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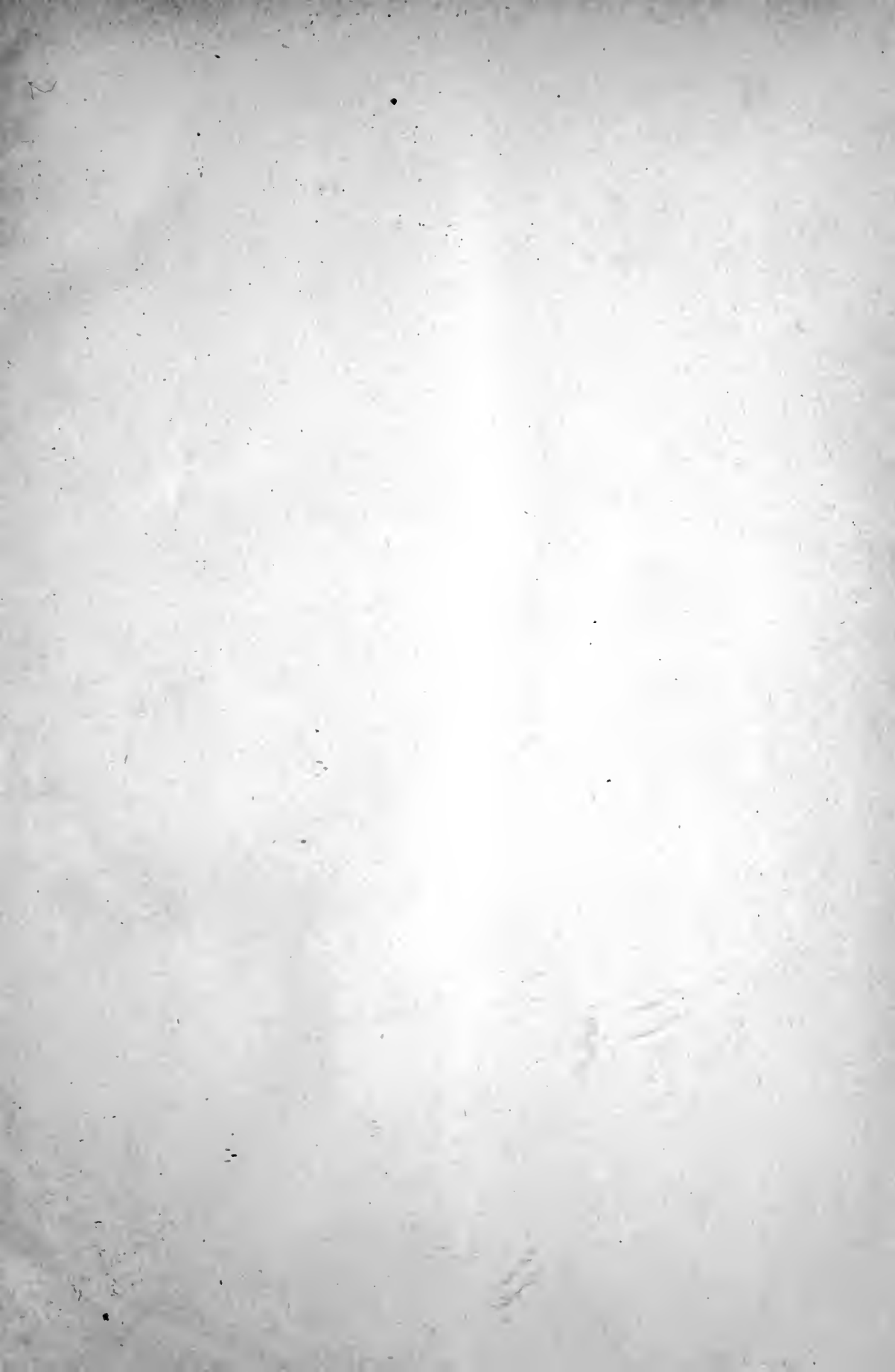
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MATER AMABILIS.
(*F. Stenbach.*)

THE AVE MARIA

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U. S. A.

1895.

OUR OFFERING.

*Our purest thoughts to thee we bring,
Our sweetest songs to thee we sing:
Mater Amabilis thou art!
Keep them forever in thy heart.*

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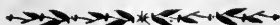
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THEORY

1. The first part of the theory is...

2. The second part of the theory is...

3. The third part of the theory is...

4. The fourth part of the theory is...

5. The fifth part of the theory is...

6. The sixth part of the theory is...

7. The seventh part of the theory is...

8. The eighth part of the theory is...

9. The ninth part of the theory is...

10. The tenth part of the theory is...

ILLUSTRATIONS AND APPLICATIONS

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7. The seventh illustration is...

8. The eighth illustration is...

9. The ninth illustration is...

10. The tenth illustration is...



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

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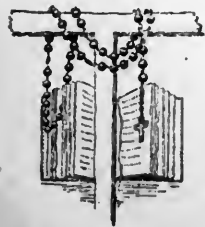
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Mother Most Amiable.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

SWEETEST Mother of the sweetest Son
 Ever by woman borne, or held on knee,
 Or in arms clasped! did not the Eternal
 One,
 With questioning eyes, as who should ask
 thy will,
 Make thy heart pulses throb, thy being thrill
 With a strange joy, by sorrow half undone,
 Foreshadowings of Cana yet to be,
 Hosannas, Judas, Pilate, Calvary?
 It is a mother face, serene and mild,
 With gracious curves majestic; the soft eyes
 Downcast, yet resting on the Heavenly Child;
 His upward gaze all innocence, yet wise.
 O Mother of all mothers, I could gaze
 Upon thy fair, sweet semblance all my days!

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.



HE dawn of a new year is a propitious season for the inception of laudable projects touching one's scheme of life, and for the prosecution, with fresh energy and an access of revived zeal, of designs formulated more than once already, but hitherto more or less neglected. In the spiritual

life, it is an epoch generally signalized by the taking of new or the strengthening of old resolutions calculated to further one's progress on the straight and narrow path of duty well fulfilled, of days meritoriously spent, of salvation zealously sought. And one resolution which all Christians may well renew, with genuine ardor and energetic force, at this auspicious period is that of increasing throughout the weeks and months of the new-born year their practical devotion to the Mother of God.

Of the millions who receive during this season of social joy and cordial goodwill the common greeting, "A happy New Year!" all in the eyes of God belong to either one of two classes: they are His friends or enemies, are adorned with or stripped of sanctifying grace, are just or sinners. To either class devotion to the Blessed Virgin is practically indispensable. To insure perseverance in virtue or conversion from vice the aid of our Blessed Lady is so efficacious that devotion to her has been time and time again denominated a mark of predestination.

The Fathers of the Church and the masters of the spiritual life have given ample testimony on this point,—testimony which can not be too often reiterated for the encouragement of those who aspire to reach one day the heavenly port, but meanwhile shudder at the thought of the rocks and shoals, the winds and waves, that threaten the shipwreck of their

hopes. "A true servant of Mary," says St. Bernard, "can not perish." *Impossibile est ut pereat*. St. Anselm of Canterbury, whose title to theological distinction not even heretics dispute, writes: "Just as it is impossible that he who does not honor Mary can be saved, so it is absolutely impossible that he who shows himself her worthy servant shall not reach heaven."

"Great Queen," continues St. Bonaventure, "he who honors thee and recommends himself to thy goodness is far distant from perdition. . . . Those who love thee will enjoy great peace, and their souls will never be subjected to the eternal flames." And St. Liguori, the profound theologian, the illustrious confessor, the learned and zealous missionary, and the great director of souls, declares: "If I am a devoted servant of Mary, I am sure of reaching Paradise."

Does not the Church herself, that fundamental column of all truth, add her testimony to that of her most eminent children? What else does she mean in calling Mary the Gate of Heaven—*Janua Cæli*,—the hope and refuge of poor sinners—*Refugium Peccatorum*? Does she not teach the same lesson when proposing to our minds Mary as the Star destined to guide us across the world's tempestuous sea, and lead us safely and securely to the shores of a happy eternity? "Hail, Star of the Sea!" Throughout the offices which she has established in honor of the Blessed Virgin, does not the Church unceasingly inculcate that those who invoke that benign Mother will infallibly achieve the great work of their salvation?

It is, then, eminently consonant with both the doctrine of the Church and the sentiments of her greatest members to declare that Mary will obtain for us the supreme grace of final perseverance if we implore it of her clemency. She is both able and willing to insure our arriving at the goal of the elect, the celestial

Sion where she herself reigns as Queen.

As to her ability to effect this work, her very name, Mother of God, is a sufficient guarantee. In virtue of that title, says St. Bernard, all power is given to her in heaven and on earth, and nothing is impossible to her. Her power is that of her Divine Son; with this difference, however, that the Son has His power of Himself, while the Mother holds hers by grace or communication,—a circumstance which, nevertheless, does not change the nature of the power, nor limit its exercise. She is omnipotent interceding.

If the saints in all ages have had such access to the Divine Majesty, if they have so often partaken of His omnipotence, if their prayers have obtained miracles without number; if, in accordance with their desire, the laws of nature have been suspended, and the fountains of grace have irrigated and made fertile the barren rock of the sinner's heart, what, we may well ask, can be unattainable through Mary's prayers to God the Father or to His and her beloved Son? When our Saviour was still on earth He knew not how to refuse anything to His Mother. At the marriage-feast of Cana she asked Him to perform a miracle; and, although He informed her that His hour was not yet come, He forthwith granted her request. Assuredly He is not less likely to accede to her demands now that she is seated by His side in heaven. Rather does He continually repeat to her the words of Solomon to *his* mother in other days: "Ask, my mother; nor is it permitted that I should turn away thy face."

Incomparably more tender and loving in His sonship than ever was Solomon, Christ reiterates with fond insistence: Ask me, my Mother, all that you wish, put my tenderness to the proof. I can refuse you nothing. Now, as at Bethlehem, in Nazareth, and on Calvary, I am your Child. You are my Mother always, and I can never forget what I owe to your

loving care. Be you my sovereign, the treasurer and almoner of my graces; shower them in profusion upon such of your servants as you deem worthy. Ask me, my Mother. Ask the grace of strength for the weak, the grace of consolation for the afflicted, the grace of triumph for those who struggle, the grace of cure for the sick, the grace of reconciliation for sinners. Ask, nor dread that thy slightest desire shall be ignored, thy simplest petition remain unheard.

The certainty of Our Lady's power to assist us would, however, prove of relatively little comfort to us, were we not equally assured of her readiness to exert that power in our behalf as often and as constantly as we invoke her. Of her willingness, not less than her ability, to protect and save us, no reasonable Christian can entertain a doubt. That she loves each of the souls for whom her Divine Son consummated the tremendous Sacrifice of Calvary with a love surpassing all that other mothers can possibly feel for their best-loved children, is a fact we never seriously call in question. From the moment when Christ confided to her maternal care all humanity in the person of St. John, no child of Adam has wanted a mother tenderer far than the most devoted of all earthly parents.

From a mother's love issues naturally and inevitably the will to benefit her children. Indifference to their interests, neglect of their welfare, heedlessness of their cries,—these are obviously incompatible with a true and tender affection. And therefore it is that, convinced of Our Lady's genuine love for each of the children whom Christ confided to her care, we rejoice in the certainty that, all-embracing as is her power, it is fully equalled by her benignity, her clemency, and her mercy.

Devotion to Mary, then, is clearly a necessary outcome of a real desire to attain the end for which we were created. It is a

manifest corollary of the proposition: I desire to reach heaven, to save my soul. A tender affection for the mother is the concomitant of genuine love for her Son; and honor shown to her, confidence reposed in her, reliance placed upon her power and goodness, are among the surest means of preserving that union with the Son which is called habitual grace on earth, and constitutes the glory of heaven. Happy those of us who, in the New Year's dawning, ponder well such reflections as these, and fan into a glowing flame those sparks of love for the Queen of Heaven which have perchance grown dim!

To us, as to all, is addressed the touching appeal of St. Bernard: "O you who sail the stormy sea of the world, exposed to life's winds and tempests, turn not your eyes from Mary, who will ever prove your guide and consoler. Do you feel the wind of temptation rising, do you fear to strike on the rock of adversity? Look to your Star, call Mary to your succor. If anger or avarice or sensuality threatens to submerge your heart, still gaze on your Star, invoke Mary's aid. Are you troubled by the enormity of your crimes, in dread of the horrors of future judgment, plunged in grief and woe, torn by despair, and already clad with the sombre shadows of death? Think of Mary, invoke her with confidence, throw yourself into her arms. Let her name be ever on your lips and love of her dwell ever in your heart. With such a guide we go not astray, with such a protectress we have naught to fear."

THE Incarnation brought righteousness out of the region of cold abstractions, clothed it in flesh and blood, opened for it the shortest and broadest way to all our sympathies, gave it the firmest command over the springs of human action by incorporating it in a Person, and making it, as has been beautifully said, liable to love.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

I.—ST. PATRICK'S BALL.

IT was the night of the 17th of March, the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint; and St. Patrick's Ball had gathered within the mirrored walls of St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle, all the youth, wit, rank, beauty and fashion, not only of the Irish metropolis, but of the entire country at large.

The Lord-Lieutenant, an enormous bunch of Erin's green, immortal shamrock nestling in the rich red of his ribbon of the Order of the Bath, had just finished a country dance to the inspiriting strains of "Patrick's Day," and was leading his flushed and smiling partner in the direction of the supper room, when his eye suddenly alighted upon a young and strikingly handsome man, attired in a simple court costume, who was engaged in casting searching glances along the line of dancers, as it slowly followed the Viceroy and the Household.

His Excellency, calling one of his aid-de-camps, asked:

"Is not that gentleman standing there Mr. Bodkin of Ballyboden?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Find out at once!"

In less than a minute the aid-de-camp returned.

"That is Mr. Bodkin of Ballyboden, sir."

"By whose invitation is he here?"

"Your Excellency will recollect that any gentleman who has attended a levee is entitled to come to St. Patrick's Ball, unless the chamberlain notifies him to remain away."

"It's rather cheeky! Eh, Folcamb?"

"You see, sir, I am so new—that—"

"Oh, I forgot! Please ask Carington to come to me." And turning to his partner, the Viceroy courteously invited her to take a glass of champagne.

While the Lord-Lieutenant was engaged in clinking his glass, the beaded bubbles at the brim, with that of the corpulent, be-diamond lady beside him, Arthur Bodkin continued his inspection of the supper line. Suddenly his eyes lighted up, as though ten thousand volts of electricity had been flashed into them; and stepping forward to a young and very lovely girl in the line, eagerly asked her for the next dance.

"*Must* it be?" she half murmured.

"It *must*!" he almost whispered. "It is life or death to *me*."

She grew very pale—pale to the lips; while her Irish eyes assumed the deep, dark, dangerous, delicious hue of the violet.

"I shall be over at the right-hand side of the throne," she said; and passed onward, to the intense relief of her very mystified partner, a Dragoon Guardsman, who afterward declared to a brother officer that 'he'd be hanged if he didn't think there was something deucedly romantic going on between Miss Nugent and the blooming civilian.'

"Arthur Bodkin, I never expected to meet you here," observed Miss Nugent, in a low tone; as, taking his arm, she was led to a somewhat dimly lighted and almost deserted corridor.

"Let us step in here," said Bodkin, wheeling her into the deep recess of a window. "We shall be free from interruption."

The moon bathed the Castle garden, and the quaint and countless roofs of the adjoining streets in liquid pearl. Her pale beams fell upon two white faces.

"This is about the last place I ought to be, Alice, after my marked attention to one of Her Majesty's representatives in Ireland."

"Horsewhipped a Lord High Commissioner," she laughed.

"But I knew that you would be here with your uncle; so I drove over to Galway, caught the mail-train, got into this ridiculous costume. And now, dearest, is it true that you are going to Mexico?"

"Yes, Arthur. You see, my uncle is a fighting Nugent. The Nugents have been in the Austrian service for centuries. My grand-uncle, Tom Nugent of Kells, sent six of his twenty-one sons to the field, and offered a dozen more. My uncle has been specially appointed, and we go with the Archduke Maximilian. I am to be one of the maids of honor to the Archduchess, or Empress, I should say."

"When do you start?"

"I do not know. Very soon, I believe." There was a moment's silence.

"Do you know, Alice," said Bodkin, in a troubled if not a hard voice, "you are taking this very coolly?"

"What can I do, Arthur?"

"Marry me at once, and come to Ballyboden. We can surely live on potatoes and point," he added, bitterly.

Miss Nugent placed her small, gloved hand on his arm, and, gazing up into his set, stern face, exclaimed:

"Arthur Bodkin, you know that I would share any fate with you; but your people—what have they not said! What are they not saying! Have they not arranged everything for your marriage with Lady Julia Travers—by the way," she added, woman-like, "she is here to-night, and looking superb."

"Shall I go to her, Alice?"

"No, no, no! Be rational. Listen to me. It shall never be said that I marred your fortune, and—"

"Marred!" he burst in, with vehemence. "Alice, I must make my fortune before any one can mar it. And this I mean to do. And now listen to me. I am going to Mexico."

"You, Arthur!" rapturously cried the young girl.

"Yes, I. I shall enter the service of Maximilian; and, if I can't do better, as a trooper. I can ride, at all events; and the Galway Blazers will give me a 'karácter,'" he laughed. "I shall be near you, Alice,—shall breathe the same air, see the same sky, the same trees, and shall trust to luck to meeting you."

"This is splendid, Arthur! Surely my uncle would—"

"Put me in irons, and marry you to this Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. He is here to-night, Alice, and is looking superb."

"Shall I go to him, Arthur?"

At that moment a deep-toned voice, in foreign accent, broke in upon them.

"Paurdon me, Mees Noogent, but these is our dawnce."

Alice started, colored violently, drew back from the side of Bodkin, and exclaimed:

"Not yet surely, Count Kalksburg!

"We are number nine."

"Nomber sechs, Mees Noogent. It is wrote here," presenting a dance card, and in such a manner as to allow the moon-beams to light up her name.

"Miss Nugent does not wish to dance this dance," said Bodkin, haughtily.

The Count turned a look upon Arthur pregnant with cold dislike.

"I do not ask upon what authoritee you spik for Mees Noogent—"

"Upon the authority of a—a—a gentleman; and I consider your pressing Miss Nugent to dance an infernal piece of impertinence," burst Arthur, grievously placing himself in the wrong.

As Alice was about to interpose, the Count calmly exclaimed:

"Paurdon, Mees Noogent! One word. Suppose, sir, I failed to claim these la dee for these dawnce, would I be acting the part of a gentleman?"

"Mr. Bodkin," said Alice, "this is Count

von Kalksburg's dance. You have no right to speak for me. Count, your arm." And, taking Kalksburg's now extended arm, she swept majestically away, her heart down in her little white satin shoes. But she felt that one moment longer, and her impetuous lover would have been at his rival's throat; and that this was the one chance to prevent a quarrel, with all its gruesome consequences.

Arthur Bodkin turned to the window, flung it open, and, leaning upon his elbows, his chin in his hands, indulged himself for a very bad quarter of an hour indeed.

The eldest son of a right royal house, one of the oldest and bluest-blooded on the Galway side of the Shannon, Arthur Bodkin felt the daily, nay, hourly, bitter mortifications that sting the man of position who is honest and hard up. Ballyboden was mortgaged to the hall door; and, save for some three hundred pounds a year—the jointure of his mother,—the revenues from the once vast and fruitful estate found their undeviating way into the coffers of the British Law Life Insurance Company, whose agent, a Mr. William Brown, a very underbred, pushing Englishman, lorded it, as far as was permitted him—and that was not far—over Arthur, and the tenants who had once paid willing tribute to The Bodkin of Ballyboden. That tribute they still paid with their inner hearts; for "the Masther," as the late Mr. Bodkin was styled, had been the best of landlords, who had shared the "hard times" with the people on his estate, until, acre by acre, the green sods transmuted into yellow gold, leaving nothing but the "big house" unmelted in the devouring crucible. The Bodkin died a prematurely aged man, leaving a widow, two daughters, and a son, the hero of this narrative, who was recalled from Stonyhurst to close his loving father's eyes.

Albeit the daughter of an English Earl

who detested Ireland and the Irish with a rancorous hate that recognized no limit, Lady Emily had been so attached to Ballyboden that she would recognize no other home, although offered asylum with her "Irish brats" in one of his lordship's houses; while her children, who had never known what it was to wander outside the county save for occasional visitings, loved every stone in the great, gaunt, unwieldy house that had resisted the poundings of Cromwell's cannon-balls; had seen a gallant troop ride forth to strike a blow for King James; and a solitary horseman on a priceless hunter spur madly out into the night to arrive in time to thunder forth a "No" on the division in the House of Commons on the fatal night when the Union was carried by the foulest machination that ever men calling themselves gentlemen stooped to undertake.

For ages Ballyboden House had been a stronghold; for generations the Bodkins had held it, sometimes against desperate odds, as they held the faith despite the allurements of honor, office, gold; held it despite rack and gibbet; held it in the woeful jaws of famine, in the desperate straits of penury. Within its massive walls the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up when a price was upon the priest's head, and death and torture awaited every man, woman or child who attended it; and it was on account of a foul and malignant jest uttered by Queen Victoria's Lord High Commissioner, in reference to the secrecy of the confessional, that Arthur Bodkin had given him the lie, followed by the sharp thong of a riding crop.

The girl whom Arthur loved with a wild Irish love, and with the impetuosity of the lordly Shannon in a flood, was the daughter of Tom Nugent, of Carrig-a-lea, who fell in the bloody charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, whilst endeavoring to save the life of his Irish servant,

Mike Donovan, who had been unhorsed. Both men went down, and the mural tablet in the little chapel at Monamullin prays for God's goodness for captain and trooper alike. *R. I. P.* Mrs. Nugent very soon followed her gallant husband; and Alice, their only child, was confided to the care of Tom Nugent's brother, Alexander, to whom a cousin, Field-Marshal Count Nugent, of the Austrian Army, had given a commission. As the Count was *persona gratissima* with "the powers that be," he was enabled to push upward the fortunes of his kinsman, until in a few years Alexander had won a title "Baron," and a highly confidential and important position in the Emperor's household. Baron Nugent married into the noble family of the Princes of Thurn and Taxis,—a lovely and amiable woman, who, however, unhappily bore him no children; and Alice Nugent became the supreme object of their love and care. The Baron, like all the Nugents, being a superb horseman, and passionately devoted to hunting, had come over on a visit to the Master of the Ward Union Staghounds; and it was during this visit that the St. Patrick's Ball was danced into morning, at which the hero and heroine of this eventful tale met, after seeing a good deal of each other at various country houses where Miss Nugent, with her uncle and aunt, had been the guest of honor.

"I have done it this time!" thought Arthur bitterly, as he gazed up at the moon that hung like a gem on the brow of the sky. "What right had I to interfere? I might have guessed I was nowhere with that cursed Count. It *was* infernally impertinent, his coming and following us up! How did *he* know where we had gone to? He must have been watching. I am glad I told him what I thought of him. I shall let him have more of my mind before daydawn. And Alice! Why did she snub me in such a beastly way, and before that cad? It was shameful.

I know how to pay her off. I'll dance every set with Lady Julia Travers. Alice can dance with every count in Bohemia, for all I care. She is a heartless flirt,—no one but a heartless flirt would treat a man so who had placed his heart under her feet. Pah!" and Arthur Bodkin, glowing with passionate anger against Alice Nugent, returned to the glittering glory of St. Patrick's Hall.

"I say, Bodkin," exclaimed a man in the uniform of a Deputy Lieutenant, "Carington has just been asking me what the deuce brings you here—that Lord Woodhouse has asked him."

"For tuppence I'd pull Lord Woodhouse's nose!" cried Arthur.

"That would be high-treason, Bodkin; and you've come near enough to it in horse-whipping the Lord High Commissioner."

"Oh, don't bother me! Really I—Ah, there she is!" and he pushed his way to where Lady Julia stood, surrounded by Privy Councillors, guardsmen and dragoons, all eagerly solicitous of obtaining the honor of "the next dawnce"; for the Lady Julia was an heiress in her own right, with £10,000 a year. She was also a very piquant and pretty young woman.

Pleading a previous engagement with Mr. Bodkin, Lady Julia saluted her suitors after a quaint, old-world fashion, and was led to the dance—a set of Lancers,—and, ere Arthur could move higher up or lower down on the floor, was planted *vis-à-vis* to Alice Nugent and the Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. The stern laws of conventionality commanded that the dance should be danced were it over red-hot ploughshares; and he found himself mechanically moving about to the inspiring strains of Liddel's band, watching every movement of the girl he adored, his heart literally beneath her dainty feet, which peeped and pattered in and out, as Suckling hath it, like little white mice. For the Count, Arthur had a fierce, set glare of the eye, which was returned

with compound interest, with a super-addition of malignity. Alice ever seeking Bodkin's glance, ever failed in catching it; and it was during the last figure, known as "The Lady's Chain," where the dancers move from one to the other, touching and changing hands, that she whispered in passing: "Promise me not to quarrel with the Count."

In the next round Arthur mercilessly retorted: "Is it because he is your lover?" To which unmanly retort Miss Nugent made no reply, save one of deep, piteous reproach through the medium of her lovely eyes.

As our heroine was passing down the great stairway, in the gentle crush of the departing guests, Arthur edged in beside her.

"Alice!" he whispered, hoarsely and eagerly, "I have been a brute. Forgive me, darling! I'll *not* quarrel with the Count; he is *not* your lover, and *never* will be. I shall be at Ballyboden till Saturday. Write me a line to tell me of your movements. You know that I love you as you ought to be loved, and you know I'll go to Mexico."

"Count Nugent's carriage stops the way!" bawled a functionary encrusted in gold lace.

"God bless you, Arthur!" came from the sweet lips of Alice Nugent, as she disappeared beneath the portico where the carriage awaited her.

Arthur Bodkin stood for some moments out under the stars, the night breeze cooling a very feverish brow. His heart was beating high with that throbbing that comes to us but once in our life-time, save perhaps in beauteous and beatific dreams. Every window in the upper Castle yard was glowing with subdued light; and the strains of "Patrick's Day" floated into the night, together with the muffled echo of dancing. A very diminutive specimen of mankind, arrayed in the uniform of an infantry officer, brushed past Bodkin; on the arm of the warrior a colossal

dame, fat, fair and forty. As the son of Mars assisted the portly widow into the yawning vehicle that was to bear her to her home in Fitzwilliam Street, Arthur heard him ask, in tones thick with emotion and Lord Woodhouse's champagne:

"Is it eight children and four hundred a year, Mrs. Bowderby, or four children and eight hundred a year?"

"That will be a good story for Harry Talbot to-morrow," laughed Arthur, as he slowly wended his way to his lodgings in Kildare Street,—a lodging-house "run" by a former Ballyboden butler and housemaid, and where "Masther Arthur" was welcome as the flowers of May.

(To be continued.)

The Italian Peasant's Prayer:

BY WALTER LECKY.

HEAR thy sweet bells chime;
It is the vesper time,
Ave Maria.

The day and work are done,
The hour of rest is won,
Ave Maria.

The sun is setting nigh,
And dark spreads o'er the sky,
Ave Maria.

In light or dark thou'lt be
The same fair Queen to me,
Ave Maria.

I hear thy sweet bells chime;
It is the vesper time,
Ave Maria.

I place my life, my all,
Obedient to thy call,
Ave Maria.

Be thou my shepherdess,
And lead through storm and stress,
Ave Maria.

Until, within the fold,
Thy Jesus I behold,
Ave Maria.

Robert Southwell and His Friends.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

I.

SOME months ago we had occasion to present to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" an English confessor of the faith, Thomas Pounce, whose striking conversion and lifelong imprisonment they may still remember. Pounce's chief characteristics were his bold and generous spirit, his ready wit, his unflinching cheerfulness, that no amount of disappointment and suffering could ever disturb. Robert Southwell, his contemporary, was a man of very different stamp. He had, in common with Pounce, an ardent love of God, an absolute devotion to His cause, a poetical imagination, and remarkable literary gifts; but he was of a gentler temper, and by his courtesy, sweetness, and winning ways, he rather resembled Edmund Campion, the protomartyr of the English Jesuits. His comparatively short life and exceedingly bitter agony form a contrast, too, with the long, dreary, monotonous years of imprisonment during which the impetuous spirit of Thomas Pounce was made perfect by patience, and his superabundant activity sanctified by sacrifice and submission.

Both Pounce and Southwell had the gift of influence over their fellowmen. In spite of his loss of liberty and fortune, Pounce was the terror of Protestants, on account of the facility with which he drew men's hearts to the Church. Robert Southwell's personal influence was no less powerful; and among those whom he guided in the paths of holiness are two noble souls, whose history is scarcely less tragical than his own. No sketch of Father Southwell can be complete without a mention of his spiritual children, Philip, Earl of Arundel, and Anne Dacre, his

wife, whose heavy load of suffering was lightened by the loving sympathy, and soul-inspiring words of their Jesuit friend and Father.

The chief events of Father Southwell's life have been carefully recorded by the old Jesuit historians, More, Bartoli, Tanner, and Juvencius, whose information, chiefly gathered from the testimony of eye-witnesses, has been condensed by Brother Foley in his valuable records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. We learn from them that Robert Southwell was born at Horsham St. Faith, three miles from Norwich, in 1560. His father, Richard Southwell, a country gentleman of good birth and fortune, was twice married: the first time to Bridget Copley, our hero's mother; the second, to Margaret Slytes, who had been governess to Queen Elizabeth. He had eight children, our martyr being his third son.

One day, being left alone in his cradle, he was stolen by a gipsy woman. Happily, the theft was discovered in time; the gipsy was pursued and overtaken, and the infant restored to its parents. In after years Father Southwell frequently related this strange incident of his childhood, dwelling gratefully on the mercy of God, who had saved him from a life of almost certain misery and sin. Many years later, when he returned to England as a priest, he sought out the nurse who had been instrumental in discovering the theft, and brought her back to the practice of the Catholic religion, which she had forsaken.

He was still very young when his father, who at that time was a devout Catholic, resolved to send him abroad to be educated. The penal laws, that weighed upon the English Catholics like a yoke of iron, hampered them at every turn, and, in particular, rendered it almost impossible for parents to bring up their children at home.

Among the English colleges established on the Continent for the training of

youth, that of Douai enjoyed a widespread reputation. It was founded in 1568 by William Allen, the future Cardinal, with the twofold object of preparing ecclesiastical students for the priesthood, and of giving Catholic boys a sound education. Richard Southwell first sent his boy to Douai; then, being still unwilling to expose him to the dangers and difficulties that surrounded English Catholics in their own country, he desired him to complete his course of studies in Paris, where young Robert arrived at the age of fifteen.

In Paris the lad found a numerous colony of English youths, who, like himself, were driven abroad by the pressure of the penal laws, and with one of these he speedily formed a close friendship. This was John Cotton, of Warblington, the representative of a faithful Catholic race, and who was destined himself to endure much suffering for the faith. Between him and young Robert Southwell there existed many points of resemblance, and they became inseparable companions, sharing the same lodging and following the same pursuits.

The two were well fitted to sympathize with each other; and if John Cotton was not destined, like his friend, to gather the martyr's crown, he was to earn for himself a glorious place among the brave laymen whose faithful courage served the Church in her hour of danger and distress. He was only twenty when he was seized by the pursuivants at Lyford Grange, at the same time as Father Campion, and imprisoned in the Tower. A considerable portion of his life was spent in prison. Once, for instance, he was kept in strict and solitary confinement during five years. Nothing daunted, he resumed his charitable offices toward the hunted priests as soon as he was set free. His house at Warblington was open to them, in spite of the cruel penalties that threatened those who ventured to admit a priest within their doors.

Among the persecuted Catholics he exercised the mission of an apostle. He had words of advice, encouragement, and consolation for all; and he was, we are told, very zealous in recommending the faithful to receive the Sacraments as often as possible; reminding them that, in their cruel sufferings, they needed all the helps and graces that the Church holds at her children's disposal. By both priests and laymen John Cotton's house was regarded as a haven of rest, and was always called by them the "common refuge."

Such was the future career of the man who, when a mere lad, became Robert Southwell's friend and companion in Paris. The two were singularly noble, generous, and pure-minded. The difficulties that had surrounded their home life in England, and the separation from parents and country that was now their portion, had probably ripened their minds and characters; and, in spite of the innate hopefulness of youth, a tinge of gravity must have colored their projects and aspirations as they conversed together of their future plans. Nevertheless, these student days in Paris, during which the two English lads—the one a future martyr, the other a confessor of the faith—lived together in brotherly companionship, mark an epoch of comparative peace and brightness in the lives of both.

Another of his countrymen whom Robert Southwell met in Paris was destined to exercise considerable influence over his vocation. An English Jesuit of remarkable prudence and holiness, Father Thomas Darbyshire, lived in Paris for many years. He was well known and greatly respected by the English travellers and residents in France, and was the means of drawing many souls back to the true Church. He became Southwell's confessor; and under his guidance the boy, whose natural instincts were pure and noble, made rapid progress in perfection.

At this period of his life Robert South-

well's countenance seems to have been the faithful mirror of his beautiful soul. He was, we are told, so fair and handsome, his features so perfect and his expression so angelic, that in Paris many who did not know his name used to call him "the beautiful English boy." Under that striking exterior was a mind rich in mental gifts, and a heart framed for heroic enterprises.

In spite of his advantages of birth and education, and of the extraordinary beauty that excited the admiration of men, the lad's thoughts and aspirations were all turned toward a life of sacrifice. No worldly career, however honorable, could tempt his ambition; and when only sixteen he firmly resolved to consecrate his life to God and to become a religious. During some months, however, he hesitated as to which rule of life to embrace: he was almost equally attracted to the Society of Jesus and to the Carthusians. The spirit of St. Ignatius appealed to the innate generosity of his nature; on the other hand, the recent martyrdoms under Henry VIII. had especially endeared the Carthusians to the English Catholics. John Cotton and Father Darbyshire were his only confidants, and to these trusted friends he freely revealed all his perplexities and hesitations. At last, however, light came; and, after much prayer and thought, young Southwell decided to enter the Society of Jesus. He himself relates that he was brought to this resolve, first by his desire to practise the rule of perfect obedience so strictly enforced by St. Ignatius; secondly, by his longing to win the martyr's crown. His thoughts were at that time bent on the Indian missions, where the successors of St. Francis Xavier were laboring for Christ. He little dreamt that the martyr's palm was to be his indeed, not on the distant Indian shore, but close at hand, in his own native land.

On account of his extreme youth, the

superiors of the Order wisely decided to postpone the admission of this ardent young postulant, who, when once his resolve was taken, was impatient of any delay. His disappointment at their refusal to enroll him at once was very great, and is quaintly expressed in an effusion which he wrote about this time under the title, "Complaint of Robert Southwell, when, after petitioning to enter the Society of Jesus, he was for a long time deferred." He goes on to express his grief at being separated "from that Society, where is centered all my love, my life, my whole delight. . . . Woe to me," he continues, "who am still compelled to winter in the world, daily tossed about amid the waves of carnal desire, and dashed against the rocks of occasions of sin!" As far back as these early days, when he was still a mere boy, Robert Southwell's passionate love for the Society of Jesus is a most touching trait in his character. "I know of none," writes the Jesuit historian, Father Tanner, "after the holy founder of the Society, St. Ignatius himself, that entertained a greater affection or a greater esteem for his vocation than did Robert Southwell."

When he found that the superiors of the Order in France and Belgium were firm in their refusal to admit one so young, he determined to go to Rome, the fountain-head of the Society, and to lay his case before the Father General in person. He started, accompanied by a Belgian youth named John Decker, who died many years later, in 1619, in the odor of sanctity, after rendering valuable services to the Order as a writer and a professor. The Father General, who at that time was Father Everard Mercurianus, proved himself less rigid than the French Fathers. Early vocations were more common in Italy than in France, and Robert's perseverance and earnestness quickly carried the point at issue. He was admitted into the Society on the 17th of October, 1578.

The lad's joy and his ardent desire to correspond with the grace of his vocation are quaintly expressed in the note-book where, throughout all his life, he was in the habit of writing down his intimate thoughts, feelings, and resolutions. These notes have happily been preserved, and in their simplicity they give us a faithful and touching picture of the writer's soul. "Remember, Robert," he writes, "that thou art no longer standing outside, but art a son of the same Lord Jesus Christ, a member of the same Society; and that thou who formerly wast an admirer of others' virtues, art now become an example to be seen of others."

In another paper the young novice, after enlarging on the merits and graces of his vocation, writes these words, in which he unconsciously traces his own future history: "Consider how great a perfection is required in a religious, . . . who should be ever ready at a moment's notice for any part of the world, and for any kind of people; . . . who may be cast into prison by heretics, macerated by hunger and thirst, tempted by the rack and various torments."

Very soon after his admission into the Order, young Southwell was sent to Tournay, in Belgium, where he remained during his two years' novitiate. He made his first vows on the 18th of October, 1580, just two years after his entrance into the Order, and was then sent back to Rome to complete his theological studies. When these were finished, he was appointed Prefect of Studies at the English College in Rome,—a post for which he was eminently qualified, in spite of his youth; being a cultivated English scholar, a poet, and a prose writer of no little merit. Yet, although his mental gifts were remarkable, they were less conspicuous perhaps than his virtues: his sweetness of manner, deep humility, and tender consideration for the wants and feelings of others.

He continued at the English College the beautiful practice he had adopted in his boyhood, of writing down his meditations, resolutions, and examinations of conscience. These papers reveal his constant watchfulness over self, his ardent longing to act in all things, great and small, in the most perfect manner; and, as though some secret voice warned him of his future destiny, the grace most desired by the young religious seems to have been the love of suffering.

His resolutions for the guidance of his daily life are at once simple and practical. "Among the loquacious," he writes, "observe moderation of speech; among the irascible, guard the tongue; among lovers of pleasure, beware of self-indulgence. . . . Our vocation is not to be inclosed in our cells, far from all intercourse with men, but to combat openly; and while rebuking the irregular desires of others, we must be watchful that we are not overcome by our own. . . . Because as thou art a companion of saints, a soldier in the army of Christ, thou art hence to become a fisher of souls, a laborer in the harvest of Christ, a leader of the blind, a staff of the lame,—all things to all men. . . . As far as possible, always choose the lowest and worst things for thyself, in all things yielding to others the better part."

The following passage reveals the heroic thoughts that then occupied his mind,—thoughts that, many years later, he expressed in broken accents in the torture chamber of Topcliffe's house: "God gave His life for thee. . . . What great matter dost thou think it to offer thy life for His cause?"

This longing to lay down his life in the service of God grew stronger daily in the heart of Robert Southwell. On entering the Society, he had wished to be sent to India; but within the last few years' grave events had come to pass, and the object of his ambition was now not

the Indian but the English mission. In the year 1580 Father Everard Mercurianus, upon the representations of Doctor William Allen, had consented to send his sons to labor for God in England, where, owing to the increasing severity of the penal laws, their presence was sadly needed. Henceforth a field of action, no less difficult and dangerous than India was open to the zeal of the young English Jesuits, and toward it tended all Robert Southwell's hopes and prayers.

In June, 1580, Father Parsons and Father Campion, closely disguised, succeeded in landing on the coast of Kent; and sixteen months later, on December 3, 1581, after enduring cruel tortures with unflinching patience, Father Campion gained a martyr's crown. The news of his glorious death, and the painful trials of the English Catholics, increased Southwell's longing to go back to England; but it was not till 1586, five years later, that his superiors consented. In the month of March of that year, to his deep joy and thankfulness, he was appointed companion to the new superior of the English mission, Father Henry Garnet, and ordered to accompany his chief to England.

Southwell was then twenty-six, and it was on account of his youth that his superiors waited some years before granting his request to be sent to England. He had been ordained priest the previous year, and this new dignity gave fresh weight and maturity to his singularly lovable character. With his warm and graceful imagination, his poetical talent, his refined and cultured intellect, his pure and holy soul, his childlike simplicity and kindness to others, his manly beauty and innate courtesy of manner, he was the very ideal of a perfect religious and of a high-born gentleman.

On the morning of the 8th of May, 1586, a little group of travellers left Rome, and proceeded through the Campagna toward the Ponte Molle. They were Father Henry

Garnet and Father Southwell, who were bound for England, Father Parsons, and a number of Roman Jesuits. When they reached the Ponte Molle, Father Parsons took tender leave of the two missionaries, who continued their journey alone. With his experience of England and of the dangers and difficulties that awaited his brethren, he must have felt inclined to salute them in the words so frequently addressed by the great St. Philip Neri to the students of the English College: "*Salvete flores martyrum!*"

Brother Southwell's thoughts evidently ran in the same direction; for as he bade Father Parsons an affectionate farewell, we are told that he said to him that 'he and his companion were two arrows shot toward the same goal.' Prophetic words; for both the travellers who left Rome on that fair May morning were to gain the martyr's crown, after long and bitter suffering. His desire for that crown breaks forth in the letters written by Father Southwell at this eventful period.

On the 15th of July, 1586, just before embarking for England, he writes from Flanders to the Father General of the Society: "Being now exposed to extreme danger, I address you, my Father, from the threshold of death. . . . I am sent indeed into the midst of wolves. Would that it were as a sheep to be led to the slaughter in the name of Him who sends me!"

In another letter to one of his fellow-religious, Southwell confesses that he had never asked God for anything without his prayer being granted. He adds that only two petitions he had made since his childhood still remained to be answered: the one, that he might lay down his life for God; the other, that this final sacrifice might be preceded by much labor for the salvation of souls.

Just before the arrival of the two Jesuits new and more severe measures had been taken against the Catholics. The violence of the persecution seemed to increase

daily. The different ports of the kingdom were strictly watched, with a view to discovering any priests who might arrive, and it was no easy matter to effect a landing. However, Father Southwell and his superior contrived to pass unnoticed; and on the 22d of July, more than two months after leaving Rome, they reached Hackney, in the suburbs of London, where they found a shelter in the house of Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, whom Father Parsons had reconciled to the Church. Here they remained several months, during which they employed themselves, as far as the difficulties of the times would admit, in missionary work among the Catholics.

Father Southwell seems to have written twice to the Father General, giving him an exact account of the employment of his time. But these letters were probably intercepted by the Government; for an abstract of their contents, evidently the work of some informer, has lately been brought to light in the state papers. We gather from these notes that Father Southwell was diligently employed in hearing confessions and in other priestly duties, "without fear or fainting"; also that the demand for priests was very great; and that in one case, for instance, "three whole shires, with many Catholics, had but one priest among them."

(To be continued.)

THERE have been great missionaries, confessors, bishops, doctors, pastors. They have done great works, and have taken with them numberless converts or penitents to heaven. They have suffered much, and have a superabundance of merits to show. But Mary in this way resembles her Divine Son—viz., that as He, being God, is separate by holiness from all creatures, so she is separate from all saints and angels, as being "full of grace."—*Cardinal Newman.*

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

I.—THE STORY OF GIUSEPPE POGHI.

PIETRO ROVI and Giuseppe Poghi, the only Italians at the Home, generally sat together in the men's yard, in the afternoon, smoking and chatting,—that is to say, Rovi chatted and his friend listened; for he seemed a silent, morose man, to whom the world had been unkind, and who was only waiting for the great change which would, it was to be hoped, even all things for him.

It came suddenly in the night. The day following, seeing Pietro alone in his accustomed place, I went out of my way a few steps to speak with him.

"You are lonely, no doubt, without your friend, Pietro?" I said, taking a seat beside him.

"Yes, a little," was the response. "But I have known long time that he must soon die; and I have work too long alone in mines, in California, to care much for anybody, whether he is here or not. If I have only enough money to go back there, or if I am strong enough to walk back, and work part my way, I go there. But that can not be for me."

"How long have you been in this part of the country?" I inquired.

"Only five year. Three I am at the Little Sisters; and I like very much to be with them, if it is not for the climate,—so hot in summer, so cold in winter. In California now it is like in Italy,—hot days maybe, but not so hot as here, and in the nights always under a blanket; and the winter time there—oh, it is lovely!"

"Why did you come so far East at your time of life—you must be long past sixty?"

"Pretty soon seventy year," was the reply. "I came with fifty other foolish men. It was a railroad that would be build, with big wages. The man fooled us. We all give twenty-five dollar, and he run away when we get in Chicago. I

don't know how that is,—that railroad was really build, but he bring too much people. It was some kind of fraud."

"Did Giuseppe come then?"

"No, ma'am: Giuseppe here in this house when I come. He much change, and at first deny; but I know his name. He not change that, nor his face all. He was bad man, that Giuseppe; but I feel sorry for him some, and I stay with him. You ever hear him talk?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, he have gone to school much in the old country. His father have big factory for wax-candles at Bologna, his brother a priest. He have other brother once in this country; pretty rich man. He dead now too. Giuseppe run away to America. You like to hear about him? I think he pretty sorry before he die."

"Yes, Pietro, if you wish to tell me," I said, more from a desire to please the old man than anything else.

"Well, you not in a hurry? I tell you. You see, Giacomo Poghi, the oldest one, I not know him very much, but he good man. He live in San Francisco; he keep hardware and miner's goods. Very good man—not cheat never. Go always to church too, with his wife, and give much to the priest and the poor. Then Giuseppe he come; run away from his home; done some very bad act there. So his brother set him up in drug-store after a while, spend good deal money on that. Giuseppe he live in house with his brother, but not like his wife. So then they quarrel little bit, and Giuseppe he take couple rooms behind his shop. I work in chop-house next door, and so I know him pretty well. Then he marry pretty good woman. He get along pretty nice. They have three children. His brother come all time to see him, and never take back that money he lend him—he give it to him. After a while I go the mines. I stay there three year. When I come back I say:

"Where your brother now?"

"I don't know," he say. "He all broke up. He put his money in mining stocks, and burst up mines. He all broke. He go away from San Francisco with his wife. I believe he have some little ranch close to Los Angeles. I don't know about him."

"You help him some when he burst up?" I say to Giuseppe.

"I got plenty to do when I take care of my own family," he say to me. "I not help him—he not ask me."

"But he help you when you come first. You better not forget that," I say.

"Then he get mad at me, and tell me to mind my own business, and I go away. I not like that kind of man."

"Five, six year pass away. Giuseppe Poghi make his store bigger, and he get plenty money. Some time I come back, and work in that chop-house again. Sometimes I see him. One time I go in his store for cigar. He reading a letter then. He say to me:

"Pietro," he say, "this letter from my brother. I not hear from him for good while. His wife die three year ago. I not hear from him since. Now he write me he sick, and please come and see him."

"You go?" I say; but I think not from his face.

"How I go?" he say. "My wife not understand this business, no clerk can be trust. How I go?"

"Three or four days, that not much," I say. "You not lose much for three or four days."

"No, I not go," he say. And I go away.

"Two weeks maybe I come again in his shop, and he say:

"I get 'nother letter from my brother. He bother me all the time come see him before he die."

"I say: 'You go this time? If I be in your place I would. Your brother good to you. He all alone; he like to see you before he die. Maybe he be poor.'

"Course he be," Giuseppe say. "Want me to give him something, I know."

"Then I say: 'If he not ask you for anything, how you know? That very nice, I think, in his place. You in good business, Mr. Poghi. You brother need you; you better go.'

"He not say anything, and I go away again. It come maybe two weeks longer, and I go in his store again. He look terrible bad."

"'What ail you, Mr. Poghi?' I say. 'You sick, or something go wrong in your business? Or maybe your brother dead, and you feel sorry?'

"'I think it terrible shame!' he say. 'There ought to be some law against such things.'

"'What things?' I say.

"'Sit down, Pietro,' he say, 'and I tell you.' (I think he like to talk to me, for I speak his own language; and when we in trouble we like to talk our own tongue). 'Sit down, Pietro,' he say again. And I sit down. Then he tell me all:

"'Yesterday morning a strange priest he come in here, and ask for me. I come down. He very nice man. He come from Los Angeles, and he know my brother. I say; 'Father, I very glad to see you, and I sorry my brother sick; but I can do nothing for him, with my own family.'" Then he say. "He ask you do anything for him?" I say: "No." Then he say: "He send me here to tell you something; and now that I see you and hear you talk, I very glad to do it, though before I hate to. I come up here on trip, and I promise your brother that I tell you the message he send."—"Very well," I say; "tell it."—"You know your brother pretty rich, eh?" the priest say.—"No," I say; "I guess you mistaken, Father. Once he have plenty money, but he lose it all long ago."—"I guess *you* mistaken," the priest say: "he own forty-acre ranch near Los Angeles. He buy it long ago for three hundred dollar. Four year ago he sell it in the boom for one hundred thousand. That pretty rich, eh?"—"I

not know that, Father," I say. "Why he never tell me?"—"I don't know," the priest say. "That make no difference now. Last week he send for me, and make his confession. Then he say to me: 'Father, I have one brother in San Francisco. I long to see him—he my only friend in this country. I write to him several times, but he never answer me. At last, the other day, he write he can not come. Then I make up my mind. Father, in my house I have very good girl—servant-girl. She go to Mass every morning; she keep my house well; she wash and cook for me nice, and take good care for me since I be sick,—such good care as my dead wife would take for me if she be alive. Get license, and bring lawyer, and come marry me to Mary Doherty. First I marry her, then I make my will, and I leave most all my money to her.' I ask to see the girl. First she say no, she ashamed; she very good girl. At last I tell her she foolish, and then she say yes. I bring lawyer, I get license, we go there, I marry your brother to that girl. He make his will, and tell me to tell you. He leave to your brother, who is a priest in Italy, ten thousand; he give me a nice little sum in my hand; he send something to the church, and five thousand to some orphan asylum; the rest he leave to his wife. I think your brother got maybe hundred and twenty thousand, Mr. Poghi." For a minute I can not speak. At last I say: "He dead, Father,—he dead yet?" He say: "No, not when I come; but I expect pretty soon he die."

"'After that the priest go away; for I can not talk with him,—I nearly die. Now what you think, Pietro, my brother do me that way?'

"Then I say: 'I think it serve you right, Mr. Poghi. I don't know when I hear any news that please me so much.'

"Then he go to strike me, but I go very quick out of his shop, and I not come back again. Pretty soon that story

was print in the *Chronicle*, and everybody know it, and they all laugh at Giuseppe Poghi. But his brother not die for more than two year. He live in nice house in Los Angeles, with his wife; and have two big lots around, with flowers and lemon trees and oranges, and all kind nice vegetables in the back."

"The man really got what he deserved, Pietro," I said. "But how did he arrive at such poverty as to be obliged to come here, to the Home?"

"I tell you, Missus. After a while Giuseppe Poghi he go to Mexico with his family. He most crazy when he find how rich his brother be. Some one tell him when he go to Guadalajara he get rich with drug-store. But he not get rich there. Soon his wife die; then—he very bad man, very bad man, Missus—he run away with hotel-keeper's wife. She young Mexican woman. She think he got plenty money. He take pretty near all he got, and come to United States again. He try to live in New Orleans, but he very poor soon. That woman she run away from him too, so he keep getting worse and worse. He drink, he get rheumatism, he work for cook on boats, he come up here at last. He sick in Marine Hospital. They turn him out when he better. He can't work: he too feeble and sick and old. He got something they call chronic,—I think, I don't know just what. That good Italian priest over there at the Jesuit he see him, he get the Little Sisters to take him. That how he come here. God punish him, I think, because he be so mean to his brother, and because he run away from his children. I not very sorry for Giuseppe Poghi,—not very sorry. But I sit with him; for he is only Italian here, and I know him long ago."

"And the poor children?" I said. "I suppose no one knows what became of them."

"I know all 'bout that," said Pietro, a new ring in his voice. "That is a very

good part; that make person glad again. When Giuseppe Poghi is gone away to Mexico, and his brother be dead, I work in mine little while with Mike Doherty. He very nice young Irishman. After a while he find his sister; she Mrs. Poghi, that married with Giacomo. She buy him nice little ranch near Los Angeles. He bring out girl from Ireland and marry her. Some time I get tired working in mine, and I go to Los Angeles and work on ranch near by. Then I see Mike Doherty again, and his sister, Mrs. Poghi. She very nice woman. I work in her garden two, three times. She nice, pretty too, dressed up, and go with all fine people she want to. She fine woman. I tell you what she do. When Giuseppe Poghi he run away from his children, his oldest girl—she very nice—write to Giacomo Poghi's wife, and tell her if she will send them enough money to come back to California, they will work and pay her. What you think that woman do, Missus?"

"No doubt she sent the money."

"I bet you. She send for them children, and take them in her own house. She dress them up, and next fall the boy he go to Santa Clara College, and the girls to San José. Very fine schools, Missus; best in California. Then she go to Europe with them children. The boy he study violiu there; make fine player. The girls they travelling with their aunt when I hear of them. Maybe they married now. I guess so. She got plenty money. But Giuseppe he not know that till I tell him. Maybe he sorry he not behave better, so he get some money too. Maybe he glad his children not so poor as he. Anyhow, he not try to find them, or tell them where he be. Well, I hope he not stay long in purgatory—not too long,—but I be afraid. Act very bad."

And, with sundry solemn shakes of the head, Pietro prepared once more to light his pipe, which had gone out during the narrative.

Notes on "The Imitation."

 BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

INTRODUCTORY.

ALL the world admires, and has admired time out of mind, "The Imitation of Christ." All the world, in its various ways and fashions, reads it, and praises it loudly. But it may be doubted if it be thoroughly "understood of the people," or as much relished as it deserves to be. Nothing is more easy than to read through a chapter; yet many in their heart of heart will confess that it is not quite as attractive as they expected: they find it hard and dry. This may be owing to its severely logical, clear-cut phrases. In my own youthful days I thus often attempted it, and found it rather gritty work. I, in fact, got "no forrarder," as it is called.

This, however, is not the way to appreciate "The Imitation." No superficial reading will help us to its understanding: all its weight, beauty, meaning lie underground, as it were, or under compact language, and must be *dug* for. We must weigh, perpend, and inwardly digest it; read it again and again, turn it over and inside out. We must get at the *scheme* of the author,—find out what he has in his mind. It is only, perhaps, on the half-dozen, or it may be dozen, reading that we reach to the full meaning. We shall then have lights on religion and the practical religious life that we never had before.

One thing that is borne in on us after this steady, "dogged" perusal—and a most remarkable thing it is—is the "sweet reasonableness" of its whole religious scheme. Many pious books lead us, without intending it, to think that much depends on a state of feeling,—that we must *feel* devotion and love and longings

and emotions. But in "The Imitation" we find the good common-sense of religion. It is as though we were with some long-headed family friend.

At this moment it may be said "The Imitation" is in high fashion. Editions of all patterns are coming out almost simultaneously. The original manuscript has been fac-similed; so has the first, or *editio princeps*. The High Church Canon, Knox Little, has furnished "fore-words"; so has Canon Farrer. The first English translation is being reproduced.

The writer of these lines has issued a little quarto, "The Treasure of À Kempis," in which many curious things about the book are collected. It is curious that it should have of a sudden become so acceptable to our zealous Protestant friends. The reason, no doubt, is that the march of Ritualistic ideas has been so rapidly forward that its Catholic sentiments, formerly a stumbling-block, have now become quite acceptable.

I propose now in these "notes" to furnish yet a little more of this instruction, and show, according to my imperfect lights, how much is packed up, compressed into passages which many have, no doubt, stepped lightly over, without dreaming of the riches that lay below. I will venture to say that, after perusing my little exposition, the reader will confess candidly that he had no suspicion that the simple sentences, which may have been familiar to him, contained so much sense and easy simplicity. It will be seen that no particular logical order is followed. "I pick up my goods where I find 'em,"—taking whatever strikes me, here, there, and everywhere.

I.

"Study to wean thy heart from the love of visible things, and to betake thee to the things unseen."

This is the key-note of the whole, and is set forth at the very opening. The principle is enforced indirectly in many

forms. This taste for "visible things" enters even into religion. No doubt it is an enormously difficult gift to get rid of; still it is a great thing to know what is to be done, even if we make little effort. Our author is all for attempting, and does not assume that we ought to succeed or will succeed. Thus he says: "*Study to wean*"; that is, turn it over, try, see how all-important it is.

The world holds its visible things to be the only genuine, real things, and the things of the other world to be mere fancies and dreams. Even for the good there is something shadowy in spiritual things, they appear so remote. But a person whom this truth seriously strikes as a novelty will familiarize himself—by degrees even, if little more can be done—with the notion that it is the visible things that are purely scenic. By practice he will gradually come to knowledge.

II.

"He whose taste discerneth all things as they are, and not as they are said or accounted to be, is a truly wise man."

And indeed he is truly a most precious gift. This is one of the fine passages in the book. There is a something supernatural in it; yet it is the bare truth. Everything on earth is really no more than what it seems to us; just as on the theatre a coarsely daubed, unmeaning bit of canvas, by the blaze of the lamps, becomes a lovely landscape.

The world is but a thing of shadows and dreams. We need only think for a moment how everything is made *real* by feelings, tastes and sentiment. All the arts and pleasures exist only for those who relish them. On a desert island a chest of gold pieces becomes a collection of useless bits of metal, and so on. The religious man sees what these deceptions are. Our author puts it in a nutshell. "He whose taste discerneth all things as they are, and not as they are said or accounted to

be, is truly a wise man, and taught of God rather than of men."

This seeing "things as they are, and not as they are said or accounted to be," is a precious and supernatural gift. Things are accounted or accepted as realities, and more often are said to be so; and it is the fashion to believe what the world says. He assures us: "The senses of men are often deceived in giving judgments, and the lovers of this world are deceived in loving only visible things." The contrary is the foundation of the whole life and works of the saints, and even the less ambitious have glimmerings of this great and necessary truth. Hence in another place he supplies this excellent prayer: "Suffer me not to judge according to the sight of outward eyes, nor to give sentence according to the hearing of the ears of ignorant men; but to determine upon matters, both visible and spiritual, with true judgment."

(To be continued.)

A Thought for the New Year.

THE obligation of living up to our holy religion, and of edifying our neighbor by the practice of Christian virtues, is plain to every Catholic. Next comes the duty of knowing the doctrines of the Church, and of being able to give a reason for the faith that is in us. We are surrounded by unbelievers, who closely observe our conduct, and are often sincerely desirous of understanding the truths of our faith. We ought to be able to help them, to answer their questions, and to refute their arguments. It is not to be expected, of course, that every one shall be competent to reply to all objections, to refute any calumny that may be current; but every Catholic ought to know the catechism thoroughly, and have at hand some of those standard religious works

which supplement it. Inquiring non-Catholics are not always disposed to confer with a priest; they will freely open their minds to a Catholic associate when they would hesitate to seek enlightenment elsewhere. Hence the obligation, especially in a country like ours, of knowing one's religion. A layman may do a great deal of good where a priest would be powerless. The influence of a practical, well-instructed Catholic in a Protestant community is simply inestimable. It is not enough to practise our faith: we must be prepared to give a reason for it, and to defend it.

The great truths of religion are uppermost in men's minds. The most indifferent, worldly, and seemingly irreligious persons are constantly reminded of God and eternity. If we could penetrate the minds of our unbelieving friends and acquaintances, we should find that the question, What shall I do to be saved? presents itself betimes to them as well as to us. Men who would seem to be ignorant, prejudiced, or bigoted to a hopeless extent often feel drawn to the Church, experience misgivings as to their attitude toward it, doubts as to whether it may not be the Ark of Salvation in spite of all that its enemies say against it. The good which it is everywhere effecting, the blameless and beautiful lives of so many of its members, can not fail of making an impression on the minds of outsiders; and there are times, unquestionably, when they feel curious about Catholic teaching.

If the lives of the children of the Church were always in accordance with what they profess, if they were qualified to explain their religion, and truly zealous for the salvation of their neighbors' souls, how many more would be led to follow the "kindly light," and find peace and security in Christ's sheepfold! That we are *not* as zealous as we should be—as zealous as there is no excuse for not being—there are innumerable proofs. For instance, many books and pamphlets are published

to explain the doctrines and practices of the Church, to combat every possible objection against her to silence her calumniators; yet the demand for such publications is lamentably small. The great majority of Catholics are either indifferent to them or ignorant of their existence.

One of the very best things to put into the hands of an inquiring non-Catholic is a lecture delivered some years ago in St. Louis by the eloquent Archbishop Ryan. One would suppose that it should be known everywhere and sell by thousands. We had occasion to order a copy for a non-Catholic clergyman last week, and were surprised and saddened to receive from the publisher soiled copies bearing the date 1878! It may be asserted that many new books have appeared since then, that the pamphlet in question is not kept before the public by advertisements, etc. We hold that if faith were not weak and zeal lacking, a work like "What Catholics Do Not Believe" would never be neglected. We possess nothing so well calculated to enlighten the minds of our separated brethren. The Rev. Dr. Sonneschein, a prominent minister of St. Louis, referred to this lecture at the time of its publication as "the best effort ever made by a Catholic to correct errors in regard to the Catholic Church."

At the opening of a new year, when to every earnest soul is given a fuller realization of the solemn truth that "one thing is necessary," it ought to be a general resolution to amend our lives, to multiply good works, and to embrace every opportunity of spreading the Kingdom of Christ. The light of the Star of Bethlehem is our most precious possession. So let it shine that Our Father in heaven may be glorified.

A LITTLE kindness does away with a great deal of bitterness.

Notes and Remarks.

Whatever the daily newspaper may have been in Thoreau's day, its moral tone has not improved; and if that gentle scholar were still living he would probably denounce the secular press of our time still more roundly. But the daily newspaper is not wholly bad, and it is least objectionable when it yields to the influence of Christmastide. In a leading editorial in one of the Chicago dailies we find these notable words:

"Skepticism has claimed in every age that Christianity 'would decline with time'; that, unlike the great rivers that are narrow in their fountains and widen toward the sea, it was most copious in its origin, and must gradually shrink until its stream shall perish in the desert of rationalism. This contention has appeared with the dawn of every century, and each succeeding century has disproved it. The prophets of the decline and disappearance of Christianity have their confounding in the ever-widening observance of Christmastide."

That Christianity is still a force in the world is shown by the fact of finding one such oasis as this in the desert of a Chicago daily.

The career of the late Sir John Thompson, who was as good as he was great, is a shining vindication of the truth that a post of high responsibility is not inconsistent with Christian fervor, and that a man much occupied with temporal duties need not for that reason neglect his spiritual affairs. Sir John was a good Catholic, a monthly communicant; and it was no surprise to those who knew him to learn that a crucifix and a scapular were found upon his body after death. It is not often that it can be said of a statesman, as His Grace of Toronto said of Thompson, "one of the elements of his greatness was his loyalty to conscience." To the abuse and vilification which followed his conversion, his only answer was a simple profession of the faith, and a scrupulous fidelity to its obligations, proclaiming before friends and enemies that he scorned to account to any man for his religious belief.

A pretty story of the dead statesman is told by the *Catholic Record*, of London, Ontario. Shortly after joining the government of Premier Macdonald, Sir John Thompson

was to make his first great speech in the Canadian Parliament. His opponent was the eloquent Edward Blake, and naturally Thompson was nervous about the issue. His first thought was to secure the prayers of his eldest child, who was a weekly communicant; but it was too late to send a letter to Halifax, and the message could hardly be forwarded by telegraph. He resigned himself to prayer and waiting; and his astonishment may be imagined when, after a triumphant reply to Mr. Blake, he received a note from his daughter, saying that, having accidentally learned of the important speech he was to make, she had received Holy Communion and prayed for his success. That speech was the beginning of Sir John's greatness, and he always attributed its success to prayer.

Some time ago we called attention to the good which wealthy Catholics might do by the support of existing schools for deaf-mutes and by the founding of new ones. Since then we have received information, showing that the efforts of religious Orders in this direction have met with astonishing and utterly unintelligible indifference in many places. In one large city, for instance, the Sisters and their little charges hung upon the brink of starvation last winter; and after a hard day's work in the class-room, these self-sacrificing religious were obliged to go from place to place in search of supper for the children. This is a shameful condition of things, and we feel sure that if the matter were brought to the attention of the proper authorities, a remedy would be speedily forthcoming. While our Protestant friends contribute so generously to "humane societies" and other organizations for the relief of dumb animals, it is simply shocking that the appeal for these dumb lambs of Christ's flock should be heard with coldness or insensibility, or that the efforts of the Sisters in their behalf should go unnoticed and unassisted.

A recent decree from Rome prohibiting Catholics from accepting membership in the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, and Sons of Temperance, has been officially published in certain dioceses, and will probably soon be promul-

gated in all. These societies are specially singled out for condemnation; but, of course, all similar ones, if not positively forbidden to Catholics, are branded as dangerous. We believe it would be more in conformity with that Christian charity which bids us assist our neighbor in time of need, if there were no secret or benevolent societies. The principle of true charity is, "Love your neighbor as yourself"; and not merely, "One good turn deserves another." It is not for this reason that the Church condemns such societies, however; but because they are really serious dangers to the faith of Catholics. It has been observed that the Holy Father, referring to Freemasonry, always calls it a "sect"; while many apologists for this society declare it to be highly moral and admirable, because "it teaches religion." But this is precisely what it has no business to do. A few days before Christmas the grand-master of the Knights Templars issued a manifesto, which reads like the pastoral letter of an heretical bishop. He declares that—

"Templarism aims to kindle the inner genial life of man. It inspires him to live, not for happiness, but for something higher. It would gain followers by awakening the heroic that slumbers in every man's heart. To awaken the heroic, Templarism points with unwavering constancy to the greatest of all heroes—the Carpenter of Nazareth. Worship of Him has always been, is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence of every Templar's life. Templar faith is loyalty to Him."

Now, there is nothing anti-Catholic in this, but neither is there much Christianity in it, and the danger to faith lies in the fact that after being preached at in this manner for a long time, people easily mistake it for religion. Such societies are in reality heretical sects, which usurp the place of the Church, and which aim to attain by merely natural means the end for which the Sacraments were instituted.

A romantic story is told of an ancient picture of the Madonna and Child, said to have been painted by St. Luke, which has recently been placed in St. Joseph's Church, Paris. It was bequeathed to the Passionist Fathers not long since by Col. Szerelmey, a Hungarian nobleman, who came into possession of it in 1829. It appears that, while

travelling between Palestine and Egypt, he met with a Greek monk lying dangerously ill. The Colonel nursed the sick man tenderly, and bought passage to Europe for him. Dying on the way, the monk bequeathed to his benefactor a large bag containing all his effects—the picture, two parchment manuscripts, a black silver cup of the earliest Byzantine period, and a silver monstrance of fourteenth-century workmanship, adorned with many relics of martyrs in Palestine. The picture of the Madonna is 8 x 10 inches in size, and is painted on copper. On being cleaned, it disclosed inscriptions which Cardinal Mezzofanti declared to be early Chaldaic. The most striking peculiarities of the painting are the absence of the nimbus and the Jewish features of Mother and Child. Even apart from any question of its authenticity, the picture is highly valuable as a specimen of early Christian art.

In a letter to the Brussels *Patriote*, Adriano Lemmi, grand-master of Italian Freemasonry, impugns the veracity of a certain Margiotta, who, in a series of papers contributed recently to the *Patriote*, has showed M. Lemmi in a rather unfavorable light. Among other statements, the grand-master declares: "I have never embraced Judaism. I have never been prosecuted before any tribunal whatsoever." Commenting on which declaration, the *Annales Catholiques* of Paris observes: "If Adriano Lemmi desires to prove that he was not condemned at Marseilles and was not circumcised at Constantinople, he should get the French Government to reconstruct the records at Marseilles in the matter of the identity of the Adriano Lemmi of 1844."

The ubiquitous word-juggler who seeks not truth but controversy had better steer clear of syllogisms. "Majors" and "minors" are dangerous stilts to stand on, and unless one hath his cause just he is sure to come to grief in the end. As an instance of the force of close dialectical reasoning, we clip the following from the *Outlook*, which is non-Catholic:

"The syllogism which leads the High Churchman logically to Rome is very simple, and from its con-

clusion there is no escape. It may be stated thus:

"The Church is the final authority in matters of faith and practice. The Church has declared that authority to be vested in the Pope. Therefore the Pope is the final authority in matters of faith and practice.

"One must deny either the major or the minor premise or accept the conclusion. If he denies the major premise, he is a Protestant. If he denies the minor premise, he denies the final authority of the historic episcopate; since, beyond all question, the Roman episcopate is in the line of the historic episcopate.

"The Episcopal Church has come to the parting of the ways. It is where John Henry Newman was half a century ago. It can not permanently remain in this self-contradictory attitude."

A large and distinguished regiment could be formed of those who, having come to "the parting of the ways," turned right about face for Rome. That many others have answered to the eternal roll-call before the last march shows how short is human life, how slow-moving is the mind, and emphasizes again the need of fervent and continuous prayer that all men of good-will may attain to that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

Talleyrand's famous dictum about his friend's book, that "it contains some things that are good and some things that are new; but the good things are not new, and the new things are not good," may well be reversed in the case of Bishop Messmer's essay on temperance published in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. Like Father Elliot, Bishop Messmer believes that whenever Catholics can unite with their separated brethren in any moral crusade, it would be criminal to neglect the opportunity. But he believes, too, that such union can only be one of aims and sentiment, and never a corporate one. He says:

"A temperance union of this last kind, a corporate union which is to consolidate Catholics and Protestants into one moral body, seems to be impossible, for the one reason that our temperance work must be built on religion. Religion is the life and principle of Catholic Temperance." As good Bishop Bayley well said: "Any great, permanent reform in this matter can only come from religious influence. . . . It is evident that to grapple with this great evil successfully, we must revert to religion and its beneficent influences. We must direct our movements against it from a religious point of view." But Christian temperance, as understood and prac-

tised by Catholics, is not based on the mere principle of religion that man is bound to avoid sin and its dangers, in which Protestants agree with us; but it supposes the practical knowledge of prayer and intercession, penance and sacrifice; the efficacy of the Sacraments, and other Catholic doctrines unknown to our separated brethren."

We have always held that herein is the vital point in the temperance question. Any organization which should aim to overcome the sin of drunkenness by will-power or any merely human means would be un-Catholic and foredoomed to failure. By all means let us have temperance societies. The Catholic body owes much to those great-hearted, single-minded men and women who give their time and their best efforts to destroy the vice of drunkenness. But for this sin, as for every other sin, confession and Holy Communion are the proper remedies. The Sacraments must be the impulse of every movement that aims at moral reformation.

The new Czar has begun his reign in a wise and tolerant spirit which seems to justify the best hope of his friends. In connection with this fact, a correspondent of the *Union and Times* gives a clear and concise statement of the relative status of different creeds in the Russian Empire. According to this writer (who seems to have excellent facilities for knowledge), all religions are protected by the state; but, as is well known, only one, the Orthodox Greek Church, is supported by public money. Clergymen, whatever be their spiritual complexion, are permitted to minister to their own flocks without let or hindrance. They are also allowed to make converts from any other religion than the state church, to "apostatize" from which is a high crime and misdemeanor. This, of course, is not all that could be desired, but it is not bad for Russia. Still, even granting the tolerant spirit of the Czar, there is, as in most autocratic governments, too much discretionary power allowed to subordinate officials, who are generally very arbitrary. We applaud the just and tolerant spirit of Nicholas II., but honeyed words and mere benevolent disposition will not suffice to remove from Russia the stigma of religious intolerance.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

A New Beginning.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

OLD Father Time, the other day,
 Got in an awful passion;
 At Ninety-Four he stormed away
 In a most tremendous fashion.
 "You're old," he cried, "you've got the gout,
 You're scarcely half alive;
 So there's the door: now you get out,—
 Come down here, Ninety-Five!"

Then Ninety-Five, a gay, young lad,
 His eyes with pleasure dancing,
 Came jumping down the stairs like mad,
 Or like some wild colt prancing.
 "Well, Father, what's the matter now?
 You don't seem very blithe;
 I almost thought, to hear the row,
 You'd broken your old scythe."

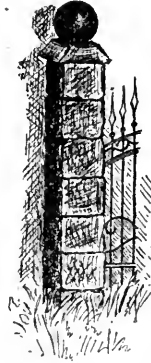
"My boy," said Time, "I grieve to say,
 As I look round about us,
 The world is in a dreadful way,
 And yet can't do without us.
 Your brother from his throne I've hurled,
 His place I give to you;
 Now you take hold and run the world
 We'll just begin anew."

So there you have the reason right
 Of all this talk you hear,
 On every hand from morn till night,
 About the "glad New Year."
 The moral isn't very long,
 But, long or short, 'tis true:
 Whene'er your projects turn out wrong,
 Why, just begin anew.

The Boys' Strike.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.



T'S plaguy mean' that we
 fellows have to work for
 three dollars and a half a
 week, without a hint of ever
 getting any more. I say we
 oughtn't to put up with it."

The speaker was a talka-
 tive lad, who stood in the
 midst of a group of the
 boys employed in the large
 dry-goods establishment of
 Allen & Co. It was shortly after noon,
 and they were gathered in a small room
 on the ground-floor. Each had either
 pulled out of his overcoat pocket (if he
 had an overcoat) or drawn from a corner
 a little paper parcel containing his dinner.
 Now, a good dinner is conceded to be
 most conducive to a contented frame of
 mind. If the boys had a request to make
 of Mr. Simpson, the superintendent, they
 always managed to make it just after
 dinner; for then he was likely to be in
 excellent humor. Any one of the dinners
 produced from these folds of greasy news-
 paper, however, would have rendered him
 cross and dyspeptic for a week. They
 consisted mostly of soggy bread and pie
 —especially pie,—and doughnuts, with
 occasionally a bit of meat or sausage, a
 cold potato, or a pickle, according to

individual taste. For a drink,—why there was plenty of water to be had from the faucet at the sink, and a battered tin cup, which had seen considerable service, to take it from. The lukewarm water certainly would not have agreed with Mr. Simpson, and his scented and waxed mustache would hardly have condescended to the tin cup.

But boys of healthy appetite are not disposed to cavil at their fare; and though perhaps a comfortable meal would have made them, as Mr. Simpson said it made him, "at peace with all the world," the lack of it was not directly responsible for the present grumbling. The cause was, in fact, a bit of intelligence which George Jeffreys had just heard, and was reporting to his companions.

"Why, Phil Taylor, who works at Parker, Wendell & Co.'s, says the fellows there are expecting a raise of fifty cents a week."

"Yes, *expecting!*" interposed a quiet lad, who was struggling with a crust that rather defied his white teeth.

"Oh, there's no doubt about their getting it!" said George, scowling at him for the interruption. "It is as good as settled."

"Well, the hours at Parker, Wendell & Co.'s are longer than we have. You know they always keep open till seven o'clock, and on Saturday nights until ten," persisted Ned Harvey, the quiet boy, who was not easily daunted either by tough crusts or social agitators.

"My opinion is that if they can pay their boys four dollars a week, Allen & Co. ought to do it too, and ought to be made do it!" cried an aggressive little chap, gesticulating with his grimy fist.

"I think so too," declared another.

"And I," chimed in a third.

"If half a dollar a week more is to be had, I'm a fellow who would know how to find use for it," said Ned, laughing.

"I'll tell you what we must do," con-

tinued George. "We must go on a strike."

The proposal met with general favor.

"The first thing to be done is to call a meeting of all the boys in this establishment," added George, warming up to the subject. "Then we'll stand out for more pay, and get it too; see if we don't! But hush! Keep mum! There's the porter prowling around in the passage way. Wants to find out what we're talking about, does he? Time is up. Scatter, boys; scatter! But wait a moment. We'll meet to night, at five minutes to six, in the 12th Street corner of the cellar. Let each one bring a new boy with him,—one pledged to secrecy, you understand,—only those willing to be sworn into the C. B. M. H. A. The pass-word will be *Mush-shalla*. No fellow will be allowed in without it. We must make sure that there are no traitors in the council. Now *vamoose!*"

That evening at Allen & Co.'s, as six o'clock approached, the cash-boys began gradually to disappear; and by the time the doors of the store were closed, about thirty of them had gathered in the basement, in obedience to the summons conveyed to them during the afternoon. George had constituted himself the leader of the strike, but the position was tacitly yielded to him; for he was older than most of the others, and also, having a fondness for hanging about public meetings, had picked up a few parliamentary phrases. Moreover, his step-father had been a member of the great strike of the railroad *employés* the summer before; and it was considered, therefore, that George would best know how to carry on the strike of the C. B. M. H. A. in a regular manner. Now, mounted upon a packing box, he harangued the assembly.

"Friends and fellow-countrymen—that is, fellow-workers," he began, "the object of this meeting is to devise means for our mutual protection and advantage."

"Hear, hear!" called out two or three

of the auditors, with flattering appreciation.

"For this purpose," continued the speaker, "we must band together; 'cause, as an illustrious patriot (I forget exactly who) has said: 'In union there is strength.' We must not cringe before our oppressors, but meet them boldly, and set before them our just demands."

Here some of the boys showed a disposition to set up a round of applause, not entirely free from irony. They knew of old that the orator loved to hear himself talk.

"Hush, you idiots!" cried an eager listener, the sleeves of whose jacket were considerably broken at the elbows. "If you make a noise, you'll give us away."

"I say, George," spoke up Charley Mallon, the aggressive little fellow who had much to say on the former occasion. "Don't waste too much time in speechifying. You know we've got to be out of here by a quarter-past six. Just tell the fellows what it is proposed to do."

George cast a withering glance at him, but understood the necessity of adopting the suggestion.

"Well, then, friends and companions in misery," he proceeded, lowering his voice and looking about, "I suppose there is no one present but those who are already, or those who are willing to become, loyal members of the C. B. M. H. A."

"No, no! It is all right!" declared several voices.

"Oh, go on! go on!" urged Charley, impatiently.

"Then, the long and the short—"

"Particularly the *long*," groaned Mallon.

"Of the matter is," went on Jeffreys, "that we intend to go on a strike for a fifty per cent raise in our wages—no—ahem! I mean a raise of fifty cents a week; and I think it would be a good plan to put in also the reduction of the fine for coming late, so that it should be not more than three cents instead of five."

"So do I," agreed Jim Post, the boy with the tattered elbows, who was always behind time.

"That's a good point," said Ned Harvey. "Two cents is a good deal to us, but I don't believe you'll get the superintendent to split a nickel."

George rapped upon the packing box with a stick which he had been flourishing. Without difficulty he changed his rôle from that of orator upon the rostrum to chairman of the committee.

"It is moved and seconded," he went on, taking everything for granted, as a method of hurrying up,—“it is moved and seconded that the C. B. M. H. A. go on a strike, all in favor of the motion, say, 'Aye'; contrary-minded, 'No.'"

"Aye! Aye!" cried all in chorus.

"It is a unanimous vote," announced the leader, stepping down from the platform.

The group of boys turned away, satisfied that they were pledged to something grand, but with hazy notions as to future proceedings.

"Well, it's just like George!" muttered Charley. "No one has an idea what is to be done next."

Scrambling up on the box, he called out:

"Fellows, there will be no other general meeting, 'cause it makes a risk of being caught. The day appointed for the strike will be told to each one, in secret; and maledictions on the one, if there should be any so base, as to break his promise as a member of the C. B. M. H. A."

The way Charley said maledictions, hissing the word out between his closed teeth as he had heard a stage hero do, was calculated to strike terror to the heart of any possible traitor.

(To be continued.)

WE seldom deceive people for any great length of time. Impostors are sure to be discovered in the end.—*Madame de Sévigné.*

Stories of the Saints.

ST. RAYMUND OF PENNAFORT.

BY DORA M. BAXTER.

There are some folks who have the notion that all kings and queens are like those told about in fairy tales,—who always sit on golden thrones, wearing purple robes, and heavy crowns on their heads. I know of a young person who clung to this idea for ever so long; and it was a great shock to her to hear that the little Infanta of Spain giggled and got sleepy in company just like any ordinary little girl. The Crown Prince of Germany, who, if God spares his life, will some day be the ruler of a great empire, is just like any other little boy,—not always as good as he might be, I suppose.

Our notions of the saints, too, are quite as wrong. We imagine them living in a sphere entirely different from our own,—in a region where ecstasy is breathed like common air, and wherein visions and miracles are as free as water. Yet, although they were favored with ecstasies and visions, and had the gift of miracles, the saints were as really human as we ourselves are, with the very same bad tempers and evil dispositions to fight against. Some of the greatest of these heroes and heroines were not always good; many of them went astray at first, and had to begin their lives all over again.

It seems to me we ought to know and remember all this, because there are many beautiful and interesting stories in the Lives of the Saints which would lose half their charm if we were to think of them as fairy tales. The saints of the Church are the real heroes and heroines, and the loveliest stories that could possibly be told, are found in the books written about them. I know ever so many, and am glad

of an opportunity to relate some of them. My first shall be about a Saint whose feast falls on the 23d of this month.

**

St. Raymund of Pennafort was born in Barcelona, Spain, a country which has produced many of the greatest saints. He belonged to the Dominican Order, and is called one of its glories. St. Raymund was a priest of deep learning, and wrote many books, which are still studied in Spain, and which Pope Gregory IX. found very useful to him when making laws for the government of the Church. But St. Raymund was even more famed for sanctity than for learning. He had a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and helped St. Peter Nolasco, who was one of his penitents, to found in her honor the Order of Mercy, the object of which was to ransom people who had been taken into captivity by the Moors. The Blessed Virgin appeared to St. Raymund, St. Peter, and King James of Arragon on the same night, telling them it would be very pleasing to her if such an Order were founded in the Church.

Like the first Apostles, St. Raymund of Pennafort had the gift of miracles, as it is called. One of his miracles—the most celebrated of all—I will relate in a few words. It was on the occasion of a visit to the island of Majorca, where the father of our great Admiral Farragut was born. When he was ready to return home, instead of waiting for a boat, he just spread a part of his cloak on the water, using the rest of it for a sail, and his staff for a mast; and then, after making the Sign of the Cross, sailed away for Barcelona, which is about a hundred and sixty miles from Majorca. In the Office of the Saint it says that the voyage lasted six hours, which would be over twenty-six miles an hour. The people at Barcelona were as much astonished to see the Saint arrive as those at Majorca were to see him depart in such a strange craft. There were many wit-

nesses of the wonder, and Spanish artists, ever since it took place, have delighted to paint the scene. A chapel in Barcelona marks the spot where our Saint landed.

St. Raymund lived to be nearly one hundred years old. He is a model for a good life and a patron for a happy death. His own end was so peaceful that his biographers say he "slept in the Lord." The prayer which the priest recites at Mass on the Feast of St. Raymund has an allusion to the celebrated miracle I have related. See how nice it is:

"O God, who didst marvellously lead blessed Raymund through the waves of the sea, grant that we, through his intercession, may be enabled to reach the port of everlasting salvation!"

(To be continued.)

Born of an Illustrious House.

Everyone has heard of the youthful swine-herd who afterward became Pope Sixtus V. He was tending his neighbor's swine one day when a Franciscan friar, who had lost the right road, passed by, and asked for directions to the next village. The child aided him as well as he could, at the same time asking him if he could render the friar any service in return for which he might be taught to read. The good friar was so pleased with the question that he took the boy to the convent with him,—a step he never regretted, for seldom did a pupil apply himself more industriously or live more piously. In due time the boy embraced the religious life, and at last became the wearer of the tiara and the ruler of Christendom. Almost everyone knows the history of Pope Sixtus V. thus far, but something remains to be told.

Even so good a man was not without enemies; and upon his election to the supreme office there were not wanting

those who reflected upon his humble origin. In answer he only remarked:

"They are mistaken. I am *domo natus illustri*" (that is, born of an illustrious house); "for the walls of my father's cottage were so broken that the sunbeams came in and lighted every corner of it."

The poor people of Italy have always been fond of telling their children the story of the great and good Pope who once tended swine.

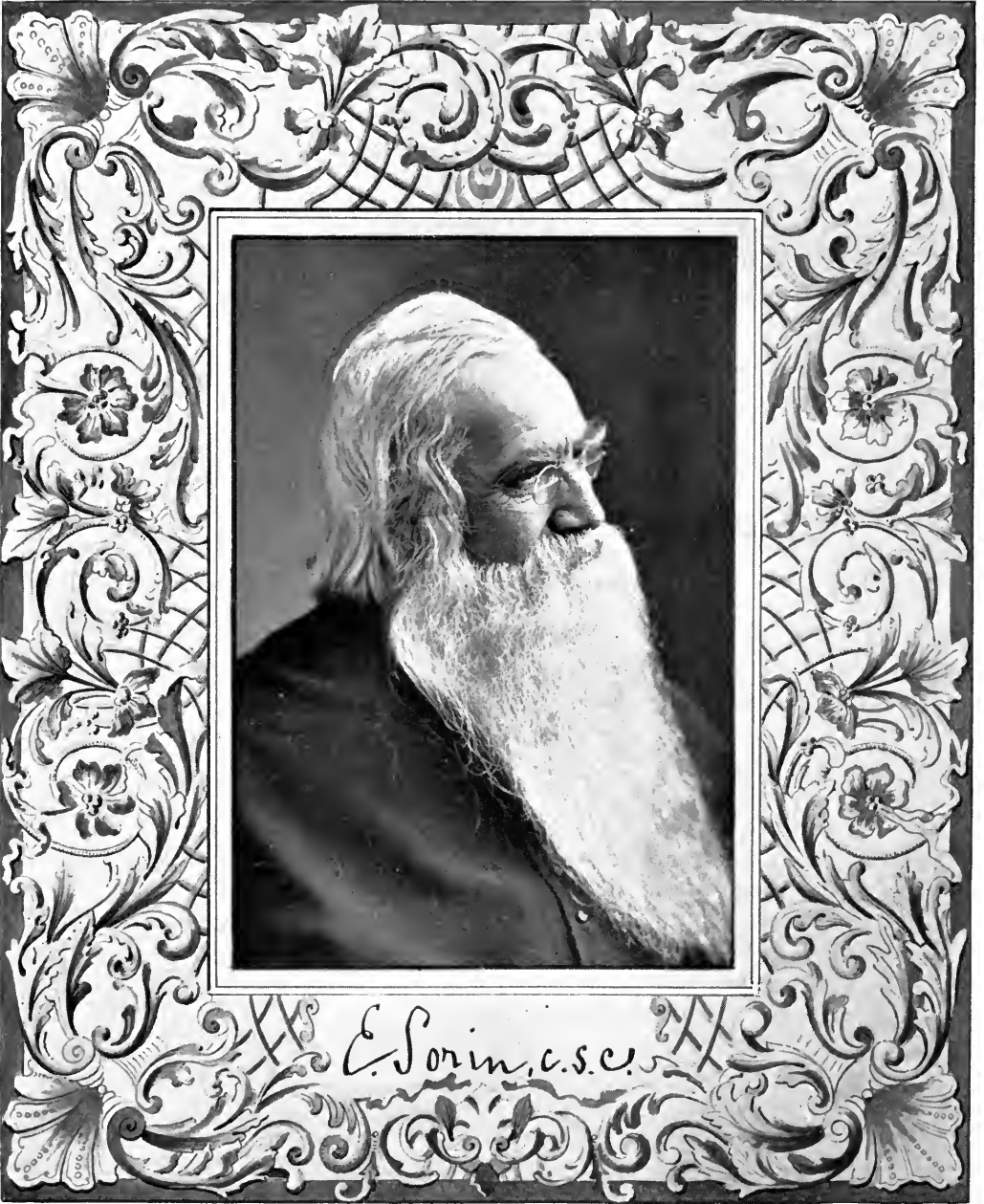
A Japanese Custom.

An American boy living in Japan complains of the strange way they have of extracting teeth in that country. He had the toothache, and went to the office of the dark-colored little dentist to consult him about having the molar removed. The smiling dentist placed him in a bamboo chair which tilted back, and asked him to open his mouth. Seeing no horrible forceps, he did so, thinking himself perfectly safe, when—what do you think?—Mr. Dentist put his slim brown fingers upon our lad's tooth, and, presto! it was out in a twinkling, and held up before the patient with a most celestial smile.

A little Jap aged twelve sat on the floor, taking his first lessons in dentistry. Before him was a board in which were a number of holes, into which pegs had been tightly driven. He was trying his best to pull out the pegs with his thumb and forefinger. As his strength increased, the pegs would be driven in still more tightly. After about two years his education would be considered complete, and it would be easy for him to extract the most stubborn tooth, just as he had pulled out the pegs.

THE "Hail Mary" is a beautiful rose which we present to our Heavenly Queen; it is a precious pearl which we offer her.—*Blessed Grignon de Montfort.*





E. Sorin, c.s.c.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

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The New Year's Guerdon.

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

WHAT does this New Year hold for me,
 What is its largess like to be,
 What shall mine eyes ere its waning see,
 As the morrow succeeds the morrow?
 Shall peace or strife fill each passing day,
 Life's sky be sunlit or sober grey;
 Will flowers or thorns strew my future way,—
 Does the New Year bring joy or sorrow?

Ah! the New Year holds whatsoe'er I list;
 And my way will be dark with the shrouding
 mist,
 Or bright, by the golden sunshine kissed,
 Just as I choose to make it.
 We fill as we please all the years that run,
 Cloud them with rain or gild them with sun;
 Life's truest joy dwells in duty done,
 Its grief burdens those who forsake it.

Our Lady of Prompt Succor.*

A GLORIOUS EVENT, REMEMBERED ONLY AT THE
 URSULINE CONVENT, NEW ORLEANS.

I.

THE weather is gloomy; the
 wind is blowing; the Missis-
 sippi, in front of my lowly
 dwelling, has thrown off his
 usually placid appearance to assume the
 airs of an angry ocean; while I, seated by
 the fire, am musing. However, I take up

my pen, remembering that this is the
 anniversary of a glorious miracle.

In the afternoon the various military
 associations will parade the streets; they
 will repair to the inauguration of the
 Historical Museum, in which are to be
 preserved memorials of Louisianian ex-
 ploits, with trophies of the principal battles
 won; but the cause of Louisiana's most
 signal victory will probably never have
 its memento there—it is unremembered.
 On this the seventy-sixth anniversary of
 the battle of New Orleans, the patriotism
 and valor of Louisiana's sons will deserv-
 edly be extolled; the national flag will be
 unfurled in token of their country's grati-
 tude; but where will be the banner which
 should, on this joyful occasion, wave above
 every other? In this morning's *Picayune*
 appears an article relative to the battle of
 Chalmette, from which I quote the follow-
 ing just appreciation: "The result seems
 almost miraculous. It was a remarkable
 victory, and it can never fail to hold an
 illustrious place in our national history."

Now, all this is quite true; for Jackson,
 with only six thousand men, had to fight
 against the flower of the British troops,
 fifteen thousand strong; so that if the
 three thousand slain on the side of the
 English declared their defeat a miracle,
 the six killed and seven wounded on
 the American side proclaimed far more

* Translated from a quaint unpublished manuscript
 the late Rev. C. Bournigalle, dated Jan. 8, 1891.

eloquently the victory of Jackson to be miraculous. But nowadays people seem to have forgotten that marvel.

For many a long year priests were wont on this day to remind their congregations of the miracle wrought by the right hand of the Almighty on the plain of Chalmette, whereon were once more verified these words of the divine oracle: "The horse is prepared for the day of battle, but the Lord giveth safety." Jackson and his valiant few seemed to have been convinced of this truth; and if they remained unalarmed by the overwhelming number of their enemies, it was probably because they bore in mind, the words of the royal psalmist: "Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but we will call upon the name of the Lord our God."

While the men were fighting bravely on the plain of Chalmette, many a devoted mother, wife and sister was praying in the Ursuline chapel; and soon could the victorious army exclaim: "They are bound and have fallen; but we are risen and are set upright." For a long time these heroes and their descendants, though not failing to "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," did not forget on this glorious anniversary, to "render to God the things that are God's"; saying to Him, in the words of Holy Scripture: "Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto Thy name be glory given." But who is yet mindful?

For a long time the religious festival commemorative of this glorious victory surpassed in splendor the military festival. An old journal, giving an account of January 8, 1841, says: "Archbishop Blanc, accompanied by the Bishops of Mobile and Natchez, and all the clergy, presided at the ceremony, during which the Governor and the members of the Legislature occupied the seats of honor in the cathedral." To-day, while surveying the streets adorned with flags, while admiring the splendor of the military costumes, and hearing the

flourish of trumpets and the thundering of cannon, people will say to themselves: "It is the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans." How many will add, "It is the anniversary of the day on which, through the intercession of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, the wondrous victory was gained, the city saved from pillage and ruin"?

The monastery which contributed to the success of the battle is, perhaps, the only institution in New Orleans that has cherished the memory of this glorious event. It is remembered at the Ursuline Convent, where this morning, for the seventy-sixth time, a solemn Mass of thanksgiving was sung in honor of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, to whose intercession is justly attributed the victory of 1815. Our Lady of Prompt Succor! Who knows the Blessed Virgin under this title? Who thinks of her and invokes her? And, still, it seems to us that she is entitled to the gratitude of Louisiana, especially to that of New Orleans, whose confidence she has merited by her numerous benefits. Let us now examine her claims.

II.

The foundation of the Ursuline Convent, New Orleans, is essentially French, having been founded, in 1727, by French religious, under the auspices of Louis XV. In 1763 Louisiana became a Spanish possession; hence it was only natural for the community to recruit subjects from that nationality. The retrocession of Louisiana to France in 1800 created great excitement at the convent, whose inmates feared a repetition here of the horrors of the French Revolution. The majority of the Sisters being then Spanish, the superior, Mother St. Monica Ramos, a native of Havana, addressed, in 1802, a petition to Charles IV., King of Spain, begging his Catholic Majesty to allow herself and community to retire to her native city. Without waiting for the royal answer,

she, with fifteen religious, left the monastery of New Orleans on the evening of May 29, 1803.

Not a gleam of hope seemed left to the seven Sisters who remained. However, they courageously set to work; and their zeal succeeded in keeping up the boarding-school, day-school, and orphan asylum, as well as the instruction of negroes in the Christian doctrine. In this conjuncture, Mother St. André Madier felt inspired to address herself to a cousin of hers, whom the Reign of Terror had driven from her convent, and with whom we must now become acquainted.

Agatha Gensoul, in religion Madame St. Michel, besides being remarkably pious, was endowed with talents of a high order, and possessed of amiable and distinguished manners. Though expelled by the Revolution from her Convent of Pont St. Esprit, separated from her Sisters in religion, and compelled to conceal even her title of religious, she continued to preserve the spirit of her holy vocation. On the first indication of religious toleration, she quitted her solitude, and did her utmost to clear away the *débris* with which the impiety of the Revolution had encumbered the vineyard of the Lord. Where now are her former co-laborers? In vain does she seek them. Privations, exile, the scaffold have cut off nearly all. She understands the futility of her efforts to re-establish her community; but she remembers that a real Ursuline ought never to lose courage. True, no convent of her Order then existed in France; but she was still an Ursuline, obliged by her vocation to instruct young girls, to train their hearts to virtue, and to store their minds with useful knowledge. This explains why Madame St. Michel, aided by another Ursuline, known in the world as Miss Sophie Ricard, opened a boarding-school at Montpellier. It was then that she received the letter of Mother St. André, telling how much the New Orleans

convent stood in need of subjects. Immediately she felt inspired to abandon her own foundation, and hasten to the relief of her Sisters in Louisiana.

Here let us note the obstacles in the way of her carrying out this generous resolution. The more numerous and powerful they are, the better will they serve to establish the miraculous result of the intercession of Our Lady of Prompt Succor.

France was just recovering from the baneful effects of the Revolution, which had left behind it only ruins. For many years there were no priests or religious to teach the children, who had grown up in the shadow of deserted convents, desecrated churches, overturned altars. . . . Madame St. Michel was a person of no ordinary abilities, and already had her zealous labors been crowned with wonderful success. Therefore, her bishop could not even think of dispensing with her services in his diocese. Aware of this, her spiritual director, who was first consulted, gave no answer. She then addressed herself to the bishop. To form an idea of his surprise and grief, as well as of the force of his opposition, one need but reflect on his answer: "The Holy Father alone can give this authorization."

The Pope was still at Rome. There were no railroads or steamboats; the distance was considerable; and, besides, it was not so easy then as it is now to obtain an audience with the Head of the Church. But the greatest obstacle of all, and that which seemed humanly insurmountable, was that Pope Pius VII. was a real captive at Rome, while awaiting to be dragged as such to Fontainebleau. Napoleon held close custody; and the jailers of the Holy Father in the Eternal City had received strict orders to prevent every communication, even by letter, with the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Consequently, writing to the Pope and expecting an answer from him was, humanly speaking, an act of folly. This,

however, Madame Gensoul felt inspired by God to attempt. Accordingly, on December 15, 1808, she wrote to the Pope. After having set forth her motives, she concluded thus: "Most Holy Father, I appeal to your apostolic tribunal. I am ready to submit to your decision. Faith teaches me that you are the voice of the Lord. I await your orders. 'Go,' or 'Stay,' from your Holiness will be to me the same thing."

The letter was written, but how could it be made to reach its destination? Three months passed, and still there was no opportunity of sending it. Madame St. Michel knelt before a statue of Mary, to whom she recommended the success of her enterprise; and while thus praying she felt inspired to address the Queen of Heaven in these words: "O Most Holy Virgin! if you obtain for me a prompt and favorable answer, I promise to have you honored at New Orleans under the title of Our Lady of Prompt Succor."

Now, if this inspiration had come from Heaven, if Mary was pleased with this new appellation, if she desired being honored under this beautiful title at New Orleans, let her fulfil the two conditions laid down by the suppliant, and doubt would no longer be admissible. The letter left Montpellier on the 19th of March, 1809; and the answer is dated Rome, April 29, 1809. Hence the first condition, that of receiving a prompt reply, was accomplished. Let us here note that, owing to the reasons already stated, the promptitude of the Pope's answer is remarkable. We shall now see how the second condition was fulfilled, bearing in mind that Pius VII. knew the state of affairs in France, and the need of laborers like the applicant to regenerate it. Still, he did not hesitate to approve of her coming to Louisiana. No better proof can be given of the accomplishment of the second condition than the following passage from Cardinal Pietro's letter to the pious petitioner:

"I am charged by our Holy Father Pope Pius VII. with answering in his name. . . . His Holiness can not do otherwise than approve the esteem and attachment you have retained for the religious state, and the spirit you have maintained within yourself of the institute of St. Ursula. The Holy Father has experienced the greatest consolation on learning that a monastery of an Order so useful, and which has rendered such signal services to the Church, is established in Louisiana; and that piety, peace, and the most exact regularity reign therein. . . . His Holiness approves of your putting yourself at the head of your religious aspirants, to serve as their guide during the long and difficult voyage which you are about to undertake."

Good Mother St. Michel unquestionably obtained a prompt and favorable answer. The Bishop of Montpellier was so surprised that he acknowledged himself vanquished. The devoted Ursuline began to fulfil her promise, by ordering a fine statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor to be sculptured. Bishop Fournier himself was so convinced of the Blessed Virgin's desire of being honored under this title that he expressed a wish to bless the statue, which was to be the shield of the pious missionaries during their passage across the Atlantic. On their arrival at New Orleans, December 31, 1810, this precious statue was solemnly installed in the convent chapel. And from that time may be said to date the public worship offered to the Blessed Virgin under the title of Our Lady of Prompt Succor.

It is a fact worthy of mention that this statue had been preceded by another smaller one, brought in 1786 from the monastery of Pont St. Esprit. We know not if Mother St. Michel Gensoul had, during her stay in that monastery, become acquainted with the history of this statue, of which the one brought by her seems to have been a reproduction; and which had, under somewhat similar circumstances,

been instrumental in showing the Blessed Virgin's power with her Divine Son. Let us now see how this came to pass.

III.

In 1785 Mother St. James, superioress of the Ursulines in New Orleans, seeing with regret that her community, hitherto eminently French, would soon cease to be such if not recruited from the mother country, applied for subjects to the flourishing house of her Order at Pont St. Esprit. Three Sisters — Sister Marie Thérèse Farjon de St. F. Xavier, Sister Françoise Alzas de Ste. Félicité, and Sister Christine Madier de St. André — nobly responded to her appeal; but many obstacles were opposed to their departure. The Spanish Government of this colony seemed desirous of doing away with the French character of the Ursuline community; therefore, we need not be surprised at the difficulties which the religious of Pont St. Esprit had to surmount in carrying out their generous resolution. Weary of waiting for an opportunity of reaching the new field of her labors, Sister Ste. Félicité having one day found in the garret of her monastery a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, picked it up, saying with that childlike simplicity so pleasing to the Heart of Mary: "Good Mother, if you quickly remove the obstacles which lie in the way of my departure for New Orleans, I promise to have you honored there to the utmost of my power." Here the condition laid down is the same as that which, twenty-five years later, will be laid down by Mother St. Michel: the speedy removal of obstacles. Now for the result.

An aged Father of the Society of Jesus having applied directly to the King of Spain, the obstacles were immediately removed; and the three Ursulines on leaving France brought away with them their little statue, which they regarded as their most precious earthly treasure. Later on, Sister Ste. Félicité, having been chosen to hold the highest offices of the

community, found it easy to fulfil her promise to the Blessed Virgin, whose statue, placed over the superior's stall, soon became a special object of devotion. On the Feast of the Assumption it was customary to place this statue on an altar decorated with flowers and lighted tapers; and there did our Heavenly Mother, as a queen on her throne, receive the homage of her devoted subjects; after which the superioress, accompanied by the senior members of the community, advanced to lay at her feet the keys of the monastery, in token of her being their Mother and first Superior. Since 1810 the two statues of which we have given the history have been honored under the title of Our Lady of Prompt Succor.

IV.

If the worship which has for over eighty years been paid in New Orleans to Our Lady of Prompt Succor has been pleasing to her, she must have within that period manifested her pleasure in an evident manner. It comes not within our sphere to relate here all the spiritual and temporal favors attributed to her intercession. The chronicles of the monastery sum up these favors by saying: "Under this new title the Blessed Virgin has so often manifested her power and goodness, that the religious repose in her an unbounded confidence." Two facts in proof of this assertion deserve record.

Devotion to Our Lady of Prompt Succor was just commencing to spread through the city when, in 1812, a terrible fire broke out. The wind was rapidly driving the flames toward the convent, and the nuns were told that remaining there any longer would be tempting Divine Providence. The order to break through the cloister was already given, when a lay-Sister, Sister St. Anthony, placed the little statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor on a window in front of the fire; and at the same moment Mother St. Michel fell on her knees, exclaiming:

"Our Lady of Prompt Succor, we are lost if you come not to our help!" Immediately the wind changed, the convent and its environs were out of danger.

We will not repeat here what we have already said relative to the battle of 1815. From the windows of their convent the Ursulines could see the smoke rising from the battle-field, and could hear the report of guns and the thunder of cannon. The night of January the 7th was spent in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. Everything seemed hopeless for the Americans. The disproportion of troops ensured victory to the English, in which case nothing save the horrors of pillage could be expected for the conquered city, the brutal watchword being "Booty and Beauty."

Jackson had sworn that, should he be vanquished, the enemy would find New Orleans a heap of ruins. In order to help in averting this imminent danger, the Ursuline chapel was continually thronged with pious ladies, all weeping and praying at the foot of the holy statue, which was placed on the high altar; and there, as a mother in the midst of her weeping children, did Mary listen to the supplications of her devout clients, and plead their cause with the Heart of her Divine Son.

On the morning of January 8, 1815, the Very Rev. Father du Bourg, V. G., afterward Bishop of New Orleans, offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in presence of the statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor; and the community made a vow to have a Mass of thanksgiving sung every year should the Americans gain the victory. Just at Holy Communion, a courier entered the chapel to announce the glad tidings of the enemy's defeat. After Mass Father du Bourg intoned the *Te Deum*, which was sung with a fervor of gratitude impossible to describe.

Nobody could reasonably doubt of the miracle wrought on this occasion through the intercession of Our Lady of Prompt

Succor. Jackson himself, the hero of the day, did not hesitate to admit of the divine interposition in his favor; and in his first proclamation to the army he says: "By the blessing of Heaven, directing the valor of the troops under my command, one of the most brilliant victories in the annals of war was obtained." The following day, in a letter to the Very Rev. Father du Bourg, the valiant General wrote:

"REV. SIR:—The signal interposition of Heaven in giving success to our arms requires some external manifestation of the feelings of our most lively gratitude. Permit me, therefore, to entreat that you will cause the service of public thanksgiving to be performed in the cathedral, in token of the great assistance we have received from the Ruler of all events, and of our humble sense of it."

On the 23d of January Father du Bourg proclaimed the same truth when, ere placing the victor's crown on the brow of Jackson, he thus addressed him: "How easy it would have been for you, General, to forget the prime Mover of your wonderful success, and to assume praise which must redound to that exalted Source whence every sort of merit is derived! The first impulse of your religious heart was to acknowledge the signal interposition of Providence." The same day General Jackson visited the Ursulines, in order to thank them for the prayers which had helped him to gain so signal a victory.

Have we not here more than sufficient proof of the divine interposition in behalf of the American troops during the famous battle of 1815? The wonderful success of their arms was then attributed to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, invoked in the Ursuline chapel under the title of Our Lady of Prompt Succor.

In 1850 the superioress of the monastery sent, through the agency of the Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc, a petition to the Pope, laying before him the signal favors with which the community had, since

1810, been loaded through the mediation of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, and beseeching His Holiness to authorize the annual celebration of the feast and the singing of High Mass in her honor on the 8th of January. On the 27th of September, 1851, this favor was graciously granted by Pius IX.; and on the 6th of August, 1852, Archbishop Blanc promulgated the papal decree in favor of the Ursulines of his diocese.

May this devotion be propagated throughout the whole world! What a beautiful title for Mary! Our Lady of Prompt Succor implies the urgent need we have of Mary's help; it proclaims that we expect everything from her; and that, being a good and powerful Mother, she can not keep her children waiting for what they need.

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

II.—AT THE SIGN OF THE DOLPHIN.

THE Upper Castle Yard—known as the "Dirty Half Acre," on account of the unsavory deeds done within its enclosing walls prior to the Union—is a dingy quadrangle; the south side being taken up with the apartments of the Lord-Lieutenant, and the north and west with the offices of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. The clerks in the Chief Secretary's offices are for the most part composed of the younger sons of pauper and English swells, who regard Ireland as a sort of penal settlement, and the Irish as so many half-civilized barbarians. The salaries of these gentlemen are modest, but their social pretensions and their sense of superiority to their surroundings recognize no limit. They are languid,

patronizing, sarcastic; and, as a consequence, wildly worshipped by the ignoble snobs who live, move, and have their being within radius of the Viceregal Court,—an institution as demoralizing as it is a shan both rotten, ridiculous and useless.

On the morning after St. Patrick's Ball, a tall, strapping, straight of back, broad of shoulder, tweed-clad young man strode into the Chief Secretary's office, and, without consulting the magnificent English porter lolling in his arm-chair, engaged in perusing the *Freeman's Journal*, passed along a corridor, and entered a large and well-lighted office occupied by three sleepy-looking, well-groomed clerks.

"How goes it?" cheerily demanded the newcomer, Arthur Bodkin. "Where's Talbot?"

"Getting a wiggling from Tom Burke," the ill-fated Under-Secretary for Ireland, who was so brutally murdered later on by the blood-thirsty Invincibles.

"What for?"

"Well, you see," drawled a flaxen-haired youth, with an impertinence of manner that cried aloud for the application of the cudgel, "he—haw! haw!—objected to my being promoted over his head."

"And quite right too, Mr. Ponsonby," said Bodkin. "How would you like a man to be promoted over *your* head?"

"Well, if it was an Irishman, I'd—" The drawling youth ceased to drawl; for Arthur had drawn nearer to him, stern menace in every movement. "Hang it all! If my people have more influence than his, that ought to settle it."

"Not a bit of it! You were foisted in this office about a year ago—I remember it well,—and here's Harvey Talbot, with six years' and more service, passed over to make room for you, because you are English. I don't suppose you've done five pounds' worth of work since you came here."

"Not a shilling's worth," laughed Mr. Ponsonby; "and don't intend to. It was

hard luck enough to be banished here, without being asked to work. Rot!"

At this moment a young man bearded like a pard, and the very embodiment of physical strength, entered the office. His face was flushed, while in his honest grey eyes signs and tokens of a mammoth anger wave appeared in fitful flashes. Without looking to the right or to the left, he proceeded to a desk, flung its lid wide open, and commenced sorting papers wearing the neat, cold, precise appearance of documents that must be tied with red tape.

"I say, Harry!"

At the sound of Arthur's voice Talbot looked up, flung a package of official documents into the air, and, letting the desk lid fall with a bang, rushed over to Bodkin with outstretched hands.

"Why, Arthur, this is too good to be true! Don't let us stop in this infernal hole. Come over to the Dolphin for a Poldoody—the best oysters in the world. We're sure to meet Nedley or Mahaffy, or some of the lads of the village. And I have a lot to tell you."

As they emerged from the Castle yard on to Cork Hill, Talbot suddenly stopped, turned round and exclaimed:

"Congratulate me, Arthur?"

"I do, my boy. Who is she? When is it to be?"

"It's not a *she*,—it's an *it*. I have resigned. They were for popping that impudent ass Ponsonby over my head, you know. I remonstrated. No go. No reason vouchsafed. Tom Burke cold as a cucumber. So I just told him—not five minutes ago—that as they were providing berths for English paupers with whom no Irish gentleman would care to associate, he could have mine with pleasure. You should have seen his face, Arthur!"

"I'm awfully glad you did it, Harry. I wonder that you were able to stand it so long. I couldn't be in the office with any of those English cads five minutes without longing to tickle their English

ribs with this Irish blackthorn,"—giving a vigorous shake to a *kippeen* which he swung in his right hand. "And what are you going to do?"

"To take about a dozen walks to and from the Hill of Howth—twenty-two Irish miles. By that time I will have determined upon a plan. There's nothing like a long walk, alone, for letting your thoughts mould themselves."

They had now reached the Dolphin, in Essex Street,—a famous hostelry kept by one Flanagan, a jovial old chap, with a wooden visage, and wearing that description of artless wig known as a "jasey." At the bar were all sorts and conditions of men, from Lord-Justice Keogh and the Attorney General, to Lord Straithnairn, Commander of the Forces, and Dr. Tisdall, the merry-eyed, merry-tongued Chancellor of Christchurch.

This laughter-loving cleric, catching sight of Harry Talbot, called him over to where he was standing engaged in demolishing a lobster sandwich.

"Talbot," he cried, "your aunt, Mrs. Cusack, a good live Protestant, gave twenty pounds the other day toward putting a new floor on the Catholic chapel in my parish. I met her this morning, and I said: 'Mrs. Cusack, if you go on flooring chapels in this way, you'll soon floor the church.'"

This sally was received with roars of laughter.

"That was a good thing that Father Healy, of Little Bray, said to McComas the souper the other day," observed John Francis Waller (Jonathan Freke Slingsby), the poet. "McComas, who is one of the most unscrupulous of 'souters' and proselytizers, is a tailor and army contractor in Molesworth Street. He was going out to Kingstown, and in the same carriage was Father Healy. This was too good a chance for McComas, who immediately commenced talking at the genial *padre*, who, by the way, kept on reading his Office. McComas raved about a Salva-

tion Army that was to be raised to save us from papists and the Scarlet Lady, and kept it up until the train reached Booterstown. Father Healy, who was going to dine with Canon Farrell, quietly opened the door, and just as he was about to step out exclaimed: 'By the way, Mr. McComas, when this famous army you speak of arrives, don't forget to get the contract for clothing it!'"

After the laughter had subsided, Judge Barry chimed in:

"There's a better one yet—what Father Healy said to Keogh. The Judge, who hasn't shown much orthodoxy, though he is a Catholic, was brilliantly arguing the claims of Moslemism, and ended by declaring that very little would induce him to turn Moslem. 'Hadn't you better turn Catholic first?' said Father Healy."

The two friends seated themselves at a small table, in a gaunt apartment singularly free from the meretricious air of modern decoration; ordered a dozen a piece of the famous Poldoody oysters, a fine, fat, luscious bivalve, with, to the uninitiated, a very forbidding-looking green fin, rather suggestive of decay.

"Have you any money, Harry?" asked Bodkin.

"About £300. You're welcome to it, Arthur."

"Thanks, dear old boy! But I don't want a penny of it. You will want it for travelling expenses."

"Travelling expenses! I am only going to travel to the Hill of Howth and back. What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are going to take a pretty particularly long voyage. Harry, you are going to Mexico!"

"Mexico!" Talbot stared at his companion. "I tell you what it is, Arthur. Woodhouse's champagne is still fizzing in your brain. What the dickens would bring me to Mexico?"

"Listen to me!" And Arthur in a few minutes so enthused his friend that Talbot

joyously consented to start, and was for setting forth on the following morning.

"It is providential!" he exclaimed. "For years I have been longing to see that wondrous country. From the moment I first read Prescott, the word Mexico has had a fascination for me. I can easily do as well there as being a Castle hack here; and, at all events, I'll go. And here's my hand on it. And who knows," he added, laughingly, "but I may pick up a dark-eyed *señorita*, settle down and become a *ranchero*? Hooray! Here comes Nedley. Sit down, Tom, and hear the news."

A handsome man, of scarce yet middle age, entered. There was a flash of merriment in his smile that lit up the entire apartment. Dr. Nedley was *persona grata* everywhere. Physician to the Viceregal Court, his official position brought him into the highest circles, where he shone a bright, particular star; while his noble and generous heart led him to the pallet of the poorest, where his ready wit oftentimes proved much more efficacious than his most elaborate prescription.

"Boys," he cried as he took a seat, "I've had a nice compliment paid me just now as I passed through King Street. As you may be aware, I have the distinguished, and in these Fenian times somewhat perilous, honor of being Doctor to the Police,—a fact pretty well known to the picturesque inhabitants of the Liberties. As I was walking down here, an old woman thus apostrophized me: 'Arrah, there ye go, Docthor Nedley! Shure ye killed more poliss—good luck to ye!—nor the Faynians!'"

As soon as the genial Doctor had become acquainted with the plans of his two young friends, the thought of serving both came uppermost.

"I'll speak to His Ex., Talbot, and see if I can't make him give you a roving commission, of a purely scientific character."

"But I know nothing of science, Doctor."

"So much the better. You will go

in totally unprejudiced and unfettered by fad. Yes, I'll get Sam Houghton, of Trinity, to aid and abet me. Zoölogy, the Fauna of Mexico. Capital! The very thing! You will write a book, Talbot, and we will elect you an Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy. As for you, Arthur, the licking you gave—"

"For heaven's sake, Nedley, don't let me hear anything more about that."

"Faith, you are as sore as the chap that got it,—sorer, I think. Well, I'll see if I can't dig out a couple of letters of introduction for you that may be of use. I can give you one myself to a countryman of ours, a banker—Don Ferdinando O'Flynn. He married a girl who owned a silver mine, and he's now as rich, as Pat Dempsey would say,—as rich, my dear fellow, as Creosote."

The room became very crowded, and in a few minutes the resignation of Harry Talbot was in everybody's mouth.

"I'll ask a question in the House of Commons in regard to this gross injustice," observed a very pompous personage, half choked in an old-fashioned black satin stock. "I'll ask the Chief Secretary for Ireland—"

"I'll tell you one thing you won't ask him, Macdonna," thrust in Nedley.

"And what is that, sir?"

"You won't ask him to dinner."

This sally delighted the listeners, to whom the Honorable Member's stinginess was familiar as a household word.

As the two friends walked down Dame Street they met Father Healy.

"I'll get you a letter of introduction to the Archbishop of Mexico," he volunteered; "although, as I see there was an insurrection up there last week, he may be only a bishop *in partibus* by this time."

Arthur Bodkin, by virtue of being a lieutenant in the Galway Militia, was a member of the United Service Club, to which palatial institution on St. Stephen's

Green he bent his steps, after arranging to dine with Talbot at Burton Bindon's. In the hall of the Club he encountered a kinsman, Colonel Brown, who had lost his left arm in the trenches before Sebastopol. When this gallant warrior found that Bodkin was bound for Mexico, he congratulated him very warmly:

"I tell you what, Arthur, you'll see some fighting out there as sure as Sunday. Napoleon is foisting this poor Archduke on the Mexicans; and believe me there's a big anti-French party in the country that will fight to a man. So, by the powers, Arthur Bodkin may bring everlasting glory on the Galway Militia by taking a hand in the game; and he's not his father's son if he doesn't. And, now that I think of it, your cousin, Tom Ffrench, of Gortnamona, is out there. He fought like a Connaught Ranger at the battle of Molino del Rey, and faith he remained in the country. If I don't mistake, he wanted to be president or lord-mayor or commander-in-chief, or something very swell. He sent your mother a feather cloak, some years ago, made by the Aztecs. And Jack Turbot, of the Ninth, spent a few days with him in some out-of-the-way place, where he nearly killed Jack with a whisky made out of the century plant. You look him up, Arthur, and your bread is baked, my boy!"

"Is it Tommy Ffrench, of Gortnamona, you're talking of?" asked a little red-faced, red-necked, white-haired major. "Sure Tommy marched into Puebla with General Forey, and was at the taking of Mexico. He is now Capitano Tomaso Ffrench, and the same dare-devil chap that swam the Shannon from Kilrush to Tarbert, and that's nine miles."

And as Bodkin wended his way to Burton Bindon's to meet Harry Talbot, he could not help reflecting that the finger of destiny was very fixedly pointing in the direction of the Halls of the Montezumas.

The Flight into Egypt: A Miracle Play.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

SCENE I.

(JOSEPH sleepeth, in a room flooded with moonlight. Outside lieth Bethlehem, still in the moonlight. JOSEPH dreameth, and speaketh aloud his dream.)

JOSEPH.

ARE they not safe? I heard, methought,
The crying of women, sore distraught;
And through that lonely sound I caught
The wail of babes, and then

Clashing of swords; and oaths, and fierce,
Wild laughter rang against mine ears.
I saw in sleep the dripping spears
In hands of wicked men.

'Twas night in Bethlehem did seem
All through the horror of my dream;
And woe, and woe for Bethlehem,
I heard the wind cry on.

And yet I know the small town lies
Soothed by the sweetest lullabies,
Watched by a million starry eyes
That wake until the dawn.

I know the babies lie at rest,
Each on its mother's silky breast,
For whom love makes the rosiest nest.
O hard-heart little town!

That bade my Dearest in her need
Take shelter in the cattle-shed,
And give her sweetest Son for bed
The cattle's manger brown,

Nevertheless, sleep well; and far
Away from thee those cries of war.
Sleep sweetly under the Birthnight Star
Until the cock shall crow.

The while I hear, as soft as love,
The tender breathing of my dove;
And the dear Babe, her heart above,
Breathing so soft and low.

(A radiance floateth in his dream, in the midst of which is the ANGEL OF THE LORD.)

THE ANGEL.

Joseph, arise! No time for sleep,
If thou thy trust with God would keep;
Leave Bethlehem town to wail and weep,
But thou up and away.

Take Mother and Child, and ride in haste
Across the desert still and vast.
The ass is saddled; be thou fast,
And far ere break of day.

Herod doth seek the Child to kill;
Up and away with a good will.
Soon will the wind of dawn blow chill,
And the day-star dawn red.

Ride far! Behind thee will be moan,
Weeping and lamentation lone:
The voice of Rachel for her own
Weeping, uncomfórtéd.

(JOSEPH waketh with a cry, and stareth in the moonlight. Then he ariseth with haste, and wakeneth MARY.)

JOSEPH.

Mary, awake, and take the Child!
We must away ere yon star mild
Fades in the day. While thy lips smiled
In sleep, a vision rose,

And warned of danger dark and death.
Wrap thee right warm: the morning breath
Is chill, and cold the night bloweth
The way our journey goes.

MARY.

Alas! and is't so soon they seek
To slay my Lamb, new-born and weak?
This little One so mild and meek
No wild beast would Him harm.

Bring thou the ass. We two will be
Ready by then to ride with thee.
My Sweet shall be right safe with me:
My veil and cloak are warm.

Come, little One, now leave behind
The town where we no roof could find
The night that Thou wast born. Unkind
The desert need not prove

For Thee, to whom the world is ill,—
Yea, raveneth like a wild beast still
My little innocent Son to kill.
Come, dear and harmless Dove!

(They go out in the darkness, where JOSEPH holdeth the ass.)

SCENE II.

(In a robber's cave of the desert. MARY kneeleth, bathing the CHILD; while near her, nursing a suckling babe, sitteth LEAH, the robber's wife.)

LEAH (*singeth*).

Sleep sweet, my baby,
Whiter than snows!
Rose of the desert
That in the night blows.
Round my white rosebud
Floweth my veil,
Hiding my white rose,
Tender and pale.

Little white rosebud,
Be not in haste
Yet to uncover
To the hot blast.
World's breath will scorn thee,
Icy winds blow,
Ravage my rosebud,
Whiter than snow.

Lullaby, my rosebud!
Grow not a rose.
Round thee to shield thee
Mother's love flows.
Rose of her darkness,
Make her heart glad;
The saddest poor mother
That ever babe had.

MARY.

Why, then, my sister, dost thou sing
So sad a cradle-song to wing
Thy baby into slumbering?
Nay, sweet, thine eyes be dried!

Kiss his small feet, remembering this:
Thou art a mother; with that bliss
Turning all lesser grief there is
To happy joy and pride.

We take the grief and joy in one,
Being proud mothers of a son;
And would not wish our fate undone
If it were else all woes.

Now hold my Jesus, and let me
Your pretty baby on my knee
Nurse for a little. I would see
His face you hide so close.

LEAH (*covereth her face*).

Lady, ah, now you touch my wound!
Ne'er was a sadder mother found
All the sad earth o'er and around.
O Lady, see my child,

White with the leprosy! I dare
Not touch your Boy's sweet face and hair,
Lest that my finger tips should bear
Those seeds rank and defiled.

MARY.

Alas, poor mother! was this why
Didst lay thy precious baby by,
And would not let my gaze come nigh
His piteous little form?

Nay, give him me, and take my Sweet,
That is all sound from head to feet.
The evil thing I fear not it:
It can not do Him harm.

Give me thy babe. I will him bathe
Here where my one Son bathed hath.
Great virtue His all evil scathe
And taint away to take.

(Holdeth the babe, swiftly unclothing him.)

Now in the water I thee lay.
My Baby's Father, take away
This baby's leprosy, I pray,
Even for Thy dear Son's sake.

(She lifteth the babe from the water, cleansed and rosy, and layeth him in his mother's lap.)

MARY.

Here is thy Dimas. Lift thine eyes,—
Behold a rose of health he lies,
That piteous was and food for sighs!
Now, sister, praise the Lord!

LEAH (*kneeleth*).

I praise Him. Yea, and thee He sent,
His angel and His instrument,
To work on me His good intent,
And on my baby bird.

MARY.

Praise me not. If thou wilt, praise
My Baby through thy length of days;
And praise His Father, who had grace
And pity for thy state.

O little Dimas, who art clean,
I have a vision of thy sin,

And of thy sorrow that wins in
At last through heaven's gate!

Thou little Dimas, round and smooth,
I see thee in thy lusty youth
Drawn down to shame and death, in truth.
I see thee keeping tryst

In a most bitter day and hour,
When men are mad and hell hath power,
High where the awful crosses tower,—
Keeping the tryst with Christ.

Little Dimas, when all is done,
Side by side with my loved Son,
Thou winnest in when heaven is won.
O happy little child,

Now sleep! And sleep, my Jesus small.
For the small birds are sleeping all;
And shadows lengthen on the wall,
And fades the daylight mild.



Robert Southwell and His Friends.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

FATHER JOHN GERARD, whose memoirs, lately published by the lamented Father Morris, give so vivid a picture of the days of persecution, often mentions Father Southwell in terms of affectionate admiration. Owing to the fear of detection in which they lived, the priests had to assume false names and disguises, and, in mixing with Protestants, to adopt the manners and language of men of the world. Father Southwell, we are told, used to admire the ease with which Father Gerard could, if needful, play the part of a sporting gentleman, and discuss hunting, falconry, and other fashionable sports, when the circumstances required it. He naïvely confessed his inferiority in this respect, and, with childlike simplicity, begged Father Gerard to instruct him in the technical terms of sport. However, it would seem that he was by nature more

of a scholar than a sporting man; for he used to complain that he found it very difficult to remember Father Gerard's instructions on the subject of horses, hounds, and hunting. The two religious, so different in character and so like in their courage and zeal for souls, were bound by strong mutual esteem and affection. Father Gerard describes Robert Southwell as "prudent, pious, meek, and exceedingly winning."

Now and then the Jesuit missionaries were able to meet in secret, in some friendly house, to confer together on matters relating to their ministry; and these rare meetings were especially valuable to men accustomed to a community life. Sometimes, however, they narrowly escaped detection. Once Fathers Garnett, Southwell, Oldcorne, Stanney and Gerard met in Northamptonshire — probably at Harrowden, the residence of Lord Vaux,—for the purpose of renewing their vows. Father Southwell was beginning to say Mass at five in the morning, when a great noise was heard, and a band of pursuivants, or priest-hunters, with drawn swords attempted to force an entrance. The priest hurriedly took off his vestments, stripped the altar, and concealed the books and altar furniture, while the servants of the house kept the pursuivants at bay. He then, with the other Fathers present, made his way to a safe hiding-place, and a few minutes later the enemy succeeded in entering the house. But, although they diligently searched during four hours, the pursuivants found nothing. Both masters and servants were silent, and the good walls of Harrowden kept their secret. At last the baffled priest-hunters took their leave, after having been paid for their day's work by the Catholics themselves; for, as Father Gerard quaintly observes, "so pitiful is the lot of Catholics that those who come with a warrant to annoy them in this or any other way, have to be paid for so doing

by the suffering party, instead of by the authorities who send them; as though it were not enough to endure wrong, but they must also pay for the endurance."

When at last the coast was clear, one of the Catholic ladies staying in the house came to fetch the priests, whose hiding-place was underground, and half filled with water. In it were hidden, besides Fathers Southwell, Garnett, Oldcorne, Stanney and Gerard, of the Society of Jesus, two secular priests and two or three laymen. The next day the priests thought it more prudent to disperse, and Fathers Southwell and Gerard rode away together.

In the midst of the incessant perils and labors of his missionary life, Father Southwell found time to write to his brethren abroad long letters, that give us a pathetic picture of the sufferings of the English Catholics. In one of them, written in January, 1590, he says:

"The condition of Catholics here is the same, and full of fears and dangers. As many of ours as are in chains rejoice, and are contented in their prisons; and they that are at liberty set not their hearts upon it, nor expect it to be of long continuance.... A little while ago they apprehended two priests, who have suffered such cruel usages in the prison of Bridewell as can scarcely be believed.... The labors to which they subjected them were continual and immoderate, and no less in sickness than in health; for with hard blows and stripes they forced them to accomplish their task, however weak they were.... Some of them are hung up by the hands, so that they can just touch the ground, with the tips of their toes.... In fine, they that are kept in that prison truly live *in lacu miserix et in luto fecis*."

Two months later he wrote another most touching letter, which was translated into Spanish and widely circulated among the Catholics abroad. "We are still," he says, "tossed in the midst of dangers, and indeed in no small peril." He goes on to

relate the sufferings of a confessor named Nicolas Horner, a tailor by profession, who was imprisoned for sheltering and helping priests. God seems to have rewarded, by peculiar favors and graces, the courage of this good man. His first prison was so damp and unwholesome that his legs began to mortify, and one of them had to be cut off. During the operation God filled him with such joy that he felt no pain. He was finally condemned to death for having assisted the hunted priests. And Father Southwell relates how, on the eve of his execution, as he was sitting in his dark and filthy dungeon, he saw "the form of a crown reflected on the head of his shadow" against the wall. Thinking that the appearance was caused by some object or other, he rose, changed places, put up his hand to his head, and walked up and down his dungeon; but he discovered nothing that could explain the fact, and for a whole hour he saw something "like a diadem upon his head, to foreshadow his future glory." Horner's courage and supernatural cheerfulness remained the same to the end; and, says Father Southwell, "he gained the palm of victory with as great constancy as the rest."

Another of Father Southwell's letters is addressed to a priest who had embraced a wandering and unsettled mode of life. While conveying much wise advice to his correspondent, he unconsciously gives us an insight into his own conduct and demeanor. "Be at home somewhere," he writes, "and there live by rule; then go forth to other places, like a guest looking toward home. Imitate the bees, who suck honey from the flowers and immediately return to the hive, and there go about domestic duties, which begin with prudence and end with profit. I wish you to place a measure to your social disposition; not as I would cage a bird or condemn it to the dark. There is a medium between mute solitude or silent obscurity and a continual change of company; both these

extremes are equally bad. . . . Learn while at home to behave in company, and instruct your mind how to nourish in secret holy thoughts, which, in the exercise of every virtue, will prove to you sweeter than all other delights."

We may easily imagine how great was the influence of one whose grave words of advice were always clothed in graceful and gentle language. In spite of their old-fashioned phraseology, Father Southwell's letters, after two hundred years, retain much of their original charm. One of the longest and most important of them is addressed to his own father, Richard Southwell, who after having, as we have seen, proved himself a zealous Catholic in providing for his son's religious education, had gradually fallen away from the practice of his religion. He had married as his second wife a woman who had been governess to Queen Elizabeth; and, under her influence, he abstained from the Sacraments and outwardly conformed to the new religion.

