes as easily and naturally as they breathed; therefore the Morton family were prepared to welcome effusively one who had in his early days been the ne'er-do-weel—who had lounged and idled through youth, content to be provided for by others, until his long-suffering parents died, and he had, in a fit of disgust, pronounced the old country "used up," and set forth to conquer the new.

However, the child is not always and without exception father to the man; and the Mortons decided that the sins of his youth should not be visited on James in his age, more especially if he had reaped golden grain from his liberal crop of wild oats. Little or nothing had been heard of him during his long absence. A stray letter at Christmas or New Years had found its way to some member of the family, but it contained no definite information as to the writer's prospects or position. Now, after a prolonged silence, the tidings had arrived that he was coming home, an old man, weary of travel, anxious to be quiet and settled for the remainder of his life. And the letter, somehow, conveyed the impression that he had means to travel for pleasure, and to settle in comfort and independence; hence a fattening of calves among the

Mortons, and a wrangling as to who should offer a home to Uncle James. Mrs. Ferrars, the eldest sister, had the prior claim, and asserted it with the force and dignity becoming a Morton, and the mother of several daughters whose matrimonial chances would be increased by the legacy Uncle James would in gratitude leave them.

The person who concerned himself least of all about James Morton's home-coming was that gentleman's nephew Fred, a young man who had been early cast on his own resources, and who had not the lofty scorn of labor distinguishing his relatives near and remote, to whom he was something of a thorn in the flesh. As if it were not a sufficient trial to have him openly and shamelessly in a "situation," he had engaged himself to a girl who wrought as openly for her livelihood; and earned it, too, by means of brush and canvas, aided and abetted by brains. Mrs. Ferrars—otherwise Aunt Ellen—sometimes condescended to pity him for his folly, and to predict a future wherein half a dozen half-starved, wholly neglected children were prominent among the many ills certain to result from such an alliance.

All things come to those who wait, and Uncle James arrived in the home of his family, a weather-beaten, broken-down old man, whose exterior was decidedly disappointing to those who eyed him with the expectation that a sheep run, a diamond field or a gold mine were concealed somewhere about his person. The warmth of the welcome moved him to tears, and he expressed his gratitude to his sister quite humbly.

"You have a kind heart, Ellen," he said. "I didn't think you would care so much for a poor old fellow, who has brought home only his bones to be laid in his native earth. I'd have liked to do something for those pretty girls of yours, but luck has been against me all my life."

Mrs. Ferrars repeated this speech to her daughters with much consternation. But they had read a great deal of fiction, and were well versed in the ways of the rich uncle; and, knowing that he always pretends to be poor until he has tried and proved the affection of his kindred, they pronounced Uncle James a strategist, were sure that he only wished to test them, and that he must have money; continuing to vie with one another in attentions to him, and assuring him that poverty did not matter,—all the while awaiting a *dénouement* in which a cataract of real gold formed the leading feature.

Uncle James accepted it all calmly, well content with his idle, happy life, pottering about the garden or quiet old streets of the city, or relating travellers' tales to his fair nieces. Of Fred he saw little: the young man had not much spare time; and the Ferrars girls shook their heads over his selfishness, declaring that if uncle had come back rich, Fred would have been so different—in the old man's hearing; and out of it wondering why Fred was so silly, and how he really could be deceived by uncle's diplomacy.

However, as time went on and uncle's diplomacy went on too, his loving relatives began to be tormented by fearful doubts. At the beginning he had borrowed some money from Aunt Ellen; but when he sought a repetition of the loan, her patience gave way.

"Have you nothing of your own?" she asked, point-blank.

"My dear, I have already told you so."

"Then are you absolutely a pauper—really worth no more than the clothes you have on? Didn't you make money abroad?"

"Fortune on fortune," he answered, feebly shaking his head; "but luck went against me, and I lost all. Thank Heaven I had so good a home and so kind a sister to come to in my old age!"

Mrs. Ferrars nearly stamped with rage.

"And do you expect me to support you?" she demanded,—“to allow you to live on me as you have lived on others all your life? You may go back to where you came from—or where you please; but you shall not stay any longer under my roof.”

Leaving him to finish his pipe in the open air, she walked back to the house, and to the drawing-room, where tea and cake were being administered to Cousin Fred and Aunt Joan.

"We have been shamefully imposed on," Mrs. Ferrars cried excitedly. "James has just assured me positively that he has no money!"

"I thought you knew that," answered Fred, surprised.

"Oh, nonsense! I thought his plea of poverty was merely a trick; but it must be a stern reality, and I can't afford to keep him here any longer. Joan, it is time you contributed something to his support."

"Much obliged, love," said Aunt Joan, promptly. "But I never expressed the craving for his society that you did. You would not hear of his staying under my roof at first; and if you have to keep him yourself at last, it is entirely your own fault. I never expected better of James. The leopard does not change his spots."

"Well, he must go elsewhere," declared Ellen, sullenly. "I refuse to be burdened with him any longer."

Fred turned to the window, through which he caught a glimpse of his uncle among the shrubs,—a forlorn old figure, his white hair falling limply on his collar, his shoulders bent with age, his forgotten pipe loosely clasped in his thin old hand, his mouth fallen into a dejected curve. His sister's words had cut to the core of his heart.

"Poor old chap!" murmured Fred. "He's been knocked about too much already. It seems a pity that his last years can not be spent in peace and quiet."

"Then you provide for him; you look after him. You are young and have no burdens,—you take care of him," said Ellen, angrily; and her nephew surveyed her for a moment or two reflectively.

"Very well," he answered, quietly, "I will."

Without any more words he went into the garden, where Uncle James still sat, laying a kind hand on his shoulder. "You don't seem quite up to the mark, Uncle."

"No wonder! My sister has ordered me out of her house."

"Oh! well, don't worry, and don't be too hard on her; she has lots of troubles. If you find that things are not so pleasant, come and stay with me. If you don't mind humbler fare and less breathing space than you have here, we could get on very well."

Uncle James again lamented his poverty and wished he had died in Africa instead of coming home to be a burden; he had better go to the workhouse—and much more to the same effect. But he did not decline Fred's proposal; and that young man strode away to meet his lady-love, to whom without delay he confided the day's doings.

"It is rather a serious matter, Nell," he said, gravely. "You see, I haven't much money to play with, and my savings are small. It may mean the postponement of our marriage for a longer time yet, and, of course, I don't like that."

"It's a question of right and wrong, Fred, not of what we like. You could not desert the poor old man."

"That I could not, especially as he has no backbone. But it may not be fair to you."

"Why? It is only work a little harder and wait a little longer, and we can both afford that."

Thus it came about that Uncle James took up his abode with Fred, accepting the position as he had accepted others of a similar kind. He had always found

some one to bear his burdens for him, exemplifying the truth of the paradox that weakness is stronger than strength.

II.

Fred spent the working hours of his day in the office of Slorach & Grant, one of the leading firms of the city. The junior partner was an old-young bachelor, with a mortal dislike of men more youthful and handsome than himself; consequently he almost detested young Morton. To make the balance fair, Fred was a favorite with the senior partner, who took a personal interest in him, and in the depths of his heart had a positive affection for the young fellow.

Uncle James had been six months in his nephew's kindly care, when one afternoon Fred was called into the private room and the ever-genial presence of Mr. Slorach. Something pleasant always rose out of these interviews. To-day it was a welcome intimation of an increase in salary, and some cheerful, encouraging words.

"You will be marrying soon, Morton, I suppose?" Mr. Slorach said. He believed in early marriages, being a childless widower himself; and, as we have said, he was specially interested in Fred. "I shall be glad to know when it is to be."

"Not for some time yet, sir."

"Really? You are more prudent than the lovers of my day were."

Fred somehow plunged into the story of Uncle James as a refutation of the terrible charge of prudence; and Mr. Slorach listened, surprised and touched.

"Keep up your heart, Morton. One does not lose by righteousness," he said, very kindly.

Business being over for the day, Fred strolled homeward; and as he passed a certain library he caught a glimpse of Aunt Ellen within, sitting at the counter, and seeming to fill the shop with her amplitude of person and skirts. Fred had not seen much of her since she had

banished Uncle James; at their last meeting she had given him so liberal an allowance of cold shoulder, that, not relishing the joint, he had avoided her. To-day, as their eyes met, she majestically beckoned him toward her. She was one of those women who whenever they hear anything unpleasant concerning you, hasten to tell you about it, thus keeping a species of fiery cross in active circulation; and Fred felt a cold tingle at the roots of his hair as he obeyed the wave of her shining glove.

"No wonder you look so down-hearted," she began, in a deep, sympathetic tone; "I am really sorry for you. But candidly, Fred, I did not expect anything better."

Fred's thoughts fled to Uncle James; his heart beat a trifle more quickly.

"I don't feel down-hearted," he said; "but what has somebody been doing this time?"

"Ah, my dear, you can't deceive me! But perhaps you are wise enough to see that it's for the best. For my part, I can't blame the girl; when she has the chance of the master, she can't be expected to mind the man."

"I suppose *you* know what you mean, Aunt Ellen; but I am sure *I* don't."

"Everyone else does, then; so it's time you did. But perhaps your *fiancée* has not told you of her intimacy with your employer, Mr. Grant; and how he is buying all her pictures, and paying her remarkable and remarked attention. With all her faults I never thought she was deceitful; but I expect her head has been turned. I am sure he might do better; at any rate, you are well rid of her."

Merely raising his hat in silence, Fred walked out of the shop. Why had not Nell told him of her acquaintance with Mr. Grant, and was there ever so small a grain of truth in Aunt Ellen's statements? were the two questions with which he probed his heart on the homeward way.

A couple of days elapsed before he saw Nell, and then she met him with her usual radiance, her blue eyes meeting his as serenely as ever; and his inquietude passed away. To doubt her was one of the impossibilities of life. They were strolling on the banks of the river, flowing grey under a greyer sky, indulging in little dreams of the home some day to be theirs, and painting word pictures of it, with Uncle James still in the foreground, until a golden silence fell upon them. Nell was the first to break it, perhaps because she was a woman, perhaps because she wanted to get rid of the something on her mind.

"Fred, how do you get on with Mr. Grant?"

"Middling well. He doesn't like me, but he is always freezingly polite."

"Has he been worse than usual lately?"

"I can't say that he has. Why?"

"Because."

"That explains everything," observed Fred, dryly.

"O Fred! I've been wanting ever so long to tell you, and yet I didn't want to add to your other troubles. It's this: I met the old gentleman at an 'At Home,' and he took a fancy to me or to my sketches or something, and—and—and actually asked me to marry him."

"You don't say so! He's considered sensible, too," replied Fred good-naturedly.

"Well, I was driven to tell him of my engagement in sheer self-defence, and have ever since been boxing my own ears, lest he should pay me out through you."

"Don't trouble your sweet mind, Nell. I am glad you told me; and Mr. Grant can't do me any particular harm."

Thus the tiny cloud passed from Fred's horizon.

III.

It was March, cold and bleak; a spitefully-vigorous east wind amusing itself with the thinly clad body of the errand boy, and the noses and ears of business men, and whirling dry, powdery flakes of snow

into the faces of each and all. Fred chanced to be a trifle late in getting to the office that morning, and he was at once struck by the unusual silence. The clerks stood in twos and threes, speaking under their breath; and there was a general feeling of something having happened.

"Haven't you heard the news, Morton?" he was asked.

"No; what is it?"

"Mr. Slorach is not expected to live through the day. He slipped on the steps at his door last night, and was picked up insensible. It's concussion of the brain, or something like that."

Fred staggered against a desk, pale and shocked; his eyes smarted, and his throat swelled with a grief that was no mean tribute to the worth and goodness of his employer.

About the middle of the day a note was brought to Mr. Grant, who hastily read it, and, after a few low words with the cashier, announced the death of his partner. After a pause, and in the midst of a sad and solemn silence, he added that for the remainder of the day business would be suspended; and the young men withdrew, subdued and thoughtful. Fred passed out last, his head bent, his heart heavy.

"Morton, a word with you."

Mr. Grant recalled him, and he looked into the sallow, impassive face inquiringly.

"You need not return after to-day."

"Sir?"

"Your further services are dispensed with. You will receive a month's salary in lieu of the usual notice," said Grant, and walked into the private room, shutting the door sharply; whilst Fred made his way out, stunned by the double blow.

When his senses recovered their lost balance to some extent, he decided that this catastrophe must by all means be kept from Nell; he had not believed in the existence of so much vindictive malice.

He said nothing about his trouble to Uncle James either, but set about considering what he had best do. His neighbors, noticing that he did not return to business, whispered that evil communications had at last corrupted good manners; that he was turning out just like his uncle; and that something must indeed be very wrong when he had had to leave the firm so suddenly. Aunt Ellen wrote to say that it was just what she expected; and if Fred had disgraced himself, she would prefer not to see him. Uncle James whimpered, and said that ill-luck was in the family; it had always pursued him. Nell said that it was all her fault; that her last picture had sold for twice as much as its predecessor, which was a good omen, and Fred must keep a brave heart,—for Mr. Grant's "I have had to dismiss young Morton," travelled far and wide, reaching the girl's ears, and thus defeating her lover's kindly plan of secrecy.

Mr. Slorach's death had caused some sensation in the city, but the climax was reached by his will. It had always been supposed that the local charities would benefit by his demise, and they did. To each he left a liberal sum, and the residue to Frederick Morton, explaining that he acted thus in the belief that a young man who had shown such self-denial and devotion to an old and infirm relative would make a rightful use of wealth, and be likely to expend it wisely and well.

So Uncle James brought a fortune, after all.

THE adoption of the principle of divorce, and reducing marriage to a simple civil institution, leaves the relation of the sexes, as all human institutions, to the direction and control of the passions, sentiments, inclinations, instincts of an imperfect and fallen nature; to the concupiscence or carnal mind, which works all the evil in individuals, in families, and in nations.—

Dr. Brownson.

Our Lady's Antiphons.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

THROUGH purple shadows steals a strain
 Of Advent longing, sweet and grave;
 A thrilling joyance, touch'd with pain,
 It fills the incense-haunted nave.
 Around our Mother's altar stream
 The plaintive notes. Our eyes grow dim:
 Four thousand years of yearning seem
 Concentr'd in that pleading hymn,
Alma Redemptoris Mater!

II.

When Candlemas tapers are glowing,
 And the chimes of St. Blaize are rung;
 When Lenten lilies are blowing,
 And Lenten Vespers sung;
 Adrift through the dreamy gloaming,
 Floateth a song with wings!—
 Is it an angel roaming
 On high, or a mortal, that sings:
Ave Regina celorum?

III.

The bells clash wild in the Easter dawn,
 In the rosy, rapturous Easter morning;
 Now high—now low,
 Now fast—now slow,
 The bells ring on, ring on, ring on,—
 All touch of sorrow scorning!
 Dance, happy sun, in the cloudless sky!
 The Tomb is rent and the Dead arisen!
 The bliss of the bells
 To the wide world tells
 Of Mother Mary's joy on high,
 And of souls released from prison:
Regina cæli lætare!

IV.

Down all the quiet after-year resounds
 The exile's hymn, O Mistress of the Skies!
 Its echoes reach to earth's remotest bounds,
 Hailing thee, clement Queen of Paradise!
 Our life, our sweetness, and our hope! to thee,
 We, mourning, cry from out this vale of
 tears;
 Thine eyes of mercy on us turn, and we
 Shall taste the gladness of th' Eternal
 Years!
Salve Regina, Mater misericordia!

A Prince of Imposters.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

IT is a remarkable fact that the latter part of the eighteenth century, the period of the "Encyclopedia," that "ocean of every poison that was ever distilled,"—a period which is popularly supposed to have witnessed a surprising enlightenment of the human intellect,—showed a wonderful increase of superstition on the part even of those who claimed to have disengaged themselves from its degrading bonds. So true is it that when men have ceased to adore at the shrine of pure and healthy doctrine, their aspiration after ideals—so natural to humanity—leads them into the darkness of occult "science," as into a refuge from the consequences of the renunciation of Christian hope. Just at the time when self-styled philosophers were flattering themselves that they had *ecrasé l'infame*, new miracle-workers appeared on every side, and faith was put in charlatans; while others of the dissatisfied ran after the mere wonderful as a compensation for their abandonment of the (for them) too severe lessons of truth. Some of these thaumaturgists were mystics—*e. g.*, Swedenborg, Lavater, and Saint-Martin. Others were revolutionists, like Weishaupt. Many, again, were rascals *simpliciter*; convulsionaries, magnetists, cabalists, Rosicrucians, and inventors of the immortality-giving elixir.* There was

* An "Essai sur la Secte des Illuminés," published in 1789, says that there were then in Paris "a crowd of little *antiphilosophiques*, composed of learned women, theological *abbés*, and pretended sages. Each group has its belief, its prodigies, its hierophant, its missionaries, its adepts. Each tends to explain the Bible in favor of its own system, to found a religion, to fill its temple, to multiply its catechumens. Here Jesus Christ plays a prominent part; there it is the devil. On one side you have nature, and on another faith. Barbarin somnambulizes; Cagliostro heals; Lavater consoles; Saint-Martin instructs... all employ error to attain a reputation."

the Marquis de Saint-Germain, who was really a son of a Transylvanian prince named Rakosky, who was a man of prodigious memory, and who utilized it in narrating how he, in olden days, had conversed intimately with King David; how he had assisted at the marriage in Cana of Galilee; how he had hunted with Charlemagne, and hobnobbed in taverns with Luther. And many believed him. But easily prince among all these men, whom we would call *chevaliers d'industrie*, was the subject of the present sketch; and if these pages should fall into the hands of any of our friends of Exeter Hall—does it still exist?—we need not bespeak for them a cordial reception; for that will be accorded at once when the fact is proclaimed that Cagliostro was a victim of the Roman Inquisition.

Joseph Balsamo was born in 1743, in Palermo. In his youth he became a member of a charitable and religious confraternity, styled the *Fatebenefratelli*, or "Do-Good-Brethren"; and among them he acquired much of that knowledge of chemistry and medicine which he afterward found so profitable. Some bloody difficulties caused him to flee from Sicily; and, proceeding to Malta, he became acquainted with a famous chemist named Pinto, whose secrets he stole. He was a profound student of mankind, and he came to the conclusion that there was no limit to the gullibility of the masses. He, therefore, resolved to use the fools for his own ends; and, having assumed the name of Count Cagliostro, after having for some years used many others, he entered upon his wonderful career of champion cheat of the world. At first his thaumaturgic abilities were confined to such tricks as any ordinary wizard is wont to perform for the wonderment of rustic bumpkins; but, having become wealthy by means of extensive forgeries (performed with the aid of a certain Marquis Agliata, who was afterward hanged), he began to claim stu-

pendous powers, in order to avert suspicion as to the derivation of his revenues. Soon he was obliged to exercise what power he really possessed; for his extravagant mode of living and the dishonesty of friends impoverished him. Accordingly, he began to rejuvenate decrepit persons of both sexes, and to beautify the less fortunate of the fairer one. Indisputable testimony shows his success in this field; but just as reliable proofs indicate that much of his talent was devoted to the manufacture of false gems, and to the production of counterfeit bank-notes. For some years he treated the Spaniards, English, and Russians to the fruits of his genius; but in England he was tried for felony several times—always escaping; and in Russia, the intrigues of his wife with Potemkin excited the jealousy of the Empress Catharine to the point that she was glad to pay him an immense amount to leave the country.

One of his master-strokes was a "reformation" of Freemasonry, to which he had been affiliated in his first manhood. He was not satisfied with Masonry as it then was; hence he devised a new rite, which he termed the Egyptian. To this new field for the adepts of square and triangle, however, Cagliostro would admit none who had not matriculated in the ancient system. He instituted the most extravagant symbols, long fasts, peculiar regimen in matter of diet; he taught that all religions were equally good, but he was the Grand Copht. To the neophytes, if they were men, he assigned the names of the prophets; the women received the names of the sibyls. All the adepts were to acquire perfection through physical and moral regeneration—that is, by use of Cagliostro's elixir of immortality, and by that of a pentagon on which angels had written sacred characters. Those who learned to interpret these characters would reach the state of perfect innocence. He insisted that his great object was an eleva-

tion of Catholicism, and he inculcated a kind of mysticism. He pretended to enjoy the Beatific Vision, and to work miracles; he certainly did perform wonderful and incomprehensible cures, and was blessed by thousands. He made great use of a number of little children, whom he called his "doves"; through the ministry of these he read the future in a cup.

In the year 1783 the journals announced that this great man was about to arrive in Paris—then, as it is yet to some extent, the modern Babylon. Immediately upon his coming among them, all that was learned, powerful, rich, and beautiful in the capital of refinement called upon Cagliostro in his sumptuous palace. It was the time when Mesmer had furnished to men, who were already tired of "pure reason," a glimpse of the supersensible by means of animal magnetism—a thing which, contrary to the general opinion of the present day, was well understood by more than one before his name was ever heard.* Unlike Mesmer, our Count used only the touch; no instrument, no manipulations. But, what was perhaps more wonderful, he asked no money for his cures, and he begged the poor to come to him. He seems to have relied much upon audacity, magnificent dress, and a pompous manner. His contemporaries agree that his physical presence was not calculated to help him; for they say that he was ugly, and had an oblique cast of eye. Besides, they credit him with cholera, haughtiness, and an absence of refinement in speech and gesture. One of these contemporaries writes: "Initiated in the cabalistic art, he is Rosicrucian in his

communication with the absent and the dead. He is versed in all human sciences. He can transmute metals; he cures the poor gratuitously, and sells immortality to the rich for little."* He was a ventriloquist, an electrician, and a magnetizer; he moved tables, hypnotized, and was so perfect a necromancer that he astonished the Swedenborgians with whom he used to summon the dead in their reunions in the Rue de la Sourdière. Some idea of the importance to which Cagliostro attained at this time may be derived from the fact that when a congress was held to devise means to unite in one sect the Rosicrucians, cabalists, Illuminati, and humanitarians, first at Wilhelmsbade, then in the lodge of the "Reunited Friends" in Paris, he figured therein with Saint-Martin, Mesmer, and Saint-Germain. †

Much of Cagliostro's success was due to his wife, a Roman, whom he had married chiefly because of her talents and evident adaptability to his purposes. He said to her from the beginning of their union: "I will turn the heads of these simpletons, you will do the rest." This precious lady announced, shortly after their arrival in Paris, that she would give a course of magic to the fair sex, if she could form a class of three dozen, at one hundred *louis-d'or* for each person; and before night the class was formed. Doubtless the reader is familiar with the famous affair of the diamond necklace, in which Cardinal de Rohan and Queen Marie Antoinette played so prominent a part, and which contributed not a little to advance the French Revolution. Well, the Countess de la Motthe was not the sole criminal in that transaction: our sublime thaumaturgist was more than involved in it, although he did escape conviction at his trial. When he came out of prison, the mob—by no

* In his "De Vita Coelitus Comparanda," Marsilio Ficino had already told the world that "the mind, when affected by a passionate desire to do so, can operate, not only on its own body, but upon that of any one there present, especially if that one be of a weaker temperament." And Pomponazzo, in his "De Naturalium Affectuum Admirandorum Causis, seu de Incantationibus," says the same in almost identical terms.

* "Tableau Mouvant de Paris."

† See Barruel's "La Maçonnerie en elle-même," Liege, 1815.

means all unwashed—escorted him in triumph to his residence; from that day until he found it convenient to leave France, his door was watched by a self-appointed guard of honor, consisting of men of the first families of the land; and at his departure from Boulogne, thousands of adoring and weeping Frenchmen waited upon him to receive his parting benediction. From this day his credit began to diminish; and, after many wanderings, Cagliostro yielded to the prayers of his wife, who yearned for her native city, and also wished to reform her life by proceeding to the Eternal City.

Here the ex-forgery, alchemist, necromancer, and accomplished charlatan feigned a conversion to the faith of his boyhood; but on December 27, 1789, the papal authorities ordered his arrest, and the sequestration of all his books and symbols. The nature of his imputed crimes rendered him a prisoner of the Inquisition; and as he found his ecclesiastical judges, unlike those of whom he had experienced the corruptibility in other lands, to be unbribable, he deemed a full confession most likely to secure for him a leniency which he did not merit. Naturally this avowal will be accepted "with a grain of salt"; but it is at least interesting reading, and is probably true in its main points. We shall restrict our account of Cagliostro's avowed aberrations to a sketch of his Masonic experiences. There were, he said, many Masonic sects, but the most important were those of the *Illuminati* and that of the *alta observantia*. The former aimed at a revenge for the destruction of the Templars—that is, at the subversion of Catholicism; the latter merely sought for the philosopher's stone. It was to this latter society that Cagliostro had been affiliated in London. In his own new Egyptian rite, the Masonic adept had eliminated, he declared, all the magic and superstition which had soiled the elder Egyptian system. Its sacred words were

Helion, Melion, and Tetragrammaton; and to the Grand Copht—that is, Cagliostro himself—were given adorations; and to him and in his honor were chanted parodies of the *Te Deum* and the *Veni Creator*. Besides the Feast of St. John the Baptist, celebrated by all the Masons of that day, the Egyptian rite kept that of St. John the Evangelist, because of the similarities between the Apocalypse and the ceremonies of that rite. In order to attain moral perfection, a retreat of forty days was practised by the adepts, in which, after the thirty-third day, the recluses communicated with the primitive angels; on the fortieth day each received the pentagon—a sheet of printed characters which filled the soul with divine love, and which caused the holder to aspire to a perfect quiet, in which he would reach immortality, and could say: "I am who am." By physical perfection, this philosopher meant a prolongation of life until 5,550 years had been enjoyed; and this devoutly-wished-for consummation could be attained by retiring with a friend, every fifty years, at the full moon of May, to some solitude, there to swallow some white drops and a grain "of primal matter"—*materia prima*,—that which God created to render man immortal, but which the sin of Adam took away from him, and which grace and Masonic virtue can restore. When the adept has swallowed this Masonic bolus, he will have convulsions for three hours; a good drink will restore him; and then, after some fever, delirium, falling out of the hair, shedding of his skin, cutting of new teeth, etc., he will take a bath, be anointed with balsam, and will return to an admiring society a new man.

Such was the *olla podrida* of Christianity, paganism, deism, pantheism, and Masonicism with which Cagliostro had the audacity to tell the Inquisition that he had designed to strengthen the Catholic Church at the same time that he reformed.

Freemasonry. Everywhere, he said, he had been welcomed by the brethren of the three points; and everywhere he had preached, prophesied, healed, procured visions, instituted lodges, etc. His primary lodge had been formed at Lyons, with the title of Triumphant Wisdom; and it was consecrated with rites similar to those of the Church.* In fact, he said he had always copied the Church as much as possible, and had always hoped to see his rite approved by the Pope—and with good reason, he added; for one of the vows of his adepts was to procure the conversion of Protestants, though without violence. And everywhere that he had preached and apostolized, as he told the Holy Office, people prostrated themselves for his blessing, calling out: "O my master! After the Eternal, my all!"—"I lay my heart at your feet."—"Give your sovereign orders, O master! We owe you blind obedience." His influence among the Masons was certainly great; and many believe that he was the author of the famous cipher, L. P. D., the initials of *Lilia pedibus destrue*,—"Crush the lilies of France,"—then in vogue among the brethren as a species of war cry during the French Revolution.

Cagliostro protested to the Inquisition that he had never had any dealings with the demon; but that he "had never understood, nor did he then understand, the meaning" of the deeds he had wrought. In fact, he piteously told the inquisitors "he did not understand

himself." And then he cried: "Pity my miserable condition! I ask only for help for my soul"; adding that he would retract his errors "in face of a million of his followers." His apparent repentance prevented his judges from consigning him to secular power, which would have been equivalent to a sentence of death; hence he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in a fortress, having first been absolved from the censures he had incurred. The sentence further decreed that his manuscript entitled "Egyptian Masonry," together with the symbols of the sect, was to be publicly burned; and the Freemason society, especially the Egyptian rite and that of the Illuminati, was to be again condemned. This sentence is dated April 7, 1791. The charlatan was then taken to the historic Fortress of St. Leo, and the days of miracles were ended. Before long he asked for a confessor; and when a Capuchin friar was sent to give him the supposedly desired religious consolation, the hypocrite tried to throttle the good priest, hoping to escape under cover of the Capuchin tunic. History spoke no more of him thereafter; and now, were it not for the entrancing pages of the elder Dumas, few persons would know anything of one who was once as much talked about as any individual of the eighteenth century. Perhaps the reader will agree with Mirabeau,* who said of Balsamo: "Tolerate Cagliostro, tolerate Lavater; but also tolerate those who term them insane." †

* This ceremony of consecration is described by one of the brethren in a letter which was read at the impostor's trial. It says: "Never has Europe witnessed a more august ceremony. . . . Our brethren showed a fervor, a noble and sustained piety, which greatly edified the two brothers who had the glory of representing you. . . . At the moment when we besought the Eternal to inform us whether our vows were acceptable, and while our master was suspended in the air, there appeared, without being invoked, the First Philosopher of the New Testament, who blessed us, after he had prostrated himself before the blue cloud."

* "Lettre sur Mm. Cagliostro et Lavater."

† For the facts in our sketch, we have relied on the "Compendio della vita di G. Balsamo, denominato il Conte Cagliostro, che si è estratto dal processo contro di lui formato in Roma l'anno 1790, e che puo servire di scorta per conoscere l'indole della setta dei Liberi Muratori," Rome, 1791; also on the "Confessions du Comte de Cagliostro, avec l'histoire de ses voyages," Paris, 1798; and on the "Mémoires authentiques pour servir a l'histoire du Comte de Cagliostro," Strasburg, 1786. The curious reader would do well to consult also the "Histoire du Merveilleux," by Figuier, Paris, 1860.

Irish Colleges in Paris.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

THE Parisian Reign of Terror was inaugurated in 1793. The fiend of civil strife swept like a dread cyclone over the devoted city. The guillotines flashed in crimson lustre all over its thoroughfares day after day, and tumbrels were kept busy conveying thousands of men and women, like so many sheep, to the slaughter. Liberty—a blessed boon which, when not abused, is the elixir that warms the veins and infuses vigor into the body politic of every commonwealth—had degenerated in France into utter and wanton license. Those whom the Revolution purposed to emancipate were being devoured by it. Religion was trampled pitilessly under foot by the very *doctrinaires* who were loudest in championing “the eternal principles of free-thought.” The goddess of Reason, so called, sat enthroned in Notre Dame Cathedral, while riot and revel held sway in the consecrated aisles of St. Sulpice. The temples of God were, in a word, transformed into shrines of the devil.

The Irish College did not escape the ravages of this revolutionary cataclysm. It was regarded by the ignorant populace of the faubourgs as a clerical pest-house, which should be immediately suppressed; for its students were known to wear priestly soutanes, and crucifixes were seen in its corridors! Accordingly an angry mob assembled one evening, in 1793, in the Luxembourg gardens, at the end of the Rue Soufflot; and, marching past the Pantheon, poured itself into a narrow street near where the Irish College was situated. Many of the men and women

wore Phrygian caps; and red flags, gleaming sinister-like in the sickly light of flickering oil lamps, waved over their heads as they rushed madly forward to take by storm the big oaken portals of the establishment.

Just at this moment one of the *alumni*, named McCann, a tall, stalwart youth, who had been warned of the approaching attack, appeared on the vestibule with a loaded pistol in each hand; and, in loud, ringing accents, declared that he would shoot dead the first person who dared to cross the threshold of the College. The crowd fell back abashed before the determined attitude of the Irishman, who, taking immediate advantage of his triumph, harangued them on the injustice of the step they had contemplated. “This institution,” he exclaimed, “was founded for the education of the children of a proscribed race,—a race that has not only battled for liberty on its own soil, but has also throughout this century sent half a million of its sons to fight and die for the honor and glory of your land in many a heroic fight on the fields of Europe. This College belongs to Ireland, the friend and ally of France!”

McCann's eloquent and touching address threw oil on the troubled waters. His personal bravery, moreover, compelled the admiration of even the fieriest and fiercest *sansculottes* present; the result being that the crowd sneaked off in separate groups, and left McCann master of the situation. The College was suppressed, however, some time afterward; and its president, the Abbé Kearney, was arrested, and taken to the *conciergerie*, where he narrowly escaped being guillotined. As for McCann, unable as he was in those troubled times to pursue his ecclesiastical studies, he entered the French marine service, and took part in the ill-fated expedition of General Hoche to Bantry Bay, Ireland, in 1796. He rose to a leading position in the navy, and eventually retired on a

pension to Boulogne-sur-Mer, where he died full of years and honors.

The National Convention, by virtue of whose decree the Irish College was suppressed, passed a law, toward the close of 1793, to the effect that all property under the Tricolor flag belonging to subjects of foreign nations at war with France should at once be confiscated. The Irish colleges of Douai, Lille, and Paris, belonging, or being alleged to belong, to British subjects, and England being at that time in open hostility with France, the expropriation of these establishments was about being effected when Dr. Walsh, a learned Irish ecclesiastic then residing in Paris, pointed out to the authorities that the chief contributors to the funds of the Irish College were either Frenchmen *pur sang* or Irishmen who had become naturalized French citizens; and that, consequently, it could not be the property of British subjects.

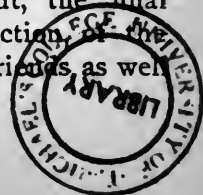
The conventionalists took due note of the Doctor's statement, and excluded the Irish College of Paris from the scope and provisions of the new law. Its gates, however, remained closed to all students during that stormy epoch, till the day arrived when something like order was wrought out of France's social and political chaos by Bonaparte, under whose auspices the establishment was converted into a lay seminary for the education of the sons of the French upper classes and the descendants of Irish families in France. Among its *alumni* at this period of its existence was the younger brother of Napoleon himself, who afterward became King of Westphalia, and husband of Betzy Patterson, of Baltimore, Maryland; the three sons of the then Duke of Rochefoucauld, and several Blakes, Corbets, O'Donnells and O'Sullivans, who subsequently distinguished themselves as brave and gallant soldiers of Napoleon's *grand armée* in its conquering march over Europe.

The Irish College continued to be a lay institution till the Emperor's final fall in 1815, when it was restored to its legitimate ecclesiastical owners, and Abbé Kearney became once more its president. As the Abbé was throughout the larger portion of his career one of the best friends and champions of this seat of learning, the following pen-and-ink sketch of him by Miles Byrne, of the Irish Legion, may be found interesting:

"The Abbé Kearney was always gay and good-humored, never speaking harshly of any one. He was low in stature, well made, with a very agreeable and benevolent countenance. He had very little to live on before he became Superior of the Irish College; but, still, with that little he was ever endeavoring to be useful to his friends and countrymen. I met him one day with a rather large parcel under his arm. He told me it was a pair of pantaloons he was taking to a poor exile of Erin. He hoped it would fit him; for he (the Abbé) was to present him at ten o'clock to a French family, where he expected to have him installed as tutor."

The Abbé died in 1825, deservedly regretted by all classes of the community. His obsequies were attended by the entire Irish colony and many eminent Frenchmen. His remains still lie interred in the College.

Shortly after the transfer of the Irish Seminary from lay to ecclesiastical management, the Irish bishops received permission to appoint a superior and board of professors, subject to the approval of the Archbishop of Paris. The prelates, however, not satisfied with this concession, petitioned the French Government to hand over to them all the funds in the exchequer of the College, in order that they may be transferred to Maynooth. This meant, if carried out, the final suppression, or rather extinction, of the Collège des Irlandais. The friends, as well



as the descendants of the benefactors of the institution appealed to the authorities not to accede to the episcopal demand on the grounds that such a step would be a complete violation of the wishes of its original patrons and founders, whose chief aim and object was the establishment of a permanent training school in Paris for the education of Irish ecclesiastics. This view of the question prevailed in the end; for the ministry refused to give up the property of the College.

In 1848 another revolutionary onslaught was made on its walls by a band of fanatics from the slums of Montmartre; but they were prevailed upon by one of the professors, the Abbé O'Loughlin, not to penetrate its precincts, on the plea that it was not a French but a purely Irish seminary. A few weeks afterward it was visited by two of the Young Ireland chiefs, Smith O'Brien and Thomas Francis Meagher, who had gone over to Paris to present to Lamartine the congratulations of the Irish people on the establishment of a republican form of government in France. The students accorded a hearty reception to the patriots, both of whom delivered stirring addresses to the young levites on that occasion. From 1848 down to 1870 the career of the College was quiet and uneventful. The Franco-German war, however, caused its doors to be closed once more; and its students were transferred to the College of Maynooth, where they remained until the close of the Commune and the complete re-establishment of peace, when they returned to their old *alma mater*.

The Irish College, when I visited it some years ago, was under the management of a Vincentian Father, the Rev. Dr. MacNamara, a learned and zealous divine. All the professors, with the sole exception of Dr. McHale, nephew of the late Archbishop of Tuam, whom O'Connell called the "Lion of the Fold of Judah," belonged to the Vincentian Order. The general

administration of the establishment was, by a decree of M. Jules Simon, the then Minister of Public Instruction, confided to a board comprising seven members: three judges of the Supreme Court of State, three nominees of the Government, and the president, who was invariably appointed by the Irish episcopacy.

The College is situated in a small, narrow street in the very heart of the Latin Quarter, within a few yards of the Pantheon; and is a simple, plain building, having no pretensions to architectural beauty. In front of the arch over its massive portals a harp—wreathed not with shamrocks, as one would expect, but with oak branches and palm leaves,—is carved in stone, and surmounted with the inscription: "Collège des Irlandais." On a black marble slab in the hallway, as you enter, are engraved the names of the College's benefactors, including Louis XV., Louis XVI., and other distinguished personages. Over the slab is a green ground ornamented with gilt letters, forming the words: "France-Ireland: Armagh, Dublin, Tuam and Cashel," the four archdioceses of Ireland. In the simply furnished waiting-room to the left the walls are lined with the names of the *alumni* who have been raised to the episcopacy in the English-speaking countries of the world, among them being that of Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel.

WHEN I lie down upon my bed to sleep to-night, I would rather be friends with God and with myself than with the whole round world; and for this reason: that I may wake upon a distant shore with only God and myself, finding myself therefore among my friends; whereas the friendship of the world can only bury me, mourn me a while, forget me; leaving me lonely, friendless, guilty, upon that distant shore where I must walk forever.

—Henry Austin Adams.

In the Path of Pioneer Priests.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

XI.—THE CURSED SHANTY.

ON the picturesque shore of beautiful Lake Virtue lies a clearance, now overgrown with shrubbery, in the centre of which a traveller would be sure to notice the scattered logs of what was once a shanty. Above it ravens croak out their ominous notes, and around it the fox and the bear roam in security. Many years have passed since that rough abode was the home of the *voyageur*, and an air of mystery envelops the place. On approaching the ruins, one feels a sensation akin to the inexplicable fear that comes over a person moving through a cemetery at night. The place is known only as "The Cursed Shanty," and there is an interesting, though gruesome, story connected with it.

About thirty years ago a gang of men left Ottawa—it was Bytown then—to cut timber on the Eagle River limit. The leader as well as the favorite of the crew was Michael Shea, whose name afterward became famous in the valley of the Ottawa. Shea had defied the law a thousand times when the law was wrong and he was right; he had administered the law as often, in after years, when the law was right and he was—well, let that pass. These were days when no prisons existed in that country, and when Shea and his companions were more honorable and upright than are some of those who have since become "possessed of the land." Michael Shea was a native of Tipperary; and many a time have I heard him say, with conscious drollery, when lamenting his exiled life in the backwoods of Canada: "God be with you, Carrick-on-Suir, where there is neither law nor justice!"

The men whom he directed were wild fellows, above all remarkable for a reckless fluency in cursing. More original and astonishing oaths than Shea's workmen sometimes poured forth it would be difficult as well as painful to imagine. In justice to Shea it must be remarked that he never cursed, nor did he relish the profanity of his companions; but he was too well acquainted with the shantymen to attempt to check their blasphemous language. Any moralizing or preaching on his part would only provoke ridicule, sarcasm, and more terrible oaths; and the foreman knew well how to hold his tongue when prudence dictated.

The winter's work commenced, and the cursing went on from bad to worse. One night, toward Christmas, as the men sat and smoked in the camboose, somebody suggested that they should have a little "gambling" for tobacco; each man was to contribute something as a forfeit, and whoever should swear the most horrible oath would carry off the prize. The idea was a novel one, and all were ready for the contest. Shea was asked to hold the stakes and to decide upon the winner. He accepted, but claimed the right to dictate the rules by which the contest should be governed, and to name a penalty for him who should prove to be weakest in the competition. This was agreed to, and he took his seat as umpire.

"Now, boys," said Shea, "I have one piece of information to give you; it is as well that you should have it before you begin. Whatever curse the winner calls down shall immediately fall upon himself, and a similar fate will as certainly befall each of the others. The loser of the contest will be condemned to silence for the remainder of the season."

This was a piece of bravado on Shea's part. Knowing the superstition of these men, he thought that perhaps he might prevent them, through fear, from going on with the horrible contest. His speech,

however, only raised a laugh, and all accepted the condition.

In a few moments the cursing began, and lasted about an hour. The prize was awarded to a man named Collin; while a jolly lad, the fiddler of the gang, young St. Jean, came in at the "tail of the hunt." Scarcely was the decision given when St. Jean was observed to become very pale, and to rock to and fro on his seat. Some of the men went to his assistance, and asked what was the matter. He could not reply. He had been struck dumb with paralysis! The side of his face, his right arm and right leg were powerless. Shea's prophetic words had come true, and he who had lost in the fearful game was in truth to remain silent for the rest of the season.

At first the awful significance of this visitation of God did not occur to the minds of the others; but Shea saw how matters stood, and he was not slow in taking advantage of it. He rose to his feet, called for silence, and spoke as follows:

"I told you that whoever failed in this contest would be condemned to silence. The penalty has been exacted on the spot. I also told you that each of you should be visited with the curses that he called down. Now you may expect the execution of that sentence."

He paused to see what effect his words had produced. It was terrible. In a moment every man seemed to realize the horrors of his situation. In presence of the unfortunate victim, and with their oaths and curses still ringing in their ears, in fear and trembling these terror-stricken men awaited the effect of their abominable work. In the course of the contest Collin had called upon God to strike him blind, that he might never look upon creation again; in his all-mastering fear, the poor fellow actually lost the power of sight for some moments, and immediately the whole gang became as

men demented. In the midst of this wild confusion the door opened, and two Fathers from the Desert mission entered.

Imagine the astonishment of the priests on beholding thirty-six men rushing about like madmen, some praying, others crying, still others appealing to the Blessed Virgin to save them; and in the midst of all Shea, standing with a prayer-book in his hand, and gazing upon the confusion around him with the face of an inspired prophet. It was some time before order was restored. The priests were speedily acquainted with the occurrences of the night, and before morning every man in the shanty, except poor St. Jean, had made a general confession. Collin recovered his sight when the dizziness caused by his fear left him; but St. Jean never again articulated either curse or blessing.

At Mass, the next morning, the men were asked solemnly to renounce cursing and swearing, and they all gladly complied. The priests also advised them to abandon that shanty, and to build another. It was a matter of only three days when the new shanty was completed; and on their return from the upper end of the limit, the Fathers solemnly blessed the abode in which the winter was to be spent. From that hour not one of the party was ever known to curse; and Michael Shea, in his old age, delighted to tell how devout these rough fellows were as they recited their evening prayers aloud in the lonely shanty.

(To be continued.)

Do you wish to appease a furious person? Then never follow his example. In the moment of passion it is not the reflection of our own image that shames us, but the striking contrast which shows us our hideousness. Rebuke and impatience succeed no better: they serve only to fan the flame.—*Souvestre.*

A Significant Ceremony.

THE historic Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris has lately been the scene of a ceremony at once solemn and significant. One hundred years ago a frenzied mob rushed through the city proclaiming the end of revealed religion. They entered the Cathedral, defiled the sanctuary, pulled down the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and, amid disgraceful orgies, set up the "Goddess of Reason" in the Holy of Holies. No incident in the infamous "Reign of Terror" was more terrible than this, and few episodes in the history of the Church could equal the sacrilegious horror of those violent days. But the popular frenzy soon abated, and the celebrated sanctuary of Notre Dame has long since been restored to the worship of the true God.

On the 12th of November, the centenary of that fearful sacrilege, another multitude was assembled in the Cathedral in a very different spirit. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, surrounded by other prelates and a large concourse of priests and religious, made a solemn act of reparation for the outrages committed during the Revolution. The deliberate seriousness of this gathering was in impressive contrast to the reckless fury of the mob whose sins they were about to expiate. The psalm *Miserere*—that most appropriate act of contrition—was solemnly chanted; an *amende honorable* was pronounced from the pulpit, followed by a procession and the veneration of all the relics recovered since the Revolution. Rarely has such a multitude of the laity assembled even in the Cathedral of Notre Dame; and as the long line of priests wound slowly through the aisles, bearing the sacred relics of the saints amidst a blaze of lighted tapers, the impressive silence and the heads bowed low in veneration showed how earnest was the

faith of the people, and how heartfelt was their sorrow at the memory of the sacrileges committed within those venerable walls. It was a sight which recalled the religious splendor and intense devotion of the Ages of Faith; and it was difficult to believe that gathered in the nave of Notre Dame were the grandsons of the very men who bore a disgraceful part in that memorable desecration.

The lesson of this grand ceremony is full of comfort for the Church. In the short hundred years that have passed since that fearful night in November, she has seen the chaotic violence of the mob give place to recognized authority. In France alone she has seen dynasties rise and fall, republics formed and dissolved; she has witnessed the execution of kings and the exile of emperors; and amid all the vicissitudes of persecution and revolt she alone has remained unchanged in the universal change that surrounded her.

Would that the men in whose hands lie the destinies of the French people could be made to recognize the meaning of this truth! Would that they could realize that all the prosperity of the Republic in the present and all its hopes for stability in the future are inseparably bound up with the influence of religion, and that the very existence of good order in society is entirely dependent on the vital energy of that Church which has remained untouched by time—the one strong, unchanging structure in the midst of ruins that crumble away and are forgotten by men.

THE Roman Empire was converted by the Apostles and the bishops who succeeded them; but all the outlying barbarous nations that have since been brought within the fold have been converted through the labors of the religious orders, or colonies of monks and nuns.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Notes and Remarks.

One of the signs of the growing effeminacy of our age is to be found in the undue regard which people manifest for the preservation of their health, and the undisguised reluctance with which they undertake duties that demand unusual exertion or strain. With ordinary Christians this disposition does not seem specially reprehensible, but in the case of men and women consecrated to the service of God it is rather unseemly, to say the least. The late Sir Andrew Clarke, who stood at the head of the medical profession in England, used to say to priests who came to him for advice: "For your health it would be better to lead a life free from worry and anxiety; but if your duty calls you to be where you are, then it is the will of God, and I can say nothing." What a lesson from the lips of a Protestant physician! No one is bound to live, while we are all bound to do our duty. If souls were as well cared for as bodies, there would be more saints and perhaps fewer invalids.

Only a man like Sir Andrew could have spoken those other words, which he once addressed to a clergyman after a lengthy religious discussion: "There are some persons who seem to me to live in the presence of God and to be constantly with Him. Oh, how I wish I might become like that!"

Our able contemporary, the *London Tablet*, so seldom speaks a good word for the United States that its warm eulogy of President Cleveland's Hawaiian policy ought to be relished by our people, whatever be their political affiliations:

"The American Government has once more proved how little it is inclined to use its gigantic strength like a giant. It always seems to us that the surest hope for the progress of the world is built upon the attitude of this people, who, without army or navy, guard all the peace of a hemisphere, and to whom the rights of the feeblest nation are as sacred as those of the strong. Assuredly there never was a nation so fitted for war and so pacific in intention."

Our contemporary's estimate of America is correct in the main. We are not specially fitted for war; however, we could get ready at very

short notice. Our nation will not be found slow in resisting aggression, but it has known the blessings of peace too long and too intimately to go out of its way to pick quarrels.

The Methodists have sent "a missionary dentist" to Africa in the person of Miss Jennie Taylor, the daughter of a Methodist minister in Pennsylvania. It is announced that her field of labor will be the missionary stations presided over by her uncle, bishop Taylor. We hope the young lady will not venture too far from beaten tracks. The subjugation of savages by means of dentistry may be getting at the root of things; but cannibals, who have had their own unpleasant way for so long, would probably object to being drawn to Methodism in such a painful way. Miss Taylor had better confine her extractive labors to the missionaries themselves. Even a dentist exposed to the fury of cannibals is something from which the most revengeful of us would shrink with horror.

Students continue to flock to the Vatican archives, eager to profit by the generosity of Pope Leo XIII. in opening this vast treasure-house of learning to the public. Besides a large number of other scholars, there are now about sixty professors at work in the Vatican, most of them having been commissioned by foreign governments to study documents of special interest. It is not improbable, as a distinguished Protestant savant lately remarked, that the history of modern nations will be largely rewritten when all the treasures of the Vatican are catalogued and placed within easy reach of the student of history.

It is stated, we can not say on what authority, that within two years as many as twenty-five young men, including one or more Catholics, have been killed while playing football; and new victims continued to be added to the number until the season closed. The game is played with such wanton brutality that serious accidents are inevitable. No reasonable person can object to healthful sport, though it may be attended with some

danger to those who indulge in it; but the game of the gridiron field is something to which bull-fighting is altogether preferable—less hazardous and more, very much more, respectable. If it were announced that a round score of lives had been lost within two years in Mexico as a result of the national game, our newspapers would be filled with denunciation of such an abominable pastime. How often the "benighted" Mexicans have been denounced for their devotion to this sport! But in bull-fights it is the bull that gets killed, and it is over the bull that so many are ready to shed crocodile tears. Football, as it is played at present, is hardly better even than prize-fighting—it is, in fact, prize-fighting with hands and heads and feet.

Considering the brutality of this sport, it is hard to understand its fascination for ladies. The gentle sex was largely represented at all the great match games of the season; and, if reports are to be credited, women were among the most enthusiastic spectators. Our mothers' tastes were not the same.

One of the most remarkable papers read before the Eucharistic Congress in Jerusalem was that in which the Rev. Kenelm Vaughan set forth the character and aims of the Brotherhood of the Divine Expiation. The paper is now published in pamphlet form, and it is a satisfaction to have Father Vaughan's favorite work again explained in his own eloquent, apostolic words. The object of the Brotherhood appeals with equal force to saint and sinner, and the idea of the work of Expiation is as picturesque as it is pious. The solemn nature of the project, its Oriental character—its patron being the Prophet Jeremias, and its symbol the night-blooming cactus flower,—will excite at least the sympathy of the Western nations. We have already referred at some length to this pious Brotherhood, which was founded by Father Vaughan, and of which the Holy Father said: "I firmly believe it to be a direct inspiration from our Lord Himself."

St. Francis Xavier, after the Apostles one of the greatest missionaries of the faith, succeeded in converting heathen peoples not

so much by the power of his words as by the example of his holy life. A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* quotes the Saint's own testimony:

"The people would not immediately assent to what might be said to them, but they would investigate what I might affirm respecting religion by a multitude of questions, and above all by observing whether my conduct agreed with my words. This done, the king, the nobility and the adult population would flock to Christ, being a nation which always follows reason as a guide."

In proof of the fact that the natives did "flock to Christ," it may be stated that native writers estimate the total number of Japanese Catholics, before persecution broke out, at two millions, although, strange to say, the estimate of the missionaries themselves was much lower. Missionary methods, after all, vary little the world over; and they who believe that heathens in Japan or America can be brought to the true faith otherwise than by the force of example are sadly deluded. Human nature has not changed since the days of St. Francis Xavier, and those outside the pale of the Church are forever observing whether or not the conduct of its representatives is in accordance with what they profess.

The death is announced of the Rt. Rev. Bartholomew Fitzpatrick, abbot of the famous Trappist Monastery of Mount Melleray, Ireland. At the time of his death he was eighty-three years old, during forty-five of which he was abbot of his monastery. As Visitor-General of the Trappist Order, Father Fitzpatrick made several visits to this country, and was chiefly instrumental in establishing the Monastery of New Melleray, near Dubuque. *R. I. P.*

The Rev. Father Cashman, the worthy rector of St. Jarlath's Church, Chicago, is evidently as diligent in practising charity as he is earnest in preaching it. For some time past he has been dispensing food freely to the poor of the city, and of late he has utilized all the available church property in furnishing shelter to unemployed workmen. Father Cashman's delicacy is such as to enable him to relieve distress which would be

Beyond the reach of the mere humanitarian; and he takes care that, while the corporal necessities of the poor are relieved, their spiritual wants shall not be disregarded. This is practical Christianity. It is the true spirit of Him who "had compassion on the multitude"; and it is the most conclusive answer to infidels and sceptics, who would rob the poor of their only consolation—that which comes from belief in Christ and from the sense of fellowship in His poverty.

The State of Illinois has caused a statue of Gen. James Shields to be erected in Statuary Hall at Washington. A large assemblage of distinguished citizens was present at the exercises of unveiling, and several eulogistic addresses were delivered. One of the most notable was that pronounced by Gov. Altgeld, who is a courageous and outspoken American, as is evident from this timely utterance:

"If the great soul of Shields could animate this statue but for an hour, with what infinite scorn would his proud spirit look upon those men who, having bled on no battlefield, stormed the ramparts of no armed enemy, solved no great problem for humanity, done nothing to develop our resources, taken no part in laying the foundation of state, or building its superstructure,—who, having done nothing to make their country great or their age illustrious, now seek to turn the accident of birth into a virtue by an act of Congress!"

Gen. Shields was no less a soldier because he came of a race whose name is a synonym for courage; and he was no less a patriot for belonging to a Church which inculcates the duty of patriotism. After such a ceremony as that which attended the unveiling of his statue, the existence of anti-Catholic societies seems more than ever paradoxical.

The Roman correspondent of the *Catholic News* tells another interesting anecdote of the venerated Don Bosco. When Mgr. Lasagna, who has recently been appointed Bishop and superior of the Salesian missions in Brazil, was about to start for America, he went to bid farewell to the saintly founder of his Society. As he was leaving the convent, he was overtaken by a messenger, who handed him a little box, saying: "Don Bosco says this is for yourself *personally*."

Thinking it contained some medals, which he had asked for, Father Lasagna put the box into his pocket, and thought no more of it. When the ship had started, however, he opened the package and was astonished to find a beautiful gold chain. The missionary laid the box aside without further examination until the death of his spiritual Father, when he again took it up, and learned from a note in the handwriting of the saintly priest that the chain was intended for "the second Salesian Bishop of America." Father Lasagna had faithfully kept the chain in trust for the "second Salesian Bishop" until a few months ago, when he learned that he himself had been raised to that dignity. Then the words of Don Bosco, "this is for yourself personally," came back to him, and he recognized the prophetic character of the message.

That dignified and steady-going newspaper, the *New York Sun*, treats its readers to a partial list of "public men" whom fortune, from the very beginning, selected for special favor by bestowing on them extraordinary names. The Rev. Ki Budger is the latest addition to a list which already embraces such sensational appellations as Hoke Smith, Dink Botts, Pod Dismuke, Bomberine Amstein, and Col. Abe Slupsky. The Rev. Ki Budger is described as "a learned gentleman of the old school: scholarly, devout, urbane and modest." But even in the face of this statement one is tempted to question the orthodoxy of the Rev. Ki, or at least to wonder that he never became the head of a sect.

Seriously, the ridiculous extremes to which Protestants go in burdening their children with such names as these ought to warn Catholics against any tendency they may have in that direction. The calendar and martyrology of the Church are filled with names which, besides being picturesque, are associated with deeds which ought to fire the heart of the young Christian, and excite him to imitate the virtues of his fellows in the faith.

In view of the rapid spread of interest in hypnotism, and the temptations which many

persons feel to dabble in dangerous experiments, it may be well to quote the warning given by Mr. W. R. Le Fanu in his recently published work, "Seventy Years of Irish Life." The author was himself very successful as an amateur hypnotist, and the chapters in which he recounts his experiences are among the most interesting in his book:

"Once, and once only, did I feel myself in a difficulty. I had made a cousin of mine unable to speak without stuttering. To my horror the magic words 'All right' failed to produce their usual effect, and in spite of all my efforts I could not restore the power of speaking properly; in fact, my cousin continued to stutter more or less for some weeks. . . . I gave up experimenting long ago; and from all that I have since read and heard of the subject, I think it is not one which should be meddled with except by those who are really investigating it scientifically. It is impossible to know what may occur; and, though the effects may be amusing, they may also be more injurious than they appear. The power is so great that in the hands of an unscrupulous person it might become very dangerous."

Hypnotism, in spite of late researches, is still a mystery; and it is to be hoped that those who have felt themselves strongly attracted to the new science will follow Mr. Le Fanu's example and "give up experimenting."

In a review of "The Hours of the Blessed Virgin Mary," to which we referred some time ago, a writer in the *London Tablet* observes: "It is a cheering sign of the times when we find an Anglican translating and editing, not as a mere curiosity, but for actual use, this little service-book, which held a place of importance in the liturgical and devotional exercises of our Catholic forefathers." This is indeed a consoling reflection. May she who is called in the Little Office "the Destroyer of heresies," prove to be the golden gateway by which our Anglican brethren may some day enter into the one true fold!

Amy M. Grange has contributed an entertaining paper on "The Newest Ritualism in England" to the current *Catholic Quarterly Review*. The gradations in the Anglican establishment between extremely "Low Church" practices and those of the branch termed

"High" are amusing reading, though there is a sadness in the thoughts awakened thereby. There are longings that we know can never be satisfied outside of the pale of the one true Church, and the efforts to allay such aspirations are truly pitiful. We append an extract from the article:

"Of late a craze for lamps has broken out; a specimen of the whole spirit of Ritualism—a symbolism with nothing to symbolize. Their inspection of Catholic churches has shown the good inquisitive Ritualists, ever on the search for new ideas: first, that we always burn a lamp; second, that in the larger churches there are often three or more lamps before one of the altars, and occasionally a smaller one before some richly adorned shrine. Forthwith they hang up seven lamps before their 'high altar,' and three before the side altar which they are so proud of possessing; and there the lamps burn away solemnly—in honor of nothing! The outward, visible sign is there mendaciously assertive, but the inward spiritual grace is sadly wanting."