Father Southwell begins by giving him all the arguments capable of convincing his intellect; he then concludes by an appeal to their mutual love: "It is the thing we have chiefly at heart, that we may be as nearly linked in spiritual as we are in natural consanguinity; that we may, to our unspeakable comfort, enjoy in heaven your most desired company. Blame me not, good father, if zeal for your recovery has carried me beyond the limits of a letter. So important a truth can not be too much avowed, nor too many means used to draw a soul out of the misery of schism."

It is evident that, in spite of the many years he had spent away from home, Father Southwell's family affections had remained warm and constant. He wrote to one of his brothers, whose spiritual condition inspired him with some anxiety, a letter no less affectionate and earnest than that addressed to his father.

In his leisure moments he composed poems, which enjoyed great popularity among the English Catholics of his time. Although their form is now antiquated, and their phraseology seems somewhat stiff and stilted to our modern taste, these poems reveal a brilliant and delicate fancy, a deeply poetical feeling, and a spirit of loving piety. Such are the chief characteristics of "St. Peter's Complaint," "St. Magdalen's Tears," and many odes to Our Lady. It is needless to say the appearance of these poems was hailed with delight by our persecuted ancestors. Father Gerard frequently alludes with brotherly admiration to Father Southwell's gifts as a writer, and to his works "so full of spirit and eloquence, both in prose and verse."

As we may gather from our hero's advice to the priest whose wandering propensities he endeavored to check, he himself contrived, in spite of the perils of the times, to have a fixed residence, where he generally lived, unless the welfare of souls obliged him, as was often the case, to travel abroad. His place of abode in London was the house of the Countess of Arundel; and we may believe that it was through a special permission of God that he was led to seek shelter under the roof of one who so sorely needed advice and assistance. Sometimes, we are told, he went to the house of a Mr. Cotton, in Fleet Street,—probably the friend of his boyhood; now and then he made excursions into Sussex, and even into the northern shires. But, although closely disguised, he never adopted the extravagant costumes which some priests thought it necessary to wear for the sake of safety. He used to dress in black, "with clothes more fit than fine," as he says in one of his poems.

(To be continued.)

BETTER one thorn plucked out than that all remain.—*Horace.*

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

II.—THE FORTUNES OF M. CROQUELAIRE.

M. CROQUELAIRE had been at the Old Men's Home nearly ten years when the event occurred which made such a change in his destiny. "Jerome," the Sisters called him; and with his intimates, when all were in a good humor, he was sometimes "Croquelaire"; but in general he wished to be, and was, addressed as Monsieur Croquelaire.

"M. J. Croquelaire," he would say,— "that is my name, no less a gentleman than I am forced to become the charge of the good Sisters. By them, for whom I keep in order the flower-garden, it is right that I should be addressed by my baptismal name; but by people in general, not at all. If on occasion, through having heard so much the good Sisters say 'Jerome,' Madame should now and then, either by preference or in absent mind, also address me in such manner, I should take it rather as compliment. But for the others, no!"

He had come to poverty through varied misfortunes and errors of his own, not the least of which had been the habit of drinking, to which he had at one time been addicted. But for many years he had touched nothing but wine, which to a Frenchman is seldom intoxicating. He was, like the rest of his countrymen, a lover of strong coffee; and once privately complained to me that the beverage as presented to the old people at the Home was not of the best quality.

"Although how could one expect it," he continued, apologetically, "when the greater part, if not all, of it is obtained from hotels, who give to the good Sisters every day the refuse, the dregs! Clean, Madame, and not at all to injure the health, but very, very weak. To me, Madame, a cup of good coffee is equal to soup, of which we have an excellent

quality. On Sunday a week we had a strange priest to say Mass. As is my custom, or rather I should say my charge, I took him his coffee.

"No, no!" said he, with an Irish brogue very strong. 'Bring me a cup of *thé*, my good man.'

"The Sister then hastened to prepare a cup of *thé* for him; and while I waited she said:

"Jerome, drink the coffee yourself, and take with it a cracker. You will find one in the bin.'

"The coffee I drank. It was excellent. They have for visitors and the clergy a fine quality, *vous savez*, as is but right. But a cracker! *Mon Dieu*, with such a mouthful I would not spoil my coffee. *Un petit pain* now, that would have been acceptable; but a cracker—oh, no, no! And those Irish, what a strange people! How they have such passion for *thé*! But again Madame will understand it is not of the good Sisters I complain."

Shortly after this he came to borrow a mowing machine, and I took advantage of the occasion to make him a cup of strong coffee. He pronounced it excellent, and added:

"But how could it be otherwise, made by the little hands of Madame herself, which I have often admired, as it is the privilege of all to have approbation of beauty where it exists? Again the excellent, superfine quality of Mocha, or perhaps Java and Mocha blend; the quick accomplishment; the drinking on the moment; the rich, yellow cream, produced by the Jersey cow in that little field I can see through the window. (That cow, Madame, if Monsieur would sell, would bring any day one hundred dollar and twenty-five.) The sparkle lumps of sugar; the large china cup with flowers thereon. (Does Madame paint? No? Well, they do such paint-like that nowadays very well in the stores.) The beautiful shape and heavy quality silver spoon,—that all

have much to do. Is it not so, Madame?"

Finally he rose to go, but there seemed to be a reluctance in his manner.

"Will you not take another cup, Monsieur?" I asked (he had already disposed of two). But he quickly responded:

"No, Madame. Thanks, thanks! I have had all sufficient. The cup it was very large, and the coffee most excellent, as I have said. I was only thinking—you will smile, Madame,—that in my country we are a frugal people. There is a custom, when one goes to take coffee in a restaurant—not, of course, as now, in a private family where one is invited, but where one pays,—there is a custom, as I said, to take very simply the remaining lumps of sugar, if one has not used all with the coffee, and put them in the pocket, for a *bonne bouche*, or the bird at home, or even the little ones. It is understood, Madame, that one does so. It was merely a recollection that came to me."

I hastened to empty what was left of the sugar in his capacious pocket. The old man blushed, and faintly struggled as he said:

"Thanks, thanks, Madame! But this is too much goodness of you. I beg you will not think that I was—what you call?—hinting for these sugar. But yes: I will not deny it. I have a sweet tooth. Ha! ha! I have but five altogether. To nibble at a lump of sugar is to me pleasant; and a little glass of *eau sucre* in the afternoons, that I like."

A sudden stroke of good fortune changed the aspects of life for the old Frenchman. One day news came that a legacy of twelve thousand francs was awaiting him; the bequest of a nephew in Paris, to whom he had once been kind, and to whom the approach of death had brought welcome, if tardy, recognition of past benefactions. There was great rejoicing among the old people, with whom M. Croquelaire was a great favorite. I hastened to offer my congratulations. The old man bore his new

honors modestly, yet with a certain dignity that comported well with his six-and-seventy years. After some slight conversation, he looked at me in a half-quizzical, half-shamefaced manner, as he said:

"Madame, perhaps you have not heard that I am about to leave the good Sisters and make my own home?"

"But, Monsieur Croquelaire, you are so old, you will not be able to manage alone."

"Madame, it is to marry."

"At your age?"

He drew himself up with dignity.

"I am already promised."

"Oh, it is an old engagement, then!" I replied, scarcely able to repress a smile.

"No, Madame. Last week I have said to the good Mother that I wish to speak with her. I have thank her for all her kindness to me, and I have said that no longer is it necessary I live on charity. This is for me not now the place. For three hundred dollar I will buy that small cottage of Patrick Burns, who is now dead, and who have lease of ground for ten years still, at five dollar the year. Then I can grow my flowers and vegetable, and keep chicken and my cow, and it may be some pigs. When I have buy everything, and have furnish my house, new and clean, I have still left maybe nearly two thousand dollar. I divide in four-hundred-dollar parts. That last for five years, and on that I can live. After five years I die. I be eighty-one years old."

"But if you should not die, and your money should be all gone? You know it is a rule with the Little Sisters not to receive again any one who has left them."

"Some time they break that rule," said M. Croquelaire, with great confidence. "They have take back that cross Mr. Mahoney, who was here but two years, and grumble all the time. Now he is good and happy. They have take back James Smith, when he have been turn out on the street by his son because he have fall and break his leg, and can no longer carry the

water for the road-makers. I have meself met on the street, very poor, that old woman who so much quarrel with the others. I know not how they call her, but she is dirty and have only one eye; and yesterday they have take her back, for I have seen her come down from an express with her feather-bed again."

"But if they should not take you back, what then?"

"Then I would go to another place, where they do not know me, and go into some other house of the good Sisters."

"They might ask whether you had ever been in any of their Homes before."

"Then I would say, making like very sad and angry: 'O my good Sister, do you think that if once in the Home of the Old People I would go out again?'"

"But that would be equivalent to a lie."

M. Croquelaire shrugged his shoulders in that expressive manner peculiar to a Frenchman, as he replied:

"Sometimes, Madame, it can not be help."

I was silent. After a brief pause he resumed, and his face was very grave:

"Madame, I must have some time of liberty again; some time to feel I am my own master, even if at the end I must go to the county—what you call?—the poor-house. And I want some good woman to make happy with me, and cook my meals and keep my house clean. I have promise of Jessamy Traber, and next Sunday we marry."

My face bore witness to my surprise at this news. M. Croquelaire laughed.

"Madame," he said, "I see my news make you surprise. I have said to Sister Emilia I have choose two: the little Irish-woman so clean, so clean, who take care of flowers in the women's garden with Jessamy Traber; that nice, quiet Helen, who always been old maid. But Sister Emilia will not ask for me. Then I have written letter to Helen, and good Mother she have read it to her; and Helen have

been mad; she have cried. I have been sorry for that afterward. Yesterday I have asked Jessamy herself when we ride in the wagon to the dentist, and she say 'Yes' right off. First good Mother have been a little mad, then she have laughed; but she say she never take us back again. To-night I leave; I buy everything and fix up my house."

"And why not?" said Jessamy, in reply to my question as to whether the news was really true. "It seems to me that I am called. I have no prejudice against the French as a nation, nor against individuals; and for M. Croquelaire I have always entertained a most profound respect. He is, in every sense of the word, a gentleman. We are both, in a certain sense, superior to the class among which it has pleased a gracious Providence to have placed us, it may have been for the purpose of bringing us together as now contemplated. I have often been struck by the strong likeness which the profile of my future husband bears to that of the first Napoleon. My own resemblance to her gracious Majesty the Queen of England has been so often commented upon that it is superfluous to mention it. That in itself is a coincidence. I shall consider it a privilege to render his declining days more happy than they might otherwise be. I feel myself greatly honored by the preference of so exemplary and amiable a man. The good Mother was at first disposed to argue against the proposed union between myself and M. Croquelaire—or Jerome, as I shall call him hereafter. But she had no tenable grounds; and, angel that she is, so yielded gracefully. I have a box of excellent clothing stored at a commission house, with directions for disposition after my death, should such occur suddenly. It was my intention to bequeath it to the Little Sisters. In the meantime I have taken occasion of visits to the city to take some necessary articles of wearing apparel therefrom, not wishing

to be dependent upon the good Sisters for clothing as well as food and shelter. I shall now find it useful, and feel to a certain extent, as is becoming, independent of my future husband as to wedding garments, although not doubting his willingness to provide all things needful."

Who could gainsay her?

They were married the following Sunday. The union lasted three years. Happy as two little children, they were constant visitors at the Home, to which they never came empty-handed. Their garden was the pride of the neighborhood, producing the finest vegetables in great abundance. Their wealthy neighbors paid fancy prices for the crisp radishes and early lettuce of M. Croquelaire; not to mention young onions, early peas, succulent string-beans, and tender asparagus, which M. Croquelaire was wont to describe as "a dream." They had quite a nice little income from the milk of their cow, and Jessamy's chickens were always in demand. So well did they husband their resources that when M. Croquelaire died—with one hand in Jessamy's, the other in that of the good Mother, from whom he had obtained a promise to receive his wife at the Home for the Aged whenever that dear woman wished,—the principal of the legacy, minus the original outlay, had been augmented by two hundred dollars.

A year later Madame Croquelaire was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism, which carried her off after six months of intense but patient suffering. She was forced to go, much against her will, to the Hospital of the Sisters of St. Francis, while her soul longed for her old home.

When her will was opened, all accounts being settled, as provided for—viz., board, attendance, physician's bills, and funeral expenses, not forgetting a sum set apart for Masses for herself and her husband, the Little Sisters of the Poor found themselves richer by a thousand dollars.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

III.

OUR author is vigorously stout upon the impediment caused by "things," as he happily calls them. Things everywhere are in the way, and interpose as a cataract between the eye and the reality. "In proportion as a man *draws* things to himself, just so much is he hindered and distracted." It is the drawing to one's self that causes the mischief. It does not destroy, but as the writer, with due reserve, says, hinders and distracts. He adds, more strongly: "There is nothing that so defileth and entangleth the heart of man as an impure attachment to created things."

IV.

"Woe to them that know not their own misery! And, still more, woe to them that make this wretched and perishable life the object of their love."

Misery is a strong word, but it justly describes the state of the unhappy blind folk who do not think or reflect; who, from settled habit, have actually come to believe that to walk decently through life in devotion to earthly things will secure them comfortable quarters in the next world. This is a genuine state of delusion. But yet more woful, he says, is the condition of those who love this wretched and perishable life. "For some there are who cling to it so closely (though even by laboring or begging they hardly have bare necessaries), that could they live here always, they would care nothing for the kingdom of God." This is putting the truth very bluntly; but there is little doubt it is the truth in the case of millions. Few can say from their hearts: "Thy kingdom come."

A good test always of our true spiritual state is to put it to ourselves when we make this aspiration in the morning or at

night. Assuming that we are fairly ready, would we be willing to accept with cheerful confidence a summons to depart? In most instances we know what a really honest answer would be, and these are those who know not their own misery. We have all, in our own circle, numbers of persons who go on their way in this fashion,—who think that “everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds”; who are most respectable and even good in their lives; who may be called “seventh-day Catholics,”—that is, who ask no more than the compulsory Mass of Sundays. They know not their own misery. But we can see them in their last illness,—the priest suddenly called to patch up as well as he can, etc. Oh, the misery and confusion of it!

(To be continued.)

A Hint to the Heads of Families.

NO one who observes the behavior of mankind can be surprised at any manifestation of inconsistency. It is only when something monstrously antagonistic in theory and practice is brought to our notice that we are constrained to exclaim, “Consistency, thou art a jewel!” The tendency is to become indifferent regarding anything that is common. We regulate by law the sale of gunpowder, the administration of poison, because these things are likely to cause destruction of property and to endanger life; but we are utterly careless of dangerous reading, which is calculated to undermine character, uproot faith, destroy virtue, and ruin immortal souls. The power for evil exerted by the press is incalculable; how inefficient are the measures taken to curb it! There are disorders which can be cured only by the moral sense of the public; and the one of which we write is likely to increase, for the reason that standards

of morality are lowered. Books that are read and discussed everywhere nowadays would not have been permitted to pass through the mails twenty-five years ago.

But, whatever may be the public standard of morality, Catholics can have no excuse for “doing as the rest of people.” The principles by which they are bound to regulate their lives are unalterable. If a book or a newspaper is an occasion of sin, it has to be given up or let alone, no matter how popular it may be. As Bishop Hedley observes in a recent pastoral: “You can not read about, dwell upon, or entertain in your heart and thought, any scene, description, sentiment or feeling, which it would be wrong to put into act, or which urges and leads to sinful act. All such reading and indulgence of the imagination is sinful, either because they set up sinful thinking, or because they lead to sinful acts, or for both reasons.”

At a season when recreation is largely confined to reading, it behoves the heads of families to examine into the sort of literature that comes to their homes. No father or mother with the least sense of responsibility would allow a child to associate with criminals. And yet the secular papers, which are accessible to the youngest members of the family, are filled with reports of all sorts of crimes. In many cases these reports are so detailed as to corrupt the minds of youthful readers and incite them to acts of immorality. As for books, some of the most popular are at least dangerous reading. Parents who prefer to have their sons and daughters “unspotted from the world” than followers of its fashions will banish all such literature from their homes as they would exclude criminals. If it be dishonorable and demoralizing to associate with dissolute men and women, it is certainly to no one’s credit or profit to form their acquaintance in books and newspapers which reveal their corrupt minds and describe their shameful deeds.

Notes and Remarks.

The Apostolic Letter of Leo XIII. respecting the discipline of the Oriental churches has been described as one of the most important pontifical documents of the century, and no one who peruses it attentively will challenge the characterization. How serious is the Holy Father's determination to safeguard the discipline of the Eastern churches may be seen from the severe penalties decreed against any one who should attempt to win over an Oriental to the Latin Rite. Those who remember how other overtures of a similar character have failed may think the Holy Father over-sanguine; but the truth is that Leo XIII. has got nearer to the Oriental mind and heart than the two other illustrious Popes who made special efforts to reclaim the schismatics. The letter is a masterly production, clear, strong, and replete with tenderness and solicitude for the Orientals. As the Holy Father himself points out, nothing more clearly proves the catholicity of the Church, and her perfect independence of places and forms, than the liberty she permits respecting ceremonies and liturgical languages.

Recent expressions of President Cleveland and Secretary Hoke Smith, while admirable for their moderation, are interpreted as foreshadowing the end of the Indian contract schools. These schools were, from the very nature of the case, temporary institutions. They were established by Catholics, and accepted by the Government because they were cheaper and more efficient than others. To eyes sharpened by distrust and prejudice they savored of danger and "State aid," and a howl went up for their abolition. There is no necessity, however, for such a violent settlement of the case. If our Government permits its agents to pursue their policy of cruelty and neglect, the Indian will settle the difficulty himself—by being exterminated. Meantime be it understood that gratitude, not reproach, should be the meed of these schools. As that valiant American, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, said in a recent article: "Grant that the whole system

was wrong, it was the United States Government that made it wrong. To issue the call to the denominations, and then turn in wrath upon the body that responded to the call most efficiently, is as if, when the fire-bell rings, a fine should be imposed upon the men who get their engine first to the fire."

That Col. Higginson's statement of the case is as just as it is picturesque is evident to any one having the slightest knowledge of the history of Indian education. If the Indian survives long enough, these schools will be superseded, of course; and Catholics will not protest. But in the name of common fairness let us not be blamed for getting our engines first to the fire.

One is sure to find something notable in the circulars issued by the Rev. President of the Pittsburg branch of the C. T. A. Union. Father Lambing is a zealous laborer in the cause of total abstinence, and his plans are as practical as his energy is indefatigable. After referring to the scandalously large number of those claiming to be Catholics engaged in the liquor traffic, he asks what can be done to remedy the disorder. We hope every good citizen will heed the answer: "Keep your name off petitions for saloon license; and thus help pastors to 'induce,' as the Council of Baltimore instructs them, 'all of their flocks that may be engaged in the sale of liquors to abandon as soon as they can the dangerous traffic.' Refuse to sign the petitions!"

The late Robert Louis Stevenson, so far as we know, never claimed to be a prophet, but at least one of his prophecies has already proved true. Admiration for the martyr-priest of Molokai increases apace, while he who reviled him is forgotten, or remembered only for his infamy. The memorials in honor of Father Damien—some of them erected by non-Catholics—show how willing the world is to pay tribute to real merit, and how highly it prizes the example of his heroic charity. Such reflections as these must have been uppermost in the minds of those who met at Louvain on the 16th ult., to witness the unveiling of a statue of Father Damien. In

the shadow of the great University, and in presence of one of the most distinguished assemblages ever gathered at Louvain, his inspiring career was commemorated in enduring form. The statue is of heroic size, and the expression of the countenance, which would have been plain if the beauty of his soul did not look through his eyes, is characteristic. Father Damien is represented pressing the crucifix to his heart and sheltering a leper with his cloak. It has been pointed out as a remarkable coincidence that the monument was unveiled almost on the same day on which the news of the death of his defender, Mr. Stevenson, reached Europe.

We referred recently to the marvellous growth and popularization of historical knowledge within the last half century. Perhaps the most striking illustration of this truth is found in the changed attitude of cultured minds to the Middle Ages. That the true notion of this much-maligned epoch is rapidly winning ground may be inferred from the constant reiteration of such statements as these:

"There is nothing more noteworthy in the history of the human mind than the manner in which the Middle Ages have been handled by economists, chroniclers, and religionists. Even sober writers seem to lose their heads, or become afraid to tell the truth in this matter. . . . It is high time that, without any prejudices in favor of that Church, the nonsense which has been foisted onto the public by men interested in suppressing the facts should be exposed."

These words were spoken by Mr. James Hyndman, the London socialist; but words like them are being spoken by some one somewhere every day. It proves that historical knowledge is growing, and on no point more than on medievalism.

One of the peculiar results of the rapid growth of our republic is that some of the pioneer Catholics who sat by the cradle of the Church in our Western States still live to witness her vigorous maturity. The old-time missionary, while he did not lack the culture of his successor, had need of a much stronger constitution. His parish was limited only by his endurance. He often went two

hundred miles and more on a sick-call; and there were times when he had to dispute his dinner and his bed with the panther or the bear,—not to mention other less picturesque but yet serious dangers. This type of priest is rapidly passing away with the old conditions, but there are a few of them left; and of these one of the worthiest is the Rev. J. M. Jacquet, of Coshocton, Ohio, who lately celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood. Father Jacquet's years have been three-score and eight, and of these the half century of his priesthood has been spent in arduous labor in the United States. He was the first to offer the Holy Sacrifice in the city of Chattanooga. When the cholera visited Tennessee in 1855, he spent day and night in administering the Sacraments, visiting the sick, and burying the dead. During the war of the Rebellion Father Jacquet served as a chaplain, and after its close he resumed priestly labors in Coshocton. His pioneer experiences seem not to have impaired his health; for he still evinces a vigor and an interest in his work which promise some years of honorable service.

It is a gratifying surprise to learn that the number of native priests and religious in Japan is steadily increasing. In the Diocese of Nagasaki alone there are fifteen Japanese priests, forty-five native catechists, and eight native religious communities, numbering one hundred and eighty Sisters, principally engaged in teaching girls.

Apart from the important position which he holds as President of Cornell University, Dr. J. G. Schurman has long been recognized as one of the ablest educators in America. His opinion, therefore, in matters educational commands more than ordinary respect. Dr. Schurman has recently published, in pamphlet form, a study of "Moral Obligation"; and though we can not accept all his conclusions, no Catholic will quarrel with his attitude to the question of religious education:

"On its lower as on its higher levels, religion is the indispensable ally of morality. And wise men can not survey without anxiety and alarm the demand for secular, as opposed to religious, moral

instruction in our schools. As though children could be influenced by abstractions like the categorical imperative! As though the body of divine commands and sanctions were not schoolmasters to bring us to understand, love, and acquiesce in goodness as the supreme fact in the life of man and God! The non-religious adoration of duty for the sake of duty is a consciousness not easily maintained. In strong natures it passes easily into stoical and even cynical heartlessness, in formal natures into prudery, in weaklings into license, and in the average man into indifference. What the abstract sense of obligation, divorced from piety, is likely to become, has been told us by the prophet of the new era of natural as contrasted with supernatural morality. The pure sense of duty, Mr. Herbert Spencer declares, will decline with the progress of evolution and ultimately disappear."

Thus is another eminent name added to our long list of those who protest against the abominable theory of secular education. Dr. Schurman's words should be widely circulated; they will do good. Before any new system of education can be discussed with profit, the American people must first be convinced that the present one is wrong in principle and disastrous in effect.

Since the time of the great Deluge, the dove bearing the olive-branch "in her mouth" has been a favorite figure with orators. And as the rainbow in the sky is a continual reminder of the covenant of God with man after the destructive flood, so, too, it would seem, the dove has inherited the instinct of its Scriptural predecessor. A lover of birds declares that a dove which he is in the habit of observing, regularly plucks a flower from a vase in the dining-room, carries it to his cage, and lays it tenderly across the neck of his mate as she sits on the nest. Probably everybody who observes doves has noticed at one time or another their propensity to carry twigs or small branches from place to place.

There seems to be an impression in many cities that almost any physician is good enough for the public hospital. It is thought that these institutions are admirable places for young doctors to practise in, and accordingly the medical staff is usually selected in a reckless fashion, or as the result of a political "pull." The injustice of this

iniquitous method is well set forth in this paragraph from *Le Couteulx Leader*:

"Sick people outside of public and other institutions choose their own medical attendants. If they do not like one they can get another; and if they allow themselves to be treated by the incompetent or unprincipled, theirs are the risks. But the helpless unfortunates in asylums and hospitals, who must take uncomplainingly or with unavailing protest 'what they get,' deserve our commiseration when they are left to the mercies of men whom political rather than scientific and moral influences have raised to important posts."

We commend this thought to city folk who may have influence in the appointment of hospital physicians. People who die in public institutions are usually homeless and friendless. This is an additional reason why their physicians should be religious as well as skilled.

The Rev. John F. Lowery, of Cohoes, N. Y., has some reminiscences that are worth recording. The comparatively recent death of Senator Kernan, of New York, for instance, lends a special interest to these words:

"The late lamented and distinguished jurist, United States Senator Francis Kernan, once told me, when I was a young man, that when he arose to address judges and juries he valued a *Pater* and *Ave* more than all the lore in the books on the shelves of his library. And his distinguished father, old General Kernan, of the war of 1812, told me that he laid greater store in trouble and danger by the Sign of the Cross than in bravery, cunning or good luck on the field of battle."

The example of such men is of immeasurably higher value than are their services on the field or in the forum. In view of such cases as these and of countless others even more striking, and remembering how many distinguished officers of the late war were received into the Church, it is difficult to understand how the silly notion that piety is, somehow, connected with unmanliness or weakness can still prevail in some minds.

Whether or not the curious form of devotion known as "bidding prayers" was of post-Reformation invention, it proves that the English nation once loved the Blessed Virgin, and that devotion to her was general amongst them. The fact is that "bidding prayers" were in use as far back as the tenth

century. In a recent number of *Notes and Queries* we find the following early specimen of the prayer rendered into modern English. It is copied from Canon Simmons' "Lay-Folk's Mass Book":

"Let us pray God Almighty, heaven's high King, and St. Mary and all God's saints, that we may God Almighty's will work the while that we in this transitory life continue; that they us uphold and shield against all enemies' temptations, visible and invisible: Our Father.

"Let us pray for our Pope at Rome, and for our King, and for the Archbishop and for the Alderman; and for all those that with us hold peace and friendship on the four sides of this holy place; and for all those that us for pray within the English nation or without the English nation: Our Father. . . .

"Let us pray for our gossips and for our god-fathers, and for our gild-fellows and gild-sisters; and all those people's prayer who this holy place with alms seek with light and with tithe; and for all those whom we ever their alms receiving were during their life and after life: Our Father.

"For Thorferth's soul pray we a *Pater Noster*; and for many more souls; and for all the souls that baptism have undertaken and in Christ believed from Adam's day to this day: Our Father."

It will be noticed that the sovereignty of the "Pope at Rome" was also acknowledged long before any one invented a branch theory.

Prof. Brooks, of Harvard University, recently said before a large audience:

"The Roman Catholic Church appears to be doing more aggressive and more telling work in the social question than the Protestant church. No one can with impartial care study her theoretic position upon these questions, or the ample variety of successful practical experiments, without surprise and admiration."

It is pleasant to add this testimony to the long list of similar ones. It is to be remembered, however, that the Church has no pretensions directly along this line. No priest labors merely to solve social problems, important though that work undoubtedly is. Poverty and misery are generally the result of somebody's sin; and in effecting social amelioration, the Church does it indirectly, by purifying men's hearts and by making them more sober and industrious. The true test of religion is its power over the human heart. The virtue which goes forth from the Sacraments ought to make our Protestant brethren reflect seriously.

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. F. Kirwen, of Paterson, N. J., who yielded his soul to God on the 27th ult., at Jersey City, N. J.

Mother M. Teresa, Mt. Carmel Convent, Loughrea, Ireland; Sister Josephine Mary, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Lowell, Mass.; Sister M. Elizabeth, of the Sisters of Mercy, Sacred Heart, Okla.; Sisters M. Laurentia and M. Benedict, Mt. St. Mary's, Manchester, N. H.; who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Michael Hannon, whose happy death took place on the 17th ult., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Maurice Hanrahan, of Baltimore, Md., who passed away on the 18th ult.

Mr. James McRaith, who departed this life on the 15th ult., at Darwin, Minn.

Mrs. Anna Bowlin, of St. Paul, Minn., who died a holy death on the 15th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Gunn, whose life closed peacefully last month in Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. Francis McCusker, of Waltham, Mass., who piously breathed her last on the 21st ult.

Miss Annie Burke, whose good life was crowned with a happy death on the 26th ult., at Randolph, Mass.

Miss Catherine Conway, of Charlestown, Mass., who passed to the reward of an exemplary Christian life on the 17th ult.

Joseph Rowling and Frederic Albech, of New York; James and John McEachran, Williamsburg, Iowa; Mrs. E. Maguire, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Martin Loughlin, N. S. W., Australia; Patrick Miles, Woodbridge, N. J.; Mrs. John Brady, Blackrock, Conn.; Miss Nellie F. Keefe, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Joseph Kuster, Newark, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Ockington, Cleveland, Ohio; H. A. Fink, Ste. Sophie, P. Q., Canada; Dr. Basil Shorb, Littlestown, Pa.; Austin Kuhns, Baltimore, Md.; Henry Davis, Waynesboro, Pa.; Michael Lyons, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. M. E. Lynch, Desert Springs, Utah; Mrs. Elizabeth Danehy, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Thomas and Roger Carroll, Miss Minnie Cavanaugh, Miss Margaret Hanley, Miss Mary E. Rhatigan, Mrs. James Dargan, and Martin Wolseley,—all of Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. Charles Howley, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Margaret Gallagher, Canton, Ill.; Mrs. Margaret McCallen, Manayunk, Pa.; Thomas Coleman, —, Ireland; Miss Josephine Collins, Athens, Pa.; and Mrs. Annie Deehen, Philadelphia, Pa.

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





UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Boys' Strike.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.



ED HARVEY did not hurry home with a scamper and dash, as usual; instead, he walked along quite slowly, with his hands in his pockets, whistling thoughtfully, as he was apt to do when anything troubled him. In fact, he was not satisfied either with himself or the turn that affairs had taken.

"If Parker, Wendell & Co. give their boys four dollars a week, we ought to have it too," he soliloquized. "We ought to have it any way; for it is little enough, especially when a fellow's father is dead, and he has a mother and three little sisters to work for, as is the case with me. And we work hard enough, that's sure. But I'm afraid the boys haven't taken the right way to get the raise. I ought to have spoken out at the start, and advised getting up a petition to the firm, or something of that sort. I intended to propose it, but that blustering chap, George, took up so much time; and then up popped little Charley Mallon, with his theatrical goings on. I wish I'd told them in the beginning what I thought about it, or else had nothing to do with the plan. And yet 'twould have been hard to get out of it too; for there's my promise as a member of the C. B. M. H. A. Hang it! if

they're not trying to make the proceedings and objects of the Association very secret and mysterious. And didn't Father Martin, at the Working Boys' Social Evenings, warn us against having anything to do with secret societies?"

The Cash-Boys' Mutual Help Association had been founded by the junior employes of Allen & Co. a few weeks previous, for no other definite purpose, despite its high-sounding title, than the amusement of the members, and to gratify the ambition of the boys to get up a club. Not all the members were actually cash-boys. The older ones, like George, Jim Post, and Ned Harvey, were messengers, or did up parcels; but the C. B. sounded well in the title.

Owing to the force of circumstances, the club met irregularly, and there was seldom an attendance of more than five or six associates at any one time; but the initiations were accompanied by much solemnity, and were supposed to call for a formal promise on the part of the aspirant. This was the formula he was required to say after the master of ceremonies:

"Stanch and true, stanch and true!
You stand by me, and I'll stand by you."

After this all the boys, joining hands in a ring, repeated:

"Stanch and true, stanch and true,
My C. B. M. H. brother!
Stand by me, I'll stand by you,—
We'll stand by one another."

The verse was George's composition, and he was very proud of it. The heroes of the Wild West stories were always "stanch."

This, then, was the pledge by which Ned felt himself bound.

"As I'm in for it, I'll have to stand by the boys through the strike, so long as they don't ask me to do anything that is against my conscience," he decided. "But after it is over, if they are set upon making the Association a secret society, I'll quit; for the worst of those concerns is that you don't know where they're going to end, or what some of the fellows may be up to."

The next morning as Ned was returning from the office, to which he had been sent with a message, George telegraphed to him, by a signal in use among the boys, that he had something to say to him. Later, passing near the corner where he was doing up parcels, George whispered: "Meeting in the old place at the noon hour."

At dinner time, accordingly, Harvey made his way to the cellar, where he found George, Charley, and several others, including two or three new associates. Each of the latter was taken in turn to the remotest corner by the two former, and made to promise upon honor that he would not back out of the strike until its object was gained.

While these mysterious proceedings were in progress, Ned heard some one coming. Waving his hands by way of warning, he slipped behind a packing case. The others disappeared in a twinkling,—all except George and Charley, who, intent upon securing the pledges of their comrades, had forgotten the risk of discovery, and now had only time to follow Ned's example and find a hiding-place. Scarcely had they done so when the round-shouldered figure of Tom the janitor came into view.

"Mousing old codger!" Charley muttered. "If he gets a scent of our plan, we're done for."

"Sh!" said George; "sh! can't you?"

The slight, rustling sound caused by their flight caught the ear of the old man

as he shuffled along, and the wriggling toe of a boot sticking out from behind a heap of rubbish did not escape his shrewd eyes.

"Ha-ha, my lads! What are you doing here?" he cried, pouncing upon George and Charley. "And, sure as I'm alive, if here isn't another one!" he added, discovering Ned also. "Now, lads, no show of fight, if you please, or you'll fare the worse for it. What are you lurking here for? To defraud the firm, I'll be bound. What have you been stealing and stowing away here? Come now, deliver it up, or I'll march you straight to the office."

"Stealing! O Tom, no indeed!" gasped Charley, appalled at the charge and its probable consequences.

"There is no use in trying to frighten us," said George, boldly.

"What right have you to suppose we have stolen anything?" protested Ned, with indignation.

"What right have I, is it?" echoed Tom. "The right of finding you three boys under very superstitious circumstances." (He meant suspicious, but the mistake did not weaken his argument.) "And as for trying to frighten you, faith you may well shake in you shoes," he went on. "What have you made away with from the store and hidden among this rubbish here?"

"Nothing, upon my honor, Tom," said Ned, a flush mounting to his cheeks at the realization that he was thus accused. "Did you ever know me to take anything that did not belong to me?"

"Well, no," acknowledged the janitor, scratching his head. "You've always borne a good character, as far as I know, and I own I'm surprised to find you here now. I'd never have thought it of you. So much for getting into bad company. But here, boys," he continued, addressing them all, "you may as well confess at once. What dishonesty have you been up to?"

"None, truly, truly, Tom," faltered Charley, in great distress. "George, Ned,

hadn't we better tell him what we really were doing?"

George scowled a reluctant assent, and Ned nodded.

"Well, we were getting up a strike," the culprit blurted out, trying to get away from the old man's grasp upon the collar of his jacket.

"Whew!" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes, we are going to strike for a raise in our wages," explained Ned.

"It'll be a big thing, old chap; and if you want to join, we'll put in a word for you too," struck in George, assuming a swaggering air, with the notion of bluffing him off.

The idea of going on a strike with the "young uns," as he called them, amused Tom mightily.

"What! all the boys going to quit work?" he cried.

"Yes, every one," admitted George, unguardedly. "Not a fellow in the store will run a cash or do up a parcel or carry a message next Mon—well, I won't say when; but before long the firm will be considerably put about, if they don't meet our demands, you bet."

"So this is what you were up to?" asked Tom.

"Yes, honor bright," replied Charley.

"Well, then, I suppose I'll have to let you off," said the old man, releasing his grip of the latter, and standing aside to let the others pass.

"And you'll keep our secret?" pleaded George, anxiously.

"No good comes from lads like you having secrets," grumbled Tom.

"But you won't break up our plan?" persisted Ned.

"Do you think I've nothing to do besides bothering about the foolishness of you youngsters?" he replied testily. "Away now! Your half hour's up, I'll be bound. Mr. Simpson noticed that some of the boys did not get back on time, and sent me to look for them."

The conspirators needed no second warning, especially as they were eager to get clear of Tom.

When they reached the foot of the stairs, however, George stopped, and, looking around very carefully to make sure that the janitor was not within hearing, whispered:

"Wait a minute, fellows. That old idiot will peach, as sure as a gun. He'll think about it a while, and make up his mind that it's his duty to tell the superintendent. Luckily he's a bit slow, though. What we'll have to do is to hurry up the matter. What do you say to our going out on strike to-morrow instead of Monday?"

Ned and Charley agreed, feeling that if anything was to be done they must get ahead of Tom.

"Then pass the word to all the boys this afternoon as you get a chance," said George. "'We go out to-morrow morning. Stand firm for your rights. Let no boy run a cash or an errand or tie up a parcel until our demands are granted.' The firm will see that we are just as necessary, in our way, to the running of this store as the head of the concern. Business will be at a stand-still for a while, and in the rush of the day too. Four dollars a week and three cent fines—that is what we must hold out for, remember."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Bo!

When one of our young readers frightens his playmate by appearing suddenly around a corner and saying "Bo!" he is using a very ancient word. There was once a general of the Goths named Boh, who was so fierce and warlike in appearance that for many centuries mothers hushed their children by telling them to be quiet, or Boh would come and get them. This was finally corrupted into Bo, the familiar "scare-word" of to-day.

St. Germaine's Flowers.

BY DORA M. BAXTER.

Did it ever occur to any of you bright-eyed lads and lassies that there must be a wondrous flower-garden up in the blue sky? Our beloved Longfellow meant something deep when he called the stars "the forget-me-nots of the angels"; for poets, they say, are wiser than common people. How is it that flowers appear sometimes here on earth in seasons and climes quite remote from their own? St. Elizabeth opens her basket, and out peep a crowd of roguish roses. St. Veronica searches in the snow, and a fragile lily rises to her touch. And St. Germaine Cousin—oh, she herself was a fair flower!

This pure and sweet young girl was shamefully treated at home—made to sleep on a bed of vine twigs in the stable, and to eat scraps of bread left over from the meals of the other children. How would our Miss Dainty like that? Now, Germaine used to do some very wonderful things,—things that made the people of Pibrac stare; for they never expected wonders from a ragged little peasant girl. She used to give bread to the poor—loaves of good, fresh, white bread,—and nobody knew where it came from.

One day the report reached the ears of her stepmother, who, in a great rage, flew out to find Germaine, exclaiming: "She has stolen that bread, and she shall be punished severely!" Germaine was quietly plying her distaff as she tended her sheep on the hill. "*Jésus! Marie!*" she cried when she saw her stepmother coming with hurried step and frowning brow,—"*Jésus! Marie!* I shall be beaten!" And beaten she was, though meekly protesting her innocence. Then her mother, suspecting that the loaves were hidden somewhere, tore off the apron in which the child carried her day's meal. Out fell

the miserable crusts, but lo! as they fell they turned into the most exquisite flowers, such as had never bloomed in that part of France! And how glad and grateful our dear little Saint must have been!

But perhaps the most interesting story of her is this: One morning she took her sheep very early to pasture, for they had bleated at her door since the first streak of dawn. Arrived on the hillside, she called them all together, planted her staff in the ground in their midst, and said: "Now, little flock, stay here together until I return." Then off she went to hear Mass. Now, would you believe those meek-eyed sheep could understand? Yet there they stayed nibbling the green grass, nor did a single one stray away!

Did some of my little readers shake their heads over "so wonderful a story"? Well, to such I must say that these things are not articles of faith. Our mother the Church does not say we *must* believe them as being absolutely true, though I think they are too lovely *not* to be true. If ever, on a summer evening, you watched the clouds build themselves up into lofty palaces, you did not think them less beautiful because they were not palaces of stone. So St. Germaine,—does she not awaken thoughts which passed through your mind when you traced out your lovely cloud castles?

(To be continued.)

A Big Mistake.

MISS MOLLIE'S mamma wrote the notes, And sealed them all to send, Inviting to a birthday lunch Each one she called a friend.

But Mollie opened one, to see Just what the writing said.

"Your presence is requested, dear—"
Was all that Mollie read.

And, rushing to her mother, cried:

"A change you'll have to make;
'Your presents are,' the words should be.
Oh, what a big mistake!"



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

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Stella Matutina.

The Light of Faith in Shakspeare.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL WATSON, S. J.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

MORNING STAR, whose mild and peaceful ray
 Brought to the nations hope in cheerless hour,
 In my dark heart shine forth with gladdening power,
 Lead back the sun and drive the gloom away!
 As when o'er sleeping earth the night holds sway,
 Fierce beasts can wreck at will the blooming bower,
 So demons ruin souls when sorrows lower:
 Shine, then, white Star, and be my joy and stay!

Fair Mother, shield me from the deadly foe:
 Thy Son, who honors thee with boundless love,
 Will mark thy pleading voice and save from woe.

Be pitiful and hear, I crave for light:—
 Lo! darkness flees! the daystar shines above!—
 Flame on, sweet Splendor, ever pure and bright!



IT is almost a waste of time to argue the question as to whether or not Shakspeare was a practical Catholic. The phrase could hardly be applied in 1570 in the meaning it has to-day. It was not easy to hear Mass in those days, when the amiable Queen Bess had no objection to have the priest who celebrated it drawn and quartered in front of the very theatre in which Shakspeare's plays were performed; and when, in all parts of England, the priest's hiding-place was looked on as necessary in a dwelling-house. Was it not in Lancashire that white linen was spread on the lawns, to signify to the initiated that the priest, proscribed and hunted, was within? It required much ingenuity and tact, and knowledge of men and their ways, to practise one's religion in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The Church was lenient, as she always is to her children of good-will, tried by the mighty forces of evil; and if we were to discover to-morrow an affidavit made by Judith Shakspeare, to the effect that her father had assisted at Mass regularly in the chapel of the French Ambassador at London, we should have no more reason

THE old friendships, safe, genuine, and firmly built, for which we take little thought, and which always avail us, are like those good, thick walls of by-gone days, which need no repairs, and are ever ready for shelter or defence.—*Mme. Swetchine.*

to believe that he understood the teachings of the faith and loved it than we have now. After all, an author should be judged by his works; God is the only judge of his life. And no form of uncharity has been more developed by Puritanism than the habit of judging the morality of one age by the conventional rules that govern another. We, who are saturated with the results of the Council of Trent, would be almost as unjust as Puritanism if we should make our standards of religious practice gauge the lives of men of the Elizabethan epoch.

The more one reads Shakspeare's plays, the more one is amazed at the sympathy one has with his utterances. It is not a mere literary or artistic sympathy, or even the exquisite delight of finding how deep and true his knowledge of human nature is: it is something finer. To us Catholics he echoes, as if he were a shell, sublime sounds from the limitless ocean of theology and philosophy. It is certain that without the influence of the Catholic Church, Shakspeare—the Christian Shakspeare—would not have existed. At the same time the undue worship of the dramas of this great genius should be deprecated. Shakspeare's literary work is uneven; no one defends the vulgarity of the allusions to Joan of Arc in "Henry VI." It is well understood that in these Shakspeare appealed to the false patriotism of the English mob. There are political allusions to the Papacy which are unpleasant; but there are fewer allusions of this kind in Shakspeare than in the works of those devout Catholics, Dante and Chaucer.

Again, Mr. Andrew Lang is right when he condemns the "Taming of the Shrew" as an exaggerated farce. There are patches of bombast and coarseness, even of dulness, in nearly all the plays. And we have every reason to thank God that a great deal of "Henry VIII.," especially the fifth act, was written by John Fletcher, not Shakspeare, who took

the coarse canvas of preceding or contemporary writers and embroidered it thickly with beautiful things. Here and there, as even in "As You Like It"—suggested by Lodge's "Rosalynde,"—we see the rough canvas. One has only to compare Belleforest's "Tragedy of Hamlet" with the greatest of all dramas to discover how Shakspeare changed common vapor into the likeness of the rainbow.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and Mr. John Malone have drawn many jewels from the Shakspearean casket, to show what riches of Christian dogma and practice and tradition lie there. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Catholic Jewels from Shakspeare"—now, unfortunately, out of print—contains "infinite riches in a little room."

It is not for the purpose of boasting that we are glad to point out the Catholicity of Shakspeare's works. We have been too long on the defensive against aggressive ignorance. We simply take Shakspeare's faith as a matter of course, and as a consolation and a stimulus. A man who does not understand the teaching of the Church is limited when he attempts to interpret Dante, Chaucer or Shakspeare. As an example, let us take the first great scene in "Hamlet,"—a scene which has not received enough thought or attention from English-speaking Catholics. If there can be any objection to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's fine *brochure*, it is that his space compels him to prove the beauty of Shakspeare's belief and ethics by isolated speeches,—jewels indeed, but divorced from their fellows.

There can be no doubt that the ghost of Hamlet's father comes from purgatory. The conventions of the tragedy of Shakspeare's time required that there should be a ghost; but this ghost is not a mere stage spectre. It does not come like a mere mist and dissolve, or stalk across the stage, an ineffective, sheeted figure from nowhere. The King, Hamlet, was a good king from the worldly point of view. He had

sinned and repented; again he had sinned, and he had been cut off in his sins—

“Unhousled, disappointed, unanel'd.”

Simply, in modern English, without confession, unprepared, without Extreme Unction. A purist once asked why the ghost in Hamlet should allude to the holy oils, since the King had died a violent death. The King, by his own account, had died by poison; but his death had been preceded by an unknown illness. He says:

“And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.”

The grave obstacle in the way of the Christianity of the ghost is that the elder Hamlet calls for revenge. He protests that Denmark shall not be ruled by sin, by incest,—since it was looked on as incest for a man to marry his deceased brother's widow. The Danes were Catholic in the eleventh century, and such a marriage could only have been made valid and righteous by a dispensation from the Pope. But the marriage of Claudius and the Queen was hurried,—hurried, as we learn frequently from the text, in defiance of all propriety. There was no question of a dispensation. Horatio comes from Wittenberg to be present at the obsequies of the King. “My lord,” says Horatio, “I came to see your father's funeral.”—“I pray thee,” Hamlet answers, “do not mock me, fellow-student; I think it was to see my mother's wedding.”

This haste evidently shocked the whole kingdom. Strange rumors were abroad; portents and dire imaginings filled the hearts of the people. Why else does the robust soldier, Bernardo, whisper, in a trembling voice, “Who's there?” and wait anxiously until Horatio and Marcellus, the companions of his watch, arrive?

“'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.”

Francisco, in this speech, voices the fear that glooms the whole kingdom. There

had been rumors of strange spectres, hints even that his late Majesty of Denmark had met his death by poison; and, then, the hasty marriage of the Queen, and the equally hasty setting aside of Prince Hamlet by the nobles, and the election of Claudius!

But let that pass. The question is: Could the spirit of a Christian father suffering in purgatory, incite his son to revenge? The answer is easy: No. Could Shakspeare have shown great art in Hamlet, as well as a knowledge of Catholic belief, if he had made his spirit so inconsistent? The answer seems to be just as easy. Let us note, then, that the ghost—unless we can suppose, as some critics *have* supposed, that it was an evil spirit,—comes not for revenge, but for justice. The kingdom of Denmark is ruled by an “adulterous beast.” It is threatened by the courageous Fortinbras from Norway. Corruption has spread through the whole Danish court; and if it be not arrested, the punishment of God must fall on the people. No human witness saw the poisoning of the late King. “A serpent stung him,” the court gossips say, “as he slept in his orchard, shortly after dinner.” The suffering spirit appears, symbolically armed for war, “not in his habit as he lived,” to rouse Hamlet to the patriotic duty of justice, not mere human revenge. The murder of a king was worse than parricide: it was a blow at the fabric of the state. The ghost's strongest appeal is that Hamlet will not “taint” his mind. Queen Gertrude has sinned; but the spirit pleads—

“Nor let thy soul contrive
Against that mother aught. Leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.”

If Hamlet fails in his object, it is because he lacks faith, and is unable to rise to a full understanding of the ghost's mission. A volume might be written— as volumes have been written—on the mission of the ghost. A careful examina-

tion of the text, made in the light of Catholic teaching, shows that the ghost was not the conventional Elizabethan apparition, but a spirit "cut off even in the blossoms of its sin,—

"Unhousled, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

"Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in flames
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away."

The Catholic note is visible throughout Hamlet, even in the despair of Claudius, who dares not pray, because he is unwilling to leave his sins. He perceives that penitence is useless without the intention to amend and make satisfaction. He will not give up the Queen and the position which his marriage with her has brought him.

"May one be pardoned and retain the offence?"
He knows how to answer this, and he cries out:

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

"And thus," Mr. Percy Fitzgerald says, "the poet leaves but the one remedy to suggest itself—to hie straight to the confessional, without caring to wait for a gust of penitence which may never come."

It is a mistake to imagine that the Catholic view of life was strange to the Elizabethans. If King Philip, in the preceding reign, had been an Englishman instead of a Spaniard, and Cardinal Pole less of an alien, the reunion of England with Rome might have been consummated. The knowledge and the feeling which had made this probable under Mary had not died out in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Shakspeare, the man of brain and heart, the consummate artist, knew no faith but that which Elizabeth's "hedge-priests" were trying to mutilate. Therefore, surprise seems to be foolish when brought out by the serene Catholicity which is the dominant tone in Shakspeare's serious hours.

Some of Shakspeare's worshippers have a way of rejecting everything that does not reach his general level as an interpolation. This is foolish. It is true that the practice of "gagging," so prevalent among third-rate actors of the present day, was not unknown at the Globe Theatre. An author is practically helpless in the mouths of actors who wish to make "interpellations" of this kind. And the text of Shakspeare has suffered from these bids for a transient popularity. Still, we must remember that Shakspeare was of his time, and of a time which loved puns and even horse-play, in spite of that intellectual elevation which led it to appreciate "Hamlet." One may as well remark, in passing, that the Catholic Church in England could not have mentally cramped the Englishmen of the sixteenth century, since it left them capable of applauding "King Lear" and "Othello." After nearly five hundred years of a different kind of culture, we find the nineteenth-century Londoner preferring the ditties of the music hall. The Elizabethan audience would not have permitted a woman on the stage, and it adds to our respect for Shakspeare's rare genius to observe how delicate he makes Ophelia and Desdemona and Cordelia; and then dares to entrust the interpretation of these exquisite creatures to boys,—well trained, however, if they took Hamlet's famous advice to the players.

The historical dramas of Shakspeare are especially full of Catholic allusions. Indeed, the Reformation, so far as one can judge from his plays, does not seem to have occurred. There is no speech in all the historical dramas more beautiful or suggestive than that of the Bishop of Carlisle, in "Richard II.":

"Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian Cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And, toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his Captain Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long."

"Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?" asks Bolingbroke.—"As sure as I live, my Lord."—"Sweet peace," answers Bolingbroke, "conduct his soul to the bosom of good old Abraham."

Let us remark, by the way, that "Richard II." is laden with Scriptural allusions. Shakspeare says nothing of the suppression of the Bible, but calmly makes his good Catholics as familiar with it as if the Reformers had not discovered it, and given it to England and the world in the reign of Henry VIII.!

King Richard, contemplating his deposition, says:

"I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown;
My figured goblets for a dish of wood;
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,—
A little, little grave, an obscure grave."

Gaunt, crying out against the degradation of England, recalls the valor of those kings who fought for the Holy Sepulchre,—the tomb

"Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son."

Shakspeare does not make sin a necessity of life, as Goethe does. He does not hold, with the new lights of the University of Wittenberg—to which, with one of his usual anachronisms, he sends the young Hamlet,—that faith without works is enough. He is as Catholic as Dante in his treatment of sin. It is a cancer; its roots spread in all directions. In "Hamlet" these encircling roots grow and grow, not wisely checked, until the innocent and the guilty alike go down to dusty death. Sin, he teaches, must be forsaken; satisfaction must be made, and contrition must have practical effects.

Modern squeamishness, which is frightened by the unconventional, but which easily forgives the immoral, looks shyly at "Measure for Measure." Mr. John Malone,

a Catholic and a scrupulous student of Shakspeare, says of this tragic comedy: "It is a play which may be said to be framed upon the application of the Sacrament of Penance. . . . The opportunity is seized to contrast the attitudes of men of different classes when subjected to this ordeal of a last ghostly preparation. The reprobate Barnardine is suddenly aroused and told that his hour has come.

ABHORSON: Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

(Enter DUKE disguised as a FRIAR.)

DUKE: Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

BARNARDINE: Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day,—that's certain.

(Enter PROVOST.)

PROVOST: Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

DUKE: A creature unprepared, unmeet for death.

And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable."*

Mr. Fitzgerald's "Jewels" reflect, as he points out, the light of the teaching of the saints. "How truly Catholic," he says, "is this plea for gentleness in trifles when dealing with others, especially in cases of opposed opinions,—

"When we do debate

Our trivial differences loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds."

"Where the remedy often inflames the disease we wish to cure," adds Mr. Fitzgerald, "we should rather

"Touch the sorriest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter."

Any of the great plays of Shakspeare is a lesson in religion. Professor Masson, of Edinburgh, once said that to study a play of Shakspeare well is to acquire a liberal education; and this education is based on the fundamentals of all education,—the ethics of the Catholic Church. Shakspeare was a consummate artist; he never appeared before the curtain to point his

* "Measure for Measure," Act IV., Sc. 3.

moral; he was as impersonal as fate, and as logical to the premises of life. His people act out their parts under that God whom they, being human and not artificial creatures, never forget. Who can escape sin or its consequence? Who that has sinned has a quiet conscience? Who can say "Evil, be thou my good," and hold the sympathy of the author or his audience? Shakspeare's postulate is Christianity unmutilated,—Christianity that made possible Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher and Southwell and his own Norfolk. And yet how he covers with the soft mist of pathos the death of the sinner in whom there were touches of honor! He is as true as Dante, and a thousand times more tender. He has in mind, even in the green forest of Arden, near the melancholy Jaques, who has sinned and suffered, near the dying Falstaff,—

"Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage, to the bitter Cross."

"Romeo and Juliet" is replete with Catholic allusions; and note the philosophy of this tragedy, condemned by the thoughtless as merely a romance of love. It shows that inordinate passion, like the limitless jealousy of Othello, works its own ruin. Where the creature is put above the Creator, death and gloom must follow. But of all the plays, "Hamlet" will yield the most to the Catholic student.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has done incomparable service in setting his isolated "Jewels" in the purest metal; and the great plays, read with knowledge of the eternal verities, and read as a whole, will arouse to enthusiasm that interest in the Catholicity of Shakspeare's tone of thought which becomes plainer the more carefully we read.

—◆—

To Newton and to Newton's dog Diamond, what a different pair of universes! while the painting on the optical retina of both was most likely the same.—*Carlyle.*

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

III.—BALLYBODEN.

IT was a lovely morning in spring. The birds were whistling on every hedge, and buds were peeping timidly forth, and pale primroses were wooing tender violets in green and mossy nooklets.

The mail-coach from Galway drew up at a *boreen* to deposit a male passenger.

"I'll carry on your luggage to Ballyboden, Masther Arthur," said the coachman. "I'll lave it at the Widow Byrns till they sind for it from the house."

"That's a good fellow!" said Bodkin; and, bestowing a last cigar upon the willing Jehu, he leaped lightly into the roadway.

As he passed up the *boreen*, or narrow road, leading to the grand entrance to Ballyboden, he met Father Edward Murtagh, the parish priest of Glenismole,—the good *padre* who had christened him, had prepared him for Confirmation and for his first confession and Communion; one of those lovable, pure, and innocent men who are veritable saints in this world of sin and sinners.

Father Edward was loved by all—rich and poor, simple and gentle. He was as fearless as Death, and just as sure. People who differed from him in creed loved and respected him, for he invariably treated them as truant and erring children; and the "souters," who were endeavoring to seduce the poor peasants from their allegiance to the true Church—

"Savin' their sowles
Wid pinny rowls,
And fitches av hairy bacon,"

dreaded the very mention of his name. He was about sixty-five years of age—

tall, spare, straight as a whip, active as a man of thirty; with bright, piercing eyes beneath shaggy, bushy brows. He had never been attached to any other parish, and for forty years had celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on the very altar where as a boy he had served as an acolyte, and had wantonly trifled with the bell.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed delightfully, "is this you? I have just been up to the house. They don't expect you,—they said you were in Dublin."

"So I *was*, Father Edward, and I have just been dropped by the coach. I have great news for you, Father." And Arthur blurted out his plans, hopes, fears, wishes, and prospects.

Father Edward listened with great earnestness, uttering such exclamations as, "Dear me! See that now! Bless my heart!" his hand on the young man's shoulder, half in benison, half in caress.

"I don't know what to think, Arthur," he observed, after a pause. "You are the only son of your mother, and Mexico is a long way off."

"But, Father Edward, I *can* be idle no longer. What is my life? Nothing—worse than nothing. Fishing, shooting, hunting, dancing; a month's drill with my regiment, which I do not enjoy, as it brings to mess where foul mouths outnumber clean ones. I do nothing, Father Edward, but spend mother's money, and it belongs to my sisters. This is wrong, wrong, wrong!"

"Wasn't Lord Gormanstown going to get you a berth in the Custom House?"

"Father Edward, I am not fit for a desk; and, besides, all the promotion is for the Saxon." And he told the worthy priest of the gross injustice done to his friend Harvey Talbot.

"I see that your mind is made up, Arthur; and you are your father's son. If your father—God be merciful to him!—resolved upon doing a thing, he couldn't

be turned aside. But let me ask you a question or two, my son."

"A thousand if you will, Father."

"What do you mean to do when you get to Mexico? You do not speak their language. It will take you some months to pick up enough of Spanish to make your way; and after that, what then?"

"I mean to try hard for a berth in the Emperor's household."

"What Emperor? Sure you know they shot Iturbide."

"Maximilian, the Archduke of Austria. He is going to rule over the country. He sails in a few days."

"This is news to me. There's not a word about it in the *Galway Vindicator*. But what made you pitch on Mexico of all places? Why not America, where you have blood-relations in every State? Why, there are five hundred and fifty people from this parish alone in the United States, all well to do. Why, Pat Kehoe, they tell me, is a millionaire; and he must be, for he brought over his father's remains to be interred in Glasnevin, and inside the O'Connell circle; and put up a monument like a small chapel. I saw it, Arthur, when I was in Dublin seven years ago."

Arthur Bodkin fidgeted, drew lines with his boot in the road, thrust his hands into his pockets, only to pull them out again; then blushed like a girl of sixteen.

"The real reason, Father, is that Alice Nugent is going with her uncle, Count Nugent. She will be maid of honor to the Empress."

"The old story," said the priest, kindly.

"You remember Dante: *Amor a nullo amato amar perdona*,—'Love spares no loved one from loving.' And why not? Love and death are the two great hinges upon which all human sympathies turn. The Nugents are good stock—sound Catholics. It seems so strange, though,—the boy I had on my knee a few days ago, as it were, talking in this way! Have you

pledged yourself to this young lady?"

"Why, of course I have, Father!" Bodkin retorted, impetuously.

"And your mother,—does she know of this?"

"I am going to tell her now. That is what brought me back. She wants me to marry money—Lady Julia Travers, or something in that line."

"Is she acquainted with Miss Nugent?"

"Oh, dear, yes! She met her last month at the Hunt Ball, at Sir Percy Bushe's, at Kilgobbin Castle—a hundred places."

The old priest looked grave.

"It will be a double blow to your mother, Arthur; for mother's love is the cream of love. Deliver the blow gently. Firstly, your love for any woman but herself; and secondly, your prolonged exile—for prolonged it must naturally be. If I can help you, I shall do so with a heart and a half. You may want help; for do not undervalue the difficulties that confront you."

"I—I wish that you would come back to the house, Father."

"Come along," said Father Edward, cheerily. "We must talk her over. I do believe, Arthur, that this is the first cross you shall have ever given your mother to bear; but it is the will of God, my son,—the will of God."

The entrance to Ballyboden was defended by two enormous granite pillars surmounted by mutilated stone lions. One gate had dropped its hinge, the other stood open, the grass growing luxuriantly through the rusty ironwork. The lodge was in a very rickety condition,—one half sinking beneath the weight and pressure of ivy, while the inhabitable half was tenanted by an old retainer, Molly Malone, whose "rheumaticks" confined her to her fortress, from whence she espied, through the single remaining diamond-shaped pane of glass.

The house was distant from the lodge about a quarter of a mile; the avenue

boasting a too luxuriant crop of grass, save where recent hoofs and wheels left their bright, particular indentations. A short cut across the *pleasaunce* led to the stronghold of the "bold, brave Bodkins."

Ballyboden House was gaunt, and grim and square. An unlimited number of windows permitted its inmates to gaze over hill and dale, mead and marsh, away to the blue and distant mountains of Connemara. An immense block of stabling and outhouses stood in the rear, surmounted by a clock tower, minus the clock, which grinned like a skeleton head, as though Ballyboden had done with Time.

The beaten path led to a side door, through which Arthur and Father Edward now entered. Lady Emily Bodkin was fairly enchanted to see her son, and welcomed him with all the tender fervor of the true and loving mother. Her joy, however, was soon to be dimly dimmed; for Arthur, in a few eager, burning words, told of his engagement to Alice Nugent. Lady Emily's distress called Father Edward to the front.

"My dear Lady, you surely do not expect the Bodkin of Ballyboden to remain a bachelor, and let the fine old name die out."

"No, no! But Arthur is so young, and this girl is a dependant."

"She is the niece of Count Nugent," interposed Arthur. "She is the daughter of one of the Six Hundred. She is a wife fit for an archduke."

"Can she pay off the mortgage on Ballyboden?"

"I have not asked her to do so," said Arthur, with a toss of his handsome head.

"Perhaps the Count would," meekly suggested Father Edward.

"It is a splendid property," continued the discomfited lady; "and fifty thousand pounds would clear it up to the hall door, and yield a rent roll of seven thousand a year. You must *not* marry a penniless

girl, Arthur. Good heaven," she added, pacing the room, "have you no common sense, common feelings! You are a splendid match for any girl with—money. *You*, the representative of one of the oldest families in Ireland—aye, in the world,—young, handsome, accomplished, honorable, without a stain or a reproach! You could aspire to one of the sisters of the Prince of Wales. Why not, sir? You have the blood of the kings of Ireland in your veins, and what are the Guelphs? Hanoverians, dating from the sixteenth century; mere *barvenus* when mentioned with the Bodkins of Ballyboden."

And the excited lady leaped from branch to branch of the genealogical tree with the readiness and accuracy of an expert in the Herald's College, or even of Ulster-King-at-Arms himself.

"Why not try Manchester?" she continued. "There are thousands of cotton-spinners' daughters who would jump at you. Or there's America! The daughter of a millionaire oil man is not to be despised, or the daughter of a Southern planter. Anything but a penniless girl, Arthur. Why," she went on, "look at *us* struggling to live—nothing else,—and you could relieve us by a simple effort. Your two sisters will never get off with the small fortune they will have at my death. They are no beauties—they are female Bodkins. All the male Bodkins are splendid; the females, dowdies. Look at Ballyboden going to rack and ruin, the grass growing up to the hall door steps!"

"I shall clear every blade of it away myself before twenty-four hours," said the impetuous Arthur.

"Father Edward," continued Lady Emily, "use your influence with Arthur. He respects and loves you. Surely you agree with me. He owes it to his position to make some sacrifice for the sake of the family,—some sacrifice for his mother and sisters. And we have a charming girl for him in Lady Julia Travers. Blue blood

and money. She is not *all* that we could wish, as her grandfather was in trade; but she will do at a pinch."

"Lady Emily, let me say one word to you—you'll excuse me, Arthur." And Father Edward led her ladyship to a window, where he detained her for some moments in a very earnest, and, on the part of the lady, very animated discussion.

"I'll go to Dublin if necessary," said the *padre*, "and see Count Nugent. If he's rich, I'll show him that he couldn't do better than pay off the mortgage on Ballyboden. If he isn't rich, he might get the Emperor of Austria to do it," added the simple priest. "Bother it for money!" he sighed. "It is a bottomless sea, in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned. But—glory be to God—money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul."

Lady Emily Bodkin, if not as hopeful of success, was soothed by the promise of Father Edward to confer with Count Nugent.

"You will not be compelled to go to Dublin, Father," she said; "for these people are coming on a visit to Corriebawn, and I shall, of course, have to call upon them. I can drive you over. But, *dear* Father, *do* use your influence with Arthur to marry money. You see, I am not particular. If she has money—her father may have been a green-grocer, or a cotton-spinner, or a lord-mayor—anything. I want to see that mortgage paid off, and to give Mr. Brown, the agent of the law Life Insurance Company, a gentle piece of my mind. Do you know, *padre*, that audacious cockney absolutely presumes to aspire to the hand of my eldest daughter? When will this levelling-up process stop? I greatly fear that we are being Americanized, and—"

"Not a word against America, Lady Emily!" said the priest, gravely. "Poor Ireland owes that glorious Republic a debt of gratitude that centuries could

not repay,—and gratitude is the memory of the heart.”

“I was going to say, Father Edward, and I *will* say it, that—who is this coming up the avenue? Why, it's Tim Dolan, and with a telegram! I can see the pink cover. I suppose it's for you, Arthur,” she added.

But that young gentleman had already gained the hall door, to receive a wire which read thus:

FROM MISS NUGENT, TO ARTHUR BODKIN,
47 Merrion Square N., Ballyboden House,
Dublin. County Galway.

We leave Thursday for Vienna. The imperial party sails from Miramar April fourteen.

(To be continued.)

LaSalle.

BY THE RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

HERE where, LaSalle, thou didst build Fort
Crève Cœur,

How should a man know aught of fear?
Thou whom the face of Death could ne'er deter
From paths where duty's voice is clear;—

Most worthy son of the strong Norman race,
The Vikings of the raging seas,
Who ploughed their way from Winter's fierce
embrace

To thrones and all high destinies.

Around thee stretched the primal wilderness,
Thy followers were foes as well,
Of noblest heroes brother in distress,
Naught could thy dauntless spirit quell.

Mid storm-tossed waves and forests' ice-bound
waste,

By famine tortured and by cold,
By lies and treason of false friends disgraced,
Thy conquering will was uncontrolled.

With nature fate seemed leagued to crush thy
heart,

With savages men Christian called;
But with thy soul and God dwelling apart,
Thou heldest true, still unappalled.

Had France but known her son, an Empire lay
Within her grasp; the fairest land
From Northern Lakes to the Great Southern
Bay

All ready, yearning for the toiler's hand.

But when have politicians understood
The worth of God-appointed men?
For them immediate gain is only good,
Not wider aims, beyond their ken.

Lone pioneer, he reached the goal he sought,
And then, as best beseems the great,
Was stricken down, and bore his weight of
thought

To worlds where ceases coward hate.

Not e'en a grave wherein his bones might lie
Was his; yet passed he not away:
His spirit lives beneath the western sky,
To beckon to the larger day.

Robert Southwell and His Friends.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

THE relations of Robert Southwell with Lady Arundel and her husband form one of the most touching episodes in his story; and the lives of this noble and unfortunate pair were at one time so closely linked with his that my readers will allow me briefly to recall the early history of Father Southwell's friends.

Anne Dacre, Countess of Arundel, was born at Carlisle in 1557. Her father was Thomas Lord Dacre, the possessor of nine baronies, of immense lands, and great influence in the north. Her mother was Elizabeth Leyburn. When still a mere baby, little Anne was entrusted to the care of her grandmother, who, after the death of Sir James Leyburn, had married Lord Mounteagle. Lady Mounteagle seems to have trained her grandchild strictly but carefully. She taught her to serve God, to love the poor; and would doubtless, in

spite of the difficulties of the times, have taught her to be a good Catholic, but when the child was only nine her father died, and shortly afterward, upon her mother's second marriage to the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Dacre's orphan children were transferred to the guardianship of their stepfather.

This Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, was at the head of one of the most illustrious houses in England. He had already been twice married. His first wife, Lady Mary Fitzaln, died at the age of sixteen, leaving an only son, Philip. His second wife, Margaret Audley, who also died young, had left him with two other sons, Thomas and William, and one daughter, Margaret. When he married Lady Dacre as his third wife, the Duke conceived the curious plan of marrying his three sons and one daughter to the three daughters and one son of Lady Dacre by her first husband. This combination was partly defeated by the untimely deaths of little Lord Dacre and one of his sisters; but the two surviving daughters of Lady Dacre, Anne and Elizabeth, were, when still very young, respectively married to Philip Howard, who inherited from his mother the earldom of Arundel, and to his half-brother, Lord William Howard.

Philip Howard, the Duke's eldest son and heir, was only twelve years old when he was affianced to Anne Dacre. He was born in 1557, the same year as his bride, and baptized at Whitehall in great pomp. King Philip of Spain was his godfather, and Queen Mary Tudor was present at the ceremony. In a worldly point of view, his father may be said to have given him a brilliant education. His first tutor was Gregory Martin, a distinguished Oxford scholar, who afterward became a Catholic priest. But upon the accession of Queen Elizabeth, the Duke, an ambitious and worldly-minded man, conformed to the new religion in order to gain the sovereign's favor; and the evil influences that

surrounded him in his father's house necessarily acted upon the boy. He grew up a brilliant scholar, an accomplished courtier, but utterly indifferent in religious matters.

The apostasy of the Duke of Norfolk did not, however, serve his temporal interests as might have been expected. He became implicated in a conspiracy to deliver Mary Stuart, was imprisoned in the Tower, and beheaded in 1573.

His son's marriage with Anne Dacre took place when both parties were only fourteen; and four years later young Philip Howard went to court, where, to please the Queen, who had murdered his father, he neglected his wife, ignored the religion of his baptism, and gave himself up to every kind of pleasure.

For seven years he thus lived on in utter forgetfulness of his duties to God and to his wife, when in 1581 a ray of light broke through the darkness. It was the year that witnessed Father Campion's arrest, imprisonment and death. During the martyr's confinement in the Tower, several public conferences took place in the Tower chapel between the chief Protestant divines of the day and the celebrated Jesuit, whose learning and eloquence were famous. Those who were present at these conferences never forgot the sight. Father Campion was weak and exhausted from recent torture; he had been allowed no books, and had not been informed beforehand of the subject of the conference; while his adversaries were provided with all the books they needed, and had ample time to prepare their arguments. Nevertheless, in spite of these unfavorable circumstances, Father Campion came out victorious from the unequal struggle. His voice, weak and broken from physical exhaustion, had a pathetic eloquence that went straight to the hearts of all; his arguments were so clear, his logic so convincing, the impression he produced so deep and general, that the Government,

alarmed at his success, hastily put an end to the conferences.

But one convert at least had been won back to God by the sound of Father Campion's voice, and by the sight of his pale countenance, radiant with the supernatural beauty of martyrdom. Philip Howard came out of the Tower chapel firmly resolved to return to the faith of his baptism. Two or three years passed before he had the courage to break through the barriers that surrounded him, but his conviction that he must change his course never left him; and at last, in 1584, he was reconciled to the Church by a saintly Jesuit, Father William Weston.

His wife hailed his conversion with inexpressible joy and gratitude; for the first time since her early marriage she ventured to look forward to a future of wedded happiness. Her youth had passed in sadness and solitude. Married when a mere child, she had suffered grievously from her husband's neglect and cruelty. And during the first years of her married life the consolations of religion had been wanting; for, yielding to her father-in-law's influence, she had consented to go to the Protestant church, although she always remained a Catholic at heart.

Her husband's grandfather, the old Earl of Arundel, seems to have had pity on her desolate condition. She spent some years under his roof, seeing her husband rarely, and constantly treated by him with contempt and harshness. After the death of the old man, who was reconciled to the Church at the last, she returned to her husband's house; and her two children, a son and a daughter, were born.

In 1582 Lady Arundel was secretly received into the Church; and henceforth, in her loneliness and sorrow, she knew where to seek comfort. But the Queen, hearing of her conversion, caused her to be kept a close prisoner in a private house for more than a year, with strict orders that no priest should have access

to her. She had just passed through this trial when, in 1584, her husband's conversion opened new vistas of happiness before her eyes. The two so long estranged were at length united by the common bond of faith; and Philip Howard's dearest wish was to atone to his wife, by the devotion of a lifetime, for long years of neglect and cruelty. But God's ways are not ours, and it was at the very moment when pure earthly happiness seemed within their grasp that it pleased Him to separate them.

Lord Arundel had decided to leave England for Flanders, where he could practise his religion freely; and he had written the Queen a long letter explaining his line of conduct. All his preparations were made, and he had just embarked on board the ship that was to convey him to Belgium, when Walsingham, whose suspicions had been excited by his change of demeanor, had him pursued, arrested and brought back to London, where he was confined in different prisons, and finally transferred to the Tower of London.

Here he was treated with extraordinary severity. From his arrival in April, 1585, to the end of May, 1586, he was allowed no servant; afterward two of his own servants were permitted to join him, on condition that they should submit to the same treatment as himself. His room was so damp and the smell so offensive that the keeper himself could hardly endure it. The lieutenant of the Tower seems to have added to his prisoner's sufferings by continual insult and vexations, which Lord Arundel endured with patient dignity. Although in the prime of manhood and possessing all that could render life sweet and valuable, he appears, from the moment of his arrest, to have accepted, without a regret or a murmur, the heavy cross that it pleased God to lay upon him.

At last, in 1588, the Queen ordered him to be brought to trial; and, without a shadow of trustworthy evidence, he was

condemned to death on the charge of having conspired against his sovereign in favor of the King of Spain. The sentence was, in fact, never carried out; but Lord Arundel knew that henceforth his life hung on a slender thread, and that, at any moment, according to the Queen's good pleasure, he might be led out to die on the scaffold, as his father had been before him. He seems to have accepted the prospect with the same resignation as he had accepted the loss of his liberty, the separation from his family, and the confiscation of his estates. In his prison cell, buried away from the sight of men, he lived a life of prayer and penance worthy of a saint.

We are told that he spent four or five hours a day in prayer, and the rest of his time in translating books of devotion; that he fasted three times a week, besides the vigils of feasts. We know—what is more admirable than his prayers and penances—that he endured without a murmur insults and injuries of every description, the accusations of his enemies and the betrayal of his friends. His knowledge that, in spite of the charge of treason, his real offence was his fidelity to the ancient faith, was a source of continual encouragement and happiness. He writes in one of his letters: "The Catholic faith which I hold is the only cause for which I am now ready to be executed."

During the years of her husband's imprisonment, the Countess of Arundel was never allowed to visit him; moreover, she was persecuted by the Queen, and at times almost reduced to beggary. In these circumstances the presence of Father Southwell under her roof was an untold comfort to the unhappy wife, whose cup of happiness had been dashed from her lips just as she was about to taste it, after long years of silent suffering. However, although prevented from seeing his wife and children, Lord Arundel seems to have been able, at times at least, to correspond with the outer world; and Father South-

well's influence was as beneficial to the imprisoned husband as to the desolate and anxious wife. Some of the letters written by him to the Earl for his personal guidance were copied and circulated for the benefit of the Catholics in general. One of them bears this title: "Consolatory epistle for afflicted minds. . . . First written for the consolation of one, but now published for the general good of all." Another, called the "Epistle of Comfort," addressed also to Lord Arundel, was afterward printed in Paris in 1593.

All these letters are singularly touching. The writer holds out no hopes of earthly consolation to his friend, but all his efforts tend to make him understand the supernatural value of suffering and its glorious reward hereafter. "They who are taught in the school of Christ," he says, "know certainly that this life is a warfare, a pilgrimage, and an exile. They truly understand that neither upon a journey is rest to be found, nor in an exile their country; nor is the crown to be expected before the combat is finished."

Knowing the Earl's tendency to add voluntary penances to the privations of his prison life, the Father gently moderates his zeal. "I would not," he writes, "that you afflict yourself too much by fasting, prayers, and penitential works, in order that you may be the stronger for the last combat. Your desire of confessing (the means being precluded), and the contrition of a humble heart expressed by shedding your blood in this cause, will be as full a remission of sins, and of all punishment due for them, as in baptism, so great is the prerogative of martyrdom. I desire you the happiest issue of the conflict begun; and I hope, by the help of God, that we may see each other hereafter in glory."

Little did the two friends think that the condemned prisoner, Philip Howard, was to survive his Jesuit adviser, who when he penned these lines was about to enter upon his bitter agony and passion.

Lord Arundel's love for Father Southwell breaks out in his letters, as also his childlike docility and trust. "My dear and Reverend Father," he writes, "I could not be more bound to any man, nor to any but one of your calling, so much; and all this at a time when such comforts are most welcome. . . . Our Lord, who sees all secrets, sees my good-will and thankfulness; and, I doubt not, will reward you amongst all your worthy merits for those bestowed on me, His most unworthy servant." And again: "What fault you shall find to be in me and tell me of, I will always endeavor and desire to amend."

In a letter addressed to his wife, Lord Arundel writes, alluding to some advice given to him by Father Southwell: "Assure him from me that I will not, for any worldly respect whatsoever, go one inch further than he shall direct."

We may remember that, when a young religious, Robert Southwell prayed that he might work for the good of souls during some years, and then gain the martyr's crown. The first part of this prayer had been granted. Since his arrival in England in 1586, he had gained many converts to the faith; he had strengthened fainting hearts under the load of persecution, and to many souls he had been, what he was to Lord and Lady Arundel, a father, an adviser, and the best of friends. The hour was now come, after six years of missionary life, when the second part of his petition was to be answered. The story of his passion is one of peculiar horror, among the many tragic histories of the day; and the circumstances of his betrayal into the hands of his enemies are likewise peculiarly painful.

Those who are acquainted with the history of Father Edmund Campion may have noticed among the brave Catholics who received and assisted him a family named Bellamy. The head of this family was a certain Richard Bellamy, who,

with his wife, Katherine Forster, lived at Uxendon Hall, at Harrow-on-the-Hill. Richard's mother, old Mrs. Bellamy, had also lived at Uxendon, and all three were equally zealous Catholics. The elder Mrs. Bellamy, in spite of her age and weak health, was condemned to death for harboring priests, and died in the Tower from the hardships she endured. Her youngest son was executed with Babington; another son died under torture in the Tower; a third was kept a prisoner for the faith during six years. The eldest of the family, Richard Bellamy, and his wife, kept up the family traditions, and were generous and charitable toward the hunted priests, to whom Uxendon Hall was ever opened. As may be imagined, they were for this reason exposed to incessant persecutions; and in January, 1592, the Bishop of London caused their youngest daughter, Anne, to be thrown into the Gatehouse prison, at Westminster.

The girl, in whose veins flowed the blood of confessors and martyrs, was a mere child in years; and at the Gatehouse she fell under the influence of Topcliffe, one of the bitterest of the persecutors of the reign of Elizabeth,—a ruffian whose brutality and vice knew no bounds, and of whom Protestants themselves speak with horror and contempt. This man had long wished to lay hands on Father Southwell, whose brilliant gifts and exceeding popularity among the Catholics invested him with a certain importance in the eyes of the Government. Like his brother missionaries, Father Southwell frequently stayed at Uxendon, and Topcliffe determined to make use of Anne Bellamy in order to capture her father's guest.

It is needless to dwell at length on the miserable history of this unfortunate girl, whose youth and helplessness are her best excuse. Having forfeited her good name, her hitherto unstained character, this unhappy victim of Topcliffe's villainy consented to play a traitor's part. She

wrote from London to her sister, begging to be told if Father Southwell came to Uxendon; as, being now released from the Gatehouse, and kept at Holborn as a prisoner on bail, she might return home to see him. Her brother and sister, however, prudently refused to help in the matter; and Anne, urged on by Topcliffe, found some other means of communicating with the Father, who, yielding to her pleadings, consented to meet her at her parents' house.

He accordingly proceeded to Uxendon on the 5th of July, 1592, and was cordially received by the Bellamys, who, knowing nothing of their daughter's fall, concluded that she was anxious to receive the Sacraments at Father Southwell's hands. Pending her arrival, he assembled the family and household, and was in the act of addressing them when a loud noise was heard below. It was Topcliffe and his followers seeking an entrance.

When Anne Bellamy heard of Father Southwell's departure for Uxendon, Topcliffe was with the Queen at Greenwich. The wretched girl informed him of the priest's movements, and in hot haste he hurried to Uxendon, having been provided by Anne with a plan of the house. As had happened over and over again under similar circumstances, the servants of the family kept the invaders at bay while the priest was hastily concealed in the hiding hole; but this time a traitor had been at work, and, to Mrs. Bellamy's horror, Topcliffe marched straight up to the place of concealment, from which hitherto, the baffled priest-hunters had turned away defeated and crestfallen. He tore open the trap-door and called to Father Southwell to come out. Having got possession of his victim, he placed him on a horse and carried him off to London. Later on the Bellamys learned their daughter's sad history; but as yet they little guessed that a child of theirs had betrayed the secret

so carefully guarded for two generations-

We know nothing of the subsequent history of Anne Bellamy, beyond the fact that, shortly after Father Southwell's capture, she was married to Topcliffe's servant, Nicholas Jones; but it is safe to assume that her name must have been uttered over and over again in the prayers of him whom she was instrumental in bringing to the Tyburn gibbet.

Although the discovery of so important a personage was hailed with joy by the Council, it caused some embarrassment among the Queen's advisers. Father Southwell's stepmother had been governess to Elizabeth, and both she and his father were well known at court, and had enjoyed the sovereign's favor. For this reason the Lords of the Council hesitated to submit their captive to the cruel treatment usually inflicted on Catholic priests. On the other hand, the influence he had enjoyed among the Catholics, and his intimate acquaintance with the chief amongst them, made him a prisoner of importance, whose confessions it might be interesting to obtain. They pretended to show him unusual indulgence; and, instead of confining him in one of the state-prisons, they gave him over to Topcliffe, with full permission to treat him as he pleased. In appearance, Father Southwell was simply a prisoner in a private house, and therefore a privileged person; in reality, the horrors of Newgate, of Bridewell, of the Tower itself, pale before the torments that awaited the Jesuit under Topcliffe's roof.

The latter's fiendish delight at having his victim in his power was openly displayed. He boasted that he had now a priest in his hands to torture as much as he pleased; adding that he possessed a machine of his own invention, compared with which the common rack, the pillars, and the iron hoop in use at the Tower were mere child's play.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

III.—JESSAMY TRABER.

JESSAMY was a short, stout, red-faced little Englishwoman, who had come to the Home when her failing eyes would no longer permit her to continue the small infant school she had kept for many years. Her pupils seldom numbered more than ten, and it had long been a mystery to those who knew her how she had contrived to live with so precarious an income. But Jessamy had seen better days. Her wardrobe was ample, and her resources for making both ends meet were almost inexhaustible. It was, moreover, no secret among the parents of the children who imbibed their first draughts of learning at her feet, that Mrs. Traber was not above receiving sundry gifts of tea, coffee, and sugar from those whom she knew to be her friends; not to speak of luxuries which as quietly found their way to her tiny corner cupboard.

When at last she felt herself obliged to give up teaching, her native independence revolted at becoming an inmate of a charitable institution. But, the first step taken, she became reconciled, accepting the inevitable with Christian resignation. Neither she nor the good Sisters who received her under their hospitable roof ever had reason to regret her coming. Always busy in household tasks, or attending to the garden—an occupation which she loved,—there was no happier old woman at the Home than Jessamy Traber.

She was an incessant talker, very proud of her English birth, and not a little exalted over the conviction she firmly held that she bore a strong resemblance to Queen Victoria. She was fond of repeating an anecdote on the subject, which every new acquaintance usually heard at the first interview. Allusion to this real or fancied resemblance more than once

provoked the ire of certain among the patriotic and somewhat touchy Irish companions of our equally loyal Englishwoman. It was on one of these occasions that I heard Jessamy's story, which I found so interesting that I have thought it worthy of repetition in these humble but faithful chronicles.

As I passed into the women's large and beautiful garden one feast-day afternoon, they were sitting about in groups, or walking up and down the soft paths, covered with tan bark. I soon perceived that something was amiss with a trio nearest me. Jessamy held her head aloft, her cheeks more flushed than usual, her lip trembling with scorn. In front of her, arm in arm, stood Katie Magevney, aged eighty-six and blind, and Bessie O'Farrell, a cripple, bent nearly double with rheumatism; but at this moment she was waving her stick violently in the air, regardless of consequences.

"Down with Victoria, and Ireland forever!" she shouted, with all the strength of her tremulous old voice.

"More power to you, Bess, and three times three for the green!" quavered her blind companion, in tones still more feeble.

"What is the trouble?" I asked, joining the excited group.

"I did but relate an occurrence that took place in my youth at Richmond, near London," Jessamy replied, "when these old ladies took offence at my few simple remarks."

"'Twas that same old story of herself and Queen Victoria she was striving to tell us," rejoined the blind woman; "and myself and Bess here both said at once: 'Sure we're tired hearing that same old tale of Queen Victoria. Faith, that wouldn't be a true Irishwoman whose blood wouldn't boil at the mention of the name of that old skinflint.'"

"And I said," chimed in Bess, "that 'twas well known she sent but a five-pound note over to Ireland in the famine

of '49. 'Tis myself would have sent that back,' says I. And with that Jessamy drew down a reflection on dynamiting. 'Tis too good for them,—that's what it is,' says I. 'And what justice could Ireland expect from a Queen that gives her old Indian shawls as wedding presents to the nobility? My niece read the words on a paper the last time I was in town.'"

"And I replied," said Jessamy, speaking for the first time, slowly and with great dignity, "that, greatly as I admired the Irish people for their many virtues, admitting that they had been wronged by the English as a nation, I could not but think that much of their ill-condition was due to themselves; they are so inflammable and irascible—"

"'Twas that angered us *entirely!*" exclaimed Bess. "Sorra one of me knows the meaning of the words, but I'll engage they're no compliment."

"Jessamy darling," said her companion, ironically, as the two hobbled off together, "you're a good woman, but too well learned for the likes of us, thanks to the cruel English laws that left us trusting to the hedge-schoolmaster."

With their passage Jessamy's usual good-humor instantly returned.

"Poor creatures!" she said. "They are old and ignorant. I should not let their momentary displeasure disturb me,—for it will be but momentary. When we meet at supper all will be serene. And while I can not help but be proud of my resemblance to that gracious sovereign, devoted mother, and most exemplary woman in every relation of life, Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, as she now is by the grace of God, it was far from my thoughts to brew this tempest in a teapot. My husband was an Irishman. I bear no ill-will to the Irish, either as a nation or as individuals. It was through him indirectly, and more directly through a domestic whom I afterward employed, that I first learned to appreciate the truths

of Catholicity. No one can more heartily admire the faith of the Irish people, kept pure and fervent under long-enduring and terrible persecutions."

After I had expressed acquiescence in these sentiments, we remained for a time in silence. Jessamy's eyes looked reminiscent. Finally she said:

"My story might perhaps be of interest to a thoughtful and religious person like yourself. It does not abound in startling incidents, but it is, in my opinion, a wonderful illustration of the providence of God, whose fostering care responds to every act of ours from the cradle to the grave. As a starting-point I will say (so that as I progress in my narrative you may be able to draw rational conclusions from my premises) that the motto of my whole life has been always to aim at the best and highest. My father was a maker and letterer of grave-stones in the town of Bristol. His workshop and yard were overlooked by the Dissenting chapel, which we attended. He was a severe man, but a good Christian, according to his lights. We were a large family—ten in number, all girls,—the poor man's riches. For the sum of twenty pounds a year we were instructed in the necessary branches of education by a daily governess, a Miss Rachel Arlsbag Fowler, a severe, strait-laced, but sincerely and truly virtuous woman; like my father and mother, a devout attendant of the Dissenting chapel. From her teachings I acquired a horror of all things pertaining to the Catholic religion. Poor woman! I believe she was sincere in her belief that it was an institution of the devil. So she had been taught from her infancy. With bated breath I would hurry past the little Catholic chapel on the outskirts of the town, in the neighborhood of which we resided. Meeting a priest, I would have looked for the cloven foot, had I not been afraid to pause in my flight. All this was sixty years ago and more. Since that time

there has been a great revival of all things Catholic in England.

"When I was twenty a young Irishman came to work with my father. Handsome as a picture was he, with a gay sparkle in his blue eye that did not well conform with the principles he professed—those of the most pronounced Methodism. He remained in the employ of my father five years. During that time we were married. After two years of happiness, my husband fell ill of lung trouble, contracted through having taken a severe cold, and the doctor pronounced the disease quick consumption. On hearing this, he turned his face to the wall, uttering loud groans.

"There is no hope for me in this world or the next,' he said.

"Thinking this despondency and despair due to his feeble condition, I bade him not give up so utterly, but implored him to take heart, and appeal to Him who could cure both body and soul. Two days passed, during which he lay almost silent. You can imagine my surprise when he said to me on the third morning:

"Jessamy, I have been a hypocrite. I doubt whether there is pardon for me. I am a dying man, and wish to see a clergyman—'

"I interrupted him, saying:

"My dear Patrick, I will send at once for the Rev. Jeremiah Swalls, to whose teachings you have so long lent a willing ear, and by whose preaching you have profited so well.'

"Patrick sat up in bed, holding out imploring hands.

"Jessamy,' he cried, 'I want a priest, a priest,—a Catholic priest! I am a Catholic; and, if God can forgive me the damnable hypocrisy under which I have lived so long, a Catholic I wish to die.'

"I thought him mad, and summoned my father. He also believed him to be raving. But my husband persisted in his assertion, till, filled with horror though I was, my wifely love and duty conquer-

ing all else, I ventured to say to him:

"Patrick, a priest shall be called.'

"At this my father cried out:

"Under my roof a Catholic priest shall never stand! Across my threshold that first-born of Satan shall not pass!'

"'Tis what I deserve, only what I deserve,' said my husband. 'A traitor and hypocrite I have lived, so should I be left to die.' So saying he burst forth into weeping.

"Father,' I said, 'will you not take back your words?'

"Never, never, never!' was the reply.

"Then,' said I, taking my husband's hands in mine, dropping tears upon them as I spoke, 'forth from your house we go this day. Somewhere we shall find cover and shelter. Deluded Patrick may be, but mad he is not. A priest he shall have, and I myself shall summon him.'

"Go—go at once!' shouted my father, now furious. 'And never again set foot within this house!'

"With that he rushed frantically down the stairs, and out to the street, where he strode up and down as one demented."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

V.

NO man better appreciates what is called "the world" than À Kempis. He takes it on its own ground and explodes its folly. He is always showing to what a foolish, changeable guide we trust ourselves. "The senses of men are often deceived in giving judgments; and the lovers of this world are deceived in loving only visible things." Then, in his shrewd way, he puts this question: "How is a man a whit the better for being reputed greater by man?" And this is his answer:

"The deceitful deceiveth the deceitful, the vain deceiveth the vain, the blind the blind, the weak the weak, as often as he extolleth him; and, in truth, doth rather confound him, while he vainly praiseth him."

This is in truth the world's game. Everyone is "humbugging" everyone else. "The deceitful deceiveth the deceitful" is a capital stroke. That false praise accepted should "confound" is natural, because it leads the object of it astray. The person praising wants to gain something at the expense of the other. What, then, is a person's real value, and how is he to be measured? "How much soever each one is in Thy eyes, so much is he, and no more." A fine bit of philosophy this, and our author gives the credit of it to St. Francis.

Nowhere is he more powerful than in "showing up" the foolishness of considering the opinion of men. "Thou art not more holy for being praised, nor worse for being blamed. What thou art, that thou art; nor canst thou be said to be greater than God seeth thee. . . . Man looketh on the face, but God seeth into the heart; man considereth the actions, but God weigheth the intentions. He that seeketh no outward testimony for himself showeth plainly that he hath wholly committed himself to God."

VI.

"Now he is thought great who is not a transgressor, and who can with patience endure what he has undertaken." A saying that points to what is a common delusion. It is fancied by many good folk that to keep the Commandments—"not be a transgressor"—is doing much, and doing a very great deal too. There is a fixed catalogue of transgressions which is the usual subject matter of confession. When there is naught of the kind to confess, we have "a clean bill" of spiritual health, and much complacency thereat. We are hardly required

to attempt more. And so "he is thought great who is not a transgressor."

Now, it is in noting such points, and in clearing away such mists as this, that "The Imitation" is so fine. As Johnson said of another matter, "it disperses humbug," and supplies things we are not likely to meet elsewhere. It helps us to place ourselves in anticipation before the judgment-seat, when we shall have to listen to the grand indictment; when it will flash upon us that this "not being a transgressor" was only a negative matter; and that "doing," and not "forbearing to do," is the true claim to reward. The author makes us see this in the following most remarkable passage:

"Sigh and grieve that thou art still so carnal and worldly, so unmortified from thy passions. So full of the motions of concupiscence; so unguarded in thy outward senses; so often entangled with many vain imaginations. So much inclined to exterior things; so negligent as to the interior. So prone to laughter and dissipation; so hard to tears and compunction. So inclined to relaxation, and to the pleasures of the flesh; so sluggish to austerity and fervor. So curious to hear news and to see sights; so remiss to embrace humiliation and abjection. So covetous to possess much; so sparing in giving, so close in retaining. So inconsiderate in talking; so little able to hold thy peace. So disordered in thy manners; so over-eager in thy actions. So immoderate in food; so deaf to the word of God. So ready for repose; so slow to labor. So wakeful to hear idle tales; so drowsy at the sacred vigils. So hasty to finish thy devotions; so wandering in attention. So negligent in saying thy Office; so tepid in celebrating; so dry in communicating. So quickly distracted; so seldom fully recollected within thyself. So suddenly moved to anger; so apt to take offence at others. So prone to judge; so severe in reprehending. So joyful in prosperity; so weak in

adversity. So often proposing many good things, and bringing so little to effect."

It will be seen that in this portentous catalogue there is hardly a single item that the average "good" person thinks of as a *sin*: nearly all are omissions. Yet, as we read, how we feel, by an instinct, that these are real and tremendous accusations! and at the hour of death, or judgment, how we shall shrink into our very selves as they are unfolded!

The value of "The Imitation" is, therefore, in exploding delusions of this kind. I venture to say that there are numbers who read this who have never had this all-important truth put so strikingly before them.

(To be continued.)

Notes and Remarks.

It may be stated broadly that every discovery in any field of truth has its religious bearing. There are Christians weak enough to fear that as science advances there will be a proportionate lessening of faith, and that many cherished religious beliefs of the present day will be treated as fables in a future age of greater enlightenment. Prof. Asa Gray, the eminent American botanist, in a lecture delivered some years ago to the theological students of Yale College, pointed out that science is a natural ally of religion. Another distinguished educator, President Andrews, of Brown University, takes the same stand in an article contributed to the *New World*. The objects of science, he contends, are but the works of God; and if the pursuit of it does not have the effect of elevating the mind to the Creator, the fault is in the student. "If critical study of the world ever dulls a man's religious sense," says Dr. Andrews, "or fails to foster his appreciation of divine things, it must be because he has gotten himself involved in some false theory or method, or because he is simply a smatterer and no student at all, or else because he has a proud heart and will not learn. Unless one is humble and honest,

science will, of course, not guide one aright. Vanity, hero-worship, shibboleths, and false watchwords are quite as plentiful and quite as dangerous in the scientific as they are in the theological world."

Well said! The time is coming when people who prate about a conflict between science and religion will be laughed at.

It is pleasant to know that the annoyances which priests have sometimes experienced in ministering to Catholic sailors on war-ships are now happily ended. Monsignor Toner, to whom the spiritual interests of seafaring Catholics have been specially intrusted, has been assured by the Secretary of the Navy that no officer may interfere with him in the discharge of his duties, even when a Protestant chaplain accompanies the ship. Secretary Herbert's letter is auspiciously dated on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and reads thus: "Should any officer at any time show any disposition not to encourage you in the exercise of your sacred functions among the men under his command, you have but to show him this letter; and in case you do not receive a favorable response, I should be glad to be informed of the fact."

One of the most splendid and costly churches on the continent is the sanctuary of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Mexico. The new high altar, which was completed for the last celebration of the feast, is perhaps the finest in the world. The pillars supporting the canopy are each of a solid block of Scotch granite, weighing seven tons. The altar railing, of solid silver, is unsurpassed. The church is now undergoing elaborate renovation, the progress of which is watched with eager interest by the devout Mexicans.

Whoever wrote the article entitled "If So, Why So?" in the *Philadelphia Messenger of St. Joseph* knows boys thoroughly. His words are plain and strong; and many a foolish parent would have been spared innumerable heart-burnings if he could have had such practical common-sense advice as this:

"Make companions of your children. Do not terrify them and quench the love in their hearts by

playing the tyrant. The pain will recoil on your head some day, if you do. And, besides, you are missing a foretaste of heaven in thus forfeiting your children's confidence; for no earthly happiness can surpass that of a good father and mother surrounded by a loving, trustful family. No character but has a key to it. Draw out your children's ideas of themselves, their longings and ambitions, their sorrows and their joys; and remember that these all bear as weighty a value in their esteem, and depress or elate them, as your mature thoughts do yourself. . . . Be your boy's friend; if you are not, he will come to find friends that will be a curse to him. Be your son's champion—strong to defend him, and to push him to the right; lovingly and tenderly, yet unmistakably, condemning him when he is wrong, and pointing out to him how he is wrong. The gain is worth the trial; for, reciprocating your love, relying on your judgment and affection, certain of your sympathy no matter how cares may oppress, looking on you as the truest friends of his life, he will fill your cup of joy to the brim."

We wish these earnest words could be read by every man and woman to whom Heaven has entrusted the education of a child. The *Messenger* is published in support of St. Joseph's House for Homeless Industrious Boys, and the Catholics of Philadelphia have reason to be proud of the institution.

The methods resorted to for collecting money for religious purposes are a sign of the times. And the times are evil. A year or two ago we heard of a minstrel show for the benefit of a Catholic church,—young ladies of the parish, with blackened faces, taking the part of minstrels! The report was hard to believe; though we heard it on good authority, and were informed of the name of the congregation, etc. Now comes a paper from a Western city containing a letter from one of our Bishops condemning the proposal of a masked ball to raise funds to decorate the sanctuary of a certain church in the diocese. *O tempora! O mores!* And yet there are people who do not see the need of Catholic schools.

The rapid growth of the Church in Scotland is illustrated by the fact that Mr. Hugh Margey, the patriarch of Glasgow, who died last month in that city, at the age of ninety-two, was a connecting link between the present era of magnificent churches and the days when a few scattered Catholics met to

worship, often at a great risk, in a small, plain building which served as church and school. Bigotry was rampant in that day; and it is said that once, when Mr. Margey went into the outlying districts to distribute devotional literature, he was rather severely handled by a party of zealous Protestants who objected to his visit. He was a bookseller by trade; and, like the venerable Patrick Donahoe in our own country, often suffered in his worldly possessions because of his zeal for the faith. As one of his countrymen said after his death, "to write the life of Mr. Margey would be to write the history of the Church in Scotland during the last hundred years."

The least attentive reader of Dr. J. R. Gasquet's paper on Lourdes in the *Dublin Review* must have noticed the writer's studied avoidance of the word "miracles." In a communication to the London *Tablet* he explains his reasons for so doing. "My motive was to exclude a word which begs the whole question between Catholics and skeptics. This was my motive, as far as I addressed myself to those outside the Church; but another reason weighed with me much more. As I understand the decrees of the Council of Trent, private individuals are distinctly prohibited calling any event miraculous. It does not seem to be sufficiently realized that the physical side of a miracle is not the whole or even the chief part of one; and that there are moral and spiritual aspects of such favors which can be judged of only by the pastors of the Church. I merely follow Dr. Boissarie in considering that the physician's province is to establish the negative conclusion that the cures which come before him can not be accounted for by natural causes."

We could wish that the learned Doctor had many imitators. *Miracle*, like *saint*, is a word that ought to be used with restriction.

The newsboys of Grand Rapids, Michigan, form an organized regiment of faithful little men. The principal citizens of the city are also organized, and delight in giving the youthful newspaper venders a good dinner once a year, and various festivities at inter-

vals. On New Year's Day 1,200 lads, after a notable street parade, which was headed by the Newsboys' Band of forty pieces, and accompanied by the local militia, sat down to their annual feast, at which they were served by the prominent citizens who so generously befriend them. One newsboy said grace, and we may safely wager that, however short it was, it seemed long enough to the hungry youngsters. It is pleasant to be able to record that the moral well-being of the boys, whose ages average but ten years, receives as careful attention as their physical wants.

Those who fear that the Christian ideal of womanhood may be obscured or even lost in the tumult of the prevailing discussion may take heart from the consideration that the best women have no special yearning for trousers or the hustings. Women who have been educated by that ideal appreciate its value, and will not part with it. As Agnes Repplier says in one of her charming essays: "That instinctive refinement which woman has acquired in centuries of self-repression is not a thing to be undervalued or lightly thrust aside. If she loses 'the strength that lies in delicacy,' she is weaker in her social emancipation than in her social bondage." The *Athenæum* expresses our thought when it says, in the course of an enthusiastic review of Miss Repplier's latest volume, that "this idea is common enough in men's minds, but it is not often expressed so forcibly."

A beautiful charity, and one that must appeal with special force to all lovers of the Blessed Sacrament, is that practised by the Tabernacle Society. The aims of this organization are the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and the supplying poor churches with vestments, altar linens, and the sacred vessels necessary for divine service. It is supported by voluntary donations and the small fees exacted for membership in the pious confraternity connected with it. No one can read the yearly "Report" of the Society without admiration for its spirit and astonishment at the good it has already accomplished. No work can be more meritorious than that of adorning the Tabernacle. It is one in which all should deem it a privilege to assist.

Notable New Books.

THINGS OF THE MIND. By the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding. A. C. McClurg & Co. [Second Notice.]

The reader who opens this book even at random can scarcely fail to see that it bears on every page the stamp of high mentality. It is not to be read in haste. The author's searching thought has crystallized into gem-like sentences, over which the reader is forced to linger. To the young it is a clarion call to gather knowledge, not for its market value, but for its own intrinsic worth. To develop latent abilities, to cultivate character, to be true to the higher self, are the lessons it would have them learn.

As regards education, the book has a message alike to the teacher and student. The former is counselled to abandon his high calling rather than to weary or fall to the level of the commonplace. The learner is taught the necessity of awakening into action all the powers of his mind, if he would claim the title scholar. The book stimulates and encourages. It places before the reader ideals of life and education so winning that the heart longs to make them its own.

With a mind cast in so noble a mould, we should expect the author to be in love with truth and sincerity. We are not disappointed. He says: "Love truth; every lie is a lie to God, who alone is truthful. Love of truth is the basis of character. To be truthful and honorable are the most difficult of virtues, for truth and honor spring from the finest sense of duty of which the soul is capable."

The chapter treating of culture and religion is especially helpful and uplifting. Culture as an end is decried, but as a means by which the soul may mount to God it is to be wooed and won. Its importance as an ally of the Church in its contest with infidelity is strongly insisted upon. "I know that our Blessed Lord is with His Church, and that He can turn our ignorance and supineness to the good of those who love Him. . . . The issue, indeed, is in God's keeping; but we must strive to acquit ourselves like men, and as though all depended upon our skill and courage. Without thorough training and

mental discipline we shall only cumber the ground and block the way."

We have touched but inadequately upon the merits of a book, itself the exponent of the highest Catholic thought. But it can well dispense with the reviewer's commendation, since it is sure to win its way wherever there is a heart that longs for the best and noblest things of life.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES COMPARED. By the Rev. Alfred Young, C. S. P. The Catholic Book Exchange.

The motive of Father Young's book is indicated in the opening chapter. "Protestantism," he says, "has been at its old tricks again, making a wanton, unprovoked attack upon the Catholic Church"; and the attack calls for a prompt and conclusive answer. The mountebank lecturer is abroad, and Father Young simply accepts his invitation to "look at" Mexico, Spain, Italy, and other countries where the Church is the "dominant influence."

In this day of authors and publishers, it is not often that the critic's task is so easy as in Father Young's case. His book will work incomparable good. His style is sometimes more pungent than one expects in a Paulist Father, but the pungency is not only pardonable—it is imperatively demanded. He shows a manly indignation at the false-speaking cowards who revile the Church, her priests, and her people. Ordinarily, however, our author's tone is admirably calm and judicious. The man on the right side of a controversy easily keeps his temper.

There are 628 pages and 40 chapters in Father Young's book. It is evidently impossible, therefore, to present even a generalized summary of its contents in a brief review. Suffice it to say that the calumnies that have been so persistently dinned into Catholic ears about the ignorance and immorality of Catholic peoples are here hurled back with a force that ought to shatter them forever. Up to this time, individual writers have been obliged to meet these calumnies with hasty preparation and insufficient data; henceforth they will simply invoke the testimony of Father Young's book.

A peculiarly interesting feature of the work is a list of American converts from Protes-

tantism. The catalogue is not complete, but it is striking, there being a long list of clergymen, physicians, lawyers, army and navy officers, and men eminent in politics, literature, art and science. A careful index makes the contents of this admirable work easily accessible.

THE INNER LIFE OF FATHER BURKE, O. P.
By a Dominican Friar of the English Province.
Burns & Oates, Benziger Brothers.

One who enjoyed exceptional advantages for knowing the great Dominican, Father Burke, has told us that "his wit and humor were almost involuntary scintillations, the bubbles of the brilliant well within,—all his deeper thoughts he gave to heaven." How true these words are is evident from this volume. To those who know this great priest only as the lecturer, the brilliant wit, or the preacher who moved men's hearts as the wind stirs the ripened grain, this little book will be a necessity, as revealing the soul of the man. Only those who knew Father Tom Burke well know the depth and the breadth of his virtue—his wonderful humility, his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, his zeal in the confessional, his scrupulous observance of the rules of his Order, his patience under the sufferings that overcast his last years, and his beautiful love for the Blessed Virgin. It is a striking testimony to the popularity of Father Burke, and to the "catching" qualities of his witticisms, that even the biographers who knew him intimately can tell no stories—or almost none—that are entirely new to the public. The author of this volume, of course, confines himself to such anecdotes as reveal the man's inner life,—how he always knelt for his mother's blessing, how he submitted his sermons to the novices for revision, how he made puns to escape being made a bishop; how, after his magnificent panegyric on O'Connell, he eluded the crowd that waited to give him an ovation, and ran to see an old woman at the hospital.

The only adverse criticism we should care to pass on this volume is that it is scant. Enough is told to show us what must have been Father Burke's "Inner Life," but we should be more pleased and edified if the picture were complete. We hope the author

may see fit to enlarge the portrait in a new edition; he will not lack eager readers.

FAMILIAR LETTERS OF THOREAU. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

These letters, edited with notes and introduction by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, form a valuable addition to the literature that is slowly growing up around Thoreau. They are not all of absorbing interest—some of them will be skimmed only by the most devoted admirers of the Recluse,—but many of them are as valuable as any that Emerson has given us.

Thoreau's message to the world was unmistakable. In the age and very home of money-seeking, his voice was an unceasing protest against the "commercial spirit" which "infuses into all our thoughts and affections a degree of its own selfishness," and which makes us "selfish in our patriotism, selfish in our domestic relations, selfish in our religion." So he indirectly describes it himself. But a friend to whom many of the best of these letters were written says that Thoreau sundered himself from society, and from the spell of its institutions, customs and conventionalities, that he might lead "a fresh, simple life with God." This is the testimony we like to believe, and herein is a great merit in Thoreau's life. He swore no oaths against the world, uttered no incoherent cynicisms, but set out to reform others in the only right way—by reforming himself, and by getting near to the heart of God through the heart of nature.

Thoreau was not a Catholic—he was not even fond of us,—but his was a pure and holy life; and if he had known essential Catholicity, he would have loved it. His life was a spiritual Declaration of Independence; for he showed how little we need of earthly goods to lead a worthy and helpful life. His doctrine that man should have six Sabbaths and one weekday, if not literally true, is true in effect, and it is a doctrine much needed among us still.

The publishers have done their part to popularize the letters, so necessary to a complete understanding of Thoreau's philosophy. It is a delight to turn the pages of this volume, so well printed, so convenient in size, and flexibly bound.

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. Francis Renaudier, of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, who was called to the reward of his holy life on the 31st ult.

Sister Mary of the Visitation, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, whose happy death took place on the 8th inst.

Mr. George Hart, of Boston, Mass., who died a holy death on the 6th ult.

Mr. Daniel H. Courtney, whose life closed peacefully on the 6th inst., at Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah Keenan, of Philadelphia, Pa., who departed this life on the 3d inst.

Mr. Michael McKeogh, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the 24th ult., at Findlay, Ohio.

Mrs. Margaret F. Parker, of Quincy, Mass., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 23d ult.

Mr. Henry Culmery and John Lynski, of Philadelphia, Pa.; James Carlin and John J. Kerwin, St. Louis, Mo.; Catherine Bondidier, Toronto, Canada; Mr. John C. Hughes, Mrs. James McCause, and Martin Ludden, of St. Augustine, Pa.; Thomas Keating, What Cheer, Iowa; Mrs. Bridget O'Rourke, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Peter Collins, Miss R. Hines, and Mr. Michael Frawley, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. Ellen Burke, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Timothy Healy, Mrs. Edward Brehony, Miss Mary McGovern, Mrs. Catherine Reilly, and Mr. Frank Phillips,—all of Mt. Carbon, Pa.; William Monahan and Thomas Burke, Pottsville, Pa.; Bartholomew Kenny, Joseph Ford, and Mrs. Catherine Flannery, San Francisco, Cal.; and Mr. James Salmom, Palo Alto, 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 Ursuline Indian Mission:

Mrs. M. E. Hackett, \$2; T. G., in honor of St. Anthony, \$3; Maria Navarre, \$1; Margaret Phelan, \$1; A. A. von G., \$3; A Friend, Iowa City, \$2; C. A., \$5; A Friend, New Jersey, \$5.

The Indian Children's Shrine, San Diego, Cal.:

Charles Quinn, \$1; A Friend, Iowa City, \$1.

The Cause of the Venerable Curé of Ars:

A Friend, \$1; M. A. H., 50 cts.; A Friend, Iowa City, \$1; S. N. D., Marysville, Cal., \$1.

The Lepers of Gotemba, Japan:

Children of Mary, \$1; A Friend, Iowa City, \$1; C. Cecilia Cary, \$25.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Eyes Beloved.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

SWEET blue eyes! so early faded,
 How they danced with girlish glee
 In the days long since departed,—
 Precious days for them and me!
 How they wept the heart's deep feeling,—
 Tender heart, so easily moved!
 Sweet blue eyes, fore'er remembered,—
 Sister's eyes, so well beloved.

Clear grey eyes! Could I forget them?
 Ever calm with earnest light,
 Like a beacon on my pathway,—
 Gentle, fadeless, faithful light.
 Sometimes still, when doubts assail me,
 Warning as in other days,
 Beam my father's eyes before me,
 Holding mine in steadfast ways.

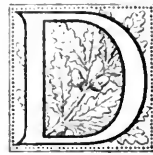
Soft brown eyes! the purest, dearest,
 That my life has ever known;
 They are in my dreams forever,
 Though I live the day alone.
 Thank Thee, Lord, that I behold them
 Wearing still that tender guise,
 Smiling, trustful, loving, lonely,—
 Ah! they are my mother's eyes.

It was a celebrated French author who, when he had begun the study of English, and found that *ague* was pronounced with two syllables and *plague* with but one, said he wished that half the English had the one disease and the other half the other.

The Boys' Strike.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.



URING the afternoon there was a flutter of suppressed excitement among the boys, as the order to strike was passed from one to the other.

About half-past five, however, like a thunder clap from a clear sky, came a mandate which brought dismay to the C. B. M. H. A. This was an order that all the boys were to wait after the store closed. It was not the superintendent, but Mr. Shaw, the junior partner, who had something to say to them. The strikers suspected at once that they had been forestalled.

"Tom has let the cat out of the bag," cried Charley, wrathfully.

"We'll get even with him," growled George.

It was not Tom, however, but George himself who was to blame. Elated at the thought of the notoriety he expected to achieve, he could not conceal his impatience and sense of his own importance, and kept throwing out dark hints to the salesman. These mysterious boasts happening to reach the ear of the superintendent, furnished him a clew to what was going on.

When the time came, and, in compliance with the summons, the boys assembled on

the second floor near the offices, the spirit of the C. B. M. H. A. did not seem so valiant as it had been an hour or two before. The majority of the members felt vaguely that Mr. Shaw had the game pretty much in his own hands, and were decidedly uneasy.

"If we lose our places, a jolly rumpus there'll be at home," exclaimed Jim Post; and he evidently merely expressed the general sentiment.

George was the only one who still looked defiant. Charley was moody; Ned set his teeth hard, and his brows were puckered into a determined frown, but he said nothing.

The connection between the two parts of the building was marked by a rise in the floor and a single step, just near the office. Mr. Shaw came out of the room and stood upon this step. Thus he was elevated above his young auditors, as if upon a platform.

"Now, boys," he began, quietly but firmly, "I understand that you are not satisfied with the way you are treated by Allen & Co., that you have organized a strike. Well, if there is to be any striking, I propose to strike first. In order that both parties may understand each other, however, I want every boy here present who is pledged to this movement to stand forward."

There was a moment of silence and suspense. The members of the C. B. M. H. A. looked at one another with a strange lack of decision. They glanced toward Charley; but Charley fidgeted and kept his eyes cast down. Jim Post was edging toward the door, bent upon attracting as little attention as possible. George scowled ominously, and would give them no hint as to what they should do. Finally, one boy stood out and faced Mr. Shaw. It was Ned. The act created a sensation among his companions, but not one of them followed his example.

Ned's face grew red with indignation

and surprise as he found himself deserted by his comrades.

"So this is what the promise of the C. B. M. H. A. is worth?" he said to himself. "I went into this affair because I had given my word of honor to the other fellows, and here not one of them is willing to stand by me. Very well, I'll go it alone."

He braced up very straight, clenched his hands, and frankly returned Mr. Shaw's gaze.

The junior partner was a shrewd man. He knew Ned Harvey to be one of the most industrious and trustworthy boys in the store.

"Are you, then, the only boy who intended to strike?" he asked.

"It seems so, sir," answered Ned, thinking what a zany he had been to be so easily duped.

"Oh, then, I must have misunderstood!" continued Mr. Shaw, dryly. "Somehow, I obtained the impression that a general revolt was planned: that every boy in this establishment was pledged not to perform any of his usual duties to-morrow until the general demand set forth by your ringleaders should be granted. Charley Mallon, haven't you something to say on this subject?"

"No—sir," stammered Charley, still intensely interested in a crack of the floor.

"James Post, have not you any complaint to make?"

Jim, who was trying to sidle out of the door, paused disconcerted.

"I? Oh, no, sir!" he answered, hastily.

"And you, George Jeffreys? Do you not know something of this plan?"

"No, sir."

George uttered the untruth glibly, as if it was a perfectly excusable way of getting out of a scrape. Some of his companions appeared to be of the same opinion, but a few looked taken aback by his cool impudence.

Mr. Shaw's lip curled with scorn.

"Well, Ned Harvey, let me hear your grievance, since ostensibly you are the only one who *has* a grievance," he said.

"Now I'm in for it," thought Ned; and, fixing his eyes on the opposite wall, and with a prayer in his heart that he might say and do what was right, he began:

"I hear, sir, that one of the large dry-goods firms near here has raised the wages of its boys. I think if those people can afford it, this firm ought to do it too. This is why I made up my mind to strike for the advance."

"And you consider yourself upon strike now, do you?"

"Well, yes, sir. I may as well say that I do."

"Anything else?"

"I think the fines for coming late ought to be lowered."

"Humph! And you propose to stand out for this?"

"Yes, sir, I do. A cash or errand boy's life is hard enough, and I think he ought to stand out for as high wages as are given to boys anywhere in the city."

This speech called forth a hum of applause from the other lads, who now seemed to regard Ned as their champion. Mr. Shaw's cool glance was disconcerting, however, and compelled silence.

There was an awkward pause, during which Ned had time to reflect upon his boldness, and the others to wonder what was coming. Finally, the junior partner spoke, surveying the throng for a moment, and letting his gaze rest upon the top of Ned's head:

"My young man, I am confident you will find, upon investigation, that the wages we give are quite as high as those paid by any other firm, and the fines no more than those usually imposed. I understand you have done well in the store. The superintendent makes a good report of you. Yet you are the only boy on strike, it appears. Considering your favorable

record, your demands are not unreasonable. I will concede to you all you ask. Henceforth your wages will be four dollars a week, and your fine for coming late will be three cents. As you are usually punctual, it is really nominal. As for you other boys," he continued, sarcastically, "of course as, according to your own showing, you have nothing to ask for, I have no concessions to make to you. As a matter of fact, I happen to know positively that there is good ground for discharging every one of you on the spot. I am willing to give you another trial; but if I again hear any rumors like those which have reached me within the last day or two, each boy proved to be implicated will find himself out of a situation, and will never be re-engaged in this establishment under any consideration whatever. To the present indulgence I must make one exception. George Jeffreys, your services are no longer desired, and you may go at once. You are noted for idleness, and for making trouble both with the salesmen and among the boys. I will no longer have such a disturber in my employment. That is all I have to say."

Mr. Shaw turned on his heel and went back to the office.

The boys separated in a subdued manner. Ned lagged behind, not knowing how they would take his good fortune. A few of the more generous ones stopped to congratulate him, but the majority scowled jealously as they passed. George had bolted down the stairs ahead of the others, and made off in a rage.

"We were awful fools, that is a fact," whispered Charley to Jim Post, as they hurried out. "I saw Phil Taylor this afternoon; he sneaked over from Parker, Wendell's on some excuse or other. I tackled him again about the boys' raise, and he had to own up that they are not going to get it at all. The news was nothing but bosh."

"It might have been pretty expensive bosh for us if Mr. Shaw hadn't let us off easy," muttered Jim.

"It cost George his place," said Charley. "Too bad. But George will have to learn not to talk so much."

"Ned's all right, anyhow," laughed his chum.

"Ned's a level-headed fellow," Mallon answered, gravely. "If we had stood by him, instead of trying to back out, we would have fared a heap better. I could kick myself for being so mean."

Thus ended the great strike of the C. B. M. H. A.

(THE END.)

St. Felix of the Cobwebs.

BY DORA M. BAXTER.

Many, many years ago the Roman Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians because they would not adore idols. Thousands were put to death, so that the streets of the cities were red with the blood of the martyrs. Especially in the town of Nola, about fourteen miles from Naples, there were many noble Christians who suffered; and perhaps the bravest of them all, the one who was the mainstay and support of the others, was St. Felix.

He was a pagan by birth, but God blessed him with the gift of faith; and so grateful was Felix, so earnest and fervent, that Heaven sent other favors—gave him power to work miracles and to suffer great torments for the sweet name of Christ. He was ordained priest and appointed successor of the Bishop of Nola; but, in his humility, he managed to have some one else take his place.

During the excitement against the Christians St. Felix was dragged to prison and suffered many torments; but in the night an angel threw open the doors

and broke his chains. Another time some soldiers met him in the market-place and asked him if he knew Felix the priest. He answered that he knew nothing good of him, so the soldiers passed on. However, they discovered their mistake, and were very angry. They returned in hot haste, but no Felix was to be found. And where do you suppose he was? Why, he had crept into a hole in an old ruined wall, and over the opening a spider had woven a wondrously thick web. "For sure he is not in there!" exclaimed the men. "See, it is covered with the cobwebs of years!" And Felix laughed softly to himself, and thanked Providence. Did ever cunning spider catch such a precious fly! So Felix lived retired for some time, protected by the spider's web—until the cruel Emperor died, when he was received back into the city as an angel sent from heaven.

St. Felix was lavish in his charity. He gave everything to the poor—bread, meat, clothes. If he had only one coat, he would exchange it for the miserable rags of some beggar. Dear, good, kind-hearted St. Felix, no wonder even the spiders befriended him!

On the fourteenth day of January the Church, in celebrating his feast, sings this beautiful prayer, and we would do well to repeat it:

"Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that by the examples of Thy saints we may be stirred up to a better life; and that while we keep their feasts we may also imitate their holy deeds."

Inscription on an Old Bell.

¶O call the folks to church in time,
I chime;
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing,
I ring;
When from the body parts the soul,
I toll.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1:28.

VOL. XL.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 26, 1895.

No. 4.

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A Thought from the Arabic.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

THERE are two paths in life. One lies behind,—

The Past: a dream; the other waits before:
A hope, a vision, a desire. 'Tis kind
That the veiled Future, dumb, vouchsafes
no more.

Ah! did we live that when our thoughts
retrace

Time's well-worn path, the memory might
be sweet,

How calmly could we gaze in Death's
strange face,—

Desire, hope, vision, all a bliss complete!

History and the Miraculous.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

FEW incredulists cherish any kind feeling for mere authority; but, nevertheless, the entire school expects men to submit their intelligence to the ukase of its own *ipse dixit*, and to do so with as much simplicity as was ever evinced by devout royalists when they doffed their caps before an edict issued, "*De par le Roi.*" We can fancy that we see, in every part of the habitable globe, placards warning God

that the school of "pure science," of "pure reason," of "rational criticism," denies His right to transcend the laws of His own creation. However, a very respectable number of persons contend that even in this progressive nineteenth century miracles do occur in our midst. The incredulist, inflated by the spirit of modern "criticism," may sneer as he reads of the faith displayed at the venerated shrines of Lourdes, or Ste. Anne de Beaupré by so many thousands of every age, condition, and mental calibre; but perforce he acknowledges that the ancient theories of the miraculous are not yet exploded.

In our day the sincere student of history thanks Providence—or mayhap something, probably the stars, which takes the place of Providence in his imagination—that he lives in a period of scientific criticism. If he has already acquired a certain amount of solid information as to the nature and history of the critical faculty, he realizes that a critical school is not a peculiar appanage of the nineteenth century: that the best modern scholars admit that the so-called Dark Ages witnessed the agitation of nearly all the questions that have been mooted and disputed in our days of presumed intellectual pre-eminence. However, this real student perceives that modern days have seen some advance in the apparatus wherewith man exercises his perceptive faculties; and he is grateful for his share

in the improvement. But does the school of scientific criticism always deserve its name? Or, rather, do all its professed devotees follow out in practice the principles inculcated by its canons, and which they really venerate so long as there is merely question of abstract theory? By no means, as we shall easily demonstrate. The rationalistic school can not close its eyes to the fact that Catholic scholars and—alas! it must be admitted—monks founded the most solid and severe school of historical criticism which the world has yet admired; but, despite this fact, the arrogant tribe proclaims that a Catholic has no place in historical science, since he is necessarily subservient to prejudices which are foreign to science. This proclamation is made whenever it is asserted that a narrative of a miracle is a mere legend, and that legends have no rights in history. In other words, Dom Mabillon, Dom Bouquet, and other founders of that school of historical erudition to which the Benedictines have given their name, are to be dismissed as incorrigible dunces.

We are asked to believe that miracles have no place in history; and therefore, since we do believe in miracles, to write ourselves down as outlaws in the historico-critical domain. But we would ask our rationalistic friends what method of historical criticism one should follow when, in the midst of his indagations, he finds himself face to face with a presumed occurrence which is certainly strange, and which Catholics insist upon styling a miracle. Is he to summarily dismiss the alleged fact as an impossibility? Prof. Huxley would reply in the negative. He frankly admits that the impossibility of miracles can not be sustained, but he knows of nothing which calls upon him to qualify the grave verdict of Hume: "There is not to be found in all history any miracle attested by a sufficient number of men of such unquestioned

goodness, education, and learning as to secure us against all delusion in themselves; of such undoubted integrity as to place them beyond all suspicion of any design to deceive others; of such credit and reputation in the eyes of mankind as to have a great deal to lose in case of their being detected in any falsehood; and, at the same time, attesting facts performed in such a public manner and in so celebrated a part of the world as to render the detection unavoidable; all of which circumstances are requisite to give us full assurance in the testimony of men." We do not propose to question the necessity of adopting these stringent canons; but, admitting the postulate of Hume, Huxley, and others of that ilk, we ask our rationalistic friends how they proceed in the contingency just mentioned.

If they are honest, they will candidly reply that when they meet a passage recording some strikingly strange event, their first and immediate proceeding is to note whether the narrative accords with their own preconceived ideas concerning the subject matter. They will avow that if, at this early stage of the investigation so-called, they discover that their notions have sustained no unpleasant shock, then, and only then, will they bring the canons of criticism to bear upon the point at issue. It is only when they have assured themselves that there is no likelihood of contagion from the new applicant for admittance into their self-arrogated domain that they deign to lift the quarantine, and allow the detained to become amenable to those canons which are at once invoked in every other class of cases. Then, indeed, will be heard the usual challenges: Where and how did this narrative originate? Who was its author? Does he merit credit? What means of verifying his story did he enjoy? and so on. We suppose, of course, that our rationalistic friends are true students and well-equipped critics; for these interrogatories imply an intricate in-

vestigation; and the audacious individual who would omit them in a matter of any moment would not deserve the name of scholar, let him be Catholic or rationalist. Now, we imagine that most of our readers have opined that the ordinary canons of criticism should be put into practice before any use of, or at least independently of, the quarantine regimen which the advocates of "pure reason" so zealously enforce. We shall illustrate our position and that of these gentry by two examples.

In the year 484 Huneric, King of the Vandals, an obstinate Arian, who was then master of the Mediterranean coast of Africa, and had begun a cruel persecution of all Catholics who would not deny the consubstantiality of the Son with [the Father, one day ordered that several of the recalcitrants should have their tongues plucked out at the roots. Six contemporary authors record that after their mutilation the victims continued to proclaim the divinity of our Saviour in as audible and distinct tones as had hitherto been natural to them. These six writers are: Victor, Bishop of Vite;* the Emperor Justinian, the third successor of Zeno; † Æneas of Gaza; ‡ Procopius; § the Count Marcellinus; || and Victor, Bishop of Tunon. ¶ Furthermore, these six authors tell us that the martyrs proceeded to Constantinople, where the Emperor Zeno attested the prodigy. Four of these authors say that they examined the mouths of the victims, and that they heard them talk.

It is useless to object that perhaps the entire tongues were not cut out;* and that the "Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences" of Paris make mention of two persons who had no tongues, but nevertheless could talk. In these latter cases there were remaining small portions of the original tongues; and even with

those portions, as the examining surgeons reported, the unfortunates could talk only with very great effort, and their utterances were unintelligible articulations rather than comprehensible words. On the other hand, an inspection of the mouths of the martyrs of Typasis revealed not a vestige of a tongue, and the emitted tones were precisely such as would have been produced by organs in normal condition. Now, if four eye-witnesses, men respectable by their worldly rank, by their learning and probity of life, do not form good historical testimony, we know not where to find any. Let the reader apply the criterions insisted upon by Hume and Huxley to the testimony in favor of this miracle. He will find that it will stand the test. Our witnesses could not have conspired to palm off an impudent fraud upon a credulous world; for some of them wrote in Africa and others in Constantinople. And mark that they all agree in the substance of their narratives, while their simplicity and positiveness are indicative of sincerity.

The narrative for which we now ask attention concerns St. Martin of Tours. It is related by Sulpicius Severus, a writer with whom the learned among our opponents are well acquainted, and whom they esteem as a reliable authority, whenever their preconceptions do not interfere with their sanity of judgment. One day it happened that while St. Martin was walking in the neighborhood of Chartres a weeping father besought him to give speech to his daughter, who had been mute from her birth. By the power of God the Saint complied with the request; and one Evagrius, a priest who witnessed the event, related it to Severus, who recorded it in his book. Here is an author who is not only contemporary with the subject of his story, but who knew him well, who lived long among the disciples of the Saint, and heard their testimony.

* "Hist. Persec. Vandal," B. V.

† "Codex," B. I., tit. 27.

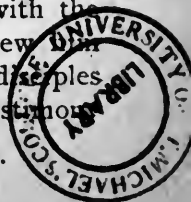
‡ In Dial. "Theophrastes."

§ "De Bello Vand.," B. I., ch. 8.

|| "Chronicon."

¶ Ibid.

* Thus urges the translator of Mosheim.



concerning the prodigies performed by him, and whom, therefore, we must suppose to have been well equipped for the work of preparing an accurate account of the life and deeds of the great prelate. His book, multiplied into thousands of copies while he yet lived, has come down to us intact, and with as sure guarantees of authenticity as is possessed by any ancient manuscript. There is still preserved in Verona a copy which was contemporary with Sulpicius, an exceptional case in the matter of a work of the fourth century. Now, according to all the rules of ordinarily sound criticism, the narrative of Sulpicius Severus concerning the adduced miracle by St. Martin of Tours ought to inspire confidence in the credibility of that prodigy.

But our rationalistic friends will not view the matter in this light. With a contemptuous shrug, they dismiss both the well-attested miracle of St. Martin and the equally well-proved prodigy which occurred among the Vandals. And why? Merely because they are presented as miracles. We are told that rules of criticism do not exist for such narratives. In fine, the results of an investigation which has been conducted in scrupulous accordance with the canons adopted and consecrated by these same devotees of "pure reason," of "scientific criticism," must go for nothing whenever those results contradict the rationalistic manner of thought on the Deity, the immortality of the soul, or, for that matter, on anything else. And this is the same as saying that incredulist criticism diametrically reverses the position which criticism ought to occupy. Criticism should lead us to a knowledge of the truth. That which one may happen to regard as truth before any preliminary examination has been held, should not impose its limitations upon criticism. Why will not our rationalistic critics be content with treating an alleged miracle as they would any other alleged fact?