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. Maurice J. Lee, of Portageville, N. Y.; and the Rev. William O'Brien, Winchester, Mass., who departed this life last month.

Brothers Athanasius and Ladislaus, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.; Mother Mary Gabriel and Sister Mary Rose, of the Carmelite Convent, St. Louis, Mo., who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. Philip J. Dines, whose life closed peacefully on the 20th ult., at Ivesdale, Ill.

Mrs. Margaret Crawford, of Trenton, N. J., whose sudden but not unprovided death took place on the 1st inst.

Mrs. Michael Dever, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a happy death on the 1st inst., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Mary E. Clark, Somerville, Mass.; Mrs. Julia O'Connor, Brighton, Mass.; Mr. John Murphy, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine G. Finning, Nashua, N. H.; Mrs. Gordon Price, Mr. Michael Sammon, Mr. Patrick Rogers, and Mrs. Margaret Roach, Hubbardston, Mich.; Mrs. Anna M. Cooke, Vancouver City, B. C.; Mrs. Mary Lawler, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Richard Cotter and Patrick Cotter, Plattsburg, N. Y.; and Mr. Farrell-Dorrity, New York, 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. *

How Steve Made the Farm Pay.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.



NE element of the popularity of Mr. A. was his faculty for taking an interest, for the time being, in those with whom he came in contact. He chatted affably as he and Steve drove along, and the

latter soon found himself talking as unconstrainedly as if his distinguished passenger were an old friend. Little by little, the boy told the story of his life: how his uncle seemed determined he should be a farmer, although he hated farming; how his tastes were thwarted and unappreciated; how he wanted to go to college, then out into the world and make a name for himself.

"Ned Nixon says this is no place for a young fellow," he went on. "If I only had a change, I might amount to something. Think of all the famous men who were once farm-boys! Why shouldn't I be a great man, too?"

Mr. A. checked the whistle of amusement which trembled on his lips. He remained silent a moment, then turned to Steve.

"My dear boy," said he, kindly, laying his hand on the lad's shoulder, "so you *shall* be, if it is in you; for greatness is an element of character, and circumstances but call it forth. Ambition is a good thing in itself, and it is well to aim high. I can understand you very well, for the reason that I myself was once a farmer's boy."

"You, sir!" exclaimed his young companion, incredulously.

"Yes," replied the gentleman, with his pleasant laugh; "and a rough time I had of it, too. I have not yet become a great man; but, you see, I have got on a little."

"I should think so!" said Steve, with the admiration which everyone must feel, to a certain degree, for a man who has attained distinction through his own talents and honorable efforts. "I think," the boy went on, "I'd be satisfied if I got to be a senator."

Mr. A. laughed again, a genial laugh, without a note of irony or sarcasm.

"Well, shall I tell you how I have succeeded?" he asked.

Steve assented eagerly.

"Simply by hard work," was the laconic reply.

The lad's face clouded, and he brought the whip down on Dick's back with a gesture of impatience.

"You will find," said Mr. A., "that the distinguishing characteristic of each of the eminent men to whom you refer was

the habit of giving his whole will and energy to the duty of the moment. There is no use in even hoeing potatoes in a half-hearted fashion. No doubt you get nagging enough, Steve; but if you would take a word of advice from one who has been over the same road, then listen. What you have to do, do well. This will satisfy your uncle for the present. God, not Destiny, rules our lives, my boy. So long as your lot is cast on a farm, learn all you can from your surroundings. Then, after you have done your best, if your uncle proves unreasonable, you will feel justified in choosing your own career. You say you are fond of reading. What kind do you select—this?"

As he spoke he leaned over and drew from behind the cushion of the front seat a yellow-covered book, and a newspaper with double-leaded headlines.

"Mostly," Steve was forced to admit, after a pause.

"My dear boy, poring over dime novels and lurid accounts of murders never made a President of the United States, and never will. Read for information, not sensation. It is a good maxim, I'll send you some books when I get to town—ah, well! This sort of lecturing is not in my line. There's good fishing, you say, in a stream beyond those hills? I'll try it the next time I come this way."

During the remainder of the drive Mr. A. conversed lightly, telling incidents of his own life, adventures of his boyhood, and many amusing stories. Steve thought him the most pleasant man he had ever met, and was very sorry, when, despite Dick's slow gait, they finally arrived at the station.

Mr. A. alighted from the vehicle, and cried "Bravo!" to Dick, as if the old horse had brought him there in racing time. Then he handed Steve the amount previously agreed upon for the fare, bidding him give the money to his uncle, who had been so kind and obliging.

"Good-bye, and I wish you success' my boy," he said, heartily.

"Good-bye, sir," returned Steve, with regret; and, whipping up old Dick, he drove away.

He was thoughtful all the way home. Mr. A.'s advice was really nothing new. His aunt had said as much scores of times. Father Morris, who officiated every Sunday at the mission chapel in the village, had told him the same thing. But perverse Steve had refused to heed, saying to himself: "Pshaw! Aunt Martha don't understand; and Father Morris—well, of course, it's part of his office to preach." The counsel of the man of the world had more effect. But in reflecting upon his words, Steve recalled those of the priest. His conscience awoke: he admitted to himself that he had not been doing his duty, and resolved to be more attentive to his work in future. He wondered if Mr. A. would think to send the books.

A few days later Ned Nixon went away alone. Separated from the fascination of his influence, Steve returned to the companionship of Tom Davis, one of the best of chums, and a good-natured, "level-headed" fellow.

Mr. A. did not forget his promise. The books arrived at the end of the week. They were splendid ones, too,—stories of adventure, of stirring incident, of noble deeds, and valor, and feats of arms. Just such books as a boy finds of absorbing interest.

"Well, now!" exclaimed the old farmer when he saw them. "I thought that 'ere Senator was too sensible a man to encourage you in such tomfoolery. It's mighty strange!"

As Steve appeared to have brightened up a trifle, however, he made no further comment upon them. Having made up his mind to please his uncle, he found it a less difficult task than he had anticipated. As he took more interest in his work, it

Became less irksome. The farmer's querulous fault-finding almost ceased, and in the evenings the boy was allowed to enjoy his precious books in peace. When he had re-read these several times, he found that others were obtainable. Father Morris had volunteered to lend him some long before; but he had not availed of the offer, being under the impression that the matter would have only pious books. Now he discovered that the good priest knew what would suit him even better than Mr. A.

Steve made friends also with the schoolmaster, John Shaw, a bright young man, who had already been through two years of the college course, and was teaching to earn the necessary funds to complete it. His plodding perseverance stimulated Steve, and made him more in earnest. Occasionally, in the pleasant summer evenings, they took long walks together; and at such times Mr. Shaw would talk about the trees and plants and minerals till his companion became enthusiastic. Until now he had no idea there could be so much of interest in country life.

There was on the farm a three-acre lot, which had never been cultivated.

"It's an unhealthy spot. The soil needs draining, but 'twould hardly pay to do it. You can actually smell what city folks call the malaria there," the neighbors were wont to say.

One evening as Steve and his friend approached the place, the schoolmaster stopped and sniffed the air, and remarked:

"I wonder if this odor is really miasmatic? I've sometimes fancied there might be an oil tract here. Still, no petroleum has been found in these parts, so I dare say I'm wrong."

The words fired the boy's imagination.

"Uncle has always thought me stupid. What if I should find a way to make the farm pay far beyond his greatest expectations! What if I should strike oil, make him a millionaire, secure a fortune for

myself, and earn the glory of the discovery!"

These were the dreams that thenceforth haunted him day and night.

One afternoon he went down to the field with a pick and shovel, and began to look around a bit.

"Where've you been?" inquired the farmer upon his return.

"Only at the fallow lot," he replied; then added, nettled at old Martin's disdainful "Humph!": "Uncle, did you ever have your land examined to see if there might not be treasures locked up under the ground? Perhaps you've got a coal mine somewhere about the place. And that fallow lot, did you ever bore for petroleum there?"

The farmer stared at the boy in astonishment.

"Have you taken leave of your wits, lad?" said he. "Put away such foolishness. The lay of the land here shows it couldn't be a coal region, an' the smell down in that lot is not the smell of ile. You'll strike nothin' there, I reckon, except worms an' cobble stones, an' the ague likely."

This was discouraging. Still, the idea had so possessed the mind of the boy that he could not easily forget it. At intervals he would go quietly down to the lot and bore and dig around. The only thing he unearthed, however, was the strange odor, which had increased greatly, and puzzled him more than ever.

IV.

One evening in early autumn the farmer was asleep in his chair as usual, Aunt Martha was putting away her flower seeds, and Steve was wishing for something with which to amuse himself. The *County Journal* lay at his elbow. It was the only newspaper that Farmer Gray would take, and in that he never looked at anything but the agricultural column. Steve had read it through, from the advertisement in the upper left-hand

corner of the first page, which announced that Silas Greene, the undertaker at Ridgeville, had just got in a new supply of handsome and stylish coffins, to the unimportant little notice at the end of the fourth, to the effect that Widow Tibbitts, on the Dunderhook Road, had a pig for sale.

On the table lay also a crumpled piece of another newspaper, in which had been wrapped some yards of cotton cloth which the farmer had brought to his wife from N.; for, it being market-day, he had driven to the town with a load of produce. Steve set about reading that also. Time was when he would have cast the fragment aside, because it did not contain an account of a tragedy or casualty. But now he found interesting the stray bits of information he was able to glean from it. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and brought his fist down upon the table with the air of one who has made a discovery.

The farmer awoke with a start. Aunt Martha looked up from her work in amazement.

"There!" said the boy, excitedly. "Uncle, Aunt, just listen to this!" He bent over the paper again and read: "The theory that untold wealth lies neglected amid the substrata of this State has again been advanced. Scientists set the ball rolling some time since, but now the matter has been taken up by speculators. A company has been formed for the purpose of exploring the State, with the hope of finding that the supply of natural gas, known to exist in certain tracts, is sufficient to be put to practical use. Although the project may appear chimerical, it will have the effect of booming the land for the farmers. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"Well!" ejaculated old Martin, as the lad finished and gazed at him with heightened color and brightening eyes. "What's that got to do with us?"

"Do!" cried Steve. "Why, everything? Don't you see, Uncle, it must be a well of natural gas you've got down in the fallow lot?"

"Pooh!" said the old man, curtly. But Steve could see that he was thoughtful for the remainder of the evening.

A few days later a stranger called at the farm. He pretended to be prospecting for a railroad which was to run through the valley.

"Now, Mr. Gray," said he, plausibly, "you see, the company can get a permit to take your land anyhow and pay you damages. But that is always an unsatisfactory way of doing business. What the corporation proposes is to buy the land outright. This happens to be a good thing for the owners, too; because the route of the road lies through a sterile tract, of but little value for farming. For instance, it crosses your land just down by the fallow lot yonder. How much would you take for that piece of ground now?"

At the mention of the fallow lot old Martin began to be interested. The recollection of what Steve had read from the newspaper occurred to him.

"Ha-ha!" he said to himself; "I smell a rat. And, jingo, if it isn't the pisenous smell of that stubble field, I'm mightily mistaken."

The result of this suspicion was that the farmer declined to sell the land in question for any consideration whatever. Let the railroad company take it if they dared, he said; he'd risk it, and they'd find they'd have to pay mighty heavy damages.

The prospector went away, chagrined, and very much disgusted.

The company—which, of course, was not a railroad company at all, but a corporation which had contracted to supply a neighboring city with natural gas—soon saw that the old man knew what he was about, and began to treat with him upon another basis. Having ascertained

beyond a doubt that there were extensive gas wells upon his property, they paid him a good amount for the fallow lot, partly in a round sum and the remainder in shares in their enterprise.

"They found I was up to snuff," said Martin, in telling his wife of the transaction. "But I *will* say, Marthy, if it had not been for that boy Steve, I'd never have known what they were after."

So Steve was a success on the farm, after all. He no longer has to do chores about the barn, however; but goes to college, and is fitting himself to take a position in the office of the Natural Gas Company, of which his uncle is one of the principal stockholders.

The Dog of Pompeii.

Did you ever hear of Delta, the good dog of the ruined city of Pompeii? You all know, at least, that that large town was destroyed many hundreds of years ago by lava which poured from the crater of the volcano Vesuvius.

When, in recent years, men began excavating to find the ruined and buried city they saw that many animals and human beings had left traces which could be recognized. Among these remains was the skeleton of a dog, stretched across the body of a little child. Without doubt he had run to protect his young master at the first intimation of danger, and died at his post. On his collar was an inscription which told that his name was Delta, and that he had three times saved the life of his master, Sevorinus: once by dragging him from the sea when he was in danger of drowning, once by driving away four robbers who would have killed him, and again by slaying a savage wolf that was about to attack Sevorinus. And after this fine record of brave deeds poor

Delta ended his life in the pursuit of duty; for it is likely that so fleet-footed a creature might have saved himself by fleeing from the awful danger. But we are sure he would not have had it otherwise, and was happier in dying with his little master than in living without him.

FRANCESCA.

Topsy-Turvy Land.

Japan has been called the Land of Topsy-Turvy, because so many things are done there which we do in quite an opposite way. Take the Japanese newspaper, for instance. It begins at what we would call the end. Half-way down the page the columns end. There are no headlines; and the title, instead of running across the top of the first page, as we are accustomed to see it, is printed so that it extends from top to bottom of the sheet.

But the strangest thing of all is that the reporters on these papers think it quite a creditable thing to invent as much news as they please, and pretend that it is true. Our own reporters often invent incidents; we are sorry to say, but they are usually ashamed when this is found out. There are about half a thousand newspapers and periodicals printed in the land of the Mikado.

A Test.

Some one asked of the great Duke of Wellington one day:

"What sort of a person is Lord Fitzroy Somerset?"

"I can answer that very quickly," responded the Iron Duke. "He is a man who would not tell a lie even to save his life."

The questioner was satisfied; for he knew that the man who was scrupulous in small matters could be depended on in great ones.





OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE.



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

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Mary in Bethlehem.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

OLD falls the snow around her sinless feet,
 On Joseph's arm she climbs the winding street,—
 Hark! Did you hear the Angels singing sweet?

All inns are full; she faces still the snow;
 Restless, the ox within his cave doth low,—
 Man can not guess, and doth the dumb brute know?

Weary, she seeks a shelter from the storm;
 The kindly ox draws near to keep her warm,—
 Whence comes the light around her sacred form?

Grateful, she strokes the ox with gentle hand;
 By his warm breath her pallid cheek is fanned,—
 Ah, blessed ox, so near her then to stand!

On the sweet hay to rest she sinks at last;
 Night groweth deep, and midnight cometh fast,—
 O David's town, thy hour hath come, and passed!

Let us in watch to this lone cave draw nigh,
 While still she sleeps, and freighted moments fly,—
 Hush! Did you hear an Infant's feeble cry?

No, still she sleeps. The storm begins to clear;
 See, the low stars to earth are bending near.
 How still the winds, all hushed for very fear,
 While speeds the night of prophet and of seer!—

O Israel's God! And midnight almost here!

Christmas Lore and Legends.



URS is a utilitarian age, and Mammon is the god to which the worldly pay homage. Even the devout have been influenced to some extent by the spirit which would keep religion a thing revered indeed, but yet a thing apart. It is hard for us to realize that in the Middle Ages, and up to that period the uninformed are wont to term the Reformation, the events of the Christian year were inseparably woven into the pleasures and duties—nay, even the pains and crosses and toil—of the simplest daily existence. And so, far from being rendered common or less sacred by this sweet familiarity, the story of our Saviour's life took on a new and more enduring coloring

from being thus intertwined with the lives of men and beasts and flowers—of all things animate and inanimate. The customs of the household, too, reflected the ritual of the house of God; and the phraseology of the people was a continual reminder, in a homely fashion, of the passing of the feasts and fasts.

But it was at Christmastide that the heart of mankind seemed to pulsate in unison with the crowning act of love which gave to earth the Babe of Bethlehem; and from the beginning of Advent but one feeling animated poor and rich, peasant and lord, and diffused in advance the genial glow of devotion which was to culminate in the Midnight Mass of the morn of morns. The season of Advent was kept with the strictness of a people who were a unit in faith; and throughout Europe, and especially in the more ancient and retired Eastern provinces, there was a solemn hush pervading this time of expectation, broken only by the singing of carols and the quaint piping of the waits, which was duly heard in the night-hours, especially upon the three Thursdays preceding the Nativity.

It was during this period that the monastic houses elected their boy-bishops, in fanciful accord with the words, "And a little child shall lead them." This practice was among those most intensely abhorred by the English Puritans; and, whether or not defensible and expedient, it passed away with many other curious customs of a period when a long face was not considered necessarily an indication of profound piety.

The pilgrimage of the Advent Images was another singular practice of the olden times, and is not yet utterly extinct in the more primitive localities. During the week before Christmas poor women would go about with images of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, decorated with evergreens and flowers; and the persons at whose houses they called were expected

to take a leaf or a blossom, and bestow a halfpenny in return. The song these poor old creatures usually sung was a tender little hymn about the joys of Our Lady.

But—it may be from the intense love of nature which possesses the hearts of an agricultural people, or perhaps for the reason that one hungers for flowers and leaves and sun at the time of the winter solstice—it was in the mysteries of vegetation that men found emblems for those higher mysteries before which they stood in wonder; and from all the floral legendary lore with which chronicles of the age of faith are rife we have culled a tiny bunch of yule-tide greenery, which we dare to hope may find its modest place in hearts swept clean and garnished for the coming of the King.

The legend of the Glastonbury Thorn is well known. St. Joseph of Arimathea, it is said, was going about Europe, telling the story of the Crucified, when, becoming exhausted as he approached Avalon, he struck his staff into the earth and said he would wander no more. The staff became a hawthorn-tree, flowering always at Christmas and at no other time. Again and again did iconoclasts cut it down, and again it sprang from the roots, branching and budding as before. A tablet now marks the spot where the original hawthorn-tree is supposed to have stood.

In Germany there is the Christ-Child's Grape-Vine, in Sicily the Nativity Pear, in Alsace the Rose of Mariastern, in France St. Patrick's Bush,—one and all bursting into bud or bloom on the natal day of our Redeemer.

There are numerous flowers which, although not blossoming at Christmas, are named in honor of the Nativity. In Italy and Sicily we have the Nativity Rose; in France and England a species of aconite bears the same title; and pre-eminently the Rose of Jericho, or Mary's Rose, which, although when neglected resembles a handful of dried twigs, when

placed in moist earth expands into life and beauty. Our ancestors loved also to call this wonderful flower the Holy Night Rose, and to believe that it came into bloom at the moment of our Saviour's advent into the world.

Although the mistletoe is now generally excluded from sacred edifices at Christmas, that beautiful garniture of the oak-tree was formerly looked upon as an emblem of the flowering of the Rod of Jesse; and even as the original Tree of Life, whose fruit was forbidden to our first parents.

Among English-speaking people the rosemary seems to have lost its place. In earlier days its use was universal. At funerals it was thrown into the grave, while farewell words were spoken and tears were shed; and on the Vigil of Mary, or, Christmas Eve, each house was perfumed with its burning leaves, the fragrance of which was thought to bode happiness for the year to follow. In Spain its sweetness is attributed to the clothes of the Child Jesus, which were said to have hung upon a rosemary bush.

The Christmas-Tree had its origin in Germany, and there is no household in the Fatherland so poor as to be without this emblem, for which the Jesse-Tree is another name. St. Maternus is said to have introduced it into the domestic life of Christmastide; and usually some representation of Mother and Son adorns its highest branches, while about the base a stable and manger are placed.

The story of the maiden Madelon, as represented in the ancient mystery plays, may fitly close this discursive and necessarily incomplete record of some of the observances when life was simpler and perhaps better worth the living.

In the play, Madelon came to the Midnight Cave with the Shepherds; for she, too, had heard of that wonderful thing which had come to pass at Bethlehem, of which the Angels had sung. Now, Madelon was poor, miserably poor;

and her heart smote her because she could offer nothing to the young Mother save her love and sympathy. And the Child, too—except her joyful tears and welcome,—she had no gift for Him. The Shepherds, although poor as well, could do far more than she. One played sweetly upon the pipes which he had brought; another had the fleece of a young lamb to lay beneath the Holy Babe.

"I believe in Him, I love Him, but I can do nothing for Him!" said Madelon, weeping. Then God, pitying her, sent His Angel Gabriel, who asked her:

"Why do you weep, dear child?"

"Alas!" she answered, "my Saviour is born, and I have not even one poor rose to give Him; for the ground is hard and summer so far away."

"Take my hand," said the Angel; and he led her far, far away, into a place where it was summer, and the sun shone and the birds sang. When he stood upon the ground a rosebush sprang from the earth, and the fragrance of roses filled the air.

"Gather them for your King," said the Angel; and Madelon filled her arms with the sweet blossoms, to take to the Holy Child.

Thus was the Manger adorned with Noël Roses on the first Christmas; and hence did Madelon, in the strange and touching old representations of that Holy Night, bear garlands of the queen of flowers to the Mother and the Child.

With the love for things ancient, which is daily growing in the hearts of the most noble and reverent of mankind, let us hope for a restoration of an affection for the sweet and confiding habits which made religion a part of the daily walk and conversation.

THERE is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—*Butler.*

The Colonel's Christmas Story.

BY E. BECK.

"NOW, Colonel Williams!" said Ethel Derwent, addressing the greyhaired, military-looking gentleman, who sat by the wide fireplace in Derwent Court.

"Yes, I promised you a story—a true story. Well, you shall have it. It is strange as well as true."

Some one cast a few more logs on the fire, and we gathered in a circle round it. Mr. Derwent and his wife sat near their old friend, and looked smilingly over the numerous cousins, who came regularly each year to spend Christmas in their hospitable home. Their own family circle was a small one. Death had claimed five of their children, and only Ethel was left to them; and the mother's glance often rested on the sweet-faced girl, who seemed so satisfied with her position at her father's feet.

Colonel Williams paused a moment, and we drew closer still.

"I don't know how to tell a story as they are told in books, so be prepared for a plain, unvarnished tale. I suppose I may begin with my hero, but there is a heroine too. Well, Walter Nugent was a soldier like myself, and yet very different. I don't think I have been what one would call a bad Catholic, but Nugent—I can not tell you how good he was. I have met many men in my time, and yet no one like Walter. He was so upright, so honest, so fearless, and yet so simple. Catholic though he was, he was a universal favorite in his regiment as well as outside of it. He was the younger son of an impoverished Irish gentleman, and his pay was all he had to live on; yet, unlike the rest of us, he was never in debt, and never too poor to bestow an alms on a beggar.

"It was about two years after we joined—we joined about the same time—that Nugent became acquainted with Ada Beaucamp. (She is my heroine.) I do not know how the acquaintance began, but I fancy he met her when she was visiting some friends in the neighborhood of Ballyclare, where his home was, and where he too was spending a few weeks. I only surmise this, however; for Nugent was not the one to talk of such matters. The following winter we were transferred to Denby, and there I saw Miss Beaucamp for the first time. I can not describe her, nor will I attempt it, but she was the loveliest girl I have ever seen; and I did not wonder much at Nugent's interest in her. Poor fellow! he suffered much in that first year at Denby. He was daily meeting her at one little festivity or another; and though the other subalterns laughed at his marked preference for Sir Henry Beaucamp's heiress, only I guessed how tender it had grown. One evening he came into my room, and threw himself into a chair.

"What is it, Nugent?" I asked.

"He did not reply, and I continued, laying my hand on his shoulder:

"Get away from here, old fellow, for a month or two. The change will do you all the good in the world."

"You know, then?"

"That you are madly in love with Ada Beaucamp? Everyone knows that, but I hope and believe you are not going to make yourself miserable over it. Have you spoken?"

"Yes," he answered, gloomily—"wait till I explain," as I was about to speak. "I did not mean to do so, Williams,—I give you my word; but at the Ward's picnic to-day we got separated from the others, and, crossing a stile, Ada—Miss Beaucamp slipped and twisted her foot; and she looked so white and wan that I blurted something out, and then—and then, of course, I had to tell her all."

"He stopped.

"'Well?' I asked.

"A rare look came into his face.

"'It seems impossible, utterly impossible, but she has the same feeling for me.'

"Neither of us spoke for a moment or two, and then I went on:

"'What will you do?'

"'I will speak to her father.'

"I smiled a little bitterly.

"'He bears a bad name, I know,' Nugent said. 'Even Ada seems to have more fear than love for him.'

"'I am not surprised; and, Nugent, you have heard of his hatred of Catholics?'

"'Yes, from Ada. Do you know, she is more than half Catholic?' he said, softly. 'Since her mother's death she has frequently visited Ballyclare, and become acquainted with the Sisters of Mercy there. It has struck me to-day, Williams, that God means me to be the means of bringing her to the true faith.'

"'Perhaps so. Everything will turn out for the best,' I said, cheerfully. 'When will you see Sir Henry?'

"'To-morrow. For the first time in my life, Williams, I wish that I were rich.'

"'So do I, old fellow. If the reports of Sir Henry's character and temper be true, the first thing he'll do will be to accuse you of being a fortune-hunter.'

"'I shall seem like one indeed,' Walter answered.

"'Keep your temper, whatever happens,' I counselled.

"'I am not likely to forget he is her father.'

"It was a mystery to me then, it is a mystery to me now, how such a tyrannical old wretch—I can call him by no milder name—came to have such a daughter. Nugent himself never told me half the imputations, half the abuse, Ada's father showered on him; but I heard of them from other sources. The servants, I presume, told their friends; and Sir Henry

probably boasted of the reception he gave the 'young Irish Papist.'

"'Marry my daughter to you, sir! No, by Jove!—not if you owned half of your island. Let a Beaucamp marry a Papist! Begone, sir!'

"'So that ends it?' I said, when Walter told me the result of his interview.

"'I suppose so. I saw Ada, and, of course, would not dream of asking her to disobey her father.'

"'A nice father!' I remarked, cynically.

"'Her father, in any case?' he replied, gravely.

"'So he'll force her to marry young Gresham, as great a scoundrel as ever was.'

"Walter grew paler.

"'No: Ada will not be coerced into such a marriage.'

"'I wouldn't give her up so easily, if I were you.'

"'I am *not* giving her up,' he said, earnestly.

"'Will she show like constancy?'

"'Yes, I am sure of it.'

"He said no more, nor did he again allude to the subject. In a short time we went to India. Sir Henry had forbidden his daughter to hold any communication with Nugent; and I am sure he had very little news of her during the three years we were broiling on the plains. Then some friend of Walter's—his god-father or great-uncle, or somebody—left him a small fortune. I was disabled just then, and I accompanied him back to England, where he was called to arrange his affairs. On our first day in London he left a letter for Sir Henry Beaucamp at his club. It was a wrong move, as I told him; for a couple of days later his letter was returned, with the hope expressed that Sir Henry Beaucamp would not be troubled with any further communication from him. However, we travelled to Denby, only to be told that Sir Henry and Miss Beaucamp had left the previous day, their destination being unknown.

“‘He is determined to keep you from meeting Miss Beaucamp,’ I said. ‘Certainly, Nugent, you wish to be son-in-law to a very amiable father.’”

“‘He made no answer, and I was not surprised; for during those years in India he had grown very reserved—in fact, a little gloomy. After a while I added:

“‘London is unbearable at this time. Suppose we attempt a little tour through Cornwall?’ (Cornwall, you know, is my native county; and very proud of it I was, and am still.)

“‘Nugent assented readily enough. So we tramped round King Arthur’s land, till our last Sunday came. We went together to Mass, and I wondered a little, I remember, at Nugent’s devotion. The priest addressed a few words to his small congregation. ‘God first,’ he preached,—‘God and right first.’ And as Nugent and I strolled over the rocks before dinner he repeated the words. ‘Yes,’ he said, after a pause, ‘God first always.’”

“‘He had spoken more to himself than to me, and I made no reply. After a while he spoke of Ada.

“‘I have given her up to-day,’ he said, slowly, ‘if it is God’s will. I have done nothing but think of her for the past years; but a man’s life should be put to better use. Still, I will be true to her to the end.’”

“‘You will forget her after a time,’ I remarked.

“‘Never,’ he interrupted,—‘never!’”

“‘We stood for some time in silence, looking over the blue sea. An iron stanchion was thrust into the ground near where we stood, with a strong rope coiled round it. I broke the silence by saying that probably the rope was employed by the coast-guards when using their rocket apparatus in shipwrecks.

“‘It is a dangerous piece of coast,’ Nugent observed; ‘and those people in front are standing dangerously near the edge of the cliff. Don’t you think so?’”

“‘I looked in the direction he indicated. An elderly gentleman and a young lady were gazing seaward from the cliff. As I looked Nugent suddenly started.

“‘Williams, that is Ada Beaucamp for sure!’”