Why not subject it to the same verifying process? When the alleged miraculous appears on the pages of history, let all sincere critics pronounce judgment on it, with eyes directed simply on the question of fact, without any preliminary reflections, direct or indirect, upon even the existence of the supernatural. There will be sufficient time afterward to decide whether the event must be regarded in a natural or supernatural light. We ask for no more than this; and this is mere justice, plain common-sense.

We can scarcely believe that atheistical and Protestant critics will ever adopt this course. It is much more easy to settle every question as to the truth of an alleged miracle with a smart sally of words,—with a feeble attempt at a joke. Mayhap such conduct is prudent; for the frivolous travesties of ratiocination generally presented by the giants of agnostic criticism can not withstand the shock of the evidence which leads the Roman Congregation of Rites to proclaim the miraculous nature of a given occurrence. When Joseph II., the philosophistic emperor and "sacristy-sweep" of Austria, visited the Eternal City during the conclave of 1769, which resulted in the election of Pope Clement XIV., he had resolved, like a true philosopher, to ridicule everything papal; and, among other enterprises, he sought to belittle the precautions taken by the Sacred Congregation in cases of canonization. Having requested to be allowed to examine some evidence regarding an alleged miracle then being considered by the tribunal, he obtained it; took it home and subjected it to a hypercritically thorough investigation. The result was not what the pupil of Kaunitz had fondly anticipated; and he was constrained to remark, when returning the documents, that if all the testimony favoring the truth of "Roman miracles" were as conclusive as that which he had just weighed in his rationalistic

balance, no sane jurist would reject it. Judge of the imperial consternation when he learned that the Congregation of Rites had rejected as insufficient the evidence which he had deemed satisfactory. We do not know whether Joseph II. again feigned to contemn Roman views of the miraculous; but we do know that if our contemporaries of the pretendedly scientific school of historical criticism were to peruse the documents just mentioned they would simply resort to ridicule. With the rank and file of men, ridicule succeeds where reason would fail. Few men are capable of sustaining the painful march of argumentation; and still smaller is the number of those who are above being influenced by a brilliant display of wit. Even educated and thinking persons not unfrequently succumb to raillery, and prefer vivacity to truth.

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

IV.—PARTINGS.

THE grief in the manor-house at the departure of Arthur for "furrin parts" was echoed in every home in the surrounding country. It fell upon the primitive community with the weight of a heavy blow. "The Masther," as he was familiarly termed, was loved by every man, woman and child in the barony. He was always cheery, always gave joyous greeting, was always the courteous gentleman. And does not the word gentleman mean truth, honor, courage, and fidelity? Purple and fine linen make a very sorry apology for a gentleman. The rank, indeed, is but the guinea stamp; the man, like yellow gold, must ring true. Arthur Bodkin of

Ballyboden was a gentleman in the best sense of the term, and his word, in the most trifling as well as the most important matter, was a bond that knew no default.

Father Edward had gone over the ground very carefully: had weighed the *pros* and the *cons*; had discussed Mexico from every standpoint; had turned the question of Arthur's future over and under and sideways. He reasoned that if the young fellow remained at home, there was the terrible element of idleness to contend against,—the hidden rock upon which so many a gallant bark has foundered and gone down to the awful depth of eternal perdition.

The good Father, having had experience of three generations of Bodkins, recognized the strain of stubborn determination that ran through their blue blood, and felt that to push matters to extremities was not only courting defeat, but possible disaster. Assuming that Arthur, in obedience to the wishes of his mother, consented to wed for money, pitiful money, the marriage bells would but ring a death knell in his heart, killing the God-given grace of a pure young love,—a first love, which is as holy as a prayer.

Then, again, the spirit of adventure had burst into blossom within the young fellow's bosom. Mexico! that land where the True Cross was planted by the most fearless band of men that ever drew bolt or blade. Mexico! that land of romance, where the wooing breezes were laden with subtle and unknown perfumes. To the fresh, ardent, impressionable mind of a youth like Arthur Bodkin, Mexico was a veritable land of Aladdin.

Father Edward also foresaw that in the whirl and excitement of a new country, new people, new language and new customs, there was a possible chance that love might be set aside for sturdier adventure, and that the atmosphere of a lady's *boudoir* would prove somewhat stifling

in comparison with the perfume-laden breezes of the Sierras. In other words, that Arthur's love for Alice Nugent might cool off, and that the same influence which would reduce the gentleman's ardor might equally affect the lady.

The dear old priest, well aware of the impoverished condition of the Bodkins, resolved that Arthur should set forth equipped as became the representative of a grand old Irish family; and from the resources of a venerable oaken chest he brought to light about one hundred golden guineas of ancient coinage, and fifty one-pound notes of the Bank of Ireland. This little hoard had accumulated during forty long years, and was mentally held in trust for the relief of the Bodkins should ever sharp or sudden crisis call for a sum of ready money.

Father Edward had sent the "hard word" round through Con Dolan, "the priest's boy," that a small subscription, as a testimonial of affection to Bodkin, would prove not only a graceful but a very substantial recognition; and no less a sum than seventy-three pounds, fifteen shillings, and nine pence halfpenny was collected within a radius of ten miles. Tom Casey, the schoolmaster, was deputed to deliver the oration,—a duty which, while it gratified his very highest ambition, nearly plunged the worthy pedagogue into the hapless tortures of a brain fever.

The neighboring gentry from every side of the county came bowling over to Ballyboden,—some in superbly turned-out carriages, others in village carts or on outside cars, and a large number on horseback.

"I never seen the like of it since the meetin' at Tara," old Phil Burke was heard to say, in tones of wondering admiration.

Joe O'Hara, who kept the general shop at Knockdrin, sent Bodkin a present of woollens more fitted to do battle with the cold at the north pole than the sultry

suns of the Tierra Caliente; and Peter Finigan, the horse-dealer, rode up to Ballyboden on a cob fit for a Chancellor of the Exchequer, which he insisted upon leaving in the stable.

"Bedad, sir, I want for to see you mounted better than any of the Mossoos out there; and that baste will take the consait out of them, or me name's not Peter Finigan."

In vain Arthur explained that the conveying of the cob to Mexico would cost as much as for himself, if not more; and that as yet he, Arthur, did not exactly know where his own passage money was to come from.

"Lave the cob to me, sir," said Peter. "Just tell me where he is to be delivered, and it's done. Where is Mexico, anyway? So it is Africa or Asia or Turkey, it's all wan to me, Masther Arthur. That cob will be rode by you wherever you are going." And, finding that Arthur was silent, he whispered in his ear: "I'll deliver him in Dublin, at Sewalls, in Lower Mount Street. And—and—sure he ought to fetch two hundred and fifty, anyhow." And the honest fellow rushed from the stable-yard as if the hounds were after him.

In pursuance of an invitation from Father Edward, Lady Bodkin, with her three children, repaired to the priest's neat little thatched house, where a deputation of the leading inhabitants of the village received them, the many-headed, filling up the front garden and the backyard, every coigne of vantage being eagerly taken advantage of. Father Edward deemed it wiser to bring the family to his house than to allow the presentation to take place at Ballyboden; as, in the case of the latter, the traditional hospitality of that famous mansion would be called into requisition,—a burden which, alas! it was now but feebly prepared to bear.

In the parlor the portrait of Daniel O'Connell beamed down upon Lady

Emily, who, with her daughters, was led to the seat of honor—a horsehair-covered sofa that shone like silver. Arthur was placed standing upon her right hand, while Father Edward took the left, ceaselessly mopping his face and head with a crimson bandana; for so intense was his excitement that he was perspiring as though in a Turkish bath.

After a few preparatory coughs and a very pronounced clearing of his throat, and with a bow that would have done credit to the Count of St. Germain, the orator of the day, Tom Casey, proceeded to deliver an address that, for resounding and lengthy words, trope, allegory, and metaphor, has scarcely ever been equalled, and never—oh, never!—surpassed.

This wonderful address opened with—

“The arméd heel of Hernando Cortez plunged into the tawny sands laved by the heaving billows that passionately bounded into the outstretched arms of the New World he was about to subjugate.”

The learned and eloquent Casey then touched upon the history of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, and gradually led up, in the most flowery language, to the conquest of Mexico by Bodkin of Ballyboden.

At this juncture the cheering from the front garden, aided by the backyard contingent, so completely drowned the orator that he was compelled to bring his oration to a conclusion almost in dumb show; and finally ended by placing in Arthur Bodkin's hands the well-filled purse, the golden guineas clinking cheerily during their transit.

Lady Emily and her daughters wept copiously during the entire discourse, vigorously aided and abetted by such of the women folk as were within earshot. Father Edward flourished his red handkerchief and blew his nose; while poor Arthur stood blushing like a school-girl, his eyes on the floor, his hands in and out of his pockets every other minute.

But when Tom Casey presented the purse as “a small tribute of love and affection from the old tenants to Bodkin of Ballyboden,” the poor young fellow was so totally overcome that he burst into a fit of sobbing over which he had not the slightest control.

“Let us all come into the church,” exclaimed Father Edward, by a happy inspiration; “and then I will give him my blessing, and we will wish him God-speed.”

Bodkin, supporting his mother on his arm, led the way in silence, the people following almost noiselessly; and Father Edward, mounting the steps of the altar, uttered a solemn blessing upon the fortunes of the hero of this story.

It was indeed a touching and beautiful sight—the venerable priest, eyes and hands uplifted, the last rays of the setting sun lighting the glory in his face and surmounting his head as with a nimbus; while the kneeling people followed his words in sweet, low murmurs.

“I will celebrate the seven o'clock Mass at six to-morrow morning, my dearly beloved children,” said Father Edward. “As Mr. Bodkin must take the early train for Dublin, I expect that every one of you will approach the altar, and make his departure from amongst us a day of grace and light.”

Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden served Father Edward's Mass upon that memorable morning, as he had done when a very small boy; and the entire congregation subsequently escorted him to the railway station.

A huge giant, in a brand new suit of corduroys, whose shining and joyous face literally glowed in the morning light, presided over the luggage.

“Two thrunks, sir; wan hat case; wan gun case; two rugs; wan hand-bag. The thrunks is in the van and the rest in here,”—pointing to the empty compartment of a first-class carriage.

"Thank you, Rody,"—putting his hand in his pocket for a shilling wherewith to reward the smiling giant.

"That's all right, sir! Here's yer ticket. First class to Broadstone. If ye want anything on the road, sir, I'm in the third class."

"What does this mean?" asked Bodkin, glancing from the yellow pasteboard ticket to the smiling visage of the donor.

"It manes, Mr. Bodkin, that whin they tould me that ye wor goin' to furrin parts, I knew that ye'd want a boy; and who could sarve ye betther nor the son av the man that sarved yer father—God rest his sowl!—or the grandson av the man that *your* grandfather saved at Watherloo—his sojer sarvint? I gev up me place at Lord Inchiquin's, tuk me money out av the savin's-bank, and here I am—glory be to God!—reddy to folly ye to the ind av the earth, as me father and grandfather done before me."

"Get into your compartment, Mr. Bodkin, if *you* please!" cried an excited, yellow-bearded guard, gently pushing the stupefied Arthur toward the carriage. "We are two minutes late, sir."

As the train commenced to move, Father Edward exclaimed, still holding Arthur's hand:

"Remember our Irish proverb, Arthur: 'God's help is nearer than the door.'"

And a wild cheer went up from the assembled crowd as the train bore away, in search of fame and fortune, Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden.

(To be continued.)

THE crucifix preaches as no mortal tongue can do of the divine nature of that forgiveness so hard for human hearts to practise.—*Christian Reid.*

In the man whose childhood has known tender caresses there always remains a fibre of memory which can be touched to gentle issues.

Robert Southwell and His Friends.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

THE Jesuit historians, Father Tanner, in his book on the martyrs of the Society, and Father Juvencius in his history of the Order, give us fearful descriptions of what Father Southwell underwent. He was subjected ten times to torments so atrocious that, at his trial, he called God to witness that he would rather have endured so many deaths. He was hung from the wall by his hands, with a sharp circle of iron round each wrist, pressing on the arteries; his legs were bent backward, and his heels tied to his thighs. He once spent seven long hours in this position, while Topcliffe went to the city on business.

During the whole time he was asked endless questions as to the houses he had visited, the confessions he had heard, the Catholics whom he had met. But he answered nothing, except that he was a priest and a Jesuit, and that he had come to England to win souls to Christ. At times he ejected a quantity of blood, and often he seemed to be dying. Topcliffe, whom the Lords of the Council had permitted to torture him to any extent "short of death," would then take him down and sprinkle him with distilled waters until he revived. As soon as he had recovered consciousness, he was hung up again and his agony continued. Even Sir Robert Cecil, the bitter enemy of the Catholics, expressed his admiration for the fortitude that made his victim endure a torment far more painful than the rack, without betraying his faith or his friends by a single word.

The saintly prisoner was so patient, his countenance so sweet, his general demeanor so gentle and yet so heroic,

that Topcliffe's servant, who was left to watch him, looked upon him as a saint. Throughout those hours of agony he kept repeating: "My God and my All! God gave Himself to thee, give thyself to God! *Deus tibi se, tu te Illi,*"—words that he had written in his private notes in the old peaceful days at Rome.

Reports of the scenes that took place daily and hourly in Topcliffe's house, of the Jesuit's heroism amidst atrocious sufferings, gradually spread throughout London and excited an outburst of indignation. Cecil himself got alarmed, and, feigning to blame Topcliffe for having overstepped the instructions he had received, he ordered Father Southwell to be removed to the Gatehouse prison.

Southwell must have been exhausted, physically and mentally, by the ordeal he had undergone. He maintained a strict silence upon all he had suffered; only two years later, amidst circumstances of peculiar gravity, did he reveal the awful secrets of Topcliffe's torture house. The commissioners who visited him at the Gatehouse affirmed that he seemed more like a stone than a man. He was utterly helpless and unable to use his hands; his clothes were filled with vermine; his sores had festered and swarmed with worms; his bones protruded through his skin; his hair and beard were unkempt, and his whole appearance inexpressibly shocking.

After some time his father was allowed to visit him. The old English squire's blood was roused at the sight, and he wrote to the Queen, requesting that his son should be executed if he was guilty, or else "treated like a gentleman." Elizabeth replied by giving orders for the prisoner's removal to the Tower, where he remained for over two years, at his father's expense—from September, 1592, to February, 1595. The Queen allowed his father to send him some clothes and the books he asked for—a Bible and the works of St. Bernard.

Of the martyr's life during his captivity in the Tower we have few details. He was kept in close confinement, and we are left to imagine how he employed the long days and nights of absolute solitude. His sister, Mrs. Bannister, was allowed to visit him once or twice; and some of his penitents, who disguised themselves and got into the Tower garden under the pretence of buying flowers, caught a glimpse of his face at the window of his cell. Deeply moved at the sight, they knelt down, heedless of danger, to receive his blessing. He was probably deprived of writing materials; for after his death his superior, Father Garnett, obtained possession of his breviary, and found his favorite ejaculation, "*Deus meus et omnia. Deus tibi se, tu te Illi,*" pricked on the pages with a pin.

We would fain know also if Father Southwell had the joy of communicating with his spiritual son, Lord Arundel, who, like himself, was a prisoner in the Tower. These two, so closely bound by ties of mutual love and confidence, spent thirty months within a few paces of each other. Lord Arundel's French historian, Monsieur Rio, tells us that, by bribing the jailer, they were able, at rare intervals, and for a short time, to converse together. But details are wanting, and the Jesuit historians are mute on this point.

After two years' imprisonment in the Tower, we find Father Southwell writing to Cecil, to request that his friends might be allowed to visit him, or else that he might be brought to trial to clear himself of the charges against him. Cecil savagely exclaimed that if he was in a hurry to be hanged, he should be gratified; and soon afterward the Jesuit prisoner was transferred from the Tower to Newgate, where he was thrust into an underground hole called Limbo. Here he was kept for two days, in total darkness; but he was encouraged, we are told, by the remembrance of the many holy confessors of the faith

whose prayers and sufferings had sanctified his prison.

Two days after his removal to Newgate, on the 20th of February, 1595, Father Southwell was brought to trial before the King's Bench at Westminster. If details are wanting as to his long imprisonment in the Tower, all the incidents of his trial and agony have been carefully recorded by the Catholics present, and we are able to follow him step by step during the last days of his life. Before leaving Newgate for Westminster, he said, with great cheerfulness, that "his heart was full of joy." He knew now that the palms for which he had longed since his boyish days in Paris were at last within his grasp; for that a priest and a Jesuit under the reign of Elizabeth should be brought to trial was equivalent to a sentence of death.

Father Southwell was accused of being an agent of the King of Spain, a conspirator and a traitor. His bearing throughout the whole proceeding was singularly dignified. He listened with admirable patience to the insulting and absurd accusations that were heaped upon him; and whenever he was allowed to speak, he proved clearly and forcibly that he had never, in the smallest matter, wavered in his allegiance to his sovereign, "whom I obey in all things," he added, "save in matters of faith." He then went on to say, as he had done in Topcliffe's house, that he was a priest of the Society of Jesus, who had come to England, not indeed to conspire against the Queen, but to preach the Catholic faith, and, if needs be, to seal his testimony with his blood.

Only once during his trial did the prisoner's voice thrill with indignation. It was when the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, alluded to the Queen's "mild treatment" of him. For a moment the gentle martyr became a stern avenger of truth, and in an earnest voice, that went straight to the hearts of the spectators, he revealed for the first time the awful

secrets of Topcliffe's torture house. Topcliffe, who was present, broke into a violent rage; he loaded the martyr with insults, and accused him of falsehood. "Thou torturer," replied the prisoner, "what torments have I not endured in thy house, more inhuman than any rack or scaffold? These feet upon which I can hardly stand, these hands torn by your iron points, the blood that still stains your pavement, tell the leniency of your hospitality and of your heart." Topcliffe cried out that he would like to "blow all the Jesuits into dust." His blind fury contrasted with the calm earnestness of Father Southwell's demeanor as he stood face to face with his tormentor.

Nevertheless, in spite of his evident innocence, Robert Southwell was condemned in the usual form: "To be drawn to Tyburn upon a hurdle, and there to be hanged and cut down alive; his head to be struck off, his body to be quartered and disposed of at her Majesty's pleasure." As the fearful sentence echoed through the hall, the martyr's pale countenance seemed radiant with joy, and we are told that "he gave great thanks." He was led back to Newgate on foot, and on the way he was greeted by many of his acquaintances, who had come to see him pass.

A valuable manuscript, preserved at Stonyhurst College, contains an account of Father Southwell's last days on earth. It was written by Father Garnett from the testimony of eye-witnesses. It tells us how the martyr's friends were impressed by his cheerfulness and holy peace; how even his jailer at Newgate was so struck by his sweetness and patience "that he resolved upon a better state of life for the saving of his soul."

Early on the 21st of February Father Southwell was roused by his keeper, who informed him that it was time to start for Tyburn. "I thank you most heartily for this good news," said the prisoner, and he cheerfully prepared for his last

journey. As the mournful procession proceeded to the place of execution, through the wet and muddy London streets, many marks of respect greeted the confessor. An old peasant who passed near the hurdle cried out: "God in heaven bless and strengthen you!" And, in spite of the reproaches of the escort, the good old man continued to pray aloud for the martyr, who lay on the hurdle, his hands clasped in prayer and his eyes raised to heaven. A few steps farther on a lady, who was related to the Southwells, drew near and begged the Father to pray for her. "Good cousin," he replied, "I thank you. I beg you also to pray for me." Then, with gentle courtesy, he desired her to take care lest the horses that drew the hurdle should injure her; and advised her to retire, as her evident sympathy might expose her to persecution.

When he came in sight of the gallows, he was observed to raise himself as well as he could, and a bright smile overspread his countenance as he gazed on the scene of his final struggle. On arriving, he got off the hurdle, and was made to mount a cart which stood under the gallows. He was seen to wipe his mouth and face with a handkerchief, which he threw among the crowd, toward a member of the Society of Jesus, whose name is not mentioned, but who was present, closely disguised. This may have been a preconcerted signal for absolution to be given. He then asked leave to speak; and, having obtained permission, he made a touching discourse, in which he asked pardon of God for his sins, and protested that he died a loyal subject of the Queen. "I have daily prayed for her," he said, "that she may both please and glorify God, advance the happiness of our country, and purchase to herself the preservation and salvation of her body and soul." He then went on to pray for his "poor country," and to offer his life to God for "the comfort of many others." He ended thus:

"I do acknowledge and confess that I am a priest of the Catholic and Roman Church and of the Society of Jesus, and I thank God most highly for it."

The executioner then stripped him of his upper clothing and put the halter round his neck, while a Protestant minister kept harassing him with theological questions and arguments. The martyr gently begged him to desist. "Leave me alone, good sir," he said; "trouble me not. For God's sake let me alone. I die a Catholic, and hope to be saved by the death and Passion of our Saviour." He kept on praying aloud with great earnestness, and the words he uttered were distinctly heard by the Catholics who stood near the cart: "Blessed Virgin, angels and saints of heaven, assist me! I desire all Catholics to pray for me. *Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, et omnes sancti Dei, orate et intercedite pro me. Deus meus et omnia.*" When the cart was drawn from under him and he was left hanging, he still murmured: "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*"

The knot of the halter seems to have been awkwardly made; and, to add to the horror of the scene, the martyr remained hanging "a good space," says an eyewitness, perfectly conscious, with his eyes wide open. His right hand continued to strike his breast, and he even attempted to make the Sign of the Cross! At last the hangman pulled his legs violently, to put an end to his agony; and, continues the manuscript we have already quoted, "he then happily yielded up his blessed soul, closed his eyes, and looked most happy."

One of the officers present proposed to cut him down alive, according to the strict letter of the law; but the people, who had been impressed by his gentleness and his courage, would not permit it. And our manuscript observes that "no one spoke any evil word against him"; and that a Protestant lord even expressed the wish that

when he died his soul might go with his.

The next day Father Henry Garnett wrote to the Father General, to tell him of the glorious triumph of his spiritual son. "I present to your paternity," he writes, "a lovely flower, . . . an invincible soldier, a most faithful disciple and a courageous martyr of Christ, my beloved brother and companion, now my patron reigning with Christ."

Thus at the early age of thirty-three, in the prime of manhood, died Robert Southwell, one of the most gifted and amiable of the noble confessors whose sufferings glorified the Catholic Church under the reign of Elizabeth.

We can not close this brief sketch of Father Southwell's life and labors without taking leave of his beloved friends, the Earl and Countess of Arundel. Six months after the execution of his spiritual father, Lord Arundel, who was still a close prisoner in the Tower, fell suddenly ill. It is generally believed that he was poisoned; at any rate, after a violent attack of sickness presenting all the symptoms of poison, he gradually wasted away. In vain he begged to see a priest: his request was barbarously spurned. He then begged to see his wife and children, but this also was refused, unless he consented to apostatize. Every earthly consolation being denied him, the noble prisoner turned all his thoughts toward heaven; and his patience, resignation, and faith seemed daily to increase as his bodily strength diminished. He soon became too weak to leave his bed. He used then to lie all day on his poor couch, his rosary in his hand, and with such a look of superhuman peace on his pale, wan face that the lieutenant of the Tower fell on his knees before him in an agony of remorse and regret for his harsh treatment of one so patient. The Earl gravely and sweetly assured him of his full forgiveness. He lay there, repeating pious ejaculations in a low voice, till at

last, on the 19th of October, 1595, the end came; and without a struggle, the name of Jesus on his lips and his eyes raised to heaven, Philip Howard gave back to God a soul purified by eleven years' cruel imprisonment.

Seven or eight days before, he had made certain notes in his calendar, and had mapped out his prayers and pious practices for the week. When he came to Sunday, October 19, he paused, closed his book and said to his servant, "Hitherto and no further,"—words that the man remembered when exactly on the 19th of October his master breathed his last.

The deaths of Father Southwell and her husband left Lady Arundel alone in the world. Although the Queen had cruelly rejected her petition to join her captive husband and share his fate, she must have been comforted by the knowledge that, in spite of prison bars, his soul was more closely united to hers than in the days of his freedom and prosperity. The thought of the wife whom he had wronged never left Philip Howard in his prison. Shortly before his death he wrote thus: "Mine own good wife, I most humbly beseech you, of your charity, to forgive me all whereinsoever I have offended you. . . . I call God to witness it is no small grief to me that I can not make you recompense in this world for all the wrongs I have done you." And to a friend he wrote: "Tell my wife that, if I live, next to the comfort I shall reap in having opportunity to make satisfaction by penance for my offences against God, my greatest joy will be that thereby I shall show her what a great desire I have to make amends for the cruel injuries I have done her." And to Father Southwell the prisoner repeatedly expressed the same sentiments.

For years Lady Arundel had led a life of retirement and prayer, but from the time of her husband's death she seems to have given herself up yet more completely

to works of charity. She was a generous benefactress to the hunted priests and to the persecuted Catholics. The Society of Jesus, to whom she and her husband owed their conversion, had a special claim on her gratitude, and she founded at Ghent a house of studies for the English Jesuits.

In the midst of the perils and temptations of those dark times, she trembled for her children's souls; and when her daughter, an innocent and holy child, died at the age of fifteen, we find her writing, with a feeling of relief: "My Bess is gone to heaven. If it were God's will, I wish the other were as well gone after her." That "other," her son Thomas, caused her many tears. She brought him up as a Catholic; but, under King James I., she had the grief of witnessing his apostasy; although he seems to have remained an attentive and affectionate son to his mother, whose life was prolonged till the year 1630.

She died at Shiffnal in Shropshire, surrounded by all the consolations of the faith she had so dearly loved, fortified by the Sacraments, and with the happiness of seeing the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass daily offered up in her sick room. Her remains were carried to Arundel, and laid in the vault where, some years before, she had obtained leave to transfer the bones of her martyred husband.

If to-day the Catholic Church is flourishing at Arundel, where Philip Arundel's lineal descendant is its faithful, devoted and most fervent son, may we not believe that it is owing to the patient courage and heroic resignation with which the martyred Earl and his saintly wife drank their cup of sorrow to the dregs? The blood of martyrs has always been the seed from which the Church reaps her rich harvest of souls; and the martyrdom of Philip Arundel and of Anne Dacre was scarcely less cruel than that of their friend and father, Robert Southwell.

(The End.)

January, 1895.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

HIS breath is bitter cold
Who leads the little year,
The baby feet are bold,
The eyes are wondrous clear.

I reach my arms to greet
The darling of the time:
"Come here and tell me, sweet,
The meaning of the chime.

"I hear a thousand bells
Ring out across the snow,
The word their music spells
'Tis only you that know."

It ran to me and laid
Its hand against my knee,
And laughed: "Be not afraid
That evil comes with me.

"I bring the spring sunbeam
To tremble on the plow,
The crystal pools that gleam
Beneath the blossomed bough;

"The fragrant wind of June
To shake the silvered wheat,
The golden harvest-moon
The orchard's splendor fleet.

"Take this for all who live,—
This message of the year:
The Father's hand will give
To each some hope and cheer."

EXCEPTING Mary, the fairest rose in the paradise of God has had upon it blight, and has had the risk of canker-worm and locust. All but Mary. She from the first was perfect in her sweetness and her beauty. And at length when the Angel Gabriel had to come to her, he found her "full of grace"; which had, from her good use of it, accumulated in her from the first moment of her being.—*Cardinal Newman.*

Sir John Thompson.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

THE premature death of Sir John S. B. Thompson removes from the arena of Canadian political life one of its most remarkable personalities. He had risen to the first position in the Dominion with unparalleled swiftness; he died, under the most dramatic circumstances, at the moment when his brilliant career had reached its climax.

Sir John was born in Halifax, in November, 1844, of Irish parentage,—his father having emigrated from Waterford, Ireland. In 1859 the future Prime Minister began the study of law, devoting himself also to stenography, and attaining almost immediate success in reporting the debates of the local House of Assembly. In his twenty-first year he was admitted to the bar, and soon afterward married Miss Affleck, of Halifax. His career as a lawyer was exceptionally prosperous, and in 1879 he was made Queen's Councillor.

After having honorably filled the offices of alderman and chairman of the school board, he was elected representative of Antigonish in the Provincial House of Assembly, being given the portfolio as attorney-general in the following year, under the Holmes administration. On the retirement of Mr. Holmes from the leadership, Mr. Thompson became the head of the Government.

In 1881, when only in his thirty-eighth year, he gained what is said to have been the goal of his boyish ambition: he was made Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. It was characteristic of the man that he forthwith resolved to devote at least five hours daily to the study of law.

In 1885, although but little known outside of his own province, he was called to Ottawa by the sagacious and clear-

sighted Sir John A. Macdonald to fill the important office of Minister of Justice. Never was a man better fitted for the position assigned him; though it was at a sacrifice of his personal preference for the quieter paths of his profession that he resigned his judgeship to enter the arena of federal politics. His intimate knowledge of law served him at this juncture, and to it the country is indebted for the preparation of numberless statutes beneficial to public and private interests.

His subsequent career led him from distinction to distinction, from honor to honor. In the famous Fishery Treaty of 1887 Sir John took a prominent and much-applauded part, acting as legal adviser to the British plenipotentiaries. For his services upon this occasion he was knighted, receiving the Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. In the Behring Strait negotiations at Paris last year he won the respect and admiration of his colleagues by the clearness and vigor of his judgment, his firmness, impartiality, and the conscientious discharge of his responsibilities.

After the death of Sir John Macdonald, and a brief interregnum, filled by the late Sir John Abbott, Sir John Thompson became Prime Minister of Canada,—an office which he filled in such manner as to command the respect of his bitterest opponents. On October 29 he sailed for Europe, seeking rest from his arduous labors, and at the same time transacting public business. On December 12 he was sworn in as member of her Majesty's Privy Council; and having attained this high honor, died suddenly a short time after leaving the council chamber.

This impressive *memento mori*, however, comes to us, happily for the dead statesman, not as a warning of the futility of earthly honors, but as a reminder of how those very honors could be attained without sacrifice of principle or weakening of conviction.

Soon after his marriage Sir John Thompson had become a Catholic, not in name alone, but in sincerity and truth. When friends attempted to dissuade him from his change of faith on the ground that it would interfere with a promising career, he replied that, if the worst happened, he was a good stenographer, and could in that way gain a livelihood; but that he could not in any case sacrifice conviction to expediency. As the years went on, he, the rising lawyer, the judge, the statesman, above all the Minister of Justice and Premier of Canada, was exposed to bitterest obloquy because of his conversion to the Church. When urged to defend his course he answered: "I owe no man an account of the faith that is in me." And never, by word or sign, did he publicly reply to such attacks.

In his practice he was equally consistent. Unostentatiously, perseveringly, devoutly, he obeyed the precepts of the Church. He heard Mass daily when possible; he was at least a monthly communicant, and a founder and special promoter of the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa. It was the writer's good fortune to hear him, in his peculiarly well-modulated and impressive voice, address that association upon its character and aims. One of the most masterly of the late Premier's speeches in the House of Commons was upon the famous Jesuit Estates Bill, in which, in his usual dispassionate and forcible manner, he defended the Jesuit Order and the validity of its claim.

Seldom in the providence of God is granted to man so bountiful an earthly reward for sacrifices made in behalf of truth. The Dominion of Canada is ringing from end to end with encomiums upon the dead statesman. Men of every creed—Methodists (to which sect he formerly belonged), Presbyterians, Anglicans, and Jews—are all united in a grand tribute of praise and respect, not alone to his qualities as a statesman, his genius for public

affairs, his skill as a debater, and his pre-eminence as a jurisconsult; but to his worth, to his exemplary character, to his conscientious fulfilment of public as well as private duties. And his fame in this hour of his death is international. English statesmen and publicists, themselves of the highest eminence, Frenchmen and Americans, have acknowledged his rare gifts and his high integrity. And this is the more remarkable when it is remembered that few of them can, like the Marquis of Ripon, declare themselves his co-religionists.

When Sir John Thompson died at Windsor Castle, too suddenly to receive the consolations of religion, his body was conveyed to the Clarence Tower, and Father Longinotto, parish priest of Windsor, hastened thither to offer up, for the first time since the days of James II., the prayers of the Catholic Church. In that historic keep, that Castle of Windsor, new in the time of the first Henry, many remarkable scenes have taken place,—many a feudal pageant, many a splendid religious rite, when the Catholic faith was warm and living in England; but never, perhaps, was seen a more impressive sight than that of the evening of December 12, 1894. A man who had come from beyond the seas, an alien in race and religion, lay there, surrounded by the household of the Queen, who listened, as one may suppose, with curious sensations to the unfamiliar words of the Catholic ritual, pronounced by a Catholic priest. Here, where that religion had been proscribed, where a priest had been *ex officio* a traitor, this devoted son of Holy Church was honored more, perhaps, than any simple subject had ever been honored by his sovereign. The Queen caused herself to be wheeled to the side of the bier, placing upon it a laurel wreath in token of sincere friendship. Nor could she sufficiently lament, or in more touching language, the deplorable occurrence and the bereave-

ment which had fallen upon the Empire.

From Windsor Castle the remains were removed to the Lady-chapel in Spanish Place, where Cardinal Vaughan held a service. The body was afterward embalmed, to be conveyed to Portsmouth. Soldiers and high officials accompanied the funeral carriage to the train. In the train was a compartment hung with black, and decorated simply with crucifix and candles. Father Longinotto, in attendance, recited prayers or the Office for the Dead as the train passed on to its destination. At every station hundreds of people had assembled, with uncovered head. At Portsmouth an imposing demonstration of soldiers, seamen, and marines were in waiting, to serve as escort on board the great war-ship *Blenheim*, specially detailed to convey the remains to Canada. It lay in the harbor, its hull painted black in token of mourning. The cabin was arranged as a *chapelle ardente*. A storm delayed the departure of the vessel, which lay all night in sight of the English shore; while in the black-draped cabin was that silent figure, indifferent to the extraordinary homage paid it. The coffin, securely lashed, was covered with the Canadian ensign; a second and larger wreath from the Queen, and a variety of floral tributes from admiring friends, detracting from the dreariness, if also perhaps from the solemnity, of the scene.

The *Blenheim's* orders were to arrive at twelve o'clock on Wednesday, the 2d inst.; and just as the eight bells sounded for noon she entered Halifax Harbor. Her coming had been proclaimed a short time before by the raising of the Union Jack on the Citadel signal staff—a token that a man-of-war was in sight,—and by the successive salutes of cannon, beginning at Fort York and repeated from McNab's and George's islands. A little steamer presently took on board the late Premier's sons and other friends and relatives, as well as two Catholic priests, Fathers

Murphy and Moriarity, who, doning appropriate vestments, recited the *Libera* and prayers for the dead. Seamen and marines stood at attention, as ten of their number bore the body of the dead statesman to the port side of the ship, and lowered it into a small boat. Upon the shore were Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, Lieutenant-General Moore, and other distinguished personages. As the *cortège* passed out of the dockyard the bugles sounded a salute, while through streets lined with the various regiments the body of the late Prime Minister was borne to the council chamber, where it was to lie in state. Thus did Halifax, where Sir John Thompson had lived as boy and man, receive back her honored son.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, a lifelong friend of the deceased, celebrated Holy Mass, and the sanctuary was filled with a representative body of prelates and priests. An impressive silence prevailed as his Grace Archbishop O'Brien ascended the pulpit and pronounced a masterly funeral panegyric, drawing many a lesson from the life and death of the Canadian Prime Minister.

"To the justice of Sir John Thompson's dealings with all men, both as a private citizen and as a public official, we have already alluded," said the Archbishop; "and the public voice fully endorses it. The way he sought the Lord in goodness and simplicity of heart is known to his friends. He recognized it to be the first duty of a Christian to follow the dictates of his conscience, and to make his life an outward expression of his inward convictions. We shall not insult his memory nor seem to think so poorly of the enlightened citizens of this Dominion as to offer any excuse for, or vindication of, his change of religious belief, after due deliberation, in the strength of his young manhood. He who follows conscience needs no vindication in the eyes of pos-

terity, nor excuse before the bar of contemporary opinion. We shall merely say that his manner of life from the date of that change until the day of his death was that of a thoroughly practical, consistent Catholic. But in public and in private, at all times and under all circumstances, he fulfilled with regularity and exactness, not merely the essential duties of his religion, but likewise many of those which a busy man might well be excused for thinking supererogatory. This faithful discharge of his religious duties brought him into daily and close intercourse with his Creator, detaching his mind from the love of material things, causing him to see the emptiness of worldly honors and applause, and making him realize that a good name is better than riches, and the fear of God preferable to the acquirement of unjust triumphs."

That these words of the Archbishop voice the public sentiment is evident from the fact that Sir John Thompson has been held up even in Protestant pulpits as a model to the young men of the country; and Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General, in replying to a message of sympathy transmitted through him to Lady Thompson, from the children of the Methodist Sunday-schools, urged them to look upon the life and character of the deceased, and the high honors he attained, as an example and an inspiration.

The splendid funeral rites being terminated, the immense cavalcade set forth,—the richly decorated hearse drawn by six heavily-draped horses, preceded by a large number of Catholic prelates and priests in their vestments, and followed, immediately after the chief mourners, by the Governor-General and his staff, by the highest civil and military dignitaries, the lieutenant-governors of the provinces, the Anglican bishop of Nova Scotia, and the most prominent Protestant clergymen, not only of Halifax, but as delegates from the various Canadian cities, and a vast

concourse of citizens from every part of the Dominion. The streets were lined with regular troops of all branches, who guarded the approaches to Holy Cross Cemetery.

It was a glorious January day, the sun shining brightly upon flags at half-mast and splendidly draped buildings and mourning arches, and upon crowds of spectators saluting with uncovered head the solemn presence of death. At the vault Archbishop O'Brien performed the last offices and gave the final absolution. A salute was fired by one hundred of the King's Regiment, and the granite slab was closed upon the mortal remains of this true and upright Christian gentleman, this incorruptible statesman.

The Rt. Hon. Sir John Thompson died in the zenith of his fame. Following upon his death came applause heaped upon applause, honor upon honor. The laurel of victory was placed upon his coffin by the most powerful of earthly sovereigns, and the popular voice of his own nation joined with the great of other lands to complete the apotheosis.

But the fact that most touchingly appealed to the Catholic heart, that most intimately displayed the man as he was—simple, unostentatious, sincere,—was the finding upon his person after death of the Rosary and a crucifix. These things he had transferred from his ordinary wearing apparel to the Windsor uniform, the ceremonial court-dress demanded by the occasion; and that in the hour of his greatest triumph. So eloquent the incident, no further words are needed.

May this devout follower of Christ, this worthy servant of Mary, be called speedily in the house of his eternity,—to the rich reward of his blameless life! May his soul rest in peace!

ALL you can hold in your dead hand is what you have given away.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

III.—(Concluded.)

"AFTER soothing my husband into a calmer mood," continued Jessamy, "and meeting quietly all the arguments by which he now strove to dissuade me from my resolve to remove him where he could see a priest—which were as air to me, as he was my first thought, and that he should die in the faith that seemed to him best was my most earnest wish and purpose,—I went out into the town to seek a lodging.

"As I hurried along, although agitated by the horror of learning that my husband was one of the pariahs whom I had been taught to hate, that horror was not the uppermost emotion in my troubled mind. No: it was the fear that he might die without having made what seemed to him to be reparation for his sin. I soon secured a lodging, and removed him that evening. Father, mother and sisters kept aloof from us, as though we were victims of a loathsome disease. I heard loud praying in the parlor as we descended the stairs.

"As soon as I had settled my husband comfortably in our new abode, I went in search of a priest. My knees trembled when I accosted him, but the kind old man was not aware of it. He came next morning, and every day for a month, until the end. So prejudiced against everything Catholic was I that I said to my husband before the first visit of the priest:

"Patrick, in all which can help you to die in that way which you consider best I will do my utmost. But do not speak to me of aught that may pass between you and the priest; for to my mind he is but an emissary of the Evil One."

"My husband faithfully abstained from saying one word on the obnoxious subject. To this day I know not how or why he had temporarily abandoned and denied

the faith of his fathers. The priest came and went without a word from me save a curt salutation. There was an Irish servant in the house, a maid-of-all-work—in other words, a slave. She it was who at the last made ready the Sacred Table for the holy Repast, the mention of which horrified and scandalized me. It was this alien and stranger that prepared Patrick for the reception of his Lord; while I, his wife, lay groaning on my face and hands in the adjoining chamber, dominated by the stubbornness and perverseness of the Evil One. When told by Mary McEllyott that all things necessary had been done—I mean as far as went the performance of priestly rites,—I lay in wait for the Father at the foot of the stairs.

"Sir," I said, "I thank you for your fidelity to what, I doubt not, seems to you to be your duty with regard to the spiritual needs of my husband. But, if all things requisite have been attended to, I beseech you come no more. Leave him to me in his last hours."

"The good priest looked at me kindly as he answered:

"It shall be as you wish. God has been good to your husband, and He will reward you for the great sacrifice you have made. His blessing be upon you." At these words a gentler feeling crept into my soul. It was the first working of God's grace.

"When Patrick died, which was the next day, the Irish slave and myself attended him to the grave. It was a very humble one, in the corner of the Catholic churchyard. My father sent me two hundred pounds, which, he wrote, was my rightful portion, and which I received as such. Neither relative nor friend came to visit me, though the Rev. Jeremiah Swalls wrote me an angry and reproachful letter. Thus my heart was steeled against my own people, who had so lamentably failed in the Christian faith and charity of which they professed to be exponents and shining lights, and I went no more to chapel.

"Not being able to bear the scorn and contumely following upon my changed fortune, I went up to London. There I opened a small school for young children. The landlady of the house, which was filled with lodgers, made miserable the life of her servant,—this time an English girl, and, as I soon found, a Catholic. In that cheerless abode, her daily toil sufficient for three able-bodied women, her wages a pittance, the abuse of her mistress a martyrdom on earth, she led the life of a saint. There was a Catholic chapel around the corner. I soon learned that she went there at five o'clock every morning to Mass. Midnight seldom found her in bed, but never was dawn so bleak or cold that it did not see her keeping that sweet tryst with her God! Her sweetness, patience, and piety, I could not but admire.

"One night I heard her mistress accusing her of going forth at the early morning hour for evil purposes, anathematizing all things Catholic as outcomes of deviltry. That night I lay long sleepless; for the occurrence had opened old wounds of my own. I arose in the early morning and followed Anastasia, determined to learn for myself what were the orgies held—according to my landlady, under the name of religion—every day at this most unearthly hour. I saw a small, dingy building, surmounted by a cross. I entered. All was dark inside, save that portion of the chapel within the radius of the two candles on the altar. Close to the sanctuary steps knelt a group of perhaps a dozen men and women. Three or four of the latter advanced to receive Holy Communion, among them Anastasia. As the priest approached the communicants, I recognized the old man who had visited my husband in Bristol.

"Oh, say not that between this world and the other there is no connecting link,—that those who have gone before are not solicitous for the dear ones still

left on earth to work out their salvation! This is what happened to me. At the moment I became aware of the identity of the priest I cried aloud: 'Patrick, pray for me!' And then inaudibly to myself: 'Lord, help Thou my unbelief!' I wanted nothing more: then and there I became a Catholic.

"After Mass was over I went to the sacristy. There was no fear, no trembling, no hesitation,—naught but eagerness to learn. Books good Father T—— gave me, and instructions manifold; but all my doubts vanished from that hour.

"Shortly after my baptism I came to America, accompanied by Anastasia, who lived in my service until she died, eight years ago. I will not weary you with the story of the privations that brought me where I am. But this much will I say: sorrow and sickness and anxieties and poverty have I known, but never have I been otherwise than resigned to them; for I have always been mindful of the great gifts vouchsafed me by Almighty God. To have been granted such favors as are known only to those who enjoy the blessing of living in the bosom of the Catholic Church makes toil a pleasure, poverty easy to bear, and even the bread of charity palatable and sweet."

During this recital the face of the old woman had undergone a complete change, becoming illumined, spiritualized I might say, by the revelation of the soul within. The ordinary somewhat gross redness of her cheeks had given way to a pallor which idealized her usually homely countenance; her eyes swam in a tender mistiness of unshed tears. Truly, thought I, the saints are with us always in our daily paths, and we, unconscious, brush them by.

We sat a few moments longer, in a sympathetic silence which both understood, and which I was loath to be the first to break. Finally, as if struck by a

sudden thought, Jessamy came back to the hour and its realities once more. Putting her hand in the capacious pocket she always wore attached to her waist, she said:

"Well, it *was* too bad that I should have unwittingly offended those two poor feeble creatures as I did. It *is* unwise—and I shall try in future to remember it—ever to touch on any subject relating to England or the royal family with a certain class of Irish. But I have a few pinches of excellent snuff in my pocket; and, asking you to excuse me, I will take it to them. I trust my story has not wearied you, and that you at least will believe I bear no ill-will to a race who have been the missionaries of the world."

With these words, and the desired permission, Jessamy trotted off to make her peace with the indignant twain. An hour later, as I entered the chapel for Benediction, I saw them sitting side by side on the last bench, each devoutly saying her Rosary.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

VII.

LET us turn again to the subject of "things." Our author thus speaks of "things" and of their influence on the soul: "If thou seekest this or that, or wouldst be here or there, for thine own interests' sake, thou wilt never be at rest or free from solicitude." And the reason is that "in everything there will be found some defect, and in every place there will be some one that will cross thee. . . . Thy welfare, therefore, lies not in obtaining and in multiplying external things, but rather in contemning them and utterly rooting them out of thy heart. Not only with regard to money and riches, but also

with regard to ambition and honor, and desire of empty praise; all which things pass away with this world."

So favorite churches, pet devotions, and scenic work in general, have little to do with true piety, which is independent of place or person. "The place," he says, "avails little, if the spirit of fervor be wanting. Neither shall that peace stand long, if it be sought from without, and if the state of thy heart want the true foundation; that is, if thou stand not in Me." There is much that is below these serious words, to be well perpended by those pious ones who would try this and that, who mistake their private forms and formula for ends rather than means.

VIII.

There is a delusion that "feeling" a feeling of love, devotion, etc., is much the same as piety. Professors of false faith, savages, Salvation Army folk, evil-doers even, often have this "feeling." By itself it is valueless. Our author inveighs against the relying on it. "Trust not to thy feeling." And then he gives the true reason—its instability. "Whatever it may be now, it will quickly be changed into something else." As the bard puts it: "These violent delights have violent endings." If we look round, we shall constantly see persons acting under the influence of feeling, who find their "hobby," pious or otherwise, "quickly changed into something else." Not only this, but they usually suffer from a revulsion, and regard their former *penchant* with something like repugnance.

All this, however, is human nature. A person who follows his feeling yields to a lower instinct. For "as long as thou livest thou art subject to change, even against thy will." People are now joyful or sad, or devout or indifferent, in spite of themselves; or, as he happily puts it, "one day heavy, another elated." What, then, is to be done? Why, this: "He that is wise and well instructed in spirit stands above

all these changes, not minding what he feels in himself, nor on what side the wind of instability bloweth, but that the whole bent of his soul may be made conducive to the one wished-for end." And the result will be that "thus can he continue one and the self-same, without being shaken; directing, through all this variety of events, the single eye of intention unflinchingly toward God." An admirable and most eloquent strain!

(To be continued.)

The Nature of the Cures at Lourdes.

NOW that Lourdes commands, as never before, the attention of scientific men, it is interesting to note the explanation afforded by them of the extraordinary cures wrought by means of the miraculous water. Most of these gentlemen talk vaguely of the curative power of faith and hope, of "the rush of nervous energy," of manifestations of hysteria, hypnotic phenomena, etc. But the fact remains that medical science can nowise account for many of the cures effected at Lourdes.

According to Dr. Buchanan, professor of the University of Glasgow, many of the cures may be attributed to the great confidence with which the sufferers came to Lourdes. It is matter of everyday experience, however, that perhaps the larger number of those who arrive with the most confident belief that they will be healed derive no benefit at Lourdes; while there are numerous instances where persons were cured who had no hope whatever. Sometimes the cure has happened after they had renounced all hope, and were resigned to look upon it as the will of God that they should continue to suffer. In these cases, however pious the sufferers may have been, there was, besides, a feeling of disappointment and depres-

sion calculated to prevent or impede a natural cure.

The theory of nervous action is equally unsatisfactory. Dr. Gasquet mentions as a remarkable characteristic of Lourdes the absence of any attempt to excite or rouse the pilgrims. He says: "There is unquestionably excitement enough among the bystanders when a miraculous cure is supposed to have taken place; but, as far as my own observation, and the report of persons who appear to me trustworthy, go, it does not run on into anything morbid." Tranquillity reigns at Lourdes. It is a place of stillness, silence, and prayerfulness. Nothing is allowed to disturb this atmosphere.

Of the one hundred and fifty medical men who went to Lourdes last year to make personal investigations, many naturally expected to witness manifestations of hysteria or hypnotic phenomena. They were disappointed. Dr. Gasquet, who looked closely for both, remaining longer at Lourdes than most persons do, "always found the worshippers quietly devout, and, at any rate, externally calm." Hypnotic influence was nowhere discoverable. It is notable, as the same writer remarks, that, "though much is made of the supernatural cures that are said to occur, they occupy a secondary place, to an extent which it is difficult for any one who has not been to Lourdes to realize. Moral and spiritual blessings are sought far more earnestly and more generally than the healing of bodily infirmities." It is plain, therefore, that there is much at Lourdes which tells strongly against the theory of nervous excitement. There is more of what is termed religious frenzy in one Methodist camp-meeting than has been witnessed at Lourdes since the pilgrimages began.

But leaving aside diseases the cure of which may be accounted for by some natural agency, there are others which, without any contestation, are above the power of nature. Let scientists disregard

all cases of recovery from diseases comprehended under the heading of neurotic, and confine their investigation to cures of cancer, caries, necrosis, and the like. There are many instances of such; and it is easy, after a careful scrutiny of the diagnosis, to arrive at a conclusion. Dr. Buchanan, a high medical authority, already quoted, in formulating a method of examination of alleged supernatural cures, does not hesitate to declare that "where there is a sudden, complete, and lasting cure of cases of broken limbs, of organic lesion, the agency at work is greater than the power of nature."

◆◆◆

Notes and Remarks.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites held last month a reunion preliminary to the discussion of the beatification of the Venerable Sarnelli, of Naples, a member of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. A general assembly was also held in the Vatican, in presence of the Holy Father, to promulgate the decree declaring the heroism of the virtues practised by the Venerable Father Romano, of the Diocese of Naples. There will doubtless be a series of beatifications during the present year, including that of the Venerable Curé of Ars. In fact, as a number of canonization causes are rapidly nearing completion, it is quite possible that Leo XIII. may give orders for the rare and imposing ceremony of canonizing four or five of the Blessed.

Our bright contemporary, the Antigonish *Casket*, enables us to supplement Miss Sadlier's admirable sketch of Sir John Thompson, the late Premier of Canada, with some interesting reminiscences, which reveal a great soul and afford a rare example. There was in his house, says Monsig. O'Reilly, a picture of the Sacred Heart, before which he knelt every night after his return from Parliament, no matter how late the hour, never rising until he had recited the Rosary,

the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, and his daily devotions to the Sacred Heart. The *Casket* continues: "At the time of the last general election, the Premier spent the night after polling day at the Rev. Father Laffin's house in Tracadie. All Canada was intent with feverish anxiety as to the issue of the contest. But the man whom it concerned most seemed least anxious. Entering his room about ten o'clock with a bundle of telegrams, which had come pouring in from all parts, the Father found Sir John on his knees before a crucifix, calmly saying his Rosary. When he was in Antigonish last year he stayed over night with Father Cameron at Georgeville. At an early hour in the morning the priest repaired to the church to hear confessions. The Premier was already there, kneeling in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. Nor did he quit the church, though there was a goodly number of penitents that morning, until Mass was over and the priest had made his thanksgiving." Truly here is a shining example. The story of the life of Sir John Thompson will do more to strengthen faith and convert sinners than a whole library of controversial works.

The celebration which took place last month in the parish of St. Roch, Paris, was most interesting from its rarity. The venerable pastor, Father Millault, solemnized the sixtieth anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood. The octogenarian pastor celebrated Mass and preached on the occasion, and Cardinal Richard also made an address.

No intelligent person needs to be informed that Dr. Janssen's "History of the German People" is one of the most important publications of the century. Every line of it is based on documentary evidence, for which the libraries of Europe were laid under contribution. Dr. Ludwig Pastor, the successor of Janssen, was one of his pupils, and follows the methods of the master in continuing the History. As an illustration of the spirit of absolute fidelity to historic truth in which Dr. Pastor works, the *Liverpool Times* recalls an anecdote, which, although it may have been told in these pages before,

will bear repetition. One day, while he was at work in the archives of the Vatican, Dr. Pastor had an audience with Leo XIII.; and, speaking of his "History of the Popes Since the Beginning of the Renaissance," he said he feared he would have to write about some of the Popes things it was painful for a Catholic to read or write. "Write everything as it happened," answered the Pope. "*The Church needs only the truth for its defence.*"

The Church would not, of course, be what it is if it feared the truth. Error is what it dreads most. The truth never injured anything or anybody of any worth. But this remark of the Holy Father proves that in rendering the manuscript treasures of the Vatican available to scholars, he was sincerely desirous of promoting historic research.

Bishop Watterson's speech before the anti-saloon congress in Columbus was a model discourse—earnest, strong, and temperate. There is probably no body of men in the United States more disinterested than temperance-workers, but their virtue is often so vehement as to prejudice less ardent spirits against their cause. It was wise of Bishop Watterson to warn his hearers against "straining after the impracticable," and then to make a powerful plea for temperance. The Bishop urged mothers and daughters, who must always bear a large share in the work, to render their homes at least as attractive as the saloon; he contended for a more scrupulous regulation of the liquor trade, and exhorted the friends of temperance to avoid the extremes which are sure to prejudice public sentiment against their holy work. If these suggestions were carried out, with the aid of the Sacraments, the curse of drunkenness would soon be removed.

A brave life closed peacefully last week at Notre Dame. After long years of unremitting toil in the capacity of foreman of our printing-office, Brother Julius passed to his reward on the morning of the 15th inst. He had been in ill health for several years, but this did not deter him from hard, constant, uncomplaining labor. Many another would have expended all this precious time in caring for

his body. As long as he was able, he dragged himself to THE "AVE MARIA" Office; and when too feeble to leave his room, he set himself to make immediate preparation for death with the same energy of purpose. From the pulpit of his bier this humble Brother preaches a lesson to all who will hear it. His steadfastness to duty, his contempt of comforts, his patience in suffering, his resignation in the face of death, are a reproach to all—ecclesiastics of high and low degree, pious religious, and the devout laity,—who require so much rest and relaxation, so many comforts and alleviations, and whose chief occupation would seem to be to care for health and to prolong life. "The saints and friends of Christ... scarcely took the necessaries of life; attention to the body, even when needful, was irksome to them." "It is vanity to wish for a long life." Our pious, self-sacrificing colaborer took these words of "The Imitation" to heart, and lived up to them. The example of such a life and such a death as his ought to make the world a little better. God rest his soul!

The power of true faith to inspire the spirit of sacrifice was strikingly illustrated a few days ago when Mother Katherine Drexel made her solemn religious profession. Every young woman who leaves home and friends to enter a religious order makes, perhaps, as great a sacrifice as Mother Katherine; but the world can better understand the case when a daughter of the Drexels devotes an immense fortune to works of mercy, and then gives her own life to missionary labor among Indians and Negroes. We have no doubt of the success of Mother Katherine's work, or of the rapid growth of the community she has founded; for zeal and charity such as hers can not pass unrewarded. She has already done more to settle the "race problem" than could be effected by a legion of legislators. So much is example above precept.

A writer in *St. Luke's Magazine* tells a pleasant story about Cardinal Vaughan. Like his friend and father, Cardinal Manning, he was an Oblate of St. Charles. He was per-

haps better known in the United States and in many parts of South America than in the north of England at the time of his nomination to the See of Salford. On the morning of his consecration, as the story goes, he appeared at the sacristy door of the cathedral, without any attendant, carrying his carpet-bag. There he was met by the administrator, who, not knowing who the stranger was, told him to go elsewhere (to the schoolroom perhaps), as the sacristy was reserved for the prelates, and the other clergy had to vest elsewhere. But as the stranger good-humoredly persisted, and said that he had been especially told to go to the sacristy, the administrator got rather annoyed, and asked who he was, that he should want to force himself among the prelates. One can imagine the astonishment of the poor man when the stranger laughingly replied: "I am Herbert Vaughan, and I believe I am to be consecrated to-day."

There is a reason why such stories as this are edifying to hear and pleasant to repeat.

It is gratifying to know that the work of the saintly Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai is continued with undiminished zeal, and in a worthy spirit, by his successors. An official inspection of the settlement last month showed that no effort was spared to alleviate the distressful condition of those poor unfortunates. The devotion of the Sisters and of Brother Joseph, the friend and associate of Father Damien, excited the unbounded admiration of the Hawaiian Board of Health. Brother Joseph is an American convert, and was formerly an officer in the army. The sainted Apostle of the Lepers regarded his entrance into the Picpus community and his going to Molokai as a special providence. The devoted Sisters are Franciscans from Syracuse, N. Y. The material improvements made during recent years have increased the efficiency of these heroic religious, and contributed much to the relief of the lepers.

An able writer in the *Pilot*, remembering that one-seventh of the population of the United States is Catholic, is moved to meditation on the responsibilities which this

solemn fact imposes on us. We outnumber any Protestant sect; we form about one-third of the church-goers, and "there are enough of us to convert our own country and every heathen land as well." The *Pilot* asks:

"What do we owe of good example, to say nothing of direct missionary work, to the nearly forty millions of our fellow-Americans who are confessedly outside of positive religious influence? How many of these non-church-going people have strayed from the Catholic fold? How many others are repelled from the Church by the evil lives of Catholics, or by their culpable ignorance and consequent misrepresentation of the faith they profess?"

"We Catholics are surely one in seven of the population of the country. If by our united efforts we should win to the true faith double our own numbers, we should be doing little more than reclaiming our own estrays, and repairing the consequences of our own bad example or neglect.

"We are not doing anything like this; and yet too many of us boast of Catholic progress, and reproach our non-Catholic neighbors for not seeing and following the Catholic light, which we are hiding from their vision by the shadow of our bad example, or utter worldly selfishness."

This is a strong indictment but no one who knows the lethargy and indifference of many Catholics in questions of missionary enterprise can doubt its general truth. Would that every member of the Church could be brought to realize the priceless value of the gift of faith! He would then be more eager to share it with others.

A truly royal heart ceased to beat when Francis II., King of the Two Sicilies, died last month. The vicissitudes of his life, and the heroic spirit in which he endured them, should not be allowed to pass out of memory; for lives like his are none too common among us. In 1860 he was deprived of his throne by the troops of Garibaldi, and since that time he has been an exile from his own country. One consolation there was, however, of which his enemies could not deprive him; for King Francis' life was a very devout one. He heard several Masses daily, and is said to have spent most of his time before the Blessed Sacrament. His life was without blemish, and his charity bounded only by the limits of his resources. He was a worthy son of Queen Maria Christina, who received from the Church the title of Venerable, and the cause

of whose beatification has long since been initiated. It was an unfortunate and a misguided country that exchanged a king like Francis for the demagogic government which succeeded him. May he rest in peace!

The death of Christina Georgiana Rossetti, a sister of the brilliant young artist and poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is widely mourned. Her father was an indifferent Catholic and her mother a devout Protestant; and it was arranged that their two sons should be educated as Catholics, and their daughters as Protestants. Owing to the negligence of the elder Rossetti, this arrangement, as far as the boys were concerned, failed lamentably; though it is known that Dante Gabriel Rossetti, dying among strangers, clamored in vain for a priest in his last moments. With the girls, however, the plan worked better. One of them became an Anglican nun, and the other has just died after a life of singular fervor and devotedness. Christina Rossetti lived secluded from the world. For many years she devoted herself to the care of her aged relatives, and after their death her life was as generously and unreservedly given to the poor. Intense spirituality and a beautiful spirit of piety are the strong characteristics of most of the poems wherewith she has enriched English literature. It is interesting to note that she and her mother were the models for her brother's well-known painting, "The Girlhood of Mary."

The difficulties which Catholic missionaries in foreign lands are called upon to surmount are occasionally of a surprising nature. Here is an instance. In the course of last year access to Cook's Islands in Polynesia, heretofore denied to our missionaries, became feasible through the protectorate established over this archipelago by England. Father George Eich, Provincial of the Priests of the Sacred Hearts, of Picpus (of which Congregation, by the way, Father Damien was a member), visited the islands some months ago, with the view of subsequently establishing regular missions therein. He reports that the supreme religious functionaries of these Polynesian countries are two European min-

isters belonging to a sect of independent Congregationalists, supported chiefly by the Bible Society of London. The surprising point in the religious worship is that Saturday takes the place of Sunday. Not that the Congregationalist parsons entertain any special predilection for the Jewish Sabbath; but it seems that the first of their band who arrived in these islands were not past-masters in astronomical lore, and consequently never for a moment suspected that in their lengthy voyage from East to West they had lost a day. The ludicrous error is at present known to all; but, whether through obstinacy or prudence, no change has been effected. The calendar still places Easter Sunday on Holy Saturday. Father Eich's missionaries will probably undergo many annoyances before they succeed in establishing the correct practice.

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. Lawrence Corcoran, of the Archdiocese of Boston, who was called to the reward of a devoted priestly life on the 13th inst.

The Rev. James Taaffe, the beloved rector of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Brooklyn, N. Y., who yielded his soul to God on the 10th inst.

Brother Julius, C. S. C., who died a holy death on the 15th inst., at Notre Dame, Ind.

Mr. Richard B. Allen, of Lowell, Mass., whose happy death took place on the 26th ult.

Mr. Hugh Margey, who passed to his reward in Glasgow, Scotland, on the 20th ult.

Miss Mary Josephine Wallace, of San Francisco, Cal., who was summoned to her eternal home on the 5th ult.

Mrs. Anna Murnner, of Fitchburg, Wis., who died on Christmas Day, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson, who breathed her last in Chicago, Ill., on the 14th inst.

Mrs. John Frederick, of Baltimore, Md., whose life closed peacefully on the 5th inst.

Mrs. Mary Early, who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 8th inst., at Pawtucket, R. I.

Mr. John Devine, of Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Anna T. Ward, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen McHugh, Boston, Mass.; and Mrs. Ellen Sheehan, Littleton, 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 Scarecrow.

BY AUNT ANNA.

A FARMER determined to fashion a form
To frighten the crows away ;
He thought and he thought till he made a
plan

At the close of summer's day.
The body he took of a discourse sound—
On the tariff it was, I ween,—
And on it he put the head of a cask,
With a bottle's neck between ;
He used eyes of needles and ears of corn,
And mouth of a river wide,
The nose of a pitcher, the teeth of a saw,—
The farmer laughed till he cried !
The legs of a table, the foot of two beds,
And then the arms of a chair,
With hands of a clock that held up high
Tenpenny nails in the air.
But when the crows saw the wonderful form,
They cawed around with delight ;
They stayed in the corn the livelong day,
And on the scarecrow at night.

The Chapel of the Lilies.

A LEGEND OF THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.



ON a stormy, dismal night in
midwinter a belated teamster,
with a heavy load of wine,
was driving along the almost
impassable road which runs
by the little mountain church of Elend,
at the foot of the Brocken. The disc of
the moon appeared only seldom through

the dark clouds, which chased one another
across the sky. A sharp north wind shook
the bare branches of the trees that grew
thick on both sides of the way, and blew
the snow into the ravines, heaping it into
huge snowdrifts. The wind grew every
moment more sharp and cutting, the snow
deeper, and the difficulty greater for the
tired horses to draw their heavy load.

Now and then the teamster stopped and
gazed into the darkness in search of some
shelter. He called for help, but heard
only the echoes of his own voice ring
deep in the snowy wood. All remained
desolate, dumb, and awful. No friendly
light, that so rejoices the nightly wanderer,
was to be seen anywhere; no bark of dog.
The silence of death reigned. Only now
and then the dark wings of some nocturnal
bird of prey fluttered over his head, and a
ghostly rustling was heard among the dry
branches of the leafless trees. The stars
seemed like cold, silent eyes looking down
on the weary man and tired horses. The
thick clouds scudded quietly past; and
the snow, too, was silent as a spirit.

The lonely traveller grew more terrified ;
and, urging on his horses, the wagon
suddenly sunk in a deep place, and no
efforts of the exhausted animals could
move it from the spot. Loud cried the
unfortunate teamster for help. No one
heard him. In anguish he wrung his
hands, and besought the Blessed Virgin,
Hope of the Despairing, to aid him in
his distress.

Suddenly he heard a rustling in the
thicket; and a female form, like the silver
moon when she appears above the peaks

of the mountains, glided out of the darkness into view,—slender as the fir-tree of the Harz, rosy as the early dawn, fresh as meadow dew, beautiful as eternal youth. A lustre like a sunset in spring, or an Alpine glow on the perpetual snow, floated around the heavenly form, and breathed on the rigid snow masses a soft glimmer like a fairy light.

In consternation the teamster gazed at the radiant figure, that, with a celestial smile, approached the sunken wagon, and with a single touch drew wagon and horses out of the deep place.

Thrilled by the mysterious vision, and cheered by the unexpected aid, the teamster fell on his knees and endeavored to thank his helper and deliverer, expressing deep regret that he had neither gold nor silver to make an offering to her mountain chapel.

At these words the beautiful apparition touched a shrub that stretched forth its dried, thorny branches—when instantly leaves and buds burst forth, and soon the whole shrub was loaded with most beautiful lilies, that breathed forth a wondrous and unwonted perfume!

The Queen of Heaven—for it was she herself—broke off one of the lilies and formed a chalice. And as the teamster was thinking whether he might venture to fill it with wine from his casks, the vision vanished.

Meanwhile the horses had gone on with the wagon, which they now drew with perfect ease; but stood still before the Chapel of Elend. The teamster entered the oratory to thank the Almighty for his deliverance, when lo! he recognized in the painting of Our Lady over the altar his gracious deliverer, and placed the lily-chalice as an offering before her shrine.

With amazing rapidity the fame of the miracle spread over Germany, and the Chapel of the Lilies became one of the most frequented shrines. The wondrous lily-chalice was sent to Rome; but first

an exact copy of it was made in clay and preserved in Elend for many, many years. It was often shown to the pilgrims, who flocked to the mountain church in such great numbers that it was enlarged, and seven doors cut in its walls. It is sometimes called the Church of the Seven Portals, but more commonly by the prettier name of the Chapel of the Lilies.

An American Saint.

BY DORA M. BAXTER.

Speaking of flowers, dear children, do you know that from our own precious American soil have sprung two which are worthy of our deepest love and admiration? They are St. Rose of Lima and Blessed Mary Ann of Jesus, called the Lily of Quito, of whom I shall tell you another time. You notice that they are not the growth of our great republic, which, though it contains many very noble and pious men and women, has yet to add a saint to the calendar of the Church. Is it not too bad? Perhaps it is because we are not earnest enough. Yet, after all, the United States is only a hundred years old, and it takes a long time to canonize a saint; so there is no telling how many names our mother the Church may be storing up in her wise keeping.

If you look on the map of South America, you may find Lima tucked away in the lap of the Andes Mountains. They tell of a fountain in the heart of that city, the waters of which are so clear and cool and refreshing on a hot summer day that the townsfolk say: "If you drink of this fountain, you will never leave Lima." I wonder if St. Rose ever paused beside it to trail her little hand in the waters, whilst she thought those deep, mysterious

thoughts which only saints *can* think?

To tell you all about this young girl would be far too long a task. We shall say only a few words about the wondrous favors Heaven bestowed upon her. Born in 1586, she lived the simplest of lives, and died in 1617,—just thirty-one years old. She was truly a rose; for all her life she was set around by the thorns of sufferings, so strong and terrible that it is hard to realize them. Yet *she* loved them. This love of suffering, you know, is an effect of grace; for by nature we all shrink from the very least pain. When Rose was a little girl she was fond of plucking the passion-flower, which she loved because it contains those tiny nails and thorns that made her think of our Saviour's sufferings.

St. Rose was anxious that Our Lord should reveal Himself to her as He did to St. Catherine, in the presence of His Mother and St. Dominic; but, in her humility, she hesitated to ask Him. On Palm-Sunday she saw the statue of Our Lady smile, and then Our Lord Himself appeared and said these exquisite words: "Rose of My Heart, I take thee for My own." You may imagine that St. Rose forgot everything around her, and fell into an ecstasy of delight. Then she thought she would like to have a ring as a visible sign that she was the spouse of Our Lord, and she begged her brother to buy her one, which he gladly did. When he handed it to her he said: "I thought you would like these words engraved inside." Fancy her surprise when she took the ring and read: "Rose of My Heart, I take thee for My own." Was it not wonderful that her brother should know?

She is often pictured in the pretty white habit of St. Dominic, with a crown of thorns on her head. In her life there are many lessons we may learn, and a thousand little virtues to imitate. Americans ought to venerate her particularly,

if for nothing else than her being the first flower of American sanctity.

On the feast of St. Rose—the 30th of August—the Church sings this beautiful prayer in her honor:

"Almighty God, the Giver of all good gifts, who didst will that Blessed Rose, being watered by the dew of heavenly grace, should bloom in the beauty of virginity; grant us, Thy servants, that, running after the odor of her sweetness, we may be found worthy to become a sweet odor of Christ. Amen."

What the Mule Said.

Our young folk know that a ventriloquist is a person who can manage his voice so well as to make people think the sound comes from the cellar or the housetop, or any other place he may choose. Some very good stories are told of these gentlemen, but probably none more amusing than this.

It seems that a large negro was driving a mule, when the animal became tired and refused to go farther. The driver coaxed, but the mule would not budge. At length Sambo lost his temper, and used his whip unmercifully; but the poor mule only turned his head and looked reproachfully at his tormentor.

In the meantime a ventriloquist had approached, unperceived by the negro. Just as the animal turned his head in response to a vigorous blow, "*Don't you do that again!*" came as plainly as possible from the mule's mouth. The effect was magical. Sambo rolled his eyes in terror, grew deathly pale, and, dropping whip and hat, fled in mortal terror. Then the ventriloquist, who had enjoyed the scene immensely, called the frightened negro back, approached the mule, and after a few kind words induced him to follow his master.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 48.

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True Honor.

FROM ARIOSTO, BY R. H.

FORE all men live that no least shade of
 doubt
 Shall on thee fall, and *be* what thou dost seem;
 For if thou be not, soon the lie will out.
 And though, because of rank, thou'rt hailed
 aloud
 "Thrice reverend sir," "Most noble chev-
 alier,"
 Contempt shalt earn, e'en from the cringing
 crowd,
 Should nought in thee to fit thy rank appear.
 Insooth, what honor's there in flowing gown
 To strut in aisles or on the public ways,
 While slavish hinds before thy face bow down,
 Then backward on thee turn their evil gaze?
 "That's he," they hiss, "who sold our city's
 gate
 Entrusted him to keep. He set its jaws agape,
 For pelf, to the invader. Hence his state!"
 Àlas! that golden circlet, ermined cape
 Are bought in court and market "for a song"
 Or whine, by loons who honor do but ape!
 Bah! let me mingle with the nobler throng
 Of ragged Romagnoles. I spurn the gaud
 That's won by shame and worn in guile and
 fraud.

Do not think it wasted time to submit
 yourself to any influence which may
 bring upon you any noble feeling.—
Ruskin.

A Feast and Its Lessons.



IT has doubtless puzzled most
 devout servants of the Blessed
 Virgin to understand why the
 title of the festival which the
 Church celebrates on the 2d of
 February is not a palpable paradox. Purifi-
 cation means the act of purifying, or
 the process of removing from anything
 that which is impure or noxious and
 foreign to it. To speak literally of purify-
 ing her who, from the first instant of her
 Immaculate Conception to the glorious
 moment of her assumption into heaven,
 was the perfect type of the most absolute
 purity possible to a creature, would indeed
 be a far more "wasteful and ridiculous
 excess" than to gild refined gold.

According to the Mosaic Law, every
 woman after childbirth was to be con-
 sidered unclean during a certain period
 of time, and was to forego certain rights
 or privileges during a still further period.
 In the case of a man-child, the law
 ordained that the mother "shall be
 unclean seven days, . . . and on the eighth
 day the infant shall be circumcised. . . . But
 she shall remain three and thirty days in
 the blood of her purification. She shall
 touch no holy thing, neither shall she enter
 into the sanctuary, until the days of her
 purification be fulfilled." (Lev., vii, 2-4.)

Obviously, such a law, obligatory as it undoubtedly was on all other Jewish women, and intelligible as are its provisions concerning them, in no way constrained or was applicable to the Immaculate Mother of Jesus. In her case some of its provisions were necessarily disregarded. "She shall touch no holy thing," runs the ordinance; but during each of the forty days and nights that intervened between the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the Angels and the *Nunc Dimittis* of holy Simeon, during every hour of the interval between Christmas and the Purification, Mary *had* touched and fondled and caressed, not merely a holy thing, but the origin and perfection, the source and the sum of holiness itself—her Infant Son, who was God.

"Neither shall she enter into the sanctuary." But where *was* earth's truest sanctuary during those forty days, if not within the circlet of Mary's arms, where Jesus lay? Or what Holy of Holies of the Old Dispensation could compete with the virginal breast whereon the God-Man slumbered? From the Annunciation to the Nativity, Mary's womb had been a holier shrine than Jerusalem's Temple; and the Shepherds and Magi who prostrated themselves before the Crib in the stable-cave of Bethlehem had visited a sanctuary more sacred far than that within whose hallowed precincts pious Anna made her home, and Simeon prayed for a sight of the Messiah.

With strict justice, then, Our Lady might have said: 'What need have I of being purified, or why should I abstain from entering the Temple,—I, whose virginal womb has been so long the temple of the Holy Ghost and the Eternal Word? Who shall forbid entrance into the sanctuary to me, who have brought forth the Supreme Master of the sanctuary? What contamination that necessitates cleansing can there be in my delivery of Him who is the source of all purity, and

who is come to cleanse the whole world of its sins?' While she could reasonably have urged these and similar considerations against her compliance with a law to whose ordinances she certainly was not subject, she, nevertheless, from various motives, preferred willingly to submit to its exactions.

The first of these motives was a desire to imitate as perfectly as possible the example of her Divine Son. Exempt as He was from all shadow of sin, and consequently from the law of circumcision, He yet allowed that stigma of sin, that sign of the sinner, to be imprinted on His sacred flesh; and Mary, who in becoming the Mother of her Lord had not ceased to be His handmaid, knew no greater joy than to conform to the standard which He had set. "O truly Blessed Virgin," cries St. Bernard, "there was no need, no reason for your purification! But was there need of your Son's circumcision? Be you among women as one of them; for your Son is among ordinary children even as one of themselves."

Just as our Divine Saviour, then, desired to submit to the painful law of circumcision, in order publicly to profess His humility and obedience, as well as to remove all occasion of scandal, so, for a like motive, did His Virgin Mother observe the law of purification. The avoidance of scandal, in one sense, required this observance; as the unimpaired virginity of Mary was unknown to all save the chosen few blessed with the intelligence of Heaven's marvellous designs. For a similar reason, Christ during His public life consented to pay the didrachma, or tribute. Having said to Peter: "What is thy opinion, Simon? Of whom do the kings of the earth take tribute or custom? Of their own children or of strangers?" He added: "But, that we may not scandalize them, go thou to the sea, and cast in a hook; and that fish which shall first come up take; and when thou hast opened its

mouth, thou shalt find a stater; take that and give it to them for Me and thee."*

A second motive by which Mary was actuated in submitting to what Father Faber calls "that true-hearted deceit of humility, her needless Purification," was the desire to excite us by her example to the quest of purity, or our own purification; just as Our Lord in His fleshly circumcision urges us to circumcise our hearts. St. Bernard gives some prominence to this additional motive. "Why do we say of the Blessed Virgin," he asks, "that she purified herself? Why do we say of Jesus that He was circumcised? In all truth she had no more need of purification than had He of circumcision. It is consequently for us that He is circumcised and she purified, both giving an example to penitents; so that, abstaining from vice, we should first submit to the circumcision of this abstinence, and then purify ourselves by penance from the sins we have committed."

Jesus and Mary love to see us pure, and they both teach us to seek purity in the temple. Knowing that our weakness is subject to many stains, Jesus has opened for us in the heart of His Church an abundant source, a perennial fountain in which we may lave at will our sin-stained souls. If, then, we profess to love Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, it is incumbent upon us ceaselessly to strive for the attainment and preservation of purity of soul and body. We can learn this purity at the school of Jesus, and draw it from Him as from its source. We can learn it, too, at the school of Mary, whose purity excelled that of the angels themselves. If we attach our hearts sincerely to her, she will prove the channel through which holy purity, like a beneficent stream, shall flow upon us, to cleanse us and to save.

The third motive of Mary's submitting to the law of purification was her desire solemnly to offer, on the occasion of this

legal observance, her Son in the Temple. From His very infancy that Son wished to honor the Temple and accomplish the prophecy of Aggeus: "And the Desired of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts... Great shall be the glory of this last house more than of the first."* In magnificence of construction, the first Temple far excelled the second, built by Zorobabel on his return from captivity. Yet it was written that the glory of the latter should eclipse that of its predecessor, because Christ was to enter therein to offer Himself, to preach, and to work miracles. From His birth, Christ, who in His mortal flesh was a perpetual victim before His Father, desired to offer Himself for us in every species of sacrifice; and His Presentation in the Temple, on the occasion of His Blessed Mother's Purification, was the public and solemn oblation of Himself, in an unbloody manner, to that Father for our redemption. He wished not only to redeem us, but to be redeemed for us, as in very truth He was when, as in the case of other first-born sons, Mary paid five shekels for His ransom. The Blessed Virgin made the offering without the usual lamb, for she offered the true Lamb. She ransomed Him not so much in her own name as in that of the whole world; and henceforth He is wholly ours, as being not only given to us by His Father, but redeemed for us by Mary.

Yet another motive for Our Lady's Purification was the lesson thereby given to all mothers, that they should offer their children to God from their birth. As the true destiny of every child born into this world is to live a faithful observer of God's holy law, and ultimately to join the innumerable throng of the elect in heaven, the Christian mother should offer her offspring to the Almighty from the first moment of their mortal life, and pray that the offering may never afterward

* St. Math., xvii, 24-26.

* Agg., ii, 8, 10.

be rejected. The beautiful ceremony of blessing women after childbirth—or “churching,” as it sometimes called,—is well calculated to impress mothers with a lively sense of this obligation, and to animate them with a fervent desire to rear their children in the practice of virtue. It is the one ceremony of the Christian Church, which nearest approaches the Jewish *purification*; and in the prayer which the priest pronounces over the mother kneeling before the altar, there is a continued allusion to Our Lady’s feast:

“Almighty and everlasting God, who, by the Blessed Virgin Mary’s happy delivery, hast changed into joy the pains of the faithful in their childbearing, mercifully look down upon this Thy servant, who comes with joy to Thy holy temple to return Thee thanks. And grant that, after this life, she may, by the merits and intercession of the same Blessed Mary, deserve to be received, with her child, into the joys of everlasting happiness. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.”

◆◆◆

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF “MY RAID INTO MEXICO,” “BETTER THAN GOLD,” ETC.

V.—MIRAMAR.

IN the April of 1864 the eyes of the civilized world were turned toward Miramar, the castle of Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph of Austria, situated upon a jutting and precipitous headland that cast its turreted shadows over the blue and placid waters of the Gulf of Triest. Hither had repaired in this glorious springtime a score of deputies representing a plebiscite of the people of Mexico solemnly authorized to offer the Imperial Crown to the “best gentleman

in Europe.” In the previous September came to this home of happiness and peace another deputation representing the Assembly of Notables, pleading for their unhappy country, and tendering the Archduke the Mexican throne. On that occasion the Archduke firmly refused to accept until the Mexican people should ratify the action of the Notables, and certain great powers of Europe should guarantee the stability of the throne which was offered to him.

The plebiscite had been taken, the guarantees had been given; Napoleon III. was becoming urgent; and in an evil hour for himself and his beautiful young wife, Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph of Hapsburgh accepted the Imperial Crown of Mexico, with the title of Emperor Maximilian I.,—accepted it with its solemn oath of office:

“I, Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, swear to God by the Holy Evangels to procure, by every means in my power, the happiness and prosperity of the nation, to defend its independence, and to conserve its integrity and its territory.”

Maximilian was born at the Palace of Schönbrunn, near Vienna, in July, 1832, and at the date of his creation as Emperor of Mexico was thirty-two years of age. He was six feet high, and slender. His movements were exceedingly graceful, and his greeting genial and courteous. The expression of his face was friendly, as was also his bearing; yet even with his intimates he was never familiar, ever preserving a certain dignity of manner. He was true to his friends and loyal unto death. His love of beauty and harmony was so great that he could not divest himself of the idea that a fine form must contain a noble soul. Brought up in that gayest of capitals, Vienna, educated at its brilliant court, this Prince was never prone to frivolity, or to the follies—usually vicious—that beset a youth in his position; and while others were sipping the intoxicating and enervating sweets of a life at court, he was immured with his

professors, or engaged upon the mastery of some profound and erudite work. He was charitable in his judgments of men and motives; and, though intolerant of any abuse of power, he was an imperialist in every sense; while his devotion to the tenets of the Catholic Church recognized no limit.

His sole vanity was his luxuriant beard, straw-colored in hue, which was cared for with feminine solicitude. When about to be shot on the "Hill of the Bells," and as he uttered, "Ah! what a glorious day! It is such as I desired for my death," he took his beard in his left hand, twirled it round, and placing it inside his vest, buttoned his coat over it.

The Castle of Miramar he built after his own design, and hither he retired in 1859, on the opening of the Franco-Italian campaign; resigning the governor-generalship of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, albeit this kingdom was to become one of the prizes of the campaign; preferring his books to the brainless decoration of a diadem.

On July 27, 1857, he wedded the Princess Maria Carlotta Amelia, daughter of Leopold I., King of Belgium, and the "pious Queen" Louise Marie, the second daughter of King Louis Philippe. She was but sweet seventeen when Maximilian wooed and won her, and bore her to his beautiful Castle of Miramar. It was a love-match on both sides, and one that gave richest promise of splendid fruition.

Carlotta was tall, exquisitely moulded, and graceful as a fawn. Her eyes were deep, deep blue, and heavy-lidded. Her nose straight, with a *soupeçon* of the aquiline. Her mouth was small, the lips being rich and red. When she looked at you, it was a gaze that sought the truth. You could not lie to her; or doing so, your humiliation was hateful to yourself. She possessed a gentleness that won all who met her; while her manner, if courtly, was winsome and gracious to a degree.

She spoke and wrote with equal fluency French, German, English, Spanish, and Italian; and was literally an expert in every matter appertaining to court etiquette. She was noted for her acts of charity from her childhood; she would spend hours, nay, entire days, before the altar of the Blessed Virgin in the beautiful Cathedral of St. Gudule in Brussels; and on more than one occasion messengers have been dispatched from the court to fetch her and her attendant back to the palace. So exemplary was her piety that at one time it was semi-officially announced that she had taken the veil. Had she done so, what a horror of unendurable anguish it would have saved her! But Almighty God willed it otherwise.

It was on a glorious morning in the month of April that three pedestrians strode along the rocky causeway leading from the direction of Triest to the romantic Castle of Miramar. The view was indeed a superb one,—Miramar gazing at its own beauties in the glassy waters beneath, where ships of war lay at anchor, gaudy with the multi-colored flags and gorgeous in bunting; while smaller craft of every sort, size, shape and description flitted hither and thither, their snow-white sails causing them to resemble so many gigantic sea-birds. In the distance, perched upon another headland, the lordly Castle of Duino, the seat of the Hohenlohes, dating from the days of the Romans, and whither it was the custom of the lad Maximilian to pull across in a "trim-built wherry," and take the young Princesses out for a row. From olive-crowned heights and hooded hollows peeped the blood-red campanile of many a lordly mansion; and tiny villages, glowing in whitewash and crimson tiles, dotted diminutive bays, or hung on perilous crags in seeming readiness to fall off.

"By jingo, we're late!" exclaimed Harvey Talbot, clutching his companion, Arthur Bodkin, by the arm.

"Why? How?"

"Don't you see, man, that they are raising the Mexican flag on the tower?" And as he spoke the *trigarante*, or tricolor, floated majestically to the fresh and gladsome breezes of that glorious but ill-omened spring morning.

"What does that mean, Harvey?"

"It means that Maximilian has just taken the oath of allegiance to Mexico; and, if we put on a spurt, we may push our way into the church and hear the *Te Deum*."

The roadway was blocked with vehicles, the horses gaily caparisoned in honor of the occasion, while the occupants were as so many clots of color—vermilion predominating. The country folk in hundreds pressed onward; and as the cannon from the man-of-war in the picturesque bay thundered forth an imperial salute, cheer upon cheer from the rock-bound shore answered each and every broadside.

Placing Rody O'Flynn in front, and urging him to do his "level best" to push his way to the Castle—a task which the genial giant undertook with a will,—a few minutes found them in the outer court, beyond which no one without a pass was admitted: a detachment of dismounted dragoons, leaning on their carbines, guarding the entrance to the Court of Honor, as the inner structure was named.

"I'm afeard that we're bet, gentlemen," observed Rody, somewhat ruefully. "I cud down three or four of thim, an' yez cud scrooge in while the ruckshin was goin' on; but that wud do yez no good, or me either," he added, with a grin.

"Well, it looks like checkmate," said Arthur, gloomily.

At this moment a carriage attached to four horses, the postilions wearing the imperial livery, entered the court,—the masses of people wedging closer in order to admit of its passage. Seeing that further progress was hopeless, although

the dragoons had gallantly come to the rescue, the door was flung open, the steps let down, and a lady helped out by a footman as gorgeous as a golden pheasant. The lady stepped almost on Arthur Bodkin's toes, and raised her eyes as if to apologize, when an exclamation of delighted astonishment burst forth from him, and a single word from her:

"Alice Nugent!"

"Arthur!"

They had not met since that night at St. Patrick's Ball at Dublin Castle. Upon receipt of Miss Nugent's telegram, Bodkin lost no time in rushing up to Dublin, only to find that she had left Merrion Square that morning for London. In London he could pick up no clue; consequently, after a delay of some days in the modern Babylon, where he was joined by Harry Talbot and the ever-cheerful, faithful Rody, the trio proceeded to Vienna, putting up at a wondrous old hostelry in the Brännergasse known as the Rothen Krebs, or Red Crab.

As luck would have it, Talbot, the very morning after their arrival in Vienna, encountered an old friend in the person of the Honorable Bertie Byng, second secretary of the British Embassy, who put our friends up at the Jockey Club, where Arthur learned that Count Nugent with his niece had arrived in town a few days previously, and where he obtained the Count's address. On presenting himself, with a beating heart, at a rusty-looking, very venerable house in a gloomy little street, narrow as a laneway, the eaves of the houses shutting out the sky, he discovered to his dismay that the family had repaired to their country place in Bohemia, which he ascertained at the Club was in a very wild portion of the country twenty miles from the nearest railway station, and six hours from Vienna.

"I must see her at all risks," he said to Talbot; "and I have no time to lose. Byng told me at the Club to-night that

the deputation from Mexico will be received at Miramar this week, and that the new Emperor, Empress, and suite will sail on the 14th. They had the information at the Embassy."

In pursuance of this intention, an early train found Bodkin *en route* to Podiebrad, a small wayside station in the heart of beet-growing Bohemia. Here, after considerable difficulty, owing to his absolute ignorance of an impossible language, he hired a rickety vehicle, attached to an equally rickety horse, and jogged along a road as straight as a rule and as even as a billiard table, bordered on both sides by plum trees laden with a superabundance of sweet-smelling blossoms. The only break in the monotony of the drive was an occasional peasant woman laden with an immense pack, which she carried on her back; or a line of geese marching in file with military precision,—a sweet, sunny-haired, rosy-cheeked little maid bringing up the rear, wattle in hand.

The Castle of Hradshrad, the residence of Count Nugent, crowned a small eminence commanding the surrounding country,—a splendid old pile forming three sides of a square; the Court of Honor being flanked by a church on the right hand.

A hoary-headed seneschal received Arthur Bodkin with the medieval deference of a varlet waiting upon a plumed knight. As this worthy official spoke no language that Arthur could understand, a middle-aged woman who dabbled in French was brought into requisition; and after a very good-humored but vigorous word combat, poor Bodkin learned that the Nugents had slept but one night at Hradshrad; that they had gone to a place called Gobilduo for one night; and that they were to make one-night visits *en route* to Triest, *alias* Miramar; Vienna being left out of the programme. After a substantial feed in an old oaken hall surrounded by grim-looking portraits, suits

of mail, and the antlers of deer brought down in big "shoots," Arthur Bodkin returned to Nimburg, arriving at Vienna in the "wee, sma' hours ayont the twal."

Upon the following day Bodkin and Talbot, attended by Rody, started for Triest, where they found every hotel and lodging-house crammed from cellar to garret, the Emperor having passed through to Miramar; and after a night passed upon benches, Rody sleeping on the floor, the trio set out on foot for Miramar, it being impossible for love or money to obtain a vehicle of any sort, shape, size, or description.

"At last! at last!" cried Arthur, taking Miss Nugent's hand, and holding it pretty tightly. "I have been chasing you all over Europe." And in a few words he informed her of his vain but vigorous efforts to catch up with her.

"My uncle is very ill in Triest. He can not be here to-day of all days. I waited for him till the last moment. I know that I am late. And you—"

"We can't get in."

"*We?*" interrogatively.

"Let me present my dear old friend, Harvey Talbot."

Talbot having said something very pretty, Miss Nugent exclaimed:

"I can pass you in. I see the officer of the Guard. I know him. He dances to perfection." And advancing to the spider-waisted, broad-shouldered, silken-mustached dragoon, who bowed to the very earth, she said something to him in a low tone, placed the tips of her fingers on his outstretched arm, and, turning round, cried: "Come along!"

"What infernal coxcombs these Austrian officers are!" growled Arthur, as they passed into the inner court. "I'll take my oath this fellow wears stays."

The swelling organ "that lifts the soul to God" pealed forth the glorious sound waves of the *Te Deum* as our friends took up their places near the door

of the church; and after each had knelt and made obeisance, Miss Nugent whispered to Arthur:

"Do not leave Miramar until I see you. I must join the court." And she glided away, accompanied by the slim-waisted captain.

Never did a more brilliant or imposing sight meet the eye than that presented in the beautiful church at Miramar. Within the altar railings were the Archbishop and numerous other prelates of distinction, arrayed in full pontificals, mitres and copes and robes and crosiers glittering with jewels; acolytes in crimson and white; court functionaries in resplendent dresses; officers of the army and navy in brilliant uniforms; ambassadors of foreign powers with their ribbons and orders, and the Emperor Francis Joseph in state attire as the central figure; the newly-created Emperor looking proud, excited and happy; and his lovely Empress, her tears vying with the flashing diamonds of her diadem, surrounded by beautiful women in ravishing toilettes and bejewelled à outrance.

As the *Te ergo* sounded forth, Carlotta sunk upon her knees, followed by Maximilian, and then by all present; while the perfumed incense ascended heavenward like a visible prayer.

The captain of the Guard, taking Arthur and Talbot under his care, after the ceremonies were over, brought them to the Guard's mess, where they ate like troopers, and drank to the Emperor and Empress of Mexico. Luckily, this officer spoke fairly good English, and proved himself amiable and intelligent as well as hospitable. He seemed intuitively to comprehend the relation between Count Nugent's niece and Bodkin, and was playful and facetious, in a gentlemanlike way, on the chance meeting of the lovers.

"I may be courtmartialed yet," he said in substance, "for I had strict orders; but who could refuse *such* eyes under *such* circumstances? My colonel is a fearful

martinet, and woe to the "sub" who disobeys an order of Ludwig von Kalksburg! Do you know him?" he asked, as a deep frown settled on Arthur's face.

"A little," said Bodkin; "and I should be exceedingly sorry if you should come to any grief through *me*."

An orderly entered and handed the captain a note.

"You will come with me, Mr. Bodkin," he said as soon as he had perused the missive; "and you will kindly remain until my return, Mr. Talbot."

Following his cheerful guide, Arthur found himself in a small apartment overlooking the Gulf.

"You will find me in the mess room, Mr. Bodkin. Don't hurry on my account," laughed the dragoon, as he quitted the room.

In a few seconds a *portière* of priceless tapestry was pushed aside, and Alice Nugent entered. What actually takes place at the moment of meeting between lovers is not for the chronicler's pen,—at all events, it is not for mine, and the ink refuses to respond to the nib.

"What are your plans, Arthur?" asked the girl.

"My plans are to be near you, no matter how I can get there, or in what capacity. Alice, I mean to enlist in the Emperor Maximilian's bodyguard, if I can do no better. I shall come to Mexico, if not with you, by the next steamer. I may get there before you, as you will go in a man-of-war, the *Novara*, a slow old tub."

"Why, you seem to know all about it, Arthur. Let me see whom I could interest in your behalf," and she placed a dimpled finger to her forehead. "I have it! I can give you a letter to Baron Berghheim, a dear old friend, who won't understand and who won't *mis*understand. He is one of the chamberlains. Wait a minute. I'll write it now. He is in Vienna. You must return to-night and see him." And she disappeared.

Arthur, his heart glowing with happiness, turned to the window, and, gazing down at the gaily-dressed ships, began to speculate as to whether he was destined to sail in one of them, and if so in which, when the ring of spurs smote his ear, and, turning, he found himself face to face with Count Ludwig von Kalksburg.

The expression upon the Count's face was malignant and menacing as, advancing a step, he said:

"May I ask at whose invitation you are in this apartment, sir?"

"I fail to recognize your right to ask me impertinent questions," retorted Arthur, red-hot anger flaming within him.

"I *have* the right, sir. Here are my credentials." And he pointed to a small gold key attached to his sword-belt, for he was in uniform.

"That tells me nothing," was the contemptuous answer.

"If you do not choose to leave the room, sir, I shall have you put out of it."

"If you choose to continue your impertinence, I shall put *you* out of it through that window."

At this juncture an authoritative voice called: "Kalksburg! Kalksburg!"

"I shall see you later," said the Count, as, with a gesture denoting intense impatience, he hastily withdrew.

Not a second too soon; for the tapestry was again pushed aside, and Alice Nugent reappeared, a letter in her hand.

"This is for the dear old Baron. See him. He speaks splendid English. You will like him. He will like you. Be frank with him."

"How much may I tell him, Alice?"

"Oh, anything you like! There! I must leave you. Write or wire me here. O Arthur, if I could only think that you were coming with us!"

"*Quien sabe!*" laughed Bodkin. "That's my first attempt at Spanish, and I promise you it won't be the last. I shall peg into it the whole way across. One second,

darling! I'll write you to-morrow. In any case, I'll return here to say '*Adios*,' if not more."

Arthur found Rody awaiting him in the court.

"I colloguered a yoke out of an ould chap below that'll take us back to the town, Masther Arthur. Come this way, if ye plaze, sir—it's a short cut,—an' Misther Talbot's waitin'."

"How did you manage the conveyance, Rody?"

"Well, sir, for to tell the truth, there's the nicest little *colleen* down below near the big gate. I got acquainted wid her; an', upon me song, she undherstands me Irish betther nor me English. She got me into the chapel—good luck to her! Glory be to God, it bates all I iver seen! Sich goold an' picttures; an' the althar solid goold, an' the candlesticks as high as Nelson's Pillar—rale silver. I'd give a month's wages for Father Edward to set his eyes on it. Wudn't his heart lep for glory!"

Harvey Talbot was at the gate.

"I'm afraid that decent fellow, the captain, is in for a wiggling. His colonel; an ill-looking blackguard, discovered that he passed us in; and as I heard your name hissed out pretty often, I thought I'd take a hand in the game, knowing that his remarks were not exactly in praise of you; so I told him slowly, but very distinctly, that if he said anything against *you* he would have to reply to *me*."

They found an *einspänner*, or one-horse carriage, in readiness, the pole in the middle, the horse on the right side of the vehicle; on the box a jovial old chap, whose rubicund nose gave direct evidence that *he* had not neglected to toast the new Emperor; and having in the rear a very comely girl, with yellow hair and blue eyes,—the eyes being only for the stalwart form of Rody O'Flynn.

"Good-bye, *acushla!*" he was heard to say. "It won't be my fault if I don't

come across ye agin. Bedad, mebbe ye're goin' to Mexico, no less!" And, pointing seaward, he uttered the word "Mexico" thrice, the girl nodding and smiling. "Murderer!" he added, as he mounted the box, "I'm afeard I might as well be sayin' 'cuckoo' to her as 'Mexico.'"

(To be continued.)

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

IV.—THE STORY OF A CURSE.

MRS. VAUGHAN had been at the Home many years, although she was even now much younger than the majority of her companions. Rheumatism, that enemy of poverty and toil, had early crippled her hands and feet; and a kind benefactor of the Little Sisters had sent her to them almost in spite of their protestations that a hospital for incurables was the proper place for one so afflicted. They had never regretted having received the good creature; for she had a sunshiny nature that diffused its cheerfulness over all with whom she came in contact. Among other pious customs she had one of saying the Rosary every day for some particular intention of her own or others; and so well was this known, and so great the confidence which existed in the efficacy of her prayers, that among the inmates, the Little Sisters included, she frequently had her "intentions" bespoken days in advance.

It was therefore in a gently rallying spirit that I remarked one evening after Benediction, as I took a seat beside her on the porch:

"Well, Mrs. Vaughan, how is your rheumatism, and for whom are you saying your beads to-day?"

"The rheumatism is the same as always, ma'am," she said, "unpleasant company; but one can get used to that in time too,

if one doesn't be complainin' and frettin'. And as for the beads, I'm after finishing them for the soul of one who died this day ten years; though God in heaven grant he's won there long before now. 'Tis a strange tale. I'll never get over pondering on it while I live. You'd scarce believe me if I'd tell it to you, ma'am."

"There is nothing you could tell me that I would not believe, Mrs. Vaughan," I said, taking her hand in mine; "for I know nothing could induce you to relate that which you believed to be untrue."

"Thank you for that same, ma'am," she replied, simply; adding after a moment of reflection: "Sure there'll be no harm, as long as I don't give names."

After having replaced her beads in her pocket, she drew from her bosom a little chamois case, and took from it a small silver cross, which she pressed to her lips.

"Kiss that, ma'am," she said. "'Tis a great relic—a bit of the True Cross, that my poor father prized above all he owned. It's often I heard him tell of it; but I never saw it till it came into my hands ten years back, long after he was dead and buried."

I reverently kissed the relic, as I had no doubt of the accuracy of her assertion.

"They talk of miracles," she went on. "Some doubt them and some believe in them. What I'm going to say of the way that cross came back to me again is strange, if it isn't a miracle. God had a hand in it, any way. I'd best begin in the middle of my story, ma'am, the better to explain it all to you. When I first came to the Little Sisters I wasn't so bad at all as I am now,—not such a burthensome, awkward creature; yet bad enough, God knows. It's often in those days the good Mother gave me leave to spend a Monday with an old friend in the West End, and I always went in the wagon—'twas easier than the street-cars,—and they'd call for me in the evening after they'd made the rounds of collecting the cold victuals and

coffee, and so on. One morning there sat a strange man beside Tom Tierney, who drove in those times. He was—the strange man, not Tom—of a strong build, with black, piercing eyes, and a long, grey beard. But after I'd looked at him a while I saw, from the trembling of his hands and the twitching of his lips, that he wasn't as strong as he looked. He was seventy-five, any way.

“You're a newcomer,' says I, after a bit, thinking to break the quiet; for, though Tom Tierney had enough talk in him, the stranger was very gloomy.

“Yes,' says he; then, civil enough, and looking at me very sharp: ‘And, by your speech, you're a Cork woman.’

“I am,' says I, ‘and proud of it too.’

“With that he turned away his head, and hadn't a word for a good while. Something in his manner made me sure he was of good education, and I couldn't bring myself to joke or make any more freedom. I disremember now how it came about, but Tom and I got talking of curses. I think 'twas Tom drew it down. He said he hadn't any fear of any one's curse; God didn't mind those things at all.

“Well' says I, just as I'm telling the tale to you now, ma'am, ‘I know a story of a curse that was the ruin of those it was called down on.’

“And who were they?’ asked Tom.

“My own father and my own family,' says I.

“The man on the front seat turned about—I mind it well, his eyes were so piercing,—and says he:

“Who was your father, and where did he live?’

“His name was Terence Doherty, of the parish of —, near Youghal.’

“Ah!' says he, facing round again, and drawing in his lips for all the world as if he'd a mind to whistle, and then thought better of it. 'Twas the last word he spoke on the road—or as far as I went on it, anyhow.

“Go on with your story,' says Tom.

“I will,' says I. ‘And I'll have you know, Tom, at the start, that there's not an evil or a hard wish in my heart against the one that drew down that curse upon us; for, through poverty and exile, my father never so much as lifted an eyebrow in the way of revenge. He'd always be saying 'twas only a way God had of trying our souls to see would we win heaven, and maybe to punish his own hard-headedness in the trifle of a bit of land.

“Oyeh! go on with your story,' says Tom again.

“Well, I will,' says I; and with that I made a fresh start.

“We were an old family in the place. Decent, respectable farmers were the Dohertys from all time that any one remembers. The parish priest was Father Neville, a great man for improvements, but not equal to a word of contradiction. My father had a bit of land adjoining the graveyard, and Father Neville took it into his head that it was needed, as the burying-ground was filling up very fast. He asked my father what would he give it for, and my father said he wouldn't sell it. The priest got angry—he was a very hard man in his temper, as I told you before,—and then he said my father should let him have it, whether or no. They grew hot with each other, and the longer they talked the worse they got. So it went on, till there was two sides in the parish in regard of it,—one taking part with the priest, and the other with my father. Finally they met of a day on the road, and after some words the priest raised his stick. My father took it from him, broke it in two pieces, flung it into the field, and walked away, the priest roaring after him.

“That night my father was very quiet and lonesome in the house: my mother couldn't get a word out of him. ‘Terence,' says she (I've often heard the both of them tell it), ‘if it's in regard to the bit of meadow you're fretting, give it to

his Reverence. Sure it can bring us no luck to be opposing the anointed of God.' My father sat with his head in his hands, and made her no answer. The children were in bed, and all was quiet in the house at the time. Suddenly there came a knock at the door. My mother opened it, and who should be in it but Father Neville himself, and he raging mad! 'Will you let me have the bit of land?' says he. 'Say yes, or I'll curse you and yours.'—'I will not, your Reverence,' says my father, straightening himself and standing up to him; 'though but a moment ago, before you came in, I was considering it. 'Tis my own land, and I'll keep it, curse or no curse.'

"With that the priest walked over to the wall where the relic was always kept hanging up in a little bit of a glass box. He took down the box, opened it, and held up the relic cross in his hand. 'Who gave you this?' he asked my father.—'You know well, your Reverence,' says he, 'that my grandfather got it from the Bishop of Cork, who was a distant relative; and he got it from the Pope.'—'So I've heard and so I believe,' says the priest. 'Under this roof may it never rest again till you prove yourself worthy to possess it.' With these words he put it in his pocket and walked out of the house. But as he was closing the door he turned about, and says he: 'You'll have crosses enough before you die without this one,—take my word for it. May you and your wife and your children be wanderers on the earth from this time forward!'

"I often wondered my father and mother let him take away the relic as they did; but they were very gentle, kindly people, and wouldn't lift a hand that way; especially as my father was sore and ashamed and surprised at himself concerning what had happened that afternoon on the roadside. Said my father once and he telling it to myself: 'I misdoubted then, and I do still, was I indeed

worthy to possess it. I misdoubted then, and will till I die, was I right or wrong in the stand I took against selling the bit of land; but, any way, in those days I thought I was right.'

"The trouble broke my mother's heart. We couldn't stay in the parish after that. Some called the priest a black-hearted man—God forgive them!—and told my father to go to the Bishop, but he shook his head. He gave up the farm shortly—sold his lease, that is,—and, with the money from that and what he had in the bank, emigrated to America with seven of the children. He left two of us behind with the grandmother in Fermoy. I was a grown woman when I came out. Ill luck followed us all wherever we went,—ill luck and poverty and sickness, and misfortune and death. My father wouldn't be long in any place, and he beginning to do well, but he'd grow restless, and pick up everything and make a new start. He thought himself 'twas the curse working against him; but I'm inclined to believe 'twas the *fear of the curse* that made him unsettled in his mind, and always on the go. I'm thinking he blamed himself a good deal for what he had done. Whether he did as he should or made a mistake, he was a good Christian and a kind, uncomplaining man till the day of his departure."

Here I interrupted her by saying:

"I must confess that my sympathies are altogether with your poor father. The land was his to keep or dispose of as he chose. It would have been a kind thing to have given it to the priest, or to have sold it to him; but I could never believe but that a malediction so unjust must have rested in some way on the one who conceived and uttered it."

Mrs. Vaughan looked up quickly.

"That part of it isn't told yet, ma'am," she said. "And that's the strange part entirely. When I reached my journey's end I got down from the wagon, and went

in and spent the day with my friend. That evening and we coming home in the cool, the strange man, sitting to the front as before, hadn't a word out of him. When we came near home, and it quite dusky, he turned on me of a sudden, and says he, in a queer voice:

"That was a sad story you told us this morning. Would you know that relic if you saw it?"

"And how would I know it," says I, 'and I but a child in arms when 'twas taken from my father?'

"What happened to that priest?" he asked. 'Did you ever hear?'

"No," says I. 'But I hope to the Almighty that nothing untoward happened him.'

"If he's not in hell, he deserves to be there this minute," said the strange man, in the same husky voice.

"God forgive you, honest man," says myself, 'for your hard judgment and making the blood to run cold in my veins! Are you an Irishman at all, and not to know the regard the Irish have for their priests, good or bad, fearing to go against them even in a just cause? And are you an Irishman at all, at all, not to have learned at your mother's knee to forgive your enemies and pray for them every day of your life?'

"What did he do but lean over to me in the wagon, and says he:

"You're a good woman, a good woman; and well I know if that monster is living to-day, and will ever see the face of God, 'tis through your prayers and those of your poor father and mother.'

"That's as well as I can remember it, ma'am; for I was greatly frightened. After that not one of the three of us ever opened our lips till we got home. I'm a quiet woman, ma'am—and I believe I was still quieter then than I'm now,—and I never said a word to any one of what happened. But I watched that man in the chapel, and I noticed that he never

went to the Sacraments. So I misgave that he mustn't be a Catholic at all.

"One day I was sunning myself in the corner of the yard, and I saw him walking very slowly toward me, on the other side of the palings. He stopped before me.

"You wouldn't know that relic?" says he, fierce like.

"It's a shame for you to make sport of me in so serious a matter," says I. 'It's a queer man you are altogether.'

"I know that," says he; 'but I'm not making sport of you. Trust me, you'll have it yet, and it won't be very long.' And before I could say a word he walked away. I gave him up then for crazy out and out. Shortly after I missed him from the chapel two or three mornings. Maybe it was in a week's time, not longer, that the good Mother called me one morning, and said she:

"Mrs. Vaughan, did you ever know Mr. Blake before he came here?"

"And who is he at all, good Mother?"

"You didn't know him, then?" says she, describing the strange man.

"I never laid eyes on him till he went in with Tom Tierney and myself one day in the wagon.'

"He's dead," says she; 'and he told me to give you this,'—putting an envelope in my hand. 'And he told me to tell you that it went about the world with him since ever he took it from the wall of your father's house, forty years ago. Maybe you'll know what that means. I do not.'

"I fell on my knees. 'O good Mother, good Mother!' says I. 'Did he make his peace with God?'

"He did," says she. 'Father Brown was with him a long time both yesterday and the day before. He cried the whole night long. His death was most edifying.'

"Praise be to God and His Holy Mother for that!" says I; 'and may heaven be his portion soon!'

"When I looked up she was wiping her eyes.



“Did you have a suspicion he was ever a priest, good Mother?” says I.

“I knew he was.”

“And what was it drew him to this pass?” says I.

“I think it was the drink and his roving disposition and his own pride,” says she.

“And that’s how I got my relic of the True Cross, ma’am. Oh, but God is mindful of the sinner, no matter how deep and dark the sin! And what were my poor father’s troubles to his?—God be merciful to him!”

“Amen!” I answered from the bottom of my heart, with a thrill of joy, not unmixed with pride, that in my veins also flowed some of that Irish blood which, running the world’s arteries up and down, is surely an element in its sanctification.

Sorrow-Laden.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

DEEP buried lies my garden in the snow,
Through shivering branches sighs an
icy wind.

A lone heart bleeding ’neath a crushing woe
Under this leaden sky no peace can find.

But one short day—and lo! the grass is green
Beneath our feet; all blue the laughing sky;
A radiant sun o’erhead; no ripple seen
Where in yon lake the gleaming waters lie.

And see! though bleak mid-winter snows
hath lain

In cruel weight upon them every one,
Forgetful now of yesterday’s dull pain,
Are daisies gaily smiling to the sun.

Courage, then, coward heart! Thy load of
pain,

E’en as the snow, came to thee from above.
Patience is born of faith. Look up again!
The hand that smote was moved by tender-
est love.

FORT AUGUSTUS, Scotland.

A Double Conversion.

THE following narrative of the remarkable conversion of a once prominent citizen of Chicago is for the first time written and offered to the readers of THE “AVE MARIA.” All the facts given are literally true and exact:

Late one evening in April of the year 1868 there was a timid ring at the residence of a certain physician in Chicago. As the maid opened the door, she discovered a man leaning against the porch in a sad state of intoxication. He had been for years a victim of intemperance, and the physician whom he sought had many times ministered to him in his misery.

The Doctor was at home; and seeing his friend again overcome by the passion that was fast destroying him, body and soul, he asked: “What is the matter?” The reply came, with singular earnestness and candor: “Very drunk.” The Doctor, pained to the quick, led him gently into his study, and, in a tone of desperation, said: “What shall I do with you *now?*” Then followed a short but momentous pause; it may be that a prayer arose from the troubled heart of the Doctor for guidance in so great an emergency. Suddenly he turned to the trembling victim, then on the verge of *delirium tremens*, and said: “I have thought of a plan to see my pastor to-night, and talk over your case with him, if you will promise to stay here until I return.”

The poor man, seeming to clutch at some hope, as a drowning man catches at a straw, readily gave the promise. The Doctor, however, was too cautious to trust entirely to the promise of a drunken man, and so he prudently ordered a surveillance during his absence.

When the Doctor came back from his interview with the Rev. Father, he found his guest eager to know the result of the visit. It seems that the good pastor

had arranged to go into retreat at Notre Dame, Indiana, and proposed taking the unfortunate man with him, if he could be kept sober until the following Monday. This the Doctor pledged himself to do.

The man was in a deplorable condition, physically and mentally, and his clothing begrimed with the filth of the gutter. Yet he showed a good will, and was glad to be cared for in the home of the physician he so loved and trusted. There was a time in this man's life when, owing to his marked abilities, his social accomplishments, especially in music, his elegant presence and refined deportment, he had won, and enjoyed a prominent position in the city where he was now almost an outcast.

The interval between Friday night and the time appointed for the journey to Notre Dame was spent by the physician and his family in careful and tender nursing of their unfortunate friend; and when Monday morning dawned brightly and serenely, the Doctor's guest walked to the carriage in waiting, with head erect, firm step, and neat attire. An observer could not have realized that only three days before this man had stood at the door of that house a wrecked, filthy and hopeless being. The Rev. Father was called for, and the party drove to the depot. Upon reaching Notre Dame a cordial welcome awaited them; and the clergyman, explaining the needs of his companion, went into his retreat.

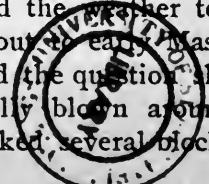
After some refreshment, one of the priests of the University invited his new acquaintance to walk out and see the beauties of a place noted for its attractions. The weather was propitious, the balmy air giving a foretaste of summer. Indeed all nature seemed to lend a charm for the occasion. To those who have visited Notre Dame, a most enticing picture must come before the mind of extensive and varied scenery; while here and there a fac-simile of some holy place

connected with the life of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother invites to devotion and repose. Suddenly the priest was called away; and, handing a copy of THE "AVE MARIA" to the gentleman, promised to return soon. It is evident that God's providence was guiding them at every point. The first article that attracted his attention was on the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; and as he read it a light illumined his soul like that which broke upon Saul of Tarsus.

When the priest rejoined his new friend he was astonished to hear him exclaim: "Father, I am a Catholic! This article on the Immaculate Conception has convinced me of the truth of the divinity of Christ, and I wish to be baptized." The Father, deeply impressed and overjoyed, assured him that his desire should be realized as soon as he had received the necessary instruction. It was not long before the waters of baptism washed his soul clean from every stain, for the priest found his friend already well-informed on matters of religion.

From that day he never relapsed into the old habit. Indeed, it seemed as if even the temptation to do so had been overcome by his ready correspondence to grace; for he kept the "even tenor of his way" with such serenity as belongs only to souls at peace. His rule to attend daily Mass was faithfully observed even after the feebleness of ill health rendered it almost a martyrdom to go out in the early morning. He was a sufferer from heart disease, and it is a medical fact that in the earliest hours of the day the circulation of the blood in those thus afflicted is so low that exertion seems well-nigh impossible.

On one occasion, during a heavy snow-storm, with high, piercing winds, the wife of the physician judged the weather too inclement to venture out in the early Mass. Just as she had decided the question she saw our convert literally blown around the corner, having walked several blocks



to attend the Holy Sacrifice. The impression made on her mind by the delicacy of his figure, battling as he was with the fierce elements, the pallor of his face, whose beauty was heightened by a halo of soft grey hair around the head, will never be effaced. It is needless to say that courage was put into her own heart to wade knee-deep in snow to follow the example of this valiant soldier of Christ.

About this time the Unitarian wife of our convert remarked that although her husband was so feeble that she often questioned the prudence of his going out to church in the early morning, she always pressed him to go; fearing, as she frankly confessed, that if he failed to attend Mass he might fall back into his old habits.

A little more than three years after his entrance into the fold of the Church he was called to his reward. During these years he had given edification to all who knew him by his simple piety, self-sacrifice, and a sweetness of disposition phenomenal in a malady which subjects the patient to extreme irritability. He received the last Sacraments with grateful and holy joy. Just as the shadows were lengthening on a September afternoon he passed into his last agony. There was no Catholic present; and, although the film of death covered his eyes, with heroic faith he directed his wife to sprinkle him with holy water and to read the prayers for the dying, telling her where to turn to them in his "Golden Manual."

Thus he departed from the battle-field of life. May we not hope that this brave soldier of Christ, who "fought the good fight and kept the faith," is now numbered among the saints in heaven; and with this hope may we not invoke him in our dangers and necessities?

L. W. A. C.

THE conversion of a single soul is worth more than the conquest of an empire.—
Champlain.

The Worship of the Body.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

NOT long ago the residents of a certain Western city were startled by the sudden death of a young woman who was undergoing treatment for real or fancied facial blemishes. Cocaine had been recklessly used, and the deluded girl literally died in beauty's chair. The wonder is, not that she was a victim, but that there are so few. The secular papers, and often those published in the name of religion, are crowded with advertisements of nostrums warranted to improve the appearance; with conspicuous heralding of toilet experts; with cards commending arsenic tablets for the complexion; with suggestions as to the eradication of wrinkles and the renewing of hair;—in short, with every conceivable receipt for hiding the ravages of time and concealing its further traces.

If this were all, there would be less need of these words; but these advertising charlatans flourish like green bay-trees off the vanity of both sexes. So powerful has grown the morbid instinct to be beautiful at any cost that no danger deters and no economical motives hinder. The rock upon which the old Greek civilization foundered rears its head in the sea of American social life, with few beacon lights to give timely warning to those who have placed humanity in place of Almighty God.

A story is told in a far-off convent at Christmas, at Easter, and when an inmate dies. It runs like this: Once, long ago, men lived so near to God that they were not only happy, but beautiful. But in time there came a change; and, instead of dwelling upon the things of the spirit, they began to care too much for their bodies, and to worry lest they might lose

their grace and charm. And so disease crept in; for when the soul forgot its Maker it was reflected in the human shell in which it dwelt, and that became unlovely. Then a shining angel whose name was Death gained permission to go down to earth and bear away the weaker ones to a place where they were made beautiful once more. But mothers despaired when their children were taken by the angel, and again he went before the Throne, with a sad face, to tell how he had failed. "Go back," was the mandate, "and One shall be sent who will make your visits welcome." And so he went back. And One was sent soon after; and men were henceforth beautiful, if they believed in Him, whether they went or stayed.

This revival of the fierce old Greek desire for beauty defeats its own purpose. The thread of life of the trained athlete snaps like a moth-eaten cord; the woman of fashion grows old before her time, and is a slave to the instruments of her destruction; the hair restoratives and cosmetics destroy what they were meant to preserve; and, saddest of all, the pursuit of this chimera raises false standards, and makes symmetry and coloring marketable merchandise on the way which leads to death.

It is perhaps a truism to declare that there is nothing which promotes beauty like the inward illumination. In the faces of those who are busy in relieving the misery of the world the lines of care fail to come, and no skill of the dermatologist can give to a face the radiance which comes only from self-forgetfulness. We must have a reasonable care for our physical well-being, but that is another thing from the insane worship of the body.

ART is the gift of God, and must be used
Unto His glory. That in art is highest
Which aims at this.

—Longfellow.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

IX.

OUR author's suggestions in the case of troubles and difficulties are admirable. How useful and practical this!—"Thou oughtest to call to mind the heavier sufferings of others, that thou mayest the easier bear the very little things thou sufferest." Even the worldling will find his account in this. Ready to discuss and meet objection, he admits that it may be said, "My suffering is *not* little"; but this view he thinks may come from an "impatience" that magnifies. In any case, there is one wholesome medicament: "The better thou disposest thyself for suffering, the more wisely dost thou act.... And thou wilt bear it more easely if, both in mind and by habit, thou art diligently prepared for it."

This is an invaluable recipe for everyone, worldling as well as the pious. We should cultivate a state of mind by which it is assumed that suffering and trial are our regular lot, and are to be expected at any time; that comfort and prosperity are the exception and not the rule; that we are spared so far,—only, as it were, *de die in diem*: from day to day. Thus when the stroke falls, there is no surprise, and we are thankful that we have escaped so long.

This is real wisdom, and most practical too, as any one will find who tries it. It has this reward, in making us appreciate our present blessings more highly.

Without affectation, it may be said that it is a real misfortune that everything should go smoothly with us. No one, of course, can wish for poignant afflictions; but, really, a great blessing and advantage is to be found in those trials which bring bodily or mental pain without any serious damage. It is a fine opportunity for

showing patience, discipline, resignation, cheerfulness; and which can be done cheaply enough, as we know the thing will by and by pass away.

Our author seems to take this wholesome, moderate view. "It is good for us," he says, "*now and then* to have some troubles." For this sound reason: "Often-times they make a man enter into himself, that he may know that he is in exile, and may not place his hopes in anything of this world." That "*now and then*" shows, as I said, our author's moderation.

(To be continued.)

Notes and Remarks.

The most notable pastoral *apropos* of the newly condemned societies that has come under our notice is that of the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati. He exhorts his flock to a prompt and entire obedience to the recent decree; and, while declaring that Rome must have had its own grounds for condemning these societies, gives a few reasons why the condemnation was inevitable. Mgr. Elder's arguments admit of no reply. They are drawn not from mere abstract principles, but from practical experience, and are the fruit of a long life in the ministry. He declares that these societies dispose men to Freemasonry, which is unmistakably condemned; that they weaken regard for the Church by the inculcation, in some degree, of a *merely natural* morality; and that the practices and obligations of some of these societies—such, for instance, as the oath of blind obedience—are contrary to even natural morality. These are solid reasons; and the fact that a few Catholics may prefer to give up their Church rather than their society is the strongest proof that it was high time to condemn them.

When the religious belief of a Catholic author can not be easily inferred from his writings it is hardly worth while to discuss it. Certain passages in the prose works

of Thomas Moore, however, reveal such a spirit of loyalty to the Church as to warrant us in quoting some entirely new testimony from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. Mr. Daniel Ambrose, M. P., having heard the report, so commonly credited by scholars, that Moore repudiated the faith in his last hours, wrote a letter of inquiry to the Anglican rector of Bromham, Mr. Edgell, who was believed to have attended him. The testimony of Mr. Edgell, dated November 12, 1887, is this: "Having known Mr. Moore well, I can confidently say that he never changed his religious belief: that he died as he had lived, a Roman Catholic. It is true that during the last two years of his life no priest was allowed to see him; but during that time, in consequence of his mental state, no one—not even a servant—was admitted into his room. 'Bessy' Moore nursed and tended him entirely. He recognized her at the last, and his last words to her were: 'Bessy, have faith in God.'"

Moore married a Protestant; and Mr. Edgell says that "he would sometimes accompany his wife, who was a member of my congregation, to the door; but he never entered or took part in the services." The fact that no priest was allowed to see Moore during the last two years of his life, when his mind began to fail, is a mournful and should be an effective warning against the evil of mixed marriages.

One of the most disgraceful scenes ever enacted in the name of justice is reported to have taken place recently at Green Bay, Wis. A Polish farmer, named Dazkowski, had been arrested for the murder of his wife, who had mysteriously disappeared. The sheriff and another worthy, both Catholics, whose memory should be infamous, devised a novel way of ascertaining the prisoner's guilt or innocence. The report has it that the sheriff dressed his friend as a priest and introduced him into the cell, where Dazkowski received him with tears, kissing his hand, and eagerly making his confession, as he thought. It is not to be expected that men who could do this should have honor enough left to blush; and Sheriff Delaney and his friend Berendsen, it is said, are now exploiting their

contemptible conduct as a clever bit of detective work. That such infamy should be possible to creatures who call themselves Catholics, shows to what lengths depravity can go. We trust that these "Catholics" will not be deprived of priestly assistance on their deathbeds as the punishment of their revolting sacrilege.

The greatest benefactors of deaf-mutes have been priests. Not to speak of the services of the Abbé de L'Épée, the Abbé Sicard, and others less widely known, a French ecclesiastic of our day has invented an instrument, now in general use, by means of which the power of hearing is frequently restored. We are confident that if our clergy were aware of the large number of Catholic deaf-mutes in the United States, and realized the sad condition of the children—the treatment to which they are sometimes subjected in public institutions, the danger to their faith and morals,—greater efforts would be made to promote the welfare of these unfortunates. We have often had occasion to admire the generous promptness with which even in hard times the reverend clergy raise handsome sums on such occasions as the visit of a Bishop *ad limina*. They receive freely, and freely do they give. It only remains to advocate the claims of deaf and dumb Catholic children on the charity of all, and the right of the devoted Sisters who care for them to sympathy and co-operation, to secure the generous alms of the clergy, and their influence with the laity to induce them to come to the support of a lamentably neglected portion of Christ's flock in this country.

It is not often that one is brought to a realization of the magnitude of the work done by Catholic sisterhoods in this country. Like all the best and noblest, they labor in secret. Their good deeds are known only to One who can adequately reward them; and their undertakings are blessed in a manner to prove that the arm of the Lord is not shortened. We have had the privilege of seeing a report of the Cincinnati province of the Sisters of Notre Dame, prepared for the Mother General of the community. The

house in Cincinnati was founded a little over fifty years ago; the province now includes thirty-eight establishments, with a total of nearly 1,200 Sisters, who are instructing and preparing for the Sacraments nearly 60,000 children. The work of other communities of religious women is the same record of devotedness to many of the most important interests of the Church. We can never contemplate the services of these silent armies of unselfish, pure, gentle-hearted women without recalling some observations made by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding in reference to the life-work of the late Mother Caroline, of Milwaukee. Let us quote his words:

"I find in our sisterhoods an argument for the truth of the Catholic faith, whose force seems to render all our controversies, apologies, and schemes of edification, more or less idle and ineffective. Words are supposed to be woman's world, and work man's; but here the reverse is true. The women work in silence, the men make the noise. It is these silent armies, moving in obedience to the low whispers of Unseen Masters, which make us invincible. . . . When I read of schism and heresy, of hate and cruelty, of bitter, foolish controversies that never end, of pride and ambition, of greed and lust, I think of the army of holy women who have followed the Church, like the few who followed Christ on the narrow, blood-stained path that led to Calvary; who watch and wait, who serve and are helpful, who work and are silent; and I feel that the cause which, century after century, thus constrains thousands of the purest and tenderest hearts to sacrifice their lives to the highest and most unselfish love is the cause of God, the cause for which Christ suffered and died."

It is, indeed, impossible to overestimate the value of our sisterhoods. The light of Catholic truth and practice shines from every convent in the land. The yearly increase in their number is the most hopeful sign we can discern for the future of the Church in this country. Whoever helps to encourage and strengthen our sisterhoods, says Bishop Spalding, defends and upbuilds the Church.

It is well known that in many places Anglican ministers have the Angelus bell rung regularly, and instruct their people to recite that sweet prayer, which is an epitome of the Christian doctrine. Now comes a minister of another denomination in Massillon, Ohio, who rings the Angelus, and requests all citizens on hearing it to devote a few

minutes to serious reflection and prayer. Well-instructed Catholics who are in earnest about the work of their salvation never omit this beautiful devotion. The eagerness of our non-Catholic brethren to snap up these pious practices, while it illustrates the vacillating character of Protestantism, should teach Catholics to prize them at their true value.

The entrusting of the Upper Nile Vicariate to Cardinal Vaughan's Mill Hill missionaries has been highly applauded by the White Fathers, who control two other vicariates in Equatorial Africa. It seems that the sectarian missionaries, in order to render their Catholic brethren odious to the government of that country, have not scrupled to denounce them as the irreconcilable enemies of England. The presence of English Catholic missionaries will effectually answer such calumnies; and, moreover, will show the negroes who may be drawn toward Protestantism through fear of displeasing their masters, that it is possible to be both English and Catholic, and that there is something wrong about the statement which the preachers have so perseveringly made—namely, that Catholicism is practised only by ignorant folk in some inconsiderable states called France and Spain and Italy.

Of all those who protested against what they called "State aid" to Catholic institutions, the bigots of New York were the loudest. The Brooklyn labor riots were prayer and meditation compared with their agitated minds when they remembered how many Catholic asylums were feeding on the public pap. In view of this fact, it is a little surprising to read these words of Comptroller Fitch, of New York city:

"You ask me particularly as to the Roman Catholic institutions. I will say that, as the result of investigations made by the committee of which I was chairman, and particularly considering the importance of their service to the State and civil divisions, it was found that the Roman Catholic institutions are paid less in proportion than those of any other denomination."

Mr. Fitch's committee made a most thorough and conscientious investigation of these institutions in New York, but what can his calm words avail against the blood-curdling prophecies of a howling patriot?

A Notable New Book.*

I HAVE before me a little portrait of him of whom a close student of human nature and of the signs of the times has said that if there were nothing else to redeem the nineteenth century from the charge of irreligion but the life and example of the Curé of Ars, they would be all sufficient. I had thought of trying to describe that face, and its effect upon the beholder, to such of my readers as had never seen the pictured lineaments, until I remembered that his latest biographer had rendered the task superfluous. Thus writes that talented author and Christian gentlewoman, in her own inimitable way, of the picture which at least one admirer and client of the holy Curé would like to see multiplied by the hundred thousand, until it had an honored place in every Catholic home:

"The angelic expression of the limpid blue eyes, with their glance alternately tender and piercing, compassionate and severe; one moment veiled by tears, the next giving out sparks of fire; the smile full of humor and innocent happiness,—all this was beyond the reach of art. But the delicate outline of the features; the nimbus of flowing white hair; the pose of the head, dropping slightly on the breast from constant habit of adoration,—all these have been transmitted to us. Those who knew the Curé of Ars say that his eyes were unlike any others they ever beheld. They describe their expression as so luminous and intense, so full of fire when he spoke of the love of God, that the word 'supernatural' came instinctively to one's mind. In looking at an impenitent sinner, they struck terror into his conscience, but they never frightened any one. There was a majesty, a light of divine peace, on his brow that shone visibly; and his smile was so beautiful that it often melted the most indifferent to tears."

It has been observed that the face of the Curé of Ars bore a marked resemblance to that of the arch-sinner and blasphemous infidel, Voltaire. With this in mind, one can not help noting an incident which is said to have occurred immediately after the birth

* "The Curé of Ars." By Kathleen O'Meara, THE "AVE MARIA": Notre Dame, Ind.

of the saintly priest,—an event which took place on the 8th of May, 1786, in the village of Dardilly, in the suburbs of Lyons. Even before his birth his mother had received signs that the child was to be distinguished in some remarkable manner. When that period arrived, an old woman was moved to exclaim: "This child will be either a saint or a good-for-nothing scamp."

Resolved that he should not be the latter if it were in their power to prevent it, the good parents early began to implant in the heart of the boy seeds of virtue and holiness. He was wont to say in after-life that the thing he best remembered was the expression of his mother's face as she bent over him saying, earnestly: "My little Jean-Marie, if I were to see thee offend God it would grieve me more than anything else on earth."

In the limited space of a short magazine article, it is difficult to select from the riches before us; for the book is of absorbing interest from beginning to end. We will try to touch only on the most distinctive qualities of our dearly beloved Curé, in order to excite the interest of our readers to the perusal of the complete Life.

The little Jean-Marie was not a bright child, as cleverness of intellect is usually interpreted; but he was remarkably pious, so much so that he became the admiration of the villagers. His love for the Blessed Virgin was from his earliest years one of his principal characteristics. His father, a poor man, entrusted him at the age of seven with the care of the sheep. Every morning the boy would repair to the pasture, carrying in his arms a statue of Our Lady, which he brought home again every evening. He was of a lively and happy disposition, full of innocent merriment; but not a day passed that he did not call his little companions together and make them join him in prayers to Her whom he loved with all the ardor of his spotless soul.

From his earliest days he had longed to be a priest; but when events seemed to open the way for him, his natural dulness proved a great barrier to his progress in study. Neither prayer nor perseverance seemed able to overcome his great deficiencies; until finally he made a pilgrimage

on foot to the tomb of St. Francis Regis, after which his intelligence was wonderfully quickened. And yet this intelligence was only comparative. When the time for his ordination came, in spite of his piety, his purity, his mortification and obedience, his proficiency in every branch of study was so poor that there was some hesitation about ordaining him. But the Mother whom he loved so tenderly came to his assistance. Said the Vicar-General, who, in the absence of Cardinal Fesch, acted as judge:

"Is the young man devoted to the Holy Mother of God? Does he say his Beads?"

"He is a model of piety," was the reply.

"He is tenderly devoted to the Mother of God, and the Rosary is his favorite prayer."

"Then," continued the Vicar-General, "I will receive him, and God's grace will do the rest."

He had been a priest two years when he was sent to Ars, a place where there was very little piety; but he at once began to draw the souls of his parishioners to God. The fame of the sanctity of the Curé soon spread abroad, and thus did the insignificant village become a centre to which the whole of France began to turn with appreciative eye and heart. His labors were soon extended: neighboring parishes were added to his care. He began, literally, to live in the confessional; for he passed all his time there, save the few hours devoted to his ministry outside, and the incredibly small number spent in repose.

His austerities were terrible, his fasts continual and marvellous, his penances fearful. And yet, in spite of the eminent sanctity of his life, his self-abnegation, his extraordinary miracles, the purity that so beamed from his eyes and surrounded him as with a transparent veil, rendering his personality so angelic that all who approached him were impressed by it, he was persecuted and calumniated, accused of the gravest crimes. The envy and jealousy which lay at the root of these demonstrations extended even to some of his brother priests. Fortunately, the Bishop was a man of wisdom. One day he said to his assembled clergy:

"Gentlemen, I wish you were all afflicted with the same madness of which you say the

Curé of Ars is a victim. It would in noway detract from your wisdom. He is a saint—yes, gentlemen, a saint, whom we should all admire and take for our model.”

When those days of persecution and calumny were long past, a priest once asked M. Vianney if they had not troubled the peace of his soul. His answer was one which if all Christians might read and take to heart, learning its import and appropriating its lesson, there would not be one complaining soul among us.

“What!” cried the servant of God, while a heavenly smile shone upon his face, “the cross trouble the peace of my soul? Why, it is the cross that gives peace to the world. It is the cross that must bring peace to our hearts. All our misery comes from our not loving it. *It is the fear of the cross that makes the cross.* . . . I don't understand how a Christian does not love the cross, or how he flies from it. To fly from it is to fly from Him who was fastened to it and died upon it for love of us.”

It would seem that the Curé of Ars was raised up as a manifestation of the spirit of faith triumphantly refuting the indifference and unbelief of the century. While the so-called *savants* of Europe were crying out, “Christianity is dead, let us bury it!” eighty thousand people were journeying yearly to Ars. To see what? A frail, almost illiterate, humble priest, who was in his own person the extreme representation of the “worn-out creed,”—that and nothing more. To hear what? Nothing but the simple gospel of the love of God, reiterated again and again, in words intelligible alike to the poorest peasant and the most profound thinker. To do what? To throw themselves at his feet in the solitude of the confessional, leaving there burdens of remorse and shame, with which they were never again to be weighted; or to obtain a word of consolation or hope for the spiritual or temporal ills of themselves and those dear to them. Day after day, year after year, they came—poets and peasants, merchants and princes, prelates and priests, the learned and illiterate. And each and all went away awed, consoled, filled with a memory that would never more leave them unto their life's end.

It can occasionally be written of a man

that he has been esteemed a prophet even in his own country; so it happened to the Curé of Ars. And in his case not with the passing away of his frail body did the reverence in which he was held during life also pass away. Thirty-five years have elapsed since he rendered his pure soul to God, and the veneration of Christians for his wonderful sanctity has gone on increasing until he has been declared Venerable, and the cause of his beatification and canonization is rapidly progressing. God grant that we, who have loved him from our youth, may be among those whose privilege it shall be thus to honor his memory, the source of whose soul-piercing, world-encircling eloquence was his one book, the crucifix,—that book which for nearly two thousand years has been the study of the saints and the secret of their holiness!

M. E. M.

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 P. Stack, rector of St Patrick's Church, Watertown, Mass.; the Rev. Henry F. Weitekamp, rector of St. Leonard's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; the Rev. William J. Kelly, of Taftville, Conn.; and the Rev. John Buckley, of Subiaco, Paramatta, N. S. W., who lately departed this life.

Mr. William Dryce, of Baltimore Co., Md., whose happy death took place last month.

Mrs. J. Devlin, who died a holy death on the 4th ult., in San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Ellen C. Crilly, of Philadelphia, Pa., who met with a sudden death on the 18th ult.

Mr. B. Cashman, whose life closed peacefully last month, at Seventy-Six, Iowa.

Mrs. M. Sullivan, of Roxbury, Mass., who piously breathed her last on the 8th ult.

Miss Mary A. Keating, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who calmly yielded her soul to God on the 4th ult.

Mr. Thomas J. Cumiskey, of Palo Alto, Pa.; Joseph Quinn, Limerick, Ireland; Patrick Denehy, Indianapolis, Ind.; John McCully, Mrs. Bridget Feeney, and Mrs. Genevieve Enright, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Ford, New Orleans, La.; Thomas Hanson and Mrs. Joanna Morria, Williamsburg, Iowa; Miss Mary McCorkle, Wilmington, Del.; Teresa Quinn, Pittsburg, Pa.; and Mrs. L. Miller, Salt Lake, Utah.

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 Feast of Light.

MISTY shadows softly lingered
As if night were loath to go,
And the sun in streams of splendor
Through the cloud-waves seemed to flow;

When sweet Mary and Saint Joseph,
With their joy, the Holy Child,
Neared the Temple. Ah, no wonder
That all nature gladly smiled!

And they bore a humble offering—
Two white doves with folded wings.
Little did the Temple watchers
Know they saw the King of kings.

He, the Light of all the Gentiles,
Was presented on that day,—
He who came to banish darkness
From the hearts of men away.

So, dear children, on this feast-day
Bring your candle to the shrine,
And, with spirit meek and dovelike,
Greet the Infant King Divine.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.—PROPHECIES OF WOE.



N OBODY knows how I feel," Susan said, solemnly,—“nobody!” She took a flat-iron from the rack in the kitchen and ran her fingers across it. “Sad to the sad!” she added; while Rebecca, the young colored girl from Baltimore,

gazed at her in awe. “In the old country some people call these irons sad-irons.”

“Law sakes!” said Rebecca. “Ain’t that ignorant!” And Rebecca showed her teeth cheerfully.

“It’s *not* ignorant,” said Susan, with dignity. “The people in the old country knew what they were talking about before you were born. And when I took down the iron it was a coincidence. ’Tis well it’s called a sad-iron in the old country.”

“I didn’t mean ignorant,” said Rebecca, opening the oven door to see that the pan of apple-dumplings was “doing well.” “I meant mighty queer.”

Susan shook her head, with a sigh.

“Education is lost on the likes of you,” she said. “I wish the cook was here to understand my feelings. ‘Be careful of the apple-dumplings,’ were the last words she said; ‘and see that there’s plenty of nutmeg in the sauce, for so’—Susan’s voice faltered,—‘for so *he* liked them.’”

“Law sakes!” repeated Rebecca, opening her eyes wide and looking at Susan, who was slowly drawing a lump of white wax over the surface of the flat-iron. “Law sakes, you talk so sorrowful you make me feel like crying,—shuah!”

It was plain that Susan was not altogether displeased by this sympathy.

“Many’s a time this kitchen was different,” said Susan, slowly. “There’s been doin’s here worthy of the Dark Ages, when Malachi wore the collar of gold he won from the proud invader.”

“Law sakes!” exclaimed Rebecca, looking around. “Spooks!”

“Is it the seventh daughter of a seventh

son you're talking to? Spooks! Is it spooks I'd be thinkin' of, and me with a banshee in the family that I am *that* intimate with! Be careful of the dumplings, Rebecca. Sure they're the last dumplings that he will eat under this roof; for I dreamt of a wedding last night. Be careful of them, Rebecca; for cook's heart's in every one of them, and them were her last words! 'Let everything be done decent and in order,' she said, as I said good-bye at the door."

Rebecca had recently entered Mrs. Chumleigh's service,—or, rather the service of Susan and the cook. The cook's rheumatism had made her suffer extremely in September, and Rebecca had been sent by Mrs. Chumleigh's cousin in Baltimore to assist in the heavier work in the kitchen. The cook had gone out on this Thursday to pay her monthly visit to little Guy, who now lived with Uncle Mike and his wife far up town.

"If I had spilt the salt this morning, or there had been a dog howling last night, I couldn't feel worse," she said. "Ah! it's the likes of you that have a good time, with no thought at all, at all. But when I think of what's gone before,—when I think of what I've gone through, and what I've been used to, Rebecca, it's hard."

No sound, except Susan's sigh and the soft sound of the flat-iron gliding over the linen on the board, broke the silence. Rebecca, who loved to have her feelings "torn up," forgot the apple-dumplings and stared at her superior officer.

"'Twas in this very kitchen one of the grandest parties of the season took place in honor of one of my cousins from the maythropolis and the cook's Uncle Mike. 'Twas grand."

"Did you have a cake walk?" asked Rebecca, showing her teeth.

"A cake walk! Is it insulting me you are? It's little you know about the ways of society. But how could you—the likes of *you*?"

"Well, I've lived in the best Ma'yland families," replied Rebecca, indignantly. "There ain't no families like the East'n Sho' families, shuah!"

"We'll change the subject; for I might lose my temper before I've said my last penance," said Susan. "I can point you out where they all sat. There was my cousin Miley,—and he was a little seraphim, smiling, and with his hair greased beautifully. And they were all here—then."

Rebecca, who was uncertain whether anybody was dead or not, tried to look sad. She had made so many mistakes since she had entered into the sacred domain of the Chumleigh kitchen that she was generally in a dazed state of mind, but always ready to agree with anything that might be said. She had a great fear of Susan's supernatural gifts as the seventh daughter of a seventh son, and it is to be feared that Susan had discovered this. Rebecca would have been glad to know what dreadful thing had happened or was about to happen, but she was afraid to ask; for Susan had a way of making her explanations as hazy as possible.

"It's education that's done it," said Susan; "and if only them that could take it had education, 'twould be better for the world. If education were only like vaccination, and would take to them that need it and let other people alone, 'twould be the better for us all. Well, it's Miss McBride's fault. She's the teacher of the angel boys, Rebecca; and she's one that education should never have taken to. I knew her when she lived in a little street and hadn't a Sunday bonnet."

"Law sakes!" murmured Rebecca.

"She's gone and taught the dear children all about Soprates and Julian Cæsar and Themistockings, so that their papa and mamma have to send them away to get 'em right again. And it's just breaking the hearts of me and cook to see them go. And, though I do say it, it's never a cross

feeling or an angry word they've had from me or cook. 'Tis been like a bit of paradise with the boys around. To think of Baby Maguire—and him used to so much—going to boarding-school! Well I mind the day he was sick. If he was my own flesh and blood I couldn't have been kinder to him. And Bob Bently is to go too; he's the neighbor boy, and a better boy never lived. 'Susan,' said the cook as she went out—and these were her last words,—'see that there's a big Dutch cake made for Bob Bently's box, if I forget it.' Ah! cook's been a mother to him,—that she has. And Faky Dillon, as they call him,—if there was ever a little saint on earth, that's him! The poetry just gushes out of him; he's what they call a jaynus. 'Susan,' the cook said as she tied her bonnet strings—and these were her last words—I seem to hear them in my ears yet,—'Susan, make the jumbles for Faky Dillon sweet. Maybe he'll never eat another jumble,' she said; 'for in life we're in the midst of death, and railroad trains are uncertain.'

"Mighty me!" said Rebecca, shuddering. "I hope they won't *all* die."

"There's no telling. To-day we are what we are, and to-morrow we're cast into the oven—you Rebecca, you lazy coon! take a piece out of that broom and see if those loaves of bread are done."

Rebecca sprang like a frightened rabbit to the oven, and then Susan resumed her confidences.

"Now I remember it was not exactly in this kitchen we had the party: 'twas in the winter kitchen. This is built out from the house, to be cooler in summer; but 'tis much the same thing. The cook's Uncle Mike married a good woman but beneath him, Rebecca,—it's the one cross of the cook's life, Rebecca; and don't you ever speak of it."

"Law sakes!" cried Rebecca, who had restored the loaves of bread to the oven. "I don't speak to no cook unless she

speak to me. I ain't sayin' nothing against her, but she looks at me as if I was low-down white trash. I'm quiet enough when *she's* around."

"She's not used to American ways yet, Rebecca. In the old country she didn't know what it was to wet her hands, and it took her years to know the difference between a bucket and a dish-pan. But the past is past, and she can't bear to have it mentioned. As I was saying, she does her duty, and treats Uncle Mike's wife as if she were her equal. She never makes the slightest difference between her and me, but her heart's palpitating all the time."

"Law sakes!" cried the open-mouthed Rebecca. "I don't see how she lives!"

"Lives!" said Susan, shaking her head, mournfully. "There's them that loves dear gazelles and them that don't; and them that don't are by far the happiest, Rebecca. You remember the poetry about it, don't you?"

"Law sakes!" said Rebecca, delighted with the compliment. "Of course I do.

'Now I lay me down to sleep,—'

Susan smiled in a superior manner.

"Let it pass," she said. "Rebecca, look after the jumbles."

Rebecca darted to the big oven again, as if struck by lightning.

"When the boys are gone, they're *gone!*" resumed Susan, calmly.

"And it's my belief that Miss McBride will have a great deal to answer for,—teaching helpless boys things that their parents have to spend money a-having them unlearn at other schools. 'Susan,' the cook said, with her hand on the door-knob—and these were her last words,—'it is the educated that suffer. If I had me life to go over again, it's little I'd have to do with substracshin or compound fractures.' And when I see what's going on around me—families broken up, and children that were blessings to all around them going away forever maybe,—I think she's right."

"Mighty me!" exclaimed Rebecca, giggling. "I'm very glad I haven't much education."

"It's easy seen," retorted Susan, grimly; "for you're letting something burn!"

The rebuked Rebecca dived into the huge oven; and Susan, who was enjoying herself very much, began to revel in gloom again.

"It's in few families a girl could live," she said, "and see such angelic boys,—for the nature of boys is not angelic—"

"Law sakes!" interrupted Rebecca. "Northe'n boys must be mighty different from Southe'n boys, if they're angels."

"But you haven't seen much of 'em, Rebecca—and you won't, because they're going away. 'I can't bear to think of it,' said the cook, as I buttoned her glove on the door-step—and they were almost her last words,—'it's just as if the breath was leaving my body when I think of what will happen to-morrow.' These were *almost* her last words."

The kitchen had begun to grow dark; for it was a cloudy day, and twilight had set in earlier than usual.

"It reminds me of the time of the five dark days. I have a creeping all over me, Rebecca."

"Law sakes! The five dark days! When did that happen?" asked Rebecca, her eyes bulging out.

"You just 'tend to that bread! And the boys were as gentle as lambs. Well, them that lives longest sees the most."

Rebecca had lighted the gas jet, when something occurred that turned her face almost white. It was her opinion that the five dark days had come back with a crash. A heavy body hit the roof of the kitchen with a dull thud. Susan screamed; Rebecca threw her apron over her head and clung to the ironing table. The sound was not repeated at once; but when Rebecca had tremblingly uncovered her head, and Susan had opened her lips to speak, another thud was heard. Susan

and Rebecca threw themselves on their knees and clung to each other.

"There's murder going on on the roof!" exclaimed Susan.

Rebecca, scarcely knowing what she did, began to utter a series of howls. This proceeding brought back Susan's sense of propriety. She ran into the yard; she could perceive in the gloom of gathering twilight what seemed to be a dark body on the sloping roof of the kitchen. She took hold of the post that upheld the roof; but drew herself away quickly, for her hand was at once moistened with a sticky substance. She uttered a scream. Could it be blood?

She believed that there was nobody in the house. Mrs. Chumleigh had gone out in the afternoon, and Mr. Chumleigh had announced his intention of calling for her at the house to which she had gone. The boys had started to say good-bye to Miss McBride.

Susan rushed into the kitchen and looked at her hand: it bore a red stain. She washed it hastily at the sink.

"Rebecca," she said, "there has been a man killed on the roof of the kitchen. Maybe they were listening to what we were saying. If you have to go into court, Rebecca, don't you open your lips."

Rebecca, her eyes bulging to a tremendous extent, her mouth wide open, her face a greyish hue, could only murmur: "I'm done gone! I'm done gone!"

"Come with me," Susan said, "and we'll find a policeman."

They threw their shawls hastily about them and ventured out into the twilight. The street was silent. To Susan and Rebecca, there seemed to be something mysterious in this silence,—something threatening. In a half hour men would begin to come from their workshops and offices; then the street would be noisy enough. Rebecca clung to Susan in abject fear. They went the length of the square, still no policeman was visible.

"O Rebecca," Susan said suddenly, with a gasp, "I've left the house alone! Do you go back!"

"Go back?" said Rebecca. "I don't go back with no two dead bodies on the roof."

"Two!" exclaimed Susan. "Were there two? Did you see two?"

"I'm done sure there were two."

Susan could say no more; it was plainly unreasonable to expect poor Rebecca to keep house with no two dead bodies on the kitchen roof.

"I knew something would happen, by the way the cook looked at me. 'Susan,' she said—and it was almost her last word,—'it is a fine day for walking.' Why should she have said that, if it didn't mean something? And a fine day it is, with two corpses on Mrs. Chumleigh's kitchen roof."

"I'll leave the place this very night," said Rebecca.

"You will, will you?" said Susan, grasping her arm. "You'll go further and fare worse; and I'll keep an eye on you, and the eye of a seventh daughter—"

"Oh, no!" said Rebecca, in affright. All sorts of horrors seemed to threaten her. "I'll stay—at least till after the funerals."

"You don't think we're going to muss up our house having funerals for two strange dead bodies, do you? Well, I like that!"

Rebecca began to cry.

"I done wish I was back in Princess Anne county," she said, under her breath.

Susan whirled her along the street. Here and there groups of happy children were playing on the pavements in front of the red brick houses, with the beautifully white steps. Susan was glad to see one group in a ring, singing:

"Gravel, green gravel, your grass is so green!"

It was a relief to hear such commonplace words in her tragical state of mind.

"I wish we had alarmed the neighbors," she said. "But isn't that a policeman?"

There was a figure in blue before them. He was standing at the corner of a street.

Susan recognized him an once: he was a friend of the car conductor to whom cook often sent hot coffee. Susan felt that the proper thing was to faint at once, but she could not trust Rebecca to be sufficiently sympathetic; so she ran rapidly up to James Markis, which was the policeman's name.

"Can I do anything for you, ladies?" he asked, politely.

"Oh, you can, Mr. Markis!" said Susan, breathlessly. "We were both talking in the kitchen, and I was thinking of cook's last words, when I noticed that it suddenly became dark—"

"Two dead bodies on the roof!" interrupted Rebecca, her teeth chattering.

"Oh, it's Miss Susan!" said the policeman, straightening himself. "I am glad to be of use. How is Missus Cook?"

"Oh, you don't know what has happened!" cried Susan. "Her last words were—"

"Dear! dear!" said the policeman, replacing his club in his belt. "It must have been very sudden; she was quite a stout woman too. And she was always kind to Jim. A power of good her hot coffee has done Jim on cold days. I'm sorry she has gone. Well! well!"

Susan burst into tears.

"I knew by the strange look on her face that she was doomed. O Mr. Markis, did it happen at Uncle Mike's! Oh, take me to her!"

"There's two dead bodies on the roof," muttered Rebecca, who could understand only one thing at a time.

"What roof?" asked the policeman, who was beginning to be slightly bewildered.

"Our roof, Mr. Policeman," answered Rebecca. "Law sakes! And we've been all soaked with human gore."

"Do you mean this?" asked the policeman, hurriedly.

"Yes, it's true," said Susan, weeping; "but I'd as lief there were twenty bodies on the roof, if cook was only alive. I

never shall forget her last words,—never! Something told me that I should never see her again.”

“I’d better ring for an ambulance. Perhaps you’d like to ride back in the ambulance, ladies?”

“Sir!” exclaimed Susan. “What! Me demane myself that way and my best friend breathing her last! If you’d call a carriage—”

“But how did the cook get on the roof?” began the policeman. Before Susan could answer this astonishing question, he sighted an empty carriage. “Take these ladies to Mr. Chumleigh’s,” he said authoritatively to the cabman.

Susan was helped into the vehicle, and Rebecca followed, grinning widely. She forgot all her recent terrors in the joy of driving in a coach with a glass front.

Just as Mr. and Mrs. Chumleigh reached their door—it was about six o’clock,—an ambulance drove up with a great clatter. The policeman dropped down from the seat, and said politely:

“I hope it won’t alarm Mrs. Chumleigh, sir, but there are two dead bodies on the roof, and one of them is your cook. She passed away suddenly.”

“Good Heavens!” exclaimed the amazed master of the house.

“And where is Susan?” gasped Mrs. Chumleigh. “What *does* it mean? Where are the boys?”

A carriage had driven up behind the ambulance; it stopped, and Susan and Rebecca jumped out.

“O Mrs. Chumleigh,” Susan said, in tears, “that I should live to tell it! And her last words in my mind all day!”

“It must be true,” said Mr. Chumleigh. “Poor cook! she was very stout; it was probably apoplexy. But what was she doing on the kitchen roof? And where are the boys? Ah, here they are!”

Jack, Bob Bently, Faky Dillon, and Baby Maguire appeared on the steps, looking much pleased and innocently surprised.

“Here, Susan,” said Mr. Chumleigh; “you take Mrs. Chumleigh over to Mrs. Bently’s, while I and the boys investigate.”

“Poor innocents!” said Susan, as she walked beside her astonished mistress. “Little do they dream of what is before them!”

(To be continued.)

A Puzzling Study.

In former times, when every family of distinction had its coat-of-arms and crest, much pains was taken to have the accompanying motto comply with the rules of heraldry. It was required to be brief, neat, and ingeniously suggestive; not too puzzling nor too easily understood; not too humble; or, above all, not too arrogant. And it must not be worded in the mother tongue of him who bore it. Another rule was that it should not contain more than eight syllables.

To young people with a taste for looking up the customs of former days, the study of heraldry would be an entertaining pastime as well as an instructive one. Think of the mottoes made familiar through their place in history. Each one complies with all these requirements, and is never too long, and always sweetly humble without losing its dignity. There is the motto of the Order of the Garter, “Evil to him who evil thinks”; that of the English kings, “God and my right”; that of Pope Leo X., “The yoke of the Lord is sweet,” surmounting the yoke which was his crest.

In the seventeenth century devices began to go out of fashion, and only survive in the coats-of-arms of the older families. But there is, even in our republican America, a renewed interest in the mysteries of the Herald’s College; and it is whispered that in London one can buy a fine coat-of-arms—crest, motto and all—if he can pay a proper price for it.





THE ANCIENT MADONNA OF GAPOROGE.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

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Ecce Homo!

BY M. ELIZABETH STACE.

BEHOLD the Man! Look on your Saviour
now:

A crown of thorns about His bleeding brow,
A reed within His helpless, cord-bound
hands;

Matted with blood His beard and flowing hair,
All pale and wan His sacred face most fair,
Clothed with a robe of mockery He stands.

Behold the Man! whom late the joyous crowd
Welcomed with shouting of hosannas loud,
Palm branches strewing in the dusty way.
Now the fierce throng, with hoarse and eager
cry,

Demand that Him shall Pilate crucify;
Naught but His Blood their hatred can
allay.

Behold the Man! My wayward heart, for you
Your Saviour stood there in the public view,
Exposed to ribald jest and mocking scorn.

Ah! should not penitence and humble love
Through all your future life to Jesus prove
That not in vain such shame and woe were
borne?

HE is a weak man who can not twist
and weave the threads of his feeling—
however fine, however tangled, however
strained, or however strong—into the
great cable of purpose, by which he lies
moored to his life of action.—*Ik Marvel.*

The Miraculous Picture of Our Lady
of Capocroce.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

NESTLING cozily on the north-
ern slope of the Alban moun-
tains, about fifteen miles from
Rome, lies the quaint little town
of Frascati. A favorite summer resort of
such residents of the Eternal City as are
able to escape the sweltering heat of the
Roman dog-days, it possesses other than
climatic advantages for the tourist who,
during the months of July and August,
finds himself sojourning beneath Italian
skies. Environing the town are the mag-
nificent villas of princes and cardinals
who for centuries have established here
their country residences; while two miles
farther up the mountain slope are the
ruins of old Tusculum—the crumbling
remains of the Amphitheatre, the Forum,
the villa of Cicero,—with countless other
relics of the patricians, orators, and poets
of Imperial Rome.

Guide-book in hand, the average tourist
saunters about these classic scenes; ad-
mires the splendid panorama spread before
him; notes the widespreading vineyards,
whence issue the Albanian wines praised
by Horace; visits the Villa Piccolomini,
once the residence of the learned Car-
dinal Baronius; the more handsome Villa

Aldobrandini; and the Villa Tusculana, owned successively by Lucien Bonaparte, Victor Emmanuel, and Prince Lancelotti; reads the memorial tablet to the left of the high altar in the Cathedral S. Pietro,—the tablet that records the death at Frascati, in 1788, of the young Pretender, Charles Edward, grandson of James II.; takes a hasty glance at the interior of the older Cathedral of S. Rocco, dating from 1309; and, proud in the consciousness that he has virtuously followed the counsels of Baedeker, and consequently seen all that is worth seeing in Frascati, hies him off to Marino, Castel-Gandolfo, Albano, or some other neighboring town of equal beauty and celebrity.

Should the tourist, however, chance to be a client of Our Lady, and one who experiences genuine delight in discovering, thick-spread over all Italy, striking proofs that it is veritably and indeed “the Virgin Mary’s land,” he will probably seek his information from other sources than Baedeker and his kin, and will find in Frascati notable sights of which the statistically prosaic guide-books make no mention. He will indeed require no other informant than his personal observation to be made aware that the citizens of this little Albanian mountain town are peculiarly devoted to the Mother of God; while his query whether there exists any extraordinary reason therefor elicits the fact that Frascati has been privileged beyond most cities of old Latium in the enjoyment of the Blessed Virgin’s special patronage. The story of this protection, strikingly manifested on more than one occasion, is intimately connected with a painting in fresco religiously preserved above the high altar in the beautiful church of the Theatine Fathers, the first notable structure that attracts the attention of the visitor who enters Frascati by the highway from Rome.

Dedicated, it is needless to say, to the Mother of God, the church bears deeply

engraven on its façade the singularly appropriate motto: *Tu nos ab hoste protege*,—“Do thou defend us from the enemy.” Within, vault and walls are decorated with pictorial representations of the different prodigies, of unquestionable authenticity, wrought during the past three or four centuries through the instrumentality of Frascati’s greatest treasure, the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Capocroce.

The early history of the picture is unknown, as is the name of its painter. In 1527, the date when first it attained celebrity, the fresco figured on a wall surrounding a vineyard situated a short distance below the location of the present church. As long as the oldest citizens could remember, the painting had been on the wall; they had often paused before it to murmur a “Hail Mary” or utter an ejaculatory prayer; but their knowledge of its history went no further, nor indeed had there hitherto been any special reason for inquiring more minutely as to its origin.

One of the results of the struggle between the Emperor Charles V. and the French monarch, Francis I., in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, was the pillage of Rome by the licentious and infuriated troops of the Constable Bourbon. His army, which was composed chiefly of Lutheran soldiers from Germany, ravaged the Eternal City during two months with a destructive fury unequalled by that of either the Goths or the Vandals of an earlier period.

Glutted with the vengeance wreaked upon Rome, the German adventurers turned their arms upon the environing towns. Already a number of these had fallen victims to carnage and ruin, when on Sunday, May 1, 1527, the menacing hordes betook themselves to Frascati. Their approach was visible afar off to the inhabitants of the mountain town; and, although ultimate security from the conquering soldiery was scarcely anticipated,

both civil and religious authorities at once took such measures as were deemed most opportune. The former disposed their inconsiderable forces so as to offer a desperate, if ineffectual, resistance to the pillagers; the latter, accompanied by the women and children, repaired to the churches and besought the aid of Heaven. Terrified mothers clasped their little ones to their bosoms, and poured out their hearts in passionate entreaty to that Heavenly Mother who on occasion can be "terrible as an army in battle-array."

In the meantime the enemy had almost reached the entrance of the town. Already their fierce yells of anticipated triumph resounded along the mountain side, and Frascati's annihilation was apparently at hand. Suddenly the onward march of the adventurers was checked. Just as their leading files reached the wall whereon was depicted the Virgin and Child, the lips of the painted Virgin opened, and issuing therefrom came a voice of irresistible power and majesty. Dominating the shouts of the advancing multitude as a thunderclap dominates the pattering of raindrops or the whistling of the tempest, was heard the command of Our Lady of Capocroce: "Back, soldiers! This land is mine!"

The effect was instantaneous. Not a soldier dreamt of disobeying the imperious mandate. Turning about, they rushed from Frascati toward Rome with an ardor far greater than had marked their recent advance. The terror to which the citizens had shortly before been a prey seemed to have fallen upon their dreaded enemy; and with frightened shrieks of "Back! back!" the troops fled in utter confusion and rout from the privileged town which Mary had called her own.

Not on this occasion alone did Our Lady of Capocroce prove the truth of her words, "This land is mine." Frequently during the intervening centuries has she manifested her special regard for Frascati.

To her alone do the citizens attribute their singular preservation from the earthquakes which from time to time have carried consternation and death to the neighboring districts. To her peculiar tenderness for this home of her miraculous image do they owe, they will assure you, their immunity from that terrible scourge, the cholera, which, despite the purity of the mountain air, has often devastated towns in their immediate vicinage. Only twenty-seven years ago Albano, distant four or five miles from Frascati, lay prostrate under this disease. Victims fell daily in increasing numbers, not in Albano alone, but throughout its environs. Like a monstrous dragon the epidemic raged on all sides of the town save one. Frascati was absolutely untouched. The land is Mary's, and the dread ministers of divine vengeance cease their havoc at Our Lady of Capocroce's shrine.

It will readily be believed that, after the prodigy of 1527, extraordinary veneration was accorded the miraculous image. A chapel was constructed at the entrance of the town, the picture was placed therein, and this little sanctuary soon became the favorite resort of all who had petitions to offer to the August Mother of God. Of the incalculable number of spiritual and temporal favors won by the citizens of Frascati through the devotion manifested in that hallowed spot, no earthly record has been kept; but tradition testifies to the unfailling efficacy of prayers uttered before the miraculous picture, and a cult that has endured through three centuries and upward must needs have been fostered by signal graces thereby received.

The first chapel in which the picture was enshrined was a modest structure, which, as the years sped by, grew too small to accommodate the increasing numbers of Mary's clients; and in 1611 a second striking miracle led to the building of the present ampler and more beautiful church. In that year a pious and wealthy

Roman priest, Jerome de Rossi-Cayaletti, was one morning celebrating Mass at the altar of the miraculous picture. Just after the Consecration the Sacred Host left his hands and disappeared. He looked for It with scrupulous care, questioned the server; but all in vain: he could not find It. Trembling with apprehension, he examined his conscience; and as it did not accuse him of either guilt or irreverence, he turned his tear-filled eyes on Our Lady's picture, and besought his tender Mother to relieve his distress. As he gazed he heard an interior voice saying: "Jerome, you are rich in the goods of this world. Look at this humble chapel. Is it worthy of the Queen of Heaven?" He understood at once, and forthwith vowed to replace the little structure with a large and beautiful church in honor of Mary. Hardly had he formulated his vow when the Sacred Host, vainly sought for a few moments before, reappeared upon the altar. De Rossi accomplished his vow by causing the present spacious church to be built, and he added a large dwelling-house for the clergy who should be charged with the care of Our Lady's shrine. The new church was consecrated in 1613.

Just a century later, in the year 1713, occurred another public prodigy attesting the Blessed Virgin's special predilection for her children of Frascati. A large number of people were one day assembled in the church, kneeling before the miraculous picture, some imploring Mary to grant them additional graces, others returning grateful thanks for favors and boons already procured. Suddenly the religious silence reigning in the church was broken by a cry of warning issuing from the venerated picture. "Fly! fly!" was the order; and, in obedience thereto, the crowd rushed at once to the doors. Scarcely had the last of the number crossed the threshold when the whole roof fell in,—the vault, plaster, woodwork, rafters, all crashing down to the pavement. The

timely warning had assuredly preserved all Our Lady's clients from serious injury, and many of them from instant death.

On October 28 of that year (1713) Frascati beheld a signal honor paid to its venerated image. The Chapter of St. Peter, of the Vatican, on that day visited the shrine of Our Lady of Capocroce, and, amid the enthusiastic rejoicing of the people, fixed above the miraculous picture a magnificent golden crown. In 1863 this same Chapter of St. Peter gave additional evidence of their devotion to the Virgin of Capocroce by placing above the picture two angels in gilded copper, holding over the head of Our Lady a still larger and more splendid crown.

The last public prodigy recorded of this miraculous picture occurred in 1796. Italy as well as the rest of Europe was to see, at the end of the eighteenth century, evil days—sacrilegious violation of laws human and divine, a very delirium of impiety, occasioning abundant tears and working damage irreparable. As if to assure her devoted children of her continued protection, and to fortify their souls against the trials to come, Our Lady of Capocroce once more gave astounding proof of the truly miraculous character of her venerated picture. In the presence of immense throngs of spectators, the eyes of the painted Virgin were seen alternately to close and open,—closing it may have been to shut out the spectacle of the world's iniquity, opening to beam in loving compassion on her faithful servants gathered around her shrine.

All this, and more, one learns in a visit to the church of the Theatine Fathers at Frascati; for on every side he beholds *ex-votos* attesting innumerable cures of the blind, the deaf, the afflicted of every description,—cures wrought throughout the centuries by the benignant and powerful Lady of Capocroce. Kneeling at the famous shrine and gazing upon the marvel-working picture above us, we feel that

this is the sight best worth seeing in all the Tusculan district; and we wonder whether Longfellow had in mind Our Lady's words, "Back, soldiers! This land is mine!" when he wrote:

"This is indeed the Virgin Mary's land."

And then comes the consoling thought that, although we must soon bid adieu to Our Lady of Capocroce, never again, it may be, to view her miraculous picture, we may still enshrine in our heart an image of that Heavenly Mother as beneficent as this wonderful fresco before us. Not less confident in Our Lady's power and goodness than are these Frascati peasants who kneel beside us, we shall treasure our heart-portrait of Mother and Son with lifelong fidelity and loving tenderness; hopeful that it, too, will warn us of peril and preserve us from danger,—hopeful above all that when, at the dread moment of death, Satan and his minions advance to their final assault, we may see them routed by our Mother's command: "Back, demons! This soul is mine!"

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

VI.—BY THE BLUE DANUBE.

THE Vienna of to-day is not the "cabined, cribbed, confined," and wondrously picturesque place of thirty years ago. The magnificent "Ring" which now runs around the entire city—with its superb palaces, resplendent shops, and double rows of trees,—has replaced the old *glacis*, or stadt; and even the "Graben" has put on a modern but ill-fitting suit, to keep in line with that grim and merciless leveller, Progress. The wondrous Cathedral of St. Stephan, despite a modern roof, still wears its fourteenth-

century garb; and the interior is as mellow and sombre and solemn as when the Turks were hammering at the city gates.

The Hof, or Castle, is a very irregular building, or series of buildings, one running foul of the other. In the heart of this rookery, as it has been irreverently termed, are the imperial apartments; and in a small, exceedingly dark room, which had once formed part of a fortress, Arthur Bodkin awaited the Baron Bergheim, to whom he had transmitted the letter written by the dainty hand of Alice Nugent. He had not long to hold his soul in patience; for an orderly as straight and as stiff as Corporal Trim ushered him into another but larger apartment, where he found himself confronted by a small, very stout gentleman in a very tight-fitting uniform.

"Hey, hey, hey! Mr. Bodkin—Arthur—glad to meet you! Hey! Shake hands. Miss Nugent seems to take great interest in you,"—here the Baron winked most facetiously. "Good enough! And so must I, I suppose. British Army, hey?"

"Militia, Baron."

"Good enough. Hey! What rank?"

"Lieutenant."

"Good enough. Hey! Speak German?"

"Not a word."

"Bad enough. Hey! French?"

"Yes, Baron."

"Good enough. Hey! Want to go to Mexico?"

"Yes, Baron."

"Good enough. Hey! Love or war?"

"Both, sir."

"Good *enough!*" and the merry little Baron laughed till the tears bedewed his spectacles, which he had to remove in order to wipe.

Bergheim, who spoke English with the greatest fluency—indeed, all the upper classes in Austria seem to feel a pride in being versed in this tongue,—now proceeded to put Arthur through his facings; and, finding the young fellow

so frank and honest and earnest, took quite a fancy to him.

"Hey! I'll see what can be done. Hey! Something *must* be done, or my pretty godchild will lead me the life of a half-pay officer. Where will a letter find you, hey?"

"At the Jockey Club, Baron."

"Look out for one this evening. Hey! Right about face now! March!"

Arthur was perfectly delighted with this genial old gentleman, and felt assured that something would come of the visit. Nor was he in error; for upon the same evening he received a short note from the Baron informing him that he had been able to place him on his personal staff in a temporary position, owing to the occupant's having been laid down in typhoid fever; adding that Bodkin should report to himself at Miramar upon April 11.

Bodkin was nearly delirious with joy. What a turn of the wheel of Fortune! In office *en route* to Mexico, and with *her*! Was it real? Could it be real? It was indeed scarcely credible. A few hours ago what was he? Nobody. Where was he? Nowhere. And to-day? An official of the court, with a uniform. He wondered which it would be, and if it would be as becoming as that of the Galway Militia. On the high road to fortune; for was not Mexico El Dorado, the country of Aladdin's Cave? And Alice! To be with her for days and days, sailing over summer seas. And the moonlight nights, with the glitter of tropical stars and the glory of the Southern Cross!

Harvey Talbot was delighted to hear of his friend's success.

"By jingo!" he cried, "patience and perseverance will carry a cat to Jerusalem. You'll have to take Rody with you, or he'll burn the ship. And I must come aboard as a stowaway."

In the exuberance of his joy, Arthur had forgotten both his friend and his follower.

"I shall see the Baron at once, Harry. He's such a good sort that he is sure to help us."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, old chap! I can paddle my own canoe till we get to Mexico. There I'll work your Royal Highness, as the Americans say, for all that you are worth. No, Arthur. You may possibly get in Rody, for you'll want your servant; but I'll push on to Vera Cruz—aye, and get there before you. I was looking up steamers this very morning, and I see that a boat leaves for Genoa on Saturday. By starting to-morrow morning, I can be in Genoa on Friday night. That's my little game."

Arthur, however, did not feel satisfied with himself, and felt as though he had proved traitor to his friend. He instantly started for the Hof, only to find that Baron Bergheim had been summoned to Schönbrunn by the Emperor. It was too late to drive out to the Imperial Palace; and as Talbot was resolved upon his own course, there was nothing for it but to let him have his way. Arthur saw him off by the 7.30 train; and the wild valedictory cheer that Rody gave as the train pulled out caused the stately Viennese railway officials to imagine that some appalling accident had taken place, while aid came rushing from every quarter of the immense depot.

Arthur beguiled the time until his departure for Miramar in "doing" the quaint and picturesque city, especially the old quarters, with their narrow streets, high houses, and curious windows and roofs. He heard Mass every morning at St. Stephan's, and afterward spent a couple of hours in studying the monuments and effigies. Every day, accompanied by Rody, he took a ten-mile walk in the Prater, that immense and splendid park of which the Viennese are so justly proud.

"Bedad, the Phaynix Park would knock the consait out of it," Rody observed. "Sure the Fifteen Acres takes the dale,

sir. Think of Knöckmaroon an' Castleknock! Sorra a chance the Danube has wid the sweet Liffey. An' where's the Dublin Mountains, wid the Three Rocks; an' Boher-no-breena? An' the ladies, sir? Masther Arthur, there's more rale beauty in wan good-looking Irishwoman than a hundred of the pick of any other nation that I've seen. Mebbe they'll run them hard in Mexico, but I've me doubts."

Arthur, by the advice of a young fellow whom he met at the Club, invested in light clothing suitable to the climate of Mexico.

"You have three climates out there. When I landed at Vera Cruz I was in the Tierra Caliente, or hot country, and broiled; at Orizaba, about half-way to the capital, I found myself in the Tierra Templada, or temperate country; and later, at the capital, the Tierra Fria, or cold country. So you have to prepare to dress for all three."

Baron Bergheim became absolutely invisible. In vain Arthur endeavored to catch him at the Hofburg, in vain at the Club, in vain at the opera, in vain at Schönbrunn. It was as though the earth had opened and swallowed him alive.

Arthur wrote to Alice announcing his good fortune, and thanking her in very warm and fervent terms. Her letter in reply was written in a most joyous strain, concluding:

"I have not a second to write one word more, I am so busy preparing for our voyage. The Empress is the sweetest and most delightful woman on earth, and, oh, so thoughtful! You will be enchanted with her."

On the appointed day Arthur Bodkin "reported" at Miramar.

"Good enough!" was Baron Bergheim's remark as the man from Galway presented himself. "Hey! you must study German, my lad. Begin at once; and if the poor fellow whose shoes you are about to occupy should not turn up, you shall hold on. Hey! you are on my personal staff as

extra aid. Hey! nothing to do but ogle the Maids of Honor—at least, hey! one of them—aha!"

Arthur, having thanked the Baron for his kindness, hinted at the question of uniform.

"Hey! forgot all about it. Why didn't you come to me? Couldn't get at me? I should say not, hey! Well, we'll see what can be done. Hey, six feet—"

"One, sir."

"Six one? Just Reichtsaal's height. Wait a minute!"

He rang a bell, and proceeded to write a few lines.

"Take this gentleman to Colonel von Bomburg. And you, Bodkin, give this to Bomburg. It is an order to open poor Reichtsaal's uniform case, which has come along with all his traps. You'll repay him if he turns up. Go and see Miss Nugent now—if you can. No easy work. All etiquette and red tape, and—hey! whose dog are you? You'll find her in the right wing, Empress' apartments. And, hey! don't show until you are in uniform. Hey!" And the hearty old Baron hustled Bodkin out of the room.

Reichtsaal's uniform fitted Arthur like paper on the wall, and a very splendid specimen of Irish manhood he presented in the white fatigue-jacket encrusted with bullion, and the light blue trousers broadly striped with gold. How he wished the Lady Julia Travers and a certain Miss Susie Blake, of Ballinafad, could see him now! The clink of his spurs, too, was as music to his ears.

In crossing to the apartments of the Empress, his heart beating like a Nasmyth hammer, Arthur encountered Count von Kalksburg, who started violently upon perceiving him, and glanced up and down in unmitigated surprise at the uniform, from the spurs to the *kepi*. Turning rapidly on his heel, he preceded Bodkin into a large and sumptuously furnished corridor crowded with ladies and gen-

tlemen, the latter being in uniform or in court costume. Approaching a tall, soldierly-looking man, with a green patch over his left eye and half his face, worn consequent upon a wound received in battle, the Count addressed him, pointing as he spoke to Arthur, who had just entered, and was standing eagerly searching with his eyes for the face and form he loved so devotedly.

The tall warrior crossed to where our hero was standing, and, bowing until the sheep of the Order of the Golden Fleece hung out from his breast, he said:

"I am Prince Thurn and Taxis, Master of the Horse. And you, sir?"

"Arthur Bodkin, extra aid-de-camp on the staff of Baron Bergheim."

"I might have guessed as much," said the Prince, with a bright smile. "Have you seen service, sir?"

"No, your Highness — nothing but Militia drill in the Galway Militia on the Curragh of Kildare, and very little of that?"

"I know something of Ireland, Mr. Bodkin. I knew a Mr. Bodkin some years ago, — Mr. Bodkin of Ballyshooly, I think."

"Ballyboden," said Arthur.

"The very word. I saw a good deal of him in London one season. He was a most charming fellow. Perhaps he was a relative?"

"My father, God be merciful to him!"

"Then I am sincerely glad to meet his father's son. The sons of Ireland who have honored Austria with their services have even done their duty well — nobly. Some other time I must ask of you to tell me how you drifted here. I assume that you are going to Mexico with your chief?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"You start to-morrow. Do you sail on the *Novara*?"

"I really do not know."

"You ought to have a very enjoyable

trip on a summer sea. You will stop at Civita Vecchia and visit Rome. The Emperor and Empress are to receive the blessing of His Holiness on departing for their new Empire. *Au revoir* and *bonne fortune!*" and the Prince, genially saluting Arthur, mingled with the crowd.

The expression on Count von Kalksburg's face was not pleasant to behold. He had gone to Prince Thurn and Taxis, Master of the Horse, and insinuated that this stranger had no right to enter the sacred precincts of the state apartments, and hinted that it would be well for His Highness to demand his name and rank. The result was very much to the contrary of what the Count expected, — so much so that, in order to conceal his chagrin and vexation, he quitted the room without questioning the Master of the Horse as to the result of his semi-official inquiries.

As stated by Baron Bergheim, it was indeed no easy task either to find Miss Nugent, and when found to gain access to her. She was literally, as was every member of the Household, overwhelmed with the work of preparation for departure. And poor Arthur had to console himself with a very few words, but they were full of the most joyous consolation: "You are coming in the *Novara*. We shall be together all the way to Vera Cruz."

To Bodkin's intense astonishment, Rody turned up at night in the uniform of the Mexican Imperial Guard, and a very magnificent guardsman too.

"Faix, Masther Arthur, I seen it was me only chance for to go wid ye; an' sure I got hould of that ould chap that dhruv us into Triest the other night. He spakes a little English, and I up and tells him that I must go wid ye. So he tuk me to his sarjint; an', be the mortal post, I was in them rigemintals in a jiffy! Murdher! but I wish I was at last Mass at Knockdrin, an' Mary Casey comin' out of the chapel forninst me. An' who do ye think is comin'; sir?"

"I'm sure I can't say."

"Ye'd never guess if it was to Tibb's Eve, sir. That daycent little girl that I med up to th' other day. She's comin' wid wan of the duchesses as lady's maid. An' she's for to tache me German, an' I'm for to tache her English or Irish, whichever she likes—it's all wan to me—on the sail across. An' sure, Masther Arthur, we're for to stop at Roome, no less, an' for to see the Pope. *Wurra! wurra!* why haven't we Father Edward wid us? The Pope might have made a bishop of him, or mebbe a cardinal. Think of Father Edward comin' up the avenue to Ballyboden wid a red hat on his head! O glory!"

Arthur Bodkin was on board the *Novara* at an early hour, after attending the Pontifical High Mass, at which the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor and Empress of Mexico, and the entire court assisted. The embarkation took place amid the booming of cannon; and as the Angelus was tolling across the blue waters of the Gulf, the majestic squadron of twelve war-ships quitted their moorings, the *Novara* leading, the imperial standard at the main. All along the coast the people assembled in thousands to witness the right royal pageant, while from every coigne of vantage the Austrian and Mexican flags were flung out to the perfume-laden breezes of spring.

At Civita Vecchia the imperial party disembarked and proceeded to the Eternal City, where they were received by the Holy Father—attending his Mass and receiving Holy Communion at his hands, followed by a solemn blessing. And, re-embarking on the sixteenth day of April, they started for the land of Hernando Cortez,—Maximilian never to return; Carlotta to revisit Rome as a piteous supplicant, the seeds of insanity bursting into life in her tortured and grief-burdened brain.

(To be continued.)

To One Despondent.

BE not disheartened if thy pace seem slow,
Thy journey long; push on courageously:
The weariness that now oppresses thee
Will end in rest. Our battles here below
Will have their victories. In tears we sow
To reap in joy; our road to sanctity
Is shortest o'er the hill of Calvary.
And when we fall God's mercy will bestow
The strength to rise. Methinks the perfect
man

Is one whose life should raise but not efface
His human nature; one who soars above
This earth, yet is unconscious of a plan
To be a saint; the secret of whose grace
Is love of God—absorbing, constant love.

T. A. M.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

V.—AN OLD MAN'S SORROW.

HE was a morose old man. Neither sunshine nor holidays seemed to warm his spirits. He was accustomed to sit, silent and alone, in a corner he had appropriated to himself in the smoking-room, which came to be known among the other-old men as "Doherty's corner." Although I had often seen him with a rosary in his hand, Sister Emilia once told me he never approached the holy Sacraments. In spite of his grim reserve, I had always felt a great compassion for the poor old man; and, though he invariably met my overtures with curt monosyllables, I still persevered. Gradually his manner began to thaw, till one day as my little girl skipped before me down the path where he was slowly walking, I fancied he looked at her wistfully. The child also must have been attracted by something in his glance; for, pausing in front of him, she said, artlessly:

"Do you like little girls?"

A smile flitted across his stern features, lighting them up in such a way as to change

his whole expression; causing one to feel that the glow of love and kindness had once had a lodgment there. I was still further surprised when he laid his wrinkled, toil-worn hand on her head, as he answered, with a tremor in his voice:

"I did once, *avourneen*; and there's times when maybe I do still." And, turning to me, he said, sadly and bitterly, as he stretched forth his large, knotted hands: "These worked hard, hard, ma'am, for many a year to make a lady of a girl like that." Then, looking about him wildly, taking in with one wide, comprehensive sweep of his arms his whole surroundings, he added: "And here is where she left me!"

With these words he passed on. My sympathies were very strongly roused. After that day I lost no opportunity of saying a few kindly words to the old man, and not without good effect. He would often unbend sufficiently to talk about the weather, the Irish question—he was an ardent Home Ruler,—and to express his fears as to whether "the new Pope," but just elected, "might not give in to them murdering Italians,—bad luck to the whole of them from Garibaldi, down!" From this and similar remarks I knew that his was the strong faith characteristic of the Irish, albeit his heart had been warped and he had long neglected the practice of his religious duties. Therefore, I was not surprised one morning, after a retreat which had been given to the old people by a fervent and gentle Jesuit Father, to meet him in his accustomed walk, with a new elasticity in his step, and a softer light in his steel-grey eyes.

"Good-morning, ma'am!" he said, cheerfully. "'Tis a pleasant day that's in it."

"Very," I said. "And you look unusually cheerful this morning, Mr. Doherty."

He leaned upon his stick, looked at me gravely, and said, with deliberation:

"I went to confession the day before yesterday, ma'am, and I'm feeling the good

of it yet, thanks and praise be to God!"

"I am glad to hear that," I replied. "Sometimes a little thing will keep one away; the longer one remains aloof, the harder it is to go, until one day the grace of God conquers, and all is right again."

"'Twasn't a little thing kept *me* away, ma'am," he said, with a tightening of the lips which showed his heart was still very sore. "But when I think of the goodness of God in every way, and all He suffered for the like of me—a thing I long forgot in my anger, but which the good Father put into my mind again with his sermons,—I can bring myself to forgive—yes, and forget all, all!"

A mighty sigh followed this speech; the hand that held the cane trembled violently. My heart ached for the poor man, burthened as he seemed to be with some great wrong or poignant sorrow.

"Sit down on that bench behind you and rest," I said; "and try not to think or speak about that which has caused you so much unhappiness."

He sat down as I bade him, looking steadfastly up at me while he said:

"Not to think about it, ma'am, would not be possible as long as I have my mind and memory left. But not to speak of it would be easy enough; for I've kept it in my heart so long and so close that it seems like digging a corpse from the grave to raise it. And yet I have a mind to tell it to you ma'am; for you've always a kindly word for me, smiling whenever you pass, whether I'm in the dumps or no; and I say the truth this minute: I *don't* want you to have a worse opinion of me than I deserve."

Having assured him that I had never for a moment resented his unsociability, and expressed myself not only willing but anxious to hear the story, which I now felt, from his manner, it would relieve his oppressed soul to relate, I sat beside him on the garden bench and listened to the following tale. He said:

"I was six and seventy years last Michaelmas. I've worked hard since I was a little lad, always at laboring work; but I never drank nor caroused, nor spent my earnings in any shameful way; so that when I married—which I didn't till I was forty—I had a good bit laid by. My wife was as fine a woman as ever stepped, well learned and always fond of reading. Why she ever married the like of me is a wonder. There was no pretence of any foolish love-making between us; but we were a happy couple for all that. We never had but one child—a little girl, and she was a beauty. When Margaret died—that was my wife—the child was four years. 'Darby,' says Margaret, and she drawing her last breath, 'try and give Nellie a good education; she's very clever, and 'twill be a fortune to her.'—'I will,' says I, 'if God leaves me my hands to work for her till she's able to do for herself.'

"I kept my word, ma'am. First I took her to the orphan asylum, paying her board regularly—nine dollars a month. The Sisters made a great pet of her, she was so bright and pretty. After a couple of years' time I took a notion that it would be a fine thing to make a nun of her; I thought 'twould be such a safe place for her in the convent, and a grand vocation, to be teaching the young ones after I was gone. And I knew well that while I'd miss her company, and the loss of her would be keen, *she'd* miss many a sorrow and trial in the world by it; and I had the sure thing of it then; I thought that the three of us would be united in heaven. So I took her from the asylum, and put her boarding with the Sisters of St. Dominic in C——, after telling them the plans I'd made in regard to my child. The superior told me it was better for me not to set my heart upon it; for unless they thought she had a true vocation, it would be impossible for them to take her as a novice when she was old enough; and that, above all things, *she'd* want to

have the desire herself. Sure I knew that as well as the Mother could tell it to me; but I said I had great hopes in prayer, and there she agreed with me. And I'm bound to say right here, ma'am, that she made a great reduction in her prices, seeing that I was only a very poor man."

For a moment the old man was silent, shaking his head and sighing deeply. Then he resumed his narrative:

"Dear ma'am," he said, "if I had ever an unworthy motive—such as wanting to make a fine lady of her; or in the line of vanity, because she was so smart and pretty, striving to imitate those that were born to great advantages,—I could well understand the way and the why the good God scattered my plans and destroyed my hopes entirely. The thought of that, the wondering about it, has cost me many a sad and bitter hour. But from this on, with His help, I'll take it as my cross and my way of salvation, as the good Father told me yesterday. Well, well, well, but it was strange, anyhow! Well, well!

"Time passed. Nellie learned everything. She was so clever that the Sisters gave her music lessons and charged me nothing extra. She had the voice of a bird, though"—with a pathetic sigh—"I never heard her sing. 'Twas bashful I was to be going there,—that loath, ma'am, I left the town entirely, so that I'd have a good excuse for staying away. Maybe once in the year I'd go; and when I did, I took all the blame to myself and gave none to the child that she was growing cool to me, and not caring much to talk to me nor very glad to see me when I did make my way to the place. 'Twas out about the shrubbery *she'd* always bring me, and once or twice I had a sick fear at my heart that she was ashamed of me.

"'Twas after that I went out West, working on the new railroads a couple of years. I didn't tell the nuns I was going, but I sent the money promptly, ma'am. Then I felt a great longing to go back and

see my little girl. 'Twas a longing that wouldn't be stilled, and I *did* go back. There was a great lot of people on the grounds the day I made my way to the convent, and I had half a mind to turn away till another time; but something made me keep on, through the path and up the steps. There was a new portress: she didn't know me, but the superior came at once. She told me 'twas exhibition day, and she was glad I came; and I well remember that she said though Nellie was doing fine in her studies, she had no hopes of her being a nun. I was sorry for that, but what I thought worse of was what she said after. 'Mr. Doherty,' says she, looking at me kind of sad like and speaking slowly, 'sometimes I feel afraid you've made a mistake altogether.'

"With that there came a tap at the door, and my little girl came in. She wasn't a *little* girl any longer; but a tall slip of fourteen. Would you believe it, ma'am, I was that shy of her I scarce knew what to say? 'Twas of a pretty, proud flower she reminded me. Beautiful she was, but there were two straight lines between her eyes that I didn't like. One could scarce call them a frown, but it wasn't pleasure nor joy that shone in her big black eyes that day. She was dressed in a white gown with flowing ribbons; she seemed very far entirely from her poor, plain father. The superior went away. As soon as the door closed behind her, Nellie caught me by the hand.

"'Come, father,' she said,—'come out in the grounds at the edge of the woods; no one'll see us, and they're coming and going in the parlors all the time.'

"'I will, Nellie,' says I, taking my hat. 'But what if they *should* see us? Sure you are not ashamed of your poor father?'

"'Nonsense!' says she, and her tone was very cross entirely. She led me a quick dance till we got out of sight of the people walking about the garden and sitting in the summer-houses with their children. I

sat down on the soft green grass under the trees, but Nellie stood; she said it would spoil her pretty, new white dress to sit on the ground. I tried to talk to her, but her head would constantly turn this way and that way. She was very uneasy. At last I said:

"'Nellie, my girl, am I keeping you from any friends, or interfering with your lessons in any way by stopping here?'

"'We've no lessons to-day,' says she; 'and you're not keeping me from any friends, father. But I think the bell will ring soon for us to march in rank to the exhibition room; and I don't like to be too far away, for I'm in the first piano piece.'

"'I'm very sorry I chose such an inconvenient day for coming,' says I. 'Maybe I'd better be starting back now?'

"'Yes, father, do,' says she, smiling for the first time. 'Do, and return to-morrow. The girls'll mostly be gone home, and I can have the whole day with you.'

"My heart smote me then for misjudging her as I had. 'The child is worried,' I thought, 'for fear she'll not be there in the room when she's wanted.' And says I:

"'I will come to-morrow, my girl, and we'll have a jaunt to town for a day or so. But I believe I'll go up to the play. Mother Superior asked me; she said 'twas a shame I never heard you sing or play the piano. I believe I'll go up along with you, and maybe they'll give me a seat somewhere.'

Her cheeks flushed like two roses.

"'Father' says she,—'father, I wouldn't if I were you. I don't think you'd understand or enjoy it.'

"'Very well, then, my girl,' says I, very quiet. 'I'll say good-bye till to-morrow morning.'

"I put out my hand; she touched it merely. Then I turned about and left her. When I looked behind me she was flying through the trees; I could see her white dress between the green branches. Bad as I felt, I was loath to go; there was great

peace and quiet in the place, and I wanted time to think a bit. So I sat down under a big oak, and leaned my head on my knee. 'Twasn't long till I heard voices, and one of them was Nellie's. There was a young girl about her own age with her. Says she:

"Where was it you lost your ring, Nellie?"

"Here, among the trees," says Nellie. 'Twas only a few minutes ago.'

"Was that old man your father?" asked the other one. 'The girls were saying it was.'

"*My father!*" cried Nellie, and I'll never forget the scorn in her voice. 'That man my father,—that common old Irishman!'

"I clinched my fists, and held my breath for fear they'd get a glimpse of me sitting under the tree; but they went on and on, and farther away, till I lost sight of them. I was wild with rage and sorrow, ma'am. To get out of the place was all I wanted now. I made for the train as fast as I could, and got on the road for Nevada next morning. 'Twas five long years before I heard tale or tidings of my girl again, or asked for them. And I did more evil in those five years than in all my life before. Ah! but it sends the cold chills through me this day, after confession and Holy Communion, to think how I flung myself away from God."

The old man's lips were dry, his voice trembled with fatigue and emotion. Filling the cup at the well near by, I made him drink some of the clear, cold water, saying:

"You must not tell me any more to-day, Mr. Doherty; you are tired and overwrought. Some other time, when you feel equal to it, I shall be glad to hear the rest of the story, if there is any more to tell."

"Sure the worst part is to come," he said, sadly. "But I'll take your advice, ma'am. I am tired and worn out. But it's

strange that after keeping silent so long, I'm yearning to speak of it all. Father Brown said I'd feel the better for telling it to him, and 'tis a great relief, ma'am, to be going over it to yourself. But I'll do your bidding and wait till a day next week maybe."

Entirely thawed from his cold and forbidding demeanor, he accompanied us to the gate, leading the child by the hand. Looking back as we walked up the road, I saw him gazing earnestly after us.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Lily of Goldenfern.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

I.

LONG ago, in the days of St. Louis and the Crusades, there lived in the heart of the Swabian forests a knight whose father had been a marauding baron before him, and had left his only son an inheritance of several castles and vast estates, together with fierce, ungoverned passions, all the rough brutality of the period, and an indomitable will. So Baron Fritz von Thornstein was only what Baron Konrad von Thornstein had been. And when the neighboring counts and barons heard that he had wedded the young Countess Adelaide of Goldenfern they shrugged their shoulders and shook their heads, saying: "What could Count Goldenfern have been thinking of, to marry the Lily of Goldenfern to the Thorn of Thornstein?"

However, it was done, the bride's wishes being thought very unimportant in those days. And, after all, Fritz was handsome, clever, and attractive in many ways; and the young bride was gentle and pious, and determined, from a sense of duty, to live in peace with her husband. For some months, she hoped that his evil

companions would leave the castle when she became its mistress. But no: they still remained; and day by day, night by night, her heart was well-nigh broken by scenes of violence and dissipation. After a time, and when her lord and master found he could neither induce her to uphold and share in his wild career nor to remain a passive spectator of it, he came to an open rupture with her, took horse, and rode off with his boon companions to a distant castle, vowing he would never return to Thornstein.

The Lily of Goldenfern drooped her fair head beneath the blow; but, though she bent, she did not yield to despair. She had a secret hope which supported her through the next few months; and one lovely spring morning, when all nature rejoiced, and every twig put forth fresh leaves and buds, and in every little nest was heard the twittering of happy parent birds, the soft cooing of a tiny babe nestling in the young mother's arms brought renewed joy and hope to the old castle.

"Father," said the happy Baroness to the old chaplain, as he stood by her side a week later, "my little Fritz will win his father back, I am sure. See! his Guardian Angel is even now whispering sweet messages from above; and the newly baptized innocent knows more than we of the ways of his Father in heaven toward the repentant sinner. Is there any news of my lord? Has he heard, think you, of this joy?"

The priest shook his head sadly. There was no news fit to breathe in the young mother's ear in the presence of her innocent babe.

"Will you not be my messenger—the messenger of peace to my poor husband? Go, my Father, for the love of the Infant of Bethlehem, and tell Fritz that his little son awaits him, and the joys of a happy home may yet be his."

"Gladly will I do your loving errand, my daughter," said the holy man; "and

do you meantime pray that my words may be acceptable to the Baron."

"Ah, Father, I am sure of it! What earthly father could resist the thought of delight at seeing his first-born?"

The priest set forth at once, and the lady waited and prayed. A few days passed, as the castle in which the Baron had established himself was in an almost inaccessible region, many leagues distant from Thornstein.

On Father Karl's return, the Baroness rose eagerly to meet him, holding her child in her arms.

"What news, Father? Is my lord on the way? How seemed he in health?" But she turned pale as she met the Father's sad gaze, and sat down again, saying: "Tell me the worst, Father: I can bear it. Is he dead?"

"No, my child,—not dead, except to the voice of affection."

"What mean you, Father? Does he not wish to see his son and heir?"

"Alas! yes, my daughter."

"What, then?"

"He will not see the mother."

"But how—" and her voice trembled—"you can not mean—" and she stopped, with her horror-struck eyes wide open.

"My daughter, the Baron's message is peremptory. You are to send the infant at once, by trusty hands, to his castle. He says he will not have him brought up among monks and nuns, but intends to make a man of him, and rear him under his own eye."

The pale cheeks and trembling lips of the Baroness recovered their color, and her eyes flashed with the heroic courage of a mother defending her offspring.

"Never, Father! My innocent babe shall never be corrupted by such a life."

"But, daughter, what can you do? I would say the same, but we are helpless. There are but a few old retainers and our faithful villagers around us; your own father and all his friends and forces

are even now at the Crusades. How can you protect the child here or hide him elsewhere?"

"My Father"—and the Baroness drew herself up, holding her babe before the roughly carved image of the Blessed Mother and Child which stood over her *prie-dieu*,—"she who fled from King Herod's troopers with her Babe knows the agony of my heart at this moment, and will inspire me with some means to save my infant from a fate worse than death. Give me time to think. Even now I have an idea, but I will say nothing. How soon will he?"—and she shuddered—"be here?"

"I know not exactly, my poor child. He will wait a while probably, to see if you obey and send the little one to him; so perhaps in another week we may look for him."

"So be it, but he will never find his son."

"Poor mother! Do your best, but much I fear all will be in vain unless it pleases the Mother of God to obtain a miracle from her Divine Son."

"If it be necessary, she will do even that, Father; but first we must try what human means she suggests. There is no time to lose. Give me a blessing, my Father, and pray for my success."

"God and Our Lady help you and your babe!" fervently prayed the good priest, as he withdrew.

II.

There was a great deal of coming and going at the castle for the next few days, but only of poor peasants receiving alms and food. There was also much needle-work going on in the long workroom, where spinning-wheels and embroidery frames were kept busy, and a great outfit was apparently being made for the young Baron. Carpenters were busy down in the hamlet at the foot of the hill on which the castle stood; and mules went up to the castle gate laden with large packages, and returned to the village without their burdens. But nothing was

said, and those who were in the secret of these preparations held their tongue.

A week after the chaplain's return the neighborhood was roused by the thundering of horses' feet, as the Baron, at the head of a train of followers, all fully armed, swept through the hamlet and up the ascent to the castle, never drawing rein till arrived at the drawbridge, which was down. Seeing no sign of resistance, they crossed it; and, throwing his horse's bridle to his groom, the Baron sprang to the ground, and, followed by his suite, strode into the hall. Up the stairs to his lady's chamber he went, his spurs and sword clanking at every step and giving notice of his approach. He threw open the door and entered.

His wife rose, pale and gentle.

"Welcome, my lord," she said, calmly. "Will you be seated while I order refreshments for you?"

His eyes roamed through the room as he replied, roughly: "Where is my son? I have come for him."

"You can not mean to take him from his poor mother," she said, pleadingly. "Think, Fritz, he is too little to learn more than a mother's love can teach him as yet. Leave him a while."

"No!" thundered the Baron, and his eyes sparkled with anger. "I will have him now, and feed him on the forest wolves' milk rather than that he should drink in cowardice and learn psalm-singing in his cradle."

"Then, if you can find him, you will take him," said the mother, bravely. "I am defenceless."

"Where is he?" shouted the Baron.

"Here," said the mother, drawing aside a heavy curtain at the end of the room.

The Baron entered, and his companions crowded round him to catch a sight of the young heir. But though he entered, and though he searched and stormed, and threatened the dungeon and the rack to all concerned, he could never find

the child, and yet the child was there. There was no wonderful machinery introduced to conceal the young infant. God did not strike the father with sudden blindness, nor was any miracle wrought in favor of the poor young mother, whose heart, inspired by the Virgin Mother, had prompted her to adopt a wonderful expedient, and at the same time to do a deed of charity.

The sight that met the Baron's eyes on entering the room was that of twelve cradles, each exactly alike, within which twelve babes were lying, all clothed in the same costly linen and embroidery. How could he tell one from another? If he took any one, it might be that very one was the son of Ralph, the one-eyed wood-cutter; or of half-crazy Huldah, the kitchen girl, whose husband had been hanged for murder by the Baron's own order six months before.

There was an atmosphere of peace in the room; and even the confusion caused by the Baron's rough entrance, and the cries of the twelve babies as he took one after another, vainly trying to find some sign of superior birth or resemblance to himself, could not long mar the tranquillity. A stormy scene with his wife followed, in which her resolution bore him down; for if he should kill her, as he threatened, how could he ever hope to discover his child?

At length he departed, secretly determined to return on some unexpected day, and find his own son restored to his rightful position. But that day never came. Whenever he made a sudden raid upon the castle he found the twelve boys all growing up round the youthful mother, and vying with one another in love and obedience to her.

As years went on he questioned them. "What is your name, my boy?" he said to a fine, dark-eyed, black-haired boy, whom he thought might prove his image when older.

"Fritz Peter, my lord," was the child's ready answer.

"And yours, my little fellow?" as he turned from Fritz Peter, scowling, to a golden-haired lad, with the blue eyes and fair complexion which seemed to point him out as the son of the Lily of Goldenfern.

"Fritz Johann, Lord Baron."

And so, in turn, each answered to the name of Fritz, with that of an Apostle added.

Did he say to either, "Who is your mother?" each answered: "There is our lady mother," and bowed to the Baroness in reverence and love; while she smiled on them, well pleased that her inspiration to adopt eleven little peasants in honor of the twelve Apostles, and to bring them up as her own, had been so blessed.

After years of hopeless searching, the wild man gave up all quest of his son, but went daily from bad to worse. One day, however, Our Lord had mercy on him; and while pursuing a stag along a rocky path, his horse slipped, rolled over with him; and when he came to his senses he found himself lying in a cave hewn out of a rock, with a venerable old man watching him anxiously. For many days he raved in fever from his injuries, and when he began to recover he heard that his horse had been killed close to the hermit's cave, and he himself seriously wounded. He was still compelled to remain for some weeks dependent on the hospitality and good nursing of the hermit for recovery of strength.

Little by little, as he lay there watching the old man at his vigils and disciplines before the rude crucifix in his cave, the Baron's proud heart softened. Memories of days of innocence, recollections of his gentle wife, longings for the boy who might have been his stay in sickness and old age, crept over him.

One day the hermit said to him, pointing to the figure of the Crucified:

"My son, thou seest what He has done for thee: what wilt thou do for Him?"

The strong man's frame shook with emotion, as he answered, humbly and sadly:

"For *me*, Father? Ah, you do not know me! I am Fritz von Thornstein. He can not do anything for me."

Then the aged saint spoke to him of the Refuge of Sinners, and of St. Dismas, the penitent thief; and by degrees won him to confession and the promise of a new life.

But when at last, whole in body and soul, he was preparing to leave the cave, he said to his spiritual guide:

"My Father, I can not yet present myself to my dear and holy wife. I must first do penance and expiate my sins in the Holy Land, which saw my Saviour die. I will at once join the Crusading army, which even now must be embarking for the East; and if it please Our Lord that I return, then will I seek her whom I have so sinned against, and pray her to show my son to these unworthy eyes."

"So be it, my son; and God be with thee in thy going out and in thy coming in!"

Thus they parted.

III.

Before the gates of Acre lay heaps of the slain. Good St. Louis had died on the coast of Africa, but the English Edward and Crusaders of all ranks and nations had pressed on to the Holy Land. They had fought valiantly that day, and driven back the infidels. The last rays of the sun were sinking into the sea, or gilding the bloody field with promises of crowns of glory awaiting those who had died in Our Lord's own land, fighting in defence of the faith.

A knight was going round among the wounded, giving drink to one, stanching the wounds of another with his own scarf, lifting another from beneath the horse which had fallen on him, when he heard a groan from one close at his side.

"Water, sir knight! A drink, for the

love of God and the Lily of Goldenfern!"

At those words the knight started. He turned hastily, and saw a young warrior lying with upturned, boyish face. The golden-brown hair was clotted with blood, and the death-damp lay on his forehead.

"Who are you? In the name of God and Our Lady, speak again!" And he raised the lad's head—for he seemed little more than seventeen or eighteen years,—and put his flask to his lips, helping him tenderly to swallow a few drops of the cordial.

The young Crusader revived, and, opening his large blue eyes, answered:

"Fritz Johann von Thornstein."

"Tell me," gasped the knight, who was none other than Baron von Thornstein, "how came you here? Have you any brothers?"

"My mother is the Baroness von Thornstein. When the news of a fresh Crusade came to our castle, she agreed, at our urgent request, that I with my eleven brothers should take the Cross and offer our services to Our Lord to obtain my father's conversion. We were to ask for everything in the name of God and for the love of the Lily of Goldenfern, while she united her prayers at home with ours on the battlefield."

"But where are your brothers?" asked the father, in his agony of uncertainty as to which might prove to be his son.

The young Crusader gave a sweet, proud smile, and pointed right and left.

"We fought shoulder to shoulder as we had lived; and we all fell together, but they are dead. I crawled to each, and gave them all I had of wine in my flask. I am the last."

"And you—are you her son and mine?" And briefly the penitent knight recounted his fall and his conversion.

"Thanks be to God! Bless me, my father!" murmured the dying soldier. "I am her son, but only she and I know it. She named *me* Johann in honor of the

Beloved Disciple to whom the Blessed Mother was given. Ah! my head swims—see—there is light indeed! Dear father, take my mother my last word—*Love!*”

The sun sank, and the young Crusader's face lay in the marble stillness of death, with a golden halo lingering round it. The bells from the city clashed out the sunset *Ave*; the camp of the Crusaders resounded with their evening shout as each bent his knee,—“For God and His Holy Sepulchre! God wills it!” And Baron Fritz von Thornstein knelt too, and from his penitent heart went forth the echo of that cry: “*God wills it!*”

Notes on “The Imitation.”

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

X.

IT is popularly thought that not to have sinned is to be without sin. We might imagine a sort of happy valley in which a person is enclosed, all remains of sin being cut off. But there remains the stock of passions, tendencies, inclinations,—all the capabilities, in short, for sinning. Mary Lamb said shrewdly enough of Queen Caröline, wife of George IV., when it was urged that the case against her had not been made out: “I do not think any better of her for that.” Meaning that her character was vicious; the possible guilt made little difference. Part of the discipline of life is to enfeeble or wholly suppress these earthy dispositions; otherwise we would take our whole stock with us into the next life.

Our author is very fine and reasonable on this subject of temptation, which he holds to be a grand test. Without encountering occasions of temptation, we should not know what we are. We give a taste of our quality; as he says: “Fire trieth

iron, and temptation a just man.” And, better still: “We know not what we can do, but temptation discovereth what we are.” A fine form of phrase. Of course we should fly, as the Gospel says, when we are weak; but we should not be weak—in essentials, at least. “In temptations and tribulations it is proved what progress a man has made; and therein also there is greater merit, and virtue is made more manifest.” No theory will teach swimming: we must go into the water. Hence those given to emotional piety may prove to be wretchedly weak when the time of trial comes. As he says: “Nor is it much if a man be devout and fervent when he feels no trouble; but if in time of adversity he suffereth patiently, then will there be hopes of greater profit.” He notices sagaciously enough how some are overset, not by great attacks, but by “daily little ones; that thus humbled, they may never presume upon themselves in great trials.” All which is most wise. “The measure of each man's virtue is seen in occasions of adversity.” As he puts it, almost epigrammatically: “Occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.”

He uses the word “temptation” not exactly in its popular sense of *tempting*, but in that of proving and trial. This analysis of the processes is one of the most acute passages in the Book. All the saints, he says, were thus proved, and “profited” thereby. “They that could not support temptation became reprobate and fell away.” “By flight alone we can not overcome.” And then comes this all-important truth: “He that only shunneth them outwardly, and doth not pluck out their root, will profit little; nay, temptations will the sooner return, and he will find himself in a worse condition.” There is the whole philosophy of it. And how is it that persons are thus exposed to trial and temptation? From “inconstancy of mind and little confidence in God.”

A Letter from the Pope.

THE Apostolic Letter which the Holy Father has addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States contains so much that concerns only the hierarchy that, instead of presenting the translation entire, we limit ourselves to a brief summary.

The Pope begins by expressing his esteem and love for the young and vigorous American nation, in which he plainly discerns latent forces for the advancement alike of civilization and Christianity. Referring to its prosperity and the flourishing condition of the Church, His Holiness takes care to observe, however, that "it would be very erroneous to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the type of the most desirable status of the Church; or that it would be universally lawful or expedient for State and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced."

The Holy Father states that his object in patronizing the Catholic University of America and in establishing the Apostolic Legation was to give an impetus to higher education and to perfect ecclesiastical discipline. The American College in Rome is specially commended to the solicitude of the hierarchy and the generosity of the laity.

After explaining at length the office and functions of an Apostolic Legate, His Holiness dwells on the advantages to be expected from the presence of a representative of the Holy See in the United States—the maintenance of concord among the Bishops, etc. Harmony of thought and action among the rulers of the Church would result in inestimable advantages, declares Leo XIII. "Our own people will receive edification, and the force of example will have its effect on those without, who will be persuaded by this argument alone that the divine

apostolate has descended by inheritance to the ranks of the Catholic episcopate."

Convinced that America seems destined for greater things, the Pope expresses the wish "that the Catholic Church should not only share in but help to bring about this prospective greatness. We deem it right and proper that she should, by availing herself of the opportunities daily presented to her, keep equal pace with the Republic in the march of improvement; at the same time striving to the utmost, by her virtue and her institutions, to aid in the rapid growth of the States."

Touching on the evil of divorce, than which nothing tends so effectually to the corruption of morals, the ruin of families, and the disintegration of governments, the Vicar of Christ praises the Catholics of the United States for their holy firmness in adhering to the laws of the Church in respect to marriage.

The need of upright and virtuous citizens is the next point of the Holy Father's Letter. He exhorts those of the clergy who are occupied with the instruction of the masses to speak clearly and resolutely on this topic of the duties of citizens; "so that all may understand and feel the necessity, in political life, of conscientiousness, self-restraint, and integrity; for that can not be lawful in public which is unlawful in private affairs."

What the Pope has to say regarding labor unions must be quoted entire. After declaring that the working classes have a right to unite in associations for the promotion of their interests, he warns them to take heed with whom they associate, "lest while seeking aids for the improvement of their condition, they imperil far weightier interests. The most effectual precaution against this danger is to determine with themselves at no time or in any matter to be parties to the violation of justice. Any society, therefore, which is ruled by and servilely obeys persons who are not steadfast for the

right and favorable to religion, is capable of being extremely prejudicial to the interests as well of individuals as of the community; beneficial it can not be. Let this conclusion, therefore, remain firm—to shun not only those associations which have been openly condemned by the judgment of the Church, but those also which in the opinion of intelligent men, and especially of the Bishops, are regarded as suspicious and dangerous.” Catholics are exhorted to form associations among themselves as a means of safeguarding their faith. The Father of the Faithful concludes this portion of his Letter with the following exhortation: “Let them, however, never allow this to escape their memory: that while it is proper and desirable to assert and secure the rights of the many, yet this is not to be done by a violation of duty; and that there are very important duties: not to touch what belongs to another; to allow everyone to be free in the management of his own affairs; not to hinder any one to dispose of his services when he pleases and where he pleases.”

Those who would serve the Church with their pens are recommended to be united among themselves, respectful of episcopal authority, and careful “not to overstep the proper limits of moderation.”

Deep solicitude is expressed by the Vicar of Christ for the salvation of our separated brethren—“those who dissent from us in matters of Christian faith; and who shall deny that with not a few of them dissent is a matter rather of inheritance than of will?”—that they may be restored to the bosom of the Church founded by Christ, who laid down His life that He might gather into one the children of God, who were dispersed. The Bishops and clergy are urged to employ every means to induce non-Catholics to examine the teachings of the Church, and to free them from their inherited prejudices. The laity are reminded that they can contribute

powerfully to this end by “the probity of their morals and the integrity of their lives.” “If the spectacle of Christian virtues exerted the powerful influence over the heathens, blinded as they were by inveterate superstition, which the records of history attest, shall we think it powerless to eradicate error in the case of those who have been initiated into the Christian religion?”

In conclusion the Pope makes mention of the long-continued unhappy lot of the Indians and Negroes, the greater portion of whom still live in the darkness of superstition. “How wide a field for cultivation!”

It will be seen that the Letter of His Holiness touches upon many subjects. It is a most important and timely document. Many general remarks have a particular application, and there is much between the lines for those who will read with due attention.

Notes and Remarks.

We may venture to express the hope that the Holy Father will soon favor American Catholics with another Apostolic Letter like the one we have summarized; enlarging upon what he has said in regard to the conversion of non-Catholics, who form the vast majority of the population of the United States; explaining the obligations of the faithful of this country toward the Indians and Negroes, for the latter of whom comparatively little has yet been done. As to the poor Indians, thousands and thousands of whom within our own time have died without baptism, it will soon be too late to do anything more. The devoted priests and Sisters who labor among them are handicapped in a hundred ways for lack of resources. And we may further hope that the new apostolate of Father Elliott, the work of Father Slattery, and the mission of Mother Katherine Drexel may yet receive a meed of deserved appreciation and encouragement from the Father

of the Faithful. There are needs and needs of the Church in this country; opportunities that may never again be presented; there are fields ripe for the harvest; work to be done now or never; and work which can safely be postponed until Catholics become more numerous, more wealthy, and more united.

No one will deny that it is much to be desired that every Catholic family should subscribe for a Catholic paper; and if the clergy in their pastoral visits were to recommend some good publication, and urge their people to become readers of it, no doubt much good would result. But we think it is going too far to assert, as one of our exchanges did last week, that 'parents who run down Catholic newspapers in the presence of their children imperil their salvation.' The fact of the matter is, some papers published under Catholic auspices deserve to be "run down," and it will imperil no one's salvation to do it. One of our venerable Archbishops remarked, not very long ago, that if a goodly number of so-called Catholic papers published in the United States were to suspend publication forever it would be a blessing. The excellent journal from which we have quoted is assuredly not of the class to which His Grace referred; however, we can not believe that condemnation even of so good a thing would endanger any one's salvation.

It is more than a pleasure to hear a good word spoken of any one who has been severely, even though justly, denounced. We have many times had occasion to call attention to the untruthfulness of the late Mr. Froude's historical writings, and to condemn his uncontrolled prejudice against the Church. A recent number of the *Pilot* contained a tribute to the deceased author which we are happy to reproduce, as we like to believe it was a gratification to our estimable contemporary to publish it. The *Freeman's Journal*, of Sydney, N. S. W., having quoted a passage from the works of Mr. Froude in praise of Ireland, a correspondent of the *Pilot* suggested its republication in that journal, remarking that Mr. Froude

sometimes allowed himself to deviate from his wonted course of injustice to the Irish. The extract is as follows:

"Ireland is one of the poorest countries in Europe. There is less theft there, less cheating, less robbery of all sorts, than in any other country of the same size in the world. For this absence of vulgar crime, and the unexceptionable delicacy and modesty of character of its women, everlasting honor is due to the Catholic clergy."

These lines are a tribute to Mr. Froude as well as to Ireland. Though undoubtedly a prejudiced and unreliable historian, a perusal of the last article he ever penned leads us to doubt if much of what is considered most discreditable in his works was really written in bad faith. He may not have had other data for his work than what he used, and there are points in the history of England which it is not easy for a non-Catholic to understand. For instance, it seems quite natural to us that Mr. Froude should have regarded as traitors and conspirators certain of the priests whom English Catholics venerate as missionary martyrs.

The cause of Catholic higher education has sustained a severe loss in the death of Prof. Bernard Jungmann, dean of the Theological Faculty of Louvain, and one of the ablest teachers connected with that famous University. His admirable text-books of theology, Church history, and patrology are known to students all the world over. Prof. Jungmann was one of the most devoted and zealous Catholic publicists of Europe. May he rest in peace!

Apropos of a recent article in this magazine, the following paragraph, contributed to the *Catholic Columbian* by the author of the famous war ballad "Maryland, My Maryland," is of interest:

"A few days since I had need of a valuable document, which could be procured from only one person. I had applied to that friend, but received no answer. At a critical moment I espied a copy of THE 'AVE MARIA,' and proposed calming my agitation and anxiety by perusal of its pages. Presently I encountered a very interesting article on Our Lady of Prompt Succor, and this inspired me to make an appeal to that bountiful source at once. I made the supplication and calmly waited events.

The next day I called upon my friend, and was admitted to his presence. He said: 'Your coming at this moment is strange. See, I have just written the beginning of your name. I was about to send you the document you needed when you came in.' Some will say that this is telepathy, or mere coincidence,—that I would have had my document just the same without prayer, etc., etc. But, none the less, with a full heart I thanked Our Lady of Prompt Succor and gave alms in her name."

This incident is an illustration of those "everyday favors" that are seldom duly appreciated and not always recognized. Doubtless most Catholics will believe, with Mr. Randall, that the immediate and happy answer to his prayer was another vindication of the beautiful title "Our Lady of Prompt Succor."

Few persons have any adequate idea of the firm hold which the Church has secured in China. The latest census shows a Catholic population of 550,000 souls, who are ministered to by 900 priests. The neophytes who are still under instruction would double the number of Catholics. Unlike most Oriental countries, missionary work in China is not confined to the lower castes, an advantage the importance of which could not be overstated. Another peculiarity of Chinese Catholicity is the large number of native priests. Only those are ordained whose families have long been Catholic, but even with this restriction the native clergy outnumber the missionaries in many dioceses. The existence of a native clergy offers the best assurance of the permanency of Catholicity in China.

A few years ago an Oxford professor published an essay which set our non-Catholic brethren talking about St. Francis of Assisi. Since that time Protestant interest in the Saint has been steadily growing in widening circles, and is now filtering into "the general mind" through the medium of the daily newspaper. We rejoice at this consummation. The cult of St. Francis is the solution of the problem of our age. He can succeed, where Thoreau and John Muir have failed, in showing how few are the real earthly needs of man, and how unreasonable it is to confound luxurious creature-comforts with a life

of real happiness. It is a hopeful sign when newspapers like the *Indianapolis Journal* turn aside from politics and the latest sensation to discuss the need of another St. Francis in such words as these:

"With all the worldliness that faces us, it is still true that now, as at all times in the history of mankind, there are here and there souls ready for all heroism—men and women who find themselves out of touch with the materialistic drift, and are yet, singly, unable to resist it. Under leaders in whom they have confidence—men of singleness of purpose, serene faith and high aim,—they are capable of giving the world new and ennobling views of the life that is, as well as of the life to come. In almost every period of the world's history some one has arisen to unite such scattered forces, and make of them a power whose influence has swept over the world and has continued down the ages. St. Francis of Assisi was one of these Heaven-sent leaders; and in reading his life the wonder irresistibly arises as to what the experience of a man so Christ-like would be under the present changed conditions."

The *Journal* declares that St. Francis, could he reappear in the world, would be followed by admiring multitudes of high-minded, noble-souled men and women. It closes with the refreshingly sane observation that "it is not a new religion that people want, nor a teacher of new doctrine: it is that they need to be roused from lethargy, and taught anew the beauties of the religion that was given them eighteen hundred years ago."

The wreck of the steamship *Elbe*, in a collision with a smaller steamer off the coast of England on the morning of the 29th ult., will be remembered as one of the most terrible tragedies of the deep. Three hundred and seventeen men, women and children were engulfed in the North Sea, after a brief struggle with its icy billows. Awful scenes were enacted when the unfortunate passengers and crew realized that the *Elbe* was doomed, and that there was little hope of their ever reaching land. The perils of those who go down to the sea in ships are many and great, and this terrible disaster is another warning to travellers to prepare for death, whenever they set out on journeys by sea or land. God rest the souls of the unfortunate passengers of the *Elbe*, and console the hearts of their afflicted relatives and friends!



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

II.—THE DAY BEFORE.

JACK CHUMLEIGH had grown almost an inch taller; Faky Dillon did not seem to have changed very much; Thomas Jefferson had become so stout that the buttons of his jacket dragged the button-holes. There was a manlier look about Bob Bently; Baby Maguire looked very much like himself;—in fact, the boys had grown more inside than outside. They had learned many new things; but the world to them was a place in which all unpleasant things were to be avoided, and education a puzzling process for forcing them to remember nearly everything they would rather forget.

On this Thursday in September they had paid their farewell visit to Miss McBride. She had been very kind to them, and had presented each of them with her *carte de visite*—a small oblong photograph, in which she appeared in a black silk gown distended by hoops, her hair smoothed down from her brow, a large watch-chain dangling from her waist, her right hand resting on a figured tablecloth, her left grasping a large vase of flowers, and a sweet smile on her face. She had also given good advice to them.

“Be solicitous to show yourselves worthy of the school over which I have presided for so many years; and never put your hands in your pockets.”

All the boys, with the exception of Thomas Jefferson, simultaneously showed their hands.

“A graceful deportment when in society will much assist in your success in life. One of my pupils is now first-mate of a large schooner which plies between Wilmington and Philadelphia. He is an ornament to the navy. Do you think,” she said, fixing her eyes on Thomas Jefferson, who had thrust into his breeches pocket a small bottle full of water and a tadpole, and who was compelled to keep the bottle upright,—“do you think that you will ever arrive to eminence in any pursuit by keeping your hands in your pockets?”

Thomas Jefferson blushed painfully. To take his hand off that bottle—which, unhappily, was uncorked—would be to lose a tadpole for which he had swopped a Calcutta stamp. If he had been sure that tadpoles could live without water, he would not have minded a partial bath; as it was, he was divided between Miss McBride’s stern gaze and the fear of losing the tadpole.

“I hope, Master Thomas Jefferson Chumleigh,” she went on, “that you look on the politeness of your friends rather as an object of envy than of scorn. I have long observed your sullen disposition, and regretted it. An old pupil of mine, Jonathan McSweeney, has lately been nominated for Congress; and you need never hope to attain this dignity if you keep your hands in your pockets.”

This was too much for Thomas Jefferson. He drew his hand from the bottle: it sank on its side, and he felt a cool

stream of water trickling down his right leg. He imagined, too, that he felt the tadpole wriggling in its death throes; but he held his hand in full view.

Miss McBride allowed herself to smile. She shook hands with each of the boys, gave them her photographs wrapped in tissue-paper, and hoped that they would call frequently when they came home.

"Do not forget," she said, as they were leaving the doorstep, "among the trials and triumphs, the thorns and roses of scholastic life, that my school, humble as it is, was really your *alma mater*."

Faky Dillon was quite touched. Fine language always had a great effect upon him. Tears came to his eyes.

"I always liked Miss McBride," said Jack. "It makes me homesick to think of going to a strange school."

Bob Bently sighed.

"There was always something home-like about that school. You knew what to expect. We've got used to one kind of grown people: it is rather hard to have to meet a new set. You knew pretty surely what Miss McBride would do next, but you can never tell what new teachers are up to. And men are crankier than women."

"I tell you, Thomas Jefferson," said Faky Dillon, hotly, "if you go on disgracing us something will drop,—that's all. Why couldn't you keep your hands out of your pockets while Miss McBride was making her speech?"

"I wasn't going to have my tadpole killed," said Thomas Jefferson, drawing the half-filled bottle from his pocket. "It's all right! Skinny McMullen caught it down in the Neck, and I gave him one of my Indian stamps for it. I don't see why Miss McBride need have been so cross. If she had been more polite, I might have given her the tadpole. Skinny's got a lot of cat-tails, too, he wants to swop for stamps."

"You never will have sense," said Faky Dillon. "I believe you would interrupt

George Washington's farewell address if you could, Thomas Jefferson. If you had not been so silly with your old tadpole, I'd have thought of something to say. You just bothered me so that when Miss McBride gave me her picture and said, 'I hope you are glad to get this little soweneer of your teacher,' I said, 'Oh, not at all!' I feel like going back to tell her I didn't mean it."

"We haven't time," said Baby Maguire; "the watermelon may be at home. You know Miley Galligan promised to send us a watermelon by express. He said we'd have it to-day, any way."

"That's true," said Bob Bently, losing his gloom. "He said he'd show us what Fulton Market could do in the way of watermelons. Let's hurry home."

The boys invaded the Bently house first. The melon was not there. It occurred to them that it would be great fun to creep along on the shed and the roof of the summer kitchen, and thus enter the Chumleigh house. It was easy to do; and long experience had taught them that the less attention they attracted to their movements, the better it would be for them. Making their way through the window, over the roof that covered Susan and Rebecca, they carefully sought for the expected watermelon. At last Jack found it near the refrigerator in the cellar. It had arrived during their absence. It was a monster, and carefully cut into its rind were the initials "M.G." in the middle of a five-pointed star. The boys stole down to look at it. On a tag tied to its beautiful dark-green rind was the address to "Mr. J. Chumleigh." Jack concluded that it would be well to put it on the ice for a while: hot melons were not to his taste. With some difficulty the gift was hoisted into the refrigerator. A few other things were displaced in the process, and a plate or two already embedded in the ice broke; but the melon was at last arranged in its resting-place.

This done, our friends went up to Jack's room. It was not so splendid as it had been. The baseball bats and masks, the football suit, and a pair of rapiers were visible on the wall; but the drapery and other pretty things sent by Uncle Ferrier had gone over to beautify little Guy's new room. The room was neat; Jack, especially since he had been able to add some adornments to it, and to consider it his own personal property, had taken great pride in keeping it so.

The boys distributed themselves on the chairs and the bed, and their unusual quietness brought thoughts of the terrible to-morrow to them.

"It is awful to think that this is the last time I shall be here until Christmas," Bob said. "I do wonder what Professor Grigg's school will be like. After all, Miss McBride wasn't bad. She doesn't understand boys, that's all; but she might have been worse."

"Professor Grigg is a man, like ourselves," said Faky. "He'll know what good interference means, and he won't talk at you all the time. With Miss McBride, it was 'Do this!' or 'Do that!' every minute. I don't say boys are naturally good," he added; "I don't say they like work; but grown-ups can't expect them to be good if they don't believe there is any goodness in boys. The trouble with Miss McBride was that when she was in a good humor she thought we were all good; but when she was cross, we were too bad to live."

"I don't know," said Thomas Jefferson. "Some grown-up people seem to forget that they were ever boys; or they must have been very bad boys in their time, if they judge us by what they were."

There was silence. Baby uttered a long sigh. The prospect of exile in an unknown land made his heart sink.

"It's your fault, Baby!" Thomas Jefferson burst out. "If you hadn't been so bad, they'd never have thought of sending us away. I was passing the dining-room

the other night, and I heard father say, 'They're better at home; or if they must go away, send them to Georgetown or Notre Dame, or some other big Catholic school.' And then mother said: 'No: Baby might meet a class of boys who would not understand him. He is a peculiar child. I prefer Professor Grigg's for him, because he is a sensitive boy. And, of course, his parents would think it strange if we separated the children.'—'Keep them at home, or send them to one of the great schools,' said father.—'I couldn't be happy if I thought Baby was among men, and without a woman's care,' mother said. 'You have often told me about your college life, and sometimes I shudder when you tell me of your awful games. If Baby went to one of the big schools, I don't think that the prefects would see that he had his nerve-drops three times a day, or warm his bed—as his mother insists shall be done—with a hot iron every cold night; and he must have so many little attentions.'—'I don't remember,' father said, 'that Brother Jovian ever warmed my bed, but I do remember—' Father stopped short and asked me what I wanted; but I heard enough to know that we've got to go to a girly-girly school just because Baby is mean."

"Maybe he can't help it," said Faky Dillon; "but we know all about his nerves, and grown-up people are very strange not to see that he has just been spoiled. I don't care whether Professor Grigg's school is girly-girly or not, but I don't want to leave home,—that's all. It makes me sick to think of it. We've all been good for two weeks. Mother said the other day that I was too good to live. Now, suppose we go and tell all our fathers and mothers that we will be just as good all the time. I'm sure they might let us stay home until next year."

"The worst of it is," said Bob Bently, whittling at a piece of wood which he was rapidly turning into the keel of a

yacht, "that you're not sure when you are good. Now, often when I've been really bad—and I used to be *awful* before I went to confession,—nobody seemed to mind. But now I sometimes do a thing without thinking that it is bad, and everybody just pounces on me. Grown people don't seem to mind the big things; but you suddenly do something that doesn't seem much—and you are gone!"

Baby Maguire screwed up his face, as if he were about to utter a piercing howl.

"What are you all jumping on me for?" he demanded. "I don't want to go to boarding-school. And a boy can't help having nerves, can he?"

The boys looked sternly at Baby.

"It wouldn't be so bad if you could take the 'extras' at these boarding-schools. If I could learn only instrumental music and take vocal lessons and a few nice things, I think I'd get on," said Baby, encouraged by the boys' silence. All the pleasant things are charged extra."

"They don't put algebra down as an extra: they make you take *that*," said Jack, sadly. "And ancient history is not an extra. I hoped it might be; for then father might not let me take it, as he says times are hard. I say, Baby," Jack broke forth in sudden wrath, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Father would never have thought of school if it wasn't for you."

Baby wrinkled his face.

"I feel the nerves coming on," he said; "and I must not be bothered."

"We'll *nerve* you," exclaimed Bob, "if you go on that way! We'll bother you!"

Baby retired to a corner of the room, a picture of injured innocence. Faky Dillon went to the table and began to write with a very thick pencil. Jack and Bob sat disconsolately by the window; and Thomas Jefferson, unable to endure the sadness, volunteered to go down into the cellar to examine the watermelon.

"Well," said Jack, "we've got to do our

best. I've learned one thing so far—that you must stand and endure things. It is like being in the sea at Atlantic City when you're a little fellow. A wave comes and fills your eyes and ears with water. You think that everybody ought to know how you feel and help you, but nobody does. You have to stand up against the next wave as best you can. A fellow must feel that he is right, and fight it out. Father doesn't think I'm much of a boy, but I am going to show him. What I've gone through has taught me a good many things, Bob; and one of these is that God will see you out of every scrape, if you only do your part. Of course, if you lie and sneak, you can't expect any help."

"That's true," said Bob. "Little Guy did me a great deal of good. We'll go to see him to-morrow morning. Our train," he added, with a deep sigh, "doesn't start until 5.30 in the evening."

"It will seem years till Christmas," said Jack, with another sigh. "I suppose we'll have to bow and scrape to Mrs. Grigg, and toe the mark to the Professor, and not be able to move without a tag on us. The catalogue says that 'deportment' is regularly attended to. All sorts of frills, I suppose. I wish we were going to one of the big schools you read about,—to a big college. I don't believe they'll let us play Rugby at Colonnade House, as they call this school. It will just suit Baby,—all coddling and sissy business."

Faky raised his head in triumph.

"I have found it at last!" he said. "Here it is. It's my *chief-dever*, I think." And he read:

"Oh, tell the truth quite frankly,—

Oh, tell the truth, my boys!

You may suffer for a moment,

But long will be your joys."

"I don't think much of it," said Bob, in a low-spirited tone. "It's true, but there's no snap in it."

"You don't know a good thing when you see it," retorted Faky. "A poet can't

always be making a lively moke of himself to please people. It took me a long time to find that rhyme, I can tell you. Here's a light thing, that may suit you:

If Professor M. Grigg

Cuts up a pig,

And gives us the head and the feet,

We'll cry out aloud:

'We're not at all proud,

But we want something else for to eat.'"

"No, it won't do," said Bob, yawning.

"We want a new poet, with some snap in him—hello! What's that?"

Something heavy had fallen against the door, and the voice of Thomas Jefferson was heard calling for help. Bob threw open the door, and Thomas and the watermelon fell inward. There was a dull, heavy sound, followed by a splash. For a moment it was hard to tell which was Thomas and which was the melon.

Then he arose, panting.

"I ought not to have tried to carry it upstairs, but I just wanted to show you fellows what I could do."

"And you've done it!" said Bob.

"That watermelon is smashed in half."

"We can eat it," said Baby, gouging out a handful of the crimson fruit. "It is spoiled," he said. "Too ripe."

The boys gathered in sadness about the wreck. They heard Susan and Rebecca talking in the kitchen.

"Oh, I say," said Faky Dillon, "let's drop the halves on the kitchen roof; they will make an awful bang."

"No," said Bob. "We've got to be good. We've had nothing against us for a long time now—"

"But this is only fun," Faky said, impatiently. "Susan and Rebecca will think the world has come to an end, and then we'll tell them."

Faky seized half the huge melon and dashed it out the window.

The commotion in the kitchen following the thud and splash charmed them all so much that Jack and Bob, with broad grins, let the other half of the melon fall

on the wooden roof. The boys watched, unobserved, the flight of Susan and Rebecca. Jack and Bob looked at each other with despair in their eyes.

"We're in for it again," said Jack, sadly. "I wish we hadn't done it. I do believe they've gone for a policeman. I wish I had thought."

Faky burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"How Susan ran! Baby and I had better get out on the roof and throw away the *deebriess*."

Faky Dillon and Baby and Thomas Jefferson assented to this, and long before the ambulance had arrived all traces of the fractured watermelon had disappeared.

As the sound of the ambulance reached them, they rushed to the window.

"I think I'd better go home," faltered Faky Dillon.

"No," answered Bob. "There are Mr. and Mrs. Chumleigh below. Let us face the music!"

The sad-eyed band slowly descended, to meet the wondering group on the front steps.

(To be continued.)

The Lily of Quito.

BY DORA M. BAXTER.

That is what they call the second of our American saints, Blessed Mary Ann of Jesus, because a lily is said to have sprung from her blood. In reading the story of her life one can not help noticing how like she is to St. Rose, and so we are not very much surprised to find out that they actually were cousins. Mary opened her eyes to the light just about a year after St. Rose closed hers forever. A remarkable thing happened during her childhood. Having grown tired playing with her sisters, Mary fell asleep. When she awoke, she sat staring into vacancy until they all laughed at her. "Did you

not see them?" she exclaimed.—"See what?" asked her sister.—"The lovely stars," she replied; "they were right over my head." But the other children saw nothing; and when they told the story afterward, people began to call Mary "the child of the star."

Even though she did see extraordinary things, Mary acted quite like an ordinary little girl, loving the games of children as heartily as anybody. Once she and some companions were playing in a house that was building in the neighborhood, walking up narrow planks, and daring one another to climb, just as you boys and girls have done a hundred times; when suddenly there came a crash, a great cry, and Mary had fallen! Oh, the horror and the fright of that moment! She had fallen from a high scaffolding onto a heap of stones and rubbish. Hearing the noise and the screams of the children, her father came hurrying out of the nearest house, certain of some dreadful result. Great was his astonishment to see Mary pick her way out of the rubbish, and spring laughingly to meet him. Had the angels protected her?

Her young soul was brimful of music. All day long, at her work or at her play, would she sing; and in her voice lay a singular sweetness which everybody loved,—a sweetness that not only gladdened the listener, but made him think of high and holy things. Nobody knew just why hers was so different from other voices. Perhaps she had caught an echo of that ravishing music which we are destined to hear in heaven. Alas, that our souls are locked in prison-houses, and we have to satisfy ourselves with echoes!

Several times it was noticed that the birds flew down to Mary's window and imitated her song as best they could. Do you think it could have been like music they had heard away up in the soft, fleecy clouds? 'Tis hard to tell. At any rate, Blessed Mary Ann had a mystery in her

voice, and the birds understood all about it.

She lived to be twenty-six. All Quito knew of her sanctity. Grey-headed folk who ought to be very wise went to her for advice; and she foretold many things that afterward came to pass,—working miracle after miracle, that filled the country round with wonder. She even raised a dead woman to life; and when she died, so great was the demand for relics of her that the soldiers had to carry her out of the church and bury her privately, to keep the people from disturbing her sacred remains.

This, children, was the Lily of Quito, the child whose soul was purer than that fairest of flowers. What a virtue is purity! How we should love it, and ask our dear Lord each day to make the lily of purity always bloom in our hearts!



A Friend of Dogs.

The elder Dumas was a very hospitable man, especially to dogs, of which he was very fond. Indeed he fed them so well and made them so comfortable that all the Fidos and Carlos in the neighborhood used to congregate at his house to receive his friendly words and eat the food which he provided for them. But once his servant grew tired of the bow-wow-ing visitors and went in dismay to his master. "There are," he said, "positively thirteen dogs waiting for their dinner, and keeping up such a racket that I look for the police to interfere. Shall I go and drive them all away, sir?"

"Thirteen dogs, did you say?" asked the novelist. "An unlucky number, truly. Go and hunt up a fourteenth dog, Michel, so there will be no uneasiness when they eat their dinner. Some of them may be superstitious."

Michel sighed, and concluded that an old novelist, like an old dog, could not be taught new tricks.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke. I. 28.

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The First Dolor.

UPON the waves of Simeon's song
His spirit mounted free;
Alas! those waves, to Mary's heart
Brought grief—a bitter sea!

And on the waters, shadows slept
That told of Calvary's days;
And cross and thorns and crimson streams
Met Mary's anguished gaze.

She turned her eyes where Jesus lay,
And strained Him to her breast;
But as she kissed the little palm
And His white brow caressed,

She saw the thorns, the cruel nails,
She saw the blood-streams start,—
And Simeon's sword of sorrow pierced
The Maiden-Mother's heart.

CASCIA.

The Glorification of Duty.*

PROUDLY to-day the Belgian nation greets in one of her sons the incarnation of the purest heroism. Self-sacrifice and devotedness are pre-eminently social virtues; and states both honor and strengthen themselves by proffering to such virtues public homage.

* Address of Senator Descamps on occasion of the recent unveiling of the Damien monument at Louvain. Translated for THE "AVE MARIA."

Father Damien! None ever sought less than he the admiration of men. He understood nothing of that maxim of the old-time sage: "The worthiest is the most sensitive to glory." It was in silence and shadows, hidden on a distant isle of the Pacific Ocean, that he exerted himself for the accomplishment of his austere and relentless task. He styled himself "a poor priest who does but his simple duty." In order to remain unknown, forgotten, he, in a manner, sequestered himself from living men. And, behold! the entire world has resounded with his name. Celebrating the sublimity of his sacrifice, fame has emblazoned him on the shield of publicity. Honored by men is he who expected no recompense save from his God.

Let us acknowledge it: in the concert of enthusiastic encomiums elicited by the hero of Molokai the lead has been taken, not by Belgium, but by a people of another nationality and another faith. The impetus was given by England, who to-day again furnishes, by the presence in our midst of his Excellency Lord Plunkett, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, a testimonial of her generous sympathy.

The English press, without distinction of opinions or of religious persuasions "magnified" our compatriot. The Catholic priest, says the *Daily Telegraph*, "has become the friend of a community." "He has robed with honor the



of leprosy," cries the *Times*, proposing, as its ancestors in the Isle of Saints would have done, the beatification of the Apostle of the lepers. "Truth has outrivalled fiction," observes the *Morning Post* in its turn; "and the simplest of men found himself become a hero. Father Damien lies to-day in his leper-grave, and the world learns once more how little it knows how to recognize in its midst those who are the truly great." "It will not be merely pious people," writes the English correspondent of the *Indépendance* (March 17, 1889), "who will discern the palm of palms to the hero of Molokai. From the veriest unbelievers he will receive the homage of admiration such as no other heroism, ancient or modern, has ever excited."

Nor are the proofs of appreciation limited to these demonstrations. Soon a committee is formed under the presidency of the heir to the throne. The most illustrious names of England are inscribed on its roll. At a public meeting held in Marlborough House, June 17, 1889, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales celebrates in magnificent terms the glory of the Belgian hero, and the assembly decrees: (1) The erection at Molokai of a commemorative monument; (2) The annexing to the London hospitals of a special service bearing Father Damien's name; (3) The sending to the Indies of a scientific commission charged with the duty of studying the nature of the terrible disease and the means to combat it.

It became Belgium's duty to render, in her turn, a tribute of public admiration to the hero who reflected so much honor upon her in foreign lands. It devolved on Belgium, so fruitful in virile virtues, to rear a monument to the honor of her son. It was felt that bronze and stone must transmit, in language powerful and artistic, the memory of Damien to future generations. The proverbial generosity of our country responded to the initiative taken

by the committee of organization charged with preparing the national homage to Father Damien. Our gracious sovereign spontaneously forwarded one of the first contributions. His Majesty's government deemed it an honor to be associated with our project. The provincial administration added its tribute to that of the government. The city of Louvain granted us its public park. And thus to-day in our ancient and glorious city there rises, like a new glory, the statue of Joseph de Veuster, Father Damien, of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts; born at Trémeloo, June 3, 1840, died at Molokai, April 15, 1889. He is there, erect, his gaze toward heaven, in the tranquil attitude of sacrifice freely and fully accepted,—holding in one hand the Saviour's Cross that rests upon his heart, with the other pressing to his bosom an adopted brother, a suffering leper, who is sheltered beneath the apostle's mantle. Such is the work conceived and realized with unrivalled excellence by Constantine Mennier.

Heroism, gentlemen—let us acknowledge it for the honor of humanity,—has the secret of transporting our souls by vibrating all that is best in our beings. But heroism, always admirable, may consist in only a single act—the deed of a moment. Heroic virtue is a habit, a continuous practice; it raises us to summits where earth seems verily to touch heaven.

"Of all the scourges," says Dr. Hubert, "that have fallen upon humanity, and that continue to pursue it like an immense malediction, none has counted more victims than leprosy. It is the oldest, the most tenacious, and the most cruel. It strikes not like the thunderbolt: it gnaws slowly, inexorably. The disease begins in an insidious manner. A few stains on the skin, a few hairs that change color and fall. It is apparently nothing; one comes and goes, and is cheerful still. But the cheerfulness will not long abide; Death

has marked his prey; the work of disintegration, which naught can henceforth arrest, has begun. Soon little swellings develop on the face, in the ears, in the mouth, on the limbs,—puffing up the countenance, changing the voice, deforming and twisting hands and feet. The period of deliquescence supervenes; the swellings are replaced by ulcers, horridly encrusted and emitting an intolerable odor. Fingers, hands, legs decay and drop from the body! Intelligence survives all this ruin, and the sufferer follows step by step the process of slow decomposition that has seized upon him, and is destroying piecemeal the edifice of the human body. And this torment, the putrefaction of a living being, lasts on an average *eight years and a half* for the tuberculous form, *eighteen and a half* for the anæsthetic, the most terrible form of the malady.

“We describe the disease discreetly,” says the author, “giving merely the broad lines. We would not place before our readers’ eyes the detailed and complete picture: they could not bear its horror. Other epidemics excite heroic devotion, this disease inspires above all disgust and fear. Heads, hearts, and hands turn away from the leper; and the physical sufferings of this poor pariah are as nothing compared to the universal repugnance which weighs on him like an anathema, and cuts him off from the society of men.”

We know that in the Middle Ages a ceremony sorrowful as a funeral isolated the lepers from society. The rattle with which they were provided and the white veil placed on their heads kept those afflicted ones at a distance from the passers-by. In many of our old churches there are still shown the stone niches where, solitary and apart, they participated in divine service.

Imported into the Hawaiian Islands by a stranger from Asia, and favored by the heedlessness and freedom of manners common to the natives, the scourge of

leprosy spread with such rapidity that the Government was obliged, in 1865, to have recourse to an extreme and terrible measure, frequently sundering families under the most cruel conditions, applied with a rigor that spared not royalty itself—the segregation of the lepers and their banishment to the northern part of the island of Molokai, on a tongue of land separated from the world, on one side by the ocean, on the other by a rampart of rocks,—a smiling plain, spreading out beneath a pure sky its luxuriant tropical vegetation, bathed by wavelets of sapphire blue, fanned by the grateful breeze of ocean, but offering with its leper colony the aspect of a strand accursed. It is the vale of death. A little steamer approaches it once in every eight days, bringing provisions—and new bands of victims exiled forever.

Despite the care of the Government, moral corruption—born of idleness, of inebriety, of the sensual pleasure-seeking of these miserable creatures—was added to physical evils for their further misery. What Dante will paint that *citta dolente!* The abandonment of all hope of heaven and the climax of earthly despair!

Joseph de Veuster was twenty-five years of age when the Hawaiian Government created the leper colony of Molokai. Reared in one of our country families, of patriarchal morals—the centuried reservoir of national vitality,—gifted with a noble soul in an athlete’s body, he had obeyed the divine call, and, following his brother’s example, had entered the Congregation of the Fathers of the Sacred Hearts at Louvain. A student of our University during two years, he was not yet ordained when suddenly, his brother falling dangerously ill when just about starting for the Sandwich Islands, he volunteered to reap his brother’s harvest of the apostolate.

Arriving at Honolulu in May, 1864, he soon received sacred orders, and gave

himself up unreservedly during nine years to the rude labor of evangelizing the natives of Hawaii. A passing remark of Mgr. Maigret, Vicar-Apostolic—a regret expressed by the Bishop that he had no priest to attend the lepers,—attached Damien to their service forever. The boat that had carried the Bishop and the missionary to a far-away district, where a new church had been consecrated, touched for a moment, when returning, at Molokai, and brought back only the Bishop. "There is so much to be done here," said Damien, "permit me to begin the work." And the Bishop presented to the lepers of Molokai him who was to become one of themselves, to live and die with them.

Damien entered upon his sacrifice without hesitation, simply, joyfully; saying to himself in that familiar style used in self-colloquy: "Come, Joseph my boy, here is labor for a lifetime!" He sets to work at once. He is in need of everything: what matters it? Not even taking time to build himself a hut, he will sleep for the first eight weeks on the ground, protected by the foliage of a large tree which he will later choose as the shelter of his tomb.

What he accomplished among that sick and dying people borders on prodigy. By turns physician of the body and doctor of the soul, distributor of relief, teacher, builder, mason, carpenter, gardener, he is all to all and suffices for all. "There dies here on an average," he writes, "one leper a day. As far as my occupations permit, I myself make the coffins." He thus buried with his own hands, according to the testimony of M. Conrady more than eighteen hundred lepers. Churches, schools, hospital, an orphan asylum, healthy and clean houses spring up, built by him. Encouraged by the Government in his work of material improvement, he transformed—it is the *Times* that speaks—"a lazaretto into a novel colony worthy to

serve as an example to all those of the Pacific."

And what shall be said of the moral transformation? The hell of other days has become almost an Eden, where peace finds a home, where there is room for sweet and tranquil joys, where the celestial radiance of the soul seems to triumph over the blasting and dissolution of the body. The splendor of divine worship, Dr. Hubert tells us, is seen in all its brilliancy at Molokai.

"And look! Here is the procession of Corpus Christi passing. Do not look at the faces of these unfortunates who form it—five hundred of whom received Communion this morning. Look only at their recollection. The crowd proceeds under a dais of verdure which the palm-trees hang in the air; the tropical sun inundates the scene with light, and sparkles on the gold of the sacred vestments; the incense mingles with the odor of mimosas and orchids in bloom; the priest, out of consideration for those who follow him with mutilated limbs, advances very slowly, and his eyes fill with tears when from all these deformed lips there arises the hymn *Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.*"

At this touching spectacle, how can one refrain from recalling the simple and thrilling Biblical narrative: "As Jesus entered into a certain town, there met Him ten men that were lepers, who stood afar off; and they lifted up their voice, saying: 'Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!'"

An American traveller—Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard—has given us a portrait of Father Damien, which I am anxious to encase as a precious stone in this discourse:

"Other lepers gathered about us as we entered the churchyard: the chapel steps were crowded with them, for a stranger is seldom seen at Kalawao. And as their number increased, it seemed as if each newcomer was more horrible than the

last, until corruption could go no further, and flesh suffer no deeper dishonor this side of the grave. They voluntarily drew aside as we advanced, closing in behind us and encircling us at every step.

"The chapel door stood ajar; in a moment it was thrown open, and a young priest paused upon the threshold to give us welcome. His cassock was worn and faded; his hair tumbled like a school-boy's; his hands stained and hardened by toil; but the glow of health was in his face, the buoyancy of youth in his manner; while his ringing laugh, his ready sympathy, and his inspiring magnetism told of one who in any sphere might do a noble work, and who in that which he has chosen is doing the noblest of all works.

"This was Father Damien, the self-exiled priest, the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers."

The contagion, indeed, spared him for a long time. Still, the moment came when with its livid finger it marked him a victim. One day a physician, himself a leper, said to Father Damien, as he observed him closely: "Father, in your turn, you are stricken."—"I expected it," the apostle answered, simply. Nor was the serenity of his soul for an instant disturbed by this revelation. Become like unto those whom he loved, he found in this likeness an additional motive for loving them still more. And secretly, in his heart, he blessed God for having chosen him to carry, like the Cyrenean, the cross behind his Divine Master.

During five years the evil will grow. He, still alive, will see his flesh delivered as a prey to death and its destructive lesions. "He will lend himself," says a great Christian orator, Father Devos, "to the ravages of leprosy as Francis of Assisi lent himself to the burning arrows of the seraphim commissioned to mark on his members the stigmata of the crucified God. The intrepidity of the soul will

spring up all the more beautiful from the putrescence of the body." And in the austere and mysterious sweetness of voluntary immolation, the apostle will think only of congratulating himself on the fact that his swollen feet can still carry him to the altar, and his mutilated hands still permit him to raise to Heaven the expiatory Host.

Let me here recall one touching detail. The attachment to his native soil, and family affection, always lively in the soul of Damien, as his letters prove, take upon them during this period something of additional tenderness. He complains gently that he does not receive news from Belgium often enough. This great voluntary exile, this strong man among the strong, fears for a moment to be forsaken by his own. "Will they perhaps be ashamed to know me a leper? But no; let them pray for me, who am dragging myself easily toward the grave."

On March 28, 1889, Father Damien ascended the altar for the last time; then fell never to rise again. "See my hands," he said, with his usual serenity; "all the wounds are closed, the scabs are becoming black; you know well that it is the sign of death. Look at my eyes, too. I have seen so many dying lepers. I am not deceiving myself: death is not distant. How good God is", he added, "to have preserved me long enough to have two priests assisting me at the last, and what joy to know that the good Sisters are at the lazaretto! That was my *Nunc Dimittis*."

On the 15th of April the martyr tranquilly expired. "His body," says Father Devos, "crossed for the last time the threshold of the temple which his hands had raised to the Lord. This bier carried by eight white lepers, these old men, these women, these orphans in tears, this whole unfortunate people dragging themselves along in his funeral procession, amply testify to the admirable charity of the good shepherd who gave his life for those

he loved. According to his own desire, Father Damien was laid under the same tree that had formerly sheltered him, close by the great cross of the cemetery, his face turned to the altar."

Blessed are the merciful! The monument reared to Father Damien at Louvain, the cradle of his intellectual and religious life, bears these words of St. John: "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." This monument is a public homage rendered to his memory. The members of his religious family continue his work. The spirit which animated the holy apostle survives in them. The Damien Institute will be a seed-plot of the apostolate. Let there come a new Xavier with the cry, *Da mihi Belgas!*—"Send me Belgians!" and the disciples of Damien will answer, "Here we are!"

It is not necessary to be a believer in the Gospel, it is sufficient to be a friend of humanity, or rather it suffices to have in one's breast the heart of a man, to experience a sentiment of profound veneration for this life, all built up with heroism and consummated in the most sublime abnegation. Such valiant careers give us a more exact notion of what constitutes the true grandeur and the true beauty of human actions. They, better than the arguments of doctors, make us understand the invisible world. They are a sovereign affirmation of the noblest attributes of our nature, of what has been called "the immortal and radiant essence of the human soul."

If the honor of humanity can be redeemed from so many sorrowful falls, it is by such lives. If progress in the world is to take giant strides, it is by men of this stamp that it will be forwarded; for everywhere, connected with all progress, there is a man who knows how to will and how to devote himself to a given object. Scientific conquests are purchased only at this price. But I do not wish to bring

into question here science and its labors. Science is the first to-day to bow down, in unison with the highest representatives of power, before the good and simple man in whom were identified the most chivalric virtues of our race. And who knows that this life wholly consecrated to charity may not be the starting-point of an admirable scientific conquest? England has devoted a portion of the Damien fund to the study of leprosy. God grant that the name of Father Damien may be honored by a new and peaceful victory of the human intellect over the miseries of humanity!

It is reassuring for all, gentlemen, face to face with the shadows of the future, to fix our glances on these chosen souls—on whom egoism and scepticism have had no hold. It is good that a nation attests that she ranks among her vital interests the moral grandeur of her people. It is proper that in honoring the hero of Molokai, the mother-country should send the greeting of her admiration and her gratitude to so many of her children who in different spheres display similar devotedness, under distant skies and in climates often baleful.

This celebration is the glorification of duty, and hence is linked to those memorable days when Belgium made it a point to render homage to those of her sons—how shall we ignore the representatives of our valiant army!—who have shown what the virile energy of duty can engender in Belgian hearts. This celebration is also and pre-eminently the glorification of the Christian sentiment in its most elevated aspirations, its inexhaustible fecundity, its immortal youth. It is through it—who can doubt it?—that from the unknown or disdained human seed-beds the sap of heroism incessantly rises to the very summits of society. How beautiful is the golden chain of disinterested charities whose master-link is God! It was with his gaze fixed upon the living God of Christianity that Damien

fortified his virile resolutions. It was the imitation of the Divine Model that he proposed to himself throughout his life. It was in the union with his God that he drew the strength to accomplish his sacrifice even unto the end. Honor to the religion which places such devotedness at the service of the greatest human miseries, and which offers such examples to youthful generations, the hope of the future! . . .

Ah! I know it—and could I forget it, the voice of the head of the Church would recall it to my conscience—the masses have a right to justice. We must consider the legitimate demands of laborers claiming an economic position less precarious, and conditions of life more conformable to human dignity. A larger equality must be realized,—an equality founded on a better social understanding and on the protection of the weak. But in the great work of social reconstruction, let us not forget that charity—which Montalembert called the first, the most difficult, and most amiable of the Christian virtues—is as necessary as justice. Let us accomplish manfully every work of justice, and keep glowing the fire of charity,—the fire that Christ came to kindle upon earth,—the fire that inflames the disciples of His law and raises them to the rank of humanity's great benefactors.

ALL history teaches us the same lesson. Look at the Protestant countries which threw off all devotion to the Blessed Virgin three centuries ago, under the notion that to put her from their thoughts would be exalting the praises of her Son. The countries—Germany, Switzerland, England—which so acted have in great measure ceased to worship Him, and have given up their belief in His Divinity; while the Catholic Church, wherever she is to be found, adores Christ as true God and true Man as firmly as ever she did.—*Cardinal Newman.*

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

VII.—VERA CRUZ.

THE *Novara*, escorted by a single war-ship, entered the harbor of Vera Cruz on the sixteenth day of May. At a distance of half a mile from the mainland lay the fort of San Juan de Ulloa, grim, hoary, dented, the bayonets of the sentries flashing in the glorious tropical sunlight. A salute of twenty-one guns boomed from this little island, upon which Hernando Cortez first planted his mailed heel on the 21st of April, 1519,—just three hundred and forty-five years before. Vera Cruz, baked to a dull pink, stood out from a tawny sand-bank. Clean-cut against a keen, full, blue sky stood church towers and domes surmounted by burnished crosses. Here and there stately palms *en silhouette*, and snow-white houses with colored blinds peeped over walls and fortifications ragged and jagged as the outer surface of a rough oyster shell. Dim and shadowy spectres filled the background—giant mountains jealously shrouded in mantles of clouds.

All was bustle and excitement on board the *Novara* as everybody, from the imperial couple to the drummer boys, prepared to land.

The voyage had been an uneventful one, save for the touching at Madeira and Havana. Arthur had plenty to do, the Baron giving him such work as did not entail the necessity for speaking German,—a language which our hero was rapidly acquiring through the medium of an Ollendorf and spasmodic efforts at conversation with his brother officers. Of Alice Nugent he saw but little. She too

was busily engaged in the organization of the usages and etiquette for the new court; the Empress spending hours daily in drawing up instructions for the heads of various departments of the imperial household, a task which seemed to afford her the keenest delight. The Emperor also was occupied from rosy morn to dewy eve in "the misery of detail," and in consultation with his secretaries of state and other high officials.

There were two or three dances; but as Arthur Bodkin was not swell enough to be included in the imperial set, he had to stand aside and see Alice dance with others; and although as a rule her partners were old enough to be her father, he could not see her smile or laugh without feeling a sting from the green-eyed monster. One night—that before which they landed,—while the ships lay at anchor opposite the island of Sacrificios, there was a dance under the tropical starlight, and Miss Nugent's partner was Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. Arthur felt inclined to fall upon them both, wrest Alice from the Count, and if necessary hurl the latter into the shark-laden waters of the Gulf. To make matters worse, the wily Count whirled his partner almost into collision with the irate Irishman, who was actually compelled to stand aside to permit another to carry off *his* sweetheart. Arthur went "foward" to nurse his wrath, and stood until daydawn, arms folded, leaning over the rail, a prey to the hideous torments of jealousy.

"She need not have danced with him if she did not wish to. She could have excused herself on the plea of headache or fatigue. She should not have danced at all, since I was not permitted to be her partner. I am not good enough. I am not a *hochwohlgeboren*, or whatever they call it. I am no Austrian count. I am an Irish gentleman, thank God, and better than all their counts and barons rolled into one! She is only trifling with me. She is a flirt.

Let her flirt. Two can play at that game. There are prettier girls on board than she—*are* there, though? Not a bit of it. Oh, there's no one like her in all the world!" And thus did Arthur Bodkin alternate between love and a mild form of momentary hatred.

The etiquette on board the *Novara* was of the strictest. The lines laid down were hard and fast and impassable. Although Arthur was an aid-de-camp, he dare not cross the quarter-deck except on business. This was reserved for the Emperor, Empress, and the high and mighty personages, male and female, composing their household. All the golden dreams that Bodkin had dreamed of wooing his "faire ladye" beneath an awning on a summer sea, or drinking in the music of her whisperings under the glory of the Southern Cross and glitter of tropical stars, ended in—moonshine. His quarters might have been in another dwelling—a couple of blocks away. He seldom saw Miss Nugent, and then it was usually at the side of her imperial mistress. Alice, like a well-brought-up young lady, mentally refused point-blank to make herself in any way conspicuous with Arthur Bodkin; and knowing that young gentleman's hot, rash, and inconsiderate temper, actually avoided meeting him; though her little heart would beat love's own tattoo beneath her bodice, whenever the stalwart and handsome Irishman appeared on the scene. Master Arthur, who never yet concealed any feeling at any cost, was for making open and violent love to her; but she very quietly showed him that such a course must eventuate in unpleasantness all round, since the Empress commanded the most rigid compliance with the laws of court etiquette,—laws that placed the amorous Bodkin in a durance as constrained as though he were behind a set of steel-forged bars.

One morning, having been dispatched by Baron Bergheim with a communica-

tion to the Emperor, Arthur resolved, once across the red-velvet roped barrier, that he would not recross until he should have spoken with Alice. Delivering his dispatch into the hands of Maximilian's private secretary, Bodkin asked one of the women whom he found on duty in the passage leading to the quarters of the Empress to say to the Fräulein Nugent that he wished to speak to her for one moment. The young girl, pale and with a scared look in her lovely eyes, immediately appeared.

"What is the matter, Arthur? Anything gone wrong?"

"Yes. I have pulled a wisp of hair out of the Emperor's beard, and I want you to plait it for me," he grimly responded; then angrily: "Pshaw, Alice! This sort of thing won't do. I must see you, speak with you. I say *must*. To-night, after dinner, I'll wait for you behind the first life-boat." And he turned on his heel.

Miss Nugent failed to put in an appearance; but she wrote him a sweet little note, reproving him for his rashness, and bidding him be patient. "Patience may be bitter," she said, "but the fruits of it are sweet."

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up at 5.30 on the morning of the 28th of May, the altar being on deck. It was a glorious morning, fresh and full of sheen and sunshine. A delicious breeze, laden with the thousand impalpable odors of tropical flowers, stirred the gay and gaudy bunting; and the sweet sound of bells summoning the faithful to early service came floating across the blue waters. In the purple distance lay the island of Sacrificios, where the Aztecs used to offer up the bleeding hearts of their victims plucked throbbing from heaving breasts; while snow-capped Orizaba, on the other side, stood out in richest radiance of pinks and rose colors, the first caresses of amorous King Sol. In the city of Vera Cruz all was bustle and

animation. From every house hung out carpets and flags and bunting, to the intense astonishment of the lazy buzzards, to whom the housetops alone belong; while the streets and quay walls were alive with joyous sight-seers, all on the *qui vive* to catch a glimpse of the Empress from beyond the sea.

At an early hour a state barge put off from shore, laden with notables arrayed in gorgeous and glittering uniforms. This deputation was received on board the *Novara* with all honors, including a salute of seventeen guns. The Emperor and Empress shook hands with each member upon presentation,—Carlotta speaking in Spanish, which greatly pleased the deputies.

"This glorious morning is a good omen, your Imperial Majesty," observed General Alamonte.

"I have prayed for it," said the Empress.

An address of welcome was presented to the Emperor, who made a suitable response; a second address being tendered to the Empress, who responded in the purest Castilian.

"She will rule all our hearts," remarked a swarthy deputy, tears in his voice.