“‘Do you think so?’ I said, dubiously.

“‘I am certain—Sir Henry too. Where is the man going?’”

“‘The gentleman had stepped on a narrow ledge of rock still closer to the brink of the cliff, and after a second the girl joined him.

“‘Go and tell them of their danger, Williams,’ Nugent said. ‘The sight of me might startle her. Be very careful.’”

“‘Before I had gone a dozen paces I heard a wild cry of terror, and I saw the ledge on which they stood detach itself from the rock, and the two figures falling. I was horror-stricken for a moment; then I flew to the spot, and looked down the abyss. The man and girl were clinging to two different pieces of rock a few feet below the edge. I called to them that help was at hand.

“‘Be quick!’ the girl said; and I knew she could not hold on much longer.

“‘Nugent was by my side at once, with the rope that had been coiled round the stanchion.

“‘Hold on, Miss Beaucamp! Hold on, Sir Henry!’”

“‘Throw it to her quickly,’ I gasped,—‘quickly!’ And Ada looked up and met Walter’s agonized gaze.

“‘To him—to my father!’ she implored.

“‘He made a negative movement, and her voice rose sweet and clear: . .

“‘Walter, dear Walter, help him! I am a Catholic, and ready to die.’”

“‘We heard her voice rising in prayer to the Blessed Virgin, while her father’s rang out in blasphemy. Walter hesitated no longer, but threw the rope to Sir Henry. I saw him catch it as Ada cried, My Jesus, mercy!’ Then her hold

slipped: she went down; and Nugent fell at my feet insensible.

"Several persons hastened to the spot, and other hands than mine drew Sir Henry from his perilous position. I was told afterward that he was like a man distraught; but I was too much occupied in attending to my friend to notice him.

"Ada's body, strange to say, was never recovered. Private business called me to London before Walter was able to talk much of her fate. When I bade him good-bye I tried, awkwardly enough, to say some words of consolation, but he stopped me.

"She is in heaven, Williams, and I am not grieving as you suppose. God has seen best to cut asunder the only tie that bound me to earth, and—I am content."

"I went away wondering much at his cheerfulness, and weeks elapsed ere I was free to rejoin him. But in the meantime I received a few lines from him, telling me he had disposed of his legacy, and meant to enter a religious order.

"We shall probably meet no more on earth, my friend; but you shall be remembered in my prayers, as I hope to be in yours," the letter ended; and I never saw or heard of Walter Nugent after that, till—"

Colonel Williams paused, and after a few moments we broke into eager questioning.

"Gently, gently," he said, laughing. "One at a time. You may have noticed my astonishment this morning, when the Father who is visiting your pastor came out to preach," the Colonel said, glancing round inquiringly.

Mr. Derwent nodded.

"Yes; and I could not help wondering what the matter was," said Ethel.

"I don't wonder that you wondered," the Colonel answered, smiling a little. "And you will wonder still more when I tell you that twenty-five years ago Father Norbert was Walter Nugent!"

"You knew Father Norbert to be your friend at once?" Mrs. Derwent asked.

"Almost at once."

"You spoke to him in the sacristy, didn't you?" Ethel inquired.

"Yes, little one. He only recently returned from Australia where he has spent many years. He referred to the past without hesitation, so I have felt free to tell you his life story. Sir Henry Beaucamp had not much belief in the religion he professed, though he hated Catholicity so bitterly; but before Walter entered the novitiate, Sir Henry told him he would study the faith in which his daughter died, and a year later he too died a Catholic."

"And Ada was a Catholic?" some one asked.

"Yes. Only a few days previous to her death she was received into the Church. There now I have saddened you all by my story. It is hardly a suitable one for Christmas night."

"It is *very* suitable, I think," said Mr. Derwent; "and it has edified as well as entertained us all. It shows us that God sends everything for the best, and that God and right should come first into every circumstance of life."

THE special name by which Our Lord was known before His coming was that of Messiah, or Christ. Thus He was known to the Jews. But when He actually showed Himself on earth He was known by three new titles: the Son of God, the Son of Man, and the Saviour; the first expressive of His divine nature, the second of His human, the third of His personal office. Thus the Angel who appeared to Mary called Him the Son of God; the Angel who appeared to Joseph called Him Jesus, which means in English Saviour; and so the Angels, too, called Him a Saviour when they appeared to the Shepherds. But He Himself specially calls Himself the Son of Man.—*Cardinal Newman.*

In the Path of Pioneer Priests.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

(CONCLUSION.)

XII.—THE MOOSE HUNT.

ONE clear, frosty night Simon invited me to join him in a moose hunt around Moccasin Lake; and, needless to say, I gladly accepted. The old Indian was engaged in making a horn of birch-bark, shaped like the little paper bags which confectioners make to hold candies. The horn served as a species of speaking-trumpet, by means of which Simon could imitate the cry of the moose to perfection; his performances on this quaint instrument were indeed wonderful.

"At seven o'clock the moon rises," said the old man, as we trudged along the rough mountain path to Moccasin Lake.

"Do you prefer to hunt by moonlight?" I asked.

"I prefer daylight," he replied; "but at this season of the year the moose *run in pairs*, as we say. It is only at this time that I can call them. If I call like a doe, some lone buck may hear, and is certain to come to the mate that summons him. I always call near a lake, so that when the moose comes he may step out in the moonlight upon the water, and I can see to shoot him."

As we climbed the hills, Simon instructed me in the part I was to play.

"When we reach the Lake," said he, "we shall find a bay at the northeast end. You must hide on one side of the bay, and I will hide on the other. Once you have chosen your place, on no consideration must you leave it. I will mark the spot, so as not to fire in that direction; and when we are settled I shall call. As soon as I am answered, you must cock your rifle and scan the edge of the bay unceasingly. Unless the moose comes upon you, or is within easy range, do not shoot. If you

do, aim for behind the shoulder; make no noise; aim carefully, and don't fire until you hear my rifle, unless you are very close to him."

It was now eight o'clock, and the moon was appearing above the tops of the eastern hills. Her slanting beams fell midway upon the Lake. A trail of glory shot over the bosom of the calm waters, and not a zephyr fanned the brow of night; not a leaf quivered upon the boughs above; not a sound disturbed the stillness, save the ghoulish cry of a lonely owl.

I had been some time seated in a clump of bushes that fringed the northern margin of the Lake, meditating upon the stillness of the forest, when a call from across the bay awakened me from my musings. Could it be?—yes, it was Simon's trumpet. No: it was a she-moose. It came again, a little louder than before: much like the bellow of a cow, yet sharper, shriller. Once more it came, louder than ever, and then all was silent. The very blood in my veins almost ceased flowing. My ears seemed to ring with a thousand bells, so attentively was I listening.

Five, ten, twelve minutes passed; then the call was repeated more loudly. I could scarcely retain my seat; my hand trembled; it was clear that I was catching the "moose fever." I grasped my rifle, when distinctly I heard the bawl of a calf. The mother answered; the calf cried again, and then the doe gave out a prolonged bellow. Surely it could not be Simon! Was it possible that he was playing both mother and calf?

Far away over the hills, like an echo dying among the distant rocks, came the faint and short answer of a buck. So short was it that even Simon could not have been certain as to its reality. A minute passed, and the trumpet again broke in upon the quiet lakeside—a longer and more melancholy strain.

Scarcely had the last note died away, when from the mountain-side, not half a

mile off, the unmistakable answer of a buck-moose came, loud and distinct. Guided by the sound, he was coming toward the Lake. Snort after snort rent the air like the quick puffs from a steam-engine. Crashing through the bushes, at headlong speed, over windfalls and through underbrush, tore the giant of the woods. As when a boy rattles a cane upon the rails of an iron fence, so rattled his ponderous antlers upon the dry branches of the trees. In vain I tried to steady my hand, to command my nerves. On the summit of the neighboring hill the beast stopped for a moment as if to deliberate. So far he was guided by the sound, and he could neither see nor smell the other moose. Waiting for the cry to be renewed, he raised his head over the surrounding bushes; and, like a huge oak top, his broad antlers spread out against the sky.

That was the moment when Simon's skill became evident. It was easy to deceive the moose while he was yet at a distance, but a false note at this crisis would spoil the whole hunt. Soon came a low, soft cry, such as a very young calf would make. The sound ceased, and a fierce snort told the effect. Down came the moose, tearing, crashing, puffing. The full light of the moon now played upon the waters, and out into the moonlight sprang the king of the Northern forests. There he stood, a living picture—a frame of dark rock and water, with that noble fellow as a central figure. There he stood, his gigantic head aloft, his ears erect, his eyes wild with natural fire, his gray mane standing on end, his antlers swaying, his front foot pawing and splashing the water on the edge of the Lake.

Crack! crack! The animal plunged, then, rearing on his hind legs, appeared at full height against the sky. Another plunge, and he dropped on his knees—the forest monarch pleading for mercy! One more crack from Simon's rifle, and the moose fell dead.

XIII.—OUR LAST CAMP.

When the last scene in a drama is over, one feels as if intimate friends had vanished from the stage, and a sense of loneliness steals over the spirit. Even so did I feel when, after two years in the woods, amidst perils and pleasures, in company with my rough but kind-hearted companions of the forest, I knew that we had reached our last camping place, and that in a little while we should each go his own way through life, perhaps never again to meet beneath the sky. As I sat by the camp fire, and watched the logs slide into the Ottawa, I recalled the varied scenes of the last two years. I knew that with the morning's sun our party would assemble, only to strike tent and disperse forever. To say that I was not pleased with the prospect of a return to society, to more congenial occupations and to older friends, would be untrue; it would be equally untrue to say that I did not feel a pang of sincere regret at parting with those honest companions, whom I had learned to look upon as brothers.

To-night I feel in the same mood as when, upon the eve of separation, I sat by the fire of our last camping place; for the journey we have taken together in these pages is no romance. Some of the incidents I have gleaned from others, but most of them came under my own observation and experience. Before closing these slight sketches I feel obliged to say a word or two about the friends whom we met on the way.

Of the shantymen, I can only state that most of them are still alive, and working upon the limits of the Upper Ottawa. A few may have gone over to the silent majority. The foreman, who lives in Pembroke, is now married, and has "retired from the woods." Our cook Rivais still holds forth in the shanties of the North.

The character, however, in whom we are specially interested is old Simon Obomsawin, the Abenakis Indian. It is

a little over two years since I heard from him. He was then near Sturgeon Falls, in the Nipissing country. He wrote me an interesting letter (in French), in which he gave a graphic account of his adventures since we parted. I translate a portion of it:

"You ask for my photograph. Good friend, where do you expect I could find an artist in this region? The Black River country was a garden compared to the wilderness here. I have not seen my own face for several months. I must be gray and wrinkled—a regular *loup-garou*. It is true I do sometimes gaze at my reflection in the mirror of some lake, but a merciful Providence sends a breeze to ruffle the waters before the old Indian is horrified at the sight of his own hideousness. . . . I am told you have been blowing my name into the big ear of the public. When in Pembroke, a few months ago, I was informed that you had spoken of me in a letter to some newspaper. I am not very vain, nor does my vanity—what I have of it—run in the path of popularity. Up here in the woods I could never hear of all the compliments my dear friend had paid me. It would require a blast of flattery as loud as Gabriel's trumpet to reach a hunter on the borders of the Sturgeon. . . . I am outside the limit of news, and consequently have none to give you—oh, yes! I had almost forgotten. Do you remember old Michaud, the Tête-de-Boule? I met him last month; he was, as usual, hunting. You know how he used to hunt. He had a way peculiar to himself. He never had any traps of his own; but he had a knack of finding out where the traps of others were set, and he did not scruple to appropriate whatever game he found in them. I met him with a beaver on his back. The old rogue told me that he had caught it in one of his own traps. I knew he never had any, so I concluded that some more honest man was the sufferer. I little dreamt that it was my own beaver the fellow was

carrying off. Well, I wish him luck with it—and good luck at that. As the Indian is supposed to cut his speech short by saying, 'I have spoken,' in order to be *en règle* I will conclude by saying you must answer soon; for Simon Obomsawin has written."

As the years roll past, and my duties increase, I find myself drifting away from the scenes of my old forest home and from the companions of my sojourn in the North; but I have ever conserved two wishes regarding that sojourn—one, that I may be enabled, some day or other, to revisit the places in which so many adventurous and happy days were spent; the other, that I may again have the pleasure of old Simon's company, were it only for a few hours. And high over these personal desires rises a hope—the brighter on account of an assurance of its realization—that every dusky child of the forest may enjoy the full benefits of the Church's blessings, and the graces that the missionaries dispense on all sides. Methinks I can see to-night the glorious picture that the wilderness of to-day will present. The gaunt pillars of the forest will be laid low; villages will appear; the church spire will pierce the heavens, holding aloft the immortal cross; the echoes of those rocks shall send back the sound of hymns and prayers, of pealing organs, ringing chimes and chanted Masses; and the spirit of Catholicity will hover in the blue of the Northern sky.

When that day comes the deeds and the virtues, the toils and the sacrifices, of the early missionaries shall not pass from memory. And while the spirits of these heroic and devoted envoys of God are enjoying the eternal reward that the Father had prepared for them, the children of another generation will pause, while their parents recount the stories of sorrow and suffering which stand as golden milestones along the path of the pioneer priests of the North.

Noël.

THE silent music of the spheres,
 The chant of Nature's hymn,
 The silvery sounds the spirit hears
 In forest cloisters dim,—
 Sweep o'er the chords of listening hearts,
 Awaking echoes sweet,
 That, rising, join the Angels' song—
 An earthly offering meet
 To Him whose birth brought peace to men,
 And bade earth's discords die,
 Whose glorious birth the Angels sang
 In triumph from the sky.

And so She was Married.

BY L. W. REILLY.

A MISSION was under way at St. Peter's Church in Washington, D. C., and a sermon had just been preached to the women of the parish against mixed marriages—the unions of Catholics with non-Catholics. A bevy of girls were emerging together from the church. Hardly had they reached the sidewalk when one of them, linking arms with another one, said gaily:

"So, dearie, you'll have to give up—h'm! You know who."

"Or bring him over, Rose," replied the pretty girl addressed. "But I'm not the only one the missionary's arrows hit. Am I, Bessie?"

"I can't say," was the answer; "for if you mean me, Alice, I've more than one string to my bow."

"Judging by the way that B. W. seems drawn to you seven evenings a week, you must have more than one string to that beau."

The pun was keenly relished by the others, while Bessie flushed and looked annoyed, and hastened her pace somewhat.

But she was not to escape further teasing.

"You'll have to throw him overboard now, Bess," pursued the first speaker.

"Yes; for there's no hope of converting *him*," echoed another one of the party.

"Or else turn Methodist yourself," suggested a third.

"Oh, he's not much of a Methodist!" chimed in a fourth. "A little religion goes a long way with him."

"He told me himself," persisted the first speaker, "that he had joined his church only to make some acquaintances in order to help him along in business."

"You all seem to take a mighty strong interest in Mr. Walters, and to know a deal about his private affairs," blurted out Bessie, nettled by the railleries of her companions.

"True for you, Beth!" assented Rose. "Besides, to use his own pet expression, we're 'not in it,' as he is already taken, as it were; so that we have no occasion to study his ways. But what will *you* do with him after that sermon?"

"Marry him, of course—if he asks me. There now, are you all satisfied?"

"What!—although he has not the faith?"

"Yes."

"Although he speaks so disrespectfully of the Blessed Virgin?"

"Yes."

"Although he is not sure that Our Lord had a human soul and ridicules the doctrine that priests can forgive sins?"

"Yes, yes, yes! If he didn't believe anything I'd take him just the same; and so would you, if you got the chance. Let me alone, will you?"

The hurt tone and the depth of feeling shown by the girl stopped all further plaguing. A hush fell on the little throng. They walked along in silence for a while; then they quietly discussed other topics, until they reached their respective homes, or came to corners where their ways diverged.

II.

Bessie Kalin was the brightest girl in the parish. She was not handsome, but she was pretty in face, shapely in figure, gay in disposition, lively in talk, jaunty in movement, and stylish in dress. Her gowns were neither numerous nor costly, it is true; but she had rare good taste, and made them up with an artistic eye for striking effects; and, then, the way she wore them made them showy. She was as vivacious as a sunbeam, and was the life and sparkle of all the parties in her set.

Bessie's education, however, was not of the best. Her mind was not cultivated, and her heart had been let grow wild. She had been kept at school long enough to have laid a good foundation for self-culture, but her attendance had been irregular and her application poor. Her home life was not apt to develop the possibilities for good that were latent in her character. She was a creature of moods, and had not been taught that duty is imperious. She loved to chatter and to gossip; she was fond of amusements; she had acquired a taste for novels, and she detested work.

Her father, who was a salesman in a drygoods store on the Avenue, took no care to train his five children. He considered that he did enough when he earned a living for them. Beyond that, the less trouble they gave him the better for themselves. "Talk to them a half hour on Sundays?" he had once said to his pastor. "Not much. I want to rest on Sunday, and wouldn't know what to say, anyhow."

His wife had no ideals. She was a nice-looking, coarse-grained, neighborly soul, who imagined that she was a person of refinement, but who had neither good-breeding nor gentle instincts. Her *bizarre* parlor, with its many-colored velvet chairs, its tawdry lambrequins, its gaudy *portières*, its odd tidies, its highly-colored prints, and its pinchbeck ornaments, was the reflection of her own personality. She did

not have two ideas in her head. She never bought a book, and had little use for any that did not contain a love story, household suggestions, or fashion hints. She knew everyone in the parish, and was conspicuous at fairs and other entertainments. She freely criticised the clergy, even in the presence of her children; and she censured the Church for its rules on consecrated graveyards, round dancing, night weddings, etc. Under this neglectful and incompetent tutelage, it was no wonder that Bessie grew up like a dahlia—brilliant to the eye, but without perfume.

In order to gratify her love for dress and to escape the quiet drudgery of home, she became a "saleslady" in the Boston Store. But she gave no portion of her earnings regularly to the house. Occasionally she bought some knickknack for the parlor or some bit of clothing for the Benjamin of the family; but usually she spent every cent of her wages as soon as earned on unserviceably fine garments for herself, on balls, excursions and gewgaws. Her brothers and sisters, who were all younger than she was, found little that was helpful in her example.

Now, in her nineteenth year, she had many admirers, who were attracted by her dainty appearance and lively ways. To them she was all graciousness. Before them she was never insolent to her parents. For their entertainment she sang,—for she had a sweet voice and a passion for music, and song was to her as indispensable as to a skylark. For them she played on the piano—by ear, it is true, because her father could not afford to have her taught—with some skill and much feeling.

Among the most frequent of the visitors to her home was Mr. Barton Walters. He was a bright-faced young man, aged twenty-eight, who dressed sprucely, was fond of dancing, and who was partial to the society of the fair sex. He was a glib talker, radiant with self-confidence, and

quick to give his opinion on almost any subject. On the whole, he was rather a welcome guest wherever he went; for, while he was somewhat brash, and his fulness of assurance was sometimes offensive, he was such "good company," such a ready conversationalist, such a willing member of any pleasure party, that his failings were overlooked for the sake of his social qualities. He had lately started on business for himself as an insurance and real-estate agent, a line which he had followed since boyhood.

Mr. Walters liked to talk of religion: that was a hobby of his. He had been a Sabbath-school teacher for years, and knew chapters of the Bible by heart. He had made up a creed of his own, that was a mixture of Methodism and infidelity; and his eyes would flash and his aquiline nose grow sharper as he argued that reason and Scripture upheld his views. He went to church on pleasant Sundays, when he felt disposed to go; and then he went for social and business reasons more than from obedience to a call of conscience. He lived without restraint, other than a decent pagan might have imposed upon himself for the sake of appearances and respectability. "I'm going to get out of life all that there's in it," was a frequent saying of his; and he did not much care how he got it, so long as it was had.

III.

Mrs. Kalin would have been a proud woman if her daughter, while fishing in the sea of love, could have landed such a catch as Mr. Barton Walters. His animated countenance, his polished manners, his natty suits, and his energy in business, had dazzled her.

But they did not blind her husband's mother, who lived with her.

"I don't like that young man, Bessie," the old lady had said the morning after his first call.

"You don't? Why, grandmother, he's just splendid!"

"He may be pleasant company, Bess, but his eyes are like danger-signals. They are cunning and selfish eyes, I fear."

"What a funny idea—cunning and selfish eyes! I never heard of such a thing."

"They turn on you so furtively, and have such an angry flash in them when he is crossed in conversation."

"They wrong him, then, grandmother; for he is as straightforward and as considerate as he can be."

"I am going to hope so, dearie, since you speak up for him so; but we'll see, we'll see!" And the knitting-needles went faster than ever.

Grandmother's dislike for the new visitor did not disappear the more she saw of him; but he was so deferential in his bearings to the dear old lady, and she was so undemonstrative in her antipathy to him, that no one but Bessie knew that he was not in her good graces.

There was another person in the Kalin social circle for whom grandmother had no high esteem. This was Miss Alma Jackson. When she mentioned to Bessie her aversion for that young lady, her grandchild, namesake and godchild was amazed.

"Not like Alma!" she cried. "That's strange, grandmother; for she's the nicest, the jolliest, most warm-hearted and most popular girl I know."

"I believe you, dearie; but she has no moral sense."

"What do you mean?"

"That she doesn't see right from wrong; that she is the subject of impulse: that she does a thing first and thinks about it afterward; and that she loves luxury, no matter what the cost. There!"

"What a rash judgment for a dear and sweet old grandmother to pass on a stranger!"

"I may misjudge her, Bess; but I wouldn't tell my thoughts to any one but you, and to you only that you may be

forewarned. Let her not lead you into temptation."

"Oh, never fear for me!" replied the light-hearted girl, who was ripping the satin folds from a dress, and who gave the thread an extra quick jab with the scissors as she spoke. "But what makes you think so of Alma?"

"Herself—her own talk, her boasts of what she did and her reasons why she did it; trifles in themselves, but all signs of the substance within, all outcroppings of character, all indicating a lack of principle and a conscience slow to work. She is fascinating, I admit; and that's why I warn you. I can't help being entertained by her and wishing for her return myself; still, while I am borne along with the current of her abundant good nature and her delightful frankness, my sober second thought notices the want of *stamina* beneath the surface and, I keep saying to myself: 'Poor thing! poor thing!'"

"Oh, she's all right!" with another impatient thrust at the gaping thread.

"It is true," persisted the old lady, "that she has this to excuse her: she hasn't the graces of faith or the restraints of confession to remedy the defects of her character. But while that pleads for her, it doesn't make her influence the less to be feared; and she is such a high-spirited and magnetic girl that she could lead her friends into a pit almost before they knew that they were following her. Now, there's Rose—"

"Please don't talk to me of Rose Ryan, grandmother! I'm tired of hearing her praises. She may have a clear head and a crystal conscience, as you say; but she's too pugnacious and bossy for me; and, then—well, she's not my style."

IV.

In the month of June next, after the mission, among the marriage announcements read out by Father Bryan one Sunday at Mass, was that of Barton Walters and Elizabeth Kalin. When the

pastor had learned that Bessie was engaged to a Protestant, he had reminded her privately of the dangers of mixed marriages; but his warnings were not well received. He pressed her with questions about her betrothed, but the answers were not at all satisfactory.

"He's as good as any Catholic young man I know," said Bessie, angrily; "and a sight smarter. Besides, the Catholic young men of the parish are a poor lot, and the few that have any snap in them go courting away from Capitol Hill. My lover suits me, even if he *don't* belong to the Church. He says that he won't interfere with my religion, and I sha'n't trouble him about his. He's getting along in business, and there's no reason why we shouldn't marry."

The priest opposed the match as far as could be done with prudence; but when he saw that Bessie was bent on it, he had her bring the young man to the pastoral residence for a talk. The conclusion that he reached from the hour's conversation was not auspicious; for he found that Mr. Walters rejected several fundamental Christian doctrines, was obstinate in holding on to error, and had a rooted prejudice against the Church. Still, as he was willing to make the necessary promises, and as his sweetheart clung to him most tenaciously, the Father had no more to say.

Other friends tried to dissuade Bessie from marrying outside of the Church. They were all rudely silenced, however.

"If you'll mind your business, I'll mind mine," was the rebuke that one of them received.

When Rose attempted to utter a word of advice about putting a few good books into Mr. Walters' hands, she was put to confusion with this exclamation:

"You'd be glad to have him as he is yourself, Rose Ryan, books or no books! If you had the chance, you'd give Frank Doyle 'the go-by' fast enough to get him. I'll *learn* him all that he need know, and

you can keep your books to yourself.”

Not another word to say had Rose.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Kalin complacently to a group of her neighbors, as she sat at her own doorstep fanning herself. “Bessie has captured the finest young man on the hill. He’s out of the common, I tell you; and he’ll be rich some day, mark my words.”

At night, in the gloomy parlor of the priest’s house, before a half dozen witnesses, Barton Walters and Elizabeth Kalin plighted their troth, and pledged themselves to love each other for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health, until death should part them. No Nuptial Mass for them, no Holy Communion together, no lights, no flowers, no marriage blessing, no morning feast. The darkness of the deed might indeed be taken as symbolic of the horror in which such unions are held by the Church.

“Ah!” said the gossips of the parish the next day. “And so she was married last night, was she?”

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Golden Legend.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

IT is still the custom in many parts of England for the poor people to “go a-gooding,” as they call it, on St. Thomas’ Day. Beginning with the Squire, they visit the leading well-to-do residents, carrying bags in which to receive any delicacies which may be given to them. These good things are kept to help out the Christmas table. In some parishes a sum of money, called St. Thomas’ Dole, is collected, and distributed to the poor at the church door. The Apostle St. Thomas is the patron of architects and builders; and, in connection with this fact, a pretty legend is told.

This great Saint, it is said, once found himself at Cæsarea, and there Our Lord appeared to him.

“The King of the Indies, Gondoforus,” said the Master, “has sent a messenger to seek for a builder who shall make him a palace grander than that of the Emperor at Rome. I wish you to be that builder. I will inspire you.”

So St. Thomas went to the domains of Gondoforus, and received his commands.

“I go to a far country,” said the King, “to be absent for many months; but I leave you much gold and silver. Build such a palace as the world has never seen.”

But St. Thomas, finding much misery and suffering all about him, gave the money to the poor; and when the King returned he “waxed wroth,” as they say in these quaint legends, and ordered St. Thomas to be cast into prison. He was thinking what manner of death would be most meet for the servant of God, when his brother died; and, as he had loved him dearly, he forgot all else. Then did the spirit of his brother appear to him and say:

“This man is God’s own servant. I have been admitted to Paradise, and the angels showed me a wonderful palace of gold and precious stones. ‘This,’ they said, ‘has the builder Thomas built for the King, your brother, if he will have it.’”

So the King ran to the prison and opened the door with his own hand, and bade St. Thomas come forth. And the Saint said:

“Knowest thou not that they who would possess heavenly things must not set their hearts on the perishable things of this world? There are many palaces in heaven, but they can be purchased only by acts of love and charity done here. Thy riches, O King! may prepare thy way to such a place, but they can not follow thee thither.”

Christ the Comfort of the Poor.

IN this year of grace the light of Bethlehem falls upon a world which stands in special need of the Christmas comfort. From every Christian land comes news of strikes and enforced idleness, of trouble between employers and workmen, and of the widespread prevalence of sickness which makes poverty more than a double burden. Thousands of families in our own country alone will be compelled to forego the good cheer which in our civilization has come to be looked upon as an outward sign of inward content. Little stockings will hang limp and empty that were wont of old to bulge out with good things; and little eyes that used to dance with delight in the Christmas dawn will be filled with tears for coveted gifts which have not come.

But this is not all. There are more cold, cheerless rooms this year than last; more fathers walk the streets with heavy hearts, because there is no work; more mothers wear away in anxiety and despondency, weeping unselfish, motherly tears; more little children lie in cold, comfortless beds and cry for food; there are more fires unlighted, there is more sickness and sorrow to be found in homes, and more poverty and suffering to be seen in the streets, than is at all usual in this bountiful land of ours.

Now more than ever is there need of the Christmas Crib. Now more than ever must the poor feel that Christ has chosen them to be of His own household. And even amid the pangs of hunger and the blasts of winter it must be sweet to remember that, just as the Saviour was driven away from the inns of Bethlehem because He was not of this world, so, too, poverty, when it is the result of misfortune or of another's sin, is a mark of the favor of God, and a promise of

unbounded and imperishable riches with Him in heaven.

Sorrow is a great purifier. It is hard for a soul engrossed in worldly pleasures to attain spiritual refinement; and it is hard for one who has not known privation to meet the sacrifices which duty frequently requires. But poverty borne in an angry and resisting spirit is not meritorious. It would, indeed, be sad to think that the poor, who must needs suffer, should suffer only *like* Christ and not *with* Him. How near would the poor be to our Divine Lord, and how blessed would be their lives, if the father who toils ceaselessly would recall the wearisome journeys of Joseph; if the mother would remember how each little household trial meekly borne makes her more like to Mary; and if the little ones, who must toil all too early, would remember the carpenter's trade, which has been made holy forever by the memory of the boyhood of Christ! It is only to these that the Infant Saviour brings a message of comfort; only to them He speaks the promise: "Blessed are the poor *in spirit*; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

It is needless to remind those to whom the world has not been so hard a place of their duty to the poor. How gladly would we shelter the Holy Family if they walked the earth again! Let us not, then, forget their special friends. Let every sparkling Christmas-Tree be circled round with the children of the poor; at every comfortable dinner-table let a place be spread for Christ.