Amid the booming of cannon from the shore, from the forts, from the ships in the roadstead, and from the Themis, the imperial party embarked in a barge magnificently decorated for the occasion,—the standard of Mexico to the fore, that of Austria caressing the wavelets from the stern.

"And this is Mexico," said Carlotta to Alice Nugent, as she lightly stepped ashore,—“the land of my dreams, my future home!”

"God grant that your Majesty may find it all that *home* implies!" responded the Maid of Honor, a strange solemnity in her dulcet voice.

"Thank Heaven, the voyage is over!" growled Arthur Bodkin, as he descended

the side of the *Novara*; "and may I never see you again!" taking a last look at the good ship, which now bade adieu to her ill-fated guests, with manned yards and standard dipped. "I have had gall where I expected honey; nothing but vexation, mortification, and bitter disappointment; and for one ounce of happiness ten tons of misery."

Far different were the cogitations of Rody O'Flynn, whose trip was one of a rare and roseate hue throughout the entire voyage.

"Bad cess to it, why couldn't we have been becalmed or wracked, or pent up on a dissolute island! Wasn't everything aboard fit for the Lord-Mayor! And lashin's an' lavin's, an' every mother's son of thim all as civil to me as if I was a son of an Irish king? It was '*Mein Freund*,' here, and '*Mein Herr*' there, an' '*Vollen sie?*' all the time. An' that *shoneavic* daisy, Margery—didn't I make it aisy for her in Irish? Faix she knows enough now for to hould until we come to the city, wherever it is. Didn't I tache her the Cronaroe jig? An' she dances it now as well as Biddy O'Meara, no less. It's lucky I wasn't bespoke at home; for Margery is colloguerin' wid me heart, an' it's as soft as the bog of Allen."

Arthur's first step after landing was to look out for Harvey Talbot; and in vain he peered anxiously into the few bearded faces which he encountered on his way from the pier up to the Hotel Diligencia. Here he learned that an Englishman by that name had been stopping at the hotel, but that he had left for the capital with two of his countrymen. After a good deal of hard work—for the excitement consequent upon the arrival of the imperial party was at fever heat—he succeeded in finding a letter addressed to himself from his friend, which he tore open with as much *verve* as though it had come from Alice herself. It was dated two days previously, and ran thus:

FONDA DILIGENCIA,
Vera Cruz, May 26.

MY DEAR ARTHUR:—I got here, just as I thought I would, before you. I don't know when you may arrive. It may be *mañana*, which means to-morrow; but everything in Mexico, as far as I can see, is *mañana*. We had rather a rough time of it coming out, and didn't I envy *you*? Oh, no, not at all!

I met at this hotel two men from Dublin, no less,—one, James Corcoran, of Ormond Quay, who is here on mining business; and a Thomas O'Connor, cousin of Tom O'Connor, of Ballyragget,—the fellow that rode his horse into the hall at Dublin Castle, and was going to be shot by the sentry. Young O'Connor is here for fun, and seems to be getting lots of it.

By the way, the Emperor will *not* have a bed of roses here. There is a strong feeling against him, and the Mexicans are very patriotic. I heard a lot from Corcoran which leads me to think that your friend Maximilian would have done better than to exchange that beautiful Miramar for Mexico. A guerrilla war will be waged on him and his troops; so look out for squalls, old boy! I thought it better to push on to the capital with those two fellows, and I shall await you with great anxiety at No. 5, Calle San Francisco.

God bless you, my dear Arthur!

Yours faithfully,

HARVEY T.

P. S. I ate some snails at this hotel, and I tell *you* they are delicious.

P. P. S. Don't let the Irish eyes of a certain countrywoman of ours be discounted by the black ones here. I was hit twice within one hour on the *Alameda*.

P. P. P. S. I open this to say that Corcoran has learned from his partner in a silver mine at Pachuca that this city is full of the followers of Juarez; and that Lerdo de Tejada, who was Secretary of State under Juarez, is here in disguise. So,

my dear, rash Bodkin, keep your weather eye open. Trust to no Mexican under any pretext whatever! Do with them as we were instructed to do with the Irish when I had the honor of serving her Majesty—"use them." Give Rody O'Flynn this straight tip. He's the boy that will know how to use it. Come straight to me at No. 5, Calle San Francisco. It is the swell street of the capital.

H. T.

A right royal reception awaited the imperial party as, surrounded by an imposing escort commanded by General Alamonte, they proceeded through the quaint old city to the Municipal Palace. Here an address from the municipality awaited them, couched in terms of affectionate and respectful welcome. Later an *almuerzo*, or second breakfast, was served, at which Maximilian and Carlotta first tasted the Mexican national dish of *frigoles*, or black beans, and ate of the *tortilla*, or flat wheaten bread.

Arthur Bodkin managed to obtain a seat at a side-table directly opposite the imperial table, and facing Alice, who, being young and healthy, was exceptionally hungry, and paid a very devoted attention to the curious and delectable dishes offered her. It was not until late in the banquet that, on looking up, she caught her lover's eye fixed upon her, but with no love-like glance. She smiled brightly, and nodded to him in that sweet, familiar way that only some women with well-shaped heads know. He returned her salute with a cold bow, and ostentatiously commenced a conversation with a young lady seated next to him, to whom up to this moment he had not vouchsafed a word.

"What have I done *now*, Arthur?" whispered Alice, when the party had broken up.

"Done! Nothing that I know of, Miss Nugent." And the graceless youth, bowing low, mingled with the crowd, a red-hot rage glowing in his heart.

"I will show her that I can live without her. She may flirt with every dark-eyed *caballero*, for all I care. Done! Oh, if she only loved me one half as much as I love her, she *would* do something! Done! Nothing! She is made up of court conceit. Her head is turned by being Maid of Honor—upper lady's maids to a month-old Empress. She is frozen up in etiquette, and conventionality has iced her. Well, let her go! let her go!"

In the afternoon Baron Bergheim sent for Bodkin.

"You will push on, hey! and get to Orizaba. A Señor Manuel Gonzalez and two orderlies will ride with you. This dispatch must be in Maréchal Bazaine's hands by to-morrow. Do not mention its existence to mortal. You have seventy miles to do. Hey, hey! You will have to ride. Fresh mounts at Soledad. And mind you, Bodkin, look out for brigands! Lerdo's ragamuffins are on the alert to pick up or pick off small bodies of our men and carry them into Chihuahua. And a rumor is abroad that the imperial cortege may be attacked. So keep your eyes open, and ride in the centre of the road. *Adios*, as we say in Mexico. And, hey! you have only time to say '*Dad me un beso*' to Miss Nugent,—whatever *that* means. Hey, hey!"

An hour later found our hero, with Señor Manuel Gonzalez and two orderlies, spurring along the cactus-lined road that lay across the tawny plain in the direction of Orizaba.

(To be continued.)

A MAN without some sort of religion is at best a poor reprobate, the football of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity and the wondrous eternity that is begun with him; but a woman without it is even worse,—a flame without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume.—*Reveries of a Bachelor.*

The Finding in the Temple: A Miracle
Play.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

SCENE I.

(*At the parting of two roads, a day's journey from JERUSALEM. A group of men, among them the blessed JOSEPH standing. In the distance are women coming.*)

FIRST MAN.

HERE they come buzzing like the bees
In summer in the sycamore trees,
With "So they say" and "An you please,"
The foolish woman's way.

SECOND MAN.

Though they come from the Passover,
I trow the chatter doth not spare
Kind neighbors here, kind neighbors there,
With "Luck" and "Well-a-day."

THIRD MAN.

And yet, good gossips, who decry
Your wives and mine, say how or why
Ye think no other dame comes nigh
Your own when all is said.

FIRST MAN.

Right! But I see among the throng
One who still shines our wives among—
I do the honest folk no wrong—
As a star in a bed

Of daisies. 'Tis that Mary sweet,
Hidden and draped from head to feet
In veils of holiness, yet meet
For human joy and pain.

SECOND MAN.

Mary being with our wives, would be
No gossip, incivility,
Or rude discourse. So rare is she,
Like some sweet, lofty strain.

THIRD MAN.

See Joseph! Now his heart doth race
To meet her, and his happy face
Turns as the sunflower turns its rays
To greet the risen sun.

FIRST MAN.

Where is their little Jesus now,
Whose golden head and milk-white brow
Draweth the sun to rest, I trow,
Like golden thorns thereon?

(*The blessed MARY cometh, saying in her heart:*)

Little One, little Son of mine,
Thy Mother's heart doth ache and pine
From day's uprise to day's decline
Wherein she hath not Thee.

These kindly women's praise (*she saith*)
Quickens her heart, quickens her breath;
Thy Father's blessing fall (*she prayeth*)
On these that pleasure me.

JOSEPH (*cometh to meet her*).

Thou hast been slow, my Star! But where
Tarries the Boy, a wanderer?
What thing of earth or thing of air
Hath tempted Him to stray?

Is't that He chases, as boys do,
A dragon-fly in gold and blue;
Or gathers berries steeped in dew
A little down the way?

MARY (*paleth*).

Is He not, then, with thee? When last
I saw Him, to thy side He passed,
Where the roads met. The throng was vast
That either way defiled.

And thou and I went different ways;
And I have heard all day His praise,
And starved all day for His dear face
And thine. Where is the Child?

JOSEPH.

Grow not so pale. He stays behind
With friend and kinsfolk, safe and kind;
We will retrace our paths to find
How safe the path He keeps.

Nay, Sweet, can anything of ill
Happen without His Father's will,
Whose Hand is o'er His own Son still,
Whose Heart keeps watch, nor sleeps?

SCENE II.

(*At the gates of the Temple. MARY leaneth by a pillar, faint and weary. To her cometh, later, JOSEPH.*)

MARY.

Three days these blinding streets have known
My feet that bleed, have heard my groan.
The swords turn in my heart. Like stone
It hangs, and hath no rest.

My heart that broke when Simeon spake
His words of woe, again doth break.
Seven swords of grief for my Son's sake
Have pierced His Mother's breast.

JOSEPH (*entereth*).

No news at all! Nothing at all!
But silence like a brazen wall.
And yet what harm could Him befall
Round whom the angels throng?

My hands have knocked at many a door,
My feet trod many a stranger floor.

(Aside)

(I would not that she knew how sore
I fear.) Nay, Sweet, be strong!

MARY.

I know His Passion draweth nigh
Ever and ever, stealthily;
But day and hour, these know not I.
What if th' appointed hour

Had struck, and He, a child that lay
So warm, it seems but yesterday,
Betwixt my bosom and the hay,
Were in His foe's dread power!

What if they racked Him at their will,
And scourged His childish limbs until
They were one wound! What if they kill
My Jesus while we stay!

Or what if I, unworthy proved,
Have lost that precious charge beloved,
And He, by angels' hands removed,
Were Heaven's sweet length away!

That were least pain, so it was well
With Him. Dear friend, I may not tell
My anguish, most intolerable;
The fears that lurk and spring,

And tear my heart like an ill beast.

JOSEPH.

Here in the Temple let us rest.
He will return to thy fond breast
As bird to mother's wing.

Come where the lilies twine around
The marble fount, and silver sound
The waters; there may peace be found
In that sequestered place.

Who knows? If there we pray and kneel,
His Father's counsel may reveal
What hidden place doth Him conceal,
The dark world's light and grace.

(*They enter the Temple, and find there the BOY
JESUS standing in the midst of the DOCTORS.*)

MARY.

Sweet Son, how hast Thou dealt with us?
Three days we sought Thee piteous.
It was not like Thee to go thus
And leave us to our fears.

JESUS.

Sweet Mother mine, why sought ye so?
Wist ye not that I come and go
About My Father's business, lo!
That calleth at Mine ears?

FIRST DOCTOR.

Lady, is this thy Son? Then He,
Thy little Jesus, born of thee,
Hath all wonder and prophecy
Upon His childish tongue.

SECOND DOCTOR.

A great prophet hath risen. Sure
The Lord hath mercy on the poor
And groaning world, and opes His door
To send this Seraph young.

MARY.

Kind sirs, my Jesus whom ye praise
Is but a child in length of days;
Just such a little one as plays
And leaps about your floor.

For many a happy year to come
This little Jesus in our home
Will grow, and never seek to roam
Beyond His father's door.

Our little Boy beneath our rule,
And at the kind dame's village school,
Will grow both wise and beautiful,
And learn His father's trade.

I would not have by even a span
The child's days shortened for the man;
Nor that too fast the dear years ran
While still my Jesus played.

Come, Little One, come home! Too soon
Thy morn will lengthen into noon.
Below our eaves Thy dear doves croon,
Thy playmates wait for Thee,

And Thy pet lamb that grows so big;
Thy garden-bed waits Thee to dig;
There's fruit upon Thy vine and fig
Where roams the honey-bee.

(*With salutations they go out, the little JESUS
holding MARY'S hand.*)

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

—

V.—(Concluded.)

WHEN next I had occasion to go to the Little Sisters, I at once went in search of my old acquaintance but new friend, Mr. Doherty. I found him at last, with the others in the smoking-room; apparently more sociable than formerly, if one could judge by his aspect and the cheerful conversation in which he seemed to be taking part. He arose when he saw me.

"Was it me you were wanting, ma'am?" he inquired.

"Yes," I replied. "Shall we go into the garden?"

He accompanied me with alacrity.

"I've been thinking, ma'am," he said, "what a strange thing it would be if you'd come across her some day. I'd leave it to yourself to tell her or no where you met me."

"Your daughter is living?" I asked.

"She is, ma'am," he replied,— "or at least she was a while before I came here. Sure she's a young woman still— not much above thirty."

"She does not know you are with the Little Sisters, then?"

"No; nor would she care, unless it got abroad in some way to injure herself," he said, bitterly. "But I forgive her,—I forgive her now, and I feel the better for it. Sometimes the old feeling comes back very strong, and then I say to myself over and over: '*'Tis my cross, 'tis my cross, 'tis my cross.*' And I try to keep the view of Christ Crucified ever before me."

He spoke with great vehemence; it was evident from his earnestness that the sorrow which pervaded his life was indeed the most vital part of it. I could not find any words in which to express my sympathy, therefore I remained silent.

"'Twas in Nevada I left myself the

other evening, wasn't it?" he asked, quaintly. "Yes, yes: I remember. Well, from that I went here and there, earning good wages enough; but I was beginning to get old, and I had several hard spells of sickness. Sickness uses up a man's money very fast, ma'am. After five years or so I was steady as any man need be, but lonely, lonely and lonesome always. 'Tisn't worth while to relate where I knocked about to; but the years passed, and of a sudden a great longing came over me, and I made my way back again to the place where I'd left my little girl. I took great shame to myself, ma'am, to think how I had deserted her, and imposed on the good Sisters, leaving her to them altogether. I'll not deny that I still had strong hopes of finding her a nun. I was so changed that the superior didn't know me; and when I asked about Nellie, after telling my own story, she said:

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Doherty, that Nellie proved as ungrateful to us as she did to her father. She ran away from the school the year after you were here."

"For a long time they got no tidings of her; but finally they heard, from one of the old pupils, that she was working in a photograph gallery in St. Paul. But that was all they had heard in several years. I was sorely disappointed; but I went straight from there to St. Paul, thinking to find her, and hoping when I did that she'd be glad to see me. I worried greatly at this time; but, search where I might, I couldn't find her. I'd stand outside the doors of the churches every Sunday till I'd made the rounds of all of them, hoping to see Nellie coming out from Mass; but all in vain. I had steady laboring work, and lodged with a respectable widow woman that kept a few boarders. I stopped three years in this place, but I could get no news of my girl, till one Sunday morning I was looking at some pictures in the newspaper.

"'Them are the beauties of Chicago,'

says Mrs. Ryan, peeping over my shoulder. 'Do you see that one?' says she, pointing to a lovely-looking woman, barring her low-necked, scandalous gown.

"Well, and what of her?" says I.

"She's the wife of one of the richest men in Chicago," says Mrs. Ryan, 'a leader in all the fashions; and a few years ago she was working in a photograph gallery in this very town.'

"I glanced at the picture again. It had a look of Nellie.

"What was her name before she married?" says I.

"The same as your own," says she. 'She was one Nellie Doherty in the beginning, till she left off going to church and joined the Protestants. Then she changed it to Eleanor Dorten.'

"Are you sure of that?" says I, my heart in my throat.

"Am I sure? Well, I am that," says she; 'for she had a fine voice, and sang in the choir in the church below till the singing-master coaxed her away to the Episcopalians. 'Twas there she met the young man she married. His father had a great business in Chicago and another here, and the fellow had a terrible time making his people reconciled to the match. But now it's all right, no doubt, from the way I read her name in the papers.'

"Well, it's no concern of ours, any way," says I, very quiet, not to be drawing down any suspicion on myself. And I said no more.

"After that I had no peace in my mind till I made my way to Chicago. 'Twas easy enough for me to find the place where my girl lived, but I hadn't the courage to make myself known. 'Twas a fine house, ma'am,—a fine house, with a garden all round about it, and several men working among the trees and flowers at the time I went in it; for the spring was early that year, and they were putting the place in order. Well, I hovered round

about, trying to catch a glimpse of the lady at a distance to know if it was Nellie. One day I was standing near the palings when the carriage drew up, and what do you think I did, ma'am? Ran away as if I was a thief, for fear she'd see me and be ashamed, and I didn't want to mortify or vex her at all, at all. My plan was to ring the bell some day, and ask for her at the front door; and after I'd spoken with her, and found out if all I'd heard about her leaving the Church was true, to give her a warning and go away. I had no thought of making myself known to her husband, or giving her any shame or annoyance in any way. But my heart hungered for a sight of her, and my conscience was very hard on me for deserting her long ago. I felt sure that was the cause of her running away from the Sisters, and for what happened later.

"The next day after what I told you, I went back to the place. One of the workmen asked me did I want a job. I told him I did, and he bade me come in. All that day I was hauling manure and putting the stable yard to rights. When evening came the gardener told me come back next morning. The master was there when I opened the gate, and a fine figure of a man he was. You may be sure I looked well at him. Along about noon-time I went back of the barn to eat my bit of lunch, when I heard a woman's voice talking inside. It was Nellie's voice, ma'am, and I grew cold all over. I peeped in through a crack. There she was talking to her husband—a grand-looking woman, carrying her head high like a lady born, dressed in a fine long, trailing gown; but the two lines in her forehead were deep as furrows. I didn't like the looks of *them*.

"I sat there a long time after they were gone. I think I fell asleep, though I was never sure. Any way, I jumped up of a sudden with the sound of a great clatter in my ears. What did I see coming down the drive but the carriage and pair, and

the coachman not in it, only Nellie, and the reins dangling on the ground! The horses were running away. I ran in front of them, ma'am, and I stopped them too, though 'twas by a great effort. All the men came running. Nellie was crying and screaming, and they took her into the house. After that I went back to my work. 'Twasn't long till a girl came out and said the lady wanted to see me. "'Tis the hand of God,' says I to myself; and I followed her without a word. She took me into a fine large room, with pictures all about and a piano, and shut the door. I wasn't fairly sitting down when my girl—grand lady that she was now—came from behind the heavy velvet curtains in the middle of the two parlors. She came right over to where I was. I stood up, and says she:

"My good man, I'm much obliged to you for what you did this afternoon. I might have been killed. Here's five dollars for you; and mind you don't spend it in drink.'

"I reeled with the dint of anger and sore disappointment. I couldn't speak.

"I'm almost afraid you're drunk now,' says she.

"Woe! woe! woe!' says I, throwing up my hands, 'and do you hear her?'

"I think you are *very* drunk indeed, my poor man,' says she again, this time stepping back.

"O Nellie! Nellie! Nellie!' I cried. 'My hair is white and my beard is grey and my shoulders are stooped with age and toil and sorrow, but is my voice so changed that you don't know your poor old father?'

"With the first word she stepped farther back, her eyes glaring like a fury for one flash, and I saw that she knew me; then they turned cold as ice.

"Poor fellow!' says she, with her head thrown up like a queen, 'you are crazy as well as drunk, I fear. Go out quietly now, and take your money, or I'll be under the

painful necessity of having you removed by force.'

"O my girl!' I cried,—'my own little girl! I'll forgive you all, and I'll go away and never bother you more, if you'll only once say "*Father!*" as you used long ago, when you were an innocent child. Your mother and the Blessed Mother of God are both looking down on you,' says I. 'Don't deny your poor, broken-hearted father.'

"She made me no answer, but pulled the bell-rope that hung by the wall; and before I could say another word a big negro man stood forinst us.

"James,' says she, as cool as if she was ordering out the carriage, 'this poor creature seems demented and refuses to leave the house. Will you kindly assist him to go?'

"He put his hand on my shoulder; but I was a strong man still in those days, ma'am, and I shook him off. Says I:

"Dare to touch me, and I'll wipe up the carpet with you. As for you, ma'am, I wish you a long and a busy memory, and all the good luck you deserve.'

"She only smiled down upon me and I turning to the door.

"Poor man, poor man!' says she, 'tis a pity you couldn't be put in some place where you'd be well cared for. Take this money,—you may need it.'

"I took it from between the three fingers she held out to me and flung it in her face. It struck her on the forehead—full in the two ugly lines that were grown so deep, and that must be a great disfigurement to her good looks by this; for they are the marks of a hard, ungrateful soul, and such marks work deeper and deeper as time goes on. And that's how I saw her last, ma'am; and how I see her always, by day and night, when I am thinking and brooding—with a round, red spot on her forehead and a cruel smile upon her lips. I flung myself out of the door, and I've been an old man from that day forth. I went through many hardships

till I came to the Little Sisters; but I counted them all nothing to the bitterness of heart that was on me till now. Thanks be to God, the hardness has gone from me mostly; I'll soon be going home, ma'am,—I'll soon be going home."

The old man's head sunk upon his breast. I could not say a word, although my heart was aching for his pain. After a brief silence, he lifted his head and said:

"But, O ma'am, and what can I say to the mother that left her to me as a holy trust? That's what bothers and worries me entirely in these days."

"God takes care of all these things," I said. "I think you have been almost without blame in the sad business, Mr. Doherty. Yours has certainly been a very heavy cross."

"I don't know,—I don't know," he answered, sadly. "I thought to tell you her name, ma'am; but when it came to the point, I thought better of it again. For when all is said, a father's heart is always a father's heart, and maybe it would be a small thing in me to make her known. You might be meeting her some day, ma'am—stranger things have happened,—and I wouldn't like that it would be through myself you'd be despising her in your mind. God forgive me again, but there are times when, going over it all, I misdoubt but 'tis some kind of a changeling she was, and not the pretty baby that I saw first lying on Margaret's arm of a happy St. Patrick's morning long ago."

My own feelings acquiesced with those of the old man. I was glad that he did not reveal the identity of his daughter. It is very unlikely that she will ever read these lines; but if she should, let her take the comfort which may arise from even a tardy repentance—should such be granted her,—in the knowledge that her poor old father died with her name upon his lips, forgiving and asking forgiveness.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XI.

THAT restless anxiety as to the doings of others, that wish to correct or set people right, he thus deals with in his own happy style: "What is this or that to thee?" he asks. "Thou dost not need to answer for others, but for thyself thou shalt give an account." This is, as it were, usurping the function of the Great Judge. We have no real knowledge of the case. "Behold, I know all men, and see all things that are done under the sun. And I know how it is with everyone—what he thinks, what he would have, and at what his intention aims." This last reason alone should be sufficient to prove our ignorance; as the intention may be wholly different from the outward act. So "whatever he shall do or say will come upon himself, because he can not deceive Me."

All that he says of what should be our judgment of others is sagacious and original. For instance, if we see "another openly do wrong," what should be its effect upon us? The usual feeling is that of superiority; or, as A Kempis puts it, "Thou needst not think thyself better." But no one need fancy himself better, for this reason: "Thou knowest not how long thou mayst be able to persevere in well doing." That is, by some change we may become just as bad.

"Put thyself always in the lowest place, and the highest shall be given thee. For the highest standeth not without the lowest." Of course this is only repeating the divine dictum: "Go up higher." But the last portion of the sentence—that the highest depends on the lowest—is significant. Even in the world this holds. The real estimate of position is founded, as he shows, not on the opinion

of men, or on our superiority to others, but on this: "Being grounded and established in God, they are by no means proud." There is the true "highness," which makes all earthly highness and lowness disappear or not be counted at all; and for this reason: "They who attribute to God whatsoever good they have received seek not glory from one another."

In another place our author says, "Esteem not thyself better than others"; which has been said by many, but the reason given is excellent: "Lest perhaps thou be accounted worse in the sight of God, who knoweth what is in man." And this is fine: "If thou hast any good in thee believe still better things of others. . . . It will do thee no harm to put thyself below everybody, but it will hurt thee very much to put thyself before any one."

(To be continued.)

A Point of Duty.

THE late Phillips Brooks, writing of authority and conscience, says truly of Cardinal Newman: "Probably the most impressive and influential act of private judgment about religious things which has taken place in all this century was the decision which took John Henry Newman to the Church of Rome." It was an extraordinary influence that the illustrious Englishman wielded, and leaders like him are few and far between. He was gifted above his fellows; but it was the charm of his spirituality no less than his intellectual ascendancy that caused so many to follow him in the quest of truth. He received ten talents, and they were employed according to the design of Him who entrusted them. The obligation of those less bountifully endowed, however, is not less strict.

There is no one without some measure of influence, and very often it is far greater

than could be supposed. A man of blameless life, whose soul is ever uplifted to the awful neighborhood of God, though he may be poor, uneducated and obscure, can not fail of making an impression on those with whom he comes in contact. And widespread movements may have very small beginnings.

It is a great though common delusion to suppose that to exert influence on those around us we must needs be writers or speakers, editors or publicists; and we are prone to forget that the practice of our religion is the best apology for it. A striking illustration of what it is in the power of almost any layman to do for the cause of religion lately came under our notice. In a city that we know, the population of which is largely non-Catholic, lives a physician who, besides being skilled in his profession, is a practical member of the Church. The attention of the Protestant portion of the community was drawn to him soon after he began to practise, and many shrugged their shoulders that a man who had his way to make should be so unwise as to be communicative as to his religion. A Methodist minister, who presides over a large congregation in the city, wondered how a man of so much intelligence could be a "Romanist" at all; and his wonder grew until he was moved to pay him a visit at his office. Happening to drop in at a time when he was not engaged, a long chat about religion ensued. The Rev. Mr. Himbuk—this is not his real name—was amazed to find that many of his notions about the Church were altogether false, and when put on his defence experienced embarrassment which it was impossible to conceal. He frankly declared that his eyes had been opened as never before; and, like an honest man, he expressed gratification at being set right regarding 'his Romanist friends.'

The Doctor took care to impress upon the minister that not only had he been

holding wrong ideas himself, but spreading them as far as his influence extended. Brother Himbuk's conscience was pricked at this. He said he was sorry, and asked for some Catholic books to study in private, in order to guard against bearing false witness against his neighbor in future. A good man is Brother H. We are sure that he will never again knowingly slander the Church. From what we hear of him, we think he will even correct, as far as lies in his power, the calumnies he has circulated and the false impressions he has made. Henceforth Brother Himbuk will be a herald of truth to a large number of people, whereas he was formerly a mouthpiece of error and misrepresentation, at least as far as the Catholic religion was concerned.

Behold the result of a casual conversation about religion! Any well-instructed, practical Catholic may exert a like influence. There is no one too obscure to reflect the light of Catholic truth and practice. A devout layman, who was for many years rector of an Episcopal church in Columbus, Ohio, relates that his conversion was due, under God, to the example of one of his servants, a faithful Irish girl. His whole family followed him into the Church, and one of his sons is a well-known Jesuit Father.

The command "So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven," is one that admits of no misinterpretation, and that every Christian should regard as a personal obligation.

THE past belongs to God; the present only is ours. And, short as it is, there is more in it and of it than we can well manage. The man who can grapple it, and measure it, and fill it with his purpose, is doing a man's work; none can do more; but there are thousands who do less.—
Ik Marvel.

The Apostle of Acadia.

THE death of the Very Rev. Camille Lefebvre, C.S.C., President of St. Joseph's College and pastor of Memramcook, New Brunswick, brings to a close an eventful chapter in the history of Acadia, the fair but unfortunate land of Gabriel and Evangeline, and concludes the beneficent career of an epoch-making man. Three decades ago the French Acadians of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island were an unimportant factor in the social life and polity of those provinces. From the date of their expulsion in 1755 they had constructively been deprived of all means of instruction. In public, professional, or even commercial life an Acadian name rarely if ever figured. Unquestionably looked down upon by their English and Protestant neighbors as a race naturally inferior to the Anglo-Saxons, they apparently acquiesced in the fate that doomed them to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Within thirty years a notable transformation has been wrought in this people. Practical servitude and inferiority have been replaced by genuine equality and freedom, and the truth that has made them free is education.

In 1864 Father Lefebvre, a zealous and energetic young French-Canadian priest of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, accepted the charge of the principal Acadian parish, Memramcook, and forthwith founded a college. Since then it has been flood-tide with the Acadians. From the class-rooms and lecture halls of St. Joseph's there has issued a continuous throng of French youth, who have entered the various professions, and are achieving therein a success that more than vindicates the far-sightedness of him whom they delight in calling their apostle, regenerator, and father. The harvest is abundant, but few fully comprehend the rigor of the ceaseless toil expended by the tiller. The obstacles that confronted the youthful missionary of 1864 were gigantic; and reverses, misfortunes, trials and difficulties have not been wanting during the intervening years. Indomitable energy alone, coupled with an unswerving confidence in the God, for whose

honor and glory the work was prosecuted, could have repelled discouragement, defied all failure, and conducted the enterprise to a successful issue. With that issue fully assured, Father Lefebvre's mission was accomplished, and he has been called by his Master to the reward of his self-sacrificing life. With a mind single to God's glory, he gave himself without stint to the cause of religion and education. He fructified a hundredfold the talents with which he had been entrusted; and even from the world, to whose applause he was ever indifferent, he has received the homage of genuine admiration, reverence, and esteem. *R. I. P.*

Notes and Remarks.

The latest issue of *Hoffmann's Catholic Directory* shows a slow but steady advance for the Church in this country. According to these statistics, which can not be more than approximately correct, and which certainly do not sin by exaggeration in any particular, there are in the United States 17 archbishops; 73 bishops; 10,053 priests; 9,309 churches; 191 colleges; 609 academies; 3,731 parish schools, in which 775,070 children are educated; 239 orphan asylums, sheltering 30,867 orphans; and 821 other charitable institutions. The total number of children attending Catholic schools or colleges is 918,207, and the Catholic population of the United States is moderately set at 9,071,865. Thus, notwithstanding the serious disadvantages under which the Church has labored during the past year, a continuous and notable growth is evident.

What a mighty host we Catholics might be for the solution of the problems that now menace society! What a power for the purification of politics! And, if each lived worthy of the Christian name, what an army to spread Christ's kingdom and to make known His truth!

It is significant that not a few Protestant clergymen now recommend their hearers to pray to the Blessed Virgin. One of these

innovators is the Rev. Lewis T. Wattson, of St. John's Protestant Episcopal church, Kingston, N. Y. In a sermon preached on the Feast of the Purification he declared that, "as Mother of God, the Virgin Mary should be especially venerated. It is time," he said, "to lay aside some of the Protestant prejudices on this subject; and, when we pray, to ask Mary to intercede for us with God." Father Wattson argued that if Christ listened to Mary's request at the marriage-feast of Cana, why would He not do so now when she is Queen of Heaven?

The argument of Father Wattson is as old as the hills, novel as it may have seemed to many of his listeners; and it is as strong as it is venerable. Unquestionably, it was at the suggestion of His Holy Mother that Christ wrought the "beginning of miracles" in Cana of Galilee; and they have continued ever since. It is time—high time,—as Father Wattson maintains, for Protestants to lay aside their prejudices. But if it be lawful to invoke the intercession of the Mother of God, how comes it that Protestants have hitherto refrained from doing so? And why, if she deserves to be "especially venerated," have they not always honored her, as the Church does? A change has come over the creed of the denomination which Father Wattson represents, but what is true does not admit of change.

The influence which the Church is destined to wield in the "coming social struggle" forms the subject of an interesting article which Mr. Charles Robinson contributes to the *American Magazine of Civics*. That the "social struggle" is really "coming" must have occurred to even the most optimistic at one time or other. Religion alone—it is the lesson of experience—can ride the whirlwind and direct the storm; and, as Mr. Robinson declares, the Catholic Church must bear the brunt of the burden. The sects "have yet to take the first step necessary to deal effectually with the great problems with which modern society is encompassed. They must unite in order to create a sufficiently strong association." After showing how one after another of the great European powers has sought the sympathy and support of the Holy

Father, Mr. Robinson concludes: "This tacit acknowledgment of the religious primacy of the successor of St. Peter is one of the clearest signs of the times. It is a significant recognition of the fact that the Catholic Church holds the solution of the terrible problem which lies on the threshold of the twentieth century, and that it belongs to the Pope alone to pronounce our social *pax vobiscum*."

There are some questions, it must be confessed, that are understood better in England than in our country. Last year Lord Salisbury expressed a preference for parish schools in unmistakable language, and quite recently Mr. Gladstone declared that an undenominational system of religious instruction is a "moral monster." Now comes Minister Balfour, one of the most influential politicians of England, who said in a recent address:

"I myself am totally incapable of comprehending what religion is which is 'free from creeds and dogmas.' A creed is a formal statement of something you believe. A dogma is a particular proposition stating a belief. How can you teach anything religious or irreligious, sacred or secular, which shall not have in it something in the nature of creed and dogma—that is to say, definite propositions embodying what are believed to be definite principles? If it were possible to teach religion without creed and dogma, religion would be different from every other subject of education, the whole of which consists of definite propositions and definite beliefs."

It will be long before American statesmen understand this simple truth; and longer still, we fear, before they will find courage to express it so frankly. Our ears must still be offended by ignorant talk about "creedless Christianity" and "undenominational instruction."

If the Bishops of France read the French radical papers and seek therein for some indication of the precise attitude which the episcopate should adopt toward the government, they are to be pitied. When it happens that the Bishops hold themselves apart from official ceremonies, they are accused of open conspiracy against the Republic; when they attend, when they affirm their submission to the constitutional laws, it is flippantly asserted that they are embracing the Republic the better to stifle it. The radical press, in good sooth, is somewhat difficult to satisfy in this

matter,—but, then, we suppose the Bishops do not expend many hours a day in worrying over its vagaries.

A sudden but by no means an unprovided death was that of Mr. David Lewis, which occurred at Arundel, England, last month. Mr. Lewis was an Oxford man, and "took orders" after his graduation, but soon resigned his benefice and became a Catholic. He devoted himself to works of charity and to the cause of Catholic literature, to which he contributed an English translation of the writings of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. This work was a spiritual as well as an intellectual exercise, and was probably the beginning of that severe asceticism which distinguished him. For many years before his death he had adopted a rule of life which obliged him to work ten hours a day and to eat but one meal. Thus he lived, a man mighty in word and work, a living proof of the vitality of faith amid the bustle of the world and the clash of conflicting opinions. May he rest in peace!

We have already referred to the valuable services which a Catholic priest, the Rev. Pierre Gibault, rendered to the struggling colonists during the Revolutionary war. Father Gibault was pastor of Vincennes, Ind., when Col. Clark led an expedition for the purpose of reclaiming from the English the territory now covered by Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Upper Michigan. Col. Clark's forces would have been unequal to the project, had not Father Gibault come to his assistance. He influenced the people of Vincennes to join hands with the colonists, recruited all his parishioners and the Catholic Indians into the American army, and gave all his property for the support of Clark's soldiers. In view of these facts the following observation, from the *Poor Souls' Advocate*, is specially opportune and judicious:

"He deserved better of the country than he received. If he were not a Catholic and a priest, his statue would to-day be found in the chief cities of that great Northwest which he brought into the Union. Instead, even in the common school histories of Indiana, where he is not utterly ignored he is alluded to as 'Mr. Gibault,' and the fact that he

was even a Catholic, much less a priest, studiously concealed. Now that Father Marquette is receiving honors in the land he loved, would it not be well that the Catholics of the old 'Northwestern Territory' should make some effort to preserve the memory of the patriotic Father of Four States?"

Many of the "Americans" whom we hear about nowadays hail from the Orange lodges of Canada or Ulster, and this fact may explain the neglect of Father Gibault's memory. The people of the United States, however, are prompt to recognize and reward merit wherever found; and we hope that the State of Indiana, at least, will decorate her capitol with a statue of the patriotic priest.

The program of the Columbian Catholic Summer School, which has just been published, offers ample assurance of the success of the first session, which is to be held at Madison, Wis., on July 14. The preliminary arrangements have all been perfected, lecturers secured, and studies outlined. The active co-operation of Catholics in the West is requested to make the Western Summer School worthy of her Eastern sister. To further this end, the directors offer a number of "life memberships," the *honorarium* for which has been fixed at fifty dollars, and which entitles the holder and his family to the privileges of the School as long as it endures. The program for the first year's session is at once comprehensive and interesting, and we learn that the list of lecturers leaves nothing to be desired. The Board of Control embraces bishops, priests and laymen; and the School, though wisely established at Madison this year, is not committed to any permanent location.

The late Father Æneas Dawson, of Ottawa, was a remarkable man. His influence with non-Catholics was so great as to win for him the waggish surname of the "Protestant priest." Needless to say, however, Father Dawson's influence was the fruit of his own superiority, not the result of compromise or concession to prejudice. He was a ripe scholar and a tireless worker. The late Sir John Macdonald, whilom Premier of Canada, pronounced him "the best prose writer of our country." *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. Fathers Lacasse and Galland, of the Fathers of Mercy, Brooklyn, N. Y., who passed to their reward on the 6th ult.

Sister M. Ethelreda, Passaic, N. J.; Sister M. Aloysius, Hicksville, N. Y.; Sister M. Paul, St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, Cal.; Sister M. Hiltreude, Emmetsburg, Iowa; Sister M. Aloysius, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Flushing, N. Y.; Sister M. Teresa, Frederick, Md.; and Sister M. Gertrude, O. S. B., Paramatta, N. S. W., who recently departed for heaven.

Mr. A. D. LeBlanc, who died a holy death on the 29th ult., at Waltham, Mass.

Mrs. A. Drinkwine, of Danvers, Minn., whose life closed peacefully on the 15th ult.

Miss Mary Herlehey, who departed this life on the 16th ult., at Cohoes, N. Y.

Mr. Daniel Myron, of Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mr. William T. Davenport, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Ellen Mehegan, Somerville, Mass.; John Donohue, Ridge-wood, N. J.; Miss Ellen Walsh, Valley Falls, R. I.; Margerie A. McNally, Cohoes, N. Y.; John J. Donnelly, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. Kieran Egan, Lawrence Magilligan, Mrs. Ellen Burke, John Richard and Elizabeth Muldoon, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Sarah E. Morrison, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Hanora Maroney, Worcester, Mass.; Mr. James McElroy, Stratford, Conn.; William Kennedy and John Kelly, Waterbury, Conn.; William Ahern, Willimantic, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Broady, Hageman, Ind.; Mrs. Margaret F. Donnavon, Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. Ellen Cullinan, Lowell, Mass.; Catherine Caughlin, Creston, Iowa; James Dowd, Medaro, Cal.; Lawrence Fleming, James Kelleher, Mrs. Ellen Carraher, and Mrs. Eliza Jordan, Washington, D. C.; James Galvin and Margaret Callahan, Meadville, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Morris, St. Louis, Mo.; James J. Maher, New York, N. Y.; Mr. John Hanlon, Altoona, Pa.; Mr. Garrett Doyle, Columbus, Ohio; John Hanlon and Jeremiah O'Brien, Cleveland, Ohio; John Prichard and Richard Van Edsing, San Francisco, Cal.; Margaret Coyne, Mary Benson, Margaret Murphy, James Kendall, Thomas McKeon and Michael Torpey,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Michael and Ella M. Cusick, Scribner, Neb.; Mrs. P. H. Sadan and Mrs. Margaret Caskey, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Sarah A. Hammell and Thomas Dolan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Mary Deehan, Michael and Mrs. Margaret Maloney, and Mr. Thomas Duffy, Rochester, 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. *

To the Sanctuary Lamp.

BY MARY ALICE BLAKE.

© LITTLE lamp, unfading light!
 Before the altar day and night,
 When morning dawns or sky grows dark,
 Thou keepest watch; thou tiny spark!

Thou happy vigil e'er dost keep
 Through all the night while mortals sleep;
 A holy privilege is thine,
 To burn before the sacred shrine.

Could I but listen to thy prayer,
 Or could I thy sweet vigil share,
 What tender secrets I should hear,
 That reach the Captive's willing ear!

Why have men placed thee on this spot?
 That thou mayst watch while they do not.
 Behold I humbly ask a share
 In thy sweet vigil and thy prayer!

Watch on undimmed, thou guardian light,
 From dusk to dawn, from dawn till night;
 Forsake not thy propitious care
 So long as Christ reposes there.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

III.—THE LAST STRAW.



REAT was Mr. Chumleigh's consternation at what he had seen and heard.

"There must be some mistake, some exaggeration," he said. "It can not be possible that so terrible a thing has happened. What have you boys been doing?" he asked, sharply.

Mr. Markis, the two men who had come with the ambulance, and Rebecca turned their eyes on the boys.

"What is the matter?" asked Baby Maguire. "O uncle, what is the matter? We were just up in Jack's room waiting for dinner."

Jack, Faky, Bob Bently, and Thomas Jefferson breathed sighs of relief. Suppose they should have been obliged to tell about the watermelon? It would have meant school at once, without the reprieve they hoped for.

"Oh, dear!" said Faky Dillon, "I wish we hadn't done it."

"You're always wishing that, Faky,—after you've done things," replied Thomas Jefferson, in a whisper.

"This is a terrible thing, boys," said Mr. Markis, gravely. "The cook is dead,—died suddenly on the roof of your house."

Jack's face became pale.

"O father!" he said, "I am so sorry! She was such a good woman."

"Law sakes!" said Rebecca, beginning to weep aloud. "She was an angel,—that's what she was! None of your po' white trash. You'd think she'd always lived in an East'n Sho' family. And to think of her going off just like the flowers of the field!"

The boys looked up at Mr. Chumleigh with shocked faces. Baby Maguire whispered to Faky Dillon:

"I *knew* something would happen to prevent our going to school."

Faky punched him quietly in the ribs.

"She was such a good woman!" Bob Bently echoed, moist around the eyes.

"Take her for all and all," said Mr. Markis, who was given to literature, "we ne'er shall see her like again. Her hot coffee has helped many a fainting fellow-creature. But hadn't we better be doing something? Suppose we go into the house with the surgeon here?"

Mr. Chumleigh again looked sharply at the boys. The clear, innocent expression on their faces when they first appeared had awakened his suspicions. He saw now that they were really sorry. Still, he had some doubts.

"How was this sad affair discovered?" he asked, as they entered the house.

"I heard the dead bodies fall," said Rebecca, delighted to be the object of general attention. The surgeon and a man from the ambulance corps had already gone up to the attic by way of reaching the roof.

"The bodies fall!" repeated Mr. Chumleigh, in horror. He lighted the hall lamp. The boys gathered closely around him. "What do you mean, Rebecca? What bodies?"

"I don't know," said Rebecca, twisting her apron. "I heard them going on *awful* on the roof, and Susan was all sprinkled with gore."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Chumleigh, glancing again at the frightened faces of the boys, "this is a pretty state of things. I want to know where you were, young gentlemen, while all this was taking place?"

"At Miss McBride's," answered Jack, promptly. "We went to say good-bye, and she gave us her picture. Cook had gone to see little Guy. It's her day out, you know—"

"And when we got back, uncle," interrupted Baby Maguire, "we just sat in Jack's room and told one another how we loved our home, and how we hated to go away from you and our dear teacher."

"And what else?" asked Mr. Chumleigh, sternly.

"We opened the watermelon Miley sent to us," continued Baby, "and it was bad. Then we heard a noise at the door, and we came down."

"There was no harm in all that," said Mr. Chumleigh. "No—stay where you are, boys; the surgeon said he would call us when he wanted us. I still think there must be some mistake. Did you see the cook come home, Rebecca?"

"Oh, no," said Rebecca, "I didn't see nuthin'! And Susan said if I did, I was to keep my lips closed. She said her heart was just gone broke because her dear pets were going to school. She said 'twas a judgment for sending the children away."

Mr. Chumleigh smiled faintly in spite of himself.

Mr. Markis came downstairs, followed by the two other men.

"There's nothing on the roof, sir," he said. "There's no trace of any disturbance there."

Mr. Chumleigh was more puzzled than ever. He did not speak.

"O Rebecca, I'm so sorry!" whispered Jack,—"I'm so sorry! It will break Susan's heart."

"I must get at the bottom of this," said Mr. Chumleigh. "How did you know that the cook was dead?"

"Oh, I heard it!" said Rebecca. "Mr. Markis there done tell us."

"I!" said Mr. Markis, in astonishment. "I! You must be dreaming, young lady. I never told anybody such a thing. You and Susan told me."

"Golly!" said Rebecca, "I never said no such thing. I heard you tell Susan with your own lips. You just go and look on the roof of the summer kitchen, and you'll see sights."

Mr. Markis looked at Susan with pity in his eye.

"That young colored lady is crazy, Mr. Chumleigh," he said. "I know no more about the death of Missus Cook than I know of geometry. I am sure that there

is nothing remarkable on the roof of this house."

"You'd better know what you are talking of before you call a respectable colored lady crazy," retorted Rebecca. "Susan and me were talking about the five dark days in the kitchen when two corpses fell on the roof. Mr. Markis said one was the cook."

The policeman opened his mouth, but Rebecca did not give him a chance to speak.

"It was like thunder falling on the roof. The noise was awful."

Thomas Jefferson clutched Faky's arm.

"O Faky," he whispered, "we're gone!"

Faky's eyes sparkled.

"How did you feel about it, Rebecca? Was Susan frightened?"

"Frightened!" said Rebecca. "I should say so; her face, except her freckles, was as white as chalk. She just clung to me. 'Susan,' says I, 'be carm!' But she wouldn't be carm nohow. And then we ran and ran,—I holding Susan from swoounding just like a baby; and then we met Mr. Markis, and—"

Faky Dillon could restrain himself no longer. He shook with laughter. The others—except Thomas Jefferson, whose face was distended by a broad grin,—looked at him, with fear tugging at their heart-strings.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Mr. Chumleigh, losing patience. "Tell me at once what do you mean by this frivolous conduct? Speak, sir!"

"I don't mean anything, sir," replied Thomas Jefferson, looking frightened; "but Rebecca—" here his tendency to giggle was too much for him,— "but Rebec—Rebecca talks so funny!"

"Oh, you needn't make so much fuss, Rebecca!" remonstrated Baby, in an injured tone. "I'm sure it didn't hit *you*."

"It!" cried Rebecca. "I reckon not,—there were two of them. I'd have just died if they touched me."

The policeman appeared again, with the surgeon and the driver.

"Your servants have been frightened by nothing, Mr. Chumleigh. Everything in the house is in good order. There is nothing whatever on the kitchen roof."

"I am sorry that you have had all this trouble, Doctor," Mr. Chumleigh replied, politely. Then he tipped the driver, and in a few minutes the ambulance was heard to drive away.

"We must get to the bottom of this," said Mr. Chumleigh, gravely. "I have reason to believe that these boys know more about the matter than they are willing to admit. Now, Jack, tell me what all this means."

Jack looked up at his father appealingly. His first impulse was to say: "I do not know, sir." A year ago he would have said this on a similar occasion, and regretted it afterward.

Baby Maguire went close to his elbow and whispered.

"Don't tell!"

Mr. Chumleigh quietly led the way into the parlor. Jack followed him. The rest remained in the hall, where the gas jet cast a greenish light on apprehensive faces. The knob of the door turned, and the boys started like guilty creatures. Susan entered the hall; she walked very slowly and spoke in a whisper:

"I suppose the worst has come to the worst. Mrs. Chumleigh sent me to find out. 'Tis a sad day for us all."

"Yes, the worst *has* come to the worst, Susan," said Bob. "You've got us into a nice scrape by your foolishness. We've got to go to school now. Mr. Chumleigh is interviewing Jack in there. There is no escape now. I don't see why you need go to call ambulances and policemen and things, just because Miley's watermelon fell—" Bob checked himself; he would tell the truth, at all events—"was thrown on the roof of the kitchen."

"Bob Bently," said Susan, severely, "is

this the example you're giving Rebecca and the boys? Is it lies and tricks I'm to be listening to, and my best friend gone like the grass of the field? Do you know what has happened? You're that hard-hearted that it's a wonder her spirit doesn't come back to haunt you."

The door that led into the hall from the back of the house suddenly opened, and in the dimly-lighted doorway, attired in a rustling silk gown and a *broché* shawl, with four red poppies piled above her forehead, in a purple velvet bonnet, stood the cook!

"It is like her to the life," whispered Susan. "Ah! I'll be after seeing visions of her till my dying day."

Rebecca uttered a shriek and covered her face with her apron. The boys, who thought the cook looked very angry, waited for her to speak.

"Is it you, Susan, and you, Rebecca," she began, "that I see playing the lady up here, and the kitchen full of disorder, and the house full of the smell of apple-dumplings—and apples going up in price every day? Am I awake or do I dream? And the roast beef not even on the fire? And me finding the backdoor open and a strange dog with his head in the milk-can? Do I dream, I say?"

The voice sounded so familiar and earthly that Rebecca's face emerged from under her apron, and her eyes bulged out to their fullest extent as she listened. If this was really the cook, she had reason to fear; but if it were only her ghost, Susan, with her intimate acquaintance with apparitions, would know how to deal with her.

"It is of your soul you ought to be thinking, after what you've just come through," Susan began. "Your place is in the grave, anyhow; and don't come blathering about here and disturbing decent people."

The cook leaned against the door-post for support. "If a sphere had entered

my breast," she said afterward to Baby Maguire, "it couldn't have pierced the upper-crust of my heart more."

"In my grave, ma'am!" repeated the cook. "And is it the likes of you that speaks to me thus,—and me not more than a year or two older than yourself, ma'am? 'Tis the way of the world. Well, children, I'll have to forget these insults and strive to get you some dinner, or your mother will be soon asking the reason why. As to you, Susan, I leave you to your conscience, and I hope 'twill clear you. Come, Rebecca, don't be grinning like an ape."

Rebecca bounded forward, and went out behind the majestic figure of the cook.

"The cook is all right," said Faky. "She isn't a ghost, Susan. And you'd better go and help her. Mrs. Chumleigh will be home soon."

Susan turned to the boys with dignity.

"It is ingratitude I expect. 'Twas ingratitude I was made for. But I didn't expect *you* to turn against me. It is my belief that you're at the bottom of this mischief, and I hope you'll be well punished for it; for a more agglutinous and contriving set of boys I have never met. And it's well you are going to school, where I hope you'll learn to value the friends you've lost."

Susan flounced out of the hall, and left the boys to their thoughts. Bob Bently and Faky Dillon manfully stood their ground, although they were rather afraid of Mr. Chumleigh. Baby Maguire and Thomas Jefferson, full of anxiety about the apple-dumplings, followed Susan.

After a time Mr. Chumleigh and Jack came out of the parlor. Poor Jack's eyes looked somewhat red. Mr. Chumleigh had a severe air.

"This last performance has finally decided me," he said. "I had begun to think, owing to Mrs. Chumleigh's persuasions, that my boys would do quite as well at home as at Professor Grigg's school. I

am now convinced that they need more stringent discipline. I shall telegraph my final decision to the Professor to-morrow. You go, Jack, by the evening train."

Bob Bently groaned.

"Your father will, I presume, follow my example. This performance, Master Bob, is the last straw—"

Bob groaned again; and, in the weakness of woe, sat down suddenly on the China umbrella stand recently sent over from Japan by Uncle Ferrier. It was not intended to bear such weight; and Bob fell, with a loud crash, among its fragments, just as Mrs. Chumleigh entered the hall.

"This is the last straw," observed Mr. Chumleigh, with a certain grimness,— "though I can not say it has broken a camel's back."

And then Mrs. Chumleigh had to listen to explanations from all sides.

(To be continued.)

Who was St. Valentine?

BY DORA M. BAXTER.

The crocus blows before the shrine,
At early dawn of St. Valentine.

—Old Rhyme.

From the 14th to the 22d of February is the period called in olden times Valentine Tide. Tide means time; and if you look in an old-fashioned almanac, you will find that certain days before and after certain feasts are known as the tide. There is Angel Tide in October, and Lady Tide in March, and Holy-Rood Tide in September, with others you may hear about later on. Is it not a quaint and pretty idea?

"But who *was* St. Valentine?" queries my little lad; and "Why do they send valentines on his feast?" echoes my little maid with the wide-awake eyes. Who was St. Valentine! Why, he was one of the early martyrs of Rome,—a good old

priest, who spent his time caring for the poor Christians in the days when they had to live underground and in all sorts of hidden places, to escape torture and death. St. Valentine carried them food and tended to all their wants for a long time without being suspected by the soldiers. But at length he, too, was reported to the Emperor.

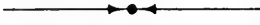
Now, the Emperor was charmed with the gentle manners and wise words of this Christian priest; and, knowing him to be a member of one of Rome's noblest families, he decided to try what coaxing would do. For this purpose he sent Valentine to a clever man named Asterius, who argued with the Saint, telling him how much he would gain by changing his religion. "No," answered Valentine, "not for my life and a throne and all the gold in the Emperor's coffers. My religion is worth more to me than any of these."

Just then a pale-faced young girl stole quietly into the room and laid her hand on the shoulder of Asterius. "My daughter," said he, signalling to Valentine that she was blind. Then the good Saint called the child and bade her kneel, whilst over her eyes—those pitiful blind eyes—he laid his gentle hand. An upward glance, an earnest prayer, and the young girl's sight was restored. She and her father were Christians from that hour. And for this miracle Valentine won from the angry Emperor a martyr's death.

But St. Valentine really had nothing to do with the customs practised on his feast-day. The pagans of Rome held several festivals in February in honor of their goddess Juno, one of which days was given over to the young people. Some Christian priests, hoping to make up for the forbidden pagan practices, established the custom among the children of drawing for patron saints on that day; and out of this grew the many different ways of celebrating St. Valentine's Feast. The only one that seems to have come down

to us is the sending of dainty cards, to which are, unfortunately, sometimes added the "comic valentines" that are only too often extremely unkind and vulgar.

Another old notion was that in warmer climes the birds began to choose their mates during Valentine Tide. Chaucer and Shakespeare have spoken of this tradition. "And poets are wiser than other people!" adds the little maid with the wide-awake eyes.



Beginning Early.



Scientific men say that what is well taught to children in time becomes habit, and needs to be taught no longer. It is, perhaps, for this reason that the babies of Japan never cry. Little Japs are taught to bear pain without murmuring; to live on a little; to be always patient, and to keep their tempers. If a child falls everyone laughs; and the faller, however much hurt, laughs too. Boys and girls are given charge of the smaller children, often working with the little creatures safely strapped to their backs. Of course it is especially the peasants of whom we speak,—those who do the work and much of the fighting. Probably it is on account of this discipline in childhood that the Japanese have proved to be such good soldiers. Japan is a land of good manners and hardihood.

But the Japanese children are not the only ones who are trained from the time they can speak. Little French men and women seem to wear a garment of politeness as naturally as your kitten wears her fur coat. It has always been so. This training was best shown in the dark days of the Revolution,—that awful time when the best blood of France flowed in the streets of Paris, and when to be a Christian or to bear an honored name was to be proscribed and murdered by

the savages who then ruled the country.

The little Duc d'Angoulême was amusing himself in prison by reading Plutarch's Lives when a revolutionist entered. "Welcome, *monsieur!*" said the boy. "You have come to find me enjoying the company of Plutarch's heroes."

The Count de Pallance was only ten years old when he was beheaded by the dreadful guillotine. As the rough cart in which he rode passed through the streets he stood erect, as calm as a marble statue. When his turn came, the headsman lifted his long, fair curls, that the knife might do its work more thoroughly. "Thanks, *monsieur!*" said the little Count, and in a moment was dead.

Fine manners do not always make fine men and women, any more than fine feathers make fine birds; but there is something in the old-fashioned courtesy, now going sadly out of fashion, which means deference to the aged, respectful attention to one's superiors, calmness under misfortune, forgetfulness of one's self and thoughtfulness of others. If this is not religion, it is something very near to it. Little folk are learning something besides politeness when they are learning to be polite.

FRANCESCA.



A Golden Deed.



An Oriental monarch once met a poor man leading a mule which was laden with gold for the royal treasury. The mule had become so tired that he soon lay down and refused to go a step farther. Thereupon his master shouldered the load himself. He went on well enough for a few paces, but at last he, too, became exhausted and was about to fall under the weight. Then spoke the monarch: "Friend, do not give up yet. Try and carry the burden a little farther. Your tent is near by, and the gold is all your own."



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

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“Sehnsucht.”

MINE eyes, that erst with lingering delight
Beheld the form of radiant life, whose
hands

Held fame and fortune,—aye, and joy and
love,—

Now look beyond. Fair fame was but a mist,
That flung around my soul a chilling spray.
Then fortune followed fame, yet joy remained;
For love made life an earthly paradise.

But death drew near, and now love's memory
Is all that lights my heart. And so mine eyes,
At every turn along the winding way,
Are watching for a gate with cypress twined;
For only through that portal shall I see
What long my soul has sought; and then at
last

My heart shall rest, and “sehnsucht” end
in God!

Some Shrines of Mary in England.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

KENT county, in olden times,
could boast of several holy
places. There was Our Lady of
Bradstow, of Gillingham, of
Chatham, and of Canterbury. At the
watering-place by the name of Broadstairs
might be seen, even until quite lately,
the remains of an ancient building,
converted into a dwelling-house, formerly
the Church of Our Lady of Bradstow,

whose image was held in much veneration. Ships as they sailed past the coast used to lower their topsails to salute it. The niche in which stood the famous statue of Our Lady of Gillingham may still be seen over the west door of the ancient parish church of the village, which contained likewise a rood held to be miraculous. Yet more celebrated was the neighboring sanctuary of Chatham, an ancient Norman church now destroyed, in which until lately existed many singular and beautiful remains of ancient architecture. Under the entrance arch to the north porch might be seen an empty niche and bracket, with figures of angels at the sides extending their wings apparently over the head of the figure of Our Lady that formerly occupied it, and other angels bending prostrate before her.

Some years ago, when the old church was pulled down to be replaced by an edifice of brick, fragments of sculpture, richly decorated, and gilt were discovered among the materials with which the east window had been built up. Amongst these fragments were headless figures of the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Child. The figure of Our Lady was dressed in a mantle fastened across the breast with a clasp, in which still remained some pieces of colored glass in imitation of precious stones. This was in all probability the ancient and time-honored statue of Our Lady of Chatham, formerly the object

of much devotion and many offerings; desecrated, unhappily, at the disastrous time of the "Reformation," and broken up, together with other building rubbish, for the purpose of yet further defacing the church in which it had been honored for centuries.

Leaving these more obscure localities, of which little record exists, let us turn to the ancient city of Canterbury, where vestiges even yet remain of the old devotion to Mary.

St. Augustine's Monastery in Canterbury was founded by King Ethelbert and St. Augustine in 608. Some seventy years later, St. Benedict Biscop, who had made several journeys to Rome and back out of love and veneration for the Prince of the Apostles, built a church by the river, which he dedicated to St. Peter. But his devotion to the Apostle, at whose tomb he had often prayed, did not make him forget the Queen of the Apostles; and he erected a chapel adjoining the church, which was consecrated to the Blessed Mother of God. This chapel having fallen into decay, St. Dunstan was admonished, in a supernatural manner, to repair it. This he accordingly did, and used to frequent it with great devotion. So pleasing to the Queen of Heaven was this oratory that it was called the Sacarium or Vestiarum of Mary. In it, says the historian, did she often appear; in it was the brightness of miracles made manifest; in it the voices of angels were frequently heard; in it was St. Dunstan favored with many heavenly ecstasies.

The Lady Chapel, which was the scene of these celestial visions, no longer exists at Canterbury. The chronicler relates that a certain Abbot Wulfric, wishing to extend the buildings of the monastery, pulled down the chapel and removed thither the cemetery of the community, so as to give space to the new buildings. In after ages, however, a splendid fabric rose over the ruins of the ancient building,

wherein were not one but several altars dedicated to the Virgin Mother. The exquisite Lady Chapel of the Cathedral was built about the year 1460. The stone screen leading into the choir displays over its arched doorway a niche under a canopy, within which formerly stood a statue of the Blessed Virgin, under twelve other niches which contained silver images of the Apostles.

The most celebrated chapel in the Cathedral was that of Our Lady of Undercroft—in the crypt. It was situated exactly under the high altar, and is supposed to be part of Lanfranc's structure. Even in its present ruined state it displays remains of its former splendor. On the vaultings may be seen traces of brilliant blue coloring, on which are small convex gilt mirrors and gilded quatrefoils. The royal arms are painted in the centre, and forty shields are emblazoned on the lower part of the arches. This chapel was much enriched by Prior Goldstone; and the armorial bearings, which mostly belong to Lancastrian nobles of the court of Henry VI., appear to have been placed there as memorials of notable offerings at the shrine. The King and Queen set an example, that their subjects followed, of making offerings to Our Lady of Undercroft. In the accounts of Elizabeth of York and Henry VIII. frequent entries are found of these offerings. The Black Prince expressed the wish to be interred in the cathedral church of Canterbury, in the centre of the Chapel of Our Lady of Undercroft, just before the altar. But these directions were not complied with.

The statue of Our Lady stood in a canopied niche, or, as the old name was, a tabernacle, at the east end above the altar, on a rich pedestal, whereon were sculptured in relief subjects from her life. The Annunciation may still be traced, but the other sculptures are almost entirely destroyed. "This chapel," Erasmus says, "is shown only to men of high

rank or their special friends. Here the Virgin Mother has an abode, but somewhat dark, enclosed within a double screen of iron, for fear of thieves; for indeed I never saw a thing more laden with riches. When lamps were brought, we beheld a more than royal spectacle, in beauty far surpassing that of Walsingham." This notable sanctuary of Our Lady retains distinct traces of its former character. In the same crypt, but a few yards distant, repose the ashes of St. Dunstan.

We can not leave the sacred precincts of Canterbury Cathedral without speaking of St. Thomas of Canterbury. On the spot which was the scene of his martyrdom an altar to Our Lady was erected, so that the pilgrims who came to visit his tomb might be invited to invoke the merciful intercession of his great patroness. On this altar used to be preserved the point of the sword which broke off in the assassin's hand as he gave the fatal stroke to the saintly Archbishop.

From his infancy St. Thomas seems to have imbibed from the teaching of his mother a very deep devotion to the Blessed Virgin. One of the modes whereby this pious woman displayed her devotion was common enough in Catholic England, and characteristic of old English piety, wherein, mingled with what was beautiful and even poetical, there was generally to be found a certain homely simplicity, which always contrived to keep in mind the alliance between prayer and almsdeeds. The Saint's mother used to put the boy, at certain times, into the scales, and to weigh him with clothes, food and money, which she placed in the opposite scale. These things were then distributed to the poor, her intention in this act being to commend her son to the protection of the Mother of God; for among the chief works of piety that she practised she had a very special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and she carefully taught her son to fear God and to venerate Our Lady.

The favorite devotion with which St. Thomas was accustomed to invoke his great patroness was the salutation of her Seven Joys. On one occasion, it is said, she appeared to him and inquired why he celebrated only her earthly joys, and not those also which formed her crown in heaven. On his replying that he knew them not, she made known to him her seven heavenly joys, after which the Saint constantly honored them. After his martyrdom the great window of the west transept of the Cathedral of Canterbury was filled with a splendid representation of the Joys of Our Lady, together with the figures of the martyred prelate and other patron saints of England. The description of this window is left written by the very hand that destroyed it—one of the Puritan preachers of the Cathedral during the time of the Commonwealth. He informs us that in that window, whereon many thousand pounds had been expended by the "Papists," were representations of the Holy Trinity, the Twelve Apostles, and seven large pictures of the Virgin Mary in seven several glorious appearances—as of the angels lifting her into heaven, with the sun, moon and stars beneath her feet,—and every picture had under it an inscription beginning with *Gaude Maria*. And at the foot of that large window was a title intimating that it was dedicated to the praise and honor of the Most Blessed Mother of God.

In the chronicles of pre-Reformation times and the biographies of English saints allusions are often made to ancient sanctuaries and miraculous images of Our Lady, concerning the origin and history of which no exact information can be gleaned, and of which it is impossible even to determine the precise locality. The more definite records that remain to us of a bygone period afford, nevertheless, ample evidence of how numerous those shrines were, and how deep-rooted was the devotion wherewith the people regarded

them. This devotion was manifested, as has been seen, by various acts of exterior worship, more especially by the practice of making pilgrimages to the favored spots where the loving kindness of the Queen of Heaven was sensibly manifested to her devout clients.

Sad it is to the heart of the Christian to think how these sanctuaries, erected in loving gratitude, and richly embellished by pious hands, were ruthlessly plundered and demolished; and the devotion to Our Lady, for which our Saxon forefathers were conspicuous, was trampled out by the fanatical fury of the heretic. God grant that among their descendants on both sides of the Atlantic the ancient piety and affection for our Blessed Lady may again revive and flourish; and that the Mother of Mercy, once more publicly honored and invoked, may vouchsafe again to bestow her gifts and graces upon the faithful as liberally as of yore!

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

VIII.—THE DISPATCH TO MARÉCHAL BAZAINE.

ONE of the two orderlies was Rody O'Flynn. Bodkin experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining permission for his faithful follower to "mount and ride," the chief objector being Señor Manuel Gonzalez. But, mindful of Talbot's warning letter, he flatly refused to stir without his own man. Gonzalez was swarthy, dark-eyed, short but very muscular, and was attired in full *charro*, which consisted of a felt *sombrero* laced with gold braid; a buff jerkin, or jacket, trimmed with gold; and trousers wide-flowing at the ankles, with stripes of gold buttons.

His saddle was high peaked in front and rear, and trimmed with leopard skin; the box stirrups being wide and adorned with silver bars. At the saddle-bow hung a coil of silken rope, without which no *caballero* ever travelled. He was armed to the teeth, and mounted on a blooded Arab, which the man from Galway—aye, the two Galwegians—ardently envied him. Arthur's mount was nothing to boast of, but its rider knew that it was an animal that might be called on with perfect safety should an extremity arise. Rody's horse was a powerful chestnut, deep in the chest, with an immense stride. The second orderly rode nearly as good a barb as that of Gonzalez.

Señor Gonzalez spoke very fair English. At times it was extremely labored, while occasionally he rattled it off after a very correct if a glib fashion. Somehow or other, Arthur did not "cotton" to him, and, without actually mistrusting him, felt as though he ought to be on his guard.

"You have ridden before, Mr. Bodkin?" he observed, after a light gallop—a sort of breather.

"Well, rather."

"An Englishman?"

"An Irishman."

"It is all the same."

"Oh! is it? I beg to differ with you; and I do not know a single Irishman who would wish to be an Englishman."

"You speak the same language."

"More's the pity," said Arthur; "for Irish is the most musical language in the world."

There was a silence of some minutes.

"You are on Baron Bergheim's staff?" said Gonzalez, interrogatively.

"I have that honor," replied Bodkin, stiffly.

"And you are the bearer of a dispatch to Maréchal Bazaine?"

Recollecting his instructions, Arthur merely pushed his horse a little ahead, without replying.

His companion rode up to him.

"I assume that you did not hear my question, sir."

"What question?"

"I asked you if you were not carrying a dispatch to Maréchal Bazaine."

"Really?" said Arthur.

Gonzalez glared at him from beneath the deep brim of the *sombrero*, and observed, with a light laugh:

"*Bueno!* Caution in youth is old gold. I do not press my question, but it might amuse you to learn that I could repeat that dispatch word for word."

"What dispatch?" asked Arthur, with superb simplicity.

It was the turn of Señor Gonzalez to push ahead now. After he had ridden out of earshot, Rody O'Flynn forged alongside his master, and whispered hoarsely:

"There's danger out, sir. I want fur to spake wid ye. Not now, sir," he added. "This man beside me is no orderly or common sojer at all. An' he spakes English. Whisht! Lave it to me! Be on yer guard, Masther Arthur, an' be nimble wid yer revolver."

Bodkin felt inclined to scoff at his follower's suspicions. But he knew Rody to be a sharp, keen fellow, and brave as a Nemean lion; and this, together with his own instinctive mistrust of Gonzalez, caused him to take caution in both hands. He was for questioning his faithful orderly; but the latter, with a warning gesture, held back.

"Rody is too smart to warn me without good cause," he argued; "and too sharp not to make an occasion for further talk. I shall leave it all to him. If his suspicions are correct, I shall deal promptly with Señor Manuel Gonzalez; and Rody will give a good account of this amateur soldier."

The road still lay through a double row of prickly cactus, and the light was good. They were approaching, however, a somewhat narrow valley, lying in a sort of

cleft in a foot-hill, the preface to the mountains lying around the base of the extinct volcano Orizaba.

"If Gonzalez means mischief," thought Arthur, "he will try it on us in yonder valley, where perhaps he may have accomplices. What if he should be a follower of Juarez, and determined to have the dispatch at any price?"

The thought of a "scrimmage" caused Bodkin's heart to leap, and the blood to rush at fever heat through his veins. Instinctively he took a firmer grip of his saddle with his knees; and, while apparently adjusting the rein, loosened his revolver, which hung in its case from the saddle-bow.

"If he plays any game with me, I'm ready to take a hand," thought Arthur. "And if he should attempt to take the dispatch, and that I succeed in foiling him, it may do me a good turn at headquarters. Alice will—" at this moment a heavy groan from Rody caused the entire party to rein in.

"O Masther Arthur, I'm bet up intirely! I'm sint for: Oh! oh! oh!"

"What is the matter, Rody?"

"It's thim banes, Masther Arthur."

"What beans?"

"Thim free-holies,* sir,—free enough, but nothing holy! Murdher! Oh, I wish Docthor Duffy was here this blessed minute! He might help me out here, though he couldn't cure a snipe at Auchavaugh. Oh! oh! oh!"

The idea of O'Flynn's complaining was so utterly and entirely new that Arthur became alarmed.

"Let us push on to the nearest village!" he cried.

"By all means," put in Gonzalez; and addressing a few rapid words to his orderly, the latter put spurs to his horse, and dashed off at a gallop in the direction of the opening valley.

"Masther Arthur," groaned Rody,

* Frijoles.

"would ye let me lane on ye for support? Och murdher! I can't sit me saddle." And, apparently in grievous pain, he slid from his horse.

Arthur dismounted and went to his assistance.

"Don't let go yer horse, sir. See, I have mine. Put me up agin this bank—aisy! aisy!" And as Arthur leaned over to him: "Now's our time, sir. Gonzalez is a spy. He's for to work ye, make ye prisoner, kill ye if necessary to get at yer papers. I ken to know all about it; but darèn't spake or act, for fear of his suspectin' ye. Be afther helpin' me to mount, sir; an' back me close to him. I'll lep on *him*, ye clap yer revolver at his head. It's life or death to ye, Masther Arthur, for to get yer papers safe. See! O ye murdherin' villain!" And before Bodkin could turn, Rody, with the agility of a panther, had bounded upon the Mexican's horse behind the rider, whose armor he pinioned as though in the grip of a steel vise.

As Arthur turned, he saw that Gonzalez had drawn his revolver,—a motion that caused Rody to act with such inconceivable and successful rapidity.

Gonzalez struggled desperately; but, seeing that any effort to break loose only served to tighten the deadly grip of the herculean Irishman, he took deliberate aim at our hero and fired, the ball actually passing along the top of Arthur's ear, ploughing his hair. The treacherous dog was not permitted to fire another shot; for Rody, by a dexterous twist, jerked him out of his high-peaked saddle, falling with him to the ground, and on top.

"Tie him up, sir,—quick! For that shot will give the hard word to th' other spalpeen. There, sir,—his own rope—on his saddle,—that's it! Aisy, *ma bouchal!*" he added, as he proceeded to bind the struggling and prostrate Mexican. "I don't want for to touch yer neck. If ye were in Dublin, Ca'craft the hangman would do that job for ye. Bad luck to ye,

if ye let a sound out of yer head I'll fill yer troath wid yer own jawbones! Gag him, Masther Arthur; for he might let a screech on us that might make us sup sorrow."

Arthur Bodkin, despite the vigorous protestations and horrible cursings and blasphemings of Gonzalez, very deftly gagged him with his own neckerchief, while Rody deliberately went through his pockets; narrating in a few words while thus engaged how his suspicions had been aroused, principally from the fact of the supposed orderly being on equal footing with Gonzalez.

"If we have valuable papers wid us, Masther Arthur, be jabers *he* may have the same, an' they might be of sarvice if we get into thrubble, glory be to God!"

As a matter of fact, Rody did discover a small packet enfolded in a cone made of the fibres of the maguey or aloe, which he transferred to Arthur.

"Who knows what that may do for the both of us?" he observed. "An' now, sir, up wid ye! I'll take care of this *shoneen*. I'll go bail he won't give *me* the shlip. Ah! would ye!"

And—it grieves me to relate it, as the man was defenceless,—Rody, upon perceiving a motion on the part of Gonzalez to free himself of his bonds, administered a couple of well-directed kicks, that most effectually tranquillized him.

Having placed the prisoner upon his horse, Arthur and Rody mounted their respective steeds, keeping Gonzalez between them. They had already advanced some short distance along the road when Arthur's attention became riveted on the entrance to the valley, where he distinctly perceived not one but half a dozen mounted men. This ambush—for such it undoubtedly was—had evidently been prepared and its site chosen with consummate skill. For miles not a habitation was visible, not even an Indian hut. The valley more closely resembled a gorge, in

being exceedingly narrow, and both sides of the mountain precipitous, and in some places almost sheer.

Just at where the road entered the valley there was a small clump of trees. Passing in front of these trees were the mounted men whom Arthur had perceived.

"Sure enough, sir, they're lyin' in anguish for us!" cried Rody. "We daren't go that way. We must cut round be the foot of the hill. Our horses are fresh. This way, sir,—right across the bog. Bedad, it's like the bog of Inchafeela, only harder, good luck to it! We'd betther put as much daylight betune us an' thim murdherin' scuts as we can. Now for it! Think yer ridin' for the Kildare plate at Punctestown, an' goin' for to win."

In a trice they were galloping across the mesquite-dappled plain, hotly pursued by seven mounted men, whose shoutings could distinctly be heard, albeit they were at least half a mile away. Half a mile of a start, if your horse is in good condition, is so much in your favor that, barring accidents, you may reasonably expect either to show your pursuers a clean set of heels or to gain the haven of refuge whither you are bound in very satisfactory time. But no Mexican is ever badly mounted, and every Mexican rides well. In addition to this, he knows his horse and the nature of the country he is to ride over. Hence, although our trio made the pace, and that, too, at a strapping rate, they found to their dismay that not only were they not distancing their pursuers, but were losing considerable ground.

"If it comes to fightin', they're three to wan; but, be the martial frost, wan Irishman ought to be aigual to three Mexicos!"

It was now becoming dark; and if the inky cloak of night was to befriend them, the chances of meeting obstacles in their ride were fairly doubled,—obstacles that might easily be overcome in the dayshine. There was nothing for it but to trust to Providence, and ride, ride, ride.

"Perhaps the fellow Gonzalez might parley with them?" suggested Arthur.

"I wouldn't thrust him further nor I could throw a bull be the tail, sir, an' that's not far."

"But with the pistol at his head?"

"An' six pistols at yours, sir."

"How is your horse, Rody?"

"Illigant! Ye'd think it was racin' in ould Tim Burke's meadow he was. An' *your* baste, sir?"

"Fresh enough for another mile, Rody."

"If we are to get a taste o' the greens, Masther Arthur, do ye mount this Mexico's horse—it's the best of the three,—an' ride for yer bare life. I'll hould thim at bay as long as I can."

"Not a bit of it, Rody! We'll stand or fall together. By Jove, they are gaining on us!"

Turning in his saddle, Arthur beheld his pursuers strung out, one man well to the front, and now within a few hundred yards.

"Hadn't I betther take the daylin' thrick out of this scut that's pressin' us, Masther Arthur? I could aisy level him."

"I'll have no blood shed except in case of absolute self-defence, Rody. Is that a *hacienda* in front, to the left?"

"A what, sir?"

"A house? Yes—no—yes, it is. This way. Once inside, we can hold out against fifty." And Arthur pressed eagerly forward.

In the very centre of the plain stood a solitary one-storied building of adobe, surrounded by low walls of the same material. Not a tree or bush flourished in the vicinity of the lone and lorn sentinel. Alone it stood, grim, gaunt and silent. It boasted one doorway and one window. As they dashed into the enclosed yard, a shot was fired by the leading pursuer, followed by another and yet another.

"Bedad, if ye fired at a church ye'd hit the parish!" laughed Rody, as he unceremoniously bundled Gonzalez off his horse and in rear of Arthur. "Fire away,

Flanagan! If ye hit any of us, it's this Mexico that'll suffer."

They lost no time in entering the hut, bringing their horses with them. It was empty and absolutely bare. A few logs of wood lay in one corner, the door, which had been wrested off its hinges, in another. Arthur, with the help of Rody, planted the door in its place, backing it up with logs. They blocked the window with logs, and deliberately prepared for defence.

"As long as we've this Mexico wid us, the spalpeens daren't fire, for fear of hurtin' him. Bad cess to him, but he's chokin'! Hould up!" And Rody proceeded to remove the gag from the mouth of the gasping Gonzalez.

"You shall suffer for this," he choked out,—“both of you—both of you!”

At this moment shoutings were heard from without.

"If ye rise yer voice beyant a whisper, I'll crack yer precious conk," said Rody, brandishing the butt end of a revolver close to the Mexican's skull.

The shoutings were repeated, nearer this time.

"What had we better do, Rody?" asked Arthur.

"Spake Irish, *avic!* That Mexico won't understand us."

Adopting this very sagacious suggestion, they held council of war. To surrender to their pursuers meant death; to remain in the cabin meant starvation. To give up their prisoner was out of the question. He was their safeguard. There were six armed desperadoes surrounding the house. So long as these men remained around, life was at stake and hard fighting to be done. Assuming that Gonzalez drew them off, and that Arthur and Rody were allowed to depart, what guarantee had they that, by a short cut in the road, these villains would not pounce upon them, or pick them off from behind the safety of some rock or tree?

"What are your terms?" said Gonzalez.

"We will make none," replied Arthur.

"You are outnumbered; besides," he added, "others are coming up."

"Listen to me," said Arthur, and his face was white and set. "The very moment that your miscreants attempt to enter this hut, I shall deal with *you*, not with *them*."

"Let me free and *I* will deal with them. You shall go harm'less. I guarantee that."

"Aye! an' guarantee a shot in the back when a man's back is turned," put in Rody.

"Oh—that—that was an accident!" stammered Gonzalez.

"So would th' other be just the same sort of accident. Bow-wow, sez the fox!"

At this juncture a rush took place—horses at a gallop entering the enclosure, the riders shouting and shrieking, while the sound of shots in rapid succession came nearer and nearer. Gonzalez began yelling directions to his followers, but was instantly throttled by Rody; while Arthur stood by the door, revolver in hand, Rody taking the window. Vigorous bangings at the door took place, with mingled threats and entreaties for admission. But as shots were now close at hand, the bangings ceased, the Mexicans having taken to flight.

"Towards!" muttered Gonzalez, bitterly, as the sounds of the retreating horses reached him.

"What does all this mean?" demanded Arthur.

"It means," and the scowl on the man's face became devilish in its malignity,—“it means,” he repeated, “that some of Benito Juarez' people are upon us, and that they will, within five minutes from now, place us all three against a wall and shoot us like dogs. So let us fight for our lives, and sell them as dearly as we can. Loose my hands!”

The newcomers were now within earshot; and Arthur, to his intense delight, discovered that they were speaking French—discussing the question as

to whether the house was inhabited or not, and fearing a hot surprise.

"They *are* French, Rody!" cried Bodkin.

"Glory! Sure we're as safe as the Rock o' Cashel! Sure the French an' the Irish was always frindly sence they landed at Castlebar an' med the English run like hares, no less. Shall I open the doore, Masther Arthur?"

Bodkin shouted in French that there were three persons in the hut, announcing his own rank and condition, and asking the officer in command to advance. This warrior, however, having had some experience in the fearful guerilla warfare that was raging through the country, politely declined from behind the adobe wall, requesting Arthur to show himself. Feeling perfectly assured of his ground, and despite the most vehement protestations on the part of Gonzalez, he, with the aid of Rody, pulled down the door, stepped into the yard, and in a trice was surrounded by a dozen dismounted troopers, while as many more entered the hut pell-mell, hustling forth the highly indignant Irishman and the silent but watchful Mexican.

Arthur, who spoke French with the greatest fluency and a particularly good accent, was soon on intimate terms with Capitaine Parabère, who commanded the troop, relating the adventure in all its exciting details.

"Aha!" laughed the Captain. "Little did these brigands imagine that we would turn up. We were marching down from Santa Maria del Flor to San Anita to reinforce the Emperor's escort, and by chance I caught sight of three of them riding across country. I guessed at once that they were up to mischief, so I rode after them, and here we are. But who is your catch?"

"Señor Manuel Gonzalez."

"Don't know him. Here, Sergeant, strike a light!"

A light having been struck and a lamp

lit, Capitaine Parabère held it up to the Mexican's face.

"Oho!" he cried, "whom have we here? Why, sir," he added, drawing Bodkin aside, "you have landed a big fish. This is, or I am much mistaken, Vincente Mazazo, one of the most daring and dexterous of Juarez' lieutenants,—a man who would as soon cut your throat as look at you. You are in luck, Monsieur."

"It would seem so," said Arthur, and his thoughts flew to Alice. He would show her that he was not a mere wasp-waisted, spur-clinking, mustache-twirling aid-de-camp. Thank Heaven! he had already made a hit that might in the near future bring him into notice. In any case, he had been lucky; and if you begin the game of life with luck on your side, you have only to play your cards carefully to secure the odd trick.

Capitaine Parabère provided Arthur with an escort of three picked troopers.

"Avoid defiles, trees and rocks," he said at parting. "Keep a man well ahead as an outpost, with instructions to shoot after first challenge. Gag your prisoner, so as to prevent his giving instructions even to the crows. Rely upon it, those fellows who have escaped me will not let their man be taken to Orizaba without an attempt at rescue. If I could spare you more men, I would most willingly; but I dare not. In fact," he laughed, "as it is, I shall have to stand a courtmartial for doing what I have done. *Au revoir!* We shall meet in the capital."

Having with him an escort acquainted with the country, Arthur now felt little uneasiness in regard to an attack of rescue, and started for Orizaba in the highest possible spirits,—the excitement of adventure, that wine of the young, glowing within his heart.

"Who is this Mexico that we catch?" demanded Rody, during a halt.

"He is a howling swell, Rody, and we've made a haul."

"Bedad, but this is the counthry for the likes of us, sir! We might be scourin' all Connaught for a month o' Sunda's an' ketch nothin', or be landed in the jug if we riz so much as a finger; but here we've only for to ride a mile or two an' ketch a *fandango*, or mebbe a Lord-Mayor for all we know."

The next day at high noon Arthur and his party clattered over the stone bridge which spans a brawling stream deep down in the cleft of the mountains that do jealously guard the picturesque town of Orizaba. Their night ride had proved uneventful, no attempt at rescue having been made; although, from the ceaseless movements of their prisoner's head in searching the outer darkness, it was pretty evident that he expected succor.

Having reported himself at headquarters, and finding that Maréchal Bazaine was visiting an outpost on the road to Puebla, and would not return to Orizaba for some hours, Bodkin, having seen his prisoner safely bestowed, treated himself to a bath, and subsequently to a breakfast such as only hunting men know how to dispose of. After *almuerzo*, the *siesta*; and our hero was happily awakened from a ghastly dream, in which Alice Nugent was being run away with by Manuel Gonzalez *alias* Vincente Mazazo, while he, Arthur, lay gagged and bound, and unable to make a solitary movement to save her.

"Yer wanted at headquarters, Masther Arthur," said Rody. "Don't be bashful, yer honor. Don't go fur to hide yer light undher a bushel. Remimber Ballyboden, *aboo!* Spake up, sir, bould as brass; an' tell thim yer reddy an' willin' for to ketch a dozen more *fandangos* if ye only get the chance. An' sure, sir," he added, "afther ye've got yer say in, ye might mintion me. An' it's a corporal they'll be makin' of me, as sure as Sunda'. A couple of stripes on me arm would be worth a hundhred on me back, anyhow."

(To be continued.)

• The Carnival in Rome.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

ONCE a year Rome forgets its dignity, and for ten days plays the harlequin and the clown with astonishing grace and fidelity. Then the Corso, the main thoroughfare of modern Rome, blossoms out like an artificial hollyhock, and flaunts its cambric petals for two hundred and forty consecutive hours, until they are covered with the dust of the street and the powder of the *confetti*,—draggled, torn, worn threadbare, and at last cast aside on the eve of Ash Wednesday, not to be revived for a whole twelvemonth. Well, ten days of this tiresome folly is enough; and even the rankest heretic will find it in his heart to thank mother Church for the repose of Lent, coming as it does just in season to save the maskers of the Carnival in their last agonies.

Multitudes of Romans and barbarians flocked to the shores of the Tiber to witness the splendid pageant that ushered in the Carnival. There was a mystery hanging over the event. Two beautiful barges were expected to arrive, but whence they came none of us knew,—two barges freighted with royal slaves, gods and goddesses, trophies, and the paraphernalia of a traditional or forgotten race. Nothing can be finer than this expectant throng, blackening the borders of the classic river and impatiently awaiting the arrival of the barges. The muddy current flowed rapidly by; the hours went with it. It was growing tedious, and some of us began to distrust the oracle whose prophecy was hanging fire.

Anon there was a commotion along the river banks. It was whispered that the barges were in sight; for up the stream, beyond a point of the shore, something seemed to be moving with impressive

majesty,—something lofty and splendid and many-colored. Shouts went up, and greeting and words of welcome. It was the barges sailing toward us in the cloudy current of the river; two brilliant galleons, manned by oarsmen whose long blades flashed as they swung above the curdling stream. Then we held our breath for a moment, just to get one comprehensive view of so uncommon and so bewildering a spectacle; and then we shouted with the rest of them, for the Carnival had begun in earnest. The gods had returned to Rome!

It was a gift of the past—the illustrious and venerable past—to the insignificant present. Probably the splendid boats and the more splendid crews came from the far-distant mountains. The source of the Tiber has its secrets, and this is one of them. We asked no questions; we accepted the gift of the gods with such pomp as was possible in citizens' dress. All the retinues of the Kings of the Carnival came to land: the elephant, the standard-bearers, the players upon trumpets and the others, who wore simply glorious embodiments of all the colors of the rainbow, and very necessary to the completion of the picture. Then we rushed back to town—fancy calling the return to the Eternal City a “getting back to town!”—and that night “Rome howled,” and the ten days of fun and frolic and frivolity began in good earnest.

The success of this pageant is attributed to the artists of Rome, mostly the Italians, who are joined by the young Italian noblemen, and together they succeed in making a really superb and highly artistic display. The younger and handsomer men were dressed as women, and the several chariots that were drawn up and down the Corso were superbly mounted. In these chariots the various figures were posed with a degree of taste and skill that can be attributed only to a congress of artists bred in an atmosphere of art

like this. I could not help noticing the total absence in the procession of anything like an advertisement; yet this lack was continually mentioned in my hearing by certain practical foreigners who are travelling to find fault and lose money.

A narrow street a mile long, running from the Piazza del Popolo to the Palazzo Venezia, hemmed with short and narrow strips of sidewalk, some of them slanting into the houses, as if they were afraid of being trodden on,—but there is little fear of that, for it is much easier to take the middle of the street and keep it; long rows of shops, hotels, *caffès*, churches, separated by the narrowest alleys conceivable, that branch off from the original narrow and, for a wonder, straight street—and this is the Corso, the great and only really fashionable thoroughfare in Rome. A stranger might easily cross and recross the Corso a dozen times and mistake it for a byway of no particular importance. It is usually full of life, but so are many if not most of the narrow Roman streets.

For ten days this Corso has been in full dress; a hundred balconies have sprung out of windows that are quite undistinguished all through the year, but blossom out during the Carnival, and suddenly become very desirable property. Long festoons of brilliant-colored cambric float from one balcony to another; a thousand flags flutter in the wind; business is nearly, if not quite, suspended. No one thinks of being serious. At any hour you are likely to come face to face with Mephistopheles, or six blue devils, arm in arm. An ancient Greek passes in hot pursuit of a sailor with the smallest possible hands, and a very womanly gait, which no genuine pair of sea-legs would ever be guilty of. No one seems to think it strange that this sort of thing begins before breakfast, grows worse before dinner time, and becomes almost universal

in the world of Rome as evening draws on. And *such* an evening as it is!

Everybody is so full of childish gayety! Everybody rushes about, shouting in a disguised falsetto voice, dancing, skipping, jostling everyone else; but always in the best-natured manner possible, and each quite as ready to receive a joke as to give one. The open carriages are lined with white, so as to preserve them against the continual showers of *confetti* that fall from the balconies with sufficient force to pulverize and whiten any substance they chance to come in contact with. *Confetti* is a kind of bogus sugar-plum about the size of a pea. During the Carnival, in certain streets in Rome you are likely to receive handfuls of this disagreeable fun at any moment; and there is no redress, save to give as good as you get. You may wear a wire mask if you will, as many do; you may tie up your throat and put on your travelling suit; but if you go into the Corso, look out for *confetti*.

The young girl in the lower balcony, whose face is a daisy, a picture of innocence, will smile upon you with her eyes, and at the same time pelt you with a little tin shovelful of lime-dust, which is biting when it strikes you in the face, and by no means agreeable in any locality. Whole balconies of lovely ladies sit in wait for victims, and they find enough of them. Men are just gallant enough to enjoy martyrdom at the hands of the fair; and perhaps it is not so unpleasant as having a fistful of *confetti* pills shot into the back of your neck by a rough fellow, but poorly disguised as a gigantic flower-girl.

Up and down the Corso a long line of carriages, filled with maskers, slowly works its way. The occupants are knee-deep in lime-dust; they are past recognition, even those who are unmasked; for they have the faces of millers and the locks of venerable age. The more extravagant beaux go laden with bouquets and *bonbons*.

These they reach on the ends of long poles to the belles they best like; and many a choice floral offering is lost in the perilous passage from the carriage to the balcony, for the crowd in the street likes nothing better than to seize and carry away the prize. There is much fishing with long cords let down from the windows, to which a *bonbon* is attached, and drawn in; while the young swell waits under the window for a bouquet, which is shortly thrown down to him by the lady who has received his token of admiration.

Fancy a continuous mile of this delightful fooling,—one solid, restless mile of flowers and masks and *confetti*! The air is clouded with dust as fine as flour; there is a roar of joyous jesting; a bewildering combination, or rather confusion, of form and color; and this is the Roman Carnival! By evening of each day the excitement is at its height. There is dancing, racing, wrestling, at every corner. There is flirting of the most desperate character. A hundred times you are accosted by the prettiest little creatures in the world, with rose-colored half-masks that don't pretend to hide the plumpest lips, that are saying all sorts of impudent and witty things to you; on the back of glossy and luxuriant locks that flow almost to the waist hang jaunty caps no bigger than birds'-nests; the slender hands are daintily gloved, and a large Spanish fan is shaken in your face in a suggestive manner that it is quite impossible to translate.

You suddenly forget that you are tired to death; that your clothes are ruined; that your face is sore and your eyes half blinded; you forget even that there is a quart of *confetti* working its way down your back, and grinding, slowly to dust in every seam of your garments. You think only that this is Rome and these are Romans; and that, without meaning to, you have been doing as the Romans do, and to a considerable extent,—con-

sidering that you are supposed to be a mere looker-on, and a rather serious one at that.

At sunset on the eve of Lent the procession that came down from the Tiber started from the Piazza del Popolo and passed majestically through the Corso. Ten thousand lights were instantly flaming down the whole length of the street. The transformation from daylight to candlelight was sudden and rather novel; there was very little air stirring. The last folly of the season is the putting out of your neighbor's candle and keeping your own lighted, spite of the repeated attempts of everybody to extinguish it. Can anything be more childish than this, unless it be ten long days of sport that makes children of the gravest souls in Rome? Such twinkling of candles, such a waving of great fans and little fans wherewith to put an end to the twinkling, are curious enough to our unaccustomed eyes. Many lights were blown out; many were extinguished by the frantic efforts of those who bore them to keep out of reach of the extinguishers; perhaps more went out naturally, leaving only cold rivulets of wax all over the pavements, and the heads and shoulders of the unlucky people who chanced to pass under the droppings thereof.

This game lasted only half an hour. It was rather tame sport after the *confetti* battles; and, then, it was getting close into Lent, and everybody was tired. All through the night small bands of maskers went to and fro in the streets, singing and dancing whenever they came within sound of music—one is seldom without it in Rome. But evidently the Carnival was drawing to a close. There were masked balls—half a dozen of them,—but who wants to be housed when the streets are *en masque!* The Jews, years ago, were made to run races in the Corso; later, horses were run from one end to the other, goaded on by shouts and

small tortures of various descriptions. Now the horse-races are prohibited; neither may one throw anything that will hurt you or stain your clothes. Burlesques of a political character are strictly forbidden. In fact, it is a very harmless affair altogether, and is hardly worthy of comparison with the Carnivals that have given a reputation to the season in Rome beyond that of any other city in Europe. But it is something to be remembered—those blocks of fair women and that mile of brave men, assaulting one another with sugar-plums and flowers; and the music of it, and the perfume of it, and the color of it, will long remain a memory as dazzling and as meaningless as a kaleidoscope, forever changing, but with ever the same round of changes utterly beyond identification.

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Hope.

I.

THE sunshine falls on snow-drifts white,
Bleak fields, and branches brown and bare,—

All Nature cold and dead, yet fair;
But still we know that hid from sight
Are tender grass and violets blue,
And sweetest flowers of rarest hue.

II.

Deserted nests swing to and fro;
The birds have left the silent trees,
Now haunted by the mournful breeze;
The cold, strong winds now harshly blow;
But yet we know that, far away,
The birds are coming back some day.

III.

O eyes that weep! O hearts that sigh!
Are we not more than birds or flowers?
Why waste we thus the golden hours?
Mid angel-songs that never die,
Do we not know that, far above,
There waits for us the Heart of Love?

MERCEDES.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

VI.—A PEACE-BREAKER.

"AND so you are back again, Peggy!" I said to a shrewd and shrewd-looking old woman, who sat sunning herself in the garden one balmy morning in spring. She was an untidy old creature also,—that is, as untidy as it is possible for one to be under the *régime* of the Little Sisters. Her cap was awry, her blue checked apron showed numerous wrinkles, and she had only one eye. She was not by any means an attractive-looking personage. It was for that reason perhaps, and because of a certain aversion I could not help feeling for her, that I went out of my way a few steps to address her kindly. That solitary eye was very expressive, however, and it twinkled sharply as she brought its focus to bear upon me.

"I am that, ma'am," she answered; "and it's to stay for good this time; for the good Mother tould me positive that wanst I left this agin she'd never take me in. 'Tis partly on that account I'm outside this morning. I couldn't stand the talk of thim Dutch inside. There should be a tax on such a language. Sure the ould boy himself couldn't make sinse of it. And that's what I was going to tell thim this morning; but I bethought me of what the good Mother said, and came out here before I'd let me timper get the better of me. 'Tis a great failing, they tells me, ma'am; but sure it's not wan half as bad as slandering or palavering, like some of thim do be doing."

"But at your age, Peggy," I ventured to remark, "one ought to be able to conquer one's temper a little. It would make life so much easier for you if you did."

"I don't want to conquer it, ma'am," she replied. "I glories in it. 'Tis a family trait. The McCarthys were all high-timpered. 'Tisn't wan of us ud be trampled

on by anybody. Only the bit and the sup and the bed's depending on it now, I'd let it loose on thim within this morning till they wouldn't have a foot to stand on."

I saw that she was becoming excited, so thought it best to change the current of her observations.

"How has it happened, Peggy," I inquired, "that the Little Sisters have taken you back three times, when it is their rule never to readmit an old man or woman who voluntarily leaves them, or who has been expelled for bad conduct?"

Peggy chuckled, at the same time darting another vivid glance from her glittering steel-grey eye.

"The first time they tuk pity on me," she replied. "The second time I fooled thim, and the third time I shamed thim into it."

"And how did you manage it all?" I asked; "for I know the good Mother is very firm."

"I was seventy the day I came in it first," Peggy answered. "And it was all well enough for six months or so; for I'm a great hand at the knitting, and can turn me hand to many a little thing. I never do be sitting in corners, groaning and moaning, like some of thim beyant. By the same token, I thought the good Mother should take me part agin thim rough Connaught rangers and desateful Corkonians that do be cluttering up the Home, keeping dacent people out of it. But, being a Frinchwoman herself, or I believe a Belgic—pretty near the same,—she can never see the right of it, and cannon-balls wouldn't move a muscle of her mouth to take sides in a quarrel. She's a good craythur, but thim Belgics is very cool-blooded intirely. We can't help our natures, ma'am,—we're as God made us.

"Wan day we were in the midst of a great arguement, three or four of us. Mary Malowney was pounding her stick on the floor, and meself just lifting a chair agin Ellen Dowd—she's a Lenister woman,—when down came the good Mother (her

room is just above the sewing-room), and says she: 'What's this, what's this! Fighting and quarrelling so over yer counties, and ye all of the same nation!' Me blood was up. 'Tipperary forever!' I cried, waving the chair. By some accident—for me houl't's not so firm as it was wanst—the leg of it grazed Ellen's cap, and she roared out as if she was kilt. 'Go, spiteful ould woman,—go to the chapel and ask God to give you a meek heart,' says the good Mother, turning to meself. 'Tis then I was angered at her, ma'am, for making an example of me that way, and I cried out: 'Yis, I'll go; and it's not to the chapel but back to me crony, Mary Lyons, in the Minton Barracks, I'll go. There I'll drink me tay to-night.'

"I went. The good Mother didn't oppose me. But I wasn't there long till Mary began wid her ould crankiness, giving me the manest bit of the bacon, and the tay was waker nor water. She'd be out working all the day, and I minding the fire for her and claning the place while she'd be gone. 'Tis a dacent bit and sup I was worthy of, any way. Well, Mary got sick on the top of it all, and the Sisters of Mercy tuk her away wid thim to the hospital; but there was no place for me there, as I hadn't a pain nor an ache, only ould age. Father Masselis—God be good to him!—prevailed on the good Mother, and she tuk me back, ma'am."

"How long before you left for the second time?" I asked.

"I stayed in it a long year, ma'am. Then they tuk in a naygur,—not a very black wan, to be sure; and she was clane, very clane, in her clothes and her ways. But it angered me, and I couldn't help but sneer at her. I never sot down at the table wid her but I thought of the disgrace of it. So wan day I had some words wid her, and the good Mother spoke very unjusst to me; and that time I ran out the gate widout even me feather-bed. But I

sent for that, and they let me have it, of coorse. Oh, but I had a weary time of it that spell! The ladies wouldn't help me pay the rent. They all came to hear of it some way, and they said I did wrong to lave the Little Sisters. 'Twas hungry and cold I was, ma'am, when I thought of a plan. I got a lot of rags from the rag house and tuk thim to an empty room in Murphy's Building. 'Twas empty all to a cot. I lay in wait for a little boy I knew outside of the parish school. He lived on the hill forninst us there. And I gev him me last penny to tell the Little Sisters an ould woman was dying of starvation in Murphy's Building. I slept in the room that night, and next morning I didn't rise, but kept under the pile of rags, widout wetting me mouth—for I had nothing to wet it wid, ma'am. When Sister Emilia came wid Sister Clara—she that does be minding the knitting,—I beseched and implored thim to take me out of it, sick and sore as I was, and I'd never go agin thim more. At long last they did, ma'am. And I got me feather-bed from Mrs. O'Brien in the Building; for I tuk good care of that always,—that it wouldn't be any the worse. Sure, ma'am, 'twas no harm pretending to be sick in a good cause."

"And the third time, Peggy?" I asked, as she relapsed into silence.

"'Twas this way, ma'am," she replied. "Me timper got ahead of me, as it always does, in regard to a strange Father that said Mass at the Home wan morning. I was back that time for better nor two years, minding me own business and keeping to meself; for I find, ma'am, that when I'm not widin earshot of their foolish talking and sickening boasting, and drawing down the splendor of their grandfathers' farms, and the like, that I've no trouble at all in the way of being peaceable and contented. But this Father was of some sort of haythen appearance, and a man along wid him like himself;

and they both chanting out the Mass in an outlandish way, and long beards on the two of thim. I made bould to tell the good Mother that I didn't know what the diocese was coming to when the Archbishop gev lave to the likes of thim to go about saying Mass; and I wasn't slow to tell her either that I didn't believe the man was a priest at all. Wid that the ould women cried at me and made shame of me for being so bould, and that vexed me and drew down a quarrel. The good Mother said I was a disturber, and *that* hurt me; for I call a disturber a tale-bearer, and that's what I never was in me life. So I packed me little bag and tuk me feather-bed agin, and went down by the cable cars to the Home of the Friendless. But they weren't very friendly to me, I can tell ye. They tould me that by me speech I belonged to the Little Sisters, for that's where all the ould Irish Catholic women belonged. That set me crazy, they were so contemptuous; and I tould thim what I thought of thim. There was a thread-and-needle store near by; and the woman, though she was a foreigner of some kind, had an Irish heart, and she tuk me in for the night.

"The next day after that I went to a cousin of my husband's—a widow woman she was,—and she didn't give me much welcome. She's from Connemara, ma'am, and they're very close people. I slept in the shed there, and made what kept me in food by knitting stockings for better than three months. She went out washing by the day, and I tidied up the place for her whilst she was gone. She wasn't so bad herself, barring the stinginess. But she had a beau; and when I gev her an advice agin making a second marriage, she got angry and sint me about me business. Thim Connemara people are quare, anyhow. After that 'twas aither the Little Sisters or the county-house; and in that place, ma'am, I wouldn't get Mass but wanst or twice a year, and confession

maybe if I was dying, and maybe not. Me heart warmed to the Little Sisters, ma'am; so I tuk me feather-bed and me bundle, and I hired an express and came up. After I paid the express man I had twenty-five cents in the corner of me handkerchief, and that was every red copper I had in the wide world.

"I rang the bell, and the good Mother came when I axed for her; but let me back she would not. I begged and pleaded, and after a while I scolded; but nothing would move her. So I settled the cot in front of the door, and sat down upon it till the dusk of the evening fell. There's great travel on the road, ma'am—you know it yourself,—and in the mornings and evenings rich gentlemen passing by in their carriages, and ladies too. And some of thim is great benefactors to the Home. I thought to shame her before thim, but I didn't—that night at laste. They thrust out a bite to me, and tould me go away. But I wrapped meself up in me blankets and lay down on the top of me feather-bed, ma'am, and was none the worse in the morning. The good Mother said she'd send for a policeman, but I dared her to do it. I said all the papers would be full of it, especially now, that the election was coming on, and thim A. P. A.'s to the fore. She was very mild, ma'am—I wouldn't belie her, and I never saw her lose her timper before nor since,—but she did slam the door on me that morning. There I stayed all day, and the teamsters and coal-drivers and farmers questioning me; but I tould thim I was there for the good of me health, and they were none the wiser, for all I threatened the good Mother. Oh, but I was glad, ma'am, when I saw the clouds gathering and heard the wind rising as the second night fell! 'Twasn't long till the big rain came, and 'twas the good Mother herself came out for me, and tould Mike Carney carry in me bed and bedding,—that she'd let me stay the night. Sure I was all

right then, and I knew it. And that's the whole story, ma'am."

"You have reason to be grateful, Peggy," I said. "I hope you are contented now, and resolved to remain here for the rest of your days."

"I'm back for good, ma'am," she replied, with an emphatic nod of the head. "But thim Dutch tries me greatly, wid their outlandish talk. They should have a place by thinselves. When I was here first there wasn't a handful of thim, but the place is going down wid the crowds of thim that's in it. And—whisper, ma'am,—there's another naygur now, and two in the men's building. 'Tis a shame, so it is!"

Six months later I happened to pass Peggy McCarthy on the street. I did not notice her until she accosted me.

"I riz out of the Little Sisters intirely, ma'am," she said. "I had words one day wid an ould Belgic man across the fence of the men's yard; and the good Mother tuk his part. Sure there's no room in it at all now for a dacent, peaceful woman. 'Tis filled with Dutch and Eytalians, and they tuk in a Greek the day before I left it. I'm getting a dollar a month now from two Protestant ladies that have a heart for the poor. That pays me rent; and I have many a scrap from the cooks that live in the big houses,—all I can ate, any way."

Lifting the cover of a small basket she carried on her arm, she showed a most unappetizing mixture of victuals, on which, judging from the expression of her peculiar-looking eye, she set great value.

"Hm! the Little Sisters!" she muttered, as I passed on. "I can get on well widout thim."

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Once in a while—perhaps I should more correctly say, not seldom—the patience of the Little Sisters is sorely tried by such cases as that of Peggy McCarthy. But in the docility and gratitude of the large majority of those whom they shelter they have their earthly compensations.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XII.

HOW is it that when "our opinion is resisted" we are nettled? It is wisely said that this is because our pride is touched. But À Kempis goes deeper. "If God," he says finely, "were always the only object of our desire, we should not be so easily disturbed at our own opinions being resisted." The resistance would seem too trifling a thing; or rather, as we are acting for another—that is, in the interests of the Great Employer, we shall have no personal feeling. The truth is, "many seek themselves in what they do, and are not aware of it."

This is at the bottom of the constant correction of others. If we were told that the blemish had been suddenly removed, and that the other was really better than ourselves, we should perhaps be a little disappointed. He that has the genuine interest of God at heart "seeks himself in nothing, envies no one."

XIII.

For meddling with other people and their affairs our author supplies this capital rule: "First turn thine eyes back upon thyself." It is extraordinary how this little recipe—even the putting ourselves for a moment in his place—alters the situation. He dwells, too, on the common fallacy of all judgments—the lack of information, the working of prejudice, etc. As he says: "In judging others a man toileth in vain, often erreth, and easily sinneth." That is, it is quite speculative, and we judge in ignorance, and therefore falsely. And if falsely, there is injustice and sin. Again, apart from the ignorance of facts, there is the disturbance of feeling, or prejudice, which colors our views. "We often judge of a thing according as we have it at heart." So that

if we judge at all, let us first 'turn our eye backward' on ourselves; and here, "in scrutinizing ourselves, we always labor with profit." Oh! and now see the result of such scrutiny, which he sets forth in this wonderful passage, that struck Dr. Johnson so forcibly. It will be noted how, though it is really the same idea that is repeated, each variation seems a novelty:

"Study to be patient in bearing the defects and infirmities of others, of what kind soever; for thou also hast many things which others must bear with. If thou canst not make thyself such as thou wouldst be, how canst thou expect to have another exactly to thy mind? We would fain see others perfect, and yet our own faults we amend not. We would have others strictly corrected, and we will not be corrected ourselves. The large liberty others take displeaseth us, and yet we ourselves will not be denied anything we ask for. We wish others to be kept within the rules, and we ourselves will not bear to be checked ever so little. And so it is clear how seldom we weigh our neighbor in the same balance with ourselves. If all were perfect, what then should we have to bear with from others for the love of God?"

(To be continued.)

Fishers of Little Faith.

IT were to be devoutly wished that all those who write or speak in defence of Christianity were men with breadth of mind as well as depth of faith. We have no sympathy with liberals or minimizers; however, one is often constrained to exclaim, after reading the writings of modern Christian apologists, What a narrow conception of the Church! Truth is a larger thing than most people can realize, and narrowness and bigotry are

by no means confined to sectarians. There are Catholics who seem to regard the Church as an institution in some way dependent upon the existence of St. Peter's in Rome and the temporal power of the Pope; and who write and speak as if they considered themselves infallible oracles of Christian truth. The opinions of persons of this class are apt to be as set as they are erroneous; they misrepresent the Church in many ways, and sometimes repel honest inquirers. No wonder that our holy religion is so generally misunderstood by non-Catholics when so many of the faithful fail to illustrate it either by word or deed. It is well to consider betimes the harm we may be doing to the Church.

Those especially who are disposed to condemn any statement put forward in the name of science which happens to conflict with their ideas; who seem to regard any one seriously engaged in the study of science as a half-heretic, ought to be made to see that they are really dishonoring religion. Alas! there are many such persons, and there is no telling the amount of mischief they do.

We have already referred to a recent article by President Andrews, of Brown University, in which it is shown that science, its objects being but the works of God, is a natural ally of religion. In concluding his thoughtful paper the writer observes. "Even if a tenet of science is not proved, and is destined yet to be much modified, it is nearly certain to contain important truth, which must be recognized at last, putting to shame such as refused its right to be heard. Religion has suffered immeasurably from these false alarms, of which in the end it has always been obliged, however reluctantly, to admit the groundlessness. But this confusion is not the worst. To do aught against real science is to shut a prophet's mouth, to stifle a voice from on high. We may be sure of it, every discovery in any field of truth has its religious bearing; to-

suppress or to hinder this from coming to due influence is fighting against God."

The same thought is expressed by our own Aubrey de Vere in an able essay on modern unbelief,—an essay that goes to the root of the matter, and is calculated to benefit any one sincerely desirous of believing, though enveloped in the mists of speculation. After warning his readers against the credulous acceptance of scientific theories which may be shown eventually to be erroneous, he reminds religious teachers that to disparage science is to dishonor one of God's great gifts to men. "It is to her progress, and that of Liberty, that Humanity looks forward with most trust for her future. . . . Only in one sense can Religion see an enemy in Science. Scientific truth can not contradict religious truth; but scientific error can contradict it; and the path of Science ever lies, through error, more or less partial, to a larger and purer truth. Before atmospheric pressure had become understood, it was philosophical to believe that 'Nature abhorred a vacuum,' and to add that her abhorrence extended only to a well thirty-two feet in depth. Science advances the more steadily for her victories being thus tardily won."

The Christian who dreads the onward march of science, who fears the results of Biblical criticism or historical research, whose religious sense is dulled by the study of nature, is either a man of weak faith or shallow mind. The greatest intellects the world has known have affirmed an after life and a living God. Only those who live up to the truth comprehend it clearly and grasp it firmly. A religious teacher ought to be a man of noble life, with a heart large enough to love all that is lovable, and a mind broad enough to embrace all truth. It must be confessed that there are Christian apologists nowadays who would be better employed in cultivating personal holiness than in defending religious truth.

A Favor of Our Queen.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—Last November I was the recipient of a great favor, which I feel I ought to make public through Our Lady's magazine, since it was through her aid I obtained it.

I had suffered from a severe rupture for twenty-three years and ten months, being obliged to wear a truss and be bound with straps and steel bands. During the last ten months I was confined to my bed most of the time, and had to be moved about like an infant. The doctors said that nothing but a surgical operation could help me, and even that might fail to give relief.

Having obtained a small vial of the Water of Lourdes, I applied a few drops of it, at the same time praying to the Blessed Virgin. On the fifth day of the novena I was perfectly cured. I could run about, go up and down stairs without any pain, and without truss or other supports, and as quickly as if I were only twenty years of age, although now past fifty.

I called to see the physician about a month after my recovery. He examined me, and said I was perfectly cured, and inquired about the Water. I explained all to him, and he said it was truly a great miracle. The rupture measured three inches each way; it grew together by touching it with a little of the Water.

My wife, my sons, and my neighbors of twelve years all know my late condition, and can testify that now I am perfectly well. I recommend all to love and honor the Mother of God, and to have great faith in the Water of Lourdes, by which I have been fully restored to the health and strength of youth.

I am ready to prove all I say to any one who may wish to question me. Praise and thanks to the Immaculate Mother of God!

PATRICK FARREN.

Notes and Remarks.

To no mind, we suppose, is the enormity of the crime of Judas lessened by the consideration of his having gained thirty pieces of silver by his perfidy; but many, it would seem, fail to see that to betray a sacred trust through fear of forfeiting some advantage or honor reveals a heart like unto that of him who sold his Master. The contemptible ecclesiastic who represented to the late Cardinal Desprez, when Archbishop of Toulouse, that by agitating against the laicizing policy of Jules Ferry he might lose the red hat which France daily expected to see bestowed upon him, judged that noble prelate by himself, and must have felt like doing as Judas did after realizing his guilt when the venerable Archbishop replied: "It matters very little whether I am made a cardinal or not, but it matters *very much* that I do my duty as a pastor of souls!" The man who through fear of loss or hope of gain betrays the cause of Christ is near to perdition, and neither high titles nor colored robes can be of any avail.

It is pleasant to have assurance, from one well qualified to give it, that the law of reaction has already been felt in Italy. Both ruler and people have learned the lesson which, it would seem, the books of statecraft can not teach—namely, that the stability of government, the rights of property, and the blessings of peace are assured only to those countries where religion teaches duty, and conscience enforces it. Mr. Richard Davey, a well-known London journalist, who has been a close student of Italian politics and literature for many years, thus speaks of the reaction which has set in as a result of the "policy of oppression":

"This reaction, however, is of a purely religious character—although, to be sure, it is the result of political mismanagement, and of the growing impression that irreligion is at the bottom of all the evils Italy is experiencing. The tendencies of the age, the secularization of education, and the sceptical tone of the press have produced their terrible marks, and have prematurely aged what ought to be the rejuvenated brow of this beautiful

country. They have also affected the minds of the rising and risen generation; and hitherto for a man to be religious was to court unpleasant remark, and to be counted either hypocrite or fool. Still, fear, if not conviction, has driven many into the arms of the Church of their fathers; and, undoubtedly, Religion is now more popular in Italy than she has been in thirty years."

Signor Crispi has already declared his conviction that without the aid of religion the State is powerless to combat the growing evils of society; and, no doubt, the conservative element of the Italian people agree with him. We rejoice that they have thus been taught effectively the primal lesson of statesmanship, and we watch with interest for the first indication that they intend to put that lesson into practice.

The most romantic incident in the life of the late venerable Archbishop Kirby was his competition for a prize offered by the Seminary of Sant' Apollinare for the best theological thesis. The prize was won by a student named Joachim Pecci, with young Kirby a close second. When Joachim Pecci became Pope, under the name of Leo XIII., he did not forget his former rival; and the friendship begun in the seminary continued uninterrupted until the recent death of Archbishop Kirby, at Rome, in his ninety-second year. In this competition, the contestants were obliged, for the sake of the impartiality, to sign not their name but a motto; and it was characteristic of the Irish student's devotion to the Blessed Virgin that he chose the legend, "And the name of the Virgin was Mary." For nearly sixty years he served first as vice-rector and afterward as rector of the Irish College at Rome, not the least valuable of his services to the students being the example of his prayerful and laborious life. He wrote little, but his volume of "Meditations" is still in high favor with ecclesiastics. *R. I. P.*

Admirers of the late Robert Louis Stevenson—their name is legion—have paid many feeling tributes to his memory; but the most affectionate and perhaps the most sincere proofs of regard were shown by the natives at Vailima, in the far South Seas, whom Mr.

Stevenson constantly befriended, and among whom he died. In the last of three charming papers on the dead author contributed to *Kate Field's Washington*, Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard gives extracts from a letter received from Mr. Stevenson's stepdaughter, relating the circumstances of the death, and describing the grief of the natives, many of whom are Catholics. It is a touching story. They had built him ("Tusitala," the teller of tales) a road to Apia, calling it "The Road of the Loving Heart, remembering his tender care when we were sore distressed." The news of the death spread quickly, and the Samoans thronged this royal road to the house of mourning, bearing mats and flowers to lay beside the bed where Tusitala was sleeping. For a while they sat there silently, in a great semicircle, bowed and reverent; then Sosimo—"his own Sosimo"—asked if he might read the prayers of the Church; "and in a beautiful, deep voice, that trembled with emotion, he repeated the prayers for the dead, while the other Catholics chanted the responses. It was just what Louis would have loved!" In the morning flowers came from far and near—wreaths and bouquets, and "a cross of roses from the Catholic Sisters." The dirges that were sung by the Samoans at the grave, "wild and sad and beautiful," were proof that Mr. Stevenson had deserved the deep devotion of those sweet-tempered, innocent islanders. Oh, the pity of it!—that any of these children of nature should be under the blighting influence of so-called missionaries who confound clothing with Christianity.

We may safely venture the assertion that the life and work of the late Charles A. Gayarre, who died in New Orleans last week, at the good old age of ninety, will receive nothing like adequate treatment from the "great dailies" and the literary journals of the country. He came of a distinguished family, being a grandson of that Estevan Gayarre who took possession of Louisiana for Spain in 1766. His maternal grandfather was Etienne de Bone, first Mayor of New Orleans and first manufacturer of sugar in Louisiana. Mr. Gayarre entered public life at an early age, and rose rapidly to some

of the most important offices. He was State Senator in 1830, Attorney-General in 1831, and United States Senator in 1835. Owing to ill health, however, he went to Europe instead of Washington, and devoted eight years to the collection of material for his admirable History of Louisiana, which was published in 1844, in French and English. After finishing this laborious task, he was again called into public life. As Secretary of State he established the first state library of Louisiana. Gayarre was an ardent defender of his own people, the Creoles, and a prolific writer on historical and legal themes. Besides his great History of Louisiana, he wrote a number of other works dealing with the colonization and growth of his native State. May he rest in peace!

A typical representative of what has been happily styled "the church-building era" of our country was the late Monsig. May, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Brooklyn. Father May was a native of Bavaria, and in the forty-four years of his priesthood is said to have built more than twelve large churches and half as many convents and charitable institutions. These are his best monuments. His busy and priestly life bore a rich harvest; and all who appreciate devotedness and self-sacrifice will pray that he who labored so bravely to upbuild God's House on earth may enjoy eternal rest in the "House not made by hands."

Perhaps the most notable figures in the recently published statistics of the Church in the United States are those which tell of the parish schools. To every observant mind it must be clear that these figures more than justify the remarkable statement made by Bishop Spalding last autumn, that "the numerical strength and the efficiency of our Catholic school system is the most significant fact of our national life."

"An international episode of interest and significance" is the way in which the press refers to the compliment paid to a Catholic artist, Mr. John La Farge, by the French

Society of Fine Arts. Mr. La Farge, though holding high rank as a painter, is best known to the public for his work in stained glass,—an art in which he stands easily first. The French Society, which is very exclusive and especially critical of foreign artists, has invited Mr. La Farge to exhibit a collection of his pictures and stained-glass windows at the Champs de Mars, Paris. The great Catholic painter, Tissot (who is said to have entered a monastery lately), was honored by a similar invitation last year; but Mr. La Farge is the first foreign artist to enjoy this rare distinction. The compliment is acknowledged on all sides to be well deserved, the qualities of originality, technical skill and coloring in his work marking him as one of the foremost artists of our day. His paintings are not so well known as his windows, which adorn many of the most beautiful churches in our country. We hope that this recognition of La Farge's work may lead to the establishment in the United States of a school of ecclesiastical art. An artist could consecrate his talents to no more worthy work than the decoration of the Church which nurtures and develops them.

A notable figure in Italian politics was the late Monsig. Carini, whose life, though short, was rich in valuable services to the Church. He was the ideal ecclesiastic—learned, zealous and pious. Curiously enough, he found high favor with the Liberal party of Italy, while ever a loyal partisan of the Holy Father; and his services would have been of supreme importance if the much-mooted reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal had materialized in his time. Monsig. Carini's life was one of extraordinary activity. He founded several religious journals and was a frequent contributor to others; he established numerous associations for young and old men, and at the time of his death he held an important office in the Papal Archives. In the midst of these engrossing labors he found time to continue his studies, and to contribute some important historical monographs to Italian literature; and he was universally regarded as an authority on questions of paleontology. May he rest in peace!

Notable New Books.

LA VIE DE N. S. JÉSUS-CHRIST. Par l'Abbé É. Le Camus. In 3 Vols. Paris: Letouzey et Ané.

It has been said that each century ought to produce a new Life of Our Lord specially suited to the times for which it is intended; for this divine life, because it is the centre of all things, is illumined, directly or indirectly, by all the discoveries and progress made in every department of science. Linguistics, ethnography, history, geography, apologetics, and all other branches of science, have so extended their field of observation during the present century that they have been, as it were, entirely transformed. As a result, a changed way of viewing, understanding, feeling and presenting things has been created in every realm of thought.

The Life of Christ which, to our mind, most fully embodies the results of the latest research is that from the pen of the Abbé Le Camus. It meets all the requirements of contemporary historical criticism. It is at the same time the most simple and the most categorical answer to Renan's impious book yet published. Facts are presented with remarkable clearness; and the author, by enabling us to study them in their proper social, historical and geographical environment, gives to them a relief which is truly admirable. The adorable figure of Our Lord, His divinity, His humanity, His miracles, His laborious and active life in the face of so many obstacles,—all stand forth in this book with a vividness which is both refreshing and stimulating.

The figure of our Divine Master, infinitely transcendent as it is, far from obscuring the figures of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the Apostles, and the other noble personages mentioned in the Gospel, brings them out in the most brilliant light. The parables and the other discourses which for twenty centuries have been the foundation of Christian teaching are given, with all the circumstances of time and place, with rare skill; while the manners and customs in vogue at the time are described with consummate knowledge and power. We have no hesitation in declaring that this book will

contribute more toward making the God-Man known and loved than any Life which has hitherto appeared. It is surprising that so meritorious a work has not yet been translated into English.

THE ENGLISH ABROAD. Sketched by an Australian Cousin. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

The Australian cousin is Miss Susan Gavan Duffy, and she has made a delightful book. On a sunshiny day it will seem like a cool patch of shade; among the pines and snow it will recall the palm-tree in the glow of the noontime;—in fact, it is a book to take up at all times. Miss Duffy gives us the pleasantest description of the Riviera. She revels in the flowers of this happy region. Her glimpses of social life are both humorous and sympathetic,—an unusual combination.

"In this land of flowers," she says, "a few francs will purchase such a *panier* of lovely roses as will speedily transform the shabbiest of *salons* into a bower. And tea and cake require no great outlay; so that it mainly depends on the size of one's rooms whether one's reception shall be a friendly little gathering of a dozen chosen guests, or whether it will be in a sense open to all English society who may choose to present themselves. For one of the curious customs of the Riviera (a custom borrowed from the natives, from whom we have borrowed little else, so intensely British do we contrive to remain in our exile) is that all overtures toward acquaintanceship come from the later arrivals, who are not only within their rights in so doing, but are strictly bound under severe social penalties to present themselves at the house of any one whom they may be desirous of cultivating, or who has a claim to expect attention at their hands."

A mere glance at the table of contents is appetizing. "A Ten Days' Frolic" (a story of the Carnival, which should be read as an antidote to Poe's terrible "Cask of Amon-tillado"), "Housekeeping at Nice," "A Glance at Rome," and "Leo XIII.," are only some of the titles that attract. There is a gayety about the sketches which does not at all detract from their solid worth. Miss Gavan Duffy frankly confesses that she was bewildered by the frescos in the Sistine Chapel. "It was only when I came across

something as unmistakable as Moses delivering the Commandments, that I really knew what it was the picture was meant to represent."

This reminds her of a story told by Madame Arabella Goddard, the great pianist. It seems that the wife of a governor in New South Wales was forced by her position to pose as a patron of music. And when Madame Goddard wandered from piece to piece, according to her fancy, the Lady Governor was embarrassed, as she knew only one tune; so the pianist was told always to introduce a mazurka by Chopin, to give the would-be connoisseur the chance of ejaculating, "Ah, delicious, too delicious Chopin!" And our author felt inclined to exclaim, "Ah, delicious Moses!" when she recognized the only figure she was certain of in the frescos.

Miss Duffy does not approve of the yellow and red of the Swiss Guard, though the subdued splendor of the Noble Guard and the Camerieri make a restful contrast to it. The Holy Father, clothed in white, looked amid all this color like a visitant from the other world. "A dead man could not be more absolutely colorless; but his eyes are bright and full of expression, and his smile lights up his face as sunshine transforms a landscape. The most startling thing about him is his voice, which is strong, clear and penetrating as the voice of a man in his prime."

We can not forbear to reset this miniature:

"After the Pope's Mass there was a second, celebrated by a priest of his household. During the whole of it the Pontiff knelt on the steps of the altar and recited the Rosary aloud, the congregation making the responses. Never have I heard such fervent *Ave Marias*. When he prayed aloud it seemed as if his clear, beseeching tones must reach the highest heavens, and we rejoiced to join our voices with his. And when at the end he gave his blessing to all assembled, not only his faithful children but those who were not of the household were deeply impressed."

MEDITATIONS FOR ALL THE DAYS OF THE YEAR. By the Rev. M. Hamon, S. S. Translated by Mrs. A. E. Bennett. Benziger Brothers.

The masters of the spiritual life all emphasize meditation as a means to perfection;

and not a means left to the option of souls seeking to advance in the way of sanctification, but one absolutely necessary. The lives of the saints furnish us abundant testimony as to the efficacy of mental prayer; and the loss of vocation, and even of faith, may not unfrequently be traced to the neglect of it.

The method of St. Ignatius is generally followed in the arrangement of subject-matter designed for points of meditation, and there are many works at the disposal of the faithful which serve to facilitate mental prayer. Among those best known is the series of meditations by the Rev. M. Hamon. Arranged in five volumes, for the principal divisions of the ecclesiastical year, it follows the liturgy; thus leading those who use it to enter into the spirit of the Church in her various feasts and fasts. The considerations are made, as far as practicable, to suit both laity and religious.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. By Samuel T. Picard. In 2 Vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In giving to the public the handsome volumes comprising the life and letters of the Quaker poet, Mr. Picard has done a good thing well. Those who are interested in the history of the family tree which bore this flower of genius will be pleased with the account of the poet's ancestry; they will follow with equal interest his gropings, amid unpromising environments, toward literary culture.

Some may quarrel with the length and *minutiae* with which the biographer has dwelt upon Whittier's connection with the abolition movement; but to neglect or slur it over would be to present an imperfect biography. Without these volumes the present generation would never suspect that the poet once aspired to political honors, or that he showed no small skill in statecraft. But all this was sacrificed to further a great cause. It requires no little moral *vertebrae* to espouse a forlorn hope; and this Whittier did throughout his editorial career, in his persistent advocacy of abolition. The Muse, too, he pressed into the service; and poem followed poem in quick succession, stinging the national conscience into a sense of the shame attaching to the institution of slavery. Never

was the pen's potency better exemplified.

As regards his letters, the personality of the man is inextricably entangled in them. Whittier was essentially "one who loved his fellowmen," and this trait continually comes to the surface in whatever fell from his pen. In his letters there is a kind of humor, of Quakerish flavor perhaps, quaint as it is pleasing; and they reveal nothing if not a nature singularly pure and upright. In his earlier days, Whittier said hard things of Catholic faith and practices; but we like to believe that this proceeded from mistaken views and teachings, certainly not from malice prepense.

What gives greatest pleasure to the reviewer is to call attention to the fact that faith and hope in God are the dominant notes of Whittier's poems and letters. The heart must be a hard one that is not touched and uplifted by the lesson of his life.

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. Adolf Bergmann, the Rev. Joseph A. Lanahan, the Rev. James A. McKenna, and the Rev. Daniel J. Sheehy, all of whom recently departed this life.

Miss Mary McGee, of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary, whose life closed peacefully last month at St. Joseph's Institute, Westchester, N. Y.

Lieut. James A. Turner, U. S. M. C., who passed away in San Francisco, Cal., on the 23d ult.

Mr. John S. Hollingsworth, of Zanesville, Ohio, who died last month.

Mr. Michael T. Corby, who yielded his soul to God on the 23d ult., in Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. A. J. Kinsella, of Dubuque, Iowa, who was called to the reward of a fervent Christian life on the 6th ult.

Mr. John Dalton, of Clifton Springs, N. Y.; Mr. Andrew Nesbit, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. John Cannon, Mr. Martin Fitzpatrick, and Mrs. Mary Vickers, Waterbury, Conn.; George and Michael Curry, Parnell, Iowa; Mr. Henry Cullinan and Mrs. Mary E. Healy, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Daniel L. Murphy, Naugatuck, Conn.; Mr. Thomas Dalton, College Point, R. I.; Mrs. Catherine Weigel and Mrs. Ellen Short, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. George Mulligan, Healdsburg, Cal.; and Mr. Thomas Kenny, Litchfield, Conn.

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



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IV.—THE LILIES.

THERE had been silence in the Chumleigh house all day. The boys had gone to Uncle Mike's, to say good-bye to Guy; and the usual sounds of conversation, growing louder when Rebecca let something fall, were not heard from the kitchen. Mrs. Chumleigh, busy with the boys' boxes, wondered at the unusual stillness. She began to fear that it foreboded mischief, until she remembered that the boys had gone out.

The boys had feared that their visit to Guy might be prevented entirely, or that Jack might be sent off alone. But Mrs. Chumleigh, when the episode of the watermelon had been well explained to her, declared that Guy should not suffer because of it. Besides, the cook had taken the boys' side of the question. "If Susan chose to think that watermelon juice meant murder," she said, "it wasn't their fault." She hoped 'twould be a warning to Susan not to be filling her head with stories about banshees and ghosts.

It was a bright day in September. The lilies in the garden had just opened, and their ribbed trumpets held golden dust and the most exquisite perfume. This garden at the side of the Chumleigh house was only a city yard, after all. It consisted of a red brick walk, on either side of

which were large tangles of old-fashioned flowers. On one side, in the narrower strip, were bushes of chrysanthemums,—not the fashionable, monstrous chrysanthemums, but the smaller ones; and these were a reddish purple in October. In the spring, up from this narrower strip came the star of Bethlehem. And in June the fence on this side was covered with a running prairie rose, which was pretty but scentless. At the end of the yard there was an arbor covered with woodbine; and behind the quaint old hydrant—a pump had once stood there—a mass of Mexican vine, with bugle-shaped flowers.

In the wider bed, at the other side of the brick path—which Rebecca scrubbed every morning,—were lady's-slippers, clumps of the fragile ice-plant, patches of four-o'clocks, heliotrope, white and purple columbines, bits of verbena, a sweet-william or two, above which towered three dahlia stalks. Another arbor, over which climbed an Isabella grapevine, completed the garden; though there were bushes of sorrel and chickweed hidden in the shade of the greater things. But the glory of it all was the row of lilies against the fence. Their leaves were large, oval, and ribbed, and were beautiful in themselves,—much more beautiful than the straight, upright spikes of the orange lily, which, much to Susan's disgust, always opened about the 12th of July.

Faky Dillon could never look at the lilies without a shudder. They reminded him of school. Their buds began to show about the middle of August. Then a gloom settled over Faky, which he shook

off only at times. Each day, as the lilies grew and people admired them, Faky felt sadder and sadder. He did not hate the white lilies as Susan hated the orange lilies, but he wished that they could keep back their flowers until October, which, he thought, would be the proper month for the opening of school. There were no lilies in his father's yard, and he was glad of it; although it was annoying to have to dodge under the wet clothes on the lines when he was playing hand-ball. Nevertheless, the lilies in the Chumleigh yard had a strange attraction for Faky, and he visited them every day, only to sigh at the near approach of those melancholy days when he should be obliged to sit still from nine o'clock to twelve, and from two to four. The day had come at last when the lilies had done their worst. They were blooming in a row—a score of them,—and the air about them was so sick with perfume that, as Rebecca said, "A silver half dollar would not sink in it."

Mrs. Chumleigh had given the boys permission to take some flowers to Guy, and Faky Dillon had a cruel satisfaction in cutting at least fifteen lilies.

"You don't know any better, of course," he said to them, as he used the scissors; "but you'll have to suffer for it, all the same. If you only had sense enough, you'd come out at some pleasanter time."

Jack armed himself with the whole clump of white sweet-williams; and Thomas Jefferson used several yards of string in tying up an exceedingly stiff bouquet, including a little of everything, with a big yellow dahlia in the middle. He had intended to present the tadpole to Guy; but it had escaped or evaporated during the night, and he had, in the morning, found the bottle overturned and empty. He was glad that he had not promised him the tadpole; for the sudden disappearance of the precious creature would have been a sad disappointment to the little boy.

Bob Bently had brought a checker-board and some checkers, and Baby Maguire had provided himself with a pasteboard box of lemon taffy. And when the quintette entered the street car, anticipation had for the present made even Faky forget the gloom of the season.

The trip to Uncle Mike's was a very pleasant one. Baby Maguire was as meek as a little cherub embowered with lilies; for Thomas Jefferson had transferred his fragrant burden to him, in order to play jackstones with Skinny McMullen, who was carrying a bundle of washed clothes to a friend of his mother's. There were not many people in the car, so that the game went merrily on in one corner. Jack and Bob conversed seriously, as became two who had awakened to the realities of life. Faky munched an apple, and Baby sat quite still, smiling sweetly at two old ladies opposite.

The old ladies were dressed in black, and each carried a capacious reticule of the old-fashioned straw kind. Their talk was not unusually loud, but they had the general opinion that the street cars are the best possible places in the world for confidential conversation. Jack and Bob soon learned, in spite of themselves, that these ladies were sisters; and that their sister-in-law, named Sarah, was a bad-tempered person. They seldom went out, it seemed; but they were now on their way to Fairmount Park, to attend a family picnic. There were jelly rolls in the reticule and beef sandwiches, also quince tarts, and the old ladies hoped they would not be crushed.

"Look at Baby!" Jack whispered, in a tone of contempt. "Look at him! He is bound to have one of those jelly rolls. The little sneak!"

Bob looked, and frowned balefully at Baby, whose eyes, gleaming innocently behind the lilies, were fixed on the old ladies.

"What a nice little boy!" one of the

old ladies said, when she had finished a long recital of the strange doings of her sister-in-law.

"He is so sweet!" observed the other, smiling at Baby.

Faky Dillon could not stand this. It struck him at once that Baby ought not to have a monopoly of whatever might be bestowed by these amiable old ladies. He sat up very straight, and smiled sweetly in imitation of Baby. But while Baby's smile was pathetic—as became a young person with nerves,—Faky's was not so attractive.

"Dear me!" said the first old lady. "What a contrast that other boy is to the first! He grins like—oh, something dreadful! He has such an evil look! He quite makes me shudder."

"Quite!" said the second old lady.

Bob Bently burst into a cruel laugh, in which Jack and Thomas Jefferson, who had been listening, joined.

Faky's face turned scarlet, and he made a lunge with his fist at Jack. A playful scrimmage followed, during which the old ladies looked on with horror.

"Come and sit near us, little boy," said the first old lady, who had a kind face. "I wonder that you can endure those rude creatures."

"How neat and clean he is! What a beautiful white collar!" said the second old lady, while the boys sat afar off and waited.

"I bet that fellow gets a jelly roll!" whispered Bob.

"Two!" said Jack, who had no doubt of Baby's success.

"Where are you going?" asked the first old lady.

Baby raised his eyes modestly and looked over his lilies—"like a freckled Cupid on a valentine," Faky thought.

"I am about to visit a crippled little boy," he said, sweetly.

"How kind!" said the second old lady. "Quite like a bit out of a story-book.

You must be hungry,—little boys are always hungry." And the old lady, with a pleasant smile, unclasped her reticule.

"I am seldom hungry," said Baby, in his most pathetic voice; "but sometimes in the morning I eat a little,—about this time. I have nerves, you know."

The kind old lady opened her reticule, and the boys saw her draw carefully from it two quince tarts. A suppressed groan rent Faky Dillon's breast. Baby dropped the lilies on the seat and looked pathetically expectant.

Just as the first old lady was about to bestow the tarts upon Baby her sister touched her arm warningly.

"The child is delicate," she said. "You had better be careful. They might upset him for the whole day.—No, little boy, you must not eat pastry until after dinner."

Here the conductor suddenly called out, "Arch Street!" The old lady tried to put the tarts back into her reticule, and arose in a great flutter.

Jack jumped out, to help the old ladies from the platform. He had a very warm spot in his heart for all old ladies. The second old lady descended, with Jack's help, and said:

"Thank you!"

The first smiled, as he carefully aided her, and gave him the tarts.

"Please relieve me of these," she said, kindly. "Thank you! You are a very polite boy."

Jack re-entered the car, much pleased by the praise he had received.

"I tell you what I'll do," he said, wrapping the tarts in his morning's handkerchief, which he unfolded for the purpose. "I'll give these to little Guy."

Baby turned his face to his window, while remarks were made by Faky Dillon and Thomas Jefferson that made him feel like a martyr.

Nothing happened until they bade good-bye to Skinny McMullen by "tagging"

him in succession; during which violent amusement his bundle broke loose from its fastenings, and it required the aid of the conductor to put it together again.

"Boys!" this much-tried person said, as our friends disappeared around the corner. "I call 'em hyenas!"

Uncle Mike was in his shop when they arrived. His chin-whiskers were somewhat tinged with grey, and they were not so straggling as they had been. In fact, they now resembled a wreath of greyish flax that had fallen from his head, which was bald, and caught him under the chin. His face was ruddy and happy. His blue eyes twinkled when he saw the boys.

"We expected you!" he said, cordially, laying down the cleaver with which he was about to cut a slice of ham for a waiting little girl. "And it is glad I am to see you, young gentlemen. And it's Guy that will be glad to see you. And it's the wife herself will be delighted for to welcome you. Walk upstairs!"

"I like Uncle Mike," said Faky, as they made their way up the narrow stairs. "He makes you feel like a man. He always takes it for granted that you want to do right."

"That's just my feeling," said Thomas Jefferson.

Guy was ready to receive them. He stood up to welcome them, with a bright flush in his cheeks. Behind him stood Uncle Mike's wife, looking as happy as possible. The room was beautified by all Jack's gifts, and more besides. But Jack and Bob saw nothing except little Guy's bright face.

(To be continued.)

Irish Proverbs.

Honey is sweet, but don't lick it off a briar.

Laziness is a heavy burden.

A black hen lays white eggs—don't judge by appearances.

A Quick-Witted Culprit.

A certain ruler in the far East once decreed that any malefactor who was brought before him might be pardoned if he could give utterance to three truths. Perhaps truth-telling was a rare accomplishment among criminals in that country, and that few of them escaped punishment. However, the law was a humane one.

One day a man was brought before the bar of justice, and found guilty of a heinous crime, the penalty for which was death. He threw himself upon what we would call the mercy of the court, and was told that he could purchase his life and freedom by telling the three truths. The outlaw scratched his head thoughtfully and collected his wits. It was a trying moment.

"I am justly accused," he said.

"Truth number one!" exclaimed the ruler. "Try again, my man."

"Your highness, I'm sorry to have offended."

"I don't doubt it. One more truth and your freedom is purchased."

"If I am freed, I shall never be seen in this place again."

The judge hesitated a moment, then exclaimed:

"I am convinced that you speak the truth. Discharge the prisoner!"

The Wild Cat.

"I'll get my bow and arrow,
And kill the wild cat dead;
It's underneath the sofa—
No!—no!—it's in the bed!"

And John let fly the arrow,
Straight to the pillow plump;
And Margie said: "I'll skin it,—
Keep still!—the beast may jump!"

She took a stick and waved it,—
"The skinning has begun!"
She made a dexterous motion,
And said: "The wild cat's skun!"



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 49.

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Thou Art but Dust.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

REMEMBER, man, rest will be thine,
Dust, and the pleasing hush of death.
Above thy bed the stars will shine,
The night wind pass with balmy breath;
Nor strife nor care nor enmity
Shall mar thy deep tranquillity.

No more shall passion, grief or pain
Molest thee, lying soft and still;
But the light touch of summer's rain
Shall break, with buds, the grassy hill.
No vain ambition, wrath or pride
Will come to vex thy lone bedside.

Poppies and balm thy hands shall hold,
Sweetness and sleep shall seal thine eyes;
No morn again bid thee behold
The weary world that wakes and cries,
Day after day, for bitter bread,
For husks on which the swine have fed.

Rest in the mother's arms, O man,
Cometh to each; the parent dust
Shall soon complete thy longest span.
There shall the weary and the just
Sleep in their turn; and none, not one,
Shall call thee back to toil undone.

CERTAIN it is, unless we first be cut
and hewn in the mountains, we shall
not be fixed in the temple of God.—
Jeremy Taylor.

Unbelief a Sin.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.



IT is part of a Catholic's faith
that he can not lose that faith
without mortal sin, nor even
so much as deliberately ques-
tion a single article of it. But many
Catholics, at the present day, take too
indulgent a view of unbelief as exhibited
by those who are not, and never have
been, within the pale of the Church.

There are two chief causes of this
indulgent view. In the first place, Catholics
mingle socially with persons who are not
slow to avow themselves untroubled by
religious tenets of any kind; and who,
at the same time, treat *them* with polite-
ness instead of intolerance—perhaps even
with an amiable deference. "So you are
a Catholic!" one will say. "Well, that is
the oldest form of Christianity, and the
most entitled to respect. I have several
Catholic friends—a priest or two among
them,—and I like them very much. For
myself, while recognizing *good* in *all*
religions, I do not see the need of any
faith (so-called). But I do detest prejudice
and bigotry. I maintain that everyone
should be free to believe or disbelieve,
in accordance with honest conviction."
Now, a Catholic finds this style of talk
a long way more agreeable than narrow-

minded prejudice or ill-concealed aversion. It saves him the trouble, too, of anything like controversy. And, consequently, he does not ask himself—or should the question occur, it is easily set aside—how far his friend is morally culpable for this indifference to divine truth.

In the second place, Catholics of cultivated taste read charming productions by poets and novelists, in which, while moved occasionally to pity the author's misbelief or unbelief, they sometimes find a striking purity of tone, together with earnest insistence upon duty and self-sacrifice. Their author may openly avow agnosticism; yet themselves, while thanking God for their own better knowledge, will say: "Oh, well! This person never was a Catholic. Brought up, I suppose, in some form of Protestantism. Became dissatisfied, got a-thinking, and took the wrong turn." But they do not reflect on the grave responsibility involved in taking that "wrong turn."

Now, it is certain that all men who come to the use of reason are called by their Creator *to the Christian life*. For St. Paul says that God "will have *all* men to be saved and *to come to the knowledge of the truth*." Willing the end, therefore, He must will the means. Whence it follows that even Mahometans and heathens have "natural" grace, as theology calls it,—grace which will help them to keep the "natural law"; and that, if they use this grace faithfully, they will either be brought to "the knowledge of the truth" during life or will receive in the hour of death what is called the "grace of elevation," which will unite them to the "soul"* of the Church and save them. Much more, then,

* "The *soul* of the Church is the *internal* union of the faithful with their Head by bonds which are invisible. These bonds are faith, hope, charity, the virtues and gifts of the Holy Spirit, by means of which the members of the Church participate in the life of their Head." The Rev. Kenelm Vaughan's "Divine Armory of Holy Scripture," page 516, "On the Church."

does it follow that in Christian countries, even where the religion of Christ is mutilated or fragmentary, there must be light and grace enough to lead men to salvation who have been reared in estrangement from the Catholic Church, and perhaps with no religion at all. If they use this light and grace, they will either find their way into the outward and visible society called the Church—communion with which is *ordinarily* necessary to salvation,—or they will die united to the *soul* of this Church, and *implicitly* believing all she teaches—which is *absolutely* necessary to salvation.

So that unbelief—by which I mean the conscious rejection of Christianity—is always sin: sin against light, and sin against grace. The *will* deliberately turns away from God.

We may divide unbelievers into two classes:

(a) The first class comprises those who have never been baptized nor ever received religious instruction of any importance; some of them, indeed, having been *schooled* in infidelity from youth up.

(b) The second class includes those who have been baptized and sufficiently instructed in the primary truths of Christianity, no matter what doctrinal errors may have been taught them at the same time.

Again, we may say there are two kinds of unbelief:

(a) The first is that which rejects Christianity as a supernatural, or revealed, religion; while professing to admit the existence of God, and, perhaps, the immortality of the soul.

(b) The other goes a great deal further, and denies the existence of God and the immortality of the soul; or maintains them to be "unknowable."

We find either kind of unbelief among either class of unbelievers. And those who begin with the first kind frequently end with the second—as, for instance,

"George Eliot" did. But to neither kind can any individual of either class of unbelievers adhere without mortal sin.

Persons of the first class are greatly to be pitied for their unbaptized condition, and still more for their Godless education. Nevertheless, it is not to be doubted that they *have* light and grace quite sufficient to bring them to "the knowledge of the truth." We can not deny this without calling in question God's sincerity in desiring their salvation. If, then, they remain where they are, it is because they *will* to do so. If they acknowledge their Creator's existence, they prefer to continue independent of Him. But, as a rule, the agnosticism of the day exactly suits them. And in taking up with that they sin against reason, which can prove by its own light the existence of God and the spirituality of the soul. Again, they may appear, and even be, honest and moral, with much show of natural virtue; but this is compatible with consummate pride. More commonly by far sensuality joins hands with pride, and the two together successfully harden their hearts against conversion.

We wish to deal, however, with the second class more at length. These persons are a long way less excusable than the others. By baptism the divine virtue of faith has been infused into their souls. And the instruction in the primary truths of Christianity, which is ordinarily given to baptized Protestants, makes it impossible for them to abandon those primary truths without sin. Whatever of error is subsequently taught them, as part of their religious creed, does not alter the case. They are bound, of course, to get rid of the error so soon as they see it to be such, but are never free to reject truth along with it. For it is easy for an earnest inquirer, who has been brought up in some Protestant body, to discover what doctrines are common to Christians in general and what peculiar to his own sect. And, with

regard to doctrines which are common to Christians in general, he will find, if he push his inquiry sincerely, that they rest upon divine revelation—as learned Protestants have again and again proved unanswerably, although their argument lacks force and logical consistency from their position toward the original Teaching Society instituted by Christ and still speaking with His voice.

We are well aware that this way of stating the case puts certain conspicuous authors in a very unfavorable light. But we can not help that. While admiring their gifts, it is better to be undeceived about their claims to our respect.

We mentioned "George Eliot" just now—the *nom de plume* by which Mary Ann Evans chose to be known. She would fret and chafe at having, as she said, "a man's genius in a woman's body." (Self-esteem enough to wreck more souls than one!) No doubt, her semi-Calvinistic bringing-up, with an exaggerated idea of duty, produced a revolt in the direction of free-thought. But, then, she had read Paley's "Evidences" with avidity; and this should have kept her from "going down" (to borrow the London *Tablet's* phrase) "before a very feeble specimen of British rationalism,"—the work of a Coventry merchant! It is plain enough to one who reads her "Life and Letters" that she was secretly glad of an *excuse* for emancipating her intellect from the "obedience of faith." Her *will*, therefore, deliberately turned away from the light vouchsafed her. Had she humbled herself and prayed for guidance, she would have eventually found her rest where John Henry Newman found his.

As it was, she soon lost belief in God and in a future life, and took up the "creed of despair." If any one call her gospel of "altruism" sublime, we say: Yes—the sublime of *cant*. To repudiate the first Christian "precept of charity," and yet to insist upon the second! There

isn't any God, forsooth, to love above all things; nevertheless, we must love our neighbor as ourselves! We must even make heroic self-sacrifice, if called to do so, and shall certainly be punished if we don't; yet, on the other hand, if we *do*, we must look for no reward, beyond having served the general good of humanity. Cant—sickening cant!

And did this woman of unrivalled genius (we mean among her own sex) really think that her altruistic gospel would supplant that of Jesus Christ? If so, then the lessons of history, if she had read them, must have been completely thrown away on her. Ancient paganism, and modern just as much, bear witness to the ugly fact that when God and the soul, with their mutual relation, are ignored, the animal in man drags down the spiritual, and that materialism becomes the only alternative to rejected Christianity: not merely a speculative and philosophical materialism; but of the sort which a friend of ours heard defined, by one of its votaries, in this wise: "The world, sir, is a sty, where the biggest hog gets the most swill."

Another brilliant woman, who has lost her own faith and is trying to destroy that of others, is the author of "Robert Ellsmere." That she had a Christian bringing-up seems clear from the character of "Catharine," one of the most beautiful creations in all fiction. How Mrs. Humphrey Ward came to lose her religious belief we do not know, but the way in which that of her hero comes to grief betrays her own bad faith.

When "Robert" is first attacked by the infidel Squire about the Book of Daniel, what kind of defence does he make? He argues as if wholly unaware of any proofs that authenticate the book. Yet he is represented as an earnest and orthodox clergyman of the Church of England. As such, he must have learned his lesson better than *that* before examination for

orders. Did the lady never hear of Dr. Pusey's great work on the Book of Daniel? If she took her information, as it seems she did, from a rationalistic Professor at Oxford, what excuse had she for not hearing the other side?

Again, the struggle which goes on in "Ellsmere's" mind, as he lets his religion be knocked out of him, blow after blow, by the old infidel, is so powerfully drawn that one naturally supposes the author to be giving her own experience. The thoughtful reader of her romance surely can not be blamed for concluding that she herself was brought up to regard unbelief as a *sin*; and then, in some evil hour, *dared* to doubt—dared to go against her conscience, until she was punished, as is the case with so many, by being allowed to "take darkness for light and light for darkness."

It is, however, quite possible that she imbibed in early youth the "neologian" ideas of Christianity which her novel is designed to propagate. We understand that her father is a convert to the Catholic Church; but we may reasonably suppose that he shared for many years the peculiar "views" of *his* father, the celebrated Dr. Arnold, of Rugby,—views which produced their logical result in his brother Matthew, the poet.

Dr. Arnold is credited with having originated the "neologian" school within the pale of the Establishment: that school which made its *début* in the book called "Essays and Reviews," then became the advanced guard of the Broad-Church party; and saw its foremost disciple, Dr. Stanley, raised to the Deanery of Westminster, and almost created Archbishop of Canterbury.

Of course, the amiable and earnest character of Dr. Arnold, and the blameless reputation of the after-leaders in the movement, together with their gentlemanly style of controversy, could not fail to make this "neology" both respectable

and attractive to a certain order of mind—not particularly in love with the supernatural, yet loath to part with Christianity altogether. To people of this class the idea of what Dr. Pusey well called “Christianity without its divine meaning” proved a very acceptable gospel; though, in point of fact, it was nothing really new—being only a form of Unitarianism arrayed in a Church-of-England garb.

It is sad to mention here one name very dear to us,—the name of a poet destined to rank with Goethe, Byron, and Wordsworth, as one of the greatest of the century and of all time. Alfred Tennyson took up the neologian creed. His friendship for the Rev. F. D. Maurice shows this. He has some lines to that gentleman, who was godfather to his boy:

“Come, when no graver cares employ,—
Godfather, come and see your boy.

Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy.

“For, being of that honest few
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty thousand college-councils
Thunder ‘Anathema,’ friend, at you;

“Should all our churchmen foam with spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight.”

This was in January, 1854. Mr. Maurice had acquired notoriety by denying the doctrine of eternal punishment. Tennyson was in sympathy with him. Alas, any Anglican divine can deny that dogma *now*, and not a single college-council “thunder ‘Anathema’” at him!

But the poet did not remain a believing Christian even in a “neologian” sense. With advancing years he drifted into what he calls “the higher pantheism.” Of course, in his official capacity as Laureate, he wrote as Dean Stanley would preach in Westminster Abbey—using conventional phrases about God and Christ. In the last lines we have from his melodious pen, about “crossing the bar” and “putting out to sea,” the blank negation of

“And, after that, the dark,”
is followed by

“I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross’d the bar.”

“Pilot” with a capital P. But who is meant? The neologian Christ? Probably. Certainly not the Divine Saviour and Judge of the Catholic creed. This “Pilot” is spoken of, too, very much as Socrates, Plato, or Pythagoras might have been by some dying disciple. And the poet’s death-bed, which some have called beautiful, was rather that of a cultivated heathen than of a penitent and hopeful Christian.

The “Arthur” of “In Memoriam” accepted Christianity *with* its divine meaning, after a struggle against doubt, in which (says his bereaved friend)—

“Perplex’d in faith, but pure in deeds,
At length he beat his music out.”

It was a great mercy for him that he died so young. Poor Tennyson himself lost whatever faith he had had, and was drawn into the evolutionary and pantheistic trend of thought so prevalent in this last half of the nineteenth century.

How lamentable a falling away! And will any one call it excusable by reason of the confusion of religious ideas which is the heritage of Protestants? We answer that this confusion may excuse *misbelief*, but not *unbelief*. It will not excuse the rejection of Our Lord’s divinity or of His atonement, or of the primary truths of His religion as set forth plainly in the New Testament. *We* (the writer of this article) had our sceptical days while a member of the Anglican communion. We were greatly tempted to give up belief in Christ’s divinity; but, by God’s undeserved mercy, we held fast to *that*. Now, had we given it up, it would have been by a deliberate act of the *will*—a daring rejection of light and grace. We had been taught the doctrine from our childhood; and what was it that reached us then but the teaching of the Catholic Church? From her hands, again, had been snatched

the Sacred Scriptures, from which we learned, in the course of our schooling, abundant evidence, in both Testaments, for the divinity of Jesus Christ. So that, although we were yet ignorant of our true mother, "the Church of the living God"—of the mother whose child we had been made by baptism,—we had plenty of light to "inform" the "habit of faith" infused through that Sacrament, and plenty of grace to follow that light.

We repeat, then, that to have abandoned belief in Our Lord's divinity would have been a most daring act of the *will*, a most grievous and perilous *sin*. And what it would have been in us it is in every baptized Protestant who has been taught to believe in Jesus Christ as his Divine Redeemer.

How comes it, then, that intelligent men and women throw away the faith of early years, and resist, or refuse to re-examine, the clearest evidences of that faith? Once, say, and in riper years, they found those evidences irrefutable; but now—they despise them. How is this?

The explanation is simple. We are here in a state of probation, and faith is a part of that probation. Almighty God does not compel us to believe, but leaves us free to give or to withhold the assent of our mind to His revealed word. Meanwhile, those three ancient enemies, the devil, the world, and the flesh, make constant war upon faith. And, besides, there is in each of us what theology calls "concupiscence": not sin, but the incentive to sin: a positive *sympathy* with those three enemies: a continual inclination to take part with them against God. Whence mortification, or a continual putting to death of this concupiscence, is a law of the Christian life. And the intellect has to be mortified no less than the flesh—pride no less than sensuality.

So that unbelief comes from *not* mortifying either pride or sensuality, or both. If we allow the "natural man" in us—what

St. Paul calls the "*homo animalis*"—to have the upper hand, we lose, of course, all relish for the *supernatural* life; and rejection of the *supernatural order* soon follows.

Woe to them who thus turn away from Jesus Christ and proclaim they have no need of a Saviour! They cut themselves off from all possibility of attaining to the end for which God created them. They are extremely to be pitied; and to be prayed for, if still in this world, with all charity. But true charity makes no compromise with *misbelief*, much less with *unbelief*. It quotes St. Paul's emphatic words: "The word of the cross" (*i. e.*, the preaching or doctrine of Redemption and of mortification) "is to them that perish foolishness."* And again: "If our gospel be hid" (*i. e.*, unbelievable), "it is hid to them that are lost." †

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

IX.—THE VEILED LADY.

MARÉCHAL BAZAINE'S reception of our hero was of the purely curt, military style. The man who within so short a time was destined to smirch his soldier's hard-earned fame by the dastardly surrender of Metz "La Pucelle," was small, thick-set, dark-eyed, round-faced, peak-bearded, heavy-mustached, and crop-headed. He was in uniform, and erect as the proverbial ramrod.

"Dispatch for me?"

"Yes, Maréchal."

"Hand it over."

The Maréchal read the dispatch very slowly, very carefully, his lips moving to the words. Then turning to Arthur:

* I. Cor., i, 18.

† II. Cor., iv, 3.

"You came over with the Emperor?"

"Yes, sir."

"From Miramar?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been in the service?"

Arthur told him to the very day.

"Are you a Hapsburg puppet?"

"I am an Irish gentleman, sir," Arthur said, drawing himself up to his full height.

"This is well, sir,—this is well. The Irish are good soldiers—always." And Bazaine, crossing his arms behind his back, the palms of his hands outward, after the fashion of the great Napoleon, commenced to pace up and down the red-tiled floor, his spurs clinking at each step. "This man Maximilian is a dreamer," he said, as though speaking to himself. "He is a poet. His mind is filled with the traditions of the most form-ridden court in Europe. He is accustomed to deal with thoroughly precedented and documented difficulties, and how the deuce can he afford to be practical! He is a man of illusions, and Maximilian admires Maximilian more than anybody else in the world. Bah! This country needs a hard, practical soldier-ruler. It needs a man like—" here he stopped, and addressing Bodkin: "Have you seen any service? Been under fire?"

"No, sir."

"Then you shall be. Ha! that pleases your Irish blood. Yes, we shall have plenty of hot fighting to keep this puppet on his toy throne. I am safe in thinking aloud in the presence of an *Irish gentleman*."

"Thank you, Maréchal. You are right."

"Do you know Eloin or Scherzenlechner?"

"No."

"These are the Emperor's lieutenants. Was he well received?"

"Most enthusiastically."

"The *claque* was well drilled. This dispatch asks for troops all along the line. Is it for show, or what?"

"I rather imagine that Juarez and Lerdo de Tejada are at the bottom of it. An attack on the imperial *cortége* by their guerilla troops."

"Pshaw! I have dealt these men such heavy blows that they are skulking in the mountains of Chihuahua. This is Scherzenlechner's doing. They shall not have a corporal's guard,—not a single trooper." And Bazaine recommenced his marchings up and down the apartment. "They won't catch me making Forey's mistakes. I am the man for the situation. I know *them* and they know *me*. I am in touch with their venerated Archbishop Labistada. I know their language. I also know my man in Emperor Napoleon. His first letter to me gave me my cue. 'Above all things,' he said, 'avoid any reactionary legislation. Consult the people; obtain their vote. Establish a monarchy, if that is the form of government desired by the majority. Leave alone bygones, such as nationalization of church property. Organize the army and treasury, and pacify the country. I can not prescribe every step, but must leave much to your discretion. I deplore the decrees promulgated by Forey. Do the best you can. What is needed is a *stable* government of one kind or another.' I have that letter written here"—thumping his breast over the region of his heart. "I *have* organized the army and treasury. I *have* pacified the country. I *have* done my best—for what? To find myself ridden by—"

Here Arthur coughed, being unwilling to overhear what perhaps Bazaine might heartily wish to recall.

The Maréchal started violently.

"You here still, sir?" he queried, almost fiercely.

"I have not been dismissed, sir."

"True. You may retire."

"And the person I captured?"

"I have issued orders to have him interrogated. If it is as suspected, he shall be shot at sunset." And the commander-

in-chief turned on his heel, entering an apartment to the left.

Arthur Bodkin was invited to the mess of the Voltigeurs of the Guard—a crack regiment, whose officers met at *déjeuner* and dinner at a quaint old *fonda* perched on a crag, its balconies leaning over a brawling stream that rushed through a cleft in the rocks two hundred feet beneath,—waters contributed by the melting of the snows of the giant extinct volcano Orizaba.

The colonel of this corps took a great fancy to Bodkin, especially from the fact that the latter listened with breathless attention to the gallant warrior's descriptions of the various skirmishes, pitched battles, and sieges he had fought through, from the crossing of the Chiquihuite to the ignominious repulse by General Zaragoza at Puebla. He was loud in his praises of Bazaine, with whom he had victoriously entered the city of Mexico after the capture of Puebla.

"Bazaine ought to be Emperor of Mexico. He has earned it. Why did not Napoleon do the right thing by him? His great uncle would never have hesitated."

It became evident to Arthur that the idea of Bazaine's being the ruler of Mexico was the idea of the army; and that such he was *de facto* was pretty evident, since the Maréchal's name was in everybody's mouth.

"Join us," urged the colonel. "We, as the Yankees say, 'run' Mexico. In fact, Mexico is now a French province. Our army is *the* army of the world. We are invincible."

This poor colonel, later on, found to his cost at the battle of Gravelotte, where he lost a leg in retreating, that the French army was not so invincible as he fondly imagined it to be.

The arrival of the imperial party was not expected for at least three days, leaving young Bodkin at his own disposition. His first visit was to the house of

the Master,—a handsome church, with a magnificent altar, an exquisitely carved pulpit, and some very fine paintings. Arthur went to confession, for which the godless, thoughtless, young French officers chaffed him as much as they dared; for there was reproof so dignified, so austere, so holy, in his expression that they literally bowed their heads to it, as though under the pressure of an unseen but irresistible power. There was no chaff at *déjeuner* next morning, although every man of them knew that Arthur Bodkin had received Holy Communion,—a young lieutenant having strayed into the church just as the Host was being held on high, and reported the circumstance to the mess. A feeling of respect for this staunch Catholic sprang up in the breasts of all, or nearly all; and Arthur Bodkin became a marked man,—marked as a soldier of Christ, marked with the Sign of the Cross, the most glorious decoration that man can gain in this fleeting world.

Orizaba is exquisitely situated in the lap of the extinct volcano from which it derives its name. Towering seventeen thousand feet, perpetually crowned with snow, and flower-clad to within two thousand feet of its peak, Orizaba is one of the most picturesque while one of the most majestic mountains in the world. Viewed from the valley beneath, it would seem as though its white needle were actually piercing the blue vault of heaven. A deep, dark gorge in the neighboring mountain is known as *Infernillo*, or the Little Hell; and no true Mexican passes it without making the Sign of the Cross. The town of Orizaba is for the most part built upon the crags that topple over a fierce-currented river, or into the sides of mountains that nestle at the foot of the volcano. On every side are orange and lemon and banana groves, while the tropical foliage and tropical flowers are very marvels of color-glory; the orchids like gorgeous butterflies newly lighted on

trees, the greenery of their leaves actually glowing in a freshness that is unequalled.

Arthur indulged in long walks by day, and in dreamy musings by night under the beams of a moon that bathed the world in liquid pearl. He thought of the strange turn of the wheel of Fortune that brought him hither, and vaguely wondered, "What next?" Need I say that Alice Nugent was ever uppermost in his thoughts, and that every lovesick glance which he cast at the gentle Queen of Night was filled with but one image? How he longed to have her beside him, her soft little hand in his, and to study the tropical stars in her deep, dark, delightful Irish blue eyes! Why had he quitted her in anger? In what had she offended him? Assuredly, the poor girl was compelled to adapt herself to her surroundings, and he had acted like a brute. He would write to her, implore her forgiveness, and promise never, never again to misjudge an action of hers, however apparently cold her demeanor toward him might be.

Arthur was about to return to his quarters, to indite a burning love-letter, when he met Rody, who was almost breathless.

"Yer wanted at headquarters, Masther Arthur; an' be nimble, sir. Ould Bazique is fit for to be tied. Be the mortal frost, but he has the timper of Widdy Maginn, an' *she* flogged Europe!"

"I wonder what's up? Have you heard if anything has been done about Mazazo?"

"Sorra a haporth, sir. Some was for hangin' him, as you know, others for shootin'; but they thought it was better for to hould him a bit. If they don't tie him the way we did, Masther Arthur, he'll lave thim in the lurch,—give thim the shlip."

As a matter of fact, Bodkin was much chagrined that so little notice was taken of the Mazazo affair. Naturally enough, he considered that he had performed a somewhat notable feat in capturing a ruffian who had endeavored to shoot him in

cold blood,—a villain who was evidently wanted by the authorities. Two days had elapsed since he had surrendered this man, and as yet no sign was vouchsafed. Arthur was too proud to ask questions, leaving it to Rody to ascertain if possible what was going on.

Arthur found Maréchal Bazaine engaged in pacing the *patio*, or courtyard, two of his aid-de-camps standing at a very respectful distance.

"You said that you were an Irish gentleman," said Bazaine, in a short, sharp, snappy tone.

"I did say so," quietly replied Arthur, adding: "Is there anybody who wants to question it?"

"Not I, for one, sir. I so thoroughly believe it that I am about to confide to you a mission of considerable delicacy."

Bodkin bowed.

"You will leave here in half an hour for Puebla. You will not spare horse-flesh. You will proceed to the Portales Mercatores, in the square surrounding the Cathedral. You will announce yourself by your own name to Manuel Perez in the shop at No. 8. You can not mistake it or mistake him. A carriage with twelve mules will be in readiness within twenty minutes of your reporting yourself to Perez. In that carriage will be a lady, who will entrust herself to your honor. You will start at once on your return here. Do you speak Spanish?"

"Only a few words, sir."

"The fewer the better. This lady will want to talk,—all women do. She speaks no language but Spanish. Give her 'Yes' and 'No,'—nothing more. My reason for selecting you for this affair is that I consider that you *are* an Irish gentleman—a man of honor, a brave man,—and I have heard of your being to church. I can not trust to the discretion of any of my young officers—aye, or the old ones either. Any money you may require will be delivered to you in gold by my secretary. Go to

him. Not a word! You must be absolutely silent as to your mission.—Capitaine Molière, bring this gentleman to Monsieur Lemaitre. *Au revoir, et silence!*”

Arthur Bodkin followed his conductor to a small apartment, where a tall, thin, sallow man, in civilian's dress received him, and, upon the departure of the Capitaine, silently handed him a small bag of coin, that chinked as only yellow gold knows how to chink. Then, pointing to the door, Monsieur Lemaitre bowed, and, seating himself at a desk, took up a pen and continued writing.

“This *is* an adventure,” thought Bodkin, as he proceeded to his quarters to change his attire. “I wonder who this woman can be? She must be young, or Bazaine would not lay such injunctions as to trust, honor, and secrecy. What does it mean, any way? I'd give anything that Alice could see me in the carriage with this mysterious female. Ought I to go, though? I am not in Maréchal Bazaine's service or the service of France. The French are our allies, of course; but I owe duty to Austria and to Baron Bergheim. Supposing that the imperial party were to arrive while I was dashing over the country behind a dozen mules with that unknown quantity, a mysterious lady? What then? I wouldn't trust the commander-in-chief to say anything that suited his purpose. Well, I'm in for it now, at any rate; and nothing venture, nothing win.”

Rody's dismay upon finding that he was not to accompany his master was immense; nor was this feeling diminished at Arthur's reticence.

“It bates me out an' out! It can't be that there's a lady in the case, or I'd know it. He couldn't kape it from the likes of me. Besides he's as thrue as Hecthor to Miss Nugent. *Wirra! wirra!* goin' off alone in a *barbarious* counthry, wid blood-thirsty pirates in every parish,—an' naygurs at that!”

(To be continued.)

The Scandinavian Shepherd.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

THROUGH the woods the winds are sighing,

Murmuring waterfalls replying,
While the waves are loudly beating
Far on Soljan's shore below.

Bright the moon in heaven is beaming,
In yon hamlet lamps are gleaming;
And the Northern Lights are meeting
O'er the mountains tipped with snow.

Far above the silent shadows,
Through the moonlit Mora meadows,
Guarding my white flock I wander,
Singing softly as I go:

“Jesu, Saviour, all are sleeping,
Lonely vigil I am keeping;
Still I fear nor storm nor thunder,
Wind nor tempest, hail nor snow,—
Longing, singing, Thou dost hear me,
Jesu, Saviour, ever near me;
Thou art watching me, I know.”

Chronicles of “The Little Sisters.”

VII.—A HEART HISTORY.

HE had so long been called “Martin Luther” by the old men that when, after several years of residence at the Home, he became a fervent Catholic, the name still clung to him, and he answered to it as readily as to that of “Schulenberg,” his rightful patronymic. It had been his proud boast at one time, and probably he was not wrong in his assertion that his ancestors had been among the first to cast in their lots with the Reformers; indeed, the name Schulenberg would indicate as much. He was too truly a gentleman to insult the hand that gave him bread; but his fondness for singing old Lutheran hymns, and the tenacity with which he clung to his ancient black-letter Bible,

together with the outspoken though unaggressive manner in which he constantly lauded his hero, had been evidence of how thoroughly the heart and soul were identified with that blustering Goliath and arch-Philistine of the sixteenth century.

He was a gentle, refined, delicate-featured old man. He had been a musical-instrument maker in his native country, from which some great sorrow or misfortune had driven him years ago. He was very reticent about himself and that past which lay behind him in his native land. His conversion to the faith had been sudden and unexpected. A young German Jesuit had noticed and spoken with him. Little by little the old man had opened his heart to his new friend: the tie of country is as strong, perhaps stronger than that of blood. The priest gave him books to read, met his doubts and difficulties with clear and irrefutable answers and explanations, and in three months after their first meeting "Martin Luther" was received into the Church.

Shortly after he became a Catholic his health began to fail, and his sojourns in the infirmary became frequent, and of longer duration at each enforced visit. One day as I sat with Sister Emilia on the upper piazza, watching her darn stockings—for her hands were never idle,—the old man came slowly out from the infirmary and seated himself on the opposite side of the doorway, in the sun.

"I t'ink I soon be gone," he said, quite cheerfully. "Always I feel more and more bad, dese days. But before dat I haf some little t'ings to tell. It is good dat I say dem. I t'ink I must do dat. It may be some good to some one. Often I feel like I will say to de good Mother or Sister Emilia dese t'oughts, but I get nefer no chance. Just now it is good, I t'ink—nobody here."

I arose to go away.

"Oh, no!" he said. "If I haf wanted you to not hear I haf not come out now.

Dat would not haf been polite. I haf heard you and Sister Emilia talk when I am inside about Lourdes—de miracles. Well, dat is true, I believe; but also are dere oder miracles just as great, and dat I can myself tell. I t'ink it is of glory to Gott dat I tell. Shall you hear?"

Having expressed our willingness, the old man continued:

"I am in Württemberg born. My fader and grandfader and great-grandfader haf been in de same business: we haf made musical instruments. All our family and de family of my wife haf been Lutheran from de first. I haf three sons and only one daughter, Hilda. She haf been brought up very strict; but we haf lofed her, and she haf lofed us—her moder and fader and broders—very much. She was pretty and good, and so clefer that when once de aunt of de mayor haf come to Württemberg, she haf so liked Hilda dat she haf begged me to let her go to Vienna, very far, for a companion to her. I not like dat much; but times not so good, and my two sons marry, so I t'ink and my wife t'ink we let her go; but only for one or two year, and dat make perhaps a good dowry for her when she marry. I do not know dat rich *frau* Cat'olic. How can I, when in Württemberg all her relations Lutheran?"

"Well, Hilda goes away. One year passes, nearly anoder half, and my wife die suddenly. Den I can not do mitout my girl, and I send for her to come home. She is just as pretty and good and modest as when she go away, if anyt'ing nicer. She haf much grieved for her moder, and it haf soften my own sorrow to see her once more. T'ree days pass; Sunday haf come, and in de morning early I haf heard de door of de shop open and some one go out. When I come down de coffee is ready, and Hilda is mit her street gown on.

"You haf been out so early?" I say. "What has gone wrong?"

"Den she grow very red in de face and she say:

"Fader, I haf been to Mass. For a year now I am a Cat'olic."

"Down I fell into my chair. I look at de other side of de table, where her moder used to sit, and I say:

"Mein Gott, why haf I been so disgraced? But good it is dat de moder is not here to see."

"Den I make her tell me. It is dat lady who is a Cat'olic. She, too, haf been Lutheran. She haf books, my girl haf read dem, and so it come. I do not know myself any more. I scold my Hilda, I scold at de priests—de rogues of priests I call dem—dat haf make her deceive her fader. But she say:

"Fader, in dat I haf been wrong. Dey haf tell me not to do it mitout first telling you and my moder; but I haf been afraid. But now I am no more afraid. Cat'olic I am, and Cat'olic will I be forefer. I will give you books," she say.

"But I do not let her speak any more.

"Books!" I say. "I will t'row dem out of mein house. Books! I will bring books to *you* dat *you* may read." And I go to de chest and I bring dem. "Here," I say; "read for a week. I gif you a week, and I say not'ing even to your broders."

"But she say:

"Fader, dem books haf I read long ago, and dat is why I read de oders when I go to Vienna; for I t'ink it must be some evil mind dat haf written dem against de Cat'olics. Dey can not be so bad. Dem books I t'ank dat I am Cat'olic to-day."

"Not much breakfast we eat dat Sunday. Alone I go to church. De boys and de old friends ask where is Hilda. But I say she is sad for her moder; she is not well. After dinner come de broders and deir wives. Den de bad news is told,—I can not keep it. We beg, we plead, we scold, we cry. It is of no use: she is like of marble. But when we finish *she* cry, and say she lofe us all just de same—better,—and please

let her be in her own pelief. Den she say dat is not all. She will marry a young man. He is coming; he is a wood-carver; *he is, too, a Cat'olic*. Even while she is speaking comes a knock at de door. It is he—de man she will marry. Right into dat angry family he come, and you will know how he is receive. Quick I send him away; den de broders go and deir wives, and I am alone mit Hilda.

"One week," I say to her,—"one week I gif you to lif in mein house, and to make up your mind to let dat young man go. After dat, unless you do as I say, you go too. And nefer, nefer, shall you again come in de house you haf disgraced."

"Fader! fader!" she say, and she fall on her knees.

"Yes," I say, "I mean it."

"O my good, kind fader, dat is always so just and so fond of me! I can not believe he mean so hard."

"But I go away and I say not'ing.

"Dat was a long week, but I t'ought I was doing right. When it come to an end I say:

"Well, Hilda?"

"Den she say:

"Fader, I *must* follow my conscience. Otto I will gif up for your sake, dat you will not be all alone, now dat my moder is gone. But my religion—dat I must keep."

"Den de devil he took hold of me mit all his might, and I say:

"Go! go dis hour mit your Otto, and nefer, nefer, *nefer* let me see your face again!"

"Once more she fall down on her knees, and de tears stream from her eyes, and she beg me and beg me not to send her away. But I am as hard as de rock. Den she go, and when she is shutting de door she look back and say:

"O fader! please only one kind word."

"Den I say:

"Go out of mein house, and I hope by de Gott. of my faders dat I nefer look upon your face again."

The old man paused, tears were streaming down his pale cheeks.

"Ach! ach!" he continued, as he wiped them away with his great blue handkerchief, "nefer haf I looked since dat time upon de face of my Hilda; but always is it before mein eyes,—sleeping and waking I see her as on dat terrible day. Letters she haf written from Vienna, where she went mit her husband; but dem I haf nefer answered. At last I haf sent dem all back to her and I haf written: 'Do not write any more to me. I am not your fader: I haf no daughter.' Since dat time I haf not heard."

"How long ago was that?" I asked.

"Twenty years," he replied,—“twenty long, sad, lonely years. Soon I was punish for all dat,” he continued. “My boys do not right. I haf been a little paralyze and can not do such good work. My boys haf cheated me, and deir wifes haf said I am not much help any more. My youngest son he wish much to come to America. I come along, mit some little money. He die on the sea. Here am I all alone; my money soon gone. Once more I am a little paralyze. I lie in de hospital. When I get better I hear of dis Home. I t'ink it not Cat'olic,—I t'ink not'ing much of dat. I am ashamed to come when I t'ink of what I haf done; but de good Mother she kind and take me in. I like de Sisters, but I stick to my religion till Fader Hensch come. Den he make me Cat'olic. But one t'ing I forget. My Hilda write once:

“You can say, you can do what you like, mein fader; but I lofe you and I pray for you all de same. I am always your child, and my little girls dey pray always for you. Dey t'ink you lofe dem.”

“Now, I t'ink why I come to de Little Sisters. Gott hear dat prayer, if I do not deserve it, and bring me here to be a good man and die good. Maybe my daughter lif, maybe she die; but I t'ink dat a miracle I come here. What you t'ink?”

“The hand of God was in it, Mr. Schulenberg, I believe,” said Sister Emilia. “But I have an idea that He will do still more for you, and the next thing will be to find your daughter.”

“But how, Sister,—how,” nervously replied the old man, “when I write and write and write again since two year, and not find anyt'ing of her? Once, de last time, my letter comes back. I write dat I am well and not poor, and ask her pardon for what I do. I would not dat she know I am in de Home. You understand, Sister, it is not dat I haf not feeling of grateful in my heart. But you understand?”

“Certainly I do,” was the reply. “From what you say it would seem that you can not find any trace of your daughter. Still, God is never tired of helping us. Perhaps by writing to the Little Sisters in Vienna we may be able to do something.”

The worn face brightened.

“Ach! dat will be good, Sister,” he said. “I haf not t'ought of dat. Glad am I dat I haf told you my story.”

After a few words of sympathy, I took my departure, wishing and praying that the old man might be able to hear some news of his daughter before the close of his life, which could not now be far distant. I heard the conclusion of his story some time after, from Sister Emilia.

“I have something wonderful to tell you,” she said one day. “‘Martin Luther’ has gone.”

“Not dead?” I exclaimed.

“No: gone with his daughter.”

“With his daughter! Why, that *does* look like a miracle! How did he find her?”

“She found him here in the Home, and quite accidentally. Come upstairs to the linen room, and I will tell you about it while I am looking over the clothes to be mended.”

I needed no second invitation, and in a few moments Sister Emilia was telling me the strange sequel of the old man's story. She said:

"The very next Sunday after you were here the poor man was sitting on the upper piazza; he had not been able to go downstairs since his illness. The house was unusually full of visitors that day. Among them were a gentleman and lady, with two young girls of about sixteen and eighteen,—all well dressed, good-looking, and refined. They were Germans, I knew; for I had heard them speaking.

"'We have but recently come to the city to live,' said the lady, who was about forty years old; 'but wherever we have lived we have always been much interested in the Little Sisters and the old people whom they have under their charge.'

"She had scarcely finished speaking when one of the girls, who had been in advance, came hurrying back.

"'Mamma,' she said, 'there is such a dear old man out there! He is so clean, so gentle-looking and so refined that it is a pleasure to see him. Come and speak to him. I know he must be German.'

"'Hilda! Hilda!' said the other, joining her, 'he wishes you to come back; he says you remind him of some one, and he is crying.'

"I will tell you frankly," laughed Sister Emilia, "that, with my usual mind-reading and prophetic intuitions, as you call them, I foresaw the *dénouement* at once. I hurried them over to our dear old Mr. Schulenberg, whom we found in a state of great excitement.

"'Hilda! Hilda!' he cried out, standing up and looking wildly about him. 'Who called Hilda, or did I hear right?'

"And then followed a scene. The lady threw her arms about the old man, crying aloud; the girls caught the infection; the gentleman wiped his eyes, and I will not deny that there were a couple of tears in my own. You know how emotional the Germans are. Paternal and filial affection with them is remarkably strong.

"'Oh, to think that we should find you here!' said the lady.

"'Oh, to think that she does not turn away from her hard-hearted father!' said the old man.

"'But, mamma, you always said grand-papa was dead!' exclaimed the girls.

"Only the husband stood a little aloof and said nothing, though he, too, shared in the wild delight of the others.

"Little by little the strange story was told. The daughter had not dared to communicate further with her father after he had returned her letters, and she came to this country with her husband and family shortly after he had left Germany. They had prospered; she had taught her children to revere his memory, and to recognize in every indigent old man and woman whom they met the grandparents they had never known. I believe that woman and her husband are perfect Christians.

"After the first excitement had subsided, the husband was brought forward, and the two men fell into each other's arms, and said a great deal in German which I could not understand. It was pathetic to hear that poor old man accusing himself of unworthiness, and to see the daughter and her children beside themselves with joy at having found him.

"By this time a crowd had gathered, and I thought it best to announce the good news. Then ensued another five minutes of rejoicing and congratulations from the old people, men and women. It all ended by 'Martin Luther' being carried away in triumph to his daughter's home. The last thing I heard, as they got into the carriage, was:

"'Mamma, it must have been that for which you have always been praying to dear St. Anthony.'

"'It was, it was, my darling!' said the mother; 'and now we will have many Masses said in his honor, and will make an offering for the new statue in the Franciscans' Church.

"'And something to-morrow for the

Little Sisters,' added the husband, trying to get in a word in the midst of their joyful chatter.

"The next day the old man and his daughter returned. He had not slept well, he said, fearful that he had not sufficiently expressed his gratitude to us before he left us the day before. Poor old man! I wish that all were as grateful. His daughter left a substantial cheque with the good Mother, and gifts of groceries have been pouring in on us ever since."

"What a delightful ending to a sad story!" I said, when she had finished.

"Yes indeed," replied Sister Emilia. "Especially as the poor old man has but a short time to live. It is only another exemplification of the power of prayer. Oh, I could tell many wonderful stories like that," continued the good religious, as she laid the last article of clothing in the well-filled basket, which we carried down to the sewing-room together.

A Prince of Men and Painters.

IN the early dawn of June 24, 1894, there went forth to meet its Maker one of those souls which at rare intervals are permitted to dwell among us; to mingle with the world, its princes and potentates; to have been cast by circumstances into the very midst of its turmoil of vanity and selfishness, and yet to have lived and passed away almost without having brushed the whiteness from its wings; one in whom there was no guile or littleness or petty conceit, or uncharitableness of any kind. Such was the late George P. A. Healy, the eminent portrait-painter, known as "the American Titian,"—the very engravings of whose wonderful pictures are marvels in themselves, whether considered as faithful reproductions of the originals, or as evidence of extraordinary artistic skill.

In his autobiography,* given to the public a short time before his death, he says: "It would be a good thing, perhaps, if every man who had lived many years, who had been thrown into contact with interesting people, and had seen many phases of public and private life, would tell his story as simply as possible, and especially the story of his youth." This he has done, and well done, save for the inherent modesty that has kept back many details which would have been of great interest to the reader, already fascinated by the charming narrative.

He was born in Boston, July 15, 1813, of Irish parentage, at least on one side. His grandfather had lost all his possessions in the rebellion of '98. His maternal grandmother painted very well in water-colors, and it was doubtless from her that he inherited his first inclination for painting. His father, a sea-captain, met with many reverses in his calling; the burthen of the family seemed to fall mainly on the frail and delicate mother.

Young Healy early began to appreciate the difficulties under which his mother labored in bringing up her family of five children, of whom he was the eldest. It was his great ambition to become of assistance to her. One day he saw a gentleman dismount from his horse and look about him. "Shall I hold your horse for you, sir?" he asked, with not a little fear; for both as child and man he was very timid. "Certainly, my boy," was the reply; "walk him up and down very gently." The gentleman must have been pleased with the lad's performance of the trust; for when he came out of the house he gave him a dollar, which the happy boy hastened to take home and toss into his mother's lap.

He was sixteen years of age before he held a brush in his hand; but having done a little work with the colors in the

* "Reminiscences of a Portrait-Painter." By George P. A. Healy. A. C. McClurg & Co.

paint box of a friend on a rainy day, when they had no other amusement, the inspiration seemed born in him from that hour, and he determined then and there to be a painter. His resolve once taken, despite the obstacles of poverty and the opposition of his family, he never wavered from his purpose. Miss Jane Stuart, the daughter of the famous painter, had seen some of Healy's attempts, and spoken of him to Sully, the portrait-painter. That artist sent him word that if he would send him a sketch from nature and a copy of one of Stuart's heads, he would be glad to give him some advice. When Healy showed him what he had done, Sully exclaimed: "My young friend, I advise you to make painting your profession."

Having hired a studio in the house of Mr. Tucker, in Federal Street, Boston, he had no money to pay the rent when the day came round; for, although he had his name printed in large letters on a sign-board nailed to his door, he got no sitters. He went to Mr. Tucker and frankly told him of his difficulty. Says Mr. Healy: "Mr. Tucker smiled, and said kindly: 'You shall at least have a fair chance. Paint me a portrait of my son Charles, and one of my son-in-law, John H. Gray. Who knows? This first commission may bring others in its wake. Till then, don't let the rent trouble you.' I do not know whether I was more fortunate than other beginners, but I seemed always, when things were turning against me, to find some kind hand stretched out to help me." The wonderful cheerfulness and buoyant hopefulness of the man must have enlisted the sympathies of his early benefactors, as they do those of his late readers.

We will also let him relate, in his own charming, simple way, the history of the portrait of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, the famous beauty and leader of Boston society sixty years ago, which laid the foundation of his future fame, both here

and in Europe. Speaking of the exhibition where the first two portraits were on view, he says:

"At this same exhibition I saw a very charming portrait of a lady by Sully—it was that of his wife,—and from that time I had no peace. I had so far painted only men; my ambition now was to paint a woman's portrait,—a beautiful woman's portrait. I could think, dream of nothing else. I was then painting Lieutenant Van Brunt, and to him I opened my heart. 'Ah, if I could but have a lady sitter!' He said: 'Go and call on Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis; tell her you want to paint her portrait, and that I sent you.' Mrs. Otis was then the queen of fashion in Boston society. Her house was very popular, her entertainments celebrated, her sayings quoted, her beauty and elegance acknowledged by some, discussed by others. To be received by Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis was a sign that one belonged to 'society,' to the 'right set.'

"I knew all this somewhat vaguely, as a mere boy, who by no means belonged to the famous 'right set.' I was distressingly timid. When I affirm that I am still timid people are apt to laugh at me; and it is certain that, having been thrown into contact with many different 'sets' still more exalted than the Boston 'upper ten' of 1832, I have conquered much of this painful timidity. But at nineteen years of age the shyness was terribly real, and at times caused me almost physical suffering. I can still see myself going up the steps of Mrs. Otis' house. I held the knocker in my hand, then let it go and ran for my life. But another time I screwed up my courage and saw the door open before me. I managed to ask the servant for Mrs. Otis; I bade him say that a gentleman wished to see her on business. Then, in mortal terror, I awaited her entrance. I dared not look at her; but with a sort of boldness, which is sometimes the result of excessive timidity, I told her I was an

artist; that my ambition was to paint a beautiful woman, and that I begged her to sit to me.

"Perhaps no woman is offended at a youth's blunt homage. Mrs. Otis was not. She laughed out loud, showing her pretty teeth. Then, growing serious once more, she asked to whom she was to have the honor of sitting. I had quite forgotten to introduce myself, and to mention Lieutenant Van Brunt. In spite of this irregular beginning to our acquaintance, Mrs. Otis was amused and probably interested; for she called on me the very next day, and examined the portraits which I had already finished. She seemed well enough pleased, but I dared not speak of my ambitious hopes. It was she who, when I presented myself once more at her house, awkward and speechless with terror, said with a smile: 'Well, Mr. Healy, when shall I sit to you?'

"Thus my first portrait of a woman was a very audacious one. I painted Mrs. Otis laughing,—a thing which had I had more experience I should not have dared to do. . . . From that time 'Little Healy,' as people called me, became known. Mrs. Otis proved a warm-hearted friend and a very powerful one; and I was able not only to pay my rent to my patient landlord, and my other expenses, but to help toward the support of my family."

Shortly after this Healy sailed for France, where he hoped to obtain entrance to the *atelier* of some famous painter. He was at once admitted to that of Baron Gros. His life was full of hard work, and regulated by rigid economy. But he made great progress in his art.

In the spring of 1836 he went to London for the first time. It was while at work there,—where he painted the portrait of Joseph Hume, the radical Member of Parliament, with those of several other noted personages—that he met the young lady who afterward became his wife. In the summer of 1839 they were married; and it

was with a hundred dollars in his pocket, by way of fortune, that they started for Paris. *Apropos* of this he writes:

"When I see young people, in our practical age, hesitate to marry because their means will not allow them to have a fine house and every comfort from the very first, I can not help thinking of our modest beginning in the Rue de l'Ouest (now Rue d'Assas), near the Luxembourg Gardens. Attached to my painting room there was a small bedroom, and that was all our establishment. The *concierge* kept the place clean, and we went out for our meals. It was a complicated way of living, but it never struck us that we were not the happiest mortals under the sun."

But fortune and fame were already on their way to the painter with open hands. At the Salon of 1840 he received a medal for the portrait of General Cass, then American Minister to France, which was the first public recompense accorded to him. Later he obtained sittings from Louis Philippe, and subsequently was requested by that monarch to proceed to the United States to copy Stuart's Washington. But the Revolution of 1848 altered his prospects. However, his work was steadily growing in public favor, and it was no longer necessary to live in two rooms. While his days were devoted to labor, he could now afford to give some of his evenings to society, of which he and his wife were both fond. As was natural, the majority of their friends were Americans, and in those days it was not thought necessary to make a great display of wealth and fashion. Consequently, "society" was more simple and enjoyable than at the present time.

In 1855, anxious to make some adequate provision for his increasing family, and feeling that the Revolution had put an end to his career in France, he went to Chicago, then a new but rapidly-growing city. During the first twelve months of his residence there he painted so many

portraits that he overtaxed his nerves, and laid the foundation for the prostration which obliged him to lay aside work altogether for a time, and seek abroad the rest and recuperation denied him in the city of his adoption.

In the year 1866 Healy returned to Europe, and spent some years in Rome. Here he painted the portrait of the Princess (now the Queen) of Roumania, known to the world of letters as Carmen Sylva, and to the world at large as a typical queen, wife, mother, and benefactress of humanity. Healy thus writes of her:

"I think that all who have approached the Queen of Roumania will agree with me when I say that no woman was ever more thoroughly a woman—more daintily refined, more genuinely warm-hearted, kind, compassionate; more enamored of all that is pure and noble. And if ever these lines meet her eye, I rejoice to think that the homage of the American painter may not displease her."

In 1872 Healy was called to Roumania by the Prince to paint his portrait, that of his wife, and their only child, a daughter, since dead. It was agreed that, in his character of American and Republican, all ceremony might be dispensed with. Again in 1881 he was summoned from Chicago to paint two portraits of the Prince, which he was about to present to a Prussian and Austrian regiment, of both of which he had been named colonel. During this visit the Prince and Princess became King and Queen, but their relations with the painter remained as free and charming as ever.

While Mr. Healy was in Rome he painted a portrait of Pope Pius IX. In connection with this the artist remarks:

"Pius IX. has been dead many a year. I like to think of the few short sittings he gave me in his cheerful library. I like to remember his quiet, pleasant talk, his rather Italian-sounding French, his judgments of men and things.... I like espec-

ially to feel as though the hours spent in his presence had cast a glow over my later years, as the glorious setting sun behind St. Peter's throws a glamour over Rome, its domes and gardens. I often think also of the gentle reproach of Pius IX. to one of my countrymen, who, in his American pride, refused to bend before him: 'My son, an old man's blessing never did harm to any one.'"

The list of eminent persons painted by Healy at home and abroad is the best tribute to a fame which can never die as long as the canvases on which they were portrayed shall endure. Lincoln, Sherman, Webster, Jackson, Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, Audubon, Hawthorne, and Longfellow form an imposing array of names, representing but a fraction of his American patrons. Louis Philippe, Liszt, Guizot, Jules. Simon, Gambetta, Thiers, and Bismarck,—all sat to him; and it is indicative of the broad-minded and kindly nature of the painter that he never failed to reach the best qualities and appreciate the best points in the characters of his sitters. Of Prince Bismarck he writes:

"I lived with him and his family, ate at their table, heard their familiar talk. It seemed hard to imagine that this excellent husband and father, this man who seemed cut out to be a country gentleman—to hunt and live a jolly, careless life,—should be the Bismarck whose name evoked such bloody and cruel memories. 'Ah, Mr. Healy!' said he on one occasion, 'I was born with a kind heart, well disposed toward others; but men have made me hard.'"

In 1892, after many prolonged absences abroad, Healy returned to America, to spend his last days in his own country, where his heart had always been, and where he wished to die. A most devout Catholic, he was seldom absent from daily Mass, although more than eighty years of age. A frequent communicant, his edifying manner of approaching the Sacred Table was something which those who witnessed

it can never forget. The famous artist, the courtly gentleman, the witty companion, the charming story-teller, the travelled man of the world, was lost in the humble Christian, filled with the spirit of serene faith, perfect hope, and sublime charity.

We can not more fitly close the present sketch than by the following beautiful extract from an article written immediately after his death by that refined artist and graceful writer, who was also his intimate friend, Eliza Allen Starr.

"No one appreciated more thoroughly than Mr. Healy the significance of that maxim from Thomas à Kempis: 'What we are in the sight of God, that we are, and nothing more.' The brilliancy of his artistic and social career, the love and admiration of innumerable friends, of those most distinguished in position, did not come between him and his relations to God,—those supreme relations, those sublime issues, which stand before the eye of a Christian, in whatever station of life he may have been placed or to which he may have attained. And as we remember the humility with which he walked before God, as we remember the ardor of devotion which inspired him to yield joyfully to the service of God under a religious habit two of his beloved daughters; as we remember the habitual uplift of his soul under the pressure of what has pinned the wings of so many heavenly aspirants, until they walked the earth as being of it, ignobly contented with the happiness of family relations, of continued and increasing prosperities,—we still remember that the perfection of man is imperfection with Him in whose sight the angels are not pure. And we breathe, from the depths of a venerated heart, that ejaculation which he learned to love as a boy: 'Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord! and let perpetual light shine upon him.'"

And the heart of Christendom, Catholic and Protestant, murmured: "Amen!"

M. E. M.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XIV.

WE are often told to accept patiently the evil treatment of evil men—calumnies, hard sayings, etc. Our author tells us that "it is a good and blessed thing to suffer in such a manner"; but adds this shrewd comfort: "Many say many things, and *therefore* little credit must be given to them. Neither is it possible to satisfy all." In other words, it is useless to try to propitiate the world; for it does not agree with itself. Further: "What art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of a mortal man? To-day he is, and to-morrow he is seen no more.... Have God before thine eyes, and do not contend with querulous words." Excellent, sound sense in this. In another place he puts this matter even more forcibly: "When thou hast Christ thou art rich.... For men soon change and quickly fail, but Christ... standeth by us firmly to the end.... They that to-day are with thee to-morrow may be against thee; and men often change to the contrary, like the wind."

XV.

In the earthly order, each one is the centre. We do things either for the sake of ourselves or for the sake of others. We hear of duties to society, duty to our country, loyalty, filial and conjugal duty, etc. Everything, in short, works from A to B directly. But the grand philosophy, as À Kempis shows it again and again, consists in making Almighty God the one sole A, and in making all influences pass not from B to C, but from B to A and from A to C. For in what is perhaps one of the most ennobling sentences in the book he says: "And whatsoever is not God is nothing, and ought to be accounted as nothing." To apply which let us take the instance of common friendships. "In

Me the love of thy friend ought to *stand*; and for Me is he to be loved, whoever he be, that appeareth to thee good and much to be loved in this life. Without Me friendship can neither profit nor endure."

In short, we are "agents" here below; not "principals," as we so often think. We should have but one great Friend and but one real liking. All which is quite logical, and to be deduced from our dependent situation. Ludicrously out of place, therefore, is the attitude of arrogant proprietorship assumed by so many in reference to worldly goods and blessings, all of which they hold in a sort of meagre and precarious trust. No, no, a hundred times no. "And whatsoever is not God is nothing, and ought to be accounted as nothing." If a person, I really believe, repeated this grand anthem but once or twice a day, he would begin to see the words opening and dissolving, and presently gain a glimpse of the supernatural. Reader, I ask your thanks for introducing you to this fine thing.

A natural and common objection suggests itself: The world is a pleasant place, after all. No, he says. "Thinkest thou that men of the world suffer nothing or but little? Thou shalt not find it so, though thou seek out the most voluptuous. But, thou sayest, they follow after many delights, and withal their own will, and therefore make small account of their tribulations. Be it so that they have all they desire; but how long thinkest thou will this last? . . . Nay, even whilst they live, they rest not in the possession of them without bitterness, weariness, and fear. From the very same thing whence they conceive delight, thence frequently do they derive the penalty of anguish. . . . Yet, through sottishness and blindness, men understand this not; but, like dumb animals, for the poor pleasure of this mortal life they incur the death of the soul."

I have elsewhere pointed out how

much Shakespere has drawn, purposely or unconsciously, from "The Imitation." Here we have: "The gods of our pleasant vices make whips to scourge us."

Our author is exceedingly picturesque, and puts on his colors artistically. Witness this contrast between the world's promises and our Saviour's:

"A petty gain is sought after; for a single coin sometimes men shamefully quarrel: yea, for some mere trifle or a slight promise men will brave toil day and night. But, alas, for an unchangeable good, for an inestimable reward, for the highest honor and never-ending glory, they are loath to undergo a little fatigue. Blush, then, thou slothful, querulous servant, that they are actually more ready to labor for death than thou for life. They rejoice more in vanity than thou in the truth. Sometimes, indeed, they are disappointed of their hopes; but My promise deceiveth no man, nor sendeth away empty him that trusteth in Me. What I have promised, I will give; what I have said, I will make good; if only a man continue to the end faithful in My love. I am the Rewarder of all the good and the mighty Prover of all the devout. Write My words in thy heart, and think diligently on them; for they will be very necessary in the time of temptation."

These solemn promises of our Saviour are sometimes looked on as generalities,—something in the way of "pious opinions." In the case of the truly pious there is a dim notion that they are fulfilled by imparting spiritual comforts. In general they are hardly "taken seriously."

"The mighty Prover of all the devout" is a significant saying; for no devotion that can not *stand proof* is worth anything. Mere "fair-weather" piety is nothing. In the face of trials, desertion, sickness, contradiction, etc., true piety will be the same. It is as apart from enthusiastic "humors" as it is from indifference and neglect.

The Lenten Season.

INSTITUTED by the Church in commemoration of our Divine Lord's forty days' fast, the Lenten season extends from Ash-Wednesday until Easter. St. Jerome observes that forty is the number of *pain* and *affliction*. Holy Writ furnishes us with an abundance of instances verifying the truth of the holy Doctor's words. We may mention among others the forty days and forty nights of rain at the time of the Deluge, the forty years of exile in the desert, the forty days' siege that preceded the destruction of Jerusalem, and the forty days' fast of Moses and Elias.

All the literature of Lent is permeated with the influence of three great thoughts. The Church, in the first place, proposes to the meditation of her children the Passion of Jesus Christ. Scene by scene this divine drama develops before us. In the second place, Lent was the last preparation for the aspirants to baptism; and the Old Testament as well as the New supplied those charged with instructing the catechumens with abundant proofs of the magnitude of the benefits which were about to be received. Finally, public penitents became during this holy period the special object of the Church's maternal solicitude; and the instances of mercy with which the Gospels and Epistles of this portion of the liturgical year abound inspired them with that confidence which is the prelude of forgiveness.

Ashes were, in the beginning, imposed only on sinners condemned to undergo public penance. Before Mass on Ash-Wednesday, the penitents presented themselves in the church, for the purpose of making public acknowledgment of their sins and receiving ashes on their heads. They were covered at the same time with the penitential sackcloth, and were solemnly led out of the church, whose

doors remained closed to them until Holy Thursday. Through humility, many pious Christians mingled with these fervent penitents. When the practice of doing penance publicly was abolished, the Church, unwilling to deprive her children of the great lessons bound up with the pious ceremony of the distribution of ashes, preserved the usage as a fitting opening of the Lenten season.

The reminder that we are dust, and that unto dust we shall return, can not but prove salutary to all who are serious about the great business of salvation—the one thing necessary. Short and swift-passing is the time in which we can labor for an eternal recompense; sure the end of all human projects and pleasures. If it be a hard thing to take up our cross, there is the strength and the consolation of the example set by saints and martyrs, and especially by the divine Author of that command.

“Christ suffered.” In these simple words there is an infinity of consolation for every woe. Does poverty with pinching grip assail us? Let us remember that He had but one garment, that He was often cold and hungry, and had not whereon to lay His head. Does the world neglect, despise or calumniate us? Let us bear in mind that He was derided and scorned by the creatures whose lives He could have extinguished with a breath. Do friends desert us, does misfortune overwhelm us, does sickness hold us in its fevered grasp? Let us never forget that He travailed alone in the Garden of Olives; that from Gethsemane to Calvary the way was one unbroken path of torture, shame and sorrow, till they laid Him dead upon His Mother's knees.

Christ suffered. If we were only to dwell often on these words, half the sorrows of our lives would shrink and fade away,—nay, we should rejoice to suffer something for Christ's sake, thereby proving our love for Him and our title to everlasting rest.

Notes and Remarks.

A room adorned with good pictures is a room that inspires good thoughts in its occupants. Every Catholic home should have its crucifix, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and a few religious pictures. The absence of these aids to devotion is indicative of weak faith or lack of fervor. If parents realized the wholesome influence exerted by these objects on the impressionable minds of children, they would not be indifferent to them. It is sometimes urged in excuse for the absence of any outward tokens of religious faith that they excite the ridicule of unbelievers; but Catholics whose faith is strong never entertain any such apprehensions. Those who are afraid to have their non-Catholic friends know that they venerate the Mother of our Redeemer ought to blush for shame when they hear of the honor that is paid to her by many outside the Fold. The public has lately been afforded glimpses of the homes of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes and that charming story-writer, Octave Thanet. Conspicuous in the sitting-room of each of these appears a picture of the Mother of fair love and of holy hope.

A Presbyterian minister has compiled a table of statistics relating to church membership in the United States; and his figures, though by no means exact, are sufficiently correct to dishearten all patriotic citizens. Convinced as we are that the faithful practice of religion is the sole guarantee of the permanence of any government, and especially of a republic, it is not comforting to know that only one-third of the total population of the United States is church-going. Of the 12,000,000 voters registered during the last presidential election, the sects claim 3,500,000, while 2,000,000 are set down as Catholics. The remainder, or over half the voting strength of the people, must be classed either as professedly agnostic or as indifferent to any set form of religion. This is a serious consideration; and, as Catholics looking to the ultimate conversion of America, we deplore the decay of church loyalty among

Protestants. Even limited experience and observation are sufficient to convince any one that latitudinarianism, or indifference to creeds, is the most hopeless form of religious error. If a man is convinced that Christ established a *church*, he is usually willing to consider the claims of the true faith; but indifferentism begets a state of mind essentially hostile to dogmatic truth. No good Catholic can rejoice in the decay of Protestantism, unless that decay means a flood-tide of grace and large accessions to the true Church.

It is a significant fact that relaxation in the observance of Lent marked the rise and spread of Protestantism. The holy season was so religiously observed in England before the so-called Reformation that steps were taken by the government to secure the fulfilment of the Church's rule of fasting. Butchers, for instance, who killed animals for food during Lent were fined £20 each time that they did so. In consideration for sick and infirm persons, a few butchers had license to sell meat; but the permission required the approval of the bishop of the diocese. All applications for dispensation from fasting had to be made in advance, accompanied by a physician's certificate; and each case was carefully investigated. In those times people seem to have had strong stomachs and delicate consciences. The stomachs are delicate nowadays, and dispensations from the observance of Lent are not often granted for the simplest of reasons.

There is no aristocracy of souls; but, because of the influence they may wield, it is always gratifying to know that laymen in high places are virtuous enough to practise, and strong enough publicly to profess, their religion. The example of the late Sir John Thompson was worth more than all the controversy that ever afflicted his country; and we are glad to learn, from a paragraph quoted by the *Casket*, that Dr. Zemp, the new President of Switzerland, is another such Catholic. It is significant that in the country of Calvin, where Protestants are still in a considerable majority, a universal burst of applause should follow the election of the

statesman, who is described in these words:

"His political good sense, his integrity, his great intelligence, his devotion to the public, his eminent qualities as a statesman, are known and appreciated by nearly all his fellow-countrymen, irrespective of creed; whilst to Catholics his devotion, his spirit of prayer, his regular attendance at the Sacraments, his humble demeanor, make their sentiment for Dr. Zemp one akin to enthusiastic veneration. Only the other day the President knelt in the church for about two hours, reciting the Rosary whilst awaiting his turn to go to confession."

We hope that fair skies may overhang the Republic of Switzerland during the administration of the new President; and we feel assured that the laudable example of Dr. Zemp will hasten the return of the Swiss people to the faith of their fathers.

One of the most important of recent contributions to American history is Mr. William S. Baker's "Early Sketches of George Washington," whose birthday has just been celebrated throughout the country with undiminished enthusiasm. The book is a reprint of biographical and bibliographical notes, many of which are of great interest. The noble character of Washington is shown in the following extract quoted from the *London Chronicle*, 1779:

"He has no tincture of pride. . . . He punishes neglect of duty with great severity, but is very tender and indulgent to recruits until they learn the articles of war and their exercise perfectly. . . . He regularly attends divine service in his tent every morning and evening, and seems very fervent in his prayers. He is so tender-hearted that no soldiers must be flogged nigh his tent; or if he is walking in the camp and sees a man tied to the halberds, he will either order him to be taken down or walk another way to avoid the sight. . . . He is humane to the prisoners who fall into his hands, and orders everything necessary for their relief. He is very temperate in his diet. . . ."

Another of Mr. Baker's selections shows the Father of his Country to have been entirely free from religious hate. It is a letter written (in 1779) by a resident of Maryland to a friend in Europe:

"George Washington is strictly just, vigilant and generous; an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, a father to the deserving soldier; gentle in his manners, in temper rather reserved; a total stranger to religious prejudices; . . . in his morals irreproachable. . . . Candor, sincerity, affability, and simplicity seem to be the striking features of his character, till an occasion offers of displaying the

most determined bravery and independence of spirit. Such, my good friend, is the man to whom America has entrusted her important cause."

This work from which we have quoted will afford patriotic speakers material of greater worth than most of what is employed in the composition of Washingtonian eulogies. It ought to be remembered when the 22d of February comes round again.

A charity which deserves to be specially blessed is the "Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls," founded by the late Monsig. Preston at the House of the Holy Family, New York. The object of the Association is to rescue young girls from the temptations attendant on poverty, and to save the children of dissolute parents from the evil influences which surround them. The work is carried on by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion, and meets with generous support and co-operation. During the past year more than four hundred young girls have been recalled from waywardness, and that in the only proper manner—by helping them to reform themselves. Such institutions deserve to have generous friends, and it is gratifying to note the long list of gifts to the Sisters. One young woman, moved by sweet charity, had the kind thought of sending ice-cream to the infirmary every day in July.

The current number of *Historical Researches* contains a Lenten pastoral by Archbishop Carroll, the Father of the American Hierarchy, copied from the original manuscript, which is preserved in the archives of the Archdiocese of Baltimore. It is undated, but was probably issued for the Lent of 1811. It is an admirable document, and we are pleased to quote the following passage, which is as timely and practical as when it was first penned, more than eighty years ago. Though dead, the great Archbishop yet speaketh to us:

"The charity of our Blessed Lord and Master teaches and constrains the pastors of His Church to estimate, in their general regulations, the measure of fasting, abstinence, and other corporal self-denials, by the general conditions of those who are to be affected thereby. These pastors must hope that whatever mitigation may be allowed in the law of fasting and abstinence, it will be compensated for by the faithful disciples of Christ, investing themselves

with a spirit of interior penance and conformity to the sufferings of their Divine Redeemer. They will punctually fulfil the exercises of mortification and austerity, for which no dispensation is granted; be assiduous with their families in daily and devout prayer, and in humble petition for the forgiveness of their own offences, and those of their fellow-Christians throughout the world."

A subscriber asks our opinion "on women whistling." The request is quite reasonable, and it is a pleasure for us to comply with it. We think all whistling should be left to the winds. The Arabs hold that it is due to the touch of Satan, and that the whistler's mouth is not to be purified for forty days. The natives of the Tonga Islands, Polynesia, consider whistling to be disrespectful to God. The Icelanders have the same objection to it, and believe that it drives away the Holy Spirit. As for whistling by women, there is a widespread superstition that it is unlucky. In some districts of North Germany the villagers say that if one whistles in the evening it makes the angels weep, and that every time a woman does so the Heart of the Blessed Mother bleeds. We think whistling is tolerable in small boys, undignified in men, and shocking in women, young or old.

The latest statistics of the Church in the United States show an increase of 10,000 in the number of children attending parochial schools. This reveals clearly the sentiment of American Catholics on the subject of religious education. The permanence and prosperity of our schools are assured. The zeal of the clergy and the generosity of the laity in this country afford an example to Christendom.

The missionary labors and the thrilling experiences of the late Father Garin, O. M. I., of Lowell, Mass., earned for him the title of "the modern Marquette." Immediately after his ordination, a half century ago, he was sent on missionary voyages among the Indians and lumbermen of Canada; and few even among pioneer priests have had so adventurous and romantic a career. The last twenty-five years of his priestly life, however, were spent among the French Canadians of Lowell, Mass.; and his relations with them

were almost unique. He had seen their number grow from two thousand to upward of twenty thousand; he had been their father and guide in religion, and their friend and adviser in all other matters. His influence among them was absolutely supreme, and he never failed to use it for the welfare of religion and the public good. The grief which his death has caused among the citizens of Lowell, irrespective of creed, is singularly unanimous, and is the best testimony to the fidelity with which Father Garin shepherded his flock. May he rest in peace!

Obituary.

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

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

The Rev. John J. Loughran, D. D., rector of the Church of the Visitation, Brooklyn, N. Y., who was called to the reward of a devoted life on the 18th ult.; and the Rev. John T. Goubeaud, of St. Ann's Church, in the same city, whose death took place on the 19th of Jan.

Mr. Michael J. Devitt, who departed this life on the 5th of Jan., at Stonington, Conn.

Mrs. Mary Wavada, of Fort Wayne, Ind., whose life closed peacefully on the 14th ult.

Mrs. Joseph D. Plunkett, who breathed her last on the 11th ult., in New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Ellen S. Sullivan, of Philadelphia, Pa., who died a happy death on the 7th ult.

Mrs. Catherine M. Pfifer, who yielded her soul to God on the 9th ult., at Williamstown, Mass.

Mr. Arnold Kleffer, of Baltimore, Md.; Patrick Gleeson, Willow Springs, Ill.; Mrs. M. Hughes, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. Daniel O'Leary and Mrs. Catherine O'Donnell, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. Bridget Kennedy, Woonsocket, R. I.; Michael O'Connor, Tomhannock, N. Y.; Mr. John O'Rourke, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Katherine Gallagher, Green Point, N. Y.; Maurice O'Brien, Pierce City, Mo.; Joseph M. Blake, Dorchester, Mass.; Francis Gannon, McKeesport, Pa.; Miss Mary Hanny, Miss Anna Maguire, Mrs. Gertrude Dunnahue, Galena, Ill.; Mr. William Dooley, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mrs. Bridget Murray, Sparrows Point, Md.; Mrs. John Jennings, Shenandoah, Pa.; Mrs. Aveline Hodes, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Mary Sammon, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen Hughes, Miss Mary R. O'Donnell, Mrs. Bridget Kelly, Mrs. Rose Ennis, Mr. Thomas Byrne, Miss Sara E. Ryan, Mrs. Rosetta Langlette, and Miss Mary R. McGroarty,—all of Brooklyn, 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 Children's Lent.

LENTEN shades are now upon us,
 And the Church, our mother dear,
 Bids us leave the walks of pleasure,
 Bids us to the Cross draw near.

So, dear children, would you follow
 In the way your Master trod,
 Fast from sin in word and action,
 Do each deed alone for God.

Strive to act with greater kindness ;
 Strive more promptly to obey ;
 Let the light of your example
 Brighter shine from day to day.

And if thus in ways of virtue
 You will keep the holy Lent,
 You will have a happy Easter,—
 Not in vain will it be spent.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

V.—GUY AND HIS BEST FRIEND.

GUY had grown healthier in appearance, and the boys were delighted at the change. The little fellow grasped one arm of his chair and stood up to greet them,—the flush of surprise still on his cheek. Jack stood in the middle of the floor, admiring Guy, who looked very happy.

Many changes had taken place in Guy's life of late,—not outward changes, but inward changes. In the old days he had

been content if Aunt Mary, as he now called Uncle Mike's wife, came home safe to their little room. That was the happiness of his day. He had endured the long hours of loneliness, in that hope,—the weekly visit to the church being the other epoch of his life.

Now that Uncle Mike took such good care of him and Aunt Mary, he had nobody to wait for, nobody to worry about. Besides, Aunt Mary had many interests outside of himself. He saw, with a pang, that she was as fond of Uncle Mike as she was of him. She had many visitors, too; and though she looked as carefully after Guy as if he were a baby, he felt the difference between this bustling housekeeper, with many cheerful cares, and the woman to whom he had been everything. When he had been simply Guy Pierre, the orphan cripple, she had treated him as one of her own; now that he had been found by his relative, the Count de Saint-Pierre, who wrote from some European city every month, he had been more comfortable. Then he was little Guy; now she called him Master Guy, and he did not like it half so well.

Enough money had been placed to Uncle Mike's account in the bank to give Guy every comfort. On Sunday a coach came from the livery-stable, and he drove to church. The children of the neighborhood had a fashion of gathering at the door and watching him descend. Some of them audibly wished that they were lame, so that they might drive in a fine carriage every day. As for Guy, he



"Oh! if I had only known that Mrs. McCrossin"—he sighed as he thought of that name—"would have lived and kept well, and that she'd have somebody to look after her,—if I did, I'd have stayed in those little rooms always."

But Guy never told all this to Aunt Mary,—he kept it to himself. He told it only to the three hundred paper soldiers which were his principal consolations in hours of solitude and depression. These soldiers were in the uniforms of all nations. Guy cut them from the paper on which they were printed, and laid them in long rows on the bed. While Aunt Mary was down in the store—Uncle Mike's business had increased wonderfully since she had taken a hand in it,—Guy talked of his hopes and fears to the three hundred soldiers. He always put sixteen West Point cadets in the front row; for they seemed to understand him better than the others.

Another grief bore on the little boy's heart. He had recently discovered that he could not become an altar boy, and it made the kind Aunt Mary sad to see his wistful eyes fixed on the procession of little fellows who crossed the sanctuary, in the soft glow of candles, every Sunday at High Mass. He had long dreamed of being of their number; but one day, lately, he had heard a child on the side walk say, as he went into the church:

"He may be rich and drive in a carriage, but a cripple can't be an acolyte, anyhow."

This thoughtless speech went like a dagger into Guy's heart. Aunt Mary heard him cry many times when he thought she was not near. He never told her the reason, but she guessed it.

Still, in spite of his sorrows—and they seemed great to Guy—he grew stronger every day. The rich milk, the wholesome food, the careful ventilation, the exact obedience to the doctor's orders, were gradually improving his health. This gave many fears to the late Mrs. McCrossin.

"I'm glad to see the child's face taking a touch of color," she said to Uncle Mike. "But if he begins to get well, they'll be taking him away from us."

"The worst troubles," said Uncle Mike, "are those that never happen."

But his wife sighed, and watched Guy's gradual improvement with some dissatisfaction. She loved Guy and wanted him to be happy, but she was jealous of his happiness anywhere away from herself.

She was very glad to see the boys, and she had made the proper preparations for making their last day of freedom as pleasant as possible. The flowers were placed in vases, the lilies having the honor of a huge white and gold pitcher; and cookies and milk were served as a slight refecton before dinner. Guy was delighted with the gifts. Thomas Jefferson could not refrain from telling him about the tadpole; but Guy said that he thought tadpoles ought to be permitted to remain in their ponds until they became frogs. This amused Thomas Jefferson very much.

Faky Dillon and Guy played checkers. Baby Maguire took his place beside Aunt Mary, and began to tell everything he could remember since they last met,—making *himself* the hero of all his stories. Jack and Bob Bently glared at him as they heard Aunt Mary's exclamations of wonder and sympathy. At last, unable to stand it any longer, they went down to the shop and helped Uncle Mike.

"After all," Jack said, as he wrapped up a pound of soap under Uncle Mike's direction, "work isn't harder than play."

"Not if you don't *have* to do it," said Bob. "If you could leave off work when you liked, and if you could do as you pleased, it wouldn't be bad. But suppose you wanted to go to a baseball match, and that you had to stay here selling mackerel all day,—I guess it wouldn't seem so much like play then."

"That is so," said Jack, with a sigh, as he thought of school. "A boy in this

world is always having to do what he doesn't want to do."

Faky Dillon, Thomas Jefferson, and Baby Maguire came rattling downstairs at this moment, anxious to know what the other boys were doing. Jack seized the chance of having a quiet chat with Guy. He found the boy alone. Mrs. McCrossin—or rather Aunt Mary—was engaged in looking after the dinner. Guy had his face turned toward the window when Jack entered; he did not look at Jack. When he did show his face, Jack saw that there had been tears in his eyes.

"What is the matter, Guy?"

The boy did not answer at once. He picked up one of the paper soldiers and looked at it; then he laughed tremulously.

"The truth is, Jack," he said, "I would like to talk to you, but I don't know how to begin. I'm so used to talk to *these*," he added, motioning toward the soldiers, "that I don't know how to talk to anybody else. You know Aunt Mary doesn't have as much time to give to me as she had long ago. Of course she is with me more, but she is interested in more things. I like Uncle Mike very much, of course; but, you see, he is always here in the evening, and I can't talk before him: he seems like a stranger."

Jack looked at Guy's delicate face, and tried to think of something suitable to say.

"You are so comfortable here," he said. "It's so much better than the old place."

"Oh, yes!" said Guy, wearily. "It's warmer; there's lots of good things to eat, and I can look out into the street and see the boys playing. That's the worst of it."

"Lots of those boys would like to be in your place, I'm sure,—to have nothing to do all day, and not to have to go away to school."

"Do you think so?" asked Guy, lifting his eyes. "No, I don't believe you think so. You say that because you pity me. Jack, I am tired of being pitied. Nobody likes to be pitied all the time. If I could

only do something that would make people forget to pity me, I should feel better."

Jack was silent. He thought steadily. Hitherto study had appeared to him as an unnecessary evil, like the measles or the scarlet fever. It had to be endured. Ancient History, for instance, and geography did not seem to be of any use. What was he to Pericles, or Pericles to him? And as he never expected to go to Africa, what real interest had whole chapters on that benighted country for him? From his point of view, most studies had been inflicted on him simply as an easy means devised by grown-up people for keeping him out of mischief.

Guy looked at him intently. Somehow or other, he trusted Jack more than anybody else. He seemed to know things. Uncle Mike and Aunt Mary were good, but they didn't seem to know things.

"Maybe if you studied something, people might be different," said Jack. "People seem to look up to other people who know whole books full."

"Do you think so, Jack?" asked Guy, eagerly. "What ought I to study?"

"The hardest thing, I suppose," said Jack, with a note of sadness in his voice; "and that's Ancient History. If you work hard, you'll learn all about the Persians, and the fellow that poisoned himself because they wouldn't elect him to Congress; and Regulus,—he rolled down hill in a barrel full of spikes; and about the geese that were suckled by a she-wolf. No,—the geese cackled when Rome was burning, or something of that kind. At any rate, people look up to you if you know these things. You might try it."

Guy's eyes sparkled.

"Do you think that people would forget my lameness if I were very learned?"

"Oh, yes! Miss McBride said you—not *you*, but all of us—might be as ugly as sin; but if you could converse agreeably on subjects of con-tempo-ra-neous interest, you were all hunkey dory. If you know all

about Romulus and Remus when you go into society, you can do what you please."

"But I am not like other boys," said Guy, wistfully. "I might not be able to learn. O Jack, think of it,—I can never be an altar boy!"

"Do you really want to be an altar boy?" asked Jack. "I was one, but I dropped the book, and I was turned off. The sacristan said I was too clumsy."

"And you don't mind?" asked Guy, in amazement. "Aren't you sorry?"

"So many things happen to a boy," said Jack, "that you don't have time to be sorry for anything. I'm sorry I have to go to school."

"Oh, I wish I could go!" said Guy. "I'd feel like other boys then. Why, your Ancient History seems to me to be as amusing as a story-book."

"Try it!" said Jack, with a sigh.

"I'd like to play hockey and baseball and football, and to skate and swim, and to study *hard*; and then to grow up and know *everything*. If I had somebody to pity or to take care of," said Guy, tears coming into his eyes, "maybe I wouldn't feel so bad. But everybody pities me."

Jack was puzzled. Guy looked less delicate than when he lived in the old rooms at the back of the Chumleigh house. His eyes were brighter, his skin clearer. It was evident to Jack's experienced eyes that he had no muscle; but his legs looked plumper, and his left leg was not so much twisted as formerly.

"Guy," he said, timidly, "I don't see why you shouldn't get well. Why don't you pray to get well? You're always praying for things."

"I didn't think God wanted me to be well," said Guy, thoughtfully.

"You're looking better. Try praying, and don't worry."

Guy's eyes brightened, and he almost laughed. "Jack," he answered, "you're the best friend I ever had."

(To be continued.)

Dick the Sea-Gull.

Near Yarmouth, on the English coast, there is a "light-boat" whose mission is to keep mariners off the treacherous and dangerous rocks called Brenton's Reef; and a number of men are employed in the care of the light and the vessel. But it is not of these brave fellows that I started to tell, but of a guest that they entertain every winter as sure as the winter comes. This is a great sea-gull, that made his first appearance at the light-boat about twenty-three years ago, and appeared so sociable and friendly that the sailors made a pet of him. He stayed with them all winter, but the next March he spread his great wings and flew away to the North.

"That is the last we shall ever see of Dick," said a sailor, sadly.

But he did not know. The next October, as the men were getting ready for the hardships and loneliness of the winter, Master Dick flew in, in the most matter-of-fact way; and so he has been going and coming for more than a score of years. New captains and crews come and go, but Dick never fails. He has a perch situated, as sailors would say, "well aft," and there he sits in state and rules over his faithful friends. Sometimes he flies about the ship; but has never been known to visit the land, which is a mile away. He does not like strangers; and when he finds that a new seaman has been taken on board during his summer absence, he is very coy and shy until properly approached with cakes and other dainties.

Everyone in England has heard of old Dick the sea-gull, and several museums have applied for his body when he has made his last trip. But we hope it will be long before Dick gives up his annual visit, and becomes just a stuffed sea-gull in a natural history collection.

AUNT ANNA.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke. l. 28.

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The Dewdrop and the Wave.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERWEGH, BY THE
RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

TO Dewdrop bright a Wave made speech:
"Come follow me upon my way;
I'll bear thee on until we reach
The ocean, where the billows play."

The Dewdrop answered, whispering low:
"No! better to be here alone
Than rolling on in restless flow,
'Mid myriad drops a drop unknown.

"Glide past me, then, in thy quick flight;
I die within the rose's breast,
Which in some virgin's hand this night
Shall droop with fragrance—fate most blest.

"In vain ye lure me from this bed:
Here is my bliss—for rest is bliss."
The Wave, then mocking, onward fled
To perish in the sea's abyss.

An Audience with Leo XIII.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.



NE'S first visit to Rome! It can scarcely fail to prove an event of unusual importance in the experience of any traveller; and in the life of a cultured Catholic it is something more than a mere event,—it is a veritable epoch. Brief as may be his sojourn in that city on the Tiber, his mind

and heart receive ineffaceable impressions; and ever afterward the inestimable worth of his Christian heritage, the matchless sublimity of the one true faith, the magnificently triumphant career of the Church of Christ throughout the centuries, and the full significance of the rôle played by Christ's Vicars in the development of civilization, appeal to him with the same force and vividness that came to him almost as a revelation when first he breathed the atmosphere of the Eternal City.

It is an atmosphere that defies analysis, and one for which there is no adequate preparation. No scheme of anterior study, voluminous "reading up," or leisurely reflection, can furnish a reliable forecast of the sentiments with which Rome inspires a loyal son of the Church. Thoroughly versed as he may be in both the ancient and modern annals of the city, fully acquainted with its topography, and familiar through the engraver's art with the aspect of its every monument, he inevitably discovers that of the real Rome, he has had no adequate conception; and that the circumambient charm, the subtle fascination to which he finds himself willingly yielding, must be experienced at first-hand, or not at all.

It was at first-hand, and for the first time, that the writer recently enjoyed this Roman fascination. Throughout some glorious holidays he revelled at will in the myriad forms of sublimity and beauty,

the masterpieces of the builder's, painter's and sculptor's arts, and the century-storied ruins of an era forever past, which in bewildering profusion meet the stranger's eye whithersoever he directs his steps in that unique city, the capital of the Christian world. Exquisite, however, as was the delight of beholding these magnificent monuments of ancient and modern Rome, his sight-seeing would have proved less satisfactory than disappointing had he been denied the view of Rome's greatest spectacle—the Sovereign Pontiff.

Amid all the varied considerations that had contributed to determine the route of my summer tour, and had eventually turned my glances Romeward, two had exercised a predominant influence—I should visit St. Peter's, and might possibly see the Holy Father. Of being granted this latter privilege I had from the outset entertained faint and intermittent hopes rather than any confident expectation; and the tenor of the Roman dispatches relative to the Pope's health, a few days prior to my arrival in the city, practically extinguished my hopes altogether. According to the Parisian newspapers, Leo XIII. was completely prostrated by the excessive heat. He gave no audiences, said no Mass, took no walks in his garden,—was, in a word, in a state of extreme weakness, from which it was scarcely probable he could recover. While far from attributing infallibility to press reports concerning the Sovereign Pontiff, I could not but feel that the chances of my gratifying a very ardent desire to gaze upon the noblest and most notable figure in contemporary history were rapidly diminishing.

My first few hours in the city vindicated the newspapers from exaggeration on at least one point,—the heat was certainly intense. That it was unusually so, even for that southern clime, was clear from the comments of the following morning's journals, in which it was referred to as *caldo enorme*. Yet the heat was neither

so oppressive nor so enervating as I have experienced in Chicago and Montreal; and so, disregarding without scruple the advice of mine host of the Hôtel de Paris, to remain within doors until evening, I set out to gratify one longing of a lifetime, to view St. Peter's. And who would not brave a temperature higher than ever afflicts the dwellers by the Tiber to hasten the advent of that thrilling moment when he first beholds, towering aloft in serene and peerless majesty,

“The dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell,—
Christ's mighty shrine above His martyr's tomb!”

I shall not attempt either a description of St. Peter's or an analysis of the complex emotions which swept, like successive ocean surges, over my being during the fleeting hours spent within its hallowed walls. Even this reference to the great Basilica might be considered irrelevant were it not that, combined with the sense of vastness, splendor, and awe that penetrated to my inmost soul as the tremendous magnitude of the edifice became apparent, there sprang up from the ashes of my extinguished hopes an unconquerable yearning to feast my eyes upon the living embodiment of Catholicity, the complement of St. Peter's—the Bishop of Rome and of Christendom entire, Leo XIII.

Thoroughly determined to leave untried no effort to satisfy this yearning, I secured next day a kindly letter of introduction to the prelate whose business it is to make arrangements for papal audiences; and, proceeding to the Vatican, repaired to that dignitary's office. The Monsignor himself was absent, but his duties were being discharged by a secretary whose graciousness and winning courtesy were in marked contrast to the contemptuous haughtiness one sometimes hears ascribed to such officials. To the secretary, with such effective eloquence as I could command, I imparted my fervid longing. To leave

Rome without seeing the Pope would be a disappointment sufficiently intense to overcloud my whole summer. Not all the glories and splendor of churches and art galleries, the thrilling interest of the Catacombs, or the ruined grandeur of Colosseum, Forum and Baths, could compensate for failure on this capital point. Were an audience impracticable, I should be grateful for the privilege of attending the papal Mass,—should, in fact, be content with an opportunity of securing even a momentary glimpse of the Holy Father. To all which the secretary replied that, while he feared the briefness of my proposed sojourn in the city would prevent the realization of my hopes, he *might* be able to gratify me on the following day. In any case, he would do his best; and if successful, would send a message to my address about two o'clock the next afternoon.

What an anxious morning was that which followed! How hope and fear and doubt alternated with one another, filling me at one moment with jubilant expectation, and consigning me, the next, to the uttermost depths of despondency! Worrying, however, would clearly avail nothing; so the forenoon was devoted to an excursion to S. Paoli Fuori le Mura, which, after St. Peter's, is perhaps the most imposing of all Rome's churches.

Returning from St. Paul's, I persuaded my sympathetic cicerone (no glib and loquacious hireling, but a congenial college friend) to accompany me to the Protestant cemetery, the romantic spot of which Shelley wrote: "It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." Poor Shelley! his ashes repose there now, with "*Cor cordium*" on the slab above them; and a little farther on is the grave of his ill-starred brother-poet, Keats, whose monument bears that sad inscription of his own devising: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

And so the morning passes. Our midday collation has been dispatched, a few disjointed notes are added to my diary, and, in a quaint apartment on the fourth floor of a sombre edifice in the Via Giulia, we await the hoped-for messenger from the Vatican. Alas! he does not come. The clock struck two fully half an hour ago, and there is yet no sign of him. My friend bids me not be discouraged, adding that it is well in Rome to allow about an hour's margin for appointments of this nature, and that *he* does not look for any message before three o'clock.

I hope against hope as three, and half-past three, tinkle musically from the inexorable timepiece; but when it strikes four I give up, and admit that I experience a very bitter disappointment. Five minutes later the bell rings, the porter ascends one stone staircase after another, knocks at our door, and hands me an envelope bearing the Vatican seal. It contains a card of admission to one of the reception halls through which the Pope is to pass on his way from the gardens at a quarter-past six. My benison on that kindly secretary!—and here, porter, just slip these *lire* into the hand of the messenger downstairs. Joy is apt to be expansive, and if there is a more exultant individual than myself in the Eternal City this afternoon, he may well be envied by the world at large.

It will readily be believed that we have no thought of allowing an hour's margin for *this* appointment. The danger lies rather in the other direction, and I am far more likely to be at the Vatican an hour before than a minute behind the designated time. As it is, we drive to the Palace; pass through various outer halls and courts, where stalwart, handsome, and gorgeously apparelled Swiss Guards do sentinel duty; are received by courteous ushers in the papal livery and, my card of admission having undergone the inspection of a stately old gentleman in full

evening dress, I part from my companion, Father G. (the old gentleman has remarked that the card admits but one), and am conducted to the reception hall, where I seat myself a full half hour before a quarter-past six.

The hall is a spacious and lofty apartment, its walls hung with magnificent Gobelin tapestries, and its furniture limited to some scores of chairs ranged around three of its sides. I am the first arrival; and, having the room to myself, may indulge my natural curiosity, and examine the series of pictures so delicately interwoven in the rich tapestries, with no fear of violating *les convenances*.

At any other time the examination would be a notable pleasure, but at present I make it in a somewhat desultory fashion, and am not much impressed with the unquestionably beautiful designs. The fact is, my nerves are, and have been for the past two hours, in a state of exaggerated excitation. I feel very much the same as if I had just received a brisk shock from a galvanic battery. It is a thoroughly pleasurable excitement, however, and I would not allay it if I could.

Soft footsteps are heard in the adjoining room, and a Franciscan monk enters. He is a strikingly handsome young Italian, tall and broad-shouldered, with lofty brow, large brown eyes, and a wavy brown beard that, in some unaccountable way, makes him look still younger than his thirty years. We enter upon a low-toned conversation, and he informs me that he is to sail next week from Marseilles for China. I suggest that martyrdom is always a contingency of mission work among the Chinese; to which he replies that, if it be God's will, he hopes that in his own case the contingency may become a reality. Our further talk is interrupted by the entrance of several other ecclesiastics,—a bronzed, greybearded Algerian *curé*, two youthful pastors from the United States, and an ascetic-visaged

vicar from some village by the Rhine. Still others succeed within the next ten minutes, until we number thirteen: twelve priests and a layman.

As the hour named for the Holy Father's passage approached, what a multiplicity of thoughts thronged in quick succession upon my mind! In a few minutes I was to behold Leo XIII., the successor, in an unbroken lineage extending over twenty centuries, of the Fisherman created first Pope by our Divine Lord Himself. Panorama-like, there rolled before my mental vision the entire history of the Church—the whole grand voyage of the Barque of Peter across time's mighty flood. Full many other ships of goodly frame, launched with greater pomp and manned by seemingly abler seamen, have sailed that ocean since the Pentecostal Sunday. They have weathered occasional storms, and braved at intervals the billows' fury, only to be submerged eventually in their engulfing depths; but the Barque of Peter has ridden triumphantly on, through smiling seas and stormy, now coursing swiftly with canvas distended to favoring breezes, anon defying the hurricane's utmost fury, and emerging from the tempest stout and stanch and buoyant as ever.

Pilot after pilot has stood in turn at her helm—Gregories and Piuses and Leos and Innocents. And because their commissions were stamped with the seal of divine authority, each has steered the Barque unerringly through threatening breakers, over treacherous reefs, by rock-bound coasts,—in calm or storm alike infallible. On the legitimate heir of such heroes as these, a helmsman surely worthy to rank with the most skilful of his predecessors, who can gaze without a thrill of profound emotion! Not I, for one, as is soon demonstrated.

There is a stir in the outer apartment. An official enters and bids us form in line; and a moment later the Holy Father,

seated in his sedan-chair, is carried slowly through the hall. There is time whilst he passes to take merely one brief, comprehensive glance; and it discloses a frail old man, his attenuated body surmounted by a majestic head, and his full, dark eyes gleaming with a vivacity that might easily delude us into the belief that we are looking at one in the very vigor and prime of manhood. The chair is borne on; and as it disappears through the entrance to an adjoining apartment, I conclude that the function of the evening is at an end. In this, however, I am mistaken. After a brief interval—during which, being in Rome, I literally do as the Romans do, and remain where I am,—a purple-robed Monsignor appears at the door and invites us to follow him. We do so, and find ourselves in the Throne Chamber, where I am elated to behold the Holy Father seated in his pontifical chair on a dais at the farther end of the room.

This was an unexpected delight. The card I had received provided simply for my admittance to the Arazzi Hall, through which the Sovereign Pontiff was to proceed on his return from the gardens; but this was clearly a regular audience, and my heart throbbed with an accelerated movement as I realized my good fortune. We again formed in line, facing the Pope; and as I placed myself about half-way down the line, I had ample opportunity during the succeeding twenty minutes to scan at my leisure the face and figure of Leo XIII.

At first glance, and in his present posture, he is wonderfully like Chartran's incomparable portrait. One notes the slender physique, the dome-like forehead, the pallid countenance illumined by the eagle eye; the long, transparent, narrow hands of ivory whiteness. And the thought arises that the artist has reproduced on his canvas, with marvellous fidelity, the very expression of the Pontiff. Yet it is not so. Chartran has depicted the far-

seeing statesman, the intellectual athlete, who grapples with resolute confidence the fiercest problems that vex society; the wisdom-gifted ruler of two hundred million subjects; the indomitable champion of true liberty and real progress. But glowing in the countenance before us there is a spiritualized radiance, an apostolic benignity, which not even the brush of genius can hope to reproduce.

And now the two American priests are kneeling at the throne, and my turn is next. The Americans are talking Latin—the Pope does not understand English,—but I distrust my fluency in that classic tongue, and determine to essay conversation in the more familiar French, which the Holy Father speaks with perfect ease and accuracy. I am agitated by a hundred varying emotions as the secretary, standing at the right of the throne, takes my card and presents me to His Holiness; and when I kneel at his feet and kiss the fingers he graciously proffers, I doubt my ability to speak even English, or do aught else than burst into a flood of grateful tears.

A glance at the gentle face above me, however, helps me to master myself, and the soothing tones of the Pontiff's voice set me comparatively at ease. How graciously he speaks, and with what fatherly tenderness he listens to and grants the various petitions I am emboldened to present! He inquires about my home, my occupation, the standing and prospects of the college with which I am connected, the number of students attending it, the branches I teach, the names and purposes of the Catholic magazines to which I contribute; and concludes by bestowing his special blessing on college, professors, and students; and on the magazines, their editors, writers, and subscribers. He extends his hand once more. I touch his ring with my lips, stoop down and reverently kiss the cross embroidered on his silken slipper, then rise and retire.

My heart is overflowing with purest joy. My interview with the Holy Father has lasted only some four or five minutes; but the memory will endure through all the coming years. Contact with his personality is an energizer of faith, a stimulus to hope and high endeavor; and as I glance, while leaving his presence, at the handsome young Franciscan who has succeeded me at his feet, I know that his missionary zeal will glow with intenser ardor, and his soul aspire with fonder longing for the possible martyrdom to come, because of this privilege he is now enjoying—an audience with Leo XIII.

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

IX.—(Concluded.)

BODKIN'S mount was all that even a member of the Galway Hunt could desire; and it was with a light heart that he cantered out of Orizaba, taking the road to Puebla, the air laden with the mingled perfumes of orange and lemon blossoms. No adventure worthy of being recorded in these pages came to him. At San Miguel he changed his horse, and a couple of hours later he rode past the battered and dismantled forts that had so gallantly held the French at bay during both sieges of Puebla.

Riding straight for the noble Cathedral, Arthur readily found No. 8 in the Portales Mercatores, and within the shop Manuel Perez, a most cut-throat-looking villain, with a green patch across his right eye, and a black patch on the bridge of his nose.

Perez was a man of few words. Beckoning Bodkin to follow, he led the way into

a dark, dingy room at the back, opened a locker, took out a black bottle and two wine-glasses, which he filled with *tequila*—a spirit distilled from the century plant,—pushed one glass toward Arthur, raised the other to his own lips, and, uttering the single word "*Bueno!*" drained it off.

Arthur endeavored to imitate his example; but no sooner had the liquor tapped his gullet than he fell to coughing as though he would burst his head open. It was his first drink of *tequila*, and he never again approached it without a copious dilution with water.

His host quitted him, to return in a few minutes; and, again motioning him to follow, led Arthur to where he had left his horse. The horse had disappeared; and in reply to the young man's questioning look, Perez exclaimed, in a guttural but reassuring tone:

"*Bueno!*"

While they stood beneath the colonnade of the Portales, the clattering of many hoofs, mingled with the short, sharp cries of the driver, was heard; and a dusty, ill-appointed, rickety-looking carriage, drawn by a dozen bedizened mules, jingled and rattled up.

While Bodkin was still engaged in staring at this extraordinary equipage, Perez flung open the door, and, seizing him unceremoniously by the arm, literally pushed him into the vehicle, shouting to the driver to start,—a mandate so rapidly obeyed as to fling our hero right into the arms of a woman who sat in the far corner.

"I beg your pardon!" blurted Bodkin, in English.

The lady laughed a very low, light, musical laugh, and muttered something in Spanish ending in "*Señor.*" She was slight, attired in black, and thickly veiled. There was no back seat in the carriage, so Bodkin perforce plumped down beside her, squeezing into his corner as best he could.

"This *is* an adventure!" he thought. "What would Alice think if she saw

me now? I'd give an even fifty that Joe Burke could tell this at the Club in Galway. What a story the old vagabond would make of it!"

The lady was silent, and presently drew forth a rosary of immense amber beads, the crucifix being of silver, and much worn and polished.

"She is a Catholic and devout," thought Arthur, as she reverently kissed the beads.

But never a word did she say. And he? Well, he was respectfully silent. He dared not interrupt her devotion, were he ever so willing to converse with her.

Two hours passed, and the carriage stopped to change mules at a small *venta* by the wayside. Here the lady alighted and entered the house, being received with profound and profuse politeness by the host and hostess. A little later Arthur found her sipping a cup of chocolate, at which she motioned him to join her; but she sipped beneath her veil, and her face was still as a sealed volume to him. Here he first tasted *pulque*, a liquor distilled from the maguey plant—not by any means so strong as *tequila*,—the color and taste of buttermilk. Arthur did not relish it, however; one mouthful being more than sufficient. It is the national beverage, is sold at *pulquerias*, or saloons, at the street corners of the large cities, and is served in wooden vessels containing a little over a pint.

The fresh relay of long-eared mules being ready, Arthur assisted the lady to the carriage, electing to sit beside the driver for the treble purposes of smoking, enjoying the scenery, and avoiding the veiled woman.

"Who can she be? Bazaine's wife? No. If I thought that he dared use me to escort—no, no! She is pious and good. It is some woman of use in diplomacy,—some Mexican swell necessary to be brought into contact with the Emperor and Empress. But why employ *me*? Where is her duenna? I give it up."

The driver was picturesquely attired in an old *sombrero*, whose brim was as "wide as a church door," and a travel-stained leathern jerkin, with continuations of the same material, wide at the feet and open from the knee, showing immaculately clean white linen drawers. He wore a gaudy red scarf around his waist, and, in a leathern belt, a revolver. At times he would stop and pick up stones lying in a receptacle beneath the box-seat, which he would fling at his mules with such marvellous dexterity as to cause one stone to remind three mules, or four, that it was necessary to improve their paces. He was about to use a particularly neat and angular stone upon the four leaders when he chanced to turn round, and, casting a quick, penetrating glance at the sky, pulled down the chin strap of his *sombrero*, gathered up the reins in hands that were all sinews, and, uttering a shrill cry, started his team at a pace they had never approached during the journey.

Arthur clung to the railing of the seat, jolting and swaying, expecting every moment to be decanted into the thorny embraces of a cactus bush. The mules raced at their highest speed, Pedro yelling at them forcibly enough to burst any ordinary pair of lungs. In vain did Arthur search the plain behind and on either side: there were no pursuers—nothing, in a word, to account for this extraordinary, tremendous, and uncalled-for pace. If they had been racing for their lives Pedro could not have been more excited; in fact, he seemed crazed with terror, and for a moment Arthur thought that the man had gone mad.

A cry from the vehicle, and Arthur, on looking down, beheld a hand—a fair, white hand, young and soft and beautifully moulded—about to tug at the tail of his coat. He called Pedro's attention to the lady, leaning back so as to permit of the driver's speaking with her. A few words from Pedro, in which Arthur

caught "*donner*" and then "*blitzen*," when it came to him like a flash that they were fleeing from one of those dreaded tropical thunder-storms which come up out of a blue sky in a cloud no bigger than the hand, and which so often mean death and desolation to the luckless travellers caught upon the plains.

It was now a race with death. Darkness set in with an extraordinary rapidity,—what Longfellow describes as "a noonday night." A wind arose with a moan, sweeping clouds of blinding sand with it. The mules instinctively felt the danger, and showed their shining heels in quick flashes, as, heads down and ears flung back, they dashed along at a mad and break-neck pace. Pedro, whitish-yellow with terror, yelled and yelled and yelled; his beady-black eyes set in one direction, apparently toward some coigne of vantage. On, on, on; and Arthur, as violently excited as though he were riding the favorite at a Galway steeple-chase, added his yells to those of the driver, and flung stone after stone at the mules, without, however, the precision of Pedro, but with all the force of a catapult. A blinding flash, a groan from Pedro, and a peal from heaven's artillery that deafened! A shout of joy! Right in front, not fifty yards away, the walls of an *hacienda*! One frantic effort, and the mules dashed into the *patio*. Arthur leaped from the box, flung open the carriage door, and, snatching up the veiled lady—still veiled—as though she were as light as a down pillow, plunged into the house, as another flash lighted up the darkness with its awful glare.

There was considerable rejoicing in the *hacienda* at this escape from almost certain death. The sweet old dame who ruled the homestead led the way to a small chapel, and, flinging herself before the tiny altar, prayed aloud in thanksgiving to Almighty God,—the entire household following her example, while

the veiled lady, Arthur and Pedro knelt side by side.

Refreshments were served while the mules were being baited; and in less than half an hour, the storm having disappeared with the same rapidity with which it had leaped upon them, the mule equipage was again *en route*.

It was late in the evening when it clattered into Orizaba, which was all alight with bonfires and rockets and illuminations in honor of the arrival of the imperial *cortège*,—the roads and streets being thronged with happy and enthusiastic natives from villages thirty miles around.

Arthur, deeming it more advisable not to be seen perched up in the box-seat, descended, and, asking the lady's permission, entered the carriage. She turned graciously toward him, and thanked him with much *empressement* for his safe-conduct, adding something which he utterly failed to comprehend. She laughed, and taking his hand lightly pressed it between both of hers.

As they spun into the *patio* at headquarters, which was all ablaze with illumination, and Arthur alighted to report himself, the lady leaned forward uttering the words:

"*Asta mañana.*"

He turned to enter the building, and lo! right in front of him, staring at the carriage and its veiled occupant, stood Alice Nugent, beside her the Count Ludwig von Kalksburg.

(To be continued.)

HATEFUL pride!—to be conquered as a man would conquer an enemy, or it will make whirlpools in the current of your affections,—nay, turn the whole tide of the heart into rough and unaccustomed channels.—*Donald G. Mitchell.*

If you wish to be good, first believe that you are bad.—*Epictetus.*

Berlin and Its Students.

 BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

WHEN a foreigner writes about any people, he should not wish to be taken seriously. If he tell the truth, the most liberal citizen of the country under examination will say he is impudent. If he adopt the plan of a certain Frenchman that writes of America, to flatter brilliantly, mentioning an amiable fault now and then to make the account seem real, he is praised. Let the remarks made here, then, go for what they are worth.

The Berlinese are not so enthusiastically pious as one might think a people should be who live near the shrine of the unco' gude, Martinus Luther. They observe the Sabbath by shutting the shops, and many go to hear the preachers. As in another town of which Fred Locker wrote:

“They eat and drink and scheme and plod,
 And go to church on Sunday;
 And many are afraid of God,
 And more of Mrs. Grundy.”

On Sunday afternoon all Berlin and his wife and his multitudinous buds—small families are, happily, not fashionable in Germany—go out to enjoy themselves. The father gets one big glass of beer and a cigar for himself, another glass of beer for mamma, which she shares with the babies; and there is a half glass for the big boy. They are all happy; the parents do not scold, and there is no hurry. The father seems to be accustomed to his children.

These children are kept at school too much, and they are governed too much. Even during recreation time a teacher is sent out with the unfortunate boys; and he carefully puts them in lines, and cries, in a military voice: “Now Karl Persch kick the football!” The lad prances out solemnly and kicks the football. He kicks it because he thinks it is his duty

to do so, and he hurries back to his place. The master shouts again: “Now George Schmidt will kick the football!” George kicks; and so on down the line, till you go away, for fear you might yield to the violent yearning you have to go over and treat the man as the boys treat the ball.

After dark the lads rush home quickly to begin the preparation of the tasks for the next day. They do not race and yell and laugh just because they are alive, as our boys do; the military discipline is over them and around them—they are steeped in it. Military spirit! I have actually seen a line of twenty tiny *girls* in Berlin on a holiday playing soldier; and they could “mark time” and do the “right-about-face” as well as any twenty American boys from Boston to San Francisco.

Berlin has a million and a half inhabitants, about one hundred thousand more than Vienna. It is a modern town, in gray. There are some red brick buildings, but the prevailing color is gray. The houses go up four stories and stop there, all regular, like Prussian infantry; and if you fell from any window in the city between daylight and dark, you would most probably alight upon the head of some member of that Prussian infantry. It is a sturdy, practical soldiery up as far as the officers. They say the officers also are very practical; but they seem to be fond of monocles and slender waists and posing, and they are all “gentlemen.”

Most of the streets are paved with asphalt, and there are broad sidewalks on all the thoroughfares of any importance. Every thirty paces one sees a gas lamp with eight jets; but, until a very few years ago, no electric lights, except the private lamps before shops and restaurants. They keep the streets clean in dry weather, and as dirty as they are in most large cities in wet weather,—there is plenty of wet weather in Berlin. All winter it

drizzles, drizzles, till you long for a wholesome American rain, that does its work and quits.

There are no trolleys, no cable cars, no beggars, no newsboys, no bootblacks, no cats; and dogs work for their living by pulling carts. The horse-cars are allowed to carry a fixed number of passengers. If the car is full, you must wait for the next. There is an elevated railway, and pneumatic tubes run throughout the city. The tubes are quicker than messenger-boy service for notes and letters. The messengers in Berlin are red-capped men that wait on the corners for employment. Telegraph wires are kept out of the way by running them along the roofs of the houses. Our flaring theatre-poster is unknown: one finds the play and opera announcements on a cylinder at the street corner,—you buy your theatre programme. The Berlineses never see serious fires, and their fire department is not important,—it appears ridiculous to an American.

If you could climb to the top of a German stove—which is made of tiles that tower upward for eight or ten feet, and looks exactly like a tombstone,—you could sit there all day and never suspect the presence of a fire. The mouthful of fuel a landlady doles out in the morning gives up in despair before it succeeds in warming two tiles of the hundred in the edifice. The people keep warm by using double windows, which are shut in autumn and opened on fine days in winter. This arrangement makes the air in a room useful,—clothing may be hung upon it.

Then the German women have a mania for house-cleaning. They dust and hide a man's papers as our servant-girls do; but no American servant yields to the scrubbing-habit in so violent excess. The ladies over there rest not by shopping, but by knitting; they knit at public concerts, during their *kaffeeklatscherei*. You can not "shop" anywhere in Germany. A

person must know exactly what he wants, and ask for that, and meekly take what is offered. If you make the clerk show you two or three articles and you do not want them, you always buy some trifle, whether you need it or not; otherwise there may be a scene. The clerks are there to sell things, not to show you the possessions of their employer. Ladies afflicted with the shopping disease should be sent to Germany for cure.

Perhaps the most remarkable trait in the Berlineses and Prussian character is a wonderful national arrogance. A Roman beggar will wrap his ragged cloak about himself like a toga, strike his chest and haughtily say, "*Noi altri Romani!*" as if Augustus were still a factor in European politics; but the Italian respects other nations. A Frenchman never doubts that France is above the world, but he is even sensitive about the opinion of other countries. The Englishman is so absolutely certain that England belongs to another planet that he seldom gives the matter a thought, and he, therefore, does not annoy you. But the Prussian! The sun rises and sets in Prussia and for Prussia alone; the national motto, "*Gott mit Uns!*" is not a motto, but the verbal expression of a monopoly. This childishness seems to be universal even in the universities. The success of 1870 has turned their heads.... I do not believe these remarks are true of Germany in general, but they certainly fit Prussia very closely; and no one will admit the truth of this statement more quickly than a Saxon or a Bavarian.

All the men in Berlin that are not soldiers, government officials or students, seem to be policemen. This assertion may be recalled if any one object to it, but the name Berlin always suggests policemen and passports. The university-men are a privileged class in the sight of the police. If a student show his matriculation-card in an hour of tribulation, the police will not arrest him. They report him at the

University, unless the offence is grave. There are nearly seven thousand students in the University of Berlin, and the matriculation-cards are frequently used by the foxes. A fox—one just fresh from the gymnasium—is sometimes called a *student* to distinguish him from older men who do not spend their time in duelling and beer-drinking; the latter are called *studyers*, if the word may be used.

Mark Twain, in "A Tramp Abroad," gave the American people many highly-colored notions of the German university student. He tells us that the young German goes to the University merely to add lofty ornamental pinnacles to an education already monumental; but, *salva reverentia*, he was carried too far by his love for Germany. All German university students are men that have gone through the gymnasia, which are like our reputable colleges here; and these students are no better than our post-graduate men.

No boy beginning a university course is troubled with pinnacles on his knowledge, except in the imaginings of his own conceit. The mistake is made by comparing our so-called university students—lads doing gymnasium work—with the real university men that one meets at Heidelberg, Berlin, and elsewhere in Germany. A matter in which the Germans are far ahead of us is this, that they have common-sense enough not to permit a lad with merely a high school education, or with no education at all, to begin the study of medicine, law, and other branches of higher learning, as we do, to our disgrace. We put the roof, and often a poor shingled roof at that, directly upon the foundation, and then talk about our architecture. There are quacks and pettifoggers in Germany, but we have a hundred quacks for one that Germany has; and the law with us has almost ceased to be a learned profession.

It would be foolish to contend that

German educational methods are always good. In the early and advanced study of Latin and Greek literature, for instance, the Germans have degenerated into philologists; and we imitate them in many of our best colleges. One of the chief educational errors of our time is to mistake a mean for an end—the painter, sculptor, poet, and musician now work at technique to the neglect of the thought,—and that is what the Germans and their American imitators do when they dig Greek roots to the neglect of the greatest literature the world ever produced.

Oxford should be our model; for it is almost the only university that does true work in this line. In medicine the Germans waste time on studies remotely associated therewith (I speak here of the average student, not of the scientist), but we do not study the essential parts of medicine except in a handful of colleges. There are practical surgeons and physicians in America equal to the great men of Germany; but we have only a handful of thoroughly scientific physicians and surgeons, that break the ground for the practical man, that make the practical man possible, where Germany has hundreds.

The German and Austrian universities have three classes of teachers. In the highest grade is the Professor Ordinarius, and there are few who rise to this rank. He is paid by the government, and he is respected more than a United States Senator is respected in America. The Rector Magnificus is chosen from among the Professores Ordinarii, with the approbation of the Kaiser. In the second rank is the Professor Extraordinarius. He receives no pay, except small fees from students. If he is brilliant, he will have a large following, provided his subject-matter be not outside the beaten track—then he receives glory alone. In the lowest grade is the Privat-Dozent. He is often an assistant to some professor, or he may be independent.

The Privat-Dozent is paid by fees or by expectation.

Promotion is made after considering a man's merit and following—and, be it spoken softly, his influence. They call it his "protection" over there. The protection is usually Baroness Somebody or a Mrs. Professor Ordinarius. I am not so certain about the state of affairs in this respect in Berlin, but in Austria a Privat-Dozent or a Professor Extraordinarius might be very brilliant indeed, but if he is without "protection" he will never soar. I know of promotions made through influence in Berlin. Notwithstanding this evil, truly learned men advance because they deliberately seek "protection," knowing they have no other course. They spend their lives in the universities, toiling for nothing but fame and the delight of discovery; and they die content if at last Science fasten their name on a single *bacillus*, or if in some throng the sacred Kaiser smiles upon them in passing.

In place of our football battles and boat-races and Greek-letter societies, the Berlinese and other German students have the duel and the Kneipe, and occasionally a Fest-Kommers. There is also much indoor athletic work done by them. The Kneipe is an exercise in which a certain party of students, about once a week, chat, sing, and drink beer after an elaborate ceremonial. In a Fest-Kommers immense crowds of students often take part. The great Kommers is usually held to celebrate the jubilee year of a noted man's professorship. One in honor of Virchow took place a few years ago, in a vast hall of a brewery in Berlin, and there were more than five thousand students present. The place was decorated with evergreens and hundreds of flags and banners; and the galleries were thronged with ladies, faintly smiling through mists of tobacco smoke. At long pine tables below, the multitude of young men were busy in the early part of the evening buying beer checks from the

waiters. A single check represented the value of a pint of beer; and it saved trouble in making change, that might arise later in the night when the lights grew blurred. Ten checks were enough to begin with.

As a student approached a table upon entering the hall, he bowed after the German fashion; that is, he clicked his heels together, broke into two parts at the waist suddenly like a shutting carpenter's rule, and recovered. He then announced his name. The men near by muttered their own names in return, and the deep murmur of conversation was renewed. As a professor entered, the trumpeters sounded an alarm, the duelling corps smote the tables with the flat of their sabres, and the multitude arose.

The duelling corps were all in full uniform:—tiny embroidered tassel-caps set aslant rakishly on hair that was mathematically parted down the back of the scalp; braided velveteen jackets; gorgeous silken sashes; white breeches that fitted like a bottle-label; jack-boots bespurred ferociously; and basket-hilted sabres. The faces were all seamed with hideous scars. Their duelling is very brutal, and most of it is done in cold blood, just as our boys get up a boxing-match. Only the face is chopped. If you can stand the sickening details, you will find a very true account of these encounters in Mark Twain's book, "A Tramp Abroad." A Spanish bull-fight is far less disgusting; for, after all, in Spain they slash and rip a beast, and not a human being. Two or three students are killed almost every year in duels, and hundreds are disfigured for life in German universities. Two years ago William II. said: "Let the boys fight; it makes them manly!"

When a fighter with a reputation can not get any friendly challenges, he goes to a small Kommers—at the great Kommers the programmes always announce

that "challenges are invalid during this evening,"—and he induces some one to tread on the tail of his coat in this manner. Throughout Germany it is common to use the French expression "*Pardon!*" for "Excuse me!" instead of its German equivalent. The fire-eater jostles a fellow-student; this student heedlessly ejaculates, "*Pardon!*" The fire-eater bows and innocently asks, "Are you a Frenchman?" If you would fully appreciate the enormity of this insinuation, go down to Texas and ask a cowboy if he is a greaser, or ask a Virginian if he is a "nigger." Cards are exchanged instantly. When American students are challenged, they select revolvers, and that ends the affair in nearly every case.

To go back to the Virchow Kommers. The first toast, of course, was to the Kaiser. The sabres clashed, the multitude arose; some one shouted, "*Eins! zwei! drei!*" Five thousand pints of beer were uplifted and tasted; then down on the tables, with a thunderous crash, came all the glasses. Three times around in splashing circles the sea of beer was pushed; then up it surged, and five thousand pints of the foaming liquid was poured into the flower of the fatherland in one stupendous gurgle. At the resumption of respiration they shouted "*Hoch!*" This is drinking a Salamander. Then they chanted "*Heil, Kaiser, Dir!*"

Remember.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

"REMEMBER, man, thou art but dust,"—
 Ah! did we but remember,
 How dull were anger's poignant thrust,
 How short-lived its red ember!

"And unto dust thou shalt return."
 Did we the words but cherish,
 No erring heart our pride would spurn,
 No child of man would perish.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

VIII.—THE "SMELLING COMMITTEE."

ONE day I dropped in at the Home for the Aged, to find the old women in a state of great excitement. Certain ladies of the city, members of the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Worthy Poor, had become possessed of the idea that they had a mission to investigate the workings of various charitable institutions, notably Catholic orphan asylums and similar refuges. They had chosen this day—a very inclement one—for their visit to the Little Sisters; and the good Mother had sent word from the parlor, where she had received them, that they would presently make their appearance in the sewing-room, where most of the old women were already assembled.

I must confess that I shared their indignation at the news; and, in order to be an unobserved witness of what would occur—as I had no doubt the proceedings would be of interest,—I took my station at the farthest corner of the room, where "little Miss Powers," as she was familiarly called, made room for me beside her. She was a small, slight, delicate creature, of great personal neatness, a favorite with all who knew her.

In the midst of the voluble chatter of the old women the door opened, and the good Mother stood on the threshold, making way for a bevy of so-called ladies, who at once took up their station in the centre of the room, where seats had been provided. Four sat down quietly, taking no part in the subsequent proceedings,—the burthen of which devolved on two, who had no doubt been chosen to conduct the "investigation." One of these was small, dark and thin, with a length of nasal appendage that suggested inquisitiveness carried to the verge of impertinence; the

other, tall and distinguished in appearance, with wavy iron-grey hair, and a profusion and splendor of lace and black satin which betokened an unlimited purse, if not the most excellent taste. I saw my little friend, Miss Powers, cast one swift, startled glance on this personage, while her delicate face flushed pink; and I wondered much at the suddenness with which she unfastened her neat blue check apron, throwing it over her head with the edge falling well down over her face, so as almost to hide it. Then she went quietly on with her work, not taking any part in the excitement that began to manifest itself among the others.