THE Heart of Mary is for us a garden of delights; we can gather there the sweetest flowers. The Blessed Virgin is that beautiful ground, shut in from the impure spirit, filled with divine perfumes, cultivated by celestial hands, and ornamented by the flowers of every virtue.—*St. Bernard.*

Notes and Remarks.

It would seem that there is no need in our modern life which the Holy Father is not competent and willing to fill. When the world was engaged in a feverish discussion of the Labor Question, above the din of clashing opinions the voice of Leo was heard counselling charity and moderation, and pointing out, as the only possible solution of that seemingly impossible problem, the sublime doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount. Now, when so many minds are occupied with "higher criticism," the inspiration and interpretation of the Scripture and kindred questions, the Holy Father publishes an encyclical letter on the subject of biblical studies. As usual, the words of his Holiness are freighted with wisdom. He urges upon ecclesiastics the study of the Oriental languages necessary to a proper understanding of the sacred text, explains the Catholic doctrine of inspiration, and shows the dispositions with which the subject of the Holy Scriptures should be approached. This Encyclical of the Holy Father will probably not be so extensively quoted by non-Catholics as was that on the Labor Question, but it is not the less an important utterance. The most "modern" man of the day is the venerable Pontiff who sits on the throne of two thousand years.

Scriptural commentators differ as to the nature of the star which led the Wise Men from the East to Jerusalem. Some hold that it was a new planet created for that purpose and occasion; others, that an angel of God assumed the form of a star; others again, that it was only a phenomenal light in mid-air; while a few maintain that it was a sort of meteoric light which moved before the pilgrims, not unlike the fiery column which guided the children of Israel through the wilderness. St. Thomas is of opinion that it was a new star, then created, which moved, not through the planetary system, but in the lower atmosphere, at the will of the Almighty.

Modern astronomers have tried in vain to explain by natural causes the appearance

in the heavens of the Star of Bethlehem. A writer in *Astronomy and Astro-Physics* shows that none of the various theories advanced are tenable, and that the miraculous element can not be eliminated from the Bible narrative in this instance. "We must conclude," he says, "that the Star of Bethlehem was a messenger directly from the realms of the supernatural."

It is officially denied that the circular advocating state aid for parochial schools, which was recently put in circulation in Maryland, emanated from Cardinal Gibbons. It is stated also that it was published without his knowledge, and His Eminence disclaims all responsibility for it. It seems that the document first appeared a year ago, and is now regrettably revived. We are not told who is the author of it, or by whom it was set in circulation. While we commend the good intentions which no doubt inspired at least its preparation, we beg to say that prudence as well as courtesy ought to have suggested consultation with Cardinal Gibbons before making such a document public, especially at a time like this.

The reverend editor of the *South African Magazine* observes that non-Catholics who have a correct idea of indulgences are seldom met with. It would seem that they are rare even in South Africa; for, according to the *Cape Mercury*, three hundred days' indulgence means three hundred days out of purgatory. The obligation to return, however, when the furlough is over, is not insisted upon. "If our Protestant friend were to see a fifty-horse power engine," says Dr. Kolbe, "he should look inside it for the fifty horses."

Italian Catholics in the United States are hardly less misrepresented than the Poles. Many persons seem to think, because of crimes occasionally committed by them, that they are a lawless set, whose presence here is of advantage only to Italy. The newspapers do not, of course, descant upon the virtues of the many, but upon the crimes of the few. We never hear of what is beautiful and good in the lives of Italian-Americans.



What would be a foreigner's opinion of the American people themselves if he were to judge of us solely by the criminal reports of the daily newspaper? The prevailing opinion of the Italians in our country has been formed in this way; and it is, of course, an erroneous one. The fact is that the vast majority of Italians in the United States are model Catholics, sincerely attached to their religion, and faithful in the observance of its precepts. A correspondent of the *Catholic News*, himself an Italian and a member of the parish of St. Anthony of Padua in New York city, has this to say of his fellow-countrymen, and who will not be glad to hear it?

"It is true that some are cold or indifferent. Some think that it is 'up to the times' to show indifference in matters of religion,—an indifference that they do not feel. Some are 'free-thinkers,' so-called. The majority of the Italians are Catholics at heart. They will (almost without any exception) have their children baptized in the Church. They teach them the *Ave Maria* and the *Salve Regina*. They teach them to love the Madonna, and without these elements of their faith they do not understand religion at all. If some of them send their children to Protestant missions, it is not because they believe in them, but because the children get nice presents. Most all these children wear scapulars and carry rosary beads, and you will see these and other sacred emblems in most all their homes. The Italians get married at the church by a priest; and if some of them get married in some other place or by some one else, they do not feel any respect for each other: neither husband nor wife feels assured that his or her life will be happy. When they are in trouble they go to the priest; very few (in fact, I never saw or heard of any) at the hour of death fail to send for the *padre*. I know some Italian immigrants who went to a Protestant church that had a large plain cross at the door and Italian flags and arms. They did not remain very long; they felt so disappointed they asked: 'Where are the crucifix and the images of the saints and the Blessed Virgin? Can this be a Christian church?' The Italians are Catholics or nothing."

According to the revelations of modern Spiritualists, the most learned persons become, after death, very ignorant indeed, at least in matters of history. In a periodical purporting to be the "Annals of Spiritualism in Italy," cited by Cesare Cantu, it is narrated that the spirit of Lamennais, when evoked by the spiritists, expressed himself in this strange fashion: "When Italy witnessed the burning

of Arnold of Brescia, Giordano Bruno, and Campanella, then were silenced the last voices which protested in the name of truth against the fanaticism which killed Christ. You must resuscitate those holy voices!" Now, Lamennais, when on earth, was not only a philosopher of acumen, but an exceptionally well-read man; and he knew that Campanella was saved from the Spanish executioner by the intervention of the Holy See and the Inquisition, when by high-treason he had forfeited his head to the Spanish crown; that he was then protected by Pope Urban VIII., who gave him a pension; and that, finally, the great Cardinal Richelieu appointed the Neapolitan scientist, President of the French Academy, just founded by his Eminence. How can such meretricious sheets as the above mentioned "Annals" be tolerated in Italy, a land where, although the masses may be no better informed than elsewhere, there is at least as much solid historical knowledge as in any other country on earth?

The Rev. Henry Giesen, C. SS. R., who died in Chicago last week, was one of the best-known of the Redemptorist Fathers in the United States. For forty years he had been engaged in missionary work, especially in the Southern and Western States, where he was as much admired for his unassuming piety and scholarly attainments as he was loved for his geniality and heartiness. It is interesting to note that Father Giesen was raised to the priesthood by the saintly Bishop Neumann, of Philadelphia, a sketch of whose life, in this volume of THE "AVE MARIA," has proved so acceptable to our readers. It is not too much to say of Father Giesen that he had the spirit of his sainted *confrère*. R. I. P.

The old custom of serving a boar's head at dinner is still observed on Christmas Day at Queen's College, Oxford. A brave act was the origin of this usage. Long years ago a student was walking in the wood near by, perusing a volume of Aristotle, when a furious boar, maddened with hunger, rushed at him. The youth did not lose his presence of mind, but proceeded to choke the animal with his book, crying, as he stuffed it into

the rapacious mouth, "*Gracum est!*" (It is Greek!) His fellow-students commemorated his courage annually; and the custom has survived, while the origin of it is, except by a few, forgotten.

A series of the unpublished letters of Horace Greeley is appearing in the *New York Sun*. Anything from the pen of this great journalist is sure to be interesting, but some of these letters are especially so; and we are glad to embalm in our pages this eminently Christian sentiment, written to a Protestant who accused Mr. Greeley of seeking to win popularity by "catering to the pretensions of Romanism":

"My dear sir, it does seem to me that you ought to presume me wise enough to see the charity I extend to novel and unpopular opinions *does not* tend to secure me wealth or fame or power or popularity, but the reverse. No man knows better than I do that 'all the kingdoms of this world' are to be acquired by just the opposite course from that I have chosen to pursue—by *collotining* to whatever is established and popular, and esteemed by the wealthy and powerful, and warring upon novelties and innovations. I think I understand the philosophy of success as well as you do, and see why it is that 'the Son of Man had not where to lay His head' in an age and country which honored Herod, Pilate, and Tiberius Cæsar. But I think I see that there is something better worth living for than temporal power, popularity, and riches; that God's truth is still to be sought among the lowly, the despised, and the outcast; and that whoso will serve God and bless man must be esteemed exactly as men of your stamp regarded Jesus of Nazareth eighteen centuries ago. . . . To me the Stable and the Manger that sheltered the Infant Saviour are not dead, isolated records of what has been, but the symbols of a truth that is vital and impressive to-day."

What an appropriate thought for Christmas-tide! The Son of Man has foretold the persecution of His Church; and Mr. Greeley does not say, though he must surely have observed it, that the Catholic Church alone enjoys the honorable distinction of being "esteemed exactly as men of that stamp regarded Jesus of Nazareth eighteen centuries ago."

Mother of the Poor, such was the beautiful title given to the late Mrs. John G. Smith, of Jersey City, N. J. Her charity was saint-like; and, though her kindly deeds were

done in secret, the crowds of poor people at her funeral testified to the extent of her benefactions. Mrs. Smith was in all respects a type of noble womanhood. Devoted to the fulfilment of every Christian duty, her home life was a model of usefulness, beneficence and hospitality. Her inspiring influence for good was felt far beyond the family circle, and her death is widely mourned. She was the mother of the Rev. James J. Smith, of Elizabethport, Dr. Matthew J. Smith, of Jersey City, and several younger sons and daughters. The example set by this good lady should have many imitators, now when there is so much poverty and suffering. Mother of the Poor is a title which any Catholic woman might envy.

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. Edward P. White, who lately departed this life in Dublin, Ireland.

Sister Mary Josephine, of the Sisters of Charity, Mt. St. Vincent, N. Y.; and Brothers Paul of the Cross and Ubaldus, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind., who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Robert G. Blyth, of Darfeeling, India, whose happy death took place on the 14th of October.

Mr. William Russell, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death last month, at Collinsville, Mass.

Mr. Michael J. Kinsella, of Dubuque, Iowa, who died a precious death on the 6th inst.

Mr. E. P. Bloomer, whose life closed peacefully on the 5th ult., at Zanesville, Ohio.

Gen. Thomas Mulcahy, of Omaha, Neb., a devout servant of the Blessed Virgin, who piously breathed his last on the 25th ult.

Mr. John Taylor and Mrs. Catherine Whitney, of Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Johanna Casey, Sandy Hill, N. Y.; Mrs. John McDonald, Anaconda, Mont.; Mr. — Monke, Butte, Mont.; Mrs. John Collins, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Mary Fagan, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Ana Etzel, Mrs. Hugh McGovern, and Mr. John Walding, Iowa City, Iowa; Joseph McCarthy and Edward Kavanaugh.

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





The Folks in Elizabeth's House.

—
A CHRISTMAS EPISODE.

—
BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

THREE little maids to the village went,
On Christmas frolics and gifts intent;
But their voices fell as the pathway bent
In front of Elizabeth's house.

For their talk was of trinkets and toys and trees;
And she, poor child, could have none of these.
Said Kate: "It's dreadful! They starve and freeze—

The folks in Elizabeth's house."

"Yes," sighed Annie, "'tis very sad.
The mother is dead and the father mad,
And they say the old grandmother's *awful*
bad

That lives in Elizabeth's house."

The wind blew hard as they hurried past.
"I'm glad it's Christmas," said Kate at last.
"How jolly that we needn't freeze or fast,
Like the folks in Elizabeth's house!

"We shall have candy with nuts between,
And lots of presents; for Grandma Green
Is coming; and she isn't cross or mean,
Like the one at Elizabeth's house."

"O yes!" said Annie. "We'll jump and play,
And eat and make merry the livelong day."—
Just then an old woman came down the way
That led from Elizabeth's house.

Her hands were trembling, her head was bare,
The snowflakes fell on her thin gray hair.
"O children," she cried, in her gaunt despair,
"I live in Elizabeth's house!

"The father is sick and the child is cold;
I can not work: I am weak and old.
O forgive me if I am bold,
Please come to Elizabeth's house!"

They did not wait till her tale was done.
"Come," said Annie, "quick, quick, let's run;
Come, or she'll drag us every one
Right into Elizabeth's house."

But Jennie frowned at their breakneck pace,
And lingering, said with a childish grace,
As she softly touched the old, withered face:
"Go back to Elizabeth's house;

"And I will tell mamma, and soon we'll bring
Food and fuel, and everything;
And Christmas morning you all shall sing
And laugh in Elizabeth's house."

Smoke from the chimney on Christmas Day,
And a glorious fire on the hearth; they say
There was meat and pudding to put away
That night in Elizabeth's house.

Now, who was happier, children dear,
Annie and Kate with their selfish cheer,
Or Jennie, who made Christ seem so near
To the folks at Elizabeth's house?

◆◆◆

IN Spain the shepherd's dog is called
Metampo, which was the name, the herds-
men say, of the dog which followed the
Shepherds to the Stable of Bethlehem.

Lucy Scott's Offering to the Christ-Child.



CHRISTMAS was only two days off. To-morrow would be the eve. Lucy Scott and her mother were sitting together at breakfast when the postman brought two letters. One was from Herbert, Lucy's brother; and the other from her father, Captain Scott. But first of all I must tell my readers that Captain and Mrs. Scott, with their two children, lived in a large and pleasant house at Lavington, a quiet village not two hundred miles from the great city of London. Most of the year the household consisted only of Mrs. Scott and Lucy and two old servants; Captain Scott being at sea, and Herbert, who was several years older than Lucy, at college, coming home only for the few weeks of the vacations.

"Let us see what our dear ones have to say for themselves," said Mrs. Scott. And she quickly opened the envelopes, while Lucy, forgetting her bread and milk, sat eagerly watching her mother's face.

"Will papa be home for Christmas Day?" she asked.

"No, darling. Papa writes: 'We encountered a severe storm ten days ago; and as the ship was much injured, we were obliged to put into port for repairs. This will delay us so much that we do not expect to be home until after New Year's Day.'"

Lucy's eyes filled with tears.

"O mamma, it will not be like Christmas Day if papa is not here! He has never been away before."

"Think how hard it is for him," replied Mrs. Scott, with an effort to speak calmly; for her husband's absence was ever a trial to her, but more especially at the

joyous season of Christmas. "Think of poor papa in a strange place amongst strangers. How lonely he will be! We shall have each other, and we shall have Herbert too; for he writes he will be home to-morrow evening. And, then," she continued, seeing Lucy's face still clouded, "if we bear this trial bravely and cheerfully, what a nice gift it will make to put in our box for the Infant Jesus!"

Mrs. Scott and Lucy were making a spiritual box; just as you, dear children, often make a spiritual bouquet for your pastor or teacher.

The child's face brightened.

"I will be brave, mamma," she said cheerily; though the tears were still in her eyes, "and the disappointment will make a good offering. I am glad of that; for, mamma, I have had nothing hard to do to keep my resolution this month. If ever I had to go upstairs in the evening, there was always a light there, and nurse or some one around."

To explain Lucy's last words, I must let my young readers into a profound secret. Lucy was a little coward—not, however, in the worst sense of the word. She could bravely say "Yes" if Sister asked her if she had spoken in school when she had done so; she had the courage to acknowledge the faults she committed; and, harder test still, she could bear being laughed at, though she found *that* very difficult. She had moral courage, but not physical courage, and often suffered a great deal in consequence. She was afraid of cows, of dogs, of spiders, but most of all she was afraid of the darkness. It was really worse than taking a dose of castor-oil to be left alone in a dark room; while to go upstairs without a light in the evening made her almost sick, so great was her fear. This month, when, with her mother, she was thinking of the Christmas offering they were to prepare for the Christ-Child, she had determined to have one nice present of her very own, by over-

coming her cowardice. But, as she told her mother, she had had no opportunity of carrying out her resolve.

"There is yet time, darling," answered her mother; "for we shall not close our box until to-morrow night. And now we must finish breakfast as quickly as we can; for this is a busy day—mince-pies to make, plum-puddings to mix, and the house to be decked and made beautiful with holly and ivy, and the mistletoe hung in its place of honor, and many other things to do."

Mrs. Scott never liked to leave much work for Christmas Eve; for she wished all in her house to have a little quiet time to themselves on that day, in order to prepare carefully for confession, and make their hearts ready to receive in the best manner possible, the welcome Infant Guest.

Like all busy days, the one of which we are speaking passed quickly. About four o'clock in the afternoon Lucy heard her mother calling her:

"Hurry, child, and put on your hat and cloak, and run to the grocer's for me! I forgot some of the spices yesterday."

"Yes, mamma," answered Lucy, much pleased at the thought of the walk; for she was tired of being in the house. And in a few minutes she was running along the road to Mr. Gresham's, with her basket in her hand, as happy as could be.

The grocer's store was full of persons, all eager to be served, and to be at home again. For a little while Lucy enjoyed watching them; but, chancing to look out of the window, she noticed how dark it was getting, and her heart began to beat quickly as she thought of the mile that lay between the village and her home; part of the road passing by a churchyard, which made it a still greater ordeal for our little heroine.

Pushing her way to the counter, she eagerly asked for what she wanted; but, oh! it was too bad, and Lucy felt like crying when Mr. Gresham said: "I have

not the spice in the store that your mamma wants, my dear; but I will send my boy out and get some for you."

"Will it take very long?" she asked, anxiously.

"Only a few minutes. Here is something to help you pass the time away." And the good-natured grocer handed her a large, juicy orange; then, without waiting to be thanked, he turned away to attend to his other customers.

Lucy took the orange and put it in her basket. She was far too sick at heart to eat it now, and every minute seemed an hour to the timid child as she sat in the store and watched it growing darker and darker outside. What should she do? How would she ever get home?

At last the boy returned, and Lucy was free to start on her homeward journey. It was not quite so dark as she had fancied it to be; and, oh joy! there was one of her schoolmates, who lived quite near Captain Scott's, walking not very far in front of her. Lucy soon overtook her, and the two children walked homeward, chattering as they went.

They soon came to the churchyard, and both walked a little faster. Suddenly Laura stopped, and, seizing her companion's arm, exclaimed:

"Listen, Lucy! Did you hear that strange noise?"

"Yes," answered Lucy, with a white face, and trembling from head to foot. "There it is again!" And plainly came the sound of a deep groan, as of a person in pain.

"Let us run," said Laura. "Nurse told me once that at Christmas-time there were hobgoblins in every churchyard; and that they would hide behind the tombstones, and try to tempt persons to come near, and then kill them. Oh, do come away!"

But just then Lucy thought of the coming birthday, and of the gift she wanted for that day. Perhaps this was

the offering the Christ-Child wished to receive from her. Her heart grew strong, though her poor little body was shaking like an aspen leaf.

"There are no such things as hobgoblins; it is some one who is hurt, and I am going to see if I can help him. Do come with me, Laura."

"Not for the world! I'm going to run home as fast as possible." And away she went, running so fast that she was soon out of sight.

Almost too frightened to know how she did it, Lucy entered the graveyard. At a little distance before her she saw a man lying on the ground, and again heard the moaning. Timidly she crept up to where the stranger lay. And now guess, my little readers, what wonderful thing happened. Do you think she was eaten up alive? Well, she was almost—with kisses; for she found herself clasped in her father's arms.

Captain Scott's vessel had not been injured as badly as was at first believed, and the repairs were soon made. The winds being unusually favorable, he had got into port the evening before. Being anxious to give his family a pleasant surprise, he had sent them no word of his coming. In walking from the depot, he had taken a short cut across the fields; and in leaping the gate that led into the churchyard (for he had been too impatient to wait to unfasten it), he had fallen and badly sprained his ankle,—so badly indeed that he could not stand at all, and the pain was almost unbearable.

After a few words of loving greeting and explanation, Captain Scott said:

"Now, my brave little daughter," (oh, how happy these words of praise from her father made Lucy!) "I want you to run down to the bottom of that white path you see yonder. Old Howard must be working there somewhere; for I saw him going down with his lantern as I was coming across the fields. Ask him to

come here; and with the help of his arm and your shoulder I think I can hobble as far as Dr. Carey's, and he will take me home in his carriage."

Leaving her father the orange that had been given to her, and which she had carefully prepared for him, feeling how dry and parched his lips were, she ran swiftly down the road her father had pointed out. No more fear of hobgoblins now. If they had been sitting in a row on the tops of the stones, I scarcely think she would have turned back for them. Great love for the Infant Jesus and her love for her father had driven fear out of her heart.

The old man was soon found; but it took a long, long time for Captain Scott to reach the Doctor's house. Fortunately the Doctor was at home. He soon relieved the intense pain, and then drove his patient and Lucy home.

Mrs. Scott had indeed a surprise party that evening: joyful surprise at her husband's unexpected return, glad surprise that her little girl had conquered her foolish fears and come to her father's relief. Herbert came home the next day, and I wish I could tell you what a merry Christmas they spent together. Of course the Captain was a prisoner on the sofa Christmas Day; so he told them funny stories, and made all the party laugh so much and so heartily that the children decided it *almost* made up for not having him romping with them as he generally did.

But Lucy's happiest hour that day was when she received Holy Communion, and offered the divine Child-Visitor in her heart the gifts she had been preparing for Him during the month. I think the Infant Christ must have given her that day a large gift of courage; for from this time Lucy seemed to lose all her old fears of the darkness and of many other things, and grew up to be a brave, useful woman.

WILFRID.

A Little Newsboy's Christmas.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

I.

One dreary autumn evening, four or five years ago, the cold rain fell steadily, and the winds whistled and shrieked through the almost deserted streets of one of the poorer quarters of the great city of Chicago. A frail little boy was struggling through the storm, protecting beneath a fold of his ragged jacket the stock of papers which it was his daily business to dispose of. His step was slow and uncertain; and through the gathering shadows of night two great black eyes, full of anguish, shone from a face pinched and pale with hunger and premature sorrows.

His proceeds for that day had been even less than usual: only fifteen cents had he been able to take home to his wretched and drunken mother, who received him with a shower of blows, and turned him out supperless to complete his sales. Bad and cruel as was the storm of the streets, it was yet more tender in its caresses than that of the miserable lodging he called his home.

Going at random, he hurried along as fast as he could, his little heart more despairing than ever before in his young life. He was only eight years old, and was very ignorant—knowing, in fact, little else than his own misery; and he asked himself what had condemned him to this wandering and desolate life, while other children had warm roofs to protect them, loving hearts to care for them, and never wanted for bread.

Poor little fellow! he could not even pray. He knew nothing of the common Father whose providence watches over all, and had never heard that in heaven above he had a Mother as sweet and gracious and tender as the one at home

was harsh and cruel and unfeeling. Yet that night the Comforter of the Afflicted looked with compassion on the sufferings of little Richard, and was guiding his faltering steps through the storm. Thus it happened that he found himself all at once before a great door, which as often as it was opened let a flood of light and warmth escape into the cold night without. How could he resist so seductive an invitation! Timidly following a party of four or five women and children who approached the building, the newsboy entered. It was a church. Many of those present were poor like himself, and there was especially a great number of children. Richard felt reassured.

Just as he had glided into a seat, a hundred voices rose in song,—song that thrilled him through and through, for he had never heard anything so beautiful. Then when the hymn was finished, a priest appeared above the crowd; the glances of all turned to him, and he addressed the children.

Our desolate little friend knew, as we have said, nothing about the other world; but the grace of baptism slept unknown in his young heart. And the Heavenly Mother who had directed his footsteps thither still bent a pitying glance upon him, so that when the priest spoke, little Richard understood the word of God. He learned then who had created him, who had loved him even to the point of dying for his sake, who in dying had given His Mother to him to be his very own, and who desired to have him near Him one day in the midst of beauty and splendor and joy that should never have an end. And he listened to all this with rapturous surprise and delight; for he believed at once and fully the marvellous story of divine love.

When, after the sermon, the singing began again, when clouds of sweet perfume rose in the air, and all the people bowed their head low down, Richard understood

that something very solemn was taking place in the great building, and bowed his head with the rest.

Outside, the chilly rain was still falling. He sought once more the miserable garret he called home, found his parent in a drunken sleep, and, pulling part of an old quilt over himself, he lay down upon the floor. But what mattered such hardship at present! He was happy. Did he not know for the first time that there was somebody to love him?

The next day, and the next, and then every day, Richard took the road to his blessed church. His papers were very soon disposed of at its door; and his mother, satisfied with the result of the sales, scarcely asked him how he employed his time. From the church he followed his new companions to the Sisters' school; and, after careful instruction, the day came when, all tearful and repentant, he made his first confession. After that he felt very happy.

But the mission ended; it had been a children's mission, and Sister Bridget no longer saw among her class the sad-faced and zealous little figure she had learned to love so soon.

What had become of Richard? The boy had early begun a rough apprenticeship of life, but a still heavier cross was now laid on his feeble shoulders. He no longer sold papers on the streets: his mother had secured an engagement for him at a low saloon to wash glasses and sweep the floor. The harsh treatment he received from his new master was added to that with which his mother still continued to abuse him. His strength could not resist this usage. Soon his limbs, fragile and bruised, caused him violent pains; he grew weak and sick; and then the blows were redoubled to punish him because he could not satisfy his unfeeling parent.

Yet never once from the child's lips came complaint or murmur. Nothing

could trouble the serenity that habitually dwelt in those great eyes of his; and when finally it was impossible for him to leave his poor couch, it was easy to believe from his fixed and ravished glance that he was listening to a beloved voice, whose accents, whispered low, were inaudible to other ears.

For the greater part of the day he remained all alone in the wretched garret, burning with fever, and without strength enough to drag himself about to secure even a drink of water. He knew that he was going to die: his mother had told him so with what seemed to be a sort of fierce and heartless joy. But ah! Richard was not afraid to die; for death meant heaven, and the Child Jesus and the Blessed Virgin, and the white wings of angels and the halos of saints; and doubtless, too, the end, the very end, of all these pains and torments that afflicted his poor little body.

II.

Christmas drew near, with its cluster of feasts and its abundant family joy. School-children returned home to be clasped in their mothers' arms; and already great Christmas-trees were being trimmed and decked with bright-colored ribands and fruits and toys. But who thought of Richard? Patience, little sufferer; the Babe of Bethlehem was born for you as well as for the happy ones of earth, and He will provide you with Christmas gifts.

It was the afternoon before the great festival. Sister Bridget, on a chance mission of charity, went to a tenement building; and, her mission over, was preparing to descend the rickety stairway, when she heard a plaintive voice exclaiming: "O mother! won't you shut the door? I'm so cold!" But the woman to whom the appeal was made staggered by the Sister, leaving the door still open. Turning back, the Sister glanced into the miserable apartment, and recognized

her favorite of the mission prostrate on the wretched mattress. Almost dying now was poor little Richard. But unexpected happiness gave him new life; and, with a cry of joy as Sister Bridget knelt by his side, he raised his shrunken arms toward his friend.

Then, for the first time, he told of his long-protracted sufferings, and also of his interior consolations. When the mother returned, the religious protested that she would no longer abandon to such cruelty this poor young victim, and readily obtained permission to take him at once to a hospital of her Order. Richard was received there as one sent by the Infant Jesus. How happy he was in the warm and comfortable bed, at the foot of a statue of our Blessed Lady, who seemed to gaze at him with a loving smile, and surrounded by the garlands of holly that decorated the walls!

The priest who had first opened to his eyes the horizon of heaven came to receive his last confidences. He listened to his candid avowals. He bitterly reproached himself with some impatience during his greatest suffering,—that was his one fault. No hard feelings toward those who had crushed his young life; only a tender regret for their wickedness. "Poor mother!" he exclaimed; "poor mother! Oh, how I wish she was good! But you see, Father, she does not know anything of what you told us."

The holy oils were applied to the child's hands and feet; but the Midnight Mass held in store for him a still greater happiness. At its beginning one of the windows opening on the chapel was raised, and Richard heard for the last time the canticles of earth; then, when the Sisters and the patients who were not bedridden had approached the Holy Table, the priest brought to the eager lips of the dying child the Jesus of the Crib. He received Him with tears of love and joy, and lapsed into deep recollection. Soon, indeed, it was

plain that he was passing away, but without any pain whatever. From time to time he cried out with his feeble voice: "Jesus! Mary!" And occasionally he murmured: "Poor mother!"

The bells rang out for the second Mass. Suddenly, the dying boy sat up in bed; his eyes opened, and an immense joy illumined his features. Then he fell back upon his little couch, and at that moment the Infant Jesus welcomed Richard into heaven.

Around the Christmas-Tree.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

IN our accustomed places,
With voices full of glee,
And happy, smiling faces,
We hail our Christmas-Tree.