We heard the good Mother say—I fancied in a slightly amused tone, though the flush on *her* cheek was also a little more vivid than usual:

“I think you will find, Madam, that they are all happy. At least you have only to ask them.”

“Bad cess to thim for a Smelling Committee!” said one old woman, in a loud whisper. “Bad cess to thim for meddlesome busy-bodies! I’d like to have a pot of scalding water to throw down upon thim from the gallery.”

“Sh! sh!” added another. “The good Mother will hear you, and she’ll be very angry,—you know she told us not to mind thim when they come.”

“What do you mean by the Smelling Committee?” I asked, endeavoring to control an inclination to laughter.

“’Twas in the papers, ma’am. Didn’t you hear of it? Sure Father tould the good Mother of it. ’Tis some busy-bodies of idle women that has nothing to do but put their noses in other people’s affairs. ’Twas Nellie Regan beyant that gave thim the name of the Smelling Committee, and right well it suits thim. They do be going round investigating on their own hook to see are we well treated here,—we and the orphans, ma’am, and the poor

souls in the St. Francis’ Hospitals,—in the free wards, I mane. You see, they have thimselves out for the philanthroping of humanity, ma’am, or some such business,—whatever it manes.”

I could not help smiling, while the other old woman added:

“Whist! whist! The one with the big nose and the black lace bugles is going to spake.”

Looking toward the visitors, I saw that the much-adorned woman was waving her black-gloved hand. A silence fell upon the room, which had been filled with the buzz of indignant whispering voices.

“My good women,” said their would-be benefactor, “I am your friend,—I am the friend of all who are poor and oppressed. I have devoted not only my life, but the greater part of a large fortune—left me by my husband, the late James T. Billinghamst, the well-known philanthropist—to the amelioration of the poor and oppressed. Poor you are,—that is evident; but I trust you are not oppressed.” A pause followed. She looked about her, turning her plumed head slowly from side to side. No one spoke. “I repeat, I trust that you are not oppressed,—neither coerced nor oppressed.”

Then ensued some whispering among the groups, after which a smart little woman stood on her feet and said:

“Poor we are, ma’am, and *very* poor; if we weren’t we wouldn’t be in it, but on our own fures. But as for thim other words you drew down to us, I misdoubt if many of us know the maning of thim. But, ma’am, if they’re in the way of any complaint agin the Little Sisters, nayther one nor the other fits us.”

A murmur of approbation followed this declaration. The lady bowed from right to left, and exchanged a few words with her companion, who stepped briskly to the front, and said:

“By the permission of my friend, Mrs.

Billinghast, who entertains what I consider a mistaken delicacy about coming directly and bluntly to the point, I would ask you, my good creatures, in plain English: Are you happy in this place?"

A loud chorus of voices responded:

"We are! We are!"

"Are you well fed?"

"We are. Do we look starved? Shame on ye for pretended ladies!" came from different quarters of the room.

"Have you sufficient covering on your beds in the inclement season?"

"To be sure we have."—"It's too warm we are intirely."—"Ach! ach! the insult!"—"Have a care, ma'am, or you'll be warmer than you'd like yourself directly."—"Put 'em out, good Mother! put 'em out!" followed this interrogation.

The good Mother raised a warning finger, as she remarked:

"The motives of these ladies are probably good. I beg that you will not misunderstand them, but answer all questions they may put as truthfully as you can."

Another murmur of disapprobation came from the old women, with much shaking of heads.

Gently pushing her companion behind her at this juncture, the affable Mrs. Billinghast again stepped forward. Turning to the good Mother, she said:

"While I do not wish to insinuate that these poor people are intimidated or frightened by your presence, I would suggest that, in the spirit of fairness and equity, you retire to another apartment while we question them further."

"I doubt if it would be wise," replied the good Mother, a quiet smile on her lips and mirth fairly dancing in her bright black Breton eyes. "But if you wish it, I will go."

Meanwhile a bent, shrivelled little woman had been edging her way to the front, urged by the nudges of those behind her, and encouraged by the smiles and nods of her friends on either aisle. She

reached the good Mother's side just as she was replying to the suggestion already mentioned.

"And what is it she asks ye do, good Mother?" inquired the old woman, who rejoiced in the name of Alley Fogarty.

"The lady thinks you would answer her questions more freely if I were to go out," was the reply.

"'Tis frightened of her they thought maybe we'd be," said another, who had been standing well up to the front.

At this a loud murmur, amounting almost to a wail, burst from the inmates, who were now crowding closer together, all anxious to see and hear.

"Go out, Mother darlint!" said Alley Fogarty. "Go, *asthore!* Sure they won't hurt us,—they mane well."

"Do, good Mother," said another old woman, who had followed Alley from the rear. Her name was Betty Mullen. They were the two oldest inmates of the Home, and had been with the Little Sisters since its foundation.

"Yes, oblige thim; do!"—"Be polite to the ladies, and lave yer own rooms when they ask ye."—"Take a turn in the garden, good Mother; 'twill refresh ye," resounded on all sides. One would almost think they spoke by a concerted plan, so unanimous seemed to be their wish that the good Mother should comply with the request of the visitors.

Scarcely able to repress the laughter which arose to her lips, the good Mother hesitated no longer, but quietly opened the door and left the room.

For a moment there was silence, save for the whispered conference of the two visitors. Finally Mrs. Billinghast faced about, saying:

"I understand there are several Protestants here. Let such persons, if there be any, stand up."

They did as requested, to the number of ten.

"Why, my misguided friends," she con-

tinued, "have you sought this institution in preference to one where you would have the privilege of reading the Gospel and of hearing the truths of religion instead of the falsehoods of superstition?"

A woman quietly replied:

"I can say for myself, ma'am, that I came here because it was the only place open to me."

"There is the Widows' Home," said the hench-woman of Mrs. Billinghamst.

"A sum of money which I did not have was required for entrance there, ma'am."

"That was my case exactly," observed another of the Protestant group. "There is too much red tape about Protestant Homes for me."

The visitors seemed nonplussed. However, after another brief and (for them at least) somewhat embarrassing silence, Mrs. Billinghamst continued:

"I understand that you are obliged to drink tea and coffee made from the refuse of the hotels. Is such the case?"

"We're not required to drink ayther, ma'am, unless we like it. We can have hot or cold water instead," answered the smart little woman mentioned in the beginning of the recital.

"But *do* you like it, and *can* you drink it?" inquired the visitor, in a compassionate tone.

"'Tis better than many of us had before we came in it," was the reply. "Coffee and tay don't be rising up out of the ground, ma'am; and if the Sisters isn't above gathering it for us, we shouldn't be above drinking it, and we're not."

Loud murmurs of approbation, with several uneasy "Ahems!" from the visitors, who began to look about, not without apprehension, as the circle of old women gradually closed around them.

At this moment Alley Fogarty stepped forward, holding her friend Betty by the hand. Each dropped a curtsy.

"Do you spake for us, Alley," said the other.

"I will," answered Alley, with great self-possession. "'Tis I that am aigual to 'em, thanks be to God!" Then, with all the strength of her old, tremulous voice, she continued, addressing herself to the Committee:

"Ladies—for by yer clothes ye should be ladies, but by yer manners there's no telling what,—I am eighty past, and this ould woman by me is turning eighty-three. We're in the Home from sixty up, a hundred poor ould men and women. Some of us left our kin when we were young, and we lost track of thim, and they of us. Some of us were bereaved by death. Some of us had ungrateful childher, that left us in our ould age; and some of us never had any childher to be a stab to our hearts. Most of us came here clane and dacint and panceable, and had seen better days; a few of us never knew a good home till we came to it. Some of us come with warm clothing and comfortable feather-beds; some of us had no clothing to cover us but what we had on our backs. But the good Little Sisters welcome all alike. Thim that's covered with vermin they wash with their own hands and give thim clane clothes; thim that's naked they cover. Me and the ould woman beside me know—they all know it, but we're the ouldest and we're in it the longest—that if it weren't for the Little Sisters, the most of us would be in the pickling vats of the medical colleges long ago; for that's where they lave the poor and friendless that die in the hospitals of ould age, or in dirty tenement houses of neglect and starvation. And there's many a good man and woman took to the drink from poverty and sickness in their latter days; and there's many a one cured and saved from that same evil by coming here. 'Tisn't friends they are to us, but good, kind fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers tin times over. D'ye see, ma'am? D'ye understand?"

"Whist, Betty! Ye're disgracing me," she added, sharply, turning to her companion, who began to whimper audibly. "Sit down, Betty,—sit down, ye poor ould crature! 'Tis too much for ye."

Gently placing Betty on a bench, she turned once more to her audience, who seemed to have lost the power of speech; and this time she shook her fist in the faces of the discomfited Committee, as she cried, in tones of fiercest scorn:

"Ladies ye calls yerselves, do ye? Ah! 'twas an idle and a foolish hour for ye when ye set out to throw mud on the Little Sisters of God's poor, with yer investigations and yer insults. 'Tis well for ye ye're where ye are, and that we all know our duty to thim that shelter us, in the way of not maltrating the stranger; for if it weren't for that same, I'm loath to say what reward ye'd get for yer pains. But we respect the Sisters, and we'll let ye go paceable and quiet, *if ye'll go widout any more talking*. Thim that called ye the Smelling Committee named ye well, and I'm thinking the scent of ye won't lave this place before a month of Sundays. And I'll warn ye, *ladies*," she added, as they silently filed past her, with their noses well up in air and a tremulous scorn on their lips,—“I'll warn ye that, aisy as ye had it here, ye mightn't find it so aisy in the men's quarters, if ye're thinking of calling in. 'Tis few words they'd spake to ye, but—”

Then, as the door opened, and the crest-fallen Committee, looking neither to the right nor the left, passed into the corridor, there arose as by one accord from sixty throats, withered, trembling though they were, a “Hurrah for the Little Sisters!” that made the stout walls ring again.

THE path of success is closed to us only that we may find opening before us the path of heroism, of moral greatness, and resignation.—*Amiel's Journal*.

Notes on “The Imitation.”

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XVI.

FOR favors, spiritual and temporal, there is but little gratitude shown to God. Everyone without exception enjoys these favors—health, comforts, money, prosperity—either together or in part. Few are thankful. Our author gives excellent advice on this point. “Be grateful for the least, and thou shalt be worthy to receive greater things. Let the least be to thee as something great, and the most contemptible as a special favor.” Thus mere decency, as well as policy, dictates appreciation. Further: “If thou consider the dignity of the Giver, no gift will seem too little or too mean for thee.” And why? “For that is not little which is given by the Most High God. This is a fine sentiment. As I have said, there is an air of novelty in our author's manner of putting things. And he adds: “Yea, though God give punishment and stripes, it ought to be acceptable. For whatever He suffereth to befall us, He always doth it for our salvation.” Thus in all cases He is our Benefactor.

XVII.

Our author is nothing if not practical. He puts everything down “in black and white,” as it is said. He cares little for words, speeches, and feelings: *doing* is what he enjoins, and he shows clearly what to do. It is easy, for instance, to say: “Detach yourself from earthly things; despise the world; employ yourself with heavenly matters.” He supplies a plain programme. How interesting his theory of perfect “freedom,” which he so often insists upon! The popular notion of freedom is lack of restraint—freedom to follow one's desires; but “inward freedom,” as he calls it, is a different thing. It consists in being “master of

thyself—that all things be under thee, and not thou under them”; being thus “transferred to the lot and liberty of the sons of God, who stand above things present, and contemplate the eternal; who with the left eye regard things passing, and with the right those of heaven; whom things temporal draw not away to adhere to them, but they rather draw these things to subserve aright the end for which they were ordained by God, and appointed by that sovereign Artist.”

This surely is fine, inspiriting language. And granting that we have not strength or inclination for this high flight, we can do this at the least: we can be wary and careful not to depend “upon things as they seem outwardly, nor with a carnal eye things seen and heard. But if on every occasion thou enterest, like Moses, into the tabernacle to consult the Lord, thou shalt *sometimes* hear the divine answer,—shalt return instructed about many things present and future.”

Here we have every step and conjuncture marked in the most practical fashion. Note even the caution implied in the word *sometimes*; for he will not engage that there will *always* be a response when we appeal for enlightenment to the Most High.

(To be continued.)

Our Brothers in Black.

THE Annual Report of mission work among the Negroes is by no means gratifying reading. In the twenty-three dioceses from which reports are made, the proportion of colored Catholics to the Negro population is as one to fifty; while the proportion of white Catholics to the whole population of the United States is as one to ten.

The deplorable discrepancy between these figures is explained by the fewness of white Catholics in the South, and their

inability to contribute to the support of schools for their colored brethren; by the fact that the wealthy Catholics in the North do not realize the deplorable condition of Negroes in the South; by the improvidence of the colored race; by the energetic and well-supported propaganda of Protestantism; and, forsooth! by the opposition of some Catholic whites. As regards this last “reason,” after making due allowance for the prejudices and the real or fancied grievances of the dominant race, it must simply be said that a Catholic who would not do all in his power to promote the spread of religious truth among the Negroes has yet to learn the first lesson of his faith. Still Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, writes: “At Pocahontas the white Catholics opposed the school, and threatened to remove their children from the convent, if Sisters of the same Order should teach colored children.”

However, far more disheartening than the hostility of these “Catholics,” who are, happily, not numerous, is the dearth of pecuniary resources as compared with those of Protestants. The sects spare no money to erect schools everywhere for “our brothers in black.” The Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans says that “this is done to draw our colored Catholic children and young men and women to them. And since we can not give them such advantages, and in some localities none at all, many, alas! are drawn to the schools and churches, much to the detriment of their faith. There they learn Protestant hymns and doctrines, and hear the Church maligned and slandered. Protestants make no effort to pervert our white Catholics, however ignorant they may be; but all their efforts are directed toward the colored Catholics. Our prospects are not very hopeful: the resources in hand are in nowise adequate to counteract these systematic efforts against us.... In the city of New Orleans alone there are three universities for colored people, built at

enormous expense by Protestant denominations of the North, and by them supported. From these institutions go forth the colored preachers and teachers. Many of our Catholic colored children go there to acquire a higher education and to prepare themselves for some profession. They are there indoctrinated with a false religion, and with prejudices against the Church; so when they go out they acquire, by their better secular education, an influence over their race to the detriment of the Church."

The strength and quality of the "prejudices" herein referred to may be inferred from other words of Bishop Fitzgerald: "The anti-Catholic prejudice of the Negroes seems invincible; and their preachers, white and black, leave no stone unturned to vilify and misrepresent Catholic doctrine and practices. The colored people are seriously taught that Catholics wish to re-enslave them, and that Catholic schools are only a trap for the unwary."

This dark cloud, however, is not without its silver lining. One or two bishops write in a hopeful strain, and many good priests and lay-folk are sincerely devoted to the Negroes. Some have already given generously of their wealth and their energies; and through their efforts 8,811 colored children have already been placed in Catholic schools. The great need is for money to continue and perfect their work. There are not many ways in which wealth aids to sanctification, but whoever helps toward letting the light into these darkened minds is surely credited with that charity which covereth a multitude of sins.

THY will be done; forever and ever, O Lord, without *if* or *but*!—*St. Jane Frances de Chantal.*

NEITHER should a ship rely on one small anchor, nor should life rest on a single hope.—*Epictetus.*

Corot and Millet.

THE Venetian artist, M. Ziem, tells the following good story concerning the brother of M. Casimir-Périer, ex-President of France:

M. Périer, who had had constant business connection with the painter Corot, visited that artist one day in 1875, when the finishing strokes were being given to "Biblis" (a picture representing wood-nymphs at sunset). Enchanted with this work, in which the poetry of the subject vied with the execution of the artist, Périer desired to become its owner.

"I will let you have the picture on one condition," said Corot; "and that is, that you will pay my friend Millet's butcher and baker bills."

"Agreed!" exclaimed Périer, not a little surprised at what he considered the cheapness of his bargain.

Setting out forthwith for Chailly, he demanded of butcher and baker the statement of Millet's indebtedness. Both bills were for many hundred francs. The accounts had been growing for years.

M. Périer paid without a murmur. His Corot had cost him a large sum. The picture would bring three times the amount at present, but during the artist's lifetime its highest value was not more than three hundred dollars.

THERE are those who are so thoughtless, so blind, so grovelling as to think that we can make Mary our friend and advocate, though we go to her without contrition at heart, without even the wish for true repentance and resolution to amend. As if Mary could hate sin less, and love sinners more, than Our Lord does! No: she feels a sympathy for those only who wish to *leave* their sins; else how should she be without sin herself?—*Cardinal Newman.*

Notes and Remarks.

Scenes of lawlessness such as were recently enacted in a Southern city, on occasion of the visit of a renegade priest and a creature claiming to be his wife, bring disgrace upon religion, and must be condemned by all law-abiding citizens, irrespective of religious belief. Those unfortunate ex-priests and ex-nuns are sure to come to grief in the end, and it is the height of folly to oppose them in their brief career of infamy. If the harm they do to religion were immeasurably greater than it is, the Church could withstand it. But, while we counsel patience and forbearance on the part of Catholics whose feelings are so grossly outraged by these defamers, we do not say that their doings and those of their abettors should be wholly ignored. If, as often happens, they are engaged in the circulation of immoral literature, they can be prosecuted. It will be of advantage also to announce the intention of learning who attend the so-called lectures and lend their support to revilers of the Catholic Church. But violence, besides being sinful and scandalous, is to no purpose. There are harmless ways, which may be left to boys, of expressing disapproval of public vilification. Many a ranter has been egged on to conclude his discourse and hasten his departure by such little marks of attention, more than by violent measures.

One of our Roman exchanges, THE "AVE MARIA," never comes to the editor's desk unwelcome; for it is always bright and fresh, and often has a kind word (with a bit of spice now and then tossed in to give savor) for us Anglicans. True, we can not always agree with what THE "AVE MARIA" teaches; but let that go—until we shall take it up again.—*The Holy Cross Magazine.*

It is gratifying, of course, to know that THE "AVE MARIA" finds favor with our Anglican namesakes; but, as they can not wholly agree with our religious teaching, we wonder that they do not feel bound in conscience to point out wherein we err, and try to convert us to Anglicanism. We find it strange that of all our friends among the Anglican clergy, none has ever attempted this, though we have done our best to convince them that the kingdom of God on earth can

not possibly be divided against itself; that truth can only be where there is unity; and we have secured many fervent prayers for them that they may have grace to see and strength to follow at any cost the Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.

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The Holy Cross Magazine seems to think that in a recent article of ours too great power was ascribed to the Blessed Virgin. We have not as yet been able to find the passage of St. Bernard paraphrased in the article; however, we can assure our friends that there are many similar ones in his writings, and in those of other Doctors of the Church. All power is of God. Mary is a creature; though, as St. Ephrem says, "raised above everything that is not God." Her will being perfectly conformable to that of her Divine Son, she can not ask anything that He is not disposed to grant; and, because He is all-powerful, no petition of hers can possibly fail of accomplishment. In a true sense, then, is the Blessed Virgin said to be "omnipotent interceding."

We have no fear, dear Fathers of the Order of the Holy Cross, of honoring too much her whom God Himself honored so highly. The power of the Queen of Heaven must be proportionate to her dignity.

It must be a gratification to Father Elliot and his *confrères* of the Paulist community to note how generally and with what happy results the idea of missions to non-Catholics has been taken up. He has invented a new and most effective manoeuvre for the army of Christ. In the diocese of Cleveland these missions are to be a permanent feature of diocesan work. Prelates of other dioceses have also favored the plan; and we hear that Bishop Haid, of South Carolina, personally conducted a successful mission to non-Catholics a few weeks ago. In England this method of missionary effort bids fair to become as popular as in America, the Franciscan Fathers being especially interested in it. And it is astonishing how closely the questions found in the query-box resemble those asked of Father Elliot in our own country. Such questions as "Why do Catho-

lics make the Sign of the Cross?" show the sort of difficulties that perplex these simple but earnest inquirers. O that truth should be hid from these multitudes by so thin a veil! O for more shepherds to go after the sheep that are strayed!

In referring, some months ago, to the seventh centenary of the birth of St. Anthony of Padua, we incidentally commended the charitable project which, under the name of "St. Anthony's Bread," was effecting unmeasured good among the poorer classes in France. Recent French exchanges bear testimony to the wonderful spread, especially during the past two years, of devotion to St. Anthony, and of the practical imitation of his two great virtues, personal mortification and charity to his neighbor. That this devotion serves as a link binding together the rich and the poor is becoming daily more and more manifest. St. Anthony obtains for the rich abundant favors, spiritual and temporal,—but only on condition that they succor the indigent and distressed; and he procures for the poor who invoke him the aid of the wealthy, and providential blessings. L'Abbé Garnier declares that "the recourse of the faithful to St. Anthony of Padua has been followed by signal graces, by veritable miracles. This means of timely assistance was 'brusquely' revealed, and has been propagated with unparalleled rapidity throughout the Catholic world; and this diffusion is, humanly speaking, quite inexplicable."

Several years ago the "honor bright" Bob Ingersoll, rhetorical revamper of old-time agnostic doctrines, complacently included in a list of eminent infidels no less distinguished a person than Abraham Lincoln. His statement was not allowed to pass unchallenged; it evoked, in fact, a very storm of indignant protests from all parts of the Union. The most effective reply to the calumny that we have seen, however, is furnished in the following story, told by Gen. Daniel E. Sickles at the Loyal Legion Banquet held in Washington on the recent Lincoln anniversary:

"It was on the 5th day of July, 1863, that I was brought to Washington on a stretcher from the field

of Gettysburg. Hearing of my arrival, President Lincoln came to my room and sat down by my bedside. He asked about the great battle, and when I told him of the terrible slaughter the tears streamed from his eyes. I asked him if he had doubted the result. He said: 'No.' Then he added: 'This may seem strange to you, but a few days ago, when the opposing armies were converging, I felt as never before my utter helplessness in the great crisis that was to come upon the country. Then I knelt down and prayed as I had never prayed before. I told God that He had called me to this position; that I had done all that I could do, and that the result now was in His hands; that I felt my own weakness and lack of power, and that I knew that if the country was to be saved it was because He so willed it. When I went down from my room the burden seemed to have rolled off my shoulders; my intense anxiety was relieved, and in its place came a great sense of trustfulness; and that was why I did not doubt the result at Gettysburg.'

'Tis a great pity that Ingersoll and kindred scoffers at the religious element in our national character can not be inoculated with the virus of such infidelity as is here exemplified; and that more of our statesmen do not in critical periods seek help and strength from the same Source as did the kind-hearted, rugged-natured, and essentially Christian-spirited Lincoln.

The Society of Jesus has suffered another irreparable loss by the death of the venerable Father Joseph Stevenson, one of the most eminent historical workers of the century in England. He was in his eighty-ninth year, and his life was as fruitful and laborious as it was long. Born in Protestantism, he became an Anglican vicar in 1849; and fourteen years later, after much hard study and deliberation, he entered the one true Fold. He was then in the midst of that historical revival which opened up the authentic records of the Tudor period, and caused most thoughtful Englishmen to reverse their judgments of the Church and the "Reformation." During these years of mental trial, however, he did not give up his studies in the archives of the British Museum; and his unselfish character and zeal for the spread of historical knowledge are shown by the fact that he spontaneously turned over to a fellow-historian, Dr. Brewer, the notes collected from innumerable manuscripts in England and on

the Continent, though he had labored upon them for a quarter of a century with the intention of publishing them himself. Father Stevenson entered the Jesuit Novitiate at the age of seventy-one; and not only did he rigorously observe the discipline there, but he continued it unswervingly to the end. He published much and edited more; but his chief efforts were spent for the vindication of Mary Queen of Scots; and, curiously enough, he died on the anniversary of her execution. May he rest in peace!

Statistics recently published concerning the great Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, Paris, are of a nature to gratify all lovers of the Adorable Heart of Jesus. Within the past decade the number of pilgrimages to the Basilica has increased from two hundred to three hundred and fifty-five per year. The nocturnal adorers numbered 7,000 in 1893; and in 1894, 11,000. Six years ago the register of Masses showed 4,865; last year the same register disclosed 8,659. Nearly 100,000 Holy Communions were administered last year. One hundred and nine bishops have approved the perpetual and solemn adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament; thirty dioceses have had their churches affiliated to the Basilica, and religious communities of men and women are constantly joining the great association which, in proffering constant homage to our Divine Lord, is certainly best caring for the true welfare of France.

Mr. Max Müller recently told the readers of a secular magazine why he is not an agnostic. His philosophy is a trifle peculiar, and leads him after many strange gods; but he has a large and learned following in England and in our own country. It is good, therefore, that he denounces the present regrettable tendency to confound knowledge with physical science, and to refuse allegiance to any truth which can not be demonstrated by a scalpel or tested by microscopic analysis. "I can not avow myself an agnostic," observes Mr. Müller, "because I hold that the human mind in its

highest functions is not confined to a knowledge of phenomena only." And again:

"In one sense, I hope I am, and always have been, an agnostic; that is, in relying on **nothing** but historical facts, and in following reason as far as it will take us in matters of the intellect, and in never pretending that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable. This attitude of the mind has always been recognized as the *conditio sine qua non* of all philosophy. If, in future, it is to be called agnosticism, then I am a true agnostic; but if agnosticism excludes a recognition of an eternal reason pervading the natural and the moral world, if to postulate a rational cause for a rational universe is called gnosticism, then I am a gnostic."

Thus saith Max Müller; and, eccentric though his teaching be, we may hope that this one orthodox doctrine may have influence with those by whom the voice of the Church is not heard.

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. Herman C. Ferneding, rector of St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, who departed this life on the 22d ult.

Sister Mary Magdalen, of the Sisters of St. Francis, Philadelphia; Sister Mary Ursula, Presentation Convent, San Francisco; Sister Aloyse, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; and Mother Mary Evangelist, Presentation Convent, Millstreet, Ireland.

Mr. H. J. Thomas, who died a holy death on the 8th ult., in Philadelphia.

Miss Elizabeth Lamb, of the same city, who passed away on the 13th ult.

Mrs. F. P. Lockingen, whose happy death took place on the 10th of January, at Fall River, Mass.

Mr. William McRae, of Thorah, Ont.; Mrs. John Norton and Mrs. Anna Cosgrove, New Brunswick, N. J.; Miss Catherine Mooney, Buffalo, N. Y.; Patrick Cranny, Charlotte, Iowa; Mrs. Thomas Burns, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Patrick Comerford, Somerville, Mass.; Mrs. Mary J. Stafford, Alameda, Cal.; Mrs. Henry M. Murphy, New York, N. Y.; James Collins, John Gates, Robert F. Gilmer, Patrick McCarthy, Thomas Green, Owen Bulger, Patrick Bulger, Patrick Clancey, Patrick H. Lyons, Misses Margaret F. Healey, Elizabeth Horan, Catherine Dugan, Norah and Mary Sullivan, Bridget Fitzgibbons, Agnes Berry, Margaret Clowrey, Mrs. Mary Walsh, Mrs. Catherine Clarke, and Mrs. Mary Mealea,—all of Albany, N. Y.

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



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

A Forgotten Hero.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.



HERE is not in the world a king or queen who is more careful to maintain discipline than Queen Victoria of England. Yet once, when she was much younger, she actually rewarded one of the officers in her army for disobeying orders! It is hard to believe, I agree with you; but it is true. Young Lieutenant—we will call him Lieutenant Clare,—a gallant Irishman, was offered his choice between the Victoria Cross or a high place in the government engineering department, after he had been guilty of that most flagrant violation of discipline—disobedience in the presence of the enemy.

It was during the great Sikh war in 1847, and a battle was impending. You could feel it in the air and see it written on the stern faces of the waiting men. And in number the savage natives were to the Englishmen as forty to one. Usually this means a massacre—the swift wiping out of the smaller army. But it was to mean something else this time.

Sir Hugh Rose commanded the Europeans, and well he knew his duty and realized the danger. Neither army was anxious to make the first advance,—the natives hesitating, in order to discover the strength of their enemy; the English hoping for reinforcements. During this interval a white Arab charger was seen to emerge from the Sikh lines and gallop

toward the European encampment. On his back was Golab Sing, the famous cavalry leader, holding in his hands a lance, from the top of which waved a white cloth as a flag of truce. Up toward the British lines he madly and fearlessly rode—tall, soldierly and fierce,—protected by that bit of floating linen. Then he made known his errand. He had come to fight with any member of the British army, the weapons to be swords, and the condition was this: that the entire army to which the defeated one belonged should surrender to the other. Of course this insulting challenge was promptly declined; but the Sikh did not seem to hear or understand the negative response, and rode up and down before the ranks of the English army, knowing that no taunt of his would be resented so long as the white flag waved.

At last he grew downright angry with the calmness of the Europeans, and called out: "Is there not a dog of a Christian among all you cowards who dares to cross swords with me?" Many turned pale with rage at these words; but, such is the power of discipline in a well-drilled army, no one stepped forward to avenge the insult. Finally the Sikh turned the head of his horse and spat upon the ground. "I would spit upon your Christian carcasses like that," he screamed, "if one of you had the courage to face me!"

As the last word left his lips a horse and rider were seen to fly toward him with the speed of the wind. The horse was a large bay charger, well used to war; the rider Lieutenant Clare, of the Flying Horse Artillery of Bengal. Straight went

the great horse toward the dark-skinned challenger, and, almost before they knew it, the white horse of Golab Sing and Sing himself were rolling in the dust. This sudden vengeance taken, Lieutenant Clare went quietly back to his place; and the Sikh, limping a little, got on his Arab steed as well as he could, and rode back with all speed to his companions.

As for the English troopers, for a moment they were paralyzed. So great a breach of discipline was a thing unheard of in their command. But admiration for a heroic act triumphed, and in a moment the "hearts of oak" of the British soldiers were given vent, and such cheers rang from the throats of those homesick and brave fellows that the enemy, hearing them, felt that their doom was sealed.

The young Irishman who had obeyed the call of impulse instead of that of his commander was one of a well-known family from the west of Ireland. His kindred had all been warriors bold, and the blood in his veins was that of heroes. In person he was erect and distinguished, and in times of peace he was as gentle and sweet-tempered as he was brave in war. He expected to pay for his disobedience, and was not surprised or disconcerted when Sir Hugh ordered him under arrest.

The Sikhs were goaded to desperation by the fate that overtook the valiant cavalry man who had left them in so gay a mood, and, after having bitten the dust, had returned to them humbled and crestfallen. They made the first hostile advances, and in an hour the battle began.

For a while everything seemed to be in favor of the Sikhs. They would make charges with their splendid cavalry that caused the ranks of the English to waver, while many a brave lad gave up his life. But the Bengal Horse Artillery suffered most of all. As soon as a gunner attempted to man the guns he was swept off by the sharpshooters from the black regiments. At last one battery had

lost all its officers, and was about to become the property of the shouting Sikhs, when our Lieutenant's tall form again appeared. He forgot, or did not care, that he was under arrest, took command of the battery, ordered its removal to another position, and inspired the men with such new spirit and daring that again and again they drove back the assailants. Again and again the enraged Sikhs renewed the charge and were repulsed. Lieutenant Clare's brave soldiers were strewing the ground about him, and he walked in the blood of the dying. The few men who yet lived were exhausted and reeling. Seeing this, Lieutenant Clare sprang from his horse, threw off his embroidered coat and took his place at one of the guns; and never, since history began, was there braver fighting than that of those tired men.

That night the moon rose upon an awful spectacle of carnage, but there was another Christian victory on record. As for Lieutenant Clare, he had put on his embroidered coat once more and quietly returned to the guard-house, or whatever answered for one.

His trial began soon after, and was long and tedious. The prisoner did not seem to take very much interest in it, and when permitted to testify in his own behalf only said: "Under similar circumstances I would do the same again." Then the president of the court-martial asked him: "Why did you take command of your battery when under arrest?" And he replied: "Because I considered that my duty. I thought only of the honor of our flag. The battery had lost its officers and was about to be captured. I would have suffered a hundred deaths to save it. I had sworn to defend our flag from dishonor, and would repeat the act if I had the chance."

The Lieutenant was promptly found guilty and sentenced to be shot. He had expected such a sentence, and received it with his usual calm indifference. But

when the verdict was made known there was such a wild storm of indignation that its murmurs reached the ears of Queen Victoria, who pardoned Lieutenant Clare and then promoted him. In the government engineering department, a place which he chose instead of the Victoria Cross, he remained until the hot sun of India burned away his young life. He is buried in India, and, judging from the scant praise vouchsafed him, is forgotten by his countrymen.

Even the true name of this brave man is withheld from the public at the request of his son, who has inherited the family pride, and who, after misfortunes without number, is said to be living in Florida in great destitution.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VI.—A TALK.

After dinner, which was on a colossal scale, and during which Baby Maguire endeavored to excel his friends in "table manners," Guy and Faky and Jack made a group near the window and exchanged confidences, while Thomas Jefferson was so delighted with Uncle Mike's business that he went downstairs to assist him.

Baby Maguire went into a corner to indulge in his favorite occupation of "sulking." He had been laughed at, and this was the one thing that Baby could not endure. During the dinner, the boys had behaved in a manner which would have pleased the cook, though their mother might have found it rather oppressive. They sat bolt-upright; they passed every plate sent to them by Uncle Mike until it reached him again. Nobody would take anything to eat until he had been asked three times. Aunt Mary—it is very hard to keep from calling her Mrs. McCrossin—

was delighted. Uncle Mike, after he had cordially said, "Don't be bashful," found the proceedings strangely ceremonious.

But Baby Maguire longed to do something that would set him above the rest. And so when the fried chickens were brought to the table—Aunt Mary had thoughtfully provided a drumstick for each boy,—and the guests took the legs of the fowls very elegantly in their right hands, wrapping the end of the bone carefully with their napkins, and proceeded to eat, with the consciousness of having done more than their duty, Uncle Mike was much impressed. The drumstick of a fowl carved on the plate would have been a delusion to his guests, and he knew it. It would have been like an orange given to a boy with a command that he should not suck it; or like an apple presented with the understanding that it must be peeled. Baby, in order to distinguish himself, had slowly taken his handkerchief from his pocket and wrapped it about the end of the drumstick. He looked around him with an air of conscious virtue, and remarked:

"I never soil *my* napkin."

Faky Dillon forgot his good manners and laughed; even Guy joined in the laughter in spite of himself. Aunt Mary, however, was offended.

"I am not so careful of my napkins, dear," she said. "I want them to be used. There's plenty where they came from."

At this the boys laughed again—all except Guy, who would have consoled Baby Maguire if he could. But when Baby went into a corner and refused to return to the table, Aunt Mary said that the best cure for sulks was "let alone."

Uncle Mike complimented the boys on their manners; although Faky had forgotten them for a moment, and tried to bite a large crescent from his piece of lemon pie. Fortunately, Jack jogged his elbow in time; and he dropped the pie to his plate, his eyes flashing fire.

"What are you punching me for?" he demanded, in a whisper. He realized his position in a moment, and took to his fork.

"Yes," Thomas Jefferson said, modestly, in answer to Uncle Mike's compliments, "we are taught—I mean taught—no, taught—a great many things. Mother scolds us often about our manners, and cook tells us things. Cook was born in one of the best families in Ireland, and she lived three weeks in Boston; she knows things, and she keeps us up to the mark, you bet—I mean you may presume. When Rebecca came to us first, the cook took a great deal of trouble with her. Rebecca used to say 'Laws-a-mussy!' in such a funny way. Cook wouldn't hear of it; she said it was almost like swearing, and she made Rebecca say 'Law sakes!'"

"The cook," said Aunt Mary, "is a knowledgeable woman. Now, boys, amuse yourselves while I clean off the table."

Guy had so disposed the flowers in his window that they made almost a bower.

"You can't be lonely while you have flowers around you," said Guy. "They seem to me as if they could speak. Our priest told me the other day that he was glad I love flowers. He said that St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi wrote that God especially loves those who love flowers."

"They are pretty," said Faky; "but you can't get much fun out of them. I like things you can use. You ought to see the whistle made by the boy that lives out near the Park. He cut it out of a maple twig. I wonder if Professor Grigg's school is in much of a country place? It's awful to have to go away; but I guess there'll be some fun. I've read lots of books about boarding-school, and the boys have great times. They put thistles and flour into other fellows' beds."

Guy shuddered.

"It must be awful!"

"No: it's fun," said Faky.

"But suppose they put thistles and flour into *your* bed?"

"That's different," said Faky, promptly. "And, then, you toss boys in blankets until you almost *squash* them against the ceiling. It's great!"

"That was in 'Tom Brown,'" said Jack; "but I don't think they have so much fun at our American schools. Or if they do, they have to pay for it. There's a fellow that was out at Notre Dame. He wrote to me about all the fun he had 'skiving,' as they call it there. He got down the fire-escape, or some way, and went to town. It was great fun. He was up to his knees in mud; and it was dark and rainy when he got there, and he caught cold. But when he went back and tried to sneak in, the prefect nabbed him, and he was sent home. And his father went on awful."

"That wasn't very funny," said Guy.

"No; but I think Professor Grigg will not be quite so strict. You can fool him. I am going to lead him a pretty dance,—I am!" said Faky, with a chuckle.

"You'll make a mistake, then," said Jack, gravely. "Boys have enough trouble in this world without making more for themselves. Professor Grigg may make our life a burden, if he wants to," he added, with a sigh; "and he may think we're naturally bad, as most grown-up people do. If he does, I will not play tricks,—I'll just run away."

"And be sent back," said Faky.

"Then I'll go to sea," said Jack.

"I guess you've never read 'Two Years before the Mast,' or you wouldn't say that," said Faky. "You'd better stay at school than run away to sea. The sea ain't what it used to be. A fellow could stand some hardships in the olden time for the sake of popping into a pirate or two. But pirates are scarce now."

"A boy must learn to stand things," Guy said. "This talk about running away is silly, I think. If I had the use of my legs, I'd stand *anything*,—yes, I would. You don't know how hard it is to hear you boys talk about sports and fun, and

to feel that I must always be apart from you. It's worse than being a girl," added Guy, bitterly.

"Oh, no! don't say that!" said Faky. "Girls have to sew and knit and play the piano, and wear combs in their hair, and have clean hands all the time."

"I can't even help Uncle Mike," continued Guy, with tears in his eyes. "I feel better than I did; but I'd almost rather be a girl than a lame boy, because I could wash dishes and help Aunt Mary to cook. I don't mind being lame, but I hate to be different from other boys."

Aunt Mary, who was approaching with a large, bright basin, in which Guy always washed his hands after dinner, heard these words. They came upon her with the force of a shock. He had always seemed like a baby to her. That he should want to leave her was very terrible.

Guy saw by the expression of her face what troubled her.

"Aunt Mary," he said, "I want to go to school, that I may be a man some day. You know, a man's only half a man without education."

"I know it, child," Aunt Mary said, quietly; "and Uncle Mike and I are doing the best we can for you. Sure, it's little we've been able to teach you, but I think we kept the good in you."

"O Aunt Mary!" said Guy, tears coming into his eyes, "I never can thank you enough,—I never can love you enough. I want to be a man, so that I can help you and Uncle Mike; to be like other men when I grow up; to be like other boys now. And I'll be so lonely when the boys go away!"

"We'll write to you every week," said Jack; "and Faky will write in poetry." Guy's face brightened a little.

"But when I hear of your skating and football, I'll be so wretched."

"No, you won't," said Faky, consolingly; "because we'll be more wretched than you are. We'll put in only the bad things

that happen to us. And if old Grigg is grumpy and jumps on us, we'll tell you every time; and then you'll say: 'How glad I am that I can stay at home in this cosy room!' Won't we, Jack?"

"Of course," said Jack, brightening. "I'm almost glad we're going to such a place, because it will make you feel glad to hear how old Grigg ill treats us. Every time he puts me in jug I'll be gay, because I'll think how delighted dear old Guy will be when he hears it. I'm sure old Grigg's school is a terrible place."

"A regular den," said Faky, zealously, as Bob Bently entered from below, where he had been engaged in helping Uncle Mike. "It's the kind of school where you have to break the ice in your basin every morning before you can wash yourself."

A groan came from Baby Maguire, who had forgotten his sulkiness in the interest of the conversation.

Bob chimed in:

"Sole leather for breakfast, and no sugar in the coffee, and hash every day."

Another and a louder groan came from Baby Maguire.

"Oh, yes, we'll have to stand it!" continued Bob, cheerfully. "I can stand hash every day, but it will be hard to live on cabbage and pickled pigs' feet most the year."

Guy shook his head.

"When I was littler," he said, "I didn't care whether I was like other boys or not. People seemed to think that I'd go to heaven soon. But I'm stronger now; and, as the chance of going to heaven is not so near, I must try to live. And if I *have* to live, I want to be like you and the other boys. You don't know how hard it is to be pitied by people, who look at you and pity you, and then forget you. I don't want to be great, or a hero, or anything else," Guy exclaimed, his cheeks flushing; "but I want to help Uncle Mike. If I can't help him, I'd like to go to school with you."

Jack sighed, as he heard this. It was strange, indeed, that any human being should want to go to school.

"When you boys talk of football and skating, and having fun, and swimming, I just feel empty here," Guy continued. "It's a feeling as if I were left out, you know."

"I know," said Bob, as he remembered a certain party. "I know, Guy; and it's awful. You feel as if you hadn't a friend in the world."

"I have been praying that I could go to school with you," said Guy.

"You might have heard a pin drop," Bob Bently said afterward. It was plain to the boys that poor little Guy had gone crazy.

Before any of them had time to answer Guy's astonishing announcement, Thomas Jefferson entered with a yellow envelope containing a telegraphic message.

(To be continued.)

The Miser of Marseilles.

One of the saddest things in the world is feeling sorry when it is too late. The young people who read this may recall some uncharitable remark which they could never take back, because the one whom they had criticised was beyond the sound of their words. We say that a friend is lazy or hypochondriacal, and then he dies and proves his sincerity and our unkindness; or we stoutly maintain that another is penurious, and only learn to respect her when we hear that she has saved all her life in order to endow a hospital or a foundlings' home. Here is a true little story:

In Southern France there is a great, hot, busy city, and many years ago a man lived there who went by the name of Old Guyot. Everyone knew him, and there was not a child in Marseilles who could

not tell you that Old Guyot was a miser and a wretch, a man of the meanest habits; that he cared for no one but himself, and that he had never been known to do a kind action or speak a kind word. Boys called him names and pelted him with stones, and grown people carefully took the opposite side of the walk when they met him. Indeed, he was considered a most unpleasant person even to see at a distance; and all united in the wish that he would go to some other town, that so they might be spared the pain of looking upon him. But he did not go away. Not all the scorn and hatred of the people of Marseilles could induce him to leave. He had lived there from boyhood, and seemed likely to live there until the end.

And so at last, despised and alone, he died; and the people rushed to his poor hut to learn how much wealth he had amassed in those long, niggardly years of saving. They had expected to find great hoards, but there was more than even their wildest dreams had pictured. Old Guyot had died one of the richest men in Marseilles. There were bonds and notes and certificates, and coins amounting to an immense sum. They eagerly sought his will. Who was the heir to this princely fortune? *They* were the heirs—these people who had stoned and derided him! This is what his will said: "Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill-supplied with water, which can be procured only at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property shall be expended in building an aqueduct for their use."

This, then, was why he had saved and toiled and denied himself the comforts, even the necessities of life—that the poor people of his beloved Marseilles might, through him, have pure water to drink. All honor to "Old Guyot"!

AUNT ANNA.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke i. 28.

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The Virgin Mother Praising God.

A Noble Life.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL WATSON, S. J.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

AS from deep ocean's bed sweet waters spring
 And stream, untainted, through the salt sea brine,
 So mounts all spotless to the Throne Divine,
 From this sad earth, the praise she gives her King.
 And as an eagle sweeps on lusty wing
 Toward golden clouds o'er wooded Apennine,
 She soars to realms where hosts angelic shine,
 And joins in spirit in the strains they sing.
 "My soul," she says, "doth magnify the Lord,
 Whose mighty arm breaks down pride's towering crest,
 And lifts the humble (holy is His Name)
 To thrones of honor as a meet reward:—
 He hath regarded me, who nought can claim,
 And men in every age shall call me bless'd."



HE name of Mrs. Craven, the author of that most touching record of family life, "A Sister's Story," is well known to American readers; and the memoir of her lately published in London will be eagerly read on both sides of the Atlantic.* It is the work of one who enjoyed Mrs. Craven's friendship during the last twenty years of her long life, and to whom are addressed many of the letters contained in the volumes before us,—letters that, together with the extracts given of Mrs. Craven's private journal, afford us the picture of a strongly marked individuality, in whom the brilliancy and refinement of a perfect woman of the world were united with the faith, resignation and interior spirit of a devout Catholic.

This is perhaps one of the most characteristic traits of the book before us. It shows us the possibility of a dual existence: how, while mingling with the world, and even enjoying its gracious and intellectual aspects, it is possible to keep the mind and heart steadily turned heavenward, and to cultivate an interior

MEDITATE frequently on the sorrows of the Mother of God,—sorrows inseparable from those of her beloved Son. If you go to the crucifix, you will there find the Mother; and, on the other hand, wherever the Mother is, there also is the Son.—
St. Paul of the Cross.

* "A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven." By Maria Catherine Bishop. Richard Bentley & Son.

spirit of detachment. This disposition becomes more marked in Mrs. Craven with the advance of age and under the pressure of sorrow.

Of French parentage, married to an Englishman, and having lived for many years in Italy, Mrs. Craven was almost equally familiar with the language, customs, ideas and literature of the three countries; and her interest in their politics was almost equally keen. Her own birth and her husband's rank in diplomacy naturally threw open to her the best society wherever she happened to be; and it may be said without exaggeration that there were few persons of eminence in Europe, whether religious, political or literary, with whom she was not, at some time or other, brought into contact.

The chief interest of the memoir lies less in the descriptions, attractive though they may be, of Mrs. Craven's social life, than in the account it presents to us of her intimate thoughts and feelings, her efforts to acquire all Christian virtues, her filial love for the Church, and her generous acceptance of suffering, whether moral or physical. Hers was evidently an ardent nature, quick and eager in its likes and longings, and peculiarly alive to the charm of all things beautiful and pleasant. Yet over and over again in her journal we find, under different shapes, thoughts like the following: "Let me give up all regrets for the past, all desires for the present, all anxieties for the future. I will leave all to God, and place my burden in His hands."

Mrs. Craven's father, the Comte Auguste de la Ferronnays, was a Breton. The story of his somewhat sad and solitary childhood in his old Breton home, and that of his youth, which was passed among the hardships of a soldier's life, have lately been told in a French periodical.* When the Revolution broke out, young La Ferronnays emigrated, and finally enlisted

in the Royalist army, raised in Germany by the Prince of Condé. It was there that he met his future wife, Mademoiselle Albertine de Montsoreau, to whom he was married at Klagenfurth in Carinthia.

Mademoiselle de Montsoreau had been brought up at Versailles, where her aunt, the Marquise de Tourzel, was governess to the little Dauphin, son of Louis XVI. In some notes, written for her children, under the title of "Reminiscences of a Poor Old Woman," Madame de la Ferronnays has recorded the experiences of her early married life. She bore its hardships and anxieties with the patient courage and the sweet submission that supported her through the trials of her long life. Among the holy and gifted souls whose memory Mrs. Craven has enshrined in her "Story," the place of honor may doubtless be awarded to the perfect mother, so loving and so beloved, between whom and her eldest daughter Pauline there existed extraordinary union of heart and mind.

Pauline de la Ferronnays, the subject of the memoir before us, was born in London on April 12, 1808. She was still a child when the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France enabled her parents to return to their own country. Monsieur de la Ferronnays, who was the personal friend of the Duc de Berry, entered public life; and Pauline's youth was spent partly in Russia, where her father was French Ambassador, partly in Paris, where he became Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1827. Two years later he was appointed Ambassador to the Papal Court; but the following year witnessed the overthrow of the elder branch of the Bourbons,—an event that put an end to his diplomatic career.

On the 24th of August, 1834, Pauline was married to Mr. Augustus Craven, son of Keppel Craven, and grandson of the famous Lady Craven, known to the world as the Margravine of Anspach. Mr. Craven was then attached to the British Legation at Naples, where his father lived in a

* *Correspondant.*

palace that had been left to him by the Margravine. He was two years older than his bride, handsome, cultivated and accomplished. He became a Catholic on his marriage; and in her "Story" Pauline has touched upon the mingled emotions of those bright days, when the glorious blue sky and sunshine seemed in keeping with her youthful happiness. Her younger brother, Albert, had been married, only a few months before, to Alexandrine, the charming heroine of her sister-in-law's "Story." "Their joy," writes Mrs. Craven, "seemed a foretaste and pledge of our own; while ours completed theirs. . . . We had reached the summit of earthly content, and it must be owned that never was summit gilded with a brighter light."

Two years after her marriage Mrs. Craven visited England with her husband; and in her "Reminiscences" she has related her experiences of English society, dwelling especially upon her relations with the intellectual and brilliant circle that assembled under Lord Ellsmere's roof at Bridgewater House. She was recalled from England to Paris in June, 1836, to bid adieu to her brother Albert, whose death begins the series of bereavements that gives her "Story" so pathetic an interest.

In the course of the following years Mr. Craven was sent as *attaché*, first to Lisbon, then to Brussels, and finally, in 1843, to Stuttgart. During this period of separation from her family the letters exchanged between Pauline and her parents and sisters enable us to judge of the place which the absent one occupied in the minds and hearts of her own people. It is to her loving sympathy that they, one and all, turn in joy and sorrow.

These years were, in truth, marked by a succession of trials. Six years after the death of Albert, Mr. de la Ferronays died in Rome; and a few months afterward his daughter, the Marquise de Mun—that Eugénie of whose loss her sister Pauline wrote many years later that it was ever

"the incurable wound" of her life—passed away in Palermo. Crushed by these successive blows, Madame de la Ferronays and her two younger daughters hastened to join the Cravens at Brussels, where five months after her arrival Olga, the elder of the two girls, succumbed to the fatal disease that had carried off Albert and Eugénie. Her death was no less peaceful and holy than theirs. She passed away repeating to herself: "I believe, I hope, I love, I repent." The next to go was Alexandrine, Albert's widow, and a true and loving sister to Pauline. She died in Paris in 1848, and nine months later Madame de la Ferronays was called to her rest. "To many," says Mrs. Bishop, "she endears herself as the most perfect figure in Mrs. Craven's incomparable group." And it is doubtless to her example and her training that her children owed much of their faith and piety.

Of the numerous and happy family group, so gifted, so united, so brilliant, and so good, only Pauline, two brothers and a sister now remained. But Mrs. Craven's nature was not one to sit silent and inactive, even under the weight of an overwhelming sorrow. At the bottom of her heart the memory of her beloved dead remained enshrined forever, with what tender reverence we may gather from her journal. But her outer life continued much the same, and her eager mind found a constant source of interest in the persons and things that surrounded her.

In 1849, the year after the deaths of her mother and sister-in-law, we find her in England, and her letters reveal her interest in English politics and her sympathy with the English character. Two years later the death of Mr. Keppel Craven brought her husband a considerable increase of fortune; and it was then that Mr. Augustus Craven, discouraged by his want of success in diplomacy, resolved to enter political life in England, a scheme with which his wife warmly sympathized.

He encountered a crushing defeat, however; and his election cost him, not only many thousand pounds, but also his diplomatic career, which he had thrown up in order, as he hoped, to enter Parliament. His wife felt the disappointment keenly. "Before our disastrous defeat," she writes to a friend, "it seemed to me that God had wisely decided my life, giving my youth to Italy and the succeeding years to England. But since this country, which I love so dearly, will not have us, it is well that I should go back to my first love."

The Cravens' house at Naples, the Palazzino Chiatamone, better known as the Casa Craven, became at that time, what it continued to be during several years, a social centre of great brilliancy. Still deep and vivid is the impression left upon her visitors by the mistress of the house,—her charming manners, gracious dignity, and bright intellect. "There was no one like Pauline Craven," writes Lady Drogheda. "I think of her with tenderness that no words can describe." Naples now became the Cravens' chief residence; they occasionally visited England and Germany, and oftener still they went to Rome.

Some years previously Mrs. Craven had begun to arrange the family letters and papers that had fallen into her hands, and that form the materials from which she was to draw her "Sister's Story." The task of sorting these precious papers was at once a sweet and a painful one. She writes in June, 1858: "I have wished to resume my former task, and put my voluminous packets of letters in order, so as to go on with the work, of which I have not completed half or even a quarter. Yet if God does not singularly assist me in it, it seems altogether beyond my power, I do not even feel equal to reading over again those first letters which for a long time made my chief happiness.... When I take at random and open to read one of these letters, I find myself carried away

into such different scenes, and moving amid such distant thoughts—thoughts so dear, so cruelly sweet, so utterly vanished,—that in a few minutes I can read no more.... I can not comprehend that I myself am the same Pauline of whom they all speak, and to whom they wrote those letters which break my heart."

Mrs. Craven's first idea had been simply to gather together, for her own consolation and help, the precious memorials of her beloved dead. By degrees it dawned upon her that she had in her possession the means of doing good to others. And the same thought seems to have occurred to Madame Swetchine, to whom she lent her manuscripts. After reading the volumes compiled by Alexandrine, and given by her on her death-bed to Mrs. Craven, Madame Swetchine wrote to the latter: "Whenever you wish to touch a soul or quicken its advance, entrust to it this treasure. In whatever state it may be, this presentation of all that is attractive, united to all that can stimulate and touch the intelligence, will act upon it." We may believe that this judgment passed upon her manuscripts by one who, like Madame Swetchine, united a keen sense of the beautiful to deep Christian piety and love of souls, must have influenced Mrs. Craven's decision when, many years later, she resolved to publish her family memorials.

It was in 1865 that, having at last completed her arrangement of the materials in her possession, Mrs. Craven came to Paris, in order to lay them before some members of her family with a view to their being printed. We gather from the memoir before us that she at first met with scant encouragement. Those nearest to her recoiled from the idea of allowing the public to penetrate into the privacy of their family life. Her own feeling drew her to persevere in her resolution. "A voice in my heart said, 'Courage!'" she writes. "The example of these dear souls

will do much good in a wider circle than that narrow one of your Paris intimates." In another letter Mrs. Craven explains the arrangement finally agreed upon. The first volume was to be printed at once, but in a limited number of copies, and for private circulation only. This did not completely satisfy the author, who was firm in her belief that the "Récit" might, if made public, do good to many souls. As it turned out, however, her wishes were gratified. The first copies distributed met with so great success, the book was immediately in such request, that its wider diffusion was permitted by Mrs. Craven's family, and within a few months it had run through nine editions.

To use her own words, the "Récit" was "meant to show now in daily life the divine presence can be recognized, desired and loved." The many expressions of sympathy and gratitude that the publication of her book brought Mrs. Craven sufficiently proved that she had done right in giving her treasures to the world. From persons of different creed, nationality and social position, the book evoked expressions of ardent sympathy; and, says her biographer, "Mrs. Craven was almost bewildered by finding herself among so many new acquaintances, who insisted on talking to her of her dead with strange intimacy." But to the end of her long life it was a pure joy to her to know that she had been the means of bringing light, strength and comfort to others, and that out of her own sorrows and bereavements Providence drew blessings for many unknown souls.

The political changes that took place in Italy toward 1860 were followed by Mrs. Craven with eager interest, devoted as she was to the land where for many years she had found a home. If we find it somewhat difficult to sympathize with her sanguine hopes for United Italy, we realize that her generosity of heart, filial devotion to the Church, and ardent faith

break out in every line of her letters and journal. These years, so fruitful in political changes and conflicts, were for her personally years of anxiety and trial. So far her external life had been a brilliant one; her large house, filled with artistic treasures, was the centre of a sympathetic and pleasant circle; and, with her taste for society and her innate love for all things beautiful, she fully enjoyed these bright and gracious aspects of existence. Her husband's heavy losses gradually brought about a complete change in her surroundings. The palace at Chiatamone had to be sold; and a little later the *châlet* in the mountains, amidst scenery of almost unique beauty, was also parted with.

Toward the end of the momentous winter which she had spent at Rome Mrs. Craven made an eight days' retreat; and certain passages of her journal written during these days of solitude have a pathetic interest, when we remember the heavy material losses that just then forced her to give up her home in Naples. "A while ago I was uncertain about the place where my future was to be spent... To-day no home anywhere on earth is mine... I sincerely offer to Thee, my God, all material possessions; and I offer Thee also this sense of poverty."

A few months later Mrs. Craven's personal grief and anxieties were merged in her overwhelming sorrow for France. The reverses of her country went to her heart; and many members of her family being engaged in the conflict, she suffered keenly on their behalf as well as in her patriotic feelings. In 1872 we find the Cravens in Paris. Their financial difficulties continued to press heavily upon them, and Mrs. Craven now took up her pen with the purpose of adding to their slender means. The "Récit d'une Sœur," which she compiled with such rare skill, keeps its place well ahead as her best achievement,—a work unique in its kind. Nevertheless, the novels and biographies

which she subsequently wrote were also awarded a fair measure of success, and possess real merit, especially if we remember that Mrs. Craven was past fifty when she began to write works of fiction:

In spite of her advanced age, Mrs. Craven kept her keen interest in men and things. Her letters are brimful of life and vivacity, and she touches with all her old animation on the religious and political topics of the day. The work of her nephew, Comte Albert de Mun, among the laboring classes especially excited her deep sympathy. The expulsion of the religious Orders in 1880 drew from her burning accents of distress and indignation.

Toward 1883 Mr. Craven's health began to fail; and the following year he died, on the 4th of October, at Monabri, near Lausanne, where he and his wife were staying with their friend, the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein. In some pages, simple and striking in their deep faith, Mrs. Craven has related the story of her husband's last days on earth. Almost his last words to her were: "Pray say with me one more act of contrition." And during his painful illness his patience, resignation and piety were equal to those of the holy souls whose deaths are so touchingly told in the "*Récit d'une Sœur.*" To Mrs. Craven the blow was a cruel one; but in the remembrance of her husband's truly Christian death she found strength to write: "I feel that infinite grace descended on us. I desire to suffer and accept all."

Her return to her desolate Paris home was a painful trial; but by degrees, with the extraordinary vitality of mind that was one of her rare gifts, she resumed her warm interest in the subjects that had always moved her soul—religion and politics. Of her wonderful bodily strength the best proof is her rapid recovery from an operation of extreme gravity, which she underwent in 1885, at the age of seventy-seven. After her restoration to health she continued to lead her former life:

reading, writing, and seeing her friends.

A bitter trial—especially bitter to one of Madame Craven's character and temperament—was to mark the close of that long life, and, so to speak, to test the practical faith and submission of her who wrote so beautifully of the blessings of suffering. During the winter of 1890 her health, that had been uncertain for some time, seemed to break up suddenly. In May one of her hands became swollen and painful, and the following month her speech failed her. As Mrs. Bishop truly remarks: "The ten months before her death were months of trial and unexpected humiliation, borne with a fulness of obedience that even her most eloquent words had never expressed." In a letter written at this time, Lady Herbert, after visiting Mrs. Craven, said that "her resignation and patience are quite wonderful"; and throughout the long trial this sweet patience never failed.

On the last day of March, 1891, her state became more critical, and it was thought wiser to bring her the last Sacraments. She received them with a radiant look of joy; and in the night of the 1st of April, without a struggle, she passed away; welcomed, as we may believe, on the eternal shore by those of whom she had written: "Joy, and not sorrow, is the right word to use on the day of their entrance into their true life."

Before closing this brief summary of Mrs. Craven's life we must say a word of the friendships that brightened her path. Few women have had such true and tender friends. In spite of her mental superiority and strongly marked character, she seems to have had the gift of inspiring sympathy and affection. This is partly accounted for by a characteristic as rare as it charming, and which reveals itself over and over again in her letters and journal—a disposition to admire others rather than to criticise them. She writes in one of her meditations: "In a world where so many mutual offences are given,

I have the rare good fortune, as I glance at my past and present, to find no instance that I can remember of having offended any one. I appear to have lived in an atmosphere of kindness, and to have met everywhere with those who, instead of being too severe, were too good to me."

This innate kindness and consideration for others, joined to her tendency to judge men and things in the most favorable light, and to an utter absence of littleness or narrowness, made Mrs. Craven universally popular. Her intimate friends were many and as varied as the countries in which she had lived. In France, besides Montalembert, to whom she was bound by the affection of a lifetime, her closest friend was Madame Swetchine, of whom she writes: "Mother, sister, friend,—she was all to me." In Italy she was perhaps most intimate with the Duchess Ravaschieri, for whose only child, Lina, she had a warm affection. Lady Georgiana Fullerton, whose life Mrs. Craven wrote, was the closest of her English friends; and some of the most charming pages of the journal are dated from under her roof.

To these, and to many others too numerous to mention by name, we must add the friends with whom the "Récit d'une Sœur" was Mrs. Craven's first bond of union and sympathy. Sometimes the acquaintance founded upon the "Récit" ripened into intimacy and close friendship. Such was the case with Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, to whom are addressed many of the letters contained in the volumes before us.

We can not better conclude this brief sketch of a singularly gifted Christian woman than by citing Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's judgment of the book that first made her name celebrated in the world of letters: "It seems to me that if the Church could say nothing more for itself than 'At least I produced the "Récit d'une Sœur,"' it would have proved its right to be considered a benefactor of humanity."

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

X.—VIVA EL MEXICO.

IF a bullet had been lodged in his throat, Arthur Bodkin could not have felt more stunned or more pained than on perceiving Alice Nugent in the company of Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. It was a sort of sickening shock, followed by intense heart pain, and then by a hot wave of indignation. His Imperial and Most Puissant Highness Love had received such a buffet as knocked him almost out of the ring. Pulling himself together by a supreme effort, Arthur lifted his cap, and, bowing haughtily, strode into the corridor.

On the other hand, Alice felt grievously injured. Here was her lover, who had already in Vera Cruz treated her coldly, if not contemptuously, and without cause, playing the same unworthy rôle with increased vim. And why? But in addition another actor had appeared upon the stage, in the shape of the lady in the travel-stained carriage. Who was this woman? Where did she come from? How came it that Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden had been her travelling companion, and all alone? And from whence? How long had been their journey?

If Alice had been more worldly, and as a consequence more wise, she would have waited and bided her time, until all these queries would come up of themselves to make answer. But her heart was too much pained, her emotions too fresh, her honesty too full of purpose to brook delay, so she burst out:

"Who is that woman, Count?"

The Count smiled a cynical smile, full of devilish innuendo, as he replied:

"I do not know, *Fräulein.*"

"You do—your smile tells me that you do."

"On my honor, no." And he spoke the truth.

"Find out for me at once, please, Count!" wishing to know everything ere she would come face to face with Arthur.

"I shall do so, if I can." And, bowing low, he walked in the direction which Arthur had taken, while Alice repaired to the apartments of the Empress.

Bodkin reported himself to Bazaine.

"The lady here?"

"Yes, sir."

"No nonsense, no foolery?"

"None."

"Good!" And, after a pause: "That will do for the present. You know nothing of this lady, so can tell nothing. Keep your own counsel. You have begun well. We leave for Puebla in the morning. Report to me at headquarters in Mexico. *Au revoir*, and thanks!" And the Maréchal withdrew.

"The mystery of the veiled woman," thought Arthur, "is as deep as ever. But hang the veiled woman! A fig for 'her! Alice Nugent is here, and so is that detestable Count. I must reckon with him—aye, and with her!" he added, bitterly. "She is a cockatrice."

Rody O'Flynn, who was on the watch for the return of his master, hailed him with the wildest delight.

"Only for to think of yer gettin' back safe an' sound as the Rock o' Dunnamass, an' wid a lovely lady no less! Bedad, Masther Arthur, ye're yer father's son. The Bodkins were always fond of the ladies. Sure it was ould—"

"That will do, Rody. Not a word to anybody about this lady."

"Is it *me*, sir? Faix, I know betther nor that. If ye was collogorin' wid a turf-kreel full of thim, sorra a word would come out of me head. But, Masther Arthur *avic*, is she—"

"Not a word, Rody!" said Arthur, sternly. "This much I *will* tell you. I do

not know who she is. I do not know her name, her station. I can't," he added, with a laugh, "tell you whether she is black or white."

"O mother o' Moses!" cried Rody. "Be the hole in me coat, if it was yer father—God rest his sowl!—was in it, but *he'd* tell ye all about it, or *his* father afore him. *Wirra! wirra!*" he added, pensively, "but it's a quare cuntry we've come to, Masther Arthur!"

Baron Bergheim was very well pleased when Bodkin reported to him. He had already written at length and expressed warm approval in relation to the capture of Vincente Mazazo, wondering that Bazaine had not instantly ordered him to be shot.

"None of us can understand Bazaine. He gives us the idea of a man who is always playing his own game, and always for his own hand. Hey!" he added, "which of Kalksburg's corns have you planted your Irish foot upon? He is no friend of yours; and, let me tell you, he is not a pleasant enemy. Hey! but I am keeping my eye on him. Hey! a word in your inside ear"—here the genial Baron dropped his voice to a hoarse whisper. "He is after the little Nugent girl. Hey! but he hasn't a ghost of a chance as long as you are on your hind legs. Hey! we won't stand *that*, will we?"

There was a something so sympathetic about Baron Bergheim that Arthur opened his heart to him; and, pledging him to secrecy, told him all about his visit to Puebla, the return with the veiled lady, and Bazaine's instructions as to silence.

"Confound him! he has made a cat's-paw of you—but no, he *dare* not. You are on my staff, and he should have to answer to *me*. Hey! but this *is* a curious business. Who can this woman be? Why select *you*, a strapping, handsome, wild Irishman, to run away with her? And you tell me that she was discreet? Hey!"

"Absolutely."

"A Mexican?"

"She spoke Spanish only."

"Did it appear to you that she was known at the place you stopped?"

"Yes, Baron, and treated with profound respect."

"Hey! but it *is* a poser. Hey! how women creep into everything, and set everybody by the ears! There—go! You are dying to see somebody. Fly!"

To Arthur's intense chagrin, Miss Nugent was nowhere to be seen. That she was closeted with the Empress he justly surmised; for the charming Carlotta found in Alice one of those sweet intelligences, one of those honest and trustful and loyal natures, that are unhappily not to be met with save at very rare intervals. The favorite of an empress is a position undermined with danger. It is a target for the shafts of malice, hatred, and jealousy. It begets suspicion and fosters sycophancy. But Alice Nugent bore herself with such dignity, such sweetness, and such straightforwardness as, to win the honest seekers for favor, and discomfit the tricksters.

Upon the following morning the imperial *cortège* departed from picturesque Orizaba, and, following the route taken by Arthur in his trip with the mysterious lady, arrived at Puebla, amid the pealing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the frantic huzzaing of the people.

Arthur could not get near Alice, as she was in a closed carriage with the other ladies of the court, and at times some miles ahead. Once he thought that he perceived his companion of the previous day in a vehicle drawn by mules. He rode alongside, only to find the blinds down, and did not care to push his investigations further. He was rather tired of this adventure, which meant nothing but discomfiture for him; since he felt perfectly certain that he stood compromised in the sight of Alice, and that Count von Kalksburg would not lose so good a chance of making matters worse, even if Alice

did still care a little for him, which at times he half doubted. How, when, and where would he reckon with Kalksburg? To provoke him openly after the promise pledged to Alice on the night of St. Patrick's Ball was simply impossible. The insult—an insult no gentleman could brook—must come from the Count; and it was necessary to wait—and to be wary.

It was upon the twenty-fourth birthday of the Empress that the imperial party made its public entry into Puebla, the second city of the Empire. The reception accorded Maximilian and Carlotta was both enthusiastic and affectionate. They were escorted by the leading inhabitants to the grand old Cathedral, where a most imposing service was held. Carlotta expressed an almost childlike wonder when the crypt beneath the high altar was lighted, and the light distinctly seen through a wall of onyx five feet in thickness. Maximilian made an effective speech after the reception, held at the City Hall. He concluded with these words:

"With a sentiment of pleasure mingled with grief I see your city. With pleasure I salute one of the largest, most beautiful and important cities of the Empire. With pain I contemplate the inhabitants agitated by the evils of political disruptions. The government, to whose elevation you have contributed, will impose upon itself the task of healing your wounds as soon as possible; and of facilitating the development of prosperity by means of institutions which are in accordance with the age, so that the resources of this rich country may be cultivated in the highest degree."

In the afternoon the Empress, accompanied by Miss Nugent and another lady of her suite, visited the hospital and half a dozen religious houses, in all of which she left money, as was her birthday custom from childhood. The condition of the hospital affected her deeply.

"Alice," she said, "I must do something for those poor sick and suffering people.

It is my birthday; and do you know, dear, that ever since I was so high"—touching Miss Nugent's knee—"I have always given away all that I had on that day for the sake of Our Lady? To-day, for the sake of Nuestra Señora, I shall send them all I have of my own. Let me see how much it amounts to," consulting a small book bound in ivory, with gold clasps, that hung by a golden chain from her waist. "Good! I have seven thousand dollars. Please write a letter to the Mayor for me." And the following letter, now an historical document deposited in the memorial room of the Palacio Nacional in the city of Mexico, was written by Alice at the dictation of the gracious, generous, and open-hearted young Empress:

"SEÑOR PREFECT:—It is very pleasing to me to find myself in Puebla the first anniversary of my birthday which I have passed far from my own country. Such a day is for everybody one of reflection. And these days would be sad for me if the care, attention, and proofs of affection of which I have been the object in this city, did not cause me to recollect that I am in my new country among my people. And I give thanks to God because He has conducted me here, presenting unto Him fervent prayers for the happiness of the country which is mine.

"I wish, Señor Prefect, that the poor of this city may participate in the pleasure which I have experienced among you. I send you seven thousand dollars of my own private fund, which are to be dedicated to the rebuilding of the House of Charity, the ruinous state of which made me feel sad yesterday; so that the unfortunate ones who found themselves deprived of shelter may return to inhabit it.

"Assure my compatriots of Puebla that they possess, and will always possess, my affections."

"I wonder," observed the Empress, reflectively, "if I shall ever have enough to give away so that not a solitary poor

person shall be found in the Empire? It might come to pass," she added: "they talk in such an extraordinary way about the wealth of the mines here—Aladdin's Caves. Who knows but on my next birthday I shall have a mine pouring out silver like water?"

Fate seemed unkind to our hero,—coy if not cold. Albeit he was sighing like a dozen furnaces in full blast for speech of his fair mistress, Kismet denied him this; and he was compelled to put up with distant peeps at her, which seemed but to aggravate his passion. For Arthur loved Alice with as pure, as honest and as ardent a love as is given to mortals; and his every thought was of his damosel, although at times hot hate replaced hot love, and an unreasoning jealousy that placid contentment which renders love so sweet and so holy.

The Empress was so taken with Miss Nugent that she would scarcely allow her to quit her presence. She made her private secretary, and committed to her care a correspondence that increased with every hour. Luckily for Alice, she was a very perfect Spanish scholar; her love for this sonorous language—the language of prayer—having been imbibed from a number of old tomes in the possession of her father, sometime the property of her great granduncle, Father Nugent, who had been a "student of Salamanca." Her knowledge of Spanish stood her in good stead with the Empress; the other Maids of Honor and ladies of the court being absolutely "out of it," to use a slang phrase. And as Carlotta spoke the purest Castilian in the purest way, it was a source of delight to her to converse with her Maid of Honor in this language for hours at a time. Of course poor Bodkin could not imagine that all of Miss Nugent's time was demanded and consumed by her imperial mistress, and took her non-appearance as an evidence that she was engaged in avoiding him.

"Let her go!" he would say to himself. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it—*are there?*" was the query that leaped into life ere the sentence was one-half concluded.

"Hey!" cried Baron Bergheim to Arthur, the morning after their arrival at Puebla, "you must get on to the capital within" (taking out his watch) "twenty—no, ten minutes. Here are your dispatches. We leave here to-morrow morning. I have been making inquiries in the Portales Mercatores about your friend and his mysterious lady, and I may have news for you when we meet. Five minutes gone! Order your horse, and, hey! take five minutes with your lady-love."

"I—I can not see her, sir," stammered Arthur.

"She is always with the Empress. Hey! I will have her here when you return."

It did not take five minutes to make the necessary preparations for departure, as Rody acted with lightning-like rapidity; and Arthur returned to Bergheim's apartments, to find Alice Nugent in earnest conversation with the genial Baron.

"Hey! *you* here, Bodkin? I thought you were on the road ere this," he laughed. "Why! Hey! What's this? A lover's quarrel, hey?"

"Baron!"

"Baron!"

This word came simultaneously from the lips of both Alice and Arthur.

"Hey! you can not fool me. Five minutes, *caballero*, and *asta mañana*. What do you think of that, Alice? Hey!" And the gallant worthy made his exit, nodding his head with a very roguish and knowing air.

For two or three seconds there was a dead silence.

"Was this meeting of *your* planning, Mr. Bodkin?" asked Alice, in so cold and measured a tone that every word fell on Arthur's hot heart like drops of frozen water.

"It was not," replied Arthur, bluntly and decisively.

"Ah!" There was doubt in her tone—insult—almost as palpable as though she had said to him: "You lie!"

"Miss Nugent," he exclaimed, "Baron Bergheim told me that you would be here, and—and—God knows how glad I was! That's all."

Her face, which had assumed a hard, set look, softened a little.

"Who is that woman you dashed over from Orizaba to meet and bring back—alone?"

"I do not know."

"You do not know?" her voice increasing in pitch at each word.

"I do not."

"Oh, this is quite too much! Mr. Bodkin, I am not a child,"—clenching her hands and tapping the floor with her foot as she spoke.

"Miss Nugent, I repeat to you that I do not know who this woman is,—not even her name. I know nothing about her."

"Perhaps you will tell me that you did not leave Orizaba at all; that you did not ride like the wind; that you did not meet a woman in this city; that you did not accompany her alone to Orizaba."

"Every word you say is perfectly true; but I again repeat that I do not know who she is, and that I did not speak a dozen words to her."

"This *is* diplomatic reticence with a vengeance. Outside of diplomacy, it has a nastier name, and—"

"Stop!" almost thundered Arthur. "Enough of this! You—*you* would accuse me of lying, and to *you*! The day will come, Alice Nugent, when you will render me justice; and till then I must refer you for further particulars to—Count Ludwig von Kalksburg." And, bowing low, and without casting so much as a parting glance at the pale, excited girl, Arthur Bodkin strode from the room.

Some hours of hard riding brought our

hero and his retainer to the city of Mexico, which they entered at night. Having delivered his dispatch at the National Palace, where he was provided with quarters, he at once sallied forth in quest of his friend Harvey Talbot, and experienced no difficulty in finding No. 5, Calle San Francisco. Entering a dark archway, Arthur found himself in a *patio*, or quadrangle, with a gallery running round the four sides. In the centre of the *patio* was a bed of shrubs and sweet-scented flowers. Ascending a well-worn stone staircase, Arthur knocked at the first door to the left, and was invited in Spanish to enter.

The apartment in which he found himself was small, low ceilinged, and dimly lighted. An oil-painting of Our Lady of Guadalupe and a portrait of the patriotic priest Hidalgo adorned the walls. The furniture was of carved oak, black as ebony from age, and dating from the time of Hernando Cortez. In a corner sat a man engaged in smoking a cigarette. He wore a *sombrero* with a brim about four inches wide, and a jacket of many buttons. This man did not remove his *sombrero*, and grunted something in reply to Arthur's inquiry for Talbot, which was so much Greek to the querist.

Again Arthur returned to the charge.

"*Mañana! mañana!*" (To-morrow! to-morrow!)

"Confound your to-morrow!" answered Bodkin, in an angry tone. "It's nothing but *mañana* in this country."

"*Mañana! mañana!*" cried the man.

"Oh, go to Hong-Kong!" instinctively burst from Arthur's lips.

"Go to Hong-Kong yourself, Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden!" roared the man, flinging off his *sombrero* to reveal the well-known and thrice-welcome features of Harvey Talbot, who wrung Arthur's hands again and again, crying: "*Viva el Mexico!*"

(To be continued.)

The Apostle of Erin.

THE billows breaking on Hibernia's shore
Are kindred to the waves that kiss our
land;

In calm or storm they roll from strand to
strand,

Responsive to a power beyond man's lore.

And Erin's sons, though loyal as of yore

To Ireland's "Sunburst," glory now to
stand

Beneath the Stars and Stripes with Free-
dom's band,

Each pledging kinship, sacred evermore.

With countries bound by ocean's silver bands,
And hearts united by the power of love,

A threefold tie, a shamrock, will there be,

O glorious Saint Patrick, if thy hands

But bless thy children from the realms
above,

And make us one in faith's great unity!

CASCIA.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

IX.—LITTLE MISS POWERS.

IT will be remembered that on occasion of the visit of the "Smelling Committee," described in the last "Chronicle," I mentioned that "little Miss Powers," beside whom I was sitting at the time the visitors made their appearance, had hastily thrown her apron over her head in a manner which struck me as peculiar, and to which I attached some significance. She was, ordinarily, such a matter-of-fact, sensible person that I felt she had not done this from a mere freak, and I resolved to ask her motive at the first opportunity. This was rendered unnecessary; for on my next visit to the Home, which was on the Feast of St. Joseph—the patronal Feast,—she came to meet me from a crowd of happy old women, making merry over the antics of a playful child of eighty-five or thereabouts, who was dancing a jig in the arbor.

"Good-afternoon!" said my little friend. "I have been anxious to see you ever since that day when I threw my apron over my head in the sewing-room. I wonder what you thought of me?"

"I have been not a little curious about it, I acknowledge," I replied. "To tell the truth, I was going to ask you to-day why you did it."

"And I intended to tell you all about it," she rejoined, as we walked down the path together. "I recognized that woman at once, and did not wish her to recognize me in *this* place. I could not have borne it."

"You knew her, then?" I said. "I refer to the distinguished-looking leader."

My companion smiled, and went on:

"We worked together in a milliner shop in Boston for seven years! "She was a foundling, taken out of the poorhouse and adopted by a good truck-man and his wife, who had no children of their own. When they died she came to room next to me, and that is how it came about—that—well, that she ruined my life for me. Perhaps God will forgive me that I can not forget the injury altogether; for I have never wished her harm. But I always try to banish the thought of her when it comes; it is not pleasant."

"Let us sit here on the steps of the chapel," I said. "You will be tired walking about in the hot sun; you are such a frail little creature."

"I was always a very delicate little thing," she said, after we had seated ourselves. "I was left an orphan young, but managed to take care of myself well enough; and I was not without education, being fond of reading,—not romances or story papers, but solid, good books. When I was about eighteen I became acquainted with a young man who lodged in the same building. We met one morning coming from Mass; and, as we were both Catholics, we soon formed a friendship for each other, which gradually deepened into love. He was not very

strong; and, being just out of his apprenticeship—he was a machinist,—we could not think of marrying. Ours was not a romantic courtship: we just jogged on together quietly and sensibly. We never quarrelled. He told me all his plans and hopes for the future, and we were very happy. Arthur was a handsome fellow, much better-looking than I was; and many of the girls would have been glad to be in my place. But, still, he was too quiet for most of them. He didn't care much for parties or picnics, neither did I. He never seemed to know there was any other girl but myself after we began to like each other. He was always planning little inventions. One in particular occupied much of his time and thoughts. He said he knew it would make him a rich man if perfected. My own brains were not so bad, and we spent many an hour together trying to bring it to the point.

"I don't know exactly where or when Asenath Ashcraft saw him first, but she suddenly began to tease me about my handsome beau. Then she was vexed because he didn't notice her; and finally we had some words, when she said she could take him away from me if she tried, and I dared her to do it. He once asked me how I could find any pleasure in her society, he thought her so bold and forward; and he wouldn't even admit that she was handsome. There was no doubt in my mind as to that. I wasn't mean enough, though I didn't like her, to deny her what was due her on the score of good looks. She dressed well, and thought a good deal of fixing herself up; in fact, that was about all she *did* think of. Maybe I oughtn't to be hard on her. She had no religion.

"Very soon after we had the little spat she came to room in our building. She tried to be great friends with me, and was always running in and out. Arthur would not treat her even with decent civility. She didn't seem to mind his snubs at

all, but was just as sweet as she could be to him.

"I was taken sick with typhoid fever that fall, and was obliged to go to the hospital. From that I went to Salem, where I had a cousin; for I wasn't able to work, I was so weakened by the fever. When I returned to my own little room again, I felt that something was wrong with Arthur; and when Asenath came in, I read the whole story. She had actually bewitched him while I was away. Henceforth he had eyes and ears only for her. I had had my day of happiness, and now it was over. I never saw any one change as he did. I was disgusted with his conduct; so I took myself off again one morning to Salem, and found work there. It wasn't long till I heard they were married, and by that time I had tried to get used to it. Everyone thought it an ill-assorted match.

"Four years passed. I never heard anything of them. I hoped they were happy; I was almost beginning to believe I had been prejudiced against Asenath, and that perhaps she was making him a better wife than I could have been. Finally, I went back to Boston, and got work in my old place. The morning I began there I was very much surprised to see Asenath come in and sit down at the long table with the others. She looked tawdry and shabby. I said nothing, asked no questions of any one, but I wondered whether Arthur could have died. I was hoping she hadn't noticed me; I didn't want to be so close to her, and resolved to find another place as soon as possible. But she soon recognized me. At noon-time she came over, sat down beside me and said:

"Well, Fanny, I suppose you're surprised to see me at the shop again. Are you not?"

"Yes, Asenath," I said, "I am. I did not know your husband was dead."

"Dead!" she exclaimed. "He's *not* dead. I wish he were. But he is dead

drunk nearly all the time, and that's why I'm here. If it gives you any comfort to know that I put my foot in it, there you have it. I married him only because you dared me to get him away from you, anyhow; and he soon found it out."

"I thought I should faint where I sat. I could not fancy the Arthur I had loved a drunkard. I was shocked by her heartlessness. I had not a word to answer her. 'O Asenath!' was all I could say. I ought to have despised him, perhaps; they always do in novels, you know. But I only pitied him, and all the old wounds were opened again. I worked only one day in that shop. I did not wish to meet her. And, what was worse than all, the girls told me she did not bear a very good name.

"Several months afterward, one winter evening about six o'clock, as I was returning from work, I felt myself roughly grasped by the shoulder. I looked around. It was Asenath.

"Look here, Fanny!" she said. "You are just the person I want to see. I'm not living with Arthur any more; I'm tired taking care of a drunken wreck, so I think I'll save myself for a handsomer man. He fairly hates the sight of me, so we're neither of us crying about the other. The fact is, he's at the Charity Hospital. I went to see him once, but he was out of his head, and calling 'Fanny!' Now you can see I'm not as bad as you thought me, or I wouldn't have told you. You're a Christian, you'd better go to see him."

"And before I could answer her she was gone.

On Sunday I went to the Hospital. He was dying of quick consumption. I would not have known him. He asked me who had told me. I answered:

"Asenath."

"Ah, Fanny!" he said, "that is one good turn,—the only one she ever did me. If you ever bore me a grudge, dear old friend, you have had your revenge."

“‘Arthur,’ I said, ‘what is past is past. Do not let us speak of it again. All you have to think of now is eternity and your salvation. The Sister tells me you know that you are going fast.’

“‘He smiled. ‘I am faring much better than I have deserved,’ he said; ‘but there will be a very long stretch in Purgatory before I reach heaven.’

“‘I went every evening until he died. I think those weeks were the happiest time of my life. I was so thankful to see *him* so happy and content. He grew to look like his old self again; for good care and kindness make a wonderful difference. He did not suffer much. Asenath never came near him; we never spoke of her. Only by the long, sad look he would sometimes fix upon me as I sat beside him could I tell that his thoughts were with the past. And so pure and free from every taint of earth was my affection for him that I might have been his mother waiting to receive his last breath. In those last days I really grew to feel as a mother would, if watching her dying child.

“‘One Sunday I went early, as I was free for the day. I saw a great change in him. He recognized it himself, and asked for the Viaticum. After all was over, I thought, by the expression of his eyes, he wanted to say something.

“‘‘Fanny,’ he began, ‘do you remember the device you and I invented together?’

“‘‘Yes,’ I said. ‘I had not much to do with the invention, though.’

“‘‘But you had,’ he answered. ‘It was really your suggestion that put the right thing into my head about it. I laid it aside; but—well—after a while, when I began to be unhappy, I took it up again and finished it.’

“‘‘And did you ever try to get it patented?’ I asked.

“‘‘No,’ he replied. ‘But I wanted to tell you that I would have made it all right with you if I had.’

“‘‘I would not have taken anything

from you, Arthur,’ I said. ‘Be sure of it.’

“‘‘Well, that might have been, too,’ he answered; ‘but I wanted you to know.’

“‘I asked him what had become of it.

“‘‘A Mr. Billinghamst, one of the firm of Daning Brothers, to whom I tried to dispose of it, came to see me about it several times. He was so interested in it that I knew it must be good. But the day before I came here—the very day she went away—Asenath burned the model by mistake. And so my last hope went down with my wrecked life.’

“‘‘Poor fellow! how I pitied him! But I made light of it. He died before the day closed. I was the only one who followed him to the grave. Asenath I never saw again until she came here last week. But something that occurred shortly after has kept her in my memory all these years. First she married Mr. Billinghamst, and that created a great sensation in the city, his family being very proud. Next her husband made a large addition to his fortune by the invention of a piece of machinery, which I have never had the slightest doubt was Arthur’s own invention, the model of which Asenath pretended to have burned. Now she stands at the top of the ladder, and I am at the foot. But it is needless to say to you that I do not envy her, and would not change places with her. I have often read of her in the papers as a leader in society and societies. That is why I covered my head with my apron that day; for I would not have had her recognize me. She might have offered me charity,—she probably would not have pretended to know me; but I preferred to spare her and myself either alternative.”

I looked down at the pale, kind face and snowy hair; and thought, as I had often thought before, of how strange a thing is life, and how tangled and inexplicable the web the design of which is made plain and straight only by the great Designer in the land that lies beyond.

“‘‘How strange,” I said, “that you and

she should be in the same place, and in such different circumstances!"

"I would not exchange the peace and happiness of my life for all her wealth and position," she replied. "If rumor speaks true, she lived as unhappily with her second husband as her first. The injury she did me I try to forget. Arthur I forgave before he ever married her. I never bore a grudge against him. There is nothing in my memory of him but kindness and affection. And she—I doubt if she knows where he is buried." After a short pause she added: "There is a little woman in Boston who takes care of his grave for me. When I came out here with my cousin fifteen years ago I gave it in her charge. She is a priest's house-keeper. I used to trim her bonnets without charge. Every year after Decoration Day she writes me a letter, and tells me how nicely the myrtle is growing on it. Last year she had the headstone cleaned. It was very good of her; for I never have a penny of my own to send her. But she will soon be going: she is quite old. I am not so old; it is my heart that is weak."

"It is a strong, brave, faithful heart, that of yours," I said, clasping her small, worn, tender little hand.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XVIII.

OUR author is always crying out to us to secure "perfect liberty." Not, as is commonly thought, liberty to follow our humors and inclinations, which he considers so much slavery; for we obey them, not they us. We can not have real liberty unless "we deny ourselves." This seems a little paradoxical in the eyes of the world; but, as he shows, it is the world that is really without liberty. For

"all self-seekers and self-lovers are bound in fetters: full of desires, full of cares, ever unsettled; and seeking their own ease, not the things of Jesus Christ; but oftentimes devising and framing that which shall not *stand*."

This is a favorite word of his, and a most expressive one. There are but few of our acts that will *stand*. "For all shall perish that cometh not of God." And thus even in *soi disant* spiritual things,—all is so much waste. Then it is added: "Hold fast this short and perfect word: Forsake all, and thou shalt find all; relinquish desire, and thou shalt find rest." Having grasped this truth and put it in practice, we shall understand all things.

XIX.

Here is a rather novel and original view, which has not, perhaps, occurred to many: "What great thanks am I bound to render unto Thee for having shown me and all the faithful a right and good way to Thine everlasting kingdom! If Thou hadst not gone before and instructed us, who would have cared to follow?... Behold, we are still tepid, notwithstanding all Thy miracles and instructions. What, then, would it be if we had not so great light to follow Thee!"

XX.

Though our author repeats the same ideas very often, he somehow varies the form, and often enriches them in the repetition. They assume an almost new meaning when put in connection. It is the golden thought of complete dependence on God and perpetual mistrust of the "things" round us that is the basis of his pious philosophy. But on one occasion, in five pregnant sentences, he abstracts, as it were, the essence of the system. Listen to his exposition of the genuine love of God.

He has this love who "seeketh himself in nothing, but only desireth God to be glorified in all things. And he envieth no man." For he does not want anything another has; or, rather, "for he loveth no

joy for himself alone; neither doth he desire to rejoice in himself, but above all good things wisheth to find his blessedness in God." And if he does not covet anything of another's, so he does not appreciate anything in others, by way of love, friendship, admiration, praise, etc. He attributes, in short, nothing of good to any man. That is, he appreciates the good, "but referreth it all to God, from whom all things proceed."

All which is reasonable and logical, and, I dare say, novel enough to many. It is put in a very striking way, and seems to make the thing easier than we would fancy it. It is a great deal to see our way clearly. Even if we have not the ability to practise this high virtue regularly, we may at least be tempted to make a beginning.

(To be continued.)

An Autocrat of the Dinner Table.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE name of an autocrat in certain social circles has been added to the long roll of the great majority. It is natural to smile at the man who was willing to spend his days in a frivolous cause, but we may still find something to admire in a life which was given over to the cooling of wines and the tracing of pedigrees.

In the days of the Argonauts of '49 the appearance of a silk hat in a mining camp was the signal for a fusillade of bullets; and there yet remain localities where the evidences of the services of the laundress and the use of a refined vocabulary are looked upon with grave suspicion. Mr. Ward McAllister was considered by those who knew him best as a rather tiresome and decidedly conservative elderly gentleman, who had a sincere wish to elevate the standards of social life, especially in gastronomic lines. Much

worse things could probably be said of any of us. There is not so widespread a desire to value manners above money, and a worthy lineage above vulgar ostentation, that we can afford to laugh at one whose chance remark fastened a nickname upon the "smart set" of New York. But, however we may differ with Mr. McAllister's social code as a whole, there are two sections of it which we might profitably heed.

The first to be briefly dismissed, as it deserves extended mention by itself, is his repudiation of the "new woman" as set forth in the modern plays, novels, and by her admirers in general. The second is his dictum that to constitute society in its best sense there must be both men and women. If the men who like to call Ward McAllister names had habitually followed his example of invariably dining at his home or a friend's house instead of at the club, they would better deserve the encomiums which they refuse to him.

A crowd of unkempt and unshaven adventurers in the days of the gold fever did not constitute society; neither does a *coterie* of tea-drinking women at this end of the century. Men need the restraint of the presence of their wives, their sisters, and good women in general; and women are certainly no worse for the intellectual stimulus imparted by those whose opinions are broadened and mel-
lowed by friction with the world. It is not merely sentimental alarmists who regret the present tendency of men to herd together at their alluring club-houses, and that of women to restrict their social efforts to the getting up of afternoon receptions and early feminine teas.

Mr. McAllister's work is done, and the field for mentors of good form is not likely to be crowded with his successors. If his faults could be avoided, and his old-fashioned integrity be taught, people would do well to cease laughing and begin to imitate him.

The Truth about Russia.

THE revival of diplomatic relations between Russia and the Vatican, and the increasing interest in the movement for the reunion of Christendom, have drawn the attention of Catholics to a country which is but little known and less understood. Many persons who have thought of Russia only as a powerful and tyrannical government are beginning to see in the "fanaticism" of the Emperor a true zeal for the exercise of religious influence, and to recognize in the conservatism of the Empire a mighty floodgate against the tide of civic and moral anarchy that menaces our Western civilization.

Russia need not fear the scrutiny of Christendom. Her great faults are already known to the world; her great virtues are not so widely appreciated. In a country where men live knee-deep in snow, and where the rugged character of the people has taken on hardly any of the softnesses of our civilization, it is not surprising, though of course inexcusable, that the government underlings should perpetrate and the Czar tolerate excesses of cruelty that would not be possible in other countries. But, for all that, Russia might well be, in many respects, a model to the nations.

It would hardly be suspected, for instance, that the Russians could be as emotional as the Italians; and yet their piety is just as enthusiastic as that of their southern neighbors. Though separated from the headship of Rome, they have a real priesthood and all the Sacraments of the Church. To give open sign of one's faith and to practise public acts of devotion are with them not the exception, but an emphatic and well-sustained rule. Thus the chief entrance to Moscow—the "Gate of the Saviour"—is adorned with a statue of Our Lord, before which every man takes off his hat, makes the Sign of the Cross,

and says an ejaculatory prayer. "It is curious," says Lady Herbert, writing of Russia in the *Dublin Review*, "to see this done even by the men and boys on the tops of omnibuses as they pass through the great square. Certainly Our Lord reigns in Moscow, receiving there the homage due to His Divine Majesty as in no other city in the world."

It is well known, too, with what affectionate reverence the Russians venerate the Mother of God. At every street corner the traveller finds her chapel, always open, bright with lights and rich with decorations, and thronged every hour with pious workmen. The Iverskaia of Moscow is especially notable. No Russian ever goes to the city without visiting this shrine, and hither the Emperor always comes to pray in times of public crisis. "On every gateway and principal building," says Lady Herbert, "in every shop, in every *café* or restaurant, the picture of the Blessed Virgin with her Divine Son is hung in the most prominent place, with one or more lamps burning before it; and no one passes it, or goes in and out, or takes even a glass of tea, without first making the Sign of the Cross and saying an ejaculatory prayer."

We must make room for another extract from her valuable article: "Throughout Russia there is a great devotion toward the departed, and prayers for the dead are continually said. If a person dies in the town, the picture of his or her patron saint is hung outside the door; which is an invitation to everyone, even strangers, to go in and say a *De Profundis* by the coffin of the deceased. All who meet a funeral stop, take off their hats, say a little prayer, and do not move on till the procession is out of sight."

A people who practise so much piety deserve better than to be misrepresented by brutal and persecuting governors. There are hard restrictions upon our priests in Russia, and any attempt to make

converts to the "Roman allegiance" is severely punished. There is, however, a manifest and growing desire among thinking people for reunion with the Holy See. One of the greatest obstacles to that reunion at the present time is the fact that Catholicism in Russia is represented almost exclusively by the poor, persecuted Poles; and the Poles are universally believed to be hostile to the Empire. However, the prospect of reconciliation looks brighter than ever before; and it can not be that these pious multitudes, many of whom are actually unaware of their estrangement from the Church, will remain much longer deprived of the fulness of saving faith.

A New Story of Old Dr. Johnson.

HANNAH MORE, it seems, was a favorite of the great Dr. Johnson, that most dogmatic and autocratic of men. He called her his child, and was usually very indulgent of her faults and tolerant of her opinions, although they often differed with his own. Once she was warmly praising some opinion of certain Catholic writers, when the old Doctor burst out:

"Madam, let me hear no more of this! Do not quote your Popish authorities to me. I want none of them."

His friend was completely overwhelmed with this rudeness. Her lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears. Seeing this, the manner of the gruff Doctor completely changed, and he gently took her trembling hand, and said in the sweetest of tones:

"Child, never mind what I said. Follow true piety wherever you find it."

This anecdote goes to prove what Dr. Johnson's friends claimed for him—that he had a warm and sympathizing heart, in spite of his rough exterior and forbidding ways; and that, like many others, he sometimes spoke from prejudice.

Notes and Remarks.

Those who hold that fasting, though good for the soul, is bad for the body—prejudicial to health and causative of disease,—betray crass ignorance of the teaching of medical science. The father of medicine wrote: "Whoever eateth and drinketh sparingly shall be free from disease"; and another old fellow used to say that a stomach always full is a nest for disease to lay eggs. Modern disciples of Hippocrates often prescribe rigorous diet for the cure of bodily ills, and sometimes refuse to treat patients who will not control their appetites. "By surfeiting, many hath perished," says the Wise Man; "but he that is temperate shall prolong life." The law of fasting is for our temporal as well as our spiritual welfare. The Church prays: "Grant, O God, that we may devoutly celebrate this solemn season of fasting, which has been instituted for the health of soul and body." The Bishop of Christchurch in far New Zealand, in his Lenten pastoral last year, made this pertinent observation: "A season of fasting and abstinence, like a Lent well kept, would often be enough to repair a host of disorders brought on by daily intemperance, or excess in eating and drinking. For one doctor engaged in healing sickness brought about by fasting and abstinence, we venture to assert that there are a thousand striving to heal maladies brought on by sensuality. More than one eminent physician has been heard to say, 'Had not the Church insisted on the observance of fasting and abstinence, the faculty should have established a Lent of its own.'"

Those earnest but perfervid spirits who are so ready to charge our Anglican brethren with bad faith, or to accuse them of "playing at Catholicity" by imitating our ritual, would do well to remember the long years during which men of noble minds and pure hearts—Newman, Manning, Baker, and Faber—stumbled and groped through darkness toward the "kindly light." It is a serious matter to accuse any one of being in bad faith. This is something not easily deter-

mined. And "playing at Catholicity" may turn out to be a very serious affair. No doubt, as the zealous and gentle Cardinal Vaughan recently said, there are thousands in England who hesitate to take the great forward step through fear of poverty and of the severance of family ties; but it is equally certain that large numbers of good men and women, leading prayerful and mortified lives, will loyally follow the dawn when it breaks on their souls. Speaking of the present inquiry into the validity of orders in the Church of England, "An Anglican Parson" writes pathetically to the *London Tablet*: "I hope you will permit me to point out with what thrilling anxiety many of us Anglicans are awaiting the issue of this controversy." Catholics who have been edified by the holy lives of converts from Anglicanism will pray that all men of good-will may find rest for their souls in the bosom of the one true Church.

A secular journal of London publishes some instructive statistics as to the progress of Catholicity in England since 1829. Priests then numbered 477: they are now 3,000. There were only 449 churches, to 1,763 at the present time. In that year there were no monasteries at all in England: there are now 244. Convents have increased from 16 to 491; and the number of colleges, at that epoch 2, has increased to 38. Another point for consideration is the influential part Catholics play in the government of the country. There are 6 Catholic members of the Privy Council, 34 Catholic members of the House of Lords, and 74 Catholic members of Parliament. More significant still is the portentous fact of a Catholic Lord Chief-Justice of England's addressing a great public meeting at Liverpool, called together to honor the memory of the late Bishop of that city. Let the faithful of England be true to their profession, and the conversion of their country is but a question of time.

The Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes was celebrated this year for the first time in many places in the United States, though the Mass and Office were decreed in 1891. The anniversary of the apparition is always observed

at Lourdes with the greatest solemnity, and many were the pilgrims who flocked thither on the 11th ult. to take part in the celebration. The vigil was kept by Vespers and Complin, followed by Matins and Lauds at 8 p. m. in the Basilica. Up to midnight the scene along the winding road leading from the Grotto to the church was one of extraordinary animation. On the Feast an enormous crowd of worshippers filled the sacred edifice from early dawn. There were about one hundred and fifty priests, amongst whom were many religious, of different Orders. Every altar was engaged, Mass succeeding Mass with scarcely any interval. The number of communicants was altogether remarkable. In the afternoon an eloquent panegyric was preached by a Jesuit Father from Lille. The Grotto and esplanade were gaily decorated with flags, and in the evening the exterior of the Basilica was brilliantly illuminated. The torchlight procession was an affecting spectacle, especially when, on returning to the Grotto, the signal for dispersal was given by the choir-singers in the final strophe, "*Au revoir, Céleste Mère!*"

The highest tribute that can be paid to Monsig. Gilbert, the late Vicar-General of Westminster, is to say that his name will be forever associated with that of Cardinal Manning in the charitable works of London. Together they faced the problem of social misery, saving many from death by starvation, and more from a fate worse than death. Sixty-seven years ago he was born in London, of Irish parents; and his steadfast character and brilliant parts are shown by the rapidity with which one of his retiring disposition rose to the highest offices of the Archdiocese. His fellow-priests declare that humility was Monsig. Gilbert's characteristic virtue, but the people say it was love of the poor. The refuges he established for their relief will most fittingly perpetuate his memory. May he rest in peace!

There is a certain princely munificence about the act of charity recently performed by the venerable Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris. When his Eminence celebrated his golden jubilee last year,

the people of Paris presented him with a purse of 130,000 francs. His Eminence did not accept this offering for himself, but was keenly anxious to see a handsome high altar take the place of the temporary structure which at present does duty in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre. The severe weather having set in, the big heart of the grand old prelate could not contemplate the sufferings of the poor unmoved. "I can not help remembering," he says, addressing his clergy, "what my predecessors have done in times of public calamity. They did not even stop at selling the sacred vessels in order to succor the distressed. I have, therefore, resolved to share with the poor the money which was presented to me on the occasion of my jubilee."

This strikingly reminds us of the late Cardinal Manning, who could never be brought to think of erecting his cathedral whilst there was a child to be rescued from the London slums.

The opinion seems to be spreading among Protestants in this country that "converted priests" are men in sore need of conversion. It is a well-grounded opinion. Managers of lecture bureaus have long since learned to their confusion that, like bad eggs, these pretenders are to be handled with caution. The Rev. Mr. Dixon, of New York, in a sermon to his flock on the subject of "The Savannah Riots and Religious Intolerance," remarked that "when a priest leaves his Church and goes out into the world and vilifies it, there is something radically wrong with him."

There always is, Brother Dixon. You may be sure of it. From Luther down to the latest of them, apostate priests are bad men.

The Bishop of Sacramento, the late Rt. Rev. Patrick Manogue, was a notable figure of the Church in the West. The first two years of his priesthood, during which he travelled over the whole territory of Nevada, he spent almost entirely in the saddle. The rough fortune-seekers who rushed into the territory after the discovery of silver were opposed to both law and religion, and Father Manogue's position was often dangerous as well as difficult. He

labored unsparingly, however; and the effect of his zeal was soon abundantly evident. He won the affection of even the most turbulent spirits, and, for the prevention of public crime, became a force more powerful than the law. Once in midwinter, after a hard ride of one hundred and eighty miles to minister to a man condemned to death, finding the prisoner innocent, he immediately returned and procured his pardon. When he became Bishop of Sacramento he continued to labor in the same spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice, and few pages in the history of Catholicity in the West will be more glorious than that which tells of his life. *R. I. P.*

It was expected that the appointment of Lord Acton to succeed the late Mr. Froude as Regius Professor of Modern History in Cambridge University would provoke indignant remonstrance; but to the credit of the Protestants of England be it said that this expectation has not been fulfilled. With strikingly few exceptions, the choice has been generally applauded. The unsavory London *Times* describes Lord Acton as "one of the most learned of living Englishmen"; and adds that "the unscholarly slovenliness and inaccuracy which disfigured much of Mr. Froude's best work is pretty certain not to blemish the productions of a student who has earned the applause of Germany. Wide and exact as was Professor Seeley's acquaintance with history, it is probable that Lord Acton's is wider and more thorough still." Lord Acton was one of those Catholics who thirty years ago impugned the dogma of Papal Infallibility; but, unlike the unfortunate Dr. Döllinger, he did not relinquish the faith. He is probably the first Catholic to hold important office in either of the great universities of England since the reign of James II.

A collection of pictures of the Madonna, including many old and curious paintings and exquisite reliefs, as well as modern works of great charm, has been on exhibition in New York city for the benefit of the Fresh Air Fund. The *Sun* remarks that "the appropriateness of the subject of the collection to the objects of the charity is obvious."

Notable New Books.

THE WATCHES OF THE PASSION. By the Rev. P. Gallwey, S. J. Three Volumes. Art & Book Company.

In a charming preface to this precious work Father Gallwey acknowledges his indebtedness to those who assisted him in its preparation, and among others to "those holy writers from whom has been borrowed whatever there is of value in these volumes." We are glad to join in any compliment to the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, but Father Gallwey must not be permitted thus to evade the responsibility of producing one of the most complete, most unctuous and most learned treatises on the Passion of Our Lord that have ever come to our notice. The first of these volumes begins with "The Evening of Our Lord's Life on Earth." The raising of Lazarus, the preaching beyond the Jordan, and the events that immediately led up to Passion Week are embraced under this title; and these, with twenty-six scenes following Passion Sunday, complete the first part. The "Watches" begin in the second part, which deals with the time between the Eucharistic Supper and the Sacrifice of Calvary. The third part carries the meditation along to that Thursday morning, ever-memorable, when our Divine Lord ended His earthly sojourn by the Ascension.

Thus briefly stated, the plan of Father Gallwey's work seems not specially ambitious, but no one who turns over the fifteen hundred octavo pages it comprises will remain long without a sense of its magnitude. Following the method of St. Ignatius, the author has supplied the stage-setting for the sorrowful scenes of "the story that transformed the world." The intimate knowledge of the topography of Palestine displayed in this feature of the work compels admiration. Even more striking, however, are the wealth of Scriptural quotation, and the aptness with which it is cited. No one to whom the Sacred Passion has not been a long and loving study could have composed these volumes; while the fervent spirit that breathes in every line marks the author not only as a learned and painstaking commentator, but as a safe

and inspiring guide to the religious life as well.

We may be permitted, in these pages, to refer to the words of Cardinal Vaughan, who said, in a letter to Father Gallwey, that he judged the "Watches" by the part the Sorrowful Mother had in them—and he found them good. No record of the Passion of Our Lord would be complete without reference to the Mother of Jesus; and, like Cardinal Vaughan, we find the "Watches" good.

The volumes are handsome as well as learned and devout, and the beautiful frontispieces and colored maps add much to their interest and value.

INDIAN AND WHITE IN THE NORTHWEST.

By L. B. Palladino, S. J. John Murphy & Co.

The subtitle of Father Palladino's work admirably describes its scope and character. It is a history of Catholicity in Montana. Like most missionary memoirs, it is a book of great interest, and will edify as well as instruct all who read it. Beginning with an account of the character and customs of the Flathead nation, the author passes swiftly on to the work of the saintly Father De Smet and his companions. The establishment of the first mission, the introduction of the Sisters of Providence, and the gradual growth of the State in population and industries, are fully and concisely treated.

The Jesuit Fathers were the pioneer missionaries of Montana, and the account of their labors naturally predominates the volume. Generous credit, however, is given to good Bishop Brondel, his clergy, and to incidental missionaries, like the veteran army chaplain, Father Lindesmith. It is also pleasant to find the names of prominent laymen and women who have proved staunch promoters of the faith. Some of the brightest and most inspiring pages of the volume are those which tell of the work done by the Sisters of Providence and the Ursuline nuns. These valiant women have borne and are still bearing a noble share in the work of tending Christ's flock.

Father Palladino's work is, of course, essentially serious; but occasionally a page is enlivened by an amusing anecdote, or spiced with the story of a "hairbreadth escape."

His work, interesting in itself, will be invaluable to the future historian of the Church in the United States.

HERO-TALES OF IRELAND. Collected by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co.

Anything more fresh and enjoyable than these tales can hardly be offered to a public surfeited by the watery fiction now current. They have in them the odor of wild flowers, the flavor of the woods and of rugged, primitive life. They are not, as one might infer from the title, a summary of Irish heroism on land and sea: they are a collection of folk-lore stories, embodying the rude fiction which grew up out of the soil centuries ago, and has since lived on in the popular mind.

These tales were well worth collecting. If they have the simplicity and plainness of an earlier century, they have also a strength and picturesqueness that are impossible in our time. The book is densely populated with magicians, giants, and "little men"; and with princes and princesses, transformed by their enemies into hounds, foxes, and ducks, and released by the superhuman effort of some good giant. Finn MacCool enjoys proper pre-eminence, of course. As a study in the evolution of fiction, this interesting and handsome volume is of great value.

A STORY OF COURAGE. Annals of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation. By George Parsons Lathrop and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

The reputation of the Georgetown Convent is too national to permit the story of its establishment and growth to be received with apathy by the reading public, hence it is safe to predict for this book a general appreciation. The Sisters of the Visitation are to be congratulated upon securing the service of pens so gifted as those wielded by Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop, and there seems to be ample evidence that the task was a congenial one. The work is purely original as regards form, expression, and arrangement, while closely following the facts recorded in the archives of the convent. It is the old story of conventual foundations: a beginning humble and insignificant; sharp struggles with poverty, exemplary piety; and, in this case, the whole undertaking, by its almost unprec-

edented success, stamped with the seal of divine approval. Certain miraculous cures effected within its walls are given with a straightforward simplicity of narration that carries conviction, and shows that God manifests His power over natural laws when and where He wills. The brief life-sketches of members distinguished for piety and mental gifts are another interesting feature of this "Story of Courage."

One word about the style. The names upon the title-page are an earnest of the quality of the work within, and the reader finds his expectations realized by the smooth diction and easy flow of the narrative.

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. S. B. Smith, D. D., of St. Joseph's Church, Paterson, N. J.; the Rev. Cornelius O'Connor, of St. Vincent's Church, S. Boston, Mass.; and the Rev. Peter McCoy, of St. Mary's Church, Baltimore, who lately departed this life.

Mr. Thomas Clarke, whose happy death took place on the 23d ult., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Daniel Harrington, of Fall River, Mass., who passed away on the 16th ult.

Mrs. A. Roberts, who died a holy death on the 27th ult., in Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Mary McGarry, of Boston, Mass., whose life closed peacefully on the 10th ult.

Mrs. Catherine A. Donnelly, who piously breathed her last on the 20th ult., at Newport, R. I.

Mr. Thomas Clingan, of Co. Cavan, Ireland, who yielded his soul to God on the 14th ult.

James K. Cody and Matthew and Ellen Brown, of San Francisco, Cal.; Patrick C. Kelly, Ashkum, Ill.; Messrs. Patrick Meade, John Coppse, John McGuire, Mrs. M. Culhane, and William Quigley, — all of Ireland; Mrs. Catherine McHannan, Mr. F. L. Hayes, and Mrs. Anna McGuire, Cleveland, Ohio; Michael Daly and Miss Maria Hansen, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Rose Ziegler, Wilmington, Del.; Miss E. Fitzpatrick, Providence, R. I.; Mr. James Hughes, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Hugh Derham, Rose Mount, Minn.; Miss Agnes O'Donnell, Westfield, Mass.; Mr. Bartholomew O'Brien and Mrs. Annie Ryan, St. Louis, Mo.; and Mrs. Catherine Blake, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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. *

St. Patrick's Garden.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

ST. PATRICK from his garden
Sent all the toads and snakes,—
His garden was all Ireland,
The land of hills and lakes.

I'm sure he meant to show us
That our souls sweet gardens are,—
That they should be far purer
Than a flower or a star.

For a snake may mar the flower,
And a cloud the star may dim,
But our souls from toads and serpents
May be free, rememb'ring him.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VII.—THE DEPARTURE.

UNCLE MIKE'S name was on the yellow envelope; but he, being busy, had sent it upstairs to his wife. She put on her spectacles before she opened it. A telegram to Aunt Mary meant, in her opinion, something terrible. It was true that she had neither relative or friend outside of the small circle we already know; but, nevertheless, a yellow envelope seemed always to contain bad news.

"Read it. I can't!" Aunt Mary said, giving the telegram to Jack.

Jack tore it open and read:

"Doctor writes that Guy is improving. Let him go to Professor Grigg's school as soon as possible. Put him under care of Abbé Mirard.

"G. DE SAINT-PIERRE."

The telegram had been sent from Paris. Aunt Mary read it herself.

"Well," she said, with a sigh, "I suppose there is no help for it. But I'll not send the child, in spite of all the Saint-Pierres in the world, if it is not a Catholic school."

"Oh, but it is!" said Baby Maguire. "I know all about that. I was hoping that it wasn't; so that I wouldn't have to go to confession, except when I came home for vacation. But Aunt Chumleigh told me different. Father Mirard teaches catechism, and it's an awfully religious school."

Baby had spoken very frankly; and Aunt Mary was shocked, because she had always believed that he was a very pious little boy.

"Oh, yes," Jack chimed in, "it's all right that way! Father and mother wouldn't let us go if it wasn't."

"Dear! dear!" said Aunt Mary, tears coming into her eyes. "The house will be so lonely! And I hope they'll see that Guy's flannels are regularly changed. Will you, Jack, promise to see that he has his red on in December, January, and February, and his white in April?"

"All right!" said Jack.

"And I'll put his medicine chest in your care. No matter what the doctor at the school may say, he's to have his little pills regular, Jack."

"All right!" said Jack, recklessly.

"Am I really to go?" Guy asked, his cheeks growing paler. "Really?"

"I am afraid so," answered Aunt Mary. "Your clothes are all ready. I'll have to get you some new handkerchiefs, though. I suppose that Mrs. Grigg will go mousing about among your things and making remarks. I think I'll have to get you some new stockings; for I am not going to have any schoolmistress going about and saying that I sent you away with darned stockings."

"Why, we've all got darned stockings!" said Bob. "Nobody minds *that*."

Aunt Mary kissed Guy and hastily left the room. She went half way down the stairs, and sat on the step there and cried.

Coming up, Uncle Mike found her there. In a low voice she told him of the cable message.

"'Tis hard to part with the child," Uncle Mike said. "Faith, he's been an angel in the house. But it's better that he should go away and get strong than die, isn't it? The reason his relative left him with us was that he expected him to die, and this was his only home. As it is, Mary, the poor boy will have to be educated like a gentleman, and neither you nor me is fitted to do that."

Aunt Mary sighed.

"He'll come back strong and hearty," continued Uncle Mike.

Aunt Mary shook her head.

"But I won't have the care of him: 'twill be that Mrs. Grigg that will have done it all."

"What difference," said Uncle Mike, cheerfully, "when he comes home rosy and light-hearted, and maybe able to walk?"

"He'll be such a fine gentleman that he'll be ashamed of us."

"Not he," said Uncle Mike. "There's not a mean drop in him. I'm sure that, in spite of his geometry and geography, he'll be just as ready to sell mackerel with me in the shop as the boys there byant. Come up and see the boy, Mary.

Don't be moping here. We'll make him go away with a cheerful heart; for life's sad enough as it is."

Aunt Mary was divided between conflicting emotions. Of course she was glad that Guy had a good chance of living,—and he must have if the doctor said so. She would have preferred that *her* doctor had said so; for she believed in homeopathy, and always carried little pills with her, in case of emergency. But, still, she held that this doctor knew something, since Mr. Chumleigh had sent him. She was already jealous of the unknown Mrs. Grigg; and, then, she felt a deep pang at the loss of the little cripple. Yet it must be admitted that she did not love him so much, now that he was stronger, as when he was weak and helpless. She loved him deeply, of course; but she loved the other little Guy, wan and hollow-eyed, more.

At the same time she was a sensible woman. She saw, with Uncle Mike, that Guy must have his chance; and she went busily to work to help to give it to him. Being a religious woman, duty was duty. It was her duty to do what the Count de Saint-Pierre asked her to do; it was her duty to make Guy's going away as cheerful as possible.

The boys all crowded upstairs when they heard that Guy was going to school. He sat by the window, in his bower of lilies, with flushed cheeks and bright eyes, listening to the chatter about him. To the lonely boy all this gleeful noise was delightful.

"Aunt Mary," he said, "I will think of you every single day, and write to you every week."

"See that you do," replied Aunt Mary, turning her head away; to examine an array of shirt waists she had before her. "It will not be long till June, Guy," she added, remembering Uncle Mike's speech about cheerfulness; "then we'll all be happy together."

Guy's face brightened.

"You'll not miss me much, Aunt Mary," he went on. "You have Uncle Mike. And we'll all be so happy in June! And I will know so much then!"

"Yes."

Aunt Mary turned away again, and a tear trembled on one of the shirt waists.

Guy's excitement grew as the day wore on. He was to travel; he was to eat in the dining-car, and perhaps sleep all night on wheels! The boys, forgetting their own fears for the future, began to describe the delights of a journey by rail.

"I was to Chicago twice," said Bob Bently; "and I know something about travelling."

There was silence. Jack had been to New York once and to Atlantic City three times. Baby Maguire had travelled from Kennett Square. Thomas Jefferson had made the Atlantic City trip. And Faky Dillon had gone as far as Trenton; but, as he had a vivid imagination, it seemed when he talked as if he had gone around the world.

"When will Guy go?" Bob asked. "He can't go with us; for we're all ready to start to-night, and travelling in a sleeper might not be good for him."

"He'll go to-morrow or next day," said Aunt Mary. "And Uncle Mike will go with him. I've crossed the ocean once, and there'll be no more travelling for me till I'm carried to the grave."

"It would be nice if we could wait for him," said Baby Maguire.

"Oh, but we can't!" answered Thomas Jefferson, promptly.

"No, we can't," said Bob, with a long-drawn sigh. "If Guy travels in the day-time, I can tell him how he can save money. The last time I went to Chicago in the summer with father, he gave me three dollars and a half. That was enough for three meals, and I had to have something for the porter. They charge a dollar for each meal in the dining-car, you know."

Aunt Mary stopped in the process of threading her needle.

"Is it telling the truth you are?"

"I'll cross my breath," replied Bob, promptly.

"A dollar for breakfast! The deceiving villains!" said Aunt Mary, with intense indignation.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Bob.

Guy was all attention. In time this strange, new world might be all his own.

"Go on, Bob!" he said.

"I just made up my mind that I'd save my money. So I gave the porter ten cents in advance; and when father went into the dining-car I said: 'Oh, no,—they don't catch *me!* Oh, no!' I had coffee and pork and beans at a station for twenty cents. That left me three dollars and twenty cents. See?"

Aunt Mary looked at Bob approvingly; she liked thrift.

"You'll be a great man yet," she said.

"When noon-time came," Bob went on, amid silence broken only by a chuckle from Faky Dillon, "I dropped off (it was later than noon: about one o'clock), and got a cup of coffee and a piece of pie,—fifteen cents. That left me three dollars and five cents. See?"

Aunt Mary was delighted.

"'Tis riding in your own carriage you'll be yet."

"Well, didn't I serve the dining-car people right?" asked Bob.

"You did! you did!" said Aunt Mary.

Faky Dillon chuckled. Bob's cheeks reddened, and he threw threatening glances at him; but Faky still chuckled.

"And tell Aunt Mary how much money you took home," he said.

"I'm sure you did well," she said; "and your father must have been pleased with you. I'll tell Uncle Mike—'twill be a lesson to him,—and 'tis the biggest apple in the shop he'll give you."

Faky broke out into laughter.

"Tell the rest of the story, Bob. I heard

your father tell my father all about it."

"Ah! you hold your tongue!" whispered Bob. "I'll punch—"

"It was after they left Buffalo," Faky broke in, "that Bob began to feel really hungry. He tried chewing-gum, but his father made him throw twenty cents' worth of Tutti Frutti out the car window."

Thomas Jefferson groaned.

"Who picked it up, Faky?" asked Baby Maguire.

"A goat, of course. Chewing-gum and tomato cans together is what goats like," said Faky, rapidly. "Then he got hungrier and hungrier."

"You stop, Faky!" growled Bob.

"He bought two boxes of caramels, three boxes of figs, *Puck*—just to take his mind from his stomach,—a lot of apples and pears, two papers of lemon drops, a glass pistol full of candy, some salted popcorn, four oranges—"

"Three!" said Bob, frowning.

"Three oranges, half-a-dozen bananas, and three more boxes of caramels. Then he had a dollar left. See?"

Aunt Mary raised her eyes and looked severely at Bob. Guy was shocked at such extravagance.

"Anyhow, you saved a dollar."

"I had a dollar and fifteen cents left," growled Bob. "You stop, Faky Dillon!"

"And then, when they got past Cleveland, there was a wreck ahead, and they had to wait a while; so Bob went over to an apple orchard—"

"The farmer said we might help ourselves, if each gave him ten cents."

"And Bob"—Faky went into a series of loud chuckles, in which everybody, except Aunt Mary and Bob, joined from mere sympathy,—“and Bob climbed a knotty tree. And the whistle blew before he expected; for his father says he was so hungry that he sat on a bough eating apples and couldn't wait till he got down. And Bob tried to slide down, but his

trousers caught in the knobs on the tree. And he ran, caught the train, and the porter had to take him into the state-room, to sew him up. He was all in rags. And the porter charged him a dollar."

"The deceiving wretch! the deluder!" said Aunt Mary. "A dollar for putting a few stitches in a boy's trousers!"

"But I *was* all torn up," said Bob, gloomily; "and it was worth a dollar: he sewed for two hours."

"I'll wager," she said, contemptuously, "that he hadn't even a thimble on, and him charging a dollar! Some of them colored people do beat the Dutch!"

"I'll settle *you!*" Bob whispered to Faky, who merely murmured:

"He thought he could travel all day,

So he saved up his pence,

And called it immense.

But, for all, his hard cash got away!"

The argument was closed by Uncle Mike's announcement that the time was up: the boys must go.

Two hours later Mr. and Mrs. Chumleigh, with the Dillons and Bentlys, stood at the gate of the Pennsylvania Railroad station. The boys had gone.

"Well," said Mrs. Chumleigh, "it almost breaks my heart; but those boys of ours will be out of the kitchen, anyhow."

"It's a mercy," said the cook aloud to herself, as she watched the clock, "that they're off. It's meself that finds it hard to associate with idjuts and sows' ears that you can't make silk purses of."

Susan bowed her head; and Rebecca, affrighted, exclaimed:

"Laws-a mussy!"

"And me doing me best to teach them," added the cook bitterly to the clock,—“And me doing me best! Well, 'tis said that a man never makes any profit in his own country. But those angels are gone; and I hope their high-flown education won't make 'em bad and bold, like some of their elders,—I name no names," she added.

A Pretty Story.

There is a pretty story concerning Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes which has just been given to the world. I am sure all of our young people will be glad to hear it. When he was a little lad he committed some slight fault in school. Perhaps he took a bite of an apple, or whispered to the next boy, or failed in his spelling lesson. At any rate, whatever he did, he was severely punished. It was the fashion in those days to be very liberal with the great wooden ruler, which was always kept near at hand; and our boy's fingers were sore and swollen for many days from the effects of that punishment.

Forty years passed. The lad was now famous as an author and scientist, and what was far better, he had kept the sweet temper of his childhood. I dare say he sometimes thought of that harsh punishment; but, it is so much easier to forgive than to forget, I am sure he had long ceased to entertain any bitter feelings toward his old teacher, who was only carrying out the strict laws of a sterner age than ours.

One day Dr. Holmes was called to his library. A bent and aged man painfully arose to greet him.

"Do you remember me?" he asked. "I was your teacher at — forty years ago."

"Oh, yes!" said Dr. Holmes. "I remember you very well."

Then they chatted on commonplace subjects for some time. "But," said Dr. Holmes afterward, "I saw there was something rising in his throat all the while, and I knew it was that whipping."

Finally the old man said:

"I have come to ask your forgiveness. Forty years ago I whipped you in anger. Afterward I was sincerely sorry. Perhaps you have forgotten it. I have not, — I never shall."

Poor old man! Dr. Holmes does not

tell us what he answered, but we can guess. The teacher had gone to the man to whom forgiveness was easy; and we can imagine that the pupil's dreams were as sweet that night as those of the old schoolmaster who had been pardoned.

FRANCESCA.

A Little Girl's Praise.

Thackeray once told a friend that the most acceptable praise he had ever received came from a ragged little girl who was playing in one of the most poverty-stricken streets of London. As the great novelist passed she called out to her brother:

"Hi, Archie! Do you know who him is? Him's Becky Sharp."

Thackeray was amazed. How had this ignorant little creature heard of him or of the Becky Sharp who figures in "Vanity Fair"? He stopped and questioned her, learning from her replies that her mother had been an actress and was "edicated," but had had bad luck on the stage, and was now making trousers for a living. She had read one or two parts of "Vanity Fair," had told her little daughter the story, as far as she knew it, and had on a previous occasion pointed out the author to her.

Thackeray took the grimy little hand of the child, and together they went to the mother's poor abode, finding her engaged in boiling potatoes for dinner. The novelist asked her what she most desired, and found it was to read the other chapters of the story which she had begun. The book was sent to her the next day, together with some substantial food to add to the potatoes.

"I was more pleased with the little ragamuffin's remark," Thackeray said afterward, "than if the Duke of Devonshire had praised me."



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

Vol. XL.

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No. 12.

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To Saint Joseph.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

DEAR Foster-father of Our Lady's Son,
Whose blessèd privilege it was to see
The Christ-Child smile upon thy toil and thee,
And know that for His sake thy work was
done:

Spouse of the Virgin, and the chosen one
From all of Israel's race with her to be
The guardian of His holy infancy;
Now that the winter's dreary course is run,
The sweet approaches of returning spring—
The first green tints that tinge the grassy lea,
The birds, North-flying to new homes, that
sing

Their joyous greetings from each leafing
tree,—

Are welcome visitors, because they bring
The month whose days are dedicate to thee.

Cesare Cantù.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.



MODERN Italy has reason to be proud of her knights of the pen. To say nothing of her ecclesiastics who have distinguished themselves in current literature and whose name is legion, no other country has produced, in this century, a literary galaxy which merits comparison with that formed

by Pellico, Manzoni, Monti, Bröfferio, Foscolo, Romagnosi, Grossi, Troya, D'Azeglio, and Cantù. Our century has produced more celebrated mediocrities than any of its predecessors; and, since the inception of her sham-encouraging unitarian revolution, Italy has brought forth her share. But literary mediocrities are soon forgotten in Italy. There, few mistake voluminousness for exhaustiveness; obscurity is not lauded as profundity; petulance is not taken for vivacity; specious smartness does not pass for wit. As a rule, literary pre-eminence is attained in Italy by the deserving alone; and among those contemporary writers who have won the respectful admiration of the Italian historical and literary world, the first place, both for the number and the variety of his works, must be accorded to Cesare Cantù, who has just passed away in the ninetieth year of his age.

The chief title of Cantù to the gratitude of scholars throughout the world is his "Universal History," a work which excels all similarly styled lucubrations as a persevering research for historical truth, and a frank expression of that truth. It is a voluminous work; but the scholar never meets with anything that might be omitted without diminution of its utility, or even with little passages which have no necessary bearing on the subject-matter. As all the peoples of the earth pass in chronological order before the student, he feels as though

he were contemporary with each of them; so clearly does his mentor philosophize, as the procession moves on, concerning the social, political, and religious development of all. Characteristic details abound. The events are so grouped that the scholar can consider them from a general as well as from a particular point of view; and during the entire unfolding of the panorama he inspects humanity as it accords with or transgresses the laws of justice and progress.

In the perusal of this admirable history we often discern the hand of him who has touched the most delicate fibres of the heart in his poems and romances; on the other hand, the historian is ever calm on his judicial bench as he descants on past and present, and penetrates into the future. No historian has so well understood that science which is termed the philosophy of history; that science which deduces from the events of the past the laws obeyed by human passions, the aspirations of men and of nations, and which aids us in anticipating the future. The work of Cantù is pre-eminently a living work; it is not a mere corpse of the past which he presents to our contemplation. The men whom he evokes are living characters, not the mere shades and names of men. And he is no mere shade of a historian when he judges these personages: he is sagacious, trenchant, and precise, utterly void of that eclecticism and that scepticism which are the dominating features of nearly all modern historians.

One can not but think that the poetical genius of Cantù has helped him to attain to historical eminence. Of course few poets make good historians. Not one true poet in ten is properly equipped to court the Muse of History; and the chances are ten to one that the properly equipped poet will sacrifice historical truth to the exigencies of dramatic effect. But poetic fire is of great advantage to the competent historical delineator, as the works of Cantù

well evince. Our author shows that a man can be both poet and historian, although such success is exceptional. Schiller, for instance, a grand poet and an admirable one when he speaks the truth, is but a poor historian. He essayed a history of that brigandage and butchery, that chaos of contrary elements, which is termed the 'Thirty-Years' War; which he would never have approached had he not hoped to make capital out of its prodigious and tremendously dramatic personages. Well, Schiller found the material for a thrilling work; but he brought forth an incoherent mass of platitudinous declamations. In fine, Schiller ceased to be a poet without becoming a historian. Such was not the destiny of Cantù.

Our author's "Universal History" was, so to speak, the tree which put forth those fruitful branches, the "History of the Italians," the "History of a Hundred Years," and "The Last Thirty Years." After the revolution of '48, during that time of repose which preceded the unitarian movement of '60 which was to "regenerate" Italy, Cantù deemed it well to draw the attention of the world to the lessons furnished by the events which were consequent on the great French Revolution of 1789, and which were calculated to serve as warnings for the revolutionists of the future. This intention was realized in the "History of a Hundred Years," dealing with the period from 1750 to 1850, of the latter part of which Cantù could well say: "*Quorum pars magna fui.*" He had already experienced the bitter fate which is reserved for one who declines to be the slave of any faction, and who, recognizing the merits and faults of all, becomes a target for the venomous shafts of diametrically opposite parties. Nevertheless, he had undertaken the task of describing that magnificent but doleful period, with the sole desire to manifest the truth, without fear of either despots or popular passions. He felt that

he was a re-creator, and for such a one truth is necessary.