Chorus.

A happy, happy Christmas,
Old Santa Claus is here!
A merry, merry Christmas,
Friends and companions dear!

See in His lowly Manger
The Infant God we love,
Who dwelt on earth a stranger
That we might reign above.

Chorus.

A happy, happy Christmas, etc.

His hands are raised to bless us,
He listens while we sing,—
Ah, we are happy children;
For Jesus is our King!

Chorus.

A happy, happy Christmas, etc.



CHRISTMAS HYMN.

MORTALS, AWAKE! WITH ANGELS JOIN.

TRIO, OR THREE PART CHORUS.

F. J. LISCOMB.

ORGAN.

pp *p* *mf* *pp*

SOP. *Con Devotione.*

1. Mor - tals, a-wake! with an - gels join, And chant the sol - emn lay;

ALTO.

2. Mor - tals, a-wake! with an - gels join, And chant the sol - emn lay;

BASS.

Joy, love and grat - i-tude com - bine To hail th'aus - pi - cious day.

Joy, love and grat - i-tude com - bine To hail th'aus - pi - cious day.

In heav'n the rapt' - rous song be - gan, And sweet ser - aph - ic fire,

In heav'n the rapt'rous song began, And sweet ser - aph - ic fire,

In heav'n the rapt'rous song began, And sweet seraphic fire,

Thro' all the shin - ing le - gions ran, And strung and tuned the lyre, And

Thro' all the shiu - ing le - gions ran, And strung and tuned the lyre, And

D.C. after last verse.

strung and tuned the lyre. A - men, A - men.

strung and tuned the lyre. A - men, A - men.

2 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo rolled;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new;
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
 Down through the portals of the sky
 Th' impetuous torrent ran;
 And angels flew, with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.

3 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song;
 "Good will and peace" are heard throughout
 The harmonious angel throng.
 Hail, Prince of Life! forever hail,
 Redeemer, Father, Friend!
 Though earth and time, and life shall fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.



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

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The Future.

I.

THE future! what shall it for us unfold?
What joys and griefs within its windings
hide?

The way is long and sorrows may betide;
The years, alas! may direst anguish hold.

II.

Away with fear! The future is controlled
By gentle Baby fingers, which safe guide
The stars that silent in the heavens ride,
As on that first great Christmas night of old.

A Shrine that Sailors Love.

THE old town of Honfleur is situated in a luxuriant valley, on the left bank of the Seine, near its mouth, and opposite to Harfleur, which stands on the right bank, in sight of Havre. It glories in its antiquity, and with some justice; for it was here that Julius Cæsar landed after his second invasion of Britain. At this remote period Honfleur was called Portus Iccius, or Portus Niger, and formed the junction of four Roman roads. It seems to have been an important place of encampment for Roman legions, as in the reign of Constantine it was known under the name of Castra Constantia. A century

later it was unable to resist the torrent of barbarians who plundered and laid waste, not only Portus Iccius, but the neighboring country. These depredations continued until the famous Northman Rollo, an ancestor of William the Conqueror, becoming Duke of Normandy, restored order to his dominions. The harbor of Honfleur no longer boasts of its former importance. Havre, though of more recent date, has superseded it; however, more fortunate than its wealthy rival, this city, deserted by fortune and neglected by fashion, has retained all the better the simplicity of its manners and its ancient religious faith, finding a powerful safeguard against the corruption of the world in its piety toward our Blessed Lady.

The real interest of Honfleur—at least for us—lies in its time-honored pilgrimage, the origin of which extends so far back that no historian can exactly fix its date, though all agree in attributing it to Robert the Magnificent, Duke of Normandy. This prince, according to tradition, was caught in a hurricane at sea about 1034, when flying with an army to the relief of the sons of Ethelred, King of England, against the Danish King Canute, intent on seizing their dominion. Robert, in danger of shipwreck off the island of Guernsey, made a vow, if saved, to build three chapels in honor of the Mother of God.

He was miraculously delivered, and Notre Dame de Grâce was one of these

three *ex-voto* shrines. It stood upon a cliff above the town and facing the sea. The cliff is covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, running down to the very water's edge, producing its prettiest effect as the pilgrim approaches by sea. The chapel soon attracted crowds of worshippers, whose prayers were often granted on the spot.

The oldest written record of this sanctuary is the charter of Louis XI., King of France, dated the 18th of January, 1478, making over to Our Lady of Grace a munificent gift. Sixty years later—September 29, 1538—a violent earthquake shook the little oratory to its very foundations, and hurled into the sea beneath that portion of the rock upon which the chapel was built. Nothing now remained of the shrine but the altar and the statue of Our Lady; however, pilgrims, at the risk of their lives, still continued to kneel at the altar steps, on the very brink of the rock. Periodically other parts of the cliff gave way too, so that in 1602 it was found expedient to remove the ruins for fear of accident.

But the people of Honfleur missed their shrine sadly; and four years after the last vestige of the chapel had disappeared, a pious citizen, named Gounyer, undertook to rebuild it. He laid the foundations about a hundred yards inland, toward the southwest; but unfortunately funds were wanted, and even the sanction of the owner of the land had yet to be obtained. The ground upon which the new structure was begun belonged to Mademoiselle Marie de Bourbon, Dame de Honfleur, and only daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. Gounyer forwarded a petition to the Marquis de Fontenay, general steward over Princess Marie's estates; and thus obtained the grant of an acre of ground, and permission to choose some of the finest oaks in her forest of Touques for the proposed construction. The humble offerings of the people did the rest, and

the chapel was solemnly opened in 1613. Yet, on account of the general poverty of the country—a consequence of long civil wars,—the chapel was a plain, thatched building, of meagre dimensions, without any architectural elegance or decorations, a crucifix and Our Lady's venerable statue being its principal ornaments. Indeed, the humble oratory lay buried in rich verdure, in nowise resembling the majestic cathedrals of the Middle Ages.

The same Marquis de Fontenay who showed such zeal for the completion of the little sanctuary, happened, in 1620, to fall dangerously ill in Paris, and was soon reduced to such extremity that his physicians despaired of saving his life. He then confidently recurred to Notre Dame de Grâce, whom he had faithfully served during past years. Immediately after his prayer he fell into a lethargy, which so resembled death that his family believed him dead; and, being a Tertiary, his servants clothed him in the Franciscan habit, in which he had asked to be buried. The bells of his parish tolled out the death-knell, and so did those of Honfleur, whither the news of his decease was hastily dispatched. However, after seven hours of lethargic slumber, the Marquis de Fontenay awoke perfectly cured; and lived for twenty years more, devoting all his energies to the service of her who had so miraculously restored him to health. Thanks to this pious nobleman, the little shrine was improved, and a small belfry and porch were raised over the entrance. Later M. de Villars, Governor of Havre, made a thank-offering to Notre Dame de Grâce for the recovery of the health of his son; the money he offered was used to slate the roof of the chapel in lieu of the thatch.

At first the chapel was served only by priests who officiated voluntarily; but in 1615 the Marquis de Fontenay asked the Capuchin Fathers, just established in

Honfleur, to take charge of it. They readily acquiesced, and took possession in 1620. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, already mentioned, gave a new charter, dated the 16th of October, 1620, making over to the Fathers not only the land upon which the oratory stood, but also all the table-land down to the edge of the cliff. On the 5th of March, 1621, the sons of St. Francis were regularly installed in the chapel by the Abbé Durand-le-Saulnier, priest of the parish of Honfleur, deputed for that purpose by the Bishop of Lisieux. In token of possession, the friars at once planted a large cross on the border of the height, on the altar ground of the old chapel, just behind the spot where the Calvary now stands. The good religious lost no time in cultivating the surrounding land. An abbess of the celebrated Benedictine Monastery of Montivilliers, near Havre, contributed the stately trees, planted in 1630, that still throw their shade upon the lowly sanctuary.

After the death of the Marquis de Fontenay, the Capuchins, relying wholly upon Divine Providence, suppressed, as an infringement on their stringent rule of poverty, the poor-box and all collections which had been prescribed in support of the pilgrimage. Henceforth the faithful, chiefly sailors, vied with one another in furnishing the linen, vestments, and all requirements to the chapel and maintenance of the community. The efficacy of the intercession of Our Lady of Grace, and the renown of the miracles wrought there, spread far and near; princes, princesses, noble and wealthy devotees, undertook the pilgrimage from great distances. They generally left rich offerings; but, as usual, the poor were not to be outdone in generosity and gratitude toward the Mother of God. The treasury of the chapel finally became one of the richest of the time in vestments and sacred vessels.

Until 1660 the Capuchins had no con-

vent on the hill; it was only then that the Fathers thought of building a simple dwelling-house for themselves beside the sanctuary. On the night of the 15th of April, 1672, to the dismay of the religious and the faithful, the wooden cross erected on the holy ground was wrenched down and cast into the sea. This outrage, which was repeated three times, was imputed with justice to certain violent Huguenots of Honfleur. Soon after a pious Catholic named Thierry replaced it by a stone cross, nearer to the chapel. This, in turn, disappeared, as did also the humble retreat of the Capuchins; but a few years ago a monumental wooden crucifix was solemnly erected, so as to be seen from the sea by mariners and fishermen who belong to the port or frequent it.

From 1664 High Mass was celebrated every Sunday in the chapel, and the custom was kept up until the first Revolution. The venerable sanctuary was at that unhappy and eventful epoch completely ruined; the profane despoilers marched through Honfleur, clad in sacerdotal vestments, and bearing away in impious triumph the sacred vessels and reliquaries. The chapel was desecrated and became a tavern, the scene of hideous revelling. It was, however, restored to public worship in 1802, and repaired through the piety of the pilgrims that continue to flock to this ancient shrine, as their ancestors did in the Ages of Faith.

Among Our Lady's most distinguished clients of the last century was the saintly Cardinal de Belzunce, Bishop of Marseilles and the great promoter of devotion to the Sacred Heart. He came in 1723, in fulfilment of a vow he had made during the terrible plague of 1720. The Cardinal wended his way up the steep hill, bare-headed, barefooted, and pressing a crucifix to his breast.

The last royal pilgrim to the lowly shrine was Queen Marie Amélie, wife of

Louis Philippe. In February, 1848, they flew hurriedly from Paris and reached Honfleur, where they stayed three days. During this time the Queen prayed fervently before the venerated statue, while Louis Philippe remained concealed in the neighborhood until they sailed for England.

An old manuscript register, still religiously preserved, and due to the pious industry of the Capuchins, records all the miracles wrought during the well-nigh two centuries they administered the pilgrimage. Every ill to which flesh is heir found relief here, but seamen seemed the privileged clients of Our Lady of Grace. Hanging all around are *ex-votos* of wondrous escapes of the sailormen,—very quaint and unskilful representations indeed of disabled ships, tossed upon unnaturally green water; and in a corner of the pictures the Virgin and Child appear, surrounded by a nimbus. Under each *ex-voto* are inscribed the names of those who were favored by the intervention of their sweet Protectress; and as one gazes at these strange mementos the lines of Adelaide Procter come back to memory:

And the votive hearts and the anchors
Tell of danger and peril past;
Of the hope deferred and the waiting,
And the comfort that came at last.

WHEN Our Lord came upon earth, He preferred to be born, as other men are born, of a human mother. He did so to put honor on all those earthly relations and connections which are ours by nature; and to teach us that, though He has begun a new creation, He does not wish us to cast off the old creation, as far as it is not sinful. Hence it is our duty to love and honor our parents, to be affectionate to our brothers, sisters, friends, husbands, wives, not only not less, but even more, than it was man's duty before Our Lord came on earth.—*Cardinal Newman.*

And so She was Married.

BY L. W. REILLY.

(CONCLUSION.)

V.

TWO years after her marriage, Mrs. Barton Walters invited her old friend, Mrs. Frank Doyle (*née* Rose Ryan), whose husband had lately been promoted to a responsible position in the Patent Office, to pay her a visit in her handsome home at Tacoma Park. She had speedily gone out of the common life of her former girl friends; and even at her parents' home she was seldom seen after the death of her grandmother. "It's so far from here, you know, mother; and I have so many social duties to attend to," she explained when that idolizing parent had expostulated with her on the rarity of her visits. Still, she always held Rose in regard because of the latter's sterling character; and now that she, too, was getting up in the world, Bessie thought that she should like to renew the old acquaintance. Rose was not pleased with the way in which Mrs. Walters' childhood friends had been "cut" by her upon her marriage, but she did not care to be uncivil by declining the pressing invitation that she had received; and—whisper it low—even pious persons, especially if they be women, do things sometimes through curiosity. Rose *did* want to see Bessie's home, of which she had heard much; and Bessie's baby, which, so its grandmother said, was "the biggest and brightest and best cherub that ever was born."

When the two young women had kissed each other, and paid each other compliments, and talked of old times, and Rose had admired the baby, and had partaken of some refreshments, Bessie showed her through the villa. It was a fine, large house, quite stylishly furnished; and poor young Mrs. Doyle was just a bit envious.

of the brand-new belongings of her old companion, especially of a chocolate-colored silk brocade mahogany suit in the parlor, and of the laces and silks in Bessie's wardrobe.

"And I have a most devoted husband," Bessie rattled on, toward the conclusion of her tale of joy. "He loves the ground I walk on. He gives me everything I want; and since the birth of baby he's kinder than ever. And just think, you dear darling! you did not want me to marry him!"

"I'm glad that you're so happy, Bessie," was the cordial answer.

They chatted on for many minutes, and came at length to talk of the beauty of Tacoma Park.

"It is lovely and convenient in every way," said Bessie.

"What about church?" asked Rose. "Is there one near?"

"That's the only drawback," falteringly admitted Bessie. "There is none more accessible than at Brookland, or St. Aloysius' in the city, so that we seldom go. Mr. Walters won't leave the house on Sunday since the baby came, and I haven't been well enough lately to go alone."

"Ah!" exclaimed Rose, and turned the talk to other topics; for that one, she felt, was bringing a draught of chill air into the pleasant room. Shortly after that the maid knocked at the door to announce the presence of Miss Jackson.

"Alma is still my bosom-friend and my most frequent caller," said Bessie; "although Mr. Walters pretends that he doesn't care for her. But no one can help liking her. Must you be going? Well, good-bye, and come soon again."

VI.

It is ten years since Rose paid her first visit to Bessie at Tacoma Park. She did not often repeat it; for the two women had little in common, and circumstances tended to shove them farther and farther apart. Before long, too, the Walters family sold their residence and moved to

Chicago, where there was a larger field for speculation. Mr. and Mrs. Kalin died within one year of each other; their home was broken up, their children were dispersed. The family was soon forgotten.

Yesterday Mr. Frank Doyle came home late to his dinner, and while he was still at table he said to his wife:

"I heard to-day about an old friend of yours. Guess who."

Rose guessed a dozen names, but not the right one.

"Tell me who," she pleaded.

"Mrs. Walters."

"Not Mrs. Barton Walters?"

"The very same."

"Is it possible? How is she,—where is she?"

"Dead, and in Greenmount Cemetery."

"You don't mean it! God have mercy on her soul! Tell me all about it."

"It's a short story to tell, Rose, but it must have been a very long and bitter one to live. Mr. Milton E. Thims, the president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, told it to me this afternoon. For a year or so after Mr. Walters went to Chicago, he prospered in business, and he and his wife got on well together; then her health suddenly broke down, and some internal ailment made her a regular invalid for a long time. His affection for her seemed to die out with the increase of her need of it. He began to treat her with neglect, later with brutality, then he abandoned her to elope with Alma Jackson."

"With Alma Jackson!"

"Yes, ma'am, with A. J. aforesaid, with whom he had kept up a correspondence ever since his departure for the West. She went on, and he met her somewhere, and together they proceeded to Omaha. Some time afterward he kidnapped the three eldest children, whom Mrs. Walters subsequently consented to let stay with him, because she was too poor and too ill to support them. She was assured by her doctor that she ought to return to her

native climate; so she scraped up money enough to bring her back, and went to Baltimore, as she was loth to appear in Washington. There she tried to get employment at various occupations; but her wretched health, her lack of experience, and the care of the child were against her. However, she became a saleslady in a store on Eutaw Street, but the wages would not suffice to get bread for two. Next she tried dressmaking, and got into the clutches of a skinflint landlord named Edwin J. Arber, who took advantage of his knowledge of the law to draw up a lease that was on the heads-I-win-tails-you-lose plan, and that obliged her to take the premises for a year, to pay the rent monthly in advance, to keep the house in first-class condition, and to turn it over to him at the expiration of the contract in apple-pie order.

"When she moved in, she found the place out of order, and the sanitary arrangements so defective that the respectable and wealthy owner ought to have been indicted for knowingly renting an uninhabitable and unwholesome dwelling. He insisted upon his pound of flesh, however; browbeat her into putting in new pipes, renewing the bathroom fixtures, mending the kitchen range, repairing the roof, etc. The poor creature could not move him to be merciful, and was too ill and too simple and too friendless to contest his demands. To meet the expenses, she had to part with every cent she had, and to sell at auction her jewelry, her good dresses—everything of value that she possessed. She failed to make a living, too, at dressmaking; her child died of malarial fever, brought on by the sewer-gas in the house; she fell sick, and the aristocratic landlord, who holds his head in the air as if he were an honest member of society, but who is worse than a highwayman—who takes his plunder by force, with disgrace to himself, but not by fraud, under the forms of law and the cloak of respec-

tability,—distrained on her, seized her furniture, and turned her out of doors.

"After coming out of the hospital, to which she then had to go, she got work in a ladies' underwear factory on Sharp Street. There, if she had been strong enough to stand the strain of the labor and the racket of the machinery, she might have made enough to support herself in decent poverty. But she was too weak for the work. She gradually fell into a decline, and consumption began to prey upon her. Still she kept resolutely at her place, making enough to pay for the rent of a hall room on Columbia Avenue, and for bread and tea, on which she lived—no, on which she starved. Day before yesterday she died. When the end was upon her, she told her landlady, a Mrs. Warren, what previously she had refused to divulge—the name and address of a relative. A telegram was sent to her brother John—the only member of the family still in Washington,—and he hurried over by the next train; but even as he rang the doorbell of her house, she breathed her last."

"Poor, poor Bessie! Did she have the priest before her death?"

"No."

"O my God! Poor Bessie, poor unfortunate woman! Oh, may God in His great mercy have pity on her soul!"

"She was very reticent, the landlady said, and would give no indication whether or not she belonged to any church. Once, toward the last, Mrs. Warren asked her if she cared to see a clergyman, and her answer was: 'No: it's too late. I neglected God in the days of my prosperity; I fear that He will not receive me now.'"

"Poor thing! poor thing!"

"Her husband has become one of the prominent citizens of Omaha. He is a banker, cattle-king, mine owner, cable-car magnate, real-estate dealer—yes, even superintendent of the most fashionable Sabbath-school in the city. His present 'wife'—for, after securing a perjured

Dakota divorce on the plea of abandonment, he went through a marriage ceremony with Alma—is a leader of society, president of the Ladies' Branch of the Associated Charities, secretary of the Uganda Missionary Society, treasurer of the White Cross Association for the Promotion of Social Purity, and member of other benevolent organizations."

"And the children?"

"Oh, they are the pride of the step-mother, who has none of her own, and who is doubtless rearing them to be like herself."

"Poor Bessie! Think of her children being trained to be wilful and worldly, as she was herself, by the base creature who usurped her place! What a sad career—home wrecked, husband lost, children worse off than if happily dead; sorrow, sickness, shame, suffering, solitude and despair—a broken heart in an unhallowed grave!"

"It is pitiful."

"Such a bright and pretty girl as she was, too! And so proud of her handsome lover! Her mother also was vain of her jauntiness and of her clever husband. She never tired of telling the neighbors how beautiful her daughter looked on the wedding-day, or of describing the tour the happy couple took, and the house that they had bought. She usually ended her story with, 'And so she was married,' as if that was as good as saying, 'And so she lived happy ever afterward.'"

"It's well for you, Rose, that you took to heart that missionary's sermon, or—"

"Oh, don't jest, Frank, on so sad a subject! I never cared for Barton Walters nor Alexander Clarence nor Henry Randolph, more than as friends.

'I loved but one—
I loved but thee!'

Nor would I have given up the gratification and the grace of being married with a Nuptial Mass, before the altar of my childhood, for the best man living."

"Puer Natus est Nobis."

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

THE feast of Madonna and Child—
Of Mary with Babe on arm!
Nor frost and snow, nor season mild,
Can make or mar its charm.

I have kept it on Plata's shore,
Mid heats of Southern June;
And where Pacific tides brim o'er
Beneath a summer moon:

But the sense of strange would cease;
For there it was Christmas still:
And clear the song "On earth be peace
Wherever reigns good-will."

"To every people joy":
For the Christ was born for all;
If Shepherds found the wondrous Boy
At herald angel's call,

A Star in the East shone forth,
To glad the Gentiles' sight:
While broke for West and South and North
The promised dawn of light.

Dear God! What a gift is His!
With Jesus our Baby-Brother,
His Father in heaven our Father is,
And Mary our own sweet Mother!

A Little London Mission.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

EALING is, of all London suburbs, the most respectable. The Sabbatarian quietness on Sunday is depressing in the extreme. You may pass avenue after avenue of fancifully-built houses, all a-row or secluded in their own green grounds, and see no sign of human existence; though the irreverent Ealing fox-terrier will bark his shrill invitation to combat at your big St. Bernard. Everywhere on the horizon you see church

towers. Ealing is the most be-churched place I have ever seen, and contains places of worship for every possible form of belief. When I came here first, a sniffing tradesman's man answered my Irish maid's inquiry for a Catholic church. "We 'ave Hanglican," he said, "'Igh Church, Broad Church, Low Church; we 'ave Presbyterian, Methodist, Wesleyan, Moravian; I believe there's a Plymouth Brethren place of prayer; but Roman—I never 'eard of none. We ain't 'got no use for *them*." At this stage in the colloquy my maid slammed the door sharply, with: "That's enough! Take your impident face out of *this* hall!"

Yet it is a district where formerly there were many churches and shrines. The good St. Anne had her place of healing—a holy well at Hanwell, so cockneyized from St. Anne's Well. It is perhaps more *ben trovato* than *vero* that the *h* clapped onto Hanwell was stolen from Ealing, which in the good old times was known as Healing, from its neighborhood to the famous spring of St. Anne.

In a sense this was church territory; for over Acton and Ealing spread great oak forests, where the swine of some church dignitary were wont to grub for acorns. One is reminded of these ecclesiastical swine, seeing in the fields about Ealing industrious black pigs, with their broods, rooting out the succulent oak-fruit. The oak is greatly in evidence in these parts: every winding hedge-row is studded with ancient twisted oaks; and down the fields, with the ominous, great boards announcing that "This land is to be let for building purposes," the oaks go in stately, forlorn avenues.

But there are more tangible signs of "the old profession" to which, according to Bishop Corbett, the fairies belonged. There is hard by Tryford Abbey, which I have heard is a noble ruin; but as it is in private hands, and the appanage of a great dwelling-house, I have not been

able to explore it. But Perivale is open to all comers. Perivale church is the most enchanting edifice one can imagine. Its little God's acre, in the midst of open fields, is so sweet, and so open to the wind and sun and the glances of wayfarers, that one can not associate gloom with it, as one does inevitably with graveyards shut away by great walls, screened by the yew and cypress from the sweet sunshine and the gaze of the living.

Perivale is a twelfth-century church; 1153 is, I think, the date on its queer sundial, which, with as many lines as a web of gossamer, hangs on the side of the old wooden tower. The church is roofed so comfortably with red tiles—the red tiles that make the beauty of an English landscape—that, seeing Perivale for the first time far off, one thinks it the coziest of farm-houses; a nearer view, and one sees the tall white headstones, clustering as near the old church as the chickens under the wings of the hen. You come to it by a field-path across a wide stretch of pasture and common land, over which the west wind ("fresh from Ireland," I say) blows most sweetly. Below the church runs the little River Brent; and you cross it by a rustic bridge scored deep with hearts and darts, and the entwined letters of the names of hundreds of lovers. Besides its wooden tower, the church has a twisted wooden porch with comfortable seats—a horror to the archæologist, but seeming to me to add somehow to the kindly look of the place.

Within, you will rub your eyes if you are unacquainted with the ways of High Church Anglicanism. The ever-open door wafts a sweet scent of incense. Perpetual lights burn before the altar. All about is stained glass, with the gracious Madonna constantly recurring. Wall paintings between the windows tell us continually the story of the Mother and the Child. The little church is thronged on Sundays, the congregation kneeling out among the

graves and in the field-path. In part, no doubt, the æsthetic nature of the service draws people here; in other part, the delightful walk through the fields. Yes, Perivale is charming even to one for whom the church has not the sacred associations it has for a Catholic. Poor little church amid the fields! built by some pious hands hundreds of years ago, and for hundreds of years deprived of the Presence to house whom it was built, and the Sacrifice wherefor the altar was raised.

But you shall find the old faith in a stiff Ealing road,—a road of stuccoed houses, well built and generously lofty and airy inside; but outside hideous, because of the aching monotony of the long road, in which there is scarce a departure from the stereotyped pattern. Windsor Road is quite away from the gracious country, but opens conveniently from the main street of Ealing, which a few years ago was quite a village street. Now it is Londonized, and only its pure skies of an evening remind you that it is not London, after all.

I confess a preference for Mass in a room,—a preference in which the Ealing pastor would not agree with me. I think it infinitely more devotional in those two rooms, communicating by folding-doors, and amid the little congregation, than in a lofty church. The windows are wide open, and the muslin curtains floating in the warm air. One hears the chatter of sparrows in the ivy, and the love-song of the robin, who begins to sing when winter is nigh. The little congregation is a very devout one. The altar is a poor wooden structure, though before this sentence sees the light of print it will be replaced by a fine altar. Lady Herbert gave, a little while ago, altar vessels and vestments, which we needed badly. Ealing is one of the richest parishes in London, but the Catholics are poor,—many of them shop-girls and servants, not one belonging to

the abundantly rich. We have a very energetic and beloved young pastor. He has set his heart at least on an iron church for a beginning. Personally, I shall be sorry when the iron church arrives, even though it be a stepping-stone to a fine church; but, of course, it is right that we should pay Our Lord the outward reverence of housing Him finely. One does not grudge to any denomination its place of worship, yet it makes one sigh to see Christ Church dominating the three main roads of Ealing; or St. Peter's, which glimmers across the way through the bare trees, all so splendid in limestone and stained glass, with its doors of solid brass. St. George and the Dragon are atop of St. Peter's, perhaps as a counterblast to Cardinal Vaughan's dedication of England to the Blessed Virgin and the Fisherman.

One does not grudge the number of churches either; for there can not be too many raised to the Living God, though they be those of the separated brethren. One thanks God for religion of any form in London, where irreligion is a deadly dry-rot. Practically, the middle class in London—fortunately, it is a great class—is the only one that adheres to religion. The cultivated and educated classes openly disavow belief. The working class, where they do not disavow it, in great masses, are indifferent. One is thankful for the lurid form of Dissent that draws a certain portion of the working classes. Wesleyanism—not in London, but in some of the country districts—is a living force. The other day, when the miners were entombed in Cornwall, it thrilled one to the heart to read that in their living graves they were singing John Wesley's hymns. The first man with whom the rescuing party communicated, Richard Davies, answered, when they asked him was there any one near him: "No one but the Lord." He was dead, brave soul, by the time they had delved their way in; but his death was something to inspirit

one, having knowledge of his steady faith in that Presence in the darkness. Then, the Salvation Army thrills one to see it,—that little band of men and women, trudging through the streets, singing hymns, amid the mockery and jeers of the hardened London populace. One of the most distinguished Catholics in this country said to me, as we drove through Regent Street on the evening of the Derby day, and passed a band of Salvationists steadily trudging in the roadway: "I always feel as if I must get down and follow them. It is so wonderful, this evening of all evenings, when the air of London is filled with the coarsest kind of worldliness, to see them trudging along so, unheeding the jeers and laughter and mud-throwing."

Certainly the English were robbed of their faith. They would be, if they were allowed, a religious people; but the Establishment, with its great endowments and its purely intellectual teaching, does not appeal to them. In our little mission there are a good many working people. On Sunday some dress in broad-cloth whom you will see of a holiday in their working garb. Poor little mission! It is so poor that but for outside donations it could scarcely keep alive. Ealing has not the faithful Irish, who have done so much at church-building in the metropolis of England. One servant, one very poor old woman, and myself represent the Irish contingent. But the mission will no doubt thrive and prosper, and in God's good time will build itself a minster fine as Christ Church or St. Stephen's, or St. Peter's over the way.

THE life of Mary alone is a rule for all Christians. In her actions we find a perfect model, which leaves us ignorant of nothing which needs reforming in us: what we have to do and to avoid.—*St. Augustine.*

A Story of Paganini.

ALTHOUGH it has often been asserted that the great violinist, Paganini, was a very avaricious man, the following story related of him goes to prove that on one occasion at least he gave evidence of a generous heart, and showed himself not wanting in the rather uncommon virtue of gratitude.