In this work Cantù read severe lessons to Austria; but he told just as severe truths to the leaders of '48. Intensely patriotic, he never deviated from the principles of sound morality; and when, in concluding his exhortations, he questioned himself as to the prospects of Italy's gaining her independence, he made Italy reply to Austria in the words used by Matteo Visconti to Guido Torriano when the latter asked him when he would return to power: "When thy sins shall have become greater than mine." The volumes created a great sensation throughout continental Europe; but the French version was a sad mutilation of the original; and when the author complained to M. Renée, the Napoleonically-inclined translator, he was answered: "Do you think that there is as much freedom of speech in France as there is in Italy?" And this question was put before the Italians had tried their unitarian experiment. In his "Last Thirty Years," describing events in which his own part was so great, Cantù never loses the serene tranquillity which is one of his characteristics; and, ever loyal in his own sentiments, he is indignant when he beholds crime figuring as a chosen instrument of statesmen. He says of Cavour: "He despised men enough to avail himself of their wickednesses, and he introduced a corruption which contaminated Italian regeneration." He paints in gloomy colors the condition of his country since she succumbed to the domination of the Brethren of the Three Points; but the facts which he presents are so patent that the book has found few censors.

In the "Heretics of Italy" our author depicts with broad and masterly lines the vicissitudes of the Church in Italy. The constant theme of this work is the often forgotten fact that civilization has always developed under the influence of the Church, and has always retrograded when

that influence has been impeded. The conclusion of the three large volumes is in these words: "After a study of Christianity in the light of reason, of history, and of conscience, our respect for Catholic tradition has been confirmed. Our studies have furnished us new reasons for the conviction that the Christian organization, infusing a spirit of subordination into the masses, confers on men the greatest amount of happiness. Of course we speak of that felicity which subjects the will not to violence, but to the sweet empire of a persuasive morality. We remain convinced that the most ancient of powers, the sacerdotal principality, is also the most venerable and the most generous; that it is the keystone of the social edifice and the guarantee of the liberty of our nation, because it can oppose to social convulsions the sole force which can curb them—conscience."

With Manzoni and Grossi, Cantù completes the triumvirate of modern Italian poetry. As for his power as a novelist, we may say that no romance, not even "The Betrothed" of Manzoni, has furnished such exquisite pleasure to refined and sympathetic souls as his "Margherita Pusterla." And Cantù can write for "the people." His honesty is equal to his intelligence, and he has always loved what it is the fashion to style "the lower orders." For the benefit of the working class he has written many books, small in volume but of immense value,—books which speak to the heart of the toiler, although dictated by solid reason and filled with extraordinary erudition. One of these works, "Good Sense and Good Heart," published in 1870, has been pronounced, by competent critics of every school of thought, to be the best educational work given to workingmen in modern times. In this book Cantù speaks to the people in their own language, displaying no party feeling; and urging his readers to economy, benevolence,

sobriety, and above all to activity, which he regards as the vocation of man on earth, an instrument of that progress which is the characteristic of true civilization. The stupendous amount of historical knowledge possessed by Cesare Cantù, the immense amount of reading, writing, and other labor in which his nearly ninety years of life were spent, enabled him to adorn and fructify this volume with a profusion of examples illustrating every precept which he inculcates. And he ever remembers that the mind of his reader, a "man of the people," must not be fatigued; so he drops at times into a bit of poetry which is both recreative and edifying. In fact, he so *miscuit utile dulci* that, as a certain critic observes, his useful appears to delight in swimming and splashing in sweetness.

Another beautiful work for the improvement of the toiler, called "The Workingman's Portfolio," is admirably practical. It is an autobiography of a young Neapolitan orphan who goes to Lombardy to learn a trade. Naturally restless and fond of novelty, he continually changes masters and trades; picks up a little knowledge of everything; learns much about the vicissitudes of Italy, and participates in some of the recent ones; studies considerably; and through all his adventures ever thinks of the injunction of his deceased mother: "Remember that God sees you!" Around this simple framework Cantù entwines much practical philosophy, moral counsels, refutations of the socialistic theories of the day, and advice concerning the oft-recurring conflict between the interests of the employee and those of the employer. Certain chapters on "A Father's Experience Narrated to His Children," "One for All and All for One," "Rich and Poor," and on "Strikes," are a perfect quintessence of all the possible arguments against communistic and socialistic dreams. Throughout the entire book Cantù evinces such sincere

devotion to the moral and intellectual progress of the toiling classes, and exhales so pronounced an odor of honesty, that even those of his compatriots who do not sympathize with his "clerical" aspirations have fain avowed that every workingman should have a copy of the book, and that the government should introduce it into every public educational institution. In a letter to the author, the illustrious French publicist Laboulaye says: "You have written more extensive and graver works, but none have attested so well as this one your great love for the 'people' and your real patriotism." However, the Italian governmental authorities have stigmatized the book as "anti-national" in its sentiments; and they discourage its circulation among those whom it would undoubtedly prevent from becoming a peril to the state.

"Perseverance" was ever the motto of the long life which Cantù devoted to the glory of the God who gave great talents to him. In 1873 he thus replied to greetings sent by the printers of Milan: "For a long time your eyes have been directed toward a workingman who wills strongly. Like yourselves, that workman was born in humble circumstances. When twenty years of age he became the father of nine orphans; and, without fortune or any kind of protection, he resolved to preserve the independence of his opinions, without any adulation of either the great or the lowly. Asking for no other Mæcenas than the public, he produced books which are more conscientious than scientific. Deprived of his liberty and of his country, defrauded of the fruit of his youthful labors, attacked in his most sincere aspirations and in his dearest affections, made a target by all who thought or wrote differently from himself, he adopted for his motto the word, *Perseverando*. When you accompany him to the cemetery say: 'A good workman has passed away. Let us imitate his perseverance.'"

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

XI.—THE CAPITAL.

HARVEY TALBOT had no adventure to relate, consequently Arthur Bodkin did all the talking. At first he was absolutely reticent on the subject of his lady-love, but he was too anxious to speak about her to permit silence to hold his tongue. He told his friend all, denouncing Alice in unmeasured terms, and announcing an iron-bound resolution never to see or speak to her again. Harvey Talbot was too much a man of the world to laugh in his chum's face, or to tell him that he was uttering arrant nonsense; so he remained gravely silent, while Arthur raved on, until the *sereno*, or night watchman, in a melancholy whine announced eleven o'clock from the street below.

"Come up to the Café Concordia, Arthur. We will meet everybody who is anybody there."

The Café Concordia was the Delmonico's of Mexico, and, as a consequence, the favorite lounge and trysting-place. After the music in the Alameda, or the opera, or when the curtain rang down at the theatres, the "upper ten" strolled to the Concordia,—the ladies to indulge in light refreshment or ices, their cavaliers in *pulque compuesta*, which consisted of *pulque* flavored with raspberry, or in the stronger beverage of *tequila* or *mescal*. I do not wish it to be understood that the Mexican *señoras* or *señoritas* were to be seen at the Concordia. Far from it. They avoided this glittering rendezvous as they would a house that was plague-stricken. The "ladies of the invasion," as they were styled by the Mexicans, dearly loved

the light and license of the Concordia, which was thronged day and night with the youth and beauty of foreign lands, and their swarthy, uniformed cavaliers,—for, during the Empire, army officers in full uniform were as thick as leaves in far-famed Valombrosa.

Our two friends seated themselves at a small marble-topped table and called for *granazao*, a delicious lemonade made of the sweet lemon. The scene was very brilliant and very striking. On crimson velvet ottomans, in animated conversation, were coquettish Frenchwomen; each with her escort, some with two or three. Interspersed with the showy uniforms of the French officers appeared the *charro*, or full-dress of the Mexican: the jacket with rows of buttons, some of solid gold, the rest of silver; an open-fronted white shirt, a scarlet scarf twisted into a sailor's knot; a crimson sash; trousers very wide about the feet and ankles, adorned with gold and silver stripes, with the attendant buttons; and then the spurs, with their enormous rowels. Every *caballero* carried a revolver, and from more than one sash appeared the decorated hilt of a *machete*, a knife with a murderous blade. A few gentlemen appeared in plain clothes; but they, somehow, seemed out of place.

In a remote corner of the room—they were seated in the inner room, the third from the street—a man was seated, wearing his *sombrero*, which, considering that ladies were present, and the other men uncovered, was somewhat remarkable.

"Who is that unmanly fellow in the corner over there?" asked Talbot.

The instant the man perceived that Arthur's gaze was coming in his direction, he bent his head so as to totally conceal his face by the broad brim of his hat.

"He won't give *you* a chance, at any rate," laughed Talbot.

Something almost familiar about this man struck Arthur, stimulating his curiosity. Who could he be? Assuredly there

were no familiar forms for him in this strange land. He had met so few, and then so briefly.

The man saw that he was observed. Calling for his check, his head still bent low, he paid it. In order to reach the Calle San Francisco he must pass where our friends were seated. Tilting his *sombrero* over his left ear and inclining his head in the same direction, he strode past. Just as he reached the door, a *mozo*, or waiter, suddenly entered, balancing a large tray on the palm of his uplifted hand. This tray in some awkward way struck the *sombrero*, tilting it backward and off the wearer's head. The man swiftly stooped to pick it up, concealing his face in his hand; and, having replaced it, dashed out of the Café.

Arthur Bodkin, the moment he saw the face, recognized the man. Springing to his feet, he exclaimed:

"Mazazo! Follow me, Talbot!" And, flinging waiters and incomers who crossed his path aside as though they were so many light bales of goods, he sprang into the street. Few people were abroad. The Concordia had gathered in its complement of after-theatre guests. A *sereno* stood at the corner of every street. The moon shone gloriously,—a moon that stood high in the heavens and overhead. Arthur looked to the right and to the left. He could perceive no one. In the side street that ran by the window of the Café, he caught a glimpse of the retreating figure of a man. In an instant he was in a run, and a minute brought him beside the object of his pursuit. The height, the square build, the stride, the grey *sombrero*,—all told him that the man, the spy Mazazo, was in front. Without a second's hesitation he leaped upon him, and, pinioning his arms from behind, plunged one knee in the other's back. The man uttered a cry of pain and commenced to bawl for help at the top of his lungs. The *sombrero* fell off; and Arthur, to his amazement

and horror, found that he held in his grip not Mazazo, but an inoffensive citizen on his way to his virtuous home.

Two, three watchmen came running up, rapping for aid with their sticks. What was to be done? Run for it!

Arthur Bodkin at Stonyhurst had won every prize worth winning for running, leaping, and wrestling. He had kept up his paces ever since, and not many days "passed into the dark" that he did not take a ten-mile breather—twenty being preferable. Here was his chance. To be arrested for violently assaulting a peaceful citizen, to be flung into jail, to have his name bandied from mouth to mouth until it reached the pink little ears of Alice! Horror!

Shaking the Mexican off with one hand, and deftly planting a "corker" into the throat of the *sereno* who had come within tap, he started down the street like a deer, and ere the astounded officers of the night had recovered their astonishment was round the corner, and spurting up a narrow, foul-smelling lane that led to the Cathedral. Darting round the Cathedral, still going the pace, he found himself opposite the National Palace. Here he pulled up, and, walking slowly and deliberately, arrived at the grand entrance, was admitted, and safely reached his room, where he flung himself on his bed, in order to cogitate on his lucky escape and the unexpected appearance of the spy Mazazo.

The papers next morning were full of a dastardly and cowardly assault upon Señor Don Ignacio Martinez Campos Echeverria, a distinguished lawyer, who, upon leaving the Café Concordia, was followed by a Frenchman well known to the police, who were upon his track. One journal demanded reparation or *guerra al cuchillo* (war to the knife).

Not wishing to be seen abroad, for fear of recognition by Señor Don Ignacio Martinez Campos Echeverria, Arthur sent

for Harvey Talbot, who turned up, more or less bewildered. The name Mazazo signified very little to him, while his friend's acrobatic conduct and sudden disappearance savored of the mysterious, if not of the romantic. After he had listened to Arthur's description of the adventure of the preceding night, Talbot became very grave.

"These Mexicans are a revengeful race, Arthur," he said; "they are treacherous, too. This Mazazo evidently escaped by connivance. Somehow or other, I put your veiled lady and this brigand, or spy, in the same boat—aye, and that sly old fox Bazaine. There's a game being played in which you don't hold a trump. Up to this you have been infernally down on your luck, old fellow! You have quarrelled with Miss Nugent, and—"

"It was *her* doing, not mine!" burst in Bodkin.

"You have made a deadly enemy in the spy Mazazo, and perhaps as formidable a foe in Count von Kalksburg. You have been used by Bazaine in regard to this mysterious woman, and now you are in danger of arrest and imprisonment for assault and battery. And let me tell you that if a man, especially a foreigner, is clapped into jail here, he seems never to get out. He is as much forgotten as the Man with the Iron Mask."

"What's the use of going over all this? Is it to annoy me? If yes, say so. Let us have it out!" growled Arthur.

"Oh, bother!" laughed Talbot. "Let us look at the situation right between the eyes. You are an extra—what?"

"Staff officer."

"Good! You are a staff officer *pro tem.*, Arthur, with no pay that I know of, and—"

"What are you driving at, Harvey Talbot?"

"This. The two men with whom I am in Co. are very shrewd, practical fellows. Corcoran has studied the situation till he

has it off by heart. He tells me that there will be a desperate struggle by Juarez against Maximilian, and—"

"Pshaw! Haven't we French troops at our back?"

"They haven't done very much."

"Only taken every city they besieged and won every battle they fought."

"Not *every* battle. And mind what I say. The French troops will, sooner or later, be withdrawn; and then—"

"The deluge!" laughed Arthur.

"Drop this military business, that can bring you nothing but possible disaster; and come into the mines with me."

"Oh, bosh!"

"It's not bosh: it's solid silver. Corcoran has got a mine at Santa Maria del Flor, that was worked by the Spaniards with enormous results till it became flooded. The miners of that day used to bring up the ore in baskets on their shoulders, climbing rude ladders. When the water came they had no pumps. Corcoran's title is absolute. He has capital, and has imported two Cornish pumps, such as they use in pumping out flooded mines in Cornwall. He will give me a share; and, by Jove, I will share with *you!* Think it over, Arthur. It is well worthy of consideration."

"Of course it is, Talbot; and you are a brick of the most adhesive quality, for bringing me in. But I want to see this thing out. If I were down in the bowels of the earth, I would never see Alice Nugent—not that I care," he hastily added,—"*not a thraneen.* But I want to spoil Count Ludwig von Kalksburg's little game, if I have to do it at the sword's point or the mouth of the pistol. Then, old Baron Bergheim is too good a soul to leave me in the lurch. He has taken me by the hand, and may be able to help me up the ladder. I mean to have a serious talk with him the moment we get settled,—after the imperial party has quieted down somewhat. I can't expect

him to give me any satisfaction till then. If I see nothing in Bergheim, then, my dear Harvey, I'm your man, to delve for silver or anything else."

"You will not be able to get at Baron Bergheim for some days. This place will be like Donnybrook Fair for weeks. Deputations from each state will be coming in day after day, with all the pomp and panoply they can possibly furbish up. I mean to clear out—to go up to the mine, which is scarcely a day's ride from here. And the scenery! O Arthur, it reminds me of Killarney! So deliciously fresh, so enchantingly green, so exquisitely lovely all round,—an emerald set in purple hills."

Rody O'Flynn entered, to announce that Arthur was wanted in the Chamberlain's office.

"Dine here to-night, Harvey," he said. "Something tells me that I ought to turn miner. What is it? *Quien sabe!*"

XII.—THE IMPERIAL COURT.

Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden found a chance of speaking with Baron Bergheim sooner than he had hoped for. After the state entry of the Emperor and Empress into the capital, a *levée* was held in the National Palace, which was attended by every person of distinction friendly to the new Empire, the dark-eyed *señoras* and *señoritas* being in considerable force to pay homage to the charming and captivating Carlotta.

"Come to my quarters and, hey! we'll have a pipe," said Baron Bergheim to Arthur, after the long and tedious ceremonial had been gone through. "Hey! but this is good!"—flinging off his coat encrusted with bullion, and dropping into an easy-chair. "Hey! but we were well received. Hey! but the Empress looked at her best, and our little Alice too. Hey! but we will be worked to death for the next six months. The etiquette of our court is the most drastic in the world, and

their Imperial Majesties mean to enforce it, to the hilt. Hey! but there will be wigs on the green when the question of precedence comes up, and the Marquis Hernando Cortez insists upon keeping his hat on in the imperial presence, or trotting into dinner in front of Prince Salm Salm, Hey! we'll have some fun mixed up with our work too." And the genial Baron pulled half a dozen rapid and vigorous whiffs at his china-bowled student's pipe.

"What work shall I have to do, sir?" asked Arthur.

"Everything, my son,—hey! from leading the cotillion to breaking in a *burro*. Hey!"

"On your staff, sir?"

"Not a bit of it. I mean to have you on the Emperor's staff, in the Household. I could have managed it before; but that confounded Von Kalksburg threw some obstacle in the way, and I had to back water. Hey! but it's all right now. I'll have you gazetted in the first gazette. Hey! whisper"—here he dropped his voice—"the Empress has been enlisted. Hey! it's all for the sake of our little Alice that I am so pleased. Hey! all for her sake."

"Has—has Miss Nugent been interesting herself *of late* for me?" asked Arthur, hesitatingly.

"Not she indeed. Hey! it's not Miss Nugent's influence—although she has a great deal—that is shoving you up the ladder. Hey! it's the other woman. Hey!"

"The other—other woman!" gasped Arthur.

The Baron nodded vigorously, puffing away at each nod.

"What other woman?"

"*What* other woman?"

"Yes."

"Why, the one you imported from Puebla,—Bazaine's woman. Hey!"

To say that Bodkin was astounded is saying very little. Who was this woman? Why should she interest herself for him?

There must be a mistake. A woman to whom he had uttered in all about two dozen words!

"It's all right!" cried the Baron. "Your fortune is assured. *Cherchez la femme!* Oh, you sly dog! But, my lad, look out for the claws of fair Mistress Alice. She will scratch, as sure as Sunday. Hey! we must keep it dark—dark as Erebus. Hey! Erebus!"

"But *who* is this woman?" said Arthur.

"If *you* can't tell, who can? Hey!" laughed the Baron.

Arthur Bodkin was silent for a moment; and then, with set and stern brow, he slowly exclaimed:

"Baron Bergheim, you are a gentleman. You have behaved to me like a father. To serve under you is a labor of love, whether it be in sunshine or in peril. To one woman I am indebted for your sweet and generous friendship. To her I do not mind being in debt as deep as the Gulf of Mexico, for—I love her; but I will not owe anything to any other woman, be she empress or wanton. Baron Bergheim, my career as regards my service to your Emperor must end here. I decline to accept favor from this woman, be she who she may."

Arthur's face was hot and flushed, and the honest fellow's heart was in every word he uttered.

"Hey! hey! Tut! tut!" laughed the Baron. "'Tis a good man that is made by a woman. And think over the heroes of the world. Haven't they nearly to a man been made by a woman?"

"And unmade," interjected Bodkin.

"Granted," laughed the Baron. "Those who make can do the other thing. But, hey! you are all wrong over this—this—lady. I grant you there is a mystery; but you know that our Emperor wouldn't stand any nonsense from the French camp,—not from Napoleon himself. Take the goods the gods provide, Herr Bodkin, and don't growl."

"My mind is made up, sir," said Arthur. "I want to see Miss Nugent, say *adios*, and—"

"Stuff and nonsense! Hey! but you Irish *are* romantic. Go and see her by all means. You will find her"—here he consulted a sort of programme—"it is now a quarter-past twelve. Yes, go up to the Cathedral. You will find her with the Empress, hearing one o'clock Mass. Alice will talk to you. Hey! she'll set you right. Get out of this! Hey! you don't want to marry the other? Well, go your ways. And if your fair country-woman is jealous, *tant mieux*. A little dose of jealousy is the best medicine for some women; but the dose should be according to the constitution. I shall want you at Chapultepec at four o'clock. The court is going to live there during the warm weather. 'Till four o'clock, Herr Bodkin!"

(To be continued.)

Old-Time Odes on the Holy Rosary.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY ORBY SHIPLEY, M. A.

OF Richard Verstegan's life-story but little is known, nor is there extant any complete list of his works; and it needs a search through the libraries of the British Museum, London, the Bodleian at Oxford, and others, to determine the books which he wrote, printed, and published. He belonged, says Mr. Joseph Gillow, the Catholic bibliographer and biographer, "to that galaxy of minor poets which helped to make the English language what it is." He was first a confessor for the faith under Elizabeth, and this probably caused him to print and issue some of his books at Antwerp. His most important literary work, published in 1605, and reprinted in 1628 and 1634, is entitled "A Restitution of decayed

Intelligence in Antiquities, Concerning the most noble and renowned English Nation." He published, anonymously, a volume of epigrammatic and other poetry, both original and translated from the Latin classics. His great contribution to devotional literature was his edition of the Primer of Our Blessed Lady in Latin and English, in 1604, in which the hymns from the Breviary, for the course of the year, are rendered afresh into English, presumably by himself, "R. V.;" and this volume, often reprinted, stands at the head of one of the families of Catholic primers of post-Reformation date. His one book, so far as is known, of English poetry is entitled, "The Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary of Our Blessed Lady."* This book, printed but not published in 1604, contains the poetry on the Mysteries of Mary, which it is the privilege of THE "AVE MARIA" to reprint, for the first time, it is believed, for well-nigh three centuries. The three several mysteries will appear according to their liturgical sequence; and one or more of them will appear, in the dim and distant future, in a sister volume to "Carmina Mariana,"—all being well.

The Odes of Verstegan contain also, besides the poetic paraphrase of the Psalms, the following poems, amongst others, in a small 8vo volume of 115 pages, of which only three copies are known to exist: Sibyl's Prophecy of Christ; an *Ave Maria* (reprinted in the *Tablet*); Epithets of Our Blessed Lady; a Lullaby (in "Carmina Mariana"); a Reprehension of the Reprehending of Our Lady's praise; Triumph of Feminine Saints, a long poem singing the praises of the "more pious sex" in sanctity; the *Te Deum*, poetized in English; St. Peter's Comfort; a poem on Holy Communion, *Sacrum Convivium*; verse on the Invention of

the Holy Cross; and two expositions of the Ave Bell. It may be added that Verstegan was a personal friend, as Mr. Gillow has discovered, of many of our Elizabethan and Catholic poets, specially of Barnfield, Greneway, Radcliffe, Stainhurst, Shelton, Southwell, Chideoch, Tichborne, Vallenger, and White. His works would prove a valuable addition to our Catholic poetry, could any publisher be found sufficiently adventurous and devoted at once to make the attempt to reproduce them. The dedication of his book of Odes* is made to the "Virtuous Ladies and Gentlewomen" readers of these "ditties," and ends thus:

"The vain conceits of love's delight
I leave to Ovid's art;
Of wars and bloody broils to write
Is fit for Virgil's part.
Of tragedies in doleful tales
Let Sophocles entreat,
And how unstable fortune fails
All poets do repeat.
But unto our Eternal King
My verse and voice I frame,
And of His saints I mean to sing,
In them to praise His name.

"Yours in his best endeavors, R. V."

THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES OF THE ROSARY OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

I.—CONTAINING THE ANNUNCIATION OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

When Heaven's rare love resolvèd man's
release

From thrall to him that first producèd sin,
It was decreed that this redeeming peace
Must by a God and by a man begin;
Then on an ambassage † was an angel sent
Unto the best of all the best on earth,
With graceful greting to declare th' intent
Of God's design in such a sacred birth.
And e'en as she assented to the same,
Eft-soones ‡ in her conception did begin;
And blessedness gave title to hër name,
And joy at her glad heart did enter in.

* Full title:—"Odes in Imitation of the Seven Penitential Psalms, with sundry other Poems and Ditties tending to devotion and piety." Imprinted anno domini MDCI.

† Embassage.

‡ Read "So soon."

* Full title:—"The Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary of Our Blessed Lady. Whereof the first five are Joyful, the second Sorrowful, and the third Glorious."

II.—CONTAINING OUR LADY'S VISITATION
OF ST. ELIZABETH.

Her change exchanged not humbleness for
pride,
That bore God's Son, and yet would go
to see

Her in whose womb God's servant did reside,
Vain points could not with her pure
virtue be.

And as her cousin's ears received her voice,
One Child by sympathy the other moved,
Which outwardly both mothers made rejoice,
Whose joy each Child by inward joy
approved;

From Virgin's mouth the ditty then begun,
How much her soul did magnify her Lord,
Which since inured help-seekers from her Son,
Therein her praise in His praise to record.

III.—CONTAINING THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

At Cæsar's 'hest to Bethlem she repairs,
As duty willed where duty had no claim;
No harbinger her lodging there prepares,
Her poor estate finds harbor like the same.
But, when as God in Childhood would appear,
Odors and angels' brightness it adorne;
And with dear love, her loving Babe so dear,
She doth adore as soon as It is born.
High privilege exempted her from woe,
Which but God's Mother none could else
obtain,
And heavenly bounty did on her bestow
That she a Maiden ever should remain.

IV.—CONTAINING THE PRESENTATION OF
CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

At time prefixed by rite of ancient lore,
That now the Mother must her Babe
present;
Though not impure, but purer than before,
And pureness bringing with her where she
went.
As warned then, through hire of hope and
faith,
Good Simeon comes to see his wished sight,
Where, as the swan, he sings before his death,
And in one joy doth end all world's
delight.
And all the years old Anne devoutly spent,
That with her age increased her godly zeal,
Did now bring joy unto her heart's content,
And joy to all where joy she did reveal.

V.—CONTAINING OUR LADY'S FINDING OF
CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

Sequestered love doth foster grief and joy,
'Twixt fear of loss and hope of happy
gain;

Such was her case that lost her Little Boy,
Whose joy revives in finding Him again,
In Temple once built by the wisest King,
Where not till now the Wise King took
His place,

Who yet no kingly port did thither bring,
But wisdom uttered with a Childish Face.
With like in years she haply might Him seek,
But did Him find with doctors in dispute;
He left repose to fraudless minds and meek,
And took in hand wise folly to confute.

A Martyred Servant of Mary.

MGR. DARBOY, distinguished on
account of his exalted position
as chief pastor of the Church in France,
and yet more because of the death—igno-
minious in the eyes of the world, but
glorious before God—that he suffered at
the hands of the Communists, was born on
January 16, 1813, at Fayl-Billot, a town
of moderate size in the department of
Haute-Marne. His parents were well-to-do
trades-people and good Catholics; they
had the principal business of the neigh-
borhood, and bore a high character for
upright dealing. The life of Georges
Darboy, their first-born child, began as it
ended, in disturbed and disastrous times,
when his country was invaded by a
foreign foe. Before he was twelve months
old; the approach of the allied armies,
preceded by the report of their lawlessness
and cruelty, induced his parents to remove
their little son for safety to a place
which was not on the route of the army
until the capitulation of the city of Paris
restored tranquillity, as it did, under some-
what analogous circumstances, fifty-seven
years later.

Quick, active, high-spirited, Georges Darboy from the very outset manifested a remarkable aptitude for learning. When five years old he used to read the night prayers in his father's house; and when sent to school he soon surpassed all his comrades, and got beyond his master too, so that the latter before long had to acknowledge that the boy knew more than he did. The studious disposition, rapid intelligence, and other qualities he discerned in him, led the parish priest to think Georges fitted for the priesthood, although his delicate health rendered it doubtful whether he could bear close application to books. After his First Communion—an event in the boy's life ever to be remembered,—his parents, before seeking admission for him in the Lesser Seminary at Langres, sent him to Ouges, a village at a short distance, where he could share with some other boys the instructions of a tutor. Georges was received into the house of some connections of the family, who resided there, and proved rather a troublesome boarder, on account of his impetuous disposition.

One of Georges' leading characteristics was his excessive fondness for his parents. Even in those days, when filial affection and respect were less rare than they unhappily now are, few children were as dutiful, loving and grateful as he was. Throughout his whole life he was the same. When Archbishop of Paris he spoke most lovingly of his parents, saying that to them he owed everything. He never allowed the press of business to prevent him from writing to them frequently, in terms so affectionate and respectful that the good old people could not read his letters without tears. This attachment to his parents rendered separation from them very bitter. Ouges was near enough to Fayl-Billot to allow of frequent visits, but the seminary at Langres was some twenty-five miles distant. Georges had not been there many days before he

informed the rector that he had decided upon returning home. The rector paid no heed to his boyish threat, but Georges was in earnest. Before a week had elapsed he reappeared at his parents' door, declaring he did not want to be a priest. His father and mother represented to him that it was impossible to judge of his vocation in so short a time; and, besides, the school fees having been paid for the quarter, it would be a loss to them were he to leave before the holidays. He yielded to their persuasion, and the next day his father took him back to the seminary, where he soon recovered his spirits, and made himself very happy, despite many hardships.

What would the self-indulgence of the present day say to abstinence throughout Lent for all the boys, whatever their age? And to class-rooms cold to such a pitch that the ink, frozen in the inkstands, had to be warmed between the hands of the scholars before it could be used? But the zeal of the enthusiastic student was little affected by such discomforts. He speedily rose to the head of his class, and every year carried off the prize for excellence for the whole school, besides many others. One of his school-fellows, a rival and yet a friend, early discerned in him one who would distinguish himself in the future. "Darboy will be a great man," he was wont to assert; "he will be Archbishop of Paris." So great was his thirst for knowledge that he used to prolong his studies beyond the prescribed hours,—reading in bed by means of a dark lantern, concealed under the bedclothes so as to throw its light on the pages of his book.

In 1831 Georges Darboy entered the Greater Seminary. His determination to become a priest had not been made without severe interior struggles; but once made, he had no further hesitation. The professors at that time were men of consummate ability, experience, and piety; under their influence qualities of

great value were developed in him: keen observation, sound judgment, argumentative power. Five years later he was ordained priest. If his conduct at school gave promise of a brilliant career, his first sermon seemed a foreshadowing of the manner in which that career would be terminated. Suffering, sacrifice, martyrdom were the themes on which he enlarged. "Should I ever," he said on a later occasion, "be called upon to suffer a violent death for the name of Jesus Christ, I trust, by God's grace, I may have courage to encounter it fearlessly, with hands raised in prayer for my executioners." These words were verified to the letter.

The Abbé Darboy was short of stature and not striking in appearance. He looked delicate, for his health was impaired by excessive application to study; and when he went to his first curacy, his parishioners regarded him as a mere child. But they soon perceived that they had in him a priest of rare merit, and they esteemed him accordingly. In his sacerdotal capacity he was extremely successful; and as soon as his ministerial duties, which he performed with conscientious zeal, were over, he shut himself up with his books, somewhat to the chagrin of the head priest, who would fain have had more of the company of so clever, vivacious and well-informed a fellow-laborer.

In 1839 M. Darboy preached the Month of Mary at the local asylum, in charge of the Sisters of Charity. His sermons, which attracted many persons from the neighboring parish, were elevated in tone, solid and practical; his manner was impressive and devout. How to gain the knowledge of Jesus-through Mary—this was the subject that he chose. It may here be remarked that, whether addressing an audience of unlettered rustics or an educated congregation in the great churches of Paris, M. Darboy loved beyond any other topic to dwell on the mysteries of Our Lady's life and her exalted virtues.

On these he spoke with an unction which did not, as a rule, characterize his preaching. After his death, amongst his papers were found more than fifty outlines of instructions on this subject, to which he brought not merely profound theological knowledge and a thorough acquaintance with tradition, but also a heartfelt affection and veneration for the Blessed Virgin. Of this his private devotions also gave abundant proof.

In the same year of which we are writing, on the Feast of the Assumption, whilst vesting to act as subdeacon at the High Mass, M. Darboy was informed that the priest who was to give the instruction after the Gospel had been taken ill. He immediately offered to replace him, in order not to deprive the faithful of their accustomed exhortation; although he had already, at an earlier Mass, delivered a powerful and eloquent discourse on the mystery of the day. So happily was he inspired that, to the surprise of those who had heard his first sermon, he preached again, without any preparation, on the same subject,—a second discourse utterly different from the first, and even surpassing it in sublimity of thought and felicitous choice of words.

Soon after, M. Darboy was appointed professor of dogmatic theology—his favorite branch of study—at the Greater Seminary at Langres. He remained there six years, until Mgr. Affre, then Archbishop of Paris, desirous to secure the services of a man of such talent and learning for the metropolis, obtained his transfer to the archdiocese. He was at first domiciled at the house of auxiliary priests in the Rue Vaugirard, in Paris, where he quickly made his reputation as an orator; later on he was appointed chaplain to the College Henri-Quatre.

In Paris his time was fully occupied. The Archbishop consulted him about his projects, discussed with him questions of importance, and frequently employed his

vigorous pen to combat the leading errors of the day. He was great at polemics; his active, logical mind delighted in searching out the weak points of his antagonist and exposing them with pitiless irony.

During the revolution of 1848 the college, situated as it was in the centre of the disturbance, was for a time at the mercy of the insurgents. The danger became imminent; and some of the students, in their alarm, remembered their religious duties, and asked the Abbé Darboy to hear their confessions. "O you cowards!" he exclaimed, with a smile, shaking his finger at them. "Now you are found out. You were not in such a hurry last Easter. But never mind. Let us do what we can now." It was at this epoch that Mgr. Affre was mortally wounded at a barricade, whilst endeavoring to calm the excited populace. M. Darboy, who was sincerely attached to him, was overcome with grief and indignation at the manner of his death, and felt the loss of his friend keenly.

It would take too long to make even a passing mention of the various labors in which M. Darboy was engaged at this time. His literary productions—religious, historical and philosophical—were very numerous; he wrote a great deal for periodicals; the students of the college came to him for the solution of all their doubts and difficulties; he was appointed Vicar-General of the diocese and inspector of schools. He won the esteem of all with whom he was brought into contact, even of those who differed with him, on account of his prudent reserve, his devotion to work, his administrative ability, his practical good sense.

In 1854 Mgr. Sibour, the successor of Mgr. Affre in the See of Paris, proceeded to Rome to attend the Council. He was accompanied by the Abbé Darboy, who, although he was forty-one years of age, had travelled so little that on reaching Marseilles he saw the sea for the first

time. It did not impress him much: the imagination of man is apt to depict the things of nature as greater than they are in reality. With the sights and scenes of Rome it was otherwise. In his letters to his parents he spoke enthusiastically of the fair landscape, the stately edifices, the gorgeous ceremonial, and, finally, of his joy at the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Mother.

In acknowledgment of the valuable services M. Darboy rendered to the Archbishop in the transaction of business at Rome, he recommended him for promotion to the dignity of Pronotary Apostolic, which entitled him to wear the mitre in religious functions, and to be addressed as Monsignor. As, however, he was the only one of his colleagues on whom this distinction was conferred, in his modesty he did not make it generally known; and until his advancement to the episcopate, five years later, continued to be styled as before, M. l'Abbé Darboy.

On his return to Paris, he resumed his various labors with his habitual energy. Amongst other works, in connection with a treatise on the relations between Church and State, he wrote a life of Thomas à Becket. In consequence of this he was later, when Bishop of Nancy, presented by a nobleman with the pectoral cross worn by the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury. "I accept the augury too," he said, on receiving this relic, which he highly prized. It is now preserved in the Cathedral of Paris as a memorial not only of the hero who was its first owner, but also of that other Archbishop who likewise was put to death for justice' sake.

In 1857 another appalling sacrilege occurred in Paris. The Archbishop, Mgr. Sibour, was stabbed to death, whilst walking in procession, by the hand of an interdicted priest. M. Darboy was deeply affected by this sad event; and on the day of the obsequies, as the funeral *cortège*

was passing through the crowded streets, he suddenly fainted, overcome by emotion and fatigue, and had to be carried into the nearest house. This incident was magnified into a second tragedy. The cry arose that another priest had been assassinated, and no small sensation was produced.

Two years later M. Darboy was appointed to preach the Lent at the Tuileries. It was a great success, and served to establish his fame as an orator of the highest order. His style of eloquence was new and striking. The absence of political allusions, the avoidance of any display of erudition, greatly pleased the Emperor; so that on the See of Nancy shortly afterward becoming vacant, he proposed that M. Darboy should be chosen to fill it. M. Darboy did not desire preferment nor did he refuse it. He set about his new duties with extraordinary vigor; it was even feared lest his health should prove unequal to the tasks he imposed on himself. "My strength is not great," he would reply to those who expostulated with him; "but I am inured to fatigue. Besides, the energy of my will compensates for the weakness of my body." Before two years had elapsed there was not a town or large village in the diocese which the prelate had not visited. His investigations were most thorough and searching, but he was a welcome guest in every presbytery. His presence was felt to be no restraint. He never attempted to abridge ceremonies, and would sit patiently during wearisome banquets given in his honor, winning the good word of all by his genial, cordial manner and agreeable conversation.

Whilst Bishop of Nancy, Mgr. Darboy had the opportunity of carrying on a work in honor of our Blessed Lady which had been commenced by his predecessor, but abandoned for lack of means. The sanctuary of Sion in Lorraine, once a noted place of pilgrimage, had ceased to be frequented by the faithful; and, what is worse, a band of heretics had established

themselves on the hallowed spot. For the purpose of ousting these intruders and reviving the neglected devotion, the Bishop had called thither the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and had set on foot a subscription for the erection of a tower, surmounted by a colossal statue of Our Lady. The project was on too large a scale: the sum required could not be raised, and it was therefore given up before the building had risen above the foundations. Mgr. Darboy at once took up the scheme, remodelled it, and brought it to a happy completion.

It may appear strange that among all the Bishop's friends and well-wishers who rejoiced at the tidings of his translation in 1862 to the See of Paris, his aged parents alone felt little pleasure. "It is a fine thing, no doubt," his good mother remarked; "but, then, the Archbishops of Paris live no time." The instinct of maternal affection told her that her son would be no exception to the rule, though she did not live to see his cruel end.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Lenten Colloquy.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"I am the Lover of purity and the Giver of all holiness."
—*Imitation of Christ.*"

AMID the virgin lilies, see Him lie,
Exulting in the whiteness of their bloom,
Enamored of their odors which perfume
His couch. "Lover of purity am I!"
He saith betimes; and when I, trembling, cry,
"Alas! I am defiled, unworthy!"—"Yes;
Yet fear not nor despond," is His reply:
"I am the Giver of all holiness!"

"Then make me pure," I plead; "O make
me white,
Washing my leprous soul as clean as snow!
Thy Precious Blood a laver is of light,
I long to bathe me in Its blessed flow.
O Lover of the pure! all guilt is mine,—
But Thou canst make me holy, Lord Divine!"

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

X.—THE STORY OF A WRONGED PRIEST.

ABOUT forty years ago there came to a growing town in one of the Southwestern States a young priest, who, by his piety, zeal, and many other beautiful and noble qualities, endeared himself to all who knew him. He was a Canadian by birth; but his mother, an Irishwoman, had long wished to reside in the United States; and it was to please her that he left his native diocese and cast his lot in a new country, among a new people. He was the only son of that mother, and she was a widow. She was a refined and educated woman, greatly superior in every respect to those among whom she had chosen to spend her declining years; but she never asserted her superiority in any way, and the people became almost as warmly attached to her as to Father D. It soon grew to be, in every sense, an ideal parish.

Five years the shepherd and his flock dwelt together in harmony, when suddenly the health of the widow began to fail; and she found it necessary to take a servant. One was found in the person of a stout, ruddy-faced Englishwoman, whom Father D. brought home with him from a trip to the city where the Bishop resided, and whither he had gone on some diocesan business. She proved to be well fitted for her avocation, and was soon required to add that of nurse to her other duties; for Mrs. D. began to fail rapidly. She died at the expiration of a year, mourned by all who knew her, but making desolate the heart of her son, who, with the exception of the time spent at college and in the seminary, had never been separated from her.

For some time all went quietly in the little household, now consisting only of the priest and his servant, who had never affiliated with the towns-people, and was

not well known by any of them. But this state of affairs was gradually changed. Twice or three times Father D. was reported to be ill,—something that had not occurred before during his ministrations at C.; and there was considerable quiet whispering and grave shaking of heads among the elderly fathers of families, who represented the most prominent portion of the congregation. Several times the housekeeper was seen issuing from the various places of business of these gentlemen. There was something unusual in the air, though the knowledge of it was confined to the very few.

At length the storm burst forth. None who were present ever forgot that morning in early spring, when the Bishop suddenly made his appearance in the sanctuary where Father D. was preaching after late Mass, ordering him then and there to remove his vestments and go forth forever from the temple of God, an unfrocked priest, a ruined and dishonored man. Nor could they forget the horror that thrilled the hearts of his people as the young priest obeyed, without a single word in his own defence, so absolutely and so quickly that when the Bishop returned to the pastoral residence the dishonored priest had departed, without having taken a single article of clothing from his bureau, nor a book from the library, which was all his own, and which had been his only worldly treasure.

With that inherent cruelty which seems inseparable from human nature—the cruelty which cried out "*Crucifige!*" on Him whom a few short days before they had greeted as a King,—the majority of those to whom Father D. had ministered faithfully and unselfishly for years judged him guilty of the offence with which he was charged, and worthy of the punishment he had been made to undergo. The suddenness of his departure, and his entire disappearance from that memorable Sunday, strengthened this belief on their

part. But there were others, although their number was not great, who lived and died as firmly convinced of his innocence, interpreting his submission as sacrifice, his silence as the complete abnegation of one whose only aim was to follow his Master step by step, with thorn-crowned brow and pierced heart and bleeding feet, *all the way* to the heights of Calvary. Subsequent events pointed to the truth of that opinion.

In a small lumber-room, upon a comfortable cot, at the Home for the Aged at X., an old woman lay dying by her own hand. She had long suffered from a cancerous disease of the mouth and throat, which had at last begun to emit an odor so offensive that the Little Sisters were obliged to remove her from the dormitory, and make her a bed in this primitive but cleanly place. She had felt her affliction so keenly that her life had lately been one of almost entire isolation. She had always been a strange old woman, generally maintaining a reserved silence; although at times she would be attacked by a species of mania, during which she would walk about the yard, clenching her hands and calling on God to pardon her, with wild objurgations for some crime of which she accused herself. These attacks were always followed by seasons of great melancholy. Vainly did the Little Sisters try to lead her thoughts to religion. She was not, and had never been, a Catholic, she said; across the threshold of the chapel she never set her feet.

One morning, on going to her bedside, one of the Little Sisters found her bleeding from a severed artery in her wrist, which she had cut during the night with a piece of glass; hoping, she said afterward, that she would have been relieved of her suffering before morning. When found, she was greatly exhausted; but after the physician had been summoned, she was revived temporarily by stimulants.

It was after the Sisters had endeavored, without success, to prevail upon her to see a clergyman that she seemed to acquire an artificial strength, and protested against the mention of such a thing, loudly crying out that for her there was no salvation. Finally, she exclaimed:

"Good Mother, moisten my lips, so that I may be able to tell you who and what I am. I thought to die with my crime and my secret unrevealed; but the devil, that has lodged in my soul for many years, has got the better of my will at last, and forces me to reveal all."

Then, between intervals of weakness, during which the good Mother wiped from her brow the clammy sweat of death that was already gathering there, she told her terrible story, which I give from memory as best I can, having received it only at second hand from the Little Sisters. She said:

"My father was a Catholic; my mother had no religion. In fact, neither of them had any, although they were always quarrelling about it. This much I remember: I was born in London, received a fair education, and lived there until I was sixteen years old. At that time I ran away from home, and was on the streets until I was past twenty years of age, when I was arrested in Liverpool for theft. After I had served my term in prison, the matron persuaded me to go into the House of the Good Shepherd at —, not far from London, where she had a relative among the Sisters. (She was not a Catholic herself.) But I very soon tired of the restraint. After six months' time I ran away, although I could have gone out decently if I had wished to do so. I went back to my old life, drifted to Canada, and afterward to the United States, when I met Father D. on the street one unfortunate day, and asked him—knowing by his appearance that he was a priest—if he knew of any one who wanted a servant. My English speech recommended me to

him at once; he took me home to his mother.

"I soon won her affection, and, by a great show of zeal and affected piety, by degrees inspired confidence in the priest. One day Mrs. D. was suddenly taken sick, and died in a few hours, leaving Father D. grief-stricken; for he was especially devoted to her. A few weeks afterward I received a letter from one of the companions of my evil days, detailing a wicked project she had formed, and saying that if by any device I could obtain the money necessary to carry it through, I should share in the profits. I had always been tortured by the desire to steal, and in this case the temptation was strengthened by an irresistible longing to return to my wicked life. Next Sunday a special collection was taken up, and a large sum realized. Here was my opportunity and my ruin.

"I was detected, and the indecent letter fell into Father D.'s hands. He was horror-stricken and disgusted. He knew I had frequented the Sacraments regularly, although I had never been baptized. He bade me leave the house at once; then, apparently realizing that I would be homeless, told me I might remain until I had found some other place. Therein lay his mistake. If he had driven me from the house at once, in my chagrin I would have left the town also; but the delay gave me time to think and plot; for seven devils now possessed my soul, which became filled with a deadly hatred against him. I thought only of revenge, and lay awake all night conniving at what I should do.

"A few days before, Father D. had been ill,—an unusual circumstance. The next day I went about among the principal members of the congregation, telling each one in confidence that he had become addicted to drink, and bewailing the unfortunate habit into which, I said, he had fallen through grief at the death of

his mother. I added that I feared to remain in the house with him, as when intoxicated he was not himself; and told them I had already begun to make preparations for my departure. These carousals, I reported, took place nightly. The persons to whom I made these revelations were horrified; several expressed doubt of their truth. I had anticipated this, and was prepared for it. I begged that a few of the most responsible men of the congregation should get together any evening they might name, offering to give them ocular proof of my assertions. They named the next evening, Friday.

"My intercourse with Father D. was now confined to bare necessary words. His studied avoidance of me—he would not even look toward my direction—intensified my hatred. I knew all about the use of morphine, and had a quantity in my possession. On Friday evening I put some in his tea. About eight o'clock he came to the dining-room where I was sitting, and said: 'I am unaccountably sleepy and must lie down. If any one should come, please call me. It is late for visitors, but there might be a sick call.' He gave me this order, because at night he always attended to the bell himself. I stole on tiptoe to the door, and soon heard him breathing heavily. Then I went to the cellar, brought up some empty bottles which had contained beer—I had drunk it myself,—also one of cheap whiskey, for which I had a certain use. Throwing a shawl over my head, I broke the bottle of whiskey on the floor, in order that the aroma would greet the committee on their entrance, and hurried off to the school-house, where they were awaiting me. They followed me to the house, and saw Father D. stretched upon the lounge in what appeared to be a drunken sleep. I stood apart, apparently weeping, but really gloating over what I had done. They were all terribly shocked. After they had gone I removed all evi-

dences of intoxication, and went to bed.

"In the morning Father D. said Mass as usual, but was not well all day. On Sunday he must have seen displeasure or aversion in some faces; for he came in at nightfall looking sad and perplexed, and sat for some time after tea at the table, leaning his head upon his hand. That night the tea was drugged also. Some hours later I went to the sitting-room, found him sound asleep in his chair, where he still remained when, at the head of a committee of six, I returned for further demonstration of what I had asserted. I then announced my intention of leaving the ensuing week. After their departure I went to bed, leaving Father D. still in a stupor in his chair. The next day he was ill again, and several times I saw him looking at me with a curious expression. I have always believed that he half suspected me of trying to poison him.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XXI.

PRAYERS are good, pious exercises are good; so are communings, elevations, raptures, etc. But these are only means to an end. What do we *do*? is the point. Works of charity? Visiting the poor and sick? Giving clothes and food? This is in truth *doing*. But these also may be empty and delusive without the genuine spirit of charity. Our author holds that the real scene of work is—in one's self. "Who hath a stronger conflict than he that striveth to overcome himself? And this ought to be our business—namely, to overcome self, and every day to get the mastery over self, and to grow better and better."

XXII.

It is difficult to define what is true greatness without falling into generality. A Kempis defines three qualities: real greatness, real wisdom or prudence, and real learning. "He is truly great who has great charity." For he who has love of God, has at heart the interests of One who is above all greatness; and everything he does will be great. He is, moreover, "little in his own eyes, and counteth for nothing all the heights of honor." Then as to wisdom: "He is truly prudent who esteemeth all things as dung, that he may win Christ." And as to learning: "He is truly most learned who doth the will of God and forsaketh his own will."

And, again, a recipe for knowledge and wisdom: "The more humble any one is in heart, the more in subjection to God, so much the wiser will he be in all things." And he shows how this "subjection to God" works for wisdom and good sense. A good life "gives great experience"—in this way. For instance, in dealing with our neighbor stories are told us; censurable things are reported, so plausible as to be accepted. But he suggests: "Oftentimes is evil more readily believed and spoken of another than good." A reflection that should give us pause. Therefore we should not "trust every word and impulse, but weigh the matter according to God."

The notice of this tendency to accept the unfavorable rather than the favorable shows what an acute observer our author is. This is the weak point in the recipient of the tale. There is also a weak point in the reporter; for it should be borne in mind that we are all "prone to evil, and very apt to slip in speech,"—*i. e.*, exaggerate or color. The conclusion is "not to believe everything that men say, nor straightway to pour into the ears of others *what we have heard or believed*." Who shall say that this is not wisdom, worldly or divine?

(To be continued.)

A Word to the Catholic Public.

WE prefer to believe that it was by accident rather than design that Catholics were discriminated against in the distribution of money and provisions sent from all parts of the country, and contributed by all classes of citizens, for the relief of the suffering farmers in Western Nebraska. Be this as it may, the chairman of the Catholic Aid Committee, appointed by the Rev. Father Santerre, states that Catholic families were slighted in the distribution. The secretary and general manager of the State Aid Commission is a Lutheran; and Lutherans and Methodists, it is said, received the greater part of what was so generously contributed.

There has been great destitution among the settlers of Western Nebraska, owing to the total destruction of crops for two years past; and, as it is a long time until harvest, a relief committee has been formed for the purpose of soliciting money to buy seed and other needed supplies. The chairman of the Catholic Soliciting Aid Committee is Mr. John B. Baccus, of Grant, Perkins Co., Neb., who refers the Catholic public to a number of prominent citizens, among them the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bonacum, of Lincoln, and the Rev. Father Santerre, of Campbell, Neb.

We very much dislike discrimination in charitable works; however, in view of the statement that Catholics were slighted in the distribution of provisions by the State Aid Commission, we think that those of our readers who are disposed to contribute to the fund for the purchase of seed, etc., should send their offerings to Mr. Baccus. We are assured that there is still much suffering among residents in the drought-stricken portion of Nebraska. To give quickly in this instance is to give twice. It is to be hoped that none to whom Mr. Baccus appeals will be like the

duchess mentioned by Emile Souvestre in his charming book, "An Attic Philosopher in Paris." She was disposed to help those in distress only when she herself was suffering something. Perhaps the story will bear repetition, it is so good.

A certain duchess was obliged to pay a visit to a convent on a cold winter's day. The convent was poor, there was a dearth of wood, and the friars had nothing but their charity and the ardor of their prayers to keep out the cold. The duchess got a chill during her stay in the comfortless parlor of the convent, and returned home filled with pity for the suffering friars. Whilst the maid was removing her mistress' cloak, adding logs to the cheerful fire, and preparing a warm drink, the duchess summoned her steward and ordered some wood to be sent immediately to the convent. She then had her couch moved close to the fireside, the warmth of which, together with the cordial, soon revived her. The recollection of what she had just suffered was speedily lost in her present comfort; and when the steward came in again to ask how many loads of wood he was to send, the great lady remarked, carelessly: "Oh, you may wait! The weather is very much milder now." The warmth of the room had cooled her charity.

The effect of this story ought to be to make the feeling reader feel for his purse. A little help from everyone would go a great way to relieve the distress in Nebraska.

THE passionate aspirant for fame, as described so finely by Michelet, stands beside the unknown sea of futurity, picks up a shell, lifts it to his ear and listens to a slight noise, in which he fancies he hears the murmur of his own name.—*W. R. Alger.*

THE merit of crosses consists not in their weight, but in the way in which they are borne.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Notes and Remarks.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the report of "Mission Work among the Indians" may rouse Catholics to a keen sense of the lamentable condition of our dusky brethren. Of the 250,000 Indians still living in the United States, not 40,000 are Catholics! The thriftless and roving habits of this race, it is true, make the work of conversion very difficult; but poverty of resources and the inability of bishops to support missionaries among them are far more serious obstacles. Bishop Shanley tells of nine religious in North Dakota, where abundant food and warm clothing are especially required and, moreover, very high-priced, living during the year on four hundred dollars! And Bishop Verdaguer, of the Vicariate of Brownsville, Texas, says: "The three priests I have with me receive the miserable salary of \$10 per month, and this year they could not get even that regularly." The history of the Indians in America has afforded many tragic spectacles, but we doubt if any is more shocking than this: that in a land of plenty, a whole nation, its rightful owners, should suffer spiritual want.

It is to be hoped that those who best knew the late Francis II., once King of the Two Sicilies, will publish a more complete memoir of him than has yet appeared. Even the fragmentary accounts of his last years, however, show him to have been a man of deep piety—a prince in spirit as well as in rank. The *Mattino* of Naples, a newspaper which had helped to drive him from his throne, says: "Never did prince support adversity with more silent courage and dignity than Francis II. No complaint was ever heard from him about his misfortunes, and during his twenty-four years of exile few sorrows were spared him." From a paragraph in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* we learn the secret of this lofty courage. His last years were given up completely to God; he went to confession every week, and always endeavored to kiss the hand that gave him absolution. He received Holy Communion almost daily, kneeling with the pious peasants of

the Tyrol amongst whom he lived. He heard several Masses every day, and loved to recite the Rosary with the poor in the church. No one can doubt that his country lost more than did Francis II. by the unfortunate *coup d'état* which forced him from the throne. A year before his death he said to one of his friends: "Much as I am grieved to be compelled to live so far from the country I love, I regard it as a special grace, obtained for me by my beatified mother, not to occupy a throne at a time when it is so difficult to reign without making a compromise with one's conscience."

Tennyson's dictum that "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns" receives confirmation daily. A true thought sent free into the world is sure to win its way in the end. It is now many years since Cardinal Manning, refuting a popular fallacy, said that "religion without doctrines is like mathematics without axioms"; and the thought has been echoed back from many unexpected places. Recently Mr. Leslie Stephen, himself not a professing Christian, wrote: "To be a Christian in any real sense, you must start from a dogma of the most tremendous kind; and an undogmatic creed is as senseless as a statue without a shape or a picture without color. Unsectarian means un-Christian."

Cesare Cantù, who has just passed to the reward of a nobly laborious life, and of whom we are happy to present an adequate sketch in our present number, was unquestionably the first Catholic lay scholar of the century. Not only a great scholar, historian, poet, and novelist, but also a patriot without reproach, a benefactor of his race; above all, a true Christian, whose example is worthy of being held up for the contemplation and study of all who would so live that the world may be the better for their stay in it.

A non-Catholic writer in the *Christian Cynosure* waxes indignant at those who decry the spiritual allegiance of Catholics to the Pope, while thousands of good Protestants and "intense Americans," members of secret

societies, swear themselves into abject slavery to foreign "dignitaries." "Protestants," he says, "fairly rave about Catholic priests, and the reverence paid them by 'ignorant foreigners,' women and children. Yet Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational and Episcopalian ministers in every county seat are bowing to and hailing men as 'high-priests' and 'most] excellent grand high-priests.' Protestants are shocked at the veneration and supreme loyalty of Catholics to the Pope; yet they and their ministers in every community are kneeling to 'worshipful masters' and 'most worshipful grand-masters.' Men who go into spasms at the mention of 'cardinal' are swearing their very lives and eternal allegiance to 'kings' and 'grand kings.'"

We think this good man's indignation righteous, though it is somewhat excessive. The outcry against the "foreign allegiance" of Catholics is almost spent. As Lincoln once said: "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time." This may be a very homely phrase, but it is fine philosophy withal. Catholics have long since ceased to wonder at the eccentric logic of "patriots."

This year is the eighth centenary of the First Crusade, preached by Peter the Hermit. A solemn *triduum* in commemoration of this great event in the history of the Church and the world will take place at Clermont, France, from the 16th to Sunday, the 19th of May. Most of the French bishops will be present, and the ceremonies will be presided over by Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims. Amongst the preachers the name of the celebrated Père Monsabré is included. The Holy Father has accorded a special plenary indulgence to this remarkable religious demonstration.

The *Critic*, which, to speak mildly, never parades its Christianity, opens a book review with these words: "There are many Christians to whom the idea and the practice of devotional reading do not come. To them it seems a practice archaic, if not obsolete. The

good custom of our forefathers should be revived and encouraged by the pulpit and the religious press." This is good advice, and calls for special application during Lent. Spiritual reading has always been recognized as a most valuable aid to a devout life. As an English Bishop said years ago, it admits one into the highest and holiest society, and *peoples the mind with the saints*. Every Catholic family which has not already adopted this good practice should begin spiritual reading during Lent, and continue it afterward. Its great value may be inferred from the fact that it is an indispensable rule in every religious community. Spiritual reading is the oil of the lamp of prayer.

The popularity of the great oratorio "Franciscus" is at once an evidence of the increasing interest in St. Francis of Assisi and a tribute to the art of Edgar Tinel, the eminent Catholic composer of Belgium. During the year 1894 "Franciscus" was produced thirty-nine times in the largest cities of Europe and America; and, judging from arrangements already perfected, it may safely be predicted that it will enjoy at least equal favor during the present year. When one considers the financial outlay involved in the production of an oratorio like "Franciscus," the difficulty of organizing and training the multitudinous choruses, the energy required in gathering the great soloists of the world into one city, and the uncertainty of success when all is done, this tribute to the merit of Tinel's masterpiece assumes its full significance. Probably no American city offers better advantages for the production of a great oratorio than Cincinnati, where "Franciscus" will be presented at the coming May Festival. We congratulate the people of that eminently musical city upon the pleasure in store for them.

It is a remarkable fact that writers who grow hoarse in denouncing the "atrocious cruelties" of the Spanish pioneers in Mexico can find no incense too sweet for the English pirates who devastated the country a century later. Mr. Charles F. Lummis, one of the most reliable historians of our time, is a

brilliant exception. Writing in *Harper's Magazine* of Morgan and the other marauders of 1668, Mr. Lummis says:

"There is not in the history of all the Americas another page so damning black and vile. Yet one may still find pretentious volumes which gravely compare these pirates, who wallowed in the blood of women, babes, and priests of God,—whose only law was license, and whose only after-thought debauchery,—with those Spanish world-openers who laid in the very trenches of conquest the sure corner-stone of law and order, morality, education, and religion. At this day and date one wearies of the insular sing-song of 'Spanish barbarities in America.' History is old enough to know better, and we to put off the innocence of shouting 'Stop, thief!' in unison with the most interested party."

Mr. Lummis is not a Catholic; but he is an ardent lover of historical truth, with a supreme contempt for writers who denounce the Catholic pioneers "in unison with the most interested party."

The "conversion of England" has been a fruitful theme for discussion of late in the European press. Putting aside the many absurd statements which have been made respecting the attitude of the Holy Father, it can not be denied that interest in the question increases. It is said that a formal decision on the validity of Anglican orders will ere long be pronounced by the Holy See. On the other hand, a Roman correspondent, usually well informed, declares that the Holy Office has already given an unfavorable judgment, on the score that up to the present time all convert clergymen who have sought the priesthood have been ordained unconditionally.

The appropriateness of the recent exhibition of Madonnas on behalf of a New York charity seems to have impressed many of the spectators. The *Sun* noticed it last week, and now the *Critic's* delightful "Lounger" says:

"No sooner was the exhibition of Mr. La Farge's exquisite water-colors closed at the Durand-Ruel galleries, than a loan-collection of Madonnas took its place. It was a pretty idea to give an exhibition of pictures of Madonnas in aid of the 'Little Mothers.' You know who the 'Little Mothers' are? Those unfortunate little girls whose young backs are almost broken taking care of the baby, and whose faces are old-looking and careworn with the hardships of their lives. Poor little things, that have to carry babies around and cook dinners, when they ought

to be playing with dolls, while the mother goes out washing to earn food for the brood at home!"

Poor little things indeed! Their lives would be brightened, their hearts lightened, and their work assume a new dignity, if they could have a picture—even a cheap picture—of the sweet-faced Mother to glance at during the long hours of their dreary detention.

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. J. O'Connell, O. S. A., of St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, Mass., whose happy death took place on the 25th ult.

Sister Beatrice, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Sister M. Rosalie, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, San José, Cal.

Mr. William Stooering, who met with a sudden death in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 5th inst.

Mr. John F. Anderson, of Muncie, Ind., who died recently at Seattle, Wash.

Mr. Charles Lyons, of Manchester, N. H., who passed away on the 26th ult.

Mr. Cornelius O'Sullivan, of New York city, who died a happy death on the 12th inst.

Mrs. Laura L. Hyson, who breathed her last on the 29th ult., in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Mary A. Creighton, of Altoona, Pa., whose life closed peacefully on the 4th inst.

Mrs. Margaret Harkins, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a precious death last week at Roxbury, Mass.

Miss Margaret F. Cowley, who departed this life on the 27th ult., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Joseph F. Sweeney, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was called to the reward of his good life on the 3d inst.

Mrs. Anna Nolan, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 18th ult., at Evansville, Ind.

Mr. Thomas Smith, Mr. Michael Smith, Miss Julia Cushing, and Mr. Thomas Creighan, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Katherine C. Becker, Kittanning, Pa.; Mrs. William Doyle, Anamosa, Iowa; Mrs. Ellen Fawcett, E. Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Thomas Fagan, Ilion, N. Y.; Miss Matilda Knox, Mrs. William Delaney, and Miss J. McCarthy, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. William F. O'Brien, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mr. Patrick Kavanagh, John Martin, James Smith, Patrick Cooney, William and Thomas Killian, Ireland; Miss Isabella Boyle, Hyr, Scotland; Mr. Andrew Galligan, Pottsville, Pa.; Mrs. Clara Pape, Mrs. Rebecca Dougherty, and Miss Nora Finn, Washington, D. C.; Miss Catherine Mullens, Cambridgeport, Mass.; and Mrs. Anna O'Neill, Wilmington, Del.

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 Saint that Played Truant.

BY DORA M. BAXTER.



ON the 7th of April, along in Lady-Tide, comes the Feast of St. Isidore of Seville. Then the Church, in her glorious liturgy, pours forth such hymns of praise, recounting deed after deed and virtue upon virtue of this her favored son, that we can not help catching some of her enthusiasm. "O brightest of Doctors," she sings, "light of holy Church, blessed Isidore, lover of the divine law, O plead for us with the Son of God!"

Up speaks my little lad. "But who was St. Isidore, and was he really a doctor?" No, my boy,—not a doctor that feels your pulse. When you are a little older you will find that a man may be a doctor in many things besides medicine; for doctor means really a *teacher*, and sometimes lawyers and musicians receive the title because they know enough to teach others. St. Isidore was Doctor of sacred knowledge,—that is to say, he was wise in all that relates to God and the service of God. I wonder if any of my young readers will ever be privileged to write after their names a big D. D. or an LL. D., or even an M. D.? It is an honor worth working for.

So thought St. Isidore; though there was a time when, like our own girls and boys, he didn't believe he ever could learn. He had an older brother named Leander,

who was a very learned man, and a saint in his daily life. Indeed, they were a family of saints; for there was a beautiful sister, Florentine, who was a holy nun. Now, Isidore used to go to school to his big brother, who was inclined to be very strict and stern. Sometimes teachers are so anxious for their pupil's progress that they are severe without intending it. Did you ever think that? Each morning Isidore grumbled more and more about having to go to school. "I am so *very* dull!" he sighed. "And I have *such* long lessons, so dreadfully dry! And brother looks at me so hard when I miss that I forget everything I ever did know, any way. I'd much rather stay at home and chase butterflies."

Then and there, spying a gorgeous one, the little fellow ran away in glee. Catch it he did, and two others besides, before he stopped; and then, panting, hot and tired, he sat down by an old well to rest. "You'd better go to school, Isidore," whispered a wee, small voice 'way down in his heart. But Isidore wasn't listening. "Better go to school." Too intent was he on the velvet wings of his butterfly. "Dreadfully late!" said the voice; and with that away darted the little winged creature, leaving Isidore to face the awful fact that he was late for school. "I don't care!" he exclaimed, angrily. "I'm not going at all. I'm just going to play hookey to-day!"

He sat there for a long time. But, somehow, he wasn't nearly so happy as he was an hour ago. He thought of a number of things. But most of all he gazed down into

the depths of the old well, and wondered how the water got there, and how long it had been there, and if he would drown if he fell in; and would his brother say it was a punishment, and preach about it in a sermon, until all the boys in the church trembled in their shoes. Isidore shivered at the thought.

Finally along came a woman carrying on her head a pitcher, which she set down on the ground, and proceeded to let the bucket down into the well. "What makes that block so worn out?" queried Isidore.—"Why," said the woman, "that is caused by the rope passing over it so many times." She eyed the boy's pure face curiously.—"Why is that stone all hollowed out in one place?" was the next question.—"Because the rain happens to fall on that one spot." Then she went away. This new train of thought put Isidore in a better humor, and by and by he turned his face schoolward. "I 'spose if I study the same thing over and over again every day, I'm bound to get it into my head some time or other; so perhaps I had better go to school, after all,"—which was no sooner said than done.

"Did he get a whipping?" asks my little lad. Well, I don't know about that. But if he did, he managed to live through it; for we are told that he spent many years in working for Christian education. So we may suppose he was always glad he went back to school that day.

Upon this my little maid falls to musing. "It seems to me that of all the saints St. Isidore is most like you, brother."—"Why?" asks brother, wonderingly.—"Because he was always asking questions," says the little maid with the wide-awake eyes.

— THOUGHT precedes action. As St. Gregory says, "a man can not easily perform great things unless he is in the habit of meditating upon great deeds."

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VIII.—THEY ARRIVE.

The boys were accompanied by Mr. Dillon, who had his berth made up, and who went to bed at once. The porter was inclined to look with doubt on the mysterious packages which were the property of the boys, whose berths were all lower ones at the end of the car opposite to Mr. Dillon's. Mr. Dillon was an amiable, "easy-going" man, who believed in giving boys enough to eat, and then letting them alone.

The cook had supplied each of her friends with a large package; and other friends had not been backward in helping to provide them with defences against hunger, should they be attacked during the night. The porter's language had been so rude, as he passed them and looked at their bundles, that Baby Maguire and Faky Dillon had hastened to put the more perishable articles in the lower berth.

"We can double up, you know," Faky said to Thomas Jefferson; "and that will leave a berth vacant."

"How?" asked Thomas Jefferson.

"Why, you see, father took a berth for me, and there's a berth for Baby and a berth for Bob Bently; but Jack and you were to stay together. Now, we can put the pies and things in Bob's berth, and he and I can take the upper berth. That will leave one vacant,—don't you see? And when everybody is asleep, we can all get up and have a jolly picnic.

If the pangs of hunger should come," added Faky, dropping into poetry,

"We'll soon be tight as a drum."

Faky's ingenuity was much admired by all the boys.

The car was without passengers as yet; though the porter said he expected that a large number of people would come on at

Germantown, as there had been a meeting of Quakers there; and this was an extra car, nearly all reserved. Five custard pies, a large jelly cake, and a bag of cream puffs were laid lovingly under the coverlet in the lower berth. Faky thought it best to take off the wrappers and hide them in this manner; for the porter seemed to be a very inquisitive fellow.

When he came around again, he noticed that the greasy-looking bundles had disappeared. The crumbs of cookies adorned Baby Maguire's chin.

"Eat all the stuff you had?" the porter asked, smiling. "That's right! Glad to get that sort of stuff out of the way. It soils my car."

The boys were not sad at all. When the train started, even Baby Maguire had a momentary pang of homesickness. But the novelty of travelling, even in a hot and stuffy sleeping-car, was pleasant. And, then, there was the prospect of the midnight orgy.

At Germantown a group of Quakers and Quakeresses entered. The boys were all fond of the dove-colored garb, associated in their minds with ways of contentment and pleasantness. Baby Maguire's grand-aunt was a Quakeress, and she lived at Kennett Square; and when she came to town she was exceedingly amiable to all his "crowd."

The boys hastened at once to make themselves useful.

"Thank thee," said a cheerful-looking old Quaker woman, whose boxes and bags Faky helped to arrange so that they would not fall when the car moved. "Thee is a good boy. Thee has been well brought up,—I can see that. Thee will live a godly life when thee grows up."

"Kind of," said Faky, not meaning to be irreverent,—"I hope. I mean to be a kind of good man."

"Thee talks well," said the old lady in the big dove-colored bonnet. "What will thee be when thee grows up?" And she

gave him a handful of cardamom seeds.

"I used to think that I should like to be a pirate," Faky said; "there is nothing in the examination of conscience against it. But people don't seem to look on it as a respectable business. I should, of course, kill only pagans and other pirates. I shouldn't want to do anything that would not be quite right. But since I am to be educated up to the top notch, I rather think I'll be a circus rider or a poet. If you're a circus rider, you have to know enough to write out the big posters. You have to punctuate, you know; and to be able to drop into poetry now and then would be a help. Don't you think so?"

The old lady cast an almost terrified look at Faky.

"Thee must banish such temptations," she said. "Thee must strive hard against circus riding; and I do not know of any poet, except Milton, who was quite respectable. Thee has heard of Milton?"

"Oh, yes!" Faky said. "Miss McBride read bits of his. There wasn't much in them. No snap. They wouldn't do on circus posters."

The old gentlewoman sighed and shook her head. Having tucked her luggage in its place again, Faky made his best bow—his heart always went out to old ladies,—and joined the other boys, who were in the small apartment devoted to smokers. They did not smoke. They had given their word of honor that there should be no smoking of cigarettes while at school, and that was enough. With all their faults, these boys looked on the breaking of such a promise as an impossibility.

"It would be nice to have a cigarette now," said Bob Bently. "A fellow would feel so manly."

"You wouldn't feel very manly when you remembered that you'd broken a promise to your father," replied Thomas Jefferson. "I wouldn't mind having one myself just now. And if father and mother were always sneaking and looking at me

on the sly, I'd smoke,—I believe I would; but when they just take your word for it, you're gone!"

"Smoking is bad," said Jack. "Look at Skinny McMullen. He smokes twenty cigarettes a day, and he inhales the smoke, and he's just copper-colored. His mother has a cousin who is a Congressman, and he intended to send Skinny to West Point. But the doctor says Skinny will never pass the physical examination; he has carbuncles on his lungs already. He can't play football, you know;—he has no wind. When I see Skinny getting yellower every day, I'm glad I promised. There is no use in smoking cigarettes if you don't inhale, and that kills you."

"Well, we promised, anyhow; and that settles it," said Bob, with a sigh. "O Jack, I don't really know how I shall stand it at school! When I think of all our family about the table to-night and only me away,—it's hard."

"And father and mother wishing we were back!" said Thomas Jefferson. "And the cook and Susan! And Miss McBride holding us up as shining examples to the boys that didn't know us!"

"It's hard!" said Faky. "I didn't feel it so much when everybody was shaking hands and kissing us, and telling us not to tear our clothes, and to get a hundred in arithmetic and geography, and to remember our advantages."

"I shall have to go home," said Baby.

Faky sniffled; Thomas Jefferson screwed up his face, to prevent two large tears from rolling down his cheeks,—but they rolled down in spite of his efforts. Jack and Bob looked gloomily out the window into the darkness.

After a long silence, Jack proposed that they should go to bed, and suggested that he should awaken everybody in two hours. A little sleep would be refreshing and exhilarating for the feast.

In rather a melancholy mood, the boys said their prayers and took possession of

the berths. Faky and Bob Bently climbed to the one over the board of delicacies—in this case, probably best expressed by the German word *delikatessen*,—and Baby Maguire had the lower berth opposite. There was a moment of horrible suspense when the porter poked his head into lower berth 14 and drew it out again. As the *delikatessen* were under the blanket, he concluded, of course, that the berth was empty.

"Why don't you stay in your own berth?" he asked of Faky Dillon, who was watching him from the parting in the curtains above.

"We want to talk," said Faky.

As soon as the porter had gone, they felt that the worst was over. The boys did not undress. They were not sure whether it was the custom on this particular railway or not; and, besides, they wanted to be ready to arise the instant Jack gave the signal.

Jack awoke with a hazy impression that he had heard somebody say "Harrisburg!" a long time ago. There was a great bustle near him, and the end of a bag carried through the car pumped his elbow.

"Grigg! Grigg!—that is the name, porter. I am astounded that there is no berth reserved for me. The station-master at Harrisburg said he'd telegraph."

"Lower berths all filled, sah," said the porter. "Perhaps he got you a berth on another car. This one is a special, put on for the Quaker meeting. I can give you No. 14,—there is nobody in it. The boy that has it has gone above with his friend. Will that do?"

"Admirably!" said the soft, round voice. "Here are my tickets. I get off at Greenlawn. Give me plenty of time to dress."

Jack, Thomas Jefferson, Bob Bently, Faky, and Baby Maguire, who were wide awake now and peering through the curtains, saw a piece of silver change hands.

The porter went away, and the tall figure of the man named Grigg sat on the

side of the berth and began to undress. His collar and cuffs clicked against the woodwork as he threw them on the brackets in the berth. That click seemed like a note of doom to the boys. They said nothing; even Faky's ingenuity was paralyzed. Thomas Jefferson could only say, in a hollow whisper:

"Maybe it is Professor Grigg."

As the Grigg legs, which had hitherto protruded from between the curtains, were drawn inward, Thomas Jefferson moaned:

"Why doesn't somebody tell him?"

But a simultaneous chuckle burst from the three berths when a muffled sound—described by Faky as "squashing"—was heard from berth No. 14, followed by low and discontented murmurs. The berths shook with suppressed laughter.

"If somebody doesn't do something, he'll find us out," whispered Jack.

The curtains of Baby Maguire's berth opened, and out stepped Baby. He looked very innocent; though his big white collar, in which he had slept, was somewhat creased.

"Are you sick, sir?" asked Baby, sweetly. "I thought I heard you groan."

"Sick!" said the muffled voice. "No, but I have fallen into some very slimy and unpleasant substances. Something is the matter with the electric bell here. Will you please call the porter?"

"He's asleep," said Baby, promptly. "I hope that thoughtless boy didn't leave his alligators in that berth."

"What boy? What alligators?" cried the voice within. And Mr. Grigg emerged very suddenly from the interior.

"There was a boy who had a lot of alligators he was bringing from New Orleans—but, oh! I see: you've been sleeping among the pies, which some foolish boys put in that berth. I saw them do it. Just you go to the washroom; and you can take my berth, just opposite. I'll look after the pies. It won't hurt you: it's only custard pie."

"My name is Mr. Grigg, of Colonnade House," said Professor Grigg; "and I am much obliged to you. I shall lecture in Greenlawn to-night on 'The Language of the Accadians and the Scythians.' I will take the opposite berth, after I have washed. I will ascertain the names of these foolish and wicked boys from the conductor, and report them to the proper authorities. What is your name?"

"Maguire," said Baby, sweetly. "I will put your things into the opposite berth, while you wash. I'll easily find half a berth with a friend."

"You are a good little boy," said Professor Grigg, warmly. "And I will leave with the porter tickets for yourself and your friend for my lecture to-morrow."

In a short time after this Professor Grigg was sound asleep in Baby's berth, while the boys were very busy trying to get rid of the damaged pies, which were finally thrown from the window of the smoking-car.

About seven o'clock in the morning the porter suddenly awakened them.

"Coming to Colonnade Station," he said.

Mr. Dillon was waiting for them. The porter gave him two tickets for "Master Maguire." They were green and they announced that Professor Grigg would "lecture on 'The Language of the Accadians and the Scythians,' at eight o'clock p. m. in the Academy of music at Greenlawn. Admit two."

"Baby is in luck and we are not," said Jack, gloomily.

"Colonnade Station!" called out the conductor.

They had arrived.

(To be continued.)

A Revolution.

A NEW revolution—alas for peace!
The war among seasons will never cease.
The Winter was ruler, and here is Spring,—
"The King is dead! Long live the King!"







HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 48.

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The Lenten Hours.

The Story of the Passion.*

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

FROM dreary winter, with its frost and snow,
 And ice-bound streams, and forests dull
 and bare;
 From clouded skies and sunless, bitter air;
 From cruel winds that oftentimes fiercely blow,
 And spreading meadows where no flowers
 show,
 To days when skylarks sing without a care;
 When heaven is bright, and all the earth is
 fair
 With light and bloom, the Lenten hours go.
 And once they led through anguish long and
 dread,
 Through cruel suffering and prayers and tears,
 From hopes undimmed and coward doubts
 and fears,
 To that blest hour when, from His rock-
 hewn bed,
 Where Cæsar's soldiers watched with tireless
 care,
 Christ rose a victor, and men ransomed were.



How prompt we are to satisfy the
 hunger and thirst of our bodies! How
 slow to satisfy the hunger and thirst of
 our souls!—*Thoreau*.

CONSUMPTION is checked when one
 breathes the pure air of the mountains,
 and irreligion should be cured by breath-
 ing the atmosphere of faith.



YOU have asked me, my dear
 Fulvia, for a narrative of what
 I have seen and heard since we
 parted. Public rumor, no doubt,
 has informed you of many things; and
 the mysterious circumstances with which
 they have been surrounded have, I fear,
 alarmed you for my sake. But, to comply
 with your request, I will try to gather
 together the scattered threads that have
 gone to make up the web of my destiny.
 And if at times there be facts that would
 almost stagger reason, I would have you
 bear in mind that the Powers above have
 surrounded with mystery our birth, our
 existence, our death, in such wise that
 poor, frail man can not unravel the secrets
 of their designs.

.... You know that scarcely was I six-
 teen years of age when I was united in
 marriage to Pontius, a Roman, of a noble
 family, and holding at that time an
 important position in Spain. You know,
 too, that it was without joy, as it was
 without repugnance, I left the hymeneal
 altar to accompany the husband who in
 years might have been my father.... The
 first year of my married life passed by
 tranquilly enough. A little boy was born
 to me, the sight of whom was dearer to

* A letter said to have been written by Pilate's
 wife. A new translation.

my eyes than the light of day; and my whole time was spent between the duties of the house and my hours of rapturous joy with him. This child was about five years of age when Pontius was named, by special favor, first Consul of Judea.

We set out with our servants; and arriving at Joppa, I was enabled to see how rich was this country that my husband was come to take charge of in the name of Rome, the mistress of nations. At Jerusalem I lived surrounded with honors, but in an absolute solitude; since the Hebrew people, proud and fiery, detest all idolatrous strangers, as they call us who profane by our presence their sacred land, the enjoyment of which has been sworn to them forever by the God of their ancestors....

In the rare moments that my husband spent with me, I could see that he was gloomy and depressed; and it seemed to me that his was not the hand to hold in check this strong-willed people, so long accustomed to be free, and therefore so restless under a foreign yoke, divided among themselves,—nay, even hating one another in many things; but in one thing united with bonds stronger than steel—their inborn and ineradicable hatred of Rome.

There was but one family of importance that showed me any courtesy. It was that of one of the chiefs of the synagogue; and it was always a pleasure to me to visit his wife Salomè, who was the very model of virtue and sweetness; and their little daughter Semida, who was then about twelve, amiable and beautiful as the beautiful roses of Sharon with which she delighted to adorn her hair. Frequently they spoke to me of their God, and even gave me some portions of their sacred books. And—shall I tell you, Fulvia?—after having heard Salomè praise their Most High, the God of their father Jacob; this unique God, immaterial and eternal, alike inaccessible to passions and vices,—

those passions and vices that only too often we deify and worship upon our altars; merciful for the reason that He is all-powerful; having in Himself at once strength and clemency and purity and grandeur;—after having heard Semida mingle her voice with the accompaniment of the harp, and sing sacred songs composed by a King of Israel, which in turn I attempted on the lyre,—often in my loneliness, beside the cradle of my child, I fell on my knees and invoked, almost in spite of myself, for all those that I held dear, this God to whom Destiny itself with its iron arm was but as a slave at the beck of a master.

For a long time Semida had been in failing health, and one morning when I arose the first news I heard was that she had passed away in the arms of her mother. I was stunned by the intelligence, and immediately, after embracing my own child, I ran to sympathize with the afflicted mother. When I came to the street in which she dwelt, my litter-bearers had to stop, because of the flute-players and the chaunters and the dense throng that surrounded the house. I alighted at the door, and at the same moment I saw the crowd open and give way to a small group of men, whom the multitude looked on with reverence and awe.

First came the father of Semida. I looked into his face, expecting to find there traces of distraction and grief; but instead I saw an expression of gladness, hope, and an intense confidence that was wholly a mystery to me. Beside him walked three poor men, humbly clad, of an awkward, not to say clownish, appearance; and behind these, wrapped in His cloak, there came a Man, still young.... I raised my eyes to His face, but directly dropped them, as when a sudden light bursts upon those whose eyes are weak. And, in truth, His brow was luminous—at least, so it appeared to me,—as though a rainbow surrounded His beautiful hair, which fell

down on His shoulders, as is the custom with the Nazarenes. I can not tell you how I felt at the sight. There was at once the most irresistible attraction; for an inexpressible sweetness was imprinted on His countenance, and at the same time a look of majesty that searched your heart.

Without knowing it, I followed Him. A door opened, and I saw the gentle Semida resting on her bed, surrounded by lights and vases of perfume. There she lay, poor child! calm and beautiful; but oh, so still, and her brow so pale,—pale as the lilies that lay scattered about her bed and were now withering at her feet. Salomè was sitting by the couch, mute and insensible. She took no notice of what was passing. Jair, the father of the girl, cast himself at the feet of the Stranger; and, pointing with an appealing gesture to the bed, he cried: "Lord, my daughter is dead; but if Thou wilt, she shall live." I trembled at these words, and my heart stopped beating to hear. The Stranger took Semida by the hand, and, looking down toward her, He said: "Daughter, arise!" Semida sat up, supported by an invisible power. Her eyes, that had been shut, opened; the bloom of life returned to her lips; she stretched out her hands vacantly and said: "Mother!" The cry awakened Salomè. Mother and daughter clasped their arms around each other; and while they remained so, the father cast himself on his knees, and, kissing the hem of the Stranger's robes, cried out: "Master, what shall we do to serve Thee and to gain eternal life?"—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God above all, and thy neighbor as thyself." When He had said these words, we looked, and lo! He had disappeared from our midst.

Unconsciously, I had been all this time on my knees. I now arose with the rest. I seemed to be in a dream. I could not understand it. When did our gods, I thought, ever do the like? I returned home, leaving this holy family to their happiness.

In the evening I spoke to Pontius of what I had seen. He shook his head and said: "You have seen Jesus the Nazarene, an object of hatred to the Pharisees, the Sadducees, the followers of Herod, and the proud high-priests. Their hatred increases daily; their vengeance is ready at any moment to burst upon His head. And yet the words of the Nazarene are those of a sage, His works those of a God!"

"Why should they persecute Him, then?" I asked.

"Because He has dragged the veil from their vice and hypocrisy. I myself heard Him one day calling out to the Pharisees: 'Whited sepulchres, offspring of vipers! You impose heavy burdens, that you will not stir with the tip of your fingers. You pay indeed tithes of herbs and mint; but you little heed the commands of the law, of justice and of mercy.' These words are true, only too true, and touch the sore; and therefore it is that they are angry against Him. And I fear me the horizon is indeed dark for the Nazarene."

"But *you* will protect Him!" I cried with eagerness. "You have all authority."

"My authority is but a shadow with this stubborn people. . . . And yet can I see innocent blood shed?"

While saying these words, Pontius arose, and seemed more oppressed with anxiety and care than ever.

The great day of the Pasch was drawing near; and this feast, the most remarkable among the Jews, was bringing to Jerusalem vast crowds of their nation from all parts of the earth, to offer up the solemn sacrifice in the Temple. On the Thursday preceding the feast, Pontius, who seemed sadder than ever, said to me:

"The auguries are ominous for the Nazarene. His head is in the die; and this evening they seem to say He shall be delivered to the high-priest and the princes."

"But you will protect him," I repeated once more.

"Can I?" he said, with a look of despair. "Plato, you know, has foretold a strange lot for the death of his imaginary just man. That lot seems to await the Nazarene: innocent, yet betrayed; persecuted, and finally condemned to a shameful and ignominious death. Thus do the gods work with mortal men."

It was the hour of retiring to rest; but scarcely had I laid my head upon the pillow when strange and appalling dreams caught hold of my fancy. I seemed to see the Nazarene once more. He was exactly what Salomè painted her Most High God to be. His face shone like the sun. He was borne on the wings of cherubim, and flames of fire seemed as His attendants. Coming in the clouds of heaven in majesty, and with a luminous cross before Him, He seemed about to judge the whole human race, that was now gathered at His feet. By a wave of His hand He separated the just from the unjust. Radiant with eternal beauty, and young in an everlasting youth, the just rose up to meet Him; while the unjust fell down into an abyss of fire more terrible than Erebus or Phlegethon. And as they fell, the Judge showed them the wounds of His flesh, crying out to them: "Render an account of the blood I have shed for you." Then did more than mortal terror seize on them; and they called out, in their wretchedness, to the earth to swallow them, and to the mountains to crush them. But in vain. They were immortal, alas for their punishment!

O what a dream!—or rather what a revelation! As soon as the dawn tinged with red the summit of the Temple, I arose from sleep. My heart still trembled with holy fear. I sat down beside an open window to breathe the fresh air of the morning. By degrees I seemed to collect the echoes of some evil commotion in the city. Soon I heard voices distinctly; they were angry; they grew louder and louder; from time to time I could almost

understand the higher exclamations. I remained transfixed with apprehension. I could not but listen, though my heart throbbed and cold perspiration stood on my forehead. Nearer and nearer came the angry tumult. The street echoed the confused trampling of a multitude of feet. They seemed to be ascending the marble steps of the pretorium, where Pontius sat as judge. Full of anxiety, I took my child, who was playing near me, and, wrapping the folds of my mantle around him for protection, I hastened to speak with my husband.

When I reached the door that led from the house to the pretorium, I heard a clamor of voices. I was afraid to enter; but, lifting a fold of the purple curtains, I saw—O Fulvia, such a sight! On the ivory throne sat Pontius; around him was all that pomp with which Rome surrounds her officials. I looked into his face: it wore, it is true, to all appearance an expression of tranquillity, but beneath that there was anxiety and profound care. Before him, with manacled hands, garments all dusty and disordered, and features besmeared with spittle and blood, stood the Nazarene. Peaceful and undisturbed He stood, and not a shadow of fear fell upon His features when they cried: "His blood be upon us and upon our children!" He remained calm as Innocence itself, and resigned as a victim preordained to death. And yet His very calmness filled me with fear; for I seemed still to hear the words of my dream: "Render an account of the blood I have shed for you." Around Him surged and howled the infuriated crowd that had dragged Him thither. Mingled with them were the priests, the Scribes and Pharisees. It was easy to distinguish them: their proud heads and their broad phylacteries, on which were written various texts of their law, marked them out in the midst of the throng. The whole gathering seemed to breathe deadly hatred....

At a signal from Pontius, silence at length prevailed. "What do you wish that I should do?" he said.—"That you condemn to death this Man, this Jesus of Nazareth," they cried. "Herod sends Him to you that you may pass sentence on Him."—"What crime has He done?" asked Pontius.—At this question there was a burst of rage. "He has prophesied the destruction of the Temple. He calls Himself the Son of God," cried His accusers.—"He has insulted the pontiffs, the children of Aaron," called out the priests; "let Him be crucified."—"Away with Him! Crucify Him!" shouted the people. Up to this day these cries of death ring in my ears, and the venerable appearance of the Victim is still before my eyes.

Once more Pontius spoke,—this time to Jesus. "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" he asked.—"Thou hast said it," was the calm reply.—"Art thou indeed Christ, the Son of God?" Jesus was silent; and the cries of the angry crowd went up as the cries of hungry tigers, demanding that the Nazarene be delivered unto them to be crucified. Pontius at length made himself heard above the din. "I find no crime in the Man," he cried. "I will set Him free."—"Deliver Him to us to be crucified," they shouted.

I could listen to no more. I called a slave, and sent him to his master to beg that he would come to me for a moment. He left the judgment-seat and came. I cast myself on my knees and cried: "In the name of all that is holy, in the name of our child, the sacred pledge of our union, have no hand in the death of this innocent Man. The immortal gods are not greater than He. This night I have seen Him in dreams, robed in supreme majesty. He was judging all mankind, and they trembled before Him. And I saw falling into the abyss the shades of the wicked, and among them I recognized the faces of many that I now see in that crowd outside calling for His blood. Oh, beware!

Lay not on Him a sacrilegious hand. One drop of His blood would condemn you forever."

"I am terrified at what I have seen," cried Pontius; "but what can I do? The Roman cohort is too weak to cope with this angry mob, whom the very demons seem to excite. There is a fatality upon me, and this tribunal is like the Temple of Emmerides. It is not justice they want, but vengeance. Be calm, Claudia, I beg of you. Go to the garden; take our child with you, and amuse yourselves. Your eyes were not made for scenes like this."

While speaking thus he went out, and I was left alone, overpowered with anguish. All this time Jesus was left to the crowd, an object of scorn for their mockeries and of cruelty for their buffetings and outrages. Nothing but indomitable patience could have borne with their excess. With an anxious heart Pontius returned to the judgment-seat; and at his appearance the yells of death again burst forth.

Now, it is the custom that toward the feast of the Pasch the governor allows one prisoner to go free, in token of peace and reconciliation. In this Pontius thought he had a chance to save Jesus. Putting Him besides Barabbas, a robber and murderer, that the Nazarene might have the better chance, he said: "Which shall I release unto you—the murderer Barabbas or Jesus who is called Christ?"—"Barabbas!" they replied.—"Then what shall I do with Jesus?" Pontius asked.—"Away with Him! Crucify Him!" they answered.—"Why, what evil hath He done?" he insisted. But the crowd, stirred up by the priests, only shouted more loudly for His death.

Pontius would not agree with them, and signified so; but the shouts of the multitude, growing more and more insolent every moment, terrified him. He feared that his own authority might be slighted, especially as he had nothing to support

it except the memory of his fame; and knowing, moreover, that at that very time but few of the Roman soldiers in Judea were under his direct command. Momentarily the tumult seemed to increase. Nothing was calm save the majestic countenance of the Victim. Insults, tortures, the very approach of a cruel and shameful death, could not change the serenity that glorified His sacred features and beamed in His looks. Those looks! Oh, there again were the looks that had infused life into the daughter of Jair! Now they fell on His murderers; and those looks were the very same. It seemed as if it were a joy to Him to suffer; and His soul, like the flame of a pure oblation, appeared to have flown away to invisible regions. The crowd surrounding the pretorium surged and swelled like the waves of the sea. It stretched back through the open space and out into the streets, from the foot of the tribunal to the Mount of Sion where the Temple is built; and each moment increased the numbers and the horrible noise.

Wearied and afflicted at last—oh, woe's the news!—Pontius yielded to their clamor. He arose; doubt and fear sat upon His countenance. For a symbol, he dipped his hands in a basin of water that stood by, crying out: "I am innocent of the blood of this just Man!"—"His blood be upon us and upon our children!" the enraged multitude answered, and they pressed around Jesus. In their fury they dragged Him out from the judgment place, hardly knowing whither. Sadly my eyes followed the Sacred Victim. Then a cloud came over my sight, my knees trembled, and I felt as one in the grasp of Death.

When I returned to myself, I found that I was supported by two of my slaves, beside an open window. Aimlessly I looked out; and lo! at the foot of a column there were clots and pools of blood, which evidently was but recently spilled. "It is there that they scourged the Nazarene,"

explained one of the slaves.—"And farther on they crowned Him with thorns," added the other.—"The soldiers made sport of Him," said a third. "They called Him King of the Jews all the time they pressed the thorns into His head and struck Him on the face; and now they have taken Him out to execution."

As a sword every word passed through my heart; each circumstance of the great injustice in the justice-hall returned to my mind. And yet, amid all my anguish and terror, I could not help feeling that something more than human was happening on that dreadful day. The heavens above seemed, like me, to be overcome with anguish. Heavy clouds, as if funeral drapery, seemed to lower their looming folds down to earth; sulphurous flames gleamed from their yellow edges. The city itself, so full of excitement in the morning, now wore a sombre look, as if pale Death had stood in human form on the citadel. I could not stir for fear and grief; nor could I let my child out of my sight. I waited, and waited, as if something ought to happen. Toward the ninth hour of the day darkness shut out the sky; a fearful trembling seemed to convulse the whole earth; the sun shrank away in the heavens, and everything looked as if creation were to be dissolved and return into nothingness.

I fell on my knees. One of the domestics, a Jewess, came running in, pale and distraught, with bloodshot eyes and dishevelled hair. "The world is coming to an end!" she cried. "God announces it by His prodigies. The veil of the Temple, that concealed the Propitiatory, is rent in twain; desolation is in the holy place, and the graves themselves are thrown open. The dead proclaim the anger of God, and His vengeance has gone about as a devouring fire."

At these words I seemed to feel a dizziness in my very soul. I arose, trembling from head to foot, and reached the stair-

case. There I met the centurion who had presided at the crucifixion. He was an old soldier, whose hair was blanched in the wars with the Parthians and Germans. Never had human heart throbbled in a more courageous breast; but now, pale and awe-stricken, he seemed urged forward by horror and remorse. I was anxious to question him; but he passed me by, crying: "This Man was indeed the Son of God." I entered an apartment; there was Pontius, his head resting in his hands. He looked at me and said in a sepulchral tone: "Oh, that I had followed your advice, Claudia! Oh, that I had protected this innocent Man at the risk of my life! Never again shall my miserable heart know peace." I made no reply; I had no consolation to give, no remedy to offer, for this terrible misfortune that had marked us forever with the seal of fatality. All was silent, except when the thunder rolled over our heads and reverberated in the vaults beneath our feet. In the midst of the thunder-storm there came a venerable old man. He was admitted, and, advancing to where Pontius was, he knelt at his feet. "I am Joseph of Arimathea," he said; "and I am come to crave the favor from you of taking down from the cross the body of Jesus of Nazareth, and laying it in a tomb of my own." Without raising his eyes, Pontius cried: "Go!" The old man went out; and I saw a group of women, all modestly veiled, join him at the door.

Thus ended that fatal day. Jesus was buried in a tomb hewn out of a rock, and at the door of the tomb they set guards. But, Fulvia, on the third day He arose from that tomb, glorious and triumphant, even as He had predicted,—a Conqueror over Death! He showed Himself to His disciples, to His friends, and indeed to multitudes of people. Of all this His disciples have borne courageous testimony, declaring it before the tribunals of judges and princes; and willingly, nay, joyfully,

laying down their lives for devotion to His Name. And His doctrine, which was at first secretly confided to a few fishermen from Galilee, is now preached throughout the length and breadth of the Empire. These were but ignorant peasants, and yet they have preached before and converted the high and the cultured; and have accompanied their preaching with wonders, the like of which the world never saw. The little grain of mustard seed cast in a corner of Judea has grown into a mighty tree; and its wide-stretching shadow, if I mistake not, will one day outrival the fame of our Roman gods.

Since that time Pontius has not had one day's good luck. He has even been censured by the Senate and the Emperor Tiberius. An object of hatred to the Jews and of scorn to those he strove to please, his life is one long warp of bitterness and woe.

For myself, I live alone, even more so than formerly. Salomè and Semida shudder when they see me, the wife of the impious judge, the spouse of the murderer of their Lord; for they, as I need hardly tell, became ardent disciples of Him who restored them to each other. I must say that they were kind to me, and did everything to try to conceal the antipathy that naturally they felt toward me. But I saw, or thought I saw, something come over their faces when I drew near, and at length I abstained altogether from visiting them. I spend my lonely time meditating on those sayings of Jesus which Salomè had told me and which I had set down in writing. O my friend, how vain is the boasted wisdom of this world in comparison to them! So full are they of mercy and deep meaning that to read them and re-read them is to me the greatest delight and consolation.

After some months Pontius was recalled. He wandered from city to city in the vain hope of finding peace; there is no peace

for the soul torn with remorse. Through the length and breadth of the Empire we went. "Cain and his wife," said the Hebrews, "banished from the earth." You would pity us. I can not leave him, and yet it were better for him if I should. In me he sees an ever-present accuser, the living testimony of his crime. And I,—I see a cross, and I see an unjust judge that permits an innocent Victim to be nailed to it. I can not look on his face, I dread to hear his voice,—the voice that pronounced the unjust sentence. It freezes my heart when I hear it. And when, before sitting to table, the slave brings him water to wash his hands, it seems to me as if the basin were full of blood, the marks of which can never be wiped away. Once, and once only, I ventured to speak to him of humility and repentance. I shall never forget the look of scorn and despair that came over his face.

Our child died; he passed away in my arms, and I shed not a tear of regret. O happy child, to be dead, and thus escape bearing through life the odium of thy father's detested name!

Our crime pursues us everywhere. We have come to Helvetia, the land of rocks and eternal snows. We have asked of its wild glens and precipitous mountains an asylum from the hatred of man. But even here I find the very children—for the Christians are everywhere—learning to repeat my husband's name with loathing and with horror. And, last of all, recently I learned that the followers of Jesus, before separating, drew up a charter-prayer as the embodiment of their faith; and in it they say: "He suffered under Pontius Pilate." Terrible anathema, which the years shall prolong: "*Passus est sub Pontio Pilato!*"

Good-bye, dear Fulvia. When you think of me, think of me with pity; and may the just God give you all the happiness that in other days we wished each other! Farewell!

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

XIII.—MEXICO CITY.

THE capital of the United States of Mexico stands in the middle of the beautiful valley of Mexico, which measures forty-five miles by thirty-one miles, and contains 700,000 inhabitants. Its climate is temperate, never being over 70 or under 50 degrees, although it is in the same latitude as Vera Cruz. But this comparatively low temperature is due to two causes,—viz., its altitude, 7,600 feet above the level of the sea; and the vicinity of the Cordilleras, which encircle the valley, and of which two of the highest points, Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, are covered with perpetual snow.

In the latter part of the afternoon—when the sun is declining majestically and brilliantly toward the western Cordilleras, whose summits are lost in one dazzling blaze; when the snowy crests of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl are clothed in rosy radiance, and Adjusco discovers ragged portions of its extinguished crater illuminated by the last rays of day, with immense shadows reflected by its salient masses of rock,—is when a view should be taken of this extensive and exquisite valley, especially from the heights of Chapultepec, or from the hills surrounding the plain where the small but dainty city of Tlalpan has its seat. Toward the eastern side, the crystalline surface of the lakes is seen, over which floats a vaporous mantle. To the north, the naked eminences of Tepayac appear, whose deep yellow contrasts with the full, keen azure of the sky; and toward the south various *cumuli* are agglomerated above the mountains

that confine the valley, and which, as the evening advances, lose their brilliant whiteness, and gradually assume the purple of the plum, or the heather that blooms on the hillside in the far-famed Killarney of old Ireland.

In the midst of the plain, where clusters of trees are mingled with a vapor as ethereal as the veil of a fairy bride, the city extends itself, slumbering, as it were, amidst the gentle breezes, guarded by the not inconsiderable heights of the *penon* on one side, and the lengthy, graceful aqueduct on the other. From the tower of Chapultepec groups of white buildings are distinguished in the distance, with a mantle of emerald verdure reaching to the pine-covered mountains on the south. On the western side the dry and barren hills of Santa Fé are discovered, patched with forest and adobe dwellings; while trees extend in all directions, with the venerable forest of the Aztecs for their centre.

The Calle Plateros is the Broadway of the city of Mexico. It stretches from the Alameda to the Plaza Mayor, and each block—there are at least twenty—possesses a distinct and separate nomenclature. From rosy morn to dewy eve it is full of life, full of color. Fancy a long, straight street, lined by irregular if not grotesque architecture, from the palatial mansion, blue-tiled, gilt-balconied, deep-eaved and scarlet-blinded, to the dingy, flat-roofed, two-storied store; a deep strip of shade as cool as a bath upon one side, and liquid sunshine on the other, with shafts of pale gold at the intersection of the cross streets; and at both ends the glories of tropical verdure! Some of the houses are magnificent, and approached by large, superbly-sculptured gateways, the gates being closed only at night.

As you pass you gain a glimpse of a deliciously cool interior, with its gallery and broad stone stairway, and its wealth of gorgeously-hued flowers. As a rule, half a dozen Indians are hanging about in

picturesque attitude and in picturesque garments. The women wear the *rebozo*—a woven scarf of pale blue; this is wrapped artistically around the head, and serves as a frame for the blue-black hair, clear, swarthy complexion, and superbly soft brown or black eyes. A petticoat of white cotton or brown cloth completes the costume.

At the corners of the streets intersecting the Plateros are to be found Indians squatted before immense bouquets of violets. These violets are gathered in the Chinampas, or floating gardens on Lake Chalco, and brought up to the cities in canoes. To go out along the Viga Canal at early morn and meet the violet-laden canoe fleet is a favorite excursion of the æsthetic portion of the inhabitants of the city.

The Plateros is thronged during the day both by pedestrians and carriages, the latter being occupied by *señoras* and *señoritas* who go shopping. A Mexican lady is never seen on foot in the street, save at very early morn, going to or returning from Mass. The carriages, occasionally drawn by great, long-eared mules, stop opposite the entrances to the French-looking stores; and dapper assistants, high as to shirt-collar—the collar almost conceals the back of the head,—high as to heels and slim as to waist; emerge from the stores, laden with such commodities as the fair *doñas* may covet through their mind's eye; while a number of Indians stand gazing at the treasures so temptingly displayed beneath their very noses,—so near and yet so far.

The public conveyances are the most remarkable vehicles in the wide, wide world. I have ridden in a rickety drosky; in the old-fashioned covered car—I believe there is only one left in Ireland now;—in a London growler; in a *voiture de place* of doubtful springs; in a *banquette*; in almost every size, sort, shape, and description of coach; but anything to equal the musty, jingling, rattling, moldy-smelling,

jolting, bone-settling, maddening Mexican coaches I have never encountered in all my wanderings.

They are cheap—cheap as a Dublin cab; but if they are cheap, they are nasty. The mules—*ay de mi!*—such sorry-looking brutes, with ears as long as the whips of the drivers, and bones as strongly developed as the ribs of a wrecked ship. They crawl along the ill-paved streets, and such is the slowness of their locomotion that the bells attached to their collars fail even so much as to jangle.

Everybody rides in the public coaches in Mexico. Your swell does not think of walking more than two blocks; therefore the streets are ever filled with these lumbering, ill-proportioned and unsightly vehicles.

Strange sights greeted Arthur's eyes as he strolled along the Plateros. *Haciendados* and *rancheros*, in their broad-brimmed *sombreros* and leather *chaquetas* (jackets) and silver-frogged breeches, through the outside seam of which loosely roll white flowing drawers, swaggering along the sidewalk, their great spurs jingling, their silver ornaments dangling. Indians trotting onward,—the man bearing live-stock and fruit in a wicker-frame case pasted to his back by means of a flat bandage attached to his forehead; the woman, her child slung in the folds of her blue *rebozo*, her arms engaged in carrying the day's or mayhap the week's provisions. Water-sellers, fruit-sellers, tatterdemalion soldiers, followed by their slatternly wives, munging *tortillas*; mules and asses driven by half-naked men and boys, their feet baked white in the hot dust, the limbs bronzed, and seemingly cast in bronze; *muchachos* bearing furniture upon their heads,—a piano will be carried twenty-five miles, by four men, in a day; a demure *señorita*, prayer-book in hand and clad in the picturesque *mantilla*; swells in short-tailed coats, high-heeled boots, and narrow-rimmed hats, languidly smoking

cigarettes through silver holders; *chinas*, with black and green patches on their temples,—cures for the headache; *leperos*, or half-breeds, hawking toys or glazed crockeryware; companies of foot-soldiers attired in white, their uniforms sadly in need of the necessary offices of needle and thread, shuffling along on their *guacharez*, or sandals,—they seldom wear shoes or stockings; civil guards trotting on thoroughbreds, in buff and steel, with sword and matchlock, recalling the days of Cromwell's Ironsides; and occasionally a troop of cavalry, such as Bazaine loved to lead against the dusky sons of the African desert while Metz was still *La Pucelle*,—small, lean, wiry, falcon-eyed dare-devils every one of them. These were amongst the sights that met the gaze of our young Irishman as he moved along the Plateros *en route* to the Cathedral.

The two churches—the Cathedral and the Sagrario—are surrounded by chains supported by one hundred and twenty-five stone pillars. Hence the name *El Pasco de las Cadenas*—the “Promenade of the Chains,”—in which the Mexican population delighted to stroll on the moonlight nights from 8 p. m. till midnight, before Carlotta laid out the beautiful *Zocalo*, which is now their chief resort and their pride. At each corner is the representation of a human skull carved on the stone, and on the top a wooden cross seven feet in height, around the base of which a stone-carved serpent entwines itself. These effigies are emblematical,—the skull, of death; the serpent, of original sin; and the Cross, of Redemption. The gates of the basilica are of the Ionic and Doric orders, as are also the towers; while the Cathedral itself is very majestic, crested as it is by a magnificent dome and two lofty and artistically worked twin towers. The effect of the sunlight upon the colored tiles of the dome is one of rare sheen and dazzle.

The façade of the Sagrario is very singular. It exhibits numerous reliefs of

the most *bizarre* sculpture, and is, as a whole, more elaborate than artistic, although some of the detail is admirably conceived. It is a very crust of adornment. Cemented in the wall on the west side of the Cathedral is the circular calendar, which is of Toltec origin. It is of great antiquity, and sculptured on a monolith of basalt so rough and seemingly porous that at first sight it looks like lava. The stone—twelve feet six inches in diameter and weighing twenty-five tons—is let into the masonry of the church at a height of five feet nine inches from the pavement. From this calendar stone the ancient system of Toltec astronomy has been preserved to us. It proves the great degree of civilization to which the Toltecs had attained,—a civilization doubtless much superior to that of its successors, the Aztecs. Their year coincided almost exactly with that of the Julian calendar, which till 1752 was the standard of time in England, and is to this very day dominant in Russia. The stone was placed in its present site in 1790, and dates so far back as 1279.

Upon his arrival at the Cathedral, where he learned, to his great disappointment, that the Mass was for the next day, an emaciated monk, carrying a box in which he occasionally jingled a few coins, approached Arthur Bodkin, soliciting a contribution for the poor, and also offering to act as cicerone. Arthur accepted his services, and made a most conscientious tour of the five naves, fourteen chapels, and five grand altars.

"We used to have superb and costly altar furniture," observed the monk; "but the infamous liberals laid their sacrilegious hands upon crucifixes, chalices, and statues, and melted them into coin. I'll tell you the treasures the House of God possessed, and will again possess under our Catholic Emperor," cried the monk, who began to chaunt as though reciting a litany: "On the altar, the gifts of the

devout faithful: 6 chandeliers of solid gold; a golden cup, the body and pedestal inlaid with precious stones; a golden filigree cross; 6 dazzling gold bouquets frosted with diamonds; 4 minor chandeliers of gold; 20 gorgeous chalices of the same precious metal; 6 golden wine and water ewers with golden stands; a pyx weighing 104 ounces of gold and covered with 1,676 diamonds; a chalice inlaid with 122 diamonds, 132 rubies, 143 emeralds, the whole mounted on 84 ounces of gold. Then we had 2 golden censers; the statue of the Conception in solid silver, weighing 38 marks; a statue of the Assumption; a principal censer, measuring one yard in height, studded on one side with 5,872 diamonds, and on the other side with 2,653 emeralds, 106 amethysts, 44 rubies, 8 sapphires, and weighing 704 ounces; 11 golden lustres, of 24 branches each; 2 pairs of large chandeliers; 4 perfume stands, 3 yards high; 3 silver statues, and a large number of gold and silver bouquets."

The eyes of the good *padre* assumed an indescribable sadness as he informed Bodkin that, save and except the silver-gilt altar requisites, there was not an article of intrinsic value in the Cathedral; the sacrilegious brigands who plundered Holy Church in the name of Juarez and Lerdo de Tejada having stolen every article of value it contained.

"Here," exclaimed the monk, as the rusty hinges attached to the iron portals of the great, strong room creaked and groaned, "was our treasure vault! Once upon a time every shelf, every square inch of it, was occupied by the gold and silver ornaments that adorned the house where His glory dwelleth; but—" and the worthy priest was silent. Oh, there was eloquence in that silence,—a silence which Arthur did not dare to profane by word! "The statue of the Assumption was the very first to go," continued the *padre*. "It weighed 6,984 *castelones* of

gold, and was literally incrustated with precious stones. The censer used on great festivals and a large portion of the jewels and ornaments were bestowed on the Cathedral by the Emperor Charles V., of Spain. In 1837 an earthquake caused such damage to the Cathedral that the canons were compelled to dispose of some of its treasures to meet the expense of repairs. On this occasion a magnificent silver lamp was sacrificed, which stood 23 feet high, was 9 feet in diameter, contained 54 branches, and cost \$71,343."

After adding a *peso* to the monk's impoverished exchequer, Arthur again turned into the glittering streets, and devoted himself to unmitigated staring. He stared at everything, from an Indian woman cooking a *tortilla* at the corner of a street, to a regiment of cavalry. The streets of the capital are straight and rectangular, the buildings lofty and massive, and although all different in the details of execution, are pervaded by a harmonious unity of conception which imparts a sense of perfection and grandeur rarely met with in our own cities. The friendship for colors, so generally noticeable, prevails consistently in the capital; and some of the buildings flare with painted coatings of yellow, pink, pale green, or a blended mixture of all three. This custom, although *bizarre*, is eminently satisfying to the eye; particularly as it must not be forgotten that the sparkling rays of an unclouded sun and a lavish distribution of contrasting foliage are no mean contribution to the enhancement of the general effect.

Every line of streets has the mountains that surround the valley for a background; and in the early morning, or just when the sun has set behind the western range, these giant warders seem, in the clear atmosphere, as though they were at the very gates. The various public venders, muleteers, water-carriers, and domestics are commonly Indians or Mestizos. The

pardiosero, or Mexican beggar, is not very strongly represented. He asks his alms in the name of God—*por Dios*,—hence his appellation. But the *lepero*, or ragged vagrant, is perpetually on hand. He is cheerful and light-hearted, with the gayety of a son of Naples and the drollery of an Irish peasant. This foreign element is numerically of no account in the capital, but its influence is paramount.

(To be continued.)

Old-Time Odes on the Holy Rosary.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY ORBY SHIPLEY, M. A.

THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES OF THE ROSARY OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

I.—CONTAINING THE APPREHENSION OF CHRIST.

Woe worth that sorrow should succeed to joy,

Or for the ill the good sustain the smart!
But since the Son would suffer wrong's annoy,
The Mother bears her undeserved part.
For when as He distressed in Garden prayed,
And bloody sweat ran down His face amain,
And Judas false Him Judasly betrayèd,
Lost joy her left, betrayed unto pain.
And when with rage the Jews Him led away,
Then anguish her surprised and led in thrall,
And all that outwardly on Him they lay
Doth inwardly unto her heart befall.

II.—CONTAINING THE SCOURGING OF CHRIST.

T' appease the rage of causeless raging Jews,
False Pilate willed true Christ should scourgèd be;
Crime knew he none, and yet he did refuse
Unpunishèd to set the Guiltless free.
Then was sweet Jesus to a pillár tied,
And hell-hounds lashed at His fair, tender skin,
Embrued with blood all round on every side.
Think then how stood th' Acquitter of our sin,
And in what sorrow His poor Mother stood,

For their great good His so great ill to view,
Her heart bled inward and distilled the blood
Forth at her eyes, though altered in the
hew.

III. — CONTAINING THE CROWNING OF CHRIST.

For change of torture, not for ease of grief,
The Jews do from the pillar Christ unloose;
While His sad Mother's hopes of His relief
Increase her sorrow in His lengthened woes.
For they His dolor to deride and scorn,
The King of kings in mockage king do call;
And on His head they fix a crown of thorns,
And in His hand a reed to rule withal.
Yielding pure love impure despite and hate,
Accursed rebels of a King of Grace,
That purchase now the dree disgraceful state
Of their still kingless and contemptuous
race.

IV. — CONTAINING CHRIST BEARING HIS CROSS.

When Pilate, pressèd by the Jewish rage,
With wrested conscience gave the doom of
death,
The Jews made haste their fury to assuage
In the extinguishing Life-Giver's breath.
And His death's engine, burden of His woe,
They make Him bear that Him to bear
they made,
Him in the way to death to torture so,
Till they His fainting force give forcèd aid.
Well may His Mother mourn this to observe,
That from His burden loads her mind with
woes,
And He will ask what withered stocks deserve,
When fruitful trees are servèd so of those.

V. — CONTAINING THE CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

Oh, woe is me, at this great end of grief
Christ is arrivèd at His dying place;
Lamb-like He stands, bereft of all relief,
Subject of sorrow, vassal of disgrace.
For on His cross all naked Him they nail,
And rear it up and wound Him in the side,
Which all the blest of heaven do bewail,
While of the earth th' accursed Him deride.
The sword of sorrow pierceth now the heart
Of His lamenting Mother in her dolor most,
Whose dear Son's sorrow and surmounting
smart
Now takes an end in yielding of His ghost.

A Martyred Servant of Mary.

(CONCLUSION.)

DURING the period when he filled the important and responsible post to which he was raised, Mgr. Darboy acted with consummate prudence and skill. His relations with the secular power were most friendly; his loyalty to Rome was unwavering; his efforts to maintain among his clergy a high standard of piety and learning were unceasing. Circumspect, observant, capable of great self-restraint, though decided and determined, he never precipitated matters, attempted to alter what he could not improve, or engaged in a conflict from which he was not certain to come out victor. Far from being disconcerted by difficulties and obstacles, he took pleasure in combating them; and without provoking opposition, he fought against it with an intrepidity and resolution that seldom failed of success.

Those who knew him well found him kind, gentle, and considerate. These qualities, however, did not appear on the surface. For the weak and erring he was always ready to make excuses, but never did he spare himself. Rising at five, he regulated the hours of his day with monastic severity, and the amount of work he got through was really prodigious. During his later years he was unable to sing High Mass, because the weakness of his constitution forbade his fasting late. The ordinations, too, he was obliged to give up; since on one occasion, when he had presumed on his powers, he fainted whilst performing the ceremony. Sleepless nights were often the penalty he paid for putting too great a strain upon himself; but he never complained of minor miseries. "A bishop should die standing," he would say, alluding to the words reported of a Roman emperor. It was actually in this attitude that death overtook Mgr. Darboy. The only relaxation that he allowed

himself was an annual visit, of some five or six days' duration, to his parents. An incident that occurred during one of these visits—when he did not as usual preserve strict *incognito*, but appeared in his archiepiscopal dignity, for the purpose of consecrating a church lately erected in his native place—shows that he retained in middle life the simplicity and kindness of heart that characterized him in his youth.

Among the priests who hastened to Fayl-Billot on this occasion to pay their respects to the prelate came the octogenarian *curé* of an adjacent parish, who had taught Georges Darboy in his boyish days the elements of Latin grammar. It was more than twenty years since he had seen his quondam pupil, and he felt somewhat embarrassed on entering his presence in a room full of people. "Your Excellency—Eminence—your Reverence," he stammered in his confusion. Whilst he was endeavoring to find a formula sufficiently respectful to convey the congratulations he desired to offer, the Archbishop came up to him, took both his hands, led him to his own arm-chair, and installed him in it; then, taking a seat at his side, he began to talk as if they had never been parted. The good old man could not contain the pleasure he felt. "Ah, you are not one bit changed!" he exclaimed.

At the time of Mgr. Darboy's return from the Vatican Council, where he distinguished himself by his uncompromising attitude and the moderation as well as firmness wherewith he enunciated his opinion, France was in the ferment attendant on the declaration of hostilities. He took the deepest interest in the fortunes of his country, and frequently visited the Empress, to console and support her during the anxious time of the absence of her husband and son on the field of battle. When disaster had followed upon disaster, and the Republic was proclaimed in Paris, no personal danger could deter the Arch-

bishop from doing his utmost to check the general disorganization and disorder. The devotion of the clergy during the siege of Paris is well known. Mgr. Darboy stimulated the zeal of his priests by his example, and by reminding them of the consecration—recently renewed—of the diocese to the Queen of Heaven, exhorting them to pray fervently that success might be on the side of their arms. He visited the ambulances in person; and only after his death was it known with what open-handed liberality he had distributed alms, even when his salary was greatly reduced by the Republic.

The last time that he spoke in public was in January, 1871, at the close of the novena to Our Lady of Victories. There was then no question of further resistance: nothing remained but to bear defeat well. Among all the sorrows and vicissitudes of life, he said, there is one sure source of consolation to the Christian—the all-powerful intercession of the Holy Virgin, who is the Mother of all mankind, the patron of France, the special protectress of the city of Paris and of the congregation of Notre Dame des Victoires, who have so often invoked her under that title. Little was it thought as the Archbishop descended from the pulpit, giving his blessing to the vast assembly, that ere three months had elapsed that venerated sanctuary would be the scene of outrages and crimes, of which he was to be the first victim.

It would be useless to repeat in this place the sad story of the Commune, when the populace of Paris turned upon their best friends, accusing them of being accomplices with the Monarchy for the destruction of liberty. The approach of the army of Versailles caused the smouldering hatred of religion to break out openly. The persecution of the priests began. The first encounter between the regular troops and the insurgents, took place on Palm Sunday, soon after midday.

The sound of the guns reached Mgr. Darboy's ears as he walked in the palace gardens with his sister. It filled him with profound melancholy; he sighed for the earlier days of obscurity and tranquillity. Passing before a statue of Our Lady that occupied a small shrine in the garden, he stopped and gazed at it a while sorrowfully. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "she used to smile upon us, now she does so no longer."

The next day but one Mgr. Darboy was arrested by order of the Commune, and brought before the Delegate for Public Safety. The words addressed to him by this official prove beyond a doubt that it was for the sake of religion, and religion alone, that he was arrested. "For eighteen centuries you have kept free-thought in a dungeon, in the name of your Christian religion; now it is the turn of free-thought to take the change out of you." Thus it was seen that Mgr. Darboy was not consigned to the Conciergerie as a political prisoner, but as a confessor of the faith. His palace was completely stripped by the insurgents,—every article of value, however trifling, being carried off. Only once did the least sign of indignation escape the Archbishop: when he heard that his sister, who lived with him, had likewise been imprisoned. Unable himself to do anything in her behalf, he entreated all who had access to him to exert themselves to alleviate her sufferings and procure her release. She was set at liberty a few days later, and went to rejoin a brother living at Nancy.

On Holy Thursday new arrests were made, and Mgr. Darboy was transferred to the Mazas. Here he was treated with great cruelty. His guards seemed to take pleasure in tormenting, in various ways, him whom they knew to be the most important of the hostages. They even held outside his door conversations which he could not overhear without horror and disgust. However, before long he was removed to a larger and better ventilated

cell, on the representations of the doctors, who feared that he would die in prison. For years he had suffered from an affection of the heart; this malady was now greatly aggravated by want of air and the miserable fare of the prison. His days were spent in prayer and reading; for the use of theological books was not denied him. Through the grating in the door he was to be seen, calm and serene, his slight and fragile form bent over his books, his emaciated features bearing the stamp of suffering, and hardly to be recognized on account of the long, grey beard that had been allowed to grow since his incarceration. On the table before him was the crucifix his sister had sent him the day after his arrest; on his person he wore the pectoral cross of Mgr. Affre and the ring of Mgr. Sibour,—both legacies from their respective owners. The possession of these relics he regarded, even before his captivity, as a warning and a portent of the death he was to suffer for the name of Jesus.

The hardships of the prison *régime*, ill-suited to his delicate health, were mitigated through the kindness of a lady, who exposed herself to no small risk in order to supply him daily with food, linen, and other little comforts. Twice his friends arranged a plan of escape for him. On one occasion the Comte de Montferrier, an enthusiastic young man, whose acquaintance with the self-constituted authorities enabled him to procure a safe-conduct, went to his cell dressed in two suits of clothes, and entreated Mgr. Darboy to disguise himself in one, and with him pass the gates, where a carriage awaited him. But the venerable prelate would not be persuaded to attempt flight. He believed it to be his duty to remain where he was; besides, his escape would be a signal for the massacre of all the priests in the prison, and perhaps of many others too.

On the 21st of May the army of Versailles entered Paris. At this juncture the

hatred of the populace for religion seemed to reach a climax. Not content with pillaging the churches, they thirsted for the blood of priests; and, fearing lest their prey should be rescued, they removed the hostages from the Mazas to the prison of La Roquette. Mgr. Darboy was thrust into one of the condemned cells, of which a mattress on an iron stand, with a single blanket, formed the only furniture. There was neither chair, table nor light of any kind. The next day the prisoners, who till then had been completely isolated, were allowed to take exercise together in the yard. What a sorrowful meeting for many of them! A group formed round the Archbishop, who, too weak to stand without support, leaned against the wall. One by one the priests came and kissed his hand, while he addressed to each a few kind words.

During his incarceration, which lasted more than seven weeks, Mgr. Darboy had felt keenly his being deprived of Holy Communion. On this day, the last but one of his life, he was enabled to receive the celestial Food he so much desired; for, on the eve of their transfer to La Roquette, the Blessed Sacrament had been conveyed to the Jesuit Fathers concealed in a little box with a double bottom. One of the Sacred Hosts thus obtained was given to the Archbishop as Viaticum. He had previously made his confession to Father Olivaint. For hours the latter sat by the side of the prelate, who, weakened by suffering and privations, spent his last days reclining on his miserable bed. They conversed together of the past and the present, and may it not be supposed of the future also. Within the prison walls a solemn silence reigned; without were the sounds of the patricidal warfare, which hourly drew nearer. Mgr. Darboy still thought that deliverance was at hand,—that the regular army would reach La Roquette before the Commune had time to carry out its deadly designs. Over and over again

he had made the sacrifice of his life, but he did not know that it would almost immediately be required of him.

On the following day, when the prisoners again left their cells for recreation, the Archbishop could scarcely drag himself along. Seeing he was exhausted for want of food, Father Olivaint gave him some chocolate that he had in his pocket; and with great difficulty a little bread was procured, for the provisions had run short. But he could eat only a few morsels.

Between seven and eight o'clock the same evening, after the mockery of a sham trial had been hastily gone through, an order came to the prison for the execution of six hostages. Mgr. Darboy's name was first on the list. Summoned to leave their cells at once, the victims were hurried into the farther courtyard of the prison; their escort a troop of undisciplined youths, who loaded them with the vilest abuse. One of them gave the Archbishop a violent thrust with the butt end of his musket, to make him walk faster. He tottered, and would have fallen had not a friendly arm supported him. As the little band passed through the last gateway, Mgr. Darboy turned to his companions, and, lifting his hand, pronounced the words of absolution. Arrived at the place of execution, the prisoners were ranged in order. After the second volley was fired, Mgr. Darboy was seen to be still on his feet, leaning with his left hand on the wall, whilst his right hand was raised in the act of benediction. "You are giving your blessing, are you?" exclaimed one of the ruffians present. "Now you shall have mine!" Thereupon he fired his musket at the prelate. Still he did not fall, and his executioners proceeded to beat him to death with the butt ends of their guns.

One of the federates, on leaving the yard, described in the most revolting language the last agony of the venerable prelate. "I thought he would never die. Three times he got up again, till at last I

actually began to be afraid of him." A few hours later some scoundrels went to rob the bodies. It need hardly be said that when, some days later, the remains of the martyrs were exhumed and prepared for Christian burial by their friends, the pectoral cross, which belonged to Mgr. Affre, had disappeared; as also Mgr. Sibour's ring, which was set with a sapphire of great value. It has never been ascertained what became of them.

So thoroughly had the palace been ransacked by the insurgents on the day of Mgr. Darboy's arrest that the pontifical insignia required to array his body for its exposure in the *chapelle ardente* were not forthcoming. No funds were in hand to purchase them, and therefore a prelate who happened to be in Paris at the time was requested to lend his vestments for the occasion. The fickle populace, who but a few days before, on the removal of the hostages from the Mazas to La Roquette, applied to them the most opprobrious and insulting epithets, and could hardly be restrained from tearing them to pieces, now flocked to the chapel together with the faithful to do honor to their remains; and it was with the greatest difficulty that they were prevented from possessing themselves of the blood-stained garments of the victims, to be preserved and venerated as relics. For the credit of humanity, let us hope that in the ranks of the insurgents were many men more deluded than depraved.

When the sad and disgraceful circumstances of the Archbishop's death became generally known, a cry of sorrow and reprobation echoed throughout the land. All France united to bewail the loss of its chief pastor, brutally murdered, cut off in the midst of a career rich in virtue and active usefulness. The National Assembly ordered solemn obsequies at the public expense, with military pomp, in honor of the martyred Archbishop; and on this occasion the cross, proscribed for

months, was again borne aloft in the streets of Paris.

The Requiem took place in the ancient Basilica of Notre Dame, which was preserved as by a miracle from the torch of the incendiary; as if to testify that the Help of Christians would never altogether withdraw her ægis from her favored city of Paris, even when iniquity appeared most triumphant within its walls.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

X.—THE STORY OF A WRONGED PRIEST.

(Concluded.)

"ON Tuesday night my fiendish plan culminated. About eleven o'clock I ran, half dressed, to a neighboring house, crying that my life was in danger. The gentleman in whose house I took refuge wanted to go at once and summon others, and with them repair to the house of the priest. But with prayers and tears I implored him not to do so, saying it would be better for two or three reliable persons, who had seen Father D. in a state of intoxication, to accompany me to the city where the Bishop resided, and tell him the pitiful story. This was agreed upon. We went next morning, told the tale, and I added accusations which I had hitherto kept back. The Bishop was a good man, but very excitable and easily deceived. My story was so plausible, my distress and sorrow seemed so great, and the evidence of eye-witnesses so clear, that he was at once impressed with the truth of all that was said. He bade the men go home and keep silence, told me to remain in the city until further orders, and sent me to lodge at the Sisters of Mercy.

"Long before Sunday came it had been whispered about that Father D. had fallen into disgrace, although nothing tangible had been revealed to the public. I heard later that he went about during the week

performing his usual duties; showing by his manner that he knew something was amiss, but asking no explanation of the changed demeanor of his people. On Saturday afternoon the Bishop sent for me, questioned me closely, and told me to be in readiness to accompany him to C. next morning. I met him at the depot; two hours later we were in C."

After telling the particulars already related at the beginning of this sketch, the wretched woman continued:

"I did not anticipate that the Bishop would have done any more than give the priest a terrible lecture: I did not think that he would send him away. But when I saw and heard the fearful punishment and disgrace inflicted on him, I felt as Judas must have felt when he threw the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests on the morning of the Crucifixion. I ran to the house and began to gather up my clothes.

"Father D. came in a moment after. I saw him go into the sitting-room, put on his coat, pick up his hat and breviary, and leave the house. He did not take a single article of clothing; he looked neither to the right nor left as he passed out. Oh! if I had had the virtue or the courage even at that late hour to take back the accusations by which I had ruined him, all might have been well with him again. But I had neither; and because I put away that chance of repentance, my soul will be lost forever. But revenge died in my heart from that hour.

"I left the town, plunged into the dissipation of the great cities, and resumed my old life. Three times I tried to commit suicide. I could not die. Many long years I wandered up and down, going from one city to another, till one day, five years ago, I found myself in front of — Cathedral. Something forced me to enter the house. I asked for the Bishop. They told me he was dead. I then inquired for his successor. He came, a young man. But when I told him my story, he did not believe me. He

had never heard of Father D. He thought I was crazy, and bade me go into the church and pray. But I insisted on the truth of what I said, until finally he arose, made a motion with his hands as though repulsing me, and exclaimed: 'Go, go to the church, and ask God to forgive you, if what you have said be true. But I do not believe it for a moment; your brain must be disordered. If it is not, that poor priest must have died. Go away, and do not come here again.' Having found shelter with a respectable old woman, from that time forward I led a decent life. When you and Sister Clara found me, good Mother, sick in that dirty garret, I invented the tale that made you take pity on me and fetch me here. Now go away all of you, and leave me to die like a dog, as I deserve."

But they did not go away. Overcoming the horror that her fearful story had caused, as well as that excited by her physical condition, true to their name and vocation, they redoubled their kindly efforts for her comfort, and besought her, by the infinite mercy of God, to make her peace with Him. Prayers and tears were alike useless. Once more she began to rave and moan, crying out that as she had sinned by the tongue, so was she punished; and reiterating again and again that she was a double murderer, and that for the suicide there could be no salvation.

The good Mother sent for a priest, but the sight of him seemed to intensify her agony. He retired to an anteroom, where he prayed fervently. The good Mother represented to her that God had shown her special kindness in having placed opportunities in the way of her repentance; but all in vain. Her sufferings soon became intense; she called repeatedly for water, with which the Sisters moistened her lips. "My tongue is on fire!—my tongue is on fire!" she would repeat after each slow, painful draught. It was at the solemn hour of midnight that she cried out, after a long silence: "See—see! he

is standing there—at the foot of the bed! He is looking at me. His eyes are sad, sad, sad! Ah! I can not bear it!" Covering her face with her hands, her