In the year 1832 he was living in a country-house near Paris. His health not being good, he had taken up his residence in the suburbs for a season of rest, and was waited upon daily by a servant named Ninette. She was young, pretty and innocent; and made her service to the musician so kindly a one that he appreciated it very highly, and became quite interested in her. Many a time did the naïve and artless girl, by her simple remarks and genuine kindness, as well as by her cheerful disposition and winning smile, drive away the melancholy thoughts that would often haunt the invalid musician. But one morning all this was changed, and Paganini was surprised to see Ninette enter with the coffee-tray, her bright face clouded and her eyes full of tears, which had evidently been falling for some time.

"What has gone wrong? Why are you so sad, my good Ninette?" inquired the musician, with sincere alarm.

"Alas!" replied the girl, in a tremulous voice, "my Adolph, whom I was to marry at Christmas, has been drafted for the army, and will have to serve three years."

"What would it cost to buy a substitute for him?" asked Paganini.

"Fifteen hundred francs," replied the girl, bursting into tears. "We have neither of us ever seen half that money together in our whole lives, and there is nothing to be done. Adolph must go; and now I shall have to support his grandmother, as well as my own mother, who, though

not so old, is lame and often sick, so that her needle brings her in but little. Ah, Monsieur, we had planned it all so nicely! Often have we passed the little cottage near Versailles where we were to live. Two rooms for Adolph and myself, and one for the old women together. There he would have earned enough as a gardener to support us. My mother would have helped with knitting and sewing; and as for me, I can earn at least half as much as Adolph, at fine washing and clear starching. But now that is all over, since he must go."

"You are a good girl, Ninette," said Paganini; "and your cheerfulness has brightened many a weary moment for me. Perhaps something can be done to help you and Adolph out of this strait. After all, three years will not be long in passing."

"True, Monsieur," replied the girl; "but in three years what may not happen? There may be a war, and Adolph may be killed, or something may befall me; and then what is to become of the poor old mother and grandmother?"

Touched by her unselfish devotion, the artist answered:

"Keep a brave heart in your bosom, Ninette; and bid Adolph also to take courage. When will he be obliged to go?"

"At the end of January, and it is now Christmas-time. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, kind sir, for your sympathy; but we can see no way out of this trouble."

Once more the musician assured her that perhaps he might be enabled, through the influence of friends, to assist her; and, with an effort to resume the pleasant smile so habitual to her, she left the room.

Christmas Day arrived. In Paris it is customary to place a wooden shoe on the hearth-stone on Christmas Eve, as the children in America hang up their stockings near the chimney for the reception of gifts from Santa Claus.

Paganini sat in his drawing-room, surrounded by an elegant assemblage of

people, who had called to wish him the compliments of the season, many bearing with them tokens of regard. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Paganini.

It was Ninette, carrying a package.

"Some one has sent you this, Monsieur," she said, laying the parcel on the table.

Paganini opened it, and found that it contained a large wooden shoe, filled with choice *bombons*, which he distributed among his guests. When the shoe was empty he was about to replace it on the table; but a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he began tapping it here and there with his fingers. After a moment he said simply, as he laid it down:

"This shoe seems made of a very light and sonorous wood, different from those we usually see on the Christmas hearth."

"But why look so serious about it?" laughingly inquired one of his guests. "It is only the contents with which we have to do, and we are really enjoying them."

"I do not know about that," replied the musician. "My friends, this shoe is possibly worth much more than you think, for which reason I shall remove it from all probable chance of injury."

So saying, he once more took it from the table and placed it on the highest shelf of the chimney-piece. A general laugh followed this remark, the company thinking it but a joke of the artist; and in the lively conversation which ensued the incident was soon forgotten.

New Year's Eve. All the world of Paris was assembled at Paganini's concert, the first he had given for many months. There was scarcely standing room in the house. Amid an atmosphere laden with perfume and glowing with resplendent lights, the artist appeared upon the stage, and rendered to his admiring audience one of his most intricate and wonderful *morceaux*. Then followed a brief intermission, and he came forth again, carrying in his hand a small three-

stringed violin, fashioned from a wooden shoe. Having made his bow to the astonished audience, eagerly waiting for the first note from this strange instrument, he began to play, and drew from the impromptu violin, the like of which had never before been seen, strains of the most ravishing sweetness. He played on and on, amid breathless silence, which continued long after he had finished, so wonderfully beautiful had been the performance of the great musician. A moment, and the spell was broken; and the artist retired from the stage amid thundering cheers of applause.

The next morning when Ninette came to his room with the coffee, he handed her the wooden shoe, which the master had made to send forth such wondrous melodies only a few hours before.

"Ninette," he said, "here are two thousand francs, which the old wooden shoe has earned for you. With fifteen hundred you can free your lover from the conscription, and the remainder will serve to set you up in housekeeping. And it may not be unlikely," continued the shrewd though kindly artist, "that if it were known that you had the wooden shoe in your possession, it might also bring you something. Therefore I give it to you, with the money it contains."

Full of thankfulness, Ninette lost no time in making the joyful news known not only to the household, but to the whole neighborhood. The story soon spread through Paris; and, as Paganini had conjectured, the wooden shoe was purchased from Ninette by a wealthy Englishman, one of his admirers, for six thousand francs.

That one kindly act of the great musician was worth more than all his grandest musical achievements. In the genial atmosphere of the Christmas season he had gladdened four sorrowful, loving hearts; and won for himself, we trust, a corresponding reward in heaven.

The Madonna della Guardia.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

ALONG the northern shores of the Mediterranean, and on many a spur of Alp and Apennine, the Madonna della Guardia keeps watch and guard from her primitive mountain shrines. Under this title the Italian peasantry cultivate a very special and widespread devotion to Our Lady. On every festival of the Madonna throughout the year Holy Mass is celebrated before crowded congregations in these sanctuaries; but it is the birthday of the Blessed Virgin which native piety has selected as the most fitting occasion on which the Madonna della Guardia should be *fêted* and honored.

In the beautiful Val d'Aosta, high on the mountain-side, above the little village of Pont S. Martin, stands one of these shrines of Our Lady—a vivid white patch against the sombre verdure of the broad-leaved chestnut-trees with which it is surrounded. Perched on a narrow ledge of rock, it commands the whole of the fertile valley below, which is watered all through the scorching Italian summer by icy torrents from the glaciers of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa. Thus from her height, it is pleasant to think, the Madonna brings blessings to the simple, hard-working peasantry, by whose ceaseless toil the precious water has been conveyed in endless irrigating rills to every attainable patch of sandy soil, and the lower slopes of the mountains been hidden away under the luxuriant rampant vine.

It is to this shrine that in the early hours of the 8th of September long files of pilgrims begin to wend their way from all the surrounding villages. Already, on the preceding evening, the *festa* has been ushered in by bell-ringing and fireworks, and by a great bonfire lit on the

mountain-side, whence the orange-glow of the flames is visible for miles around. As early as three and four o'clock in the cool grey dawn of an autumn morning parties of men, women and children may be seen climbing up the stone-paved mountain path; for at five o'clock the first of a series of Masses is said, and the confessionals are thronged with those who are anxious to gain the indulgences granted to all who confess, communicate and hear Mass at the shrine. Thus by the greater number the steep ascent is performed fasting; and it is therefore not surprising that, the day's duties being once accomplished, an active trade is carried on by vendors of twisted rolls of bread and of green and purple figs.

Inside the little whitewashed edifice, with its slender, unadorned campanile, all is fervor and devotion. Rough frescos illustrating Bible-history cover the walls, which are further adorned with the crutches of cripples restored to health, and with *ex-voto* tablets, of quaint and curious design, offered up by those whose prayers at the shrine have met with ready response. In a niche above the high altar, protected by glass, is the gilded statue of the Madonna herself, seated, crowned, on a throne, with the Holy Child in her arms. The statue is very similar in appearance to that of Our Lady of Victories. The whole sanctuary is covered with paintings representing the principal events in the life of the Blessed Virgin; whilst the high altar is flanked by life-size statues of San Grato and San Giocondo, early Bishops of Aosta.

In these primitive mountain districts church seats are deemed a luxury, and the whole congregation kneels contentedly on the rough stone pavement. The women for the most part wear on their heads white veils of embroidered or lace-trimmed muslin,—veils which have been carefully carried up the mountain, and only replace the usual bright-colored kerchief at the

church door. Children are present in great numbers, and even tiny babies.

At ten o'clock the celebration culminates in a procession of the Blessed Sacrament round the outside of the church, followed by High Mass, Benediction and sermon,—the latter delivered in French, which, strangely enough, is the church language for the whole Val d'Aosta. It is at this moment, perhaps, that the little church presents its most picturesque aspect; for the whole crowd of women and children, in rapt attention, seat themselves on the floor in semicircular rows around the pulpit, so that not an inch of pavement is anywhere visible; whilst the men, as is their wont in continental churches, stand in groups within and without the door. Not a single rich person, not a sight-seer is present—most assuredly not a single scoffer. It is one of those occasions—less rare than many would have us suppose—when one finds one's self face to face with the spontaneous devotion of the Italian peasantry,—an occasion which inspires one with some faith in the future of poor overtaxed, bankrupt Italy, in spite of all the misfortunes which have overwhelmed her during the three and twenty years of her pretended unity.

We Shall Know Our Own in Heaven.

THE elect contemplate God, admire His infinite perfections, and rejoice in His ineffable goodness. Therein lies their supreme happiness, which fully satisfies all their desires and aspirations. But divine Goodness goes still further. Besides these joys of pure love, the blessed in heaven have the happiness of knowing and loving their brethren in that home of joy.

The Church has always favored this belief, and her doctors in every age have proclaimed it in their writings. Some

tell us that souls, after death, retain the memory and knowledge of what they had done here below; others declare that they see their friends who await them in heaven, where together they will adore the Blessed Trinity; others again express their ardent desire to break the ties that bind them, in order that they may fly to a friend or brother whom they have lost, and whom they are confident they will meet in heaven, where they shall be reunited forever in perfect happiness.

But there is no need to multiply testimonies on this point; for all are based upon the words of the Gospel. In the parable of the rich man condemned to torments, Our Lord declares that the just and the wicked know one another in the future life. Abraham knows the rich man numbered among the damned, and the lost soul sees Lazarus among the elect. Thus the blessed recognize not only those whom they knew in this life, but also those who had been strangers to them here upon earth. This is evident from the fact that when Our Lord was transfigured on Mount Thabor, the three disciples who witnessed the great miracle recognized Moses and Elias in the two glorified personages with Him, and called them by their names.

From this we may conclude that, on the day of the resurrection, every soul will recognize the body with which it was united in the present life. It will also recognize those whom it knew on earth. The brother will know his brother, the father his children, and the friend his friend. But in heaven knowledge is forever associated with love, and that love is far greater than any that unites hearts in this world. In that abode of bliss the heart expands and is made more exquisitely tender. Just as the sun, as it ascends in the firmament, increases in brilliancy and the warmth of its radiance, so the just soul on entering eternity feels a

wonderful increase in love for God and its neighbor.

How weak are words to express the sweetness of those chaste and spiritual delights of heaven, where the inhabitants love only with the soul,—to describe those holy friendships which the blessed have for one another—those loving communications, in which nothing sensual can find part! What happiness for those pure souls who aspire only to the enjoyment of the celestial affections which will form one of the great joys of the next life! If one friend in this world can make another happy, what must be the happiness of life eternal, in which all the blessed are united in the truest friendship!

Then, too, we shall love the elect in proportion to their merit. But, after our parents, brothers and sisters, there are others whom we shall love in a special manner. They are those with whom we have been united in holy friendship; whose counsels, example and prayers have detached us from the vanities of this world, and have brought us to taste the delights of divine love. For when souls have thus mutually edified one another upon earth, and have shared its joys and sorrows, it is but natural to believe that they shall know and love one another in heaven. God would not wish it to be otherwise. Paradise is the realization of all our highest desires, and the most imperative desire of our human nature is to know and love forever those whom we have known and loved in time. As the poet Whittier sings:

Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust,
Since He who knows our needs is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees.

The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;

Who has not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

Readings from Remembered Books.

THE HOUSE OF GOLD.

WHY is Mary called a house? And why is she called golden? Gold is the most beautiful, the most valuable, of all metals. Silver, copper, and steel may in their way be made good to the eye, but nothing is so rich, so splendid, as gold. We have few opportunities of seeing it in any quantity; but any one who has seen a large number of bright gold coins knows how magnificent is the look of gold. Hence it is that in Scripture the Holy City is, by a figure of speech, called golden. "The City," says St. John, "was pure gold, as it were transparent glass." He means, of course, to give us a notion of the wondrous beauty of heaven, by comparing it with what is the most beautiful of all substances which we see on earth.

Therefore it is that Mary, too, is called golden; because her graces, her virtues, her innocence, her purity, are of that transcendent brilliancy and dazzling perfection, so costly, so exquisite, that the angels can not, so to say, keep their eyes off her, any more than we could help gazing upon any great work of gold.

But, observe further, she is a golden house—or, I will rather say, a golden palace. Let us imagine we saw a whole palace or large church all made of gold, from the foundations to the roof. Such, in regard to the number, the variety, the extent of her spiritual excellences, is Mary.

But why called a house or palace? And whose palace? She is the house and the palace of the Great King, of God Himself. Our Lord, the coequal Son of God, once dwelt in her. He was her Guest,—nay, more than a guest; for a guest comes into a house as well as leaves it. But Our Lord was actually born in this holy house. He took His flesh and His blood from this house—from the flesh, from the veins of Mary. Rightly, then, was she made to be of pure gold, because she was to give of that gold to form the body of the Son of God. She was golden in her conception, golden in her birth. She went through the fire of her

suffering like gold in the furnace; and when she ascended on high, she was, in the words of our hymn,

"Above all the angels in glory untold,
Standing next to the King in a vesture of gold."

—"*Meditations and Devotions*," Cardinal Newman.

THE MUSIC OF CHRISTMASTIDE.

Hark! the waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep. What images do I associate with the Christmas music? Known before all others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a Baby in a manger; a Child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back to life the son of a widow, on his bier; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where He sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon His knee, and other children around; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying on a cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"—*Dickens*.

AN AMERICAN BISHOP'S VISIT TO LOUISE LATEAU.

Dr. Lefevre, professor of the Catholic University at Louvain, being a solid and practical Catholic, and in the medical profession an acknowledged authority, published a full report of his observations during his prolonged visits to Bois d'Haine, and thus describes Louise Lateau: "She is of full and round figure; of a fresh, slightly-colored complexion, having blonde hair and blue, clear, bright eyes." And, I beg to add, of a very ordinary mold of features, and by no means a handsome girl.

Permit me here to state that having read some reports about her, and heard much more from those who had seen her, I did not feel justified in denying nor even in questioning such honorable testimony. But I had suspended my own judgment on the subject, firmly determined to see Louise Lateau, make my observations, and form my own opinion according to what I had seen and been convinced of. I came, therefore, to Bois d'Haine, not indeed a sceptic nor a believer, but as one willing to be convinced by ocular evidences.

As I mentioned before, M. Curé and I entered the room, and I stood at the foot of the bed on which Louise Lateau was lying. The sight considerably astonished me, who during the last twenty-eight years had grown quite familiar with the appearance of the sick and dying. Her countenance had a livid hue; her eyes were partly closed, with the eyeballs turned upward; her mouth was open, her chest heaved convulsively, her hands moved slightly to and fro, her head tossed from time to time,—in short, all the signs of a death agony crowded into view; and under ordinary circumstances I should have urged M. Curé quickly to administer the last Sacraments, and commence reciting the prayers for the dying. The Curé informed me that this is called her "Agony," which begins at midnight of Thursday and continues to the same hour of Friday night; and that during the whole of that time she is unconscious of anything around her, except when she is called to consciousness.

As a proof of this statement, he invited me to call her to consciousness, which I declined to do on account of our loud, unrestrained conversation in her presence. But he said, in a low tone of voice, "Louise!" whereupon she entirely opened her eyes, turned her head and looked at me. Blessing her, I presented my ring; she kissed it, and expressed her gratitude by a reverential smile. I had come to see and judge for myself, and therefore kindly requested M. Curé to leave the room. He promptly obeyed; but, having stepped over the threshold, he stood there, leaning his back against the door frame, with his note-book and pencil in hand. I first seated myself on the only chair in the room,

which I had placed at the right side, near the head of the bed.

Louise's two hands rested on several thicknesses of folded linen, spread over the bed-cover, and were covered with a folded linen cloth. This I removed. The hands were both heavily covered with blood; in some places it had congealed, and looked very dark; but in the centre, between the fore and little fingers, on the upper part of the hand, the blood was quite fresh, and flowed freely. Not knowing at the time that the wiping of the hands causes her intense pain, I proceeded to wipe off the hands, for a more perfect inspection of the wound on each hand. The wound, or stigma, on the right hand seemed more than one inch in length, about half an inch at its greatest width, and was of oval shape. Turning the hand, I saw a wound of the same form in the palm of the hand, and opposite the wound on the back of the same. The blood seemed to rise in bubbles, forming in rapid succession, flowing in a spread stream down to the wrist. Examining the wound itself, I was well convinced that the skin of the hand was not broken nor in any way injured; and there was no sign of a wound made by any material instrument, sharp or dull. And, withal, the blood oozing out of the wound appeared a reality, and complete in form. . . .

Her hair had been cut short and combed over the forehead almost down to the eyebrows. I brushed it back with my hands, to see the marks of the Crown of Thorns. I observed spots of dark yellow skin, at irregular intervals, and about a dozen in number. I could discern them pretty easily, without a magnifying-glass (using my spectacles, of course), at the top of the forehead and the base of the head. These wounds were dry.

I leaned back on the chair leisurely, to reflect on the revelation made, when a change, like an electrical shock, came over Louise. Her head fell back; her eyes opened to the utmost, raised upward, but slightly turned to the right; her countenance had assumed a happy and bright look; and, as far as I could see, she ceased to breathe, became absolutely motionless, and seemed dead. It was the work of a moment, and took me so much by surprise that I had no

time to reflect, and, in consequence, I felt completely paralyzed. M. Curé, no doubt observing the shock it had given me, kindly stepped forward. "Monseigneur, the ecstasy has begun." As he moved off toward the front door to admit the strangers, I followed him in haste; and found that the English Benedictine Fathers, Revs. S. and A., and Mr. M. held possession of the door, and were the first to enter the house. . . .

I mentioned before that, ordinarily, Louise does not impress a person as a handsome girl, yet the exclamations now echo from every corner of the room: "Isn't she beautiful?" "How lovely she looks!" "That's an angelic countenance!" And it is so true that no painter ever succeeded in representing an angelic face and heavenly expression which in any way compare with the supernatural beauty reflected in this countenance. It gives us an idea of the beauty and splendor of a glorified body of the new creation on the day of resurrection. . . .

The first of our party to step forward and bless her was Rev. A., and in response, Louise smiled. This so-called "smile" is not really a smile in the natural order, but a peculiar lighting up of her countenance, her lips opening enough to see the teeth. Rev. S., as you know, wears a slight beard on his chin; and on this day, not having shaved, and wearing his duster (which ought to have been white), he had anything but a clerical appearance. He stepped forward to the foot of the bed and blessed her. As she responded by the peculiar smile, a prolonged "Oh!" was heard all over the room, in the supposition that Rev. S. was what he appeared—a Dutch farmer. M. Curé and the newspaper man simultaneously exclaimed: "Monseigneur, is that gentleman a priest?" And having answered in the affirmative, a joyous "Oh!" re-echoed through the room. Mr. M., as you remember, was mistaken for a priest in Chicago; and several times on our European trip he was believed to be my reverend companion. He advanced to bless her, and did it in a very patriarchal manner, forming a large cross in a very solemn way; but Louise did not smile.

The Benedictine Father from England went around, stood behind the headboard of

the bed, and from there blessed Louise, which she again acknowledged by the beautiful "smile." All these experiments were made in solemn silence, all eyes being fixed on the Ecstatic, and the hearts throbbing in admiration of the marvels witnessed.

Monseigneur Dumond, speaking of the Ecstatic, said: "I do not know, and wish not to be informed, whether your pectoral cross has a relic of the Holy Cross inclosed in it. But if it has that relic in it, I will now state how Louise Lateau will act when you present it to her. She will rise in her bed to a sitting posture, and hold the cross in her folded hands; her countenance will beam with joy, and she will thus remain till you take it away. And, Monseigneur, I do hereby give you all the authority which I have in her regard." Of course I was anxious to verify this statement, made one day before our arrival at Bois d'Haine. I took off my pectoral cross and held it by the chain over the breast of the Ecstatic. Like a flash she arose, bent over in a complete semicircle, holding my cross in her tightly-clasped hands, her eyes raised to heaven, and her countenance beaming with joy, as if lit up by a divine ray. I again took hold of the chain, without intending to take the cross away from her, and began to pull upward; when I discovered, to my greatest amazement, that I could lift the Ecstatic at will, as if she weighed but a pound. But my amazement increased to awe when, in obedience to my thought, the Ecstatic promptly relaxed her hold of my cross, and dropped, as if dead, on the bed. She had firmly clasped the cross with both hands all bloody—the precious streams flowing down the wrists for several minutes. But my cross had not a stain of blood on it—it looked as if it had just been polished. . . .

A new revelation had been made; and, for the confirmation of it, I commanded her, in thought, to consciousness. At once she obeyed, turned her head toward me, and looked at me inquiringly. In thought again I said, "That is enough," and her head that moment dropped back, her eyes were fixed, and, as before, she ceased to breathe—at least as far as I could notice. It is said

that Louise understands and speaks only the French language, but I am convinced, by the experiments made by me, that in her ecstasy she understands equally well English, German and Latin.

Behold the wonderful change in her countenance! Excruciating pain is mirrored, a flood of agony depicted; her face bears the livid hue of death; her frame grows cold; she of a sudden extends both arms, crosses the right foot over the left, and her head sinks so that her chin rests on her chest. Almost involuntarily all present fall on their knees for prayer, but are promptly disturbed by M. Curé insisting that the room must be cleared and the visitors depart. For this scene lasts only about ten minutes, and then Louise returns to consciousness. M. Curé Neils is under strict orders from his ecclesiastical superiors that Louise Lateau may not see, and as far as possible not know of, the presence of the many visitors during her agony and ecstasy on Fridays. On the 20th of July, 1877, the ecstasy commenced at one o'clock and fifty minutes, and we left the room at two o'clock and forty-five minutes in the afternoon.—“*As the Bishop Saw It.*” *Letters of the Rt. Rev. C. H. Borgess, D. D.*

A MEMORY OF DICKENS.

An enthusiastic critic once said of John Ruskin “that he could discover the Apocalypse in a daisy.” As noble a discovery may be claimed for Dickens. He found all the fair humanities blooming in the lowliest hovel. He never *put on* the good Samaritan: that character was native to him.

Once, while in the country, on a bitter, freezing afternoon,—night coming down in a drifting snowstorm—he was returning with me from a long walk. The wind and baffling sleet were so furious that the street in which we happened to be fighting our way was quite deserted; it was almost impossible to see across it, the air was so thick with the tempest. All conversation between us had ceased; for it was only possible to breast the storm by devoting our whole energies to keeping on our feet. We seemed to be walking in a different atmosphere from any we had ever before encountered.

All at once I missed Dickens from my side. What had become of him? Had he gone down in the drift, utterly exhausted, and was the snow burying him out of sight? Very soon the sound of his cheery voice was heard on the other side of the way. With great difficulty, over the piled-up snow, I struggled across the street, and there found him lifting up, almost by main force, a blind man, who had got bewildered by the storm, and had fallen down unnoticed, quite unable to proceed. Dickens, a long distance away from him, with that tender, sensitive, and penetrating vision, ever on the alert for suffering in any form, had rushed at once to the rescue, comprehending at a glance the situation of the sightless man. To help him to his feet and aid him homeward in the most natural and simple way afforded Dickens such a pleasure as only the benevolent can understand.—“*Yesterdays with Authors.*” *J. T. Fields.*

THE END OF THE YEAR.

Am I so sure of having neglected no means of preserving the health of the soul during the year which is now ending? Have I, as one of God's soldiers upon earth, kept my courage and my arms efficient? Shall I be ready for the great review of souls which must pass before Him who is in the dark valley of Jehoshaphat? Darest thou examine thyself, O my soul! and see how often thou hast erred?

First, thou hast erred through pride; for I have not duly valued the lowly. I have drunk too deeply of the intoxicating wines of genius, and have found no relish in pure water. I have disdained those words which had no other beauty than their sincerity; I have ceased to love men solely because they are men—I have loved them for their endowments; I have contracted the world within the narrow compass of a pantheon, and my sympathy has been awakened by admiration only. The vulgar crowd, which I ought to have followed with a friendly eye because it is composed of my brothers in hope or grief, I have let pass by me with as much indifference as if it were a flock of sheep. I am indignant with him who rolls in riches and despises the man poor in worldly

wealth; and yet, vain of my trifling knowledge, I despise him who is poor in mind—I scorn the poverty of intellect as others do that of dress; I take credit for a gift which I did not bestow on myself, and turn the favor of fortune into a weapon with which to attack others.

Ah! if, in the worst days of revolutions, ignorance has revolted and raised a cry of hatred against genius, the fault is not alone in the envious malice of ignorance, but comes in part, too, from the contemptuous pride of knowledge.

Alas! I have too completely forgotten the fable of the two sons of the magician of Bagdad. One of them, struck by an irrevocable decree of destiny, was born blind, whilst the other enjoyed all the delights of sight. The latter, proud of his own advantages, laughed at his brother's blindness, and disdained him as a companion. One morning the blind boy wished to go out with him.

"To what purpose," said he, "since the gods have put nothing in common between us? For me creation is a stage, where a thousand charming scenes and wonderful actors appear in succession; for you it is only an obscure abyss, at the bottom of which you hear the confused murmur of an invisible world. Continue, then, alone in your darkness; and leave the pleasures of light to those upon-whom the day-star shines."

With these words he went away; and his brother, left alone, began to cry bitterly. His father, who heard him, immediately ran to him, and tried to console him by promising to give him whatever he desired.

"Can you give me sight?" asked the child.

"Fate does not permit it," answered the magician.

"Then," cried the blind boy, eagerly, "I ask you to put out the sun!"

Who knows whether my pride has not provoked the same wish on the part of some one of my brothers who does not see?

But how much oftener have I erred through levity and want of thought! How many resolutions have I taken at random! How many judgments have I pronounced for the sake of a witticism! How many mischiefs have I not done without any sense of my responsibility! The greater part of men

harm one another for the sake of doing something. We laugh at the honor of one, and compromise the reputation of another, like an idle man who saunters along a hedge-row, breaking the young branches and destroying the most beautiful flowers. And, nevertheless, it is by this very thoughtlessness that the fame of some men is created. It rises gradually, like one of those mysterious mounds in barbarous countries, to which a stone is added by every passer-by; each one brings something at random, and adds it as he passes, without being able himself to see whether he is raising a pedestal or a gibbet. Who will dare look behind him to see his rash judgments held up there to view?

Some time ago I was walking along the edge of the green mound on which the Montmartre telegraph stands. Below me, along one of the zigzag paths which wind up the hill, a man and a girl were coming up, and arrested my attention. The man wore a shaggy coat, which gave him some resemblance to a wild beast; and he held a thick stick in his hand, with which he described various strange figures in the air. He spoke very loud, and in a voice which seemed to me convulsed with passion. He raised his eyes every now and then with an expression of savage harshness; and it appeared to me that he was reproaching and threatening the girl, and that she was listening to him with a submissiveness which touched my heart. Two or three times she ventured a few words, doubtless in the attempt to justify herself; but the man in the great coat began again immediately with his loud and angry voice, his savage looks, and his threatening evolutions in the air. I followed him with my eyes, vainly endeavoring to catch a word as he passed, until he disappeared behind the hill.

I had evidently just seen one of those domestic tyrants, whose sullen tempers are excited by the patience of their victims; and who, though they have the power to become the beneficent gods of a family, choose rather to be their tormentors.

I cursed the unknown savage in my heart, and I felt indignant that these crimes against the sacred peace of home could not be punished as they deserved, when I heard his

voice approaching nearer. He had turned the path, and soon appeared before me at the top of the slope.

The first glance, and his first words, explained everything to me. In place of what I had taken for the furious tones and terrible looks of an angry man, and the attitude of a frightened victim, I had before me only an honest citizen, who squinted and stuttered, but who was explaining the management of silkworms to his attentive daughter.

I turned homeward, smiling at my mistake. But before I reached my faubourg I saw a crowd running, I heard calls for help, and every finger pointed in the same direction—to a distant column of flame. A manufactory had taken fire, and everybody was rushing forward to assist in extinguishing it.

I hesitated. Night was coming on; I felt tired; a favorite book was awaiting me; I thought there would be no want of help, and I went on my way.

Just before I had erred from want of consideration: now it was from selfishness and cowardice.

But what! have I not on a thousand other occasions forgotten the duties which bind us to our fellow-men? Is this the first time I have avoided paying society what I owe it? Have I not always behaved to my companions with injustice, and like the lion? Have I not claimed successively every share? If any one is so ill advised as to ask me to return some little portion, I get provoked, I am angry, I try to escape from it by every means. How many times, when I have perceived a beggar sitting huddled up at the end of the street, have I not gone out of my way, for fear that compassion would impoverish me by forcing me to be charitable! How often have I doubted the misfortunes of others, that I might harden my heart against them! With what satisfaction have I sometimes verified the vices of the poor man, in order to show that his misery is the punishment he deserves!

Oh! let us not go further—let us not go further! I interrupted the doctor's examination, but how much sadder is this one! We pity the diseases of the body, we shudder at those of the soul.—"*An Attic Philosopher*," *Emile Souvestre*.

Notes and Remarks.

It is questionable, of course, how much Catholics should defer to the religious sentiments and prejudices of their non-Catholic neighbors. Sometimes there is too much concession and sometimes too little. There is a saying of St. Paul which would be a good rule of conduct in such cases. Where no principle is involved, and there is no danger of minimizing Catholic truth, deference becomes a virtue. It was in the spirit of the Apostle that the Bishop of Pittsburg lately forbade the use of bands by Catholic societies at the laying of corner-stones, dedication of churches, etc.—ceremonies which are usually held on Sunday, the rigid observance of which is so much insisted upon by our separated brethren. It will be an ill day for the United States when Sunday ceases to be a day of rest and of religious observance; and Catholics would do well to abstain from anything calculated to lessen respect for it. But we commend the good taste as well as the conciliatory spirit of Bishop Phelan's enactment. The propriety of brass band music and other noisy demonstrations at religious celebrations is hard to see. An orderly procession is always an impressive sight; but the brass band is a nuisance, which should be restricted to such occasions as the Fourth of July.

The usefulness of the story as a medium for the pointing of a moral is strikingly illustrated in THE "AVE MARIA" this week. There is no need of calling attention to the contribution by Mr. L. W. Reilly, and urging Catholic young men and women to read it for the warning it contains against the evil of mixed marriages. The story is of very great interest, and is sure to be read, and can not fail of making an impression. Alas that there should be so many parents like Mr. and Mrs. Kalin! Eccentric freedom of religious opinion, or positive irreligion, is condoned in a prospective husband, while conscientious profession of faith is always demanded in a wife.

When Sir Richard Burton was married, he readily agreed to give in writing the promises exacted by Cardinal Wiseman, Lady

Burton being a Catholic. "Practise her religion!" exclaimed the captain. "I should rather think she shall! A man without religion may be excused, but a woman without a religion is not the woman for me." We wonder that every prospective Lady Burton is not moved to retort: "There is no excuse for man or woman being irreligious; and a man without a religion is not the man for me."

The late Professor Tyndall was known to the scientific world as a popularizer of theories rather than a deep student of nature. He was frequently charged with atheism; an accusation which he rather mildly resented, as if he feared the logical conclusion to which his own theories impelled him. Prof. Tyndall, doubtless, spoke for many of his *confrères* when he said ("Fragments of Science," p. 537) in the preface to his noted Belfast Address:

"I have noticed during years of self-observation that it is not in hours of clearness and vigor that this doctrine [Atheism] commends itself to my mind; that in the presence of stronger and healthier thought it ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution to the mystery in which we dwell and of which we form a part."

These words, spoken by the chief of materialists, are indeed notable. Prof. Tyndall must have realized that the thoughts which came to him when he was in a sickly or abnormal condition could hardly be considered the highest products of the human mind.

The day of the escaped nun and of the ex-priest is nearly done. The number of these creatures in the lecture field is altogether in excess of the demand; and even in the excited state of public feeling caused by the doings of the A. P. A. and other anti-Catholic organizations, they do not find favor. An editor may be trusted to know when anything is being overdone, and it is no surprise to find secular journals advising the A. P. A. to call in the sensational lecturer who announces himself as "a convert from Romanism." One of these unfortunates, who lately held forth in Fort Wayne, claimed to have been sent by the A. P. A.; and his alleged wife had a song to sing, entitled "The A. P. A.'s are Coming." Neither lecturer nor vocalist

could have been flattered by the appreciation of his or her effort on the part of the local press. The following comments of the *Morning Times* are certainly not complimentary:

"The 'lecturer' was accompanied by his wife. This fact leads to the reflection that, odd as it may appear, every time a priest becomes converted and renounces Catholicism, he promptly plunges into the deep sea of matrimony. Just as soon as the animal in a priest begins to overbalance the spiritual, he at once becomes deeply impressed with the fallacy of his religion, and converts himself into a Protestant, and then hunts up a wife. This wife is usually an escaped nun or something of the kind. . . . It would be a sacrilege to dignify the 'bishop's' harangue with the term lecture. If there was any statement made by him that was worthy of a second thought, it most certainly escaped the ear of the *Times* reporter. . . . If he is out in the interest of the A. P. A., the sooner that association calls him in, the better it will be for the association. The representative of a society who can produce no better argument than the wholesale denunciation of the priesthood, and the attacking of the chastity of Catholic women, is out of his latitude, and could serve his country better by holding up a headstone in a cemetery."

There are few spots in Europe more interesting than the little island of Gozo in the Mediterranean. The charming simplicity, pure lives, and loyal faith of the inhabitants mark them as a people likely to be specially favored by Heaven. A miraculous picture, of the Assumption, which has long been venerated on this island, is described in a pamphlet entitled "The Assunta of Gozo," a reprint of a contribution to *The Month* by Lady Amabel Kerr. Every evening, after their day's work, the people assemble to recite prayers before this shrine of Our Lady, which has been glorified by numerous miraculous cures. The "Assunta" is every year becoming better known, and attracts many pilgrims from abroad. But it is to be hoped that the visitors may not change the spirit of the people, and that these simple islanders may lose none of their charming unworldliness.

An incident in the last days of the late Marshal MacMahon reveals another beautiful feature of his loyal and Christian life. Last summer the old Marshal went to pass a few weeks with his son-in-law, the Count of Piennis, at the Castle of Cairon, near Caen. He had already experienced the first attacks

of the malady which was soon to take him from his family and from his country. One Sunday morning he was unable to assist at the parochial Mass, as had been his custom. In the afternoon the crisis had passed; and, as he felt much better, he was invited to take a drive. "No, no!" he said; "I was not able to go to Mass this morning, and I shall not go out for pleasure now." And it required the repeated urging of his family to induce him to take a short drive, the only relaxation which his health, enfeebled by suffering and age, would permit. It was repugnant to his Christian sense of loyalty to appear to do for his own personal satisfaction and for the sake of his health what he had been unable to do for God. What a noble example of faith! What a lesson for so many Christians who are ever ready to sacrifice their religious duty to their ease and pleasure!

It must be a source of pride to honest Protestants, as it is a gratification to Catholics, to find so many of the leading non-Catholic clergymen of the land rising to protest against organized bigotry. One of the most energetic combatants of these infamous secret societies is the editor of the *Parish Messenger*, an Episcopalian paper published at Omaha, Neb. A paragraph in a recent issue of that periodical takes such a common-sense view of the situation that we can not forbear quoting it:

"No priestly apostate is too vile to find a place and ministry in this propaganda of slaunder and hate; and men who call themselves ministers of Christ do not hesitate to give credence and circulation to stories which, if true (except in rare instances), would present to us a riddle which no man could solve,—namely, that no part of the Christian Church can show a more indomitable courage and devotion, a more tireless spirit for the conversion of heathen men and savages, at every cost of comfort, of ease, of home, of worldly advantage, of life itself, than the Roman Catholic Church"

When the present wave of intolerance passes away, the one pleasant memory of Catholics will be the remembrance of words like these, spoken in the camps that lie over against us.

The difficulty of overtaking a lie when once it has got a good start is proverbial. And, although the difficulty is enhanced

when the lie is a historical one, it is a pleasure to think that the old superstition about the "Dark Ages" is being generally shaken off by cultured people. Thus Mr. William Morris, in the preface to a volume of gleanings from the Encyclopædia of Bartholomew Anglicus, an English Franciscan of the thirteenth century, says:

"The reader, before he can enjoy this book, must cast away the exploded theory of the invincible and wilful ignorance of the days when it was written. The people of that time were eagerly desirous for knowledge; and their teachers were mostly single-hearted and intelligent men, of a diligence and laboriousness almost past belief."

We have already quoted on this subject the testimony of the well-known art critic, Mr. Frederick Harrison. His opinion of the century of which the Encyclopædia was a product is also worth recording:

"It was in nothing one-sided and in nothing discordant. There was one common end, one ritual, one worship, one sacred language, one Church; a single code of manners, a uniform scheme of society, a common system of education, an accepted type of beauty; a universal art, something like a recognized standard of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True."

The Paris correspondent of the *Catholic Times*, of Philadelphia, chronicles the death of Monsig. Sebastian Brunner, one of the best-known publicists of the Church in Austria. He was the founder of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, which he edited with such vigor as to attract the attention of the Government in an unpleasant way. Monsig. Brunner was perhaps best known in America as the biographer of Blessed Clement Hofbauer, though he published many other works of great historical and theological value. May he rest in peace!

In the quiet, unobtrusive manner so characteristic of them, the Sisters of Mercy celebrated on December 21 the Golden Jubilee of the foundation of their Order in the United States. Of the little band of seven who accompanied Mother Francis Warde to this country in 1843, only one, Mother Elizabeth Strange, survives. But in the five decades which have intervened since their coming, the Sisters of Mercy have grown into thousands, and have given ample proof of efficiency and devotedness as teachers and nurses. No

community has labored more conscientiously than they for the education of youth, and none has been rewarded with more gratifying success. Their work in hospitals and asylums is known to all. It was fitting that these peaceful victories should be celebrated within the sanctuary in grateful communion with God, who has blessed with such abundant harvest the "mustard-seed" that was sown fifty years ago.

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It is a remarkable coincidence that on the same day the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its advent to the United States. The Very Rev. Father Brunner and the small band of devoted religious who accompanied him met with all the difficulties that lie in the way of new foundations. Their perseverance was rewarded, however; and the Congregation, which has given many distinguished sons to the Church, has exerted a powerful influence for good in the United States, especially in the South and West.

An ill-informed Protestant clergyman, Dr. Burrell, recently declared, before the Presbyterian Union in New York, that St. Patrick's Cathedral had been erected out of the municipal treasury, and that "every stone in it had been laid by money plundered from the city." A Presbyterian brother, the Rev. Dr. Field, editor of the *New York Evangelist*, and evidently an honorable Christian gentleman, took the trouble to trace the origin of the Cathedral property, and published an exposure of this ancient calumny. This is no more than any conscientious man might be expected to do; but the instances in which false charges are promptly and unequivocally withdrawn are regrettably rare. In commending the noble and disinterested course of Dr. Field, the *Sun* says characteristically:

"The Cathedral property was acquired by fair purchase at a fair valuation, yet for many years the false story that it was substantially stolen from the city has been in circulation. It was bought with the pious offerings of Roman Catholics; and the magnificent edifice erected on it was paid for with such offerings, slowly accumulated during a long series of years. The Cathedral was built by self-sacrificing Roman Catholic devotion. Not a cent expended

on it was 'money plundered from the city.' As ex-Mayor Ely has said, 'the ground was paid for, and the Cathedral erected in the same honest manner in which the church of which Dr. Burrell is pastor was constructed.'"

If Dr. Field could be induced to examine other equally baseless charges against the Church, he would contribute mightily to the reign of Christian charity so much desired of all good men.

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. Michael McCabe, V. G., Woonsocket, R. I.; the Rev. Richard Brennan, D. D., New York, N. Y.; the Rev. J. C. Desmond, East Liverpool, Ohio; the Rev. R. Finnerty, Cincinnati, Ohio; the Rev. W. J. Saul, C. S. S. R., Ilchester, Md.; and the Rev. J. B. Crawley, Laporte, Ind.,—all lately deceased.

Mr. Christopher Hamilton, whose life closed peacefully on the 16th inst., at Orange, N. J.

Mr. Henry C. Watterson, of Pittsburg, Pa., who piously breathed his last on the 3d inst.

Mr. Edward N. Viot, who met with a sudden death on the 23d ult., in Detroit, Mich.

Mr. August Poupenev, of Louisville, Ohio, who passed away on the 29th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Miss Helena M. Carey, whose happy death took place on the 27th of October, at Lansingburg, N. Y.

Mrs. James F. Connelly, whose good life was crowned with a precious death on the 14th ult., at Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Ellen Ward, who yielded her soul to God at Morrisania, N. Y., on the 20th ult.

Miss Mary Malloy, of Wilmington, Del., who was called to the reward of her exemplary Christian life on the 30th ult.

Mrs. John Collins, who passed to her reward in Detroit, Mich., on the 9th inst.

Mrs. Maria Kelleher, of Philadelphia, Pa., who died a holy death on the 19th inst.

Mr. Joseph Burkart, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Hennaugh, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Catherine S. McSherry, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Margaret Durand, South Bend, Ind.; Cecilia Craby, Waynesburg, Pa.; Mr. Michael Horrigan, Brighton, Mass.; Mrs. M. H. McCarthy, Staunton, Va.; Mr. James Buckley and Miss Catherine McManus, Woonsocket, R. I.; Mrs. Ellen O'Connor, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Regan, Newark, N. J.; Miss Alice J. McNally, St. Joseph, Mo.; and Bernard McSorely, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

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 Babe of Blessing.

The Baby-Martyrs of Christmastide.

A TINY Babe, a breath of God,
Lay on His Mother's knee,
And lo! the heavens were rent in twain
By songs of jubilee.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

A tiny Babe, yet o'er the earth
Men saw the starry sign
That marked His throne, His Mother's
knee,
And told of power divine.



AMONG all the joyous festivals that cluster around the anniversary of our Saviour's birth, there is one commemorating an event as glorious in the light of faith as it was barbarous in the eyes of its spectators,—an event which has ever excited the deepest compassion in tender human hearts, and which appeals in an especial and peculiar manner to the ready sympathies of the young. Cruel among all cruel massacres that have ever blotted the pages of civilization's record, Herod's slaughter of the Holy Innocents, nevertheless, gave far greater glory to God than it occasioned suffering to the helpless victims, or misery to their inconsolable parents. Resplendent with a peculiar splendor among the millions of martyrs who stand in the eternal glow of the Godhead's glory must be that battalion of infant soldiers who, nearly two thousand years ago, made Bethlehem resound with their piteous wailings as they gave up their lives for their infant-brother, Jesus.

A tiny Babe, yet Simeon
Felt Heaven in his heart,
As, holding Him, his soul made prayer,
"Now let me, Lord, depart!"

And now, as in those Bethlehem days,
That tiny Babe draws near,
The sanctuary lamp the star
That whispers: "He is here!"

A tiny Babe, and yet His reign
Shall be while time shall last.
The dawning year His hand shall bless
As it has blessed the past.

THE Mexicans have a pretty custom of hanging bright lanterns before their houses at Christmas-time, to light the steps of the Blessed Saviour if He should perchance appear. There is no hut too small or poor to have this beacon, which announces that the holy season has come, and Christ is born.

All our young folks know, at least in outline, the story of those baby-martyrs,—how the wicked King Herod cruelly put to death one hundred and forty thousand

poor little boys, in order to make sure of killing the Blessed Virgin's baby-son, the Infant Jesus, and yet did not succeed in destroying the only Child of all the number whose death he had any object in bringing about. It will not harm the oldest of my readers, however, to read the story once again, and to suffer its lesson to be still more deeply impressed on their minds and hearts.

When King Herod, then, heard from the Magi, or Wise Men of the East—about whom our boys and girls will learn a great deal when they grow old enough to read "Ben Hur,"—that they were looking for a new King of the Jews, who was just born, and toward whose birthplace they had for a long time been conducted by a star, he grew troubled, and afraid that he might possibly lose his kingdom. He determined even then upon the murder of this new-born Jew; and, in order to discover Him, he pretended to the Magi that he was as anxious as themselves to pay homage to the new King, and so begged them to return to him when their search had proved successful, and tell him where the wonderful Baby could be found.

An angel having warned the Magi not to go back to Herod, the wicked King's stratagem proved unavailing; and as soon as he became convinced that the Wise Men did not intend giving him the information he wanted, he grew furious, and conceived the barbarous idea of killing all the boy babies in Bethlehem and the surrounding country. It was probably a good thing for the children in other parts of Judea that the Magi had told Herod that the place where the new King was born was Bethlehem; for otherwise the monster might have ordered the massacre of all the boys who were only two years old or younger in the whole country. As it was, he commanded that the slaughter should be carried on not only in Bethlehem itself, but in all its environs. So the soldiers of the wicked

King armed themselves with great long swords, sharpened for the occasion, and, entering the city of Bethlehem, began their awful work. Going into the houses one after another, they seized the babies in their cradles, or snatched them from the arms of their frantic mothers, and remorselessly cut their throats or stabbed them to the heart.

Never was such lamentation in the households of any city as filled the air of Bethlehem then. The mothers fell on their knees, and, with piteous wailings, begged and prayed that their little ones might be spared. No attention was paid to their cries. Despite their expostulations and entreaties, the fatal sword pierced their unresisting darlings; and then, with a grief that would not be comforted, the woe-stricken mothers wept and moaned and moaned and wept, hour after hour, all day long and all night through.

Ah! they paid dearly, did those people of Bethlehem, for the lack of hospitality which they had showed on Christmas Eve to the poor young maiden so soon to be a mother, whom they turned from their doors. Mothers themselves, the women might have had pity on one so gentle and young and unbefriended. But no, they had no room for the Blessed Virgin and her Son, whose birth was at hand; they had their own babies to look after; and so the Baby-God was forced to seek a stable for His first dwelling in the world which He was born to save.

Well, they had room enough now, those Bethlehemite women whose homes the soldiers of Herod visited; and their little ones needed looking after no longer; for their tender limbs lay cold and still, and their blood ran down in crimson streams over cradle, clothes and mothers' robes, and sprinkled walls and doors and windows all. And, still, the inhuman butchery went on, until, in the city itself and the scattered hamlets in the vicinity, one hundred and forty thousand male children

had been put to death—and put to death in vain; for the Infant Jesus, whom alone Herod really cared to kill, was safe in the arms of Mary; and she was accompanying Joseph far away over the Judean slopes, on the road to Egypt.

But all this is only one aspect of the fate of the Holy Innocents, one phase of their seemingly untimely death. There is another and a truer sense in which their fate was glorious beyond all words to describe, their death a triumph which they could never have won had their lives been prolonged for a full century. They were martyrs, and the *first* martyrs, for Christ. Even supposing, as some writers think, that they died unconscious of the why or wherefore of their death, their blood was more directly shed for Jesus than that of any of the myriad martyrs who succeeded them.

And so the babes of Bethlehem were blessed beyond all other children in being like Our Lord, not only in being born in the same birthplace and about the same time as He, but in dying for Him, as He afterward died for all mankind. "In one way," as Father Faber beautifully says, "they outstripped Him. They paid Him back the life He laid down for them. Nay, they were beforehand with Him; for they laid down their lives for Him before He laid His down for them. They saved His life. They put off His Calvary." And we may be sure that all the moaning and wailing and inconsolable grieving of the mothers of Bethlehem was as the merest whisper compared to the mighty shouting of the angels' chorus which welcomed the baby-martyrs to the courts of heaven, and hymned their praises before the great White Throne.

To die for Jesus is the greatest of blessings; and next to that, the best that can befall us is to live, and especially to suffer, for His sweet sake. Holy Innocents is a title which, in a modified and yet very true sense, may be worn by all our

boys and girls. It belongs to them just so long as they preserve the purity that came to them with the waters of Baptism; and they will best preserve that purity by imitating their glorious namesakes in accepting cheerfully whatever God has in store for them, and in bearing all their little crosses patiently for the sake of the one Innocent who escaped the massacre of Bethlehem.

The Light in the Window.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

A light in the window for thee, brother;
A light in the window for thee!
—*German Lied.*

Once, on the shore of the North Sea, there lived, lonely and alone, the daughter of a fisherman. She was lonely, because her father and mother were dead; and alone, because her only brother had gone far away to a distant land. He was a sailor, and loved the life; although he was also very fond of his sister, who, in turn, loved him with all her heart. For the life of a fisherman he had no desire; and when his friends had tried to persuade him not to brave the dangers of the ocean, but to dwell in the same spot where his parents and grandparents had lived and died, he had then answered, and not unwisely:

"Comrades, it is but a slavish and monotonous life, that of a fisherman; and, when the best is told, one earns but enough to keep soul and body together."

"What would you more, Stein?" asked an ancient fisher, who had never been twenty miles from his native village. "What would you more, my boy? He is well off, indeed, who can always do so. And to him who faces the storms of the deep sea, far and wide, it is not always permitted to return."

"I salute thee, friend Axel," replied the youth, respectfully (for in those parts reverence for the aged was not then, if it is even yet, forgotten;) "but my heart is young within me, and I would fain see the great wide world, of which I know so little. Furthermore, I long to be able to provide my sister with many things which she can not now obtain; for she is a faithful sister, and loves me truly, as I do her. And when we grow old together, we shall be thankful that such was my resolve. For then we shall have the wherewithal to help our poorer neighbors. And as for the losing of my life, good friend Axel, there are more lives lost along the coast each year by the oversetting and swamping of fisher-boats in storms than in all the vessels that sail to and fro through the North Sea. At least so have I been told," concluded the youth, shaking back his tawny locks, and sending forth wistful looks from his bright blue eyes toward the ever-restless sea.

"But it may be, Stein," said another, "that when thou returnest, thy humble home and our simple ways may have become distasteful to thee, and that thou wilt wander forth again. Then what would Elka do?"

"Nay, nay!" replied the young man, taking the hand of his sister, who stood by his side; "that will never be. Here my heart is, and here shall my bones lie, if it so pleases God to send me home again."

"And Elka, shall she remain a maiden for thy sake?" asked Axel, in his trembling voice.

"Aye, that will I do. Of that Stein need have no doubt," said Elka, a tear in her eye but a smile on her lips. "In my little cot, making my nets, I shall be happy awaiting my brother."

As the brother and sister walked homeward for the last time, they conversed together on the future which both hoped would befall. Then said Elka at last:

"My brother, so long as thou shalt be

absent, I will place every night a light in the window for thee. When thou art returning, and seest that light from afar off, then thou wilt know that I am still living; but if thou canst see no light, then thou mayst be sure that I am dead."

The next morning he sailed away.

Elka kept her promise. Every night she placed a light in the window, where it burned till dawn. Months passed, then years, and her brother came not. Her blue eyes faded, her thick blonde hair grew thin and grey, and at length she was obliged to lean upon a staff.

Fifty years passed thus, and still Stein came not. Whether he had early forgotten the home of his youth and the sister of his heart, or whether he had found a grave in the deep sea, only God knew. In his love that sister unswervingly believed, for his return she faithfully waited and watched, keeping her promise. They who had been graybeards when he departed were long since gathered to their fathers; they who had been young like himself were now on the verge of the grave. But even the youngest among the children who played along the shore knew, as soon as they could speak, the story of Elka's light.

But one night there shone no light in the window. The neighbors wondered, and said to one another, "Elka's brother must have come back. Let us go and see." But all was silent in the lonely house. Elka sat beside the window, dead. The light of her pure, faithful spirit had gone to shine still more beautiful and clear in the Kingdom of God. But the light in the window burned no more.

Inscription on a Sundial.

WITH warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight
From life's glad morning to its solemn night;
Yet, through the dear God's love, I also show
There's Light above me by the Shade below.

A Lesson in Dying.

From the lips of a humble and unlettered person valuable advice may issue; and the great Marshal Ney received from a common soldier, at the most critical period of his life, a lesson which is well worth recording.

Ney had been condemned to death, and knew that the sentence would soon be carried out, but he steadily refused to have a confessor. Finally he became quite out of patience, and said to those who were gently importuning him to receive a physician for his soul:

"I beg of you to leave me alone. I will not have a confessor. I am in no need of black-coats."

Two grenadiers had him in charge, and at his remark one of them stepped to him and said:

"I beg your pardon, Marshal, but you are wrong. I have not attained distinction like you, but I am an old man, and have fought in many battles. But I must confess I have never been a good soldier or a brave one except when I have seen a priest, and recommended my soul to God beforehand."

These words were spoken very quietly and solemnly by the old soldier; and appeared to impress the Marshal, who put his hand upon the shoulder of the grenadier and said:

"I believe you are right. You have given me good advice, and I thank you."

Then the Marshal turned to Colonel Martigny and requested that the Curé of St. Sulpice be hastily summoned, made his confession, and died like a brave man.

An Anecdote of Goldsmith.

Once there was in England a poor woman, who had often heard of the good deeds of a certain Dr. Goldsmith, and who felt emboldened to ask him to prescribe for her sick husband without an assurance of ever receiving any pay. "He has lost his appetite," she wrote to the poet, "and is in a very sad state, and we are very poor."

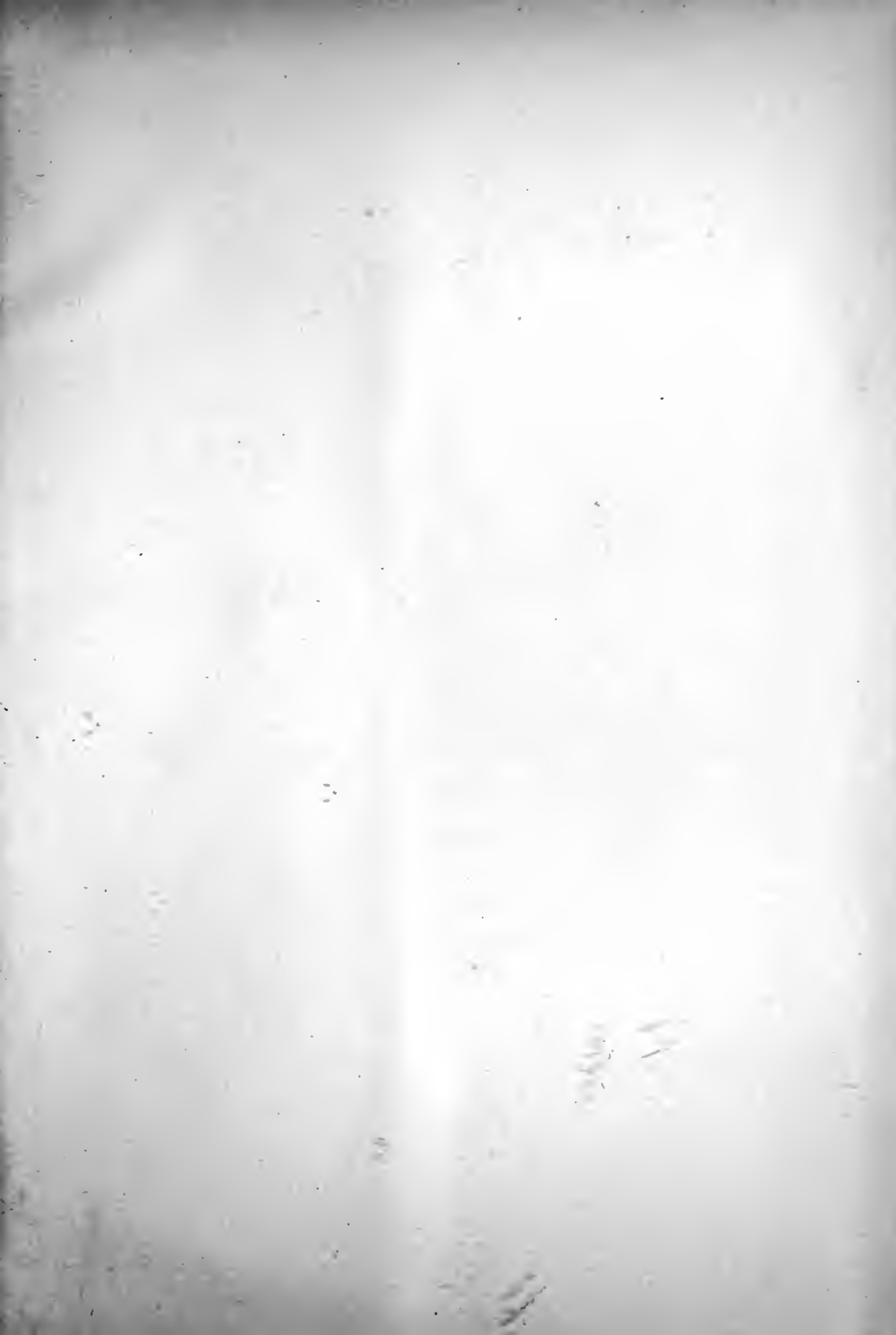
Goldsmith answered this letter in person, and satisfied himself that the man was really as ill and destitute as his wife had represented.

"I will send you some pills in an hour," remarked Goldsmith, as he took his departure.

In a short time the good poet's manservant arrived at the invalid's house with a small box, which when opened was found to contain ten guineas, and a card on which these words were written: "To be used as necessities require. Be patient and of good heart."

The author of "The Deserted Village" was often in sad straits himself, but sufferings and privations seem to have had the effect of making his heart all the more tender and compassionate.











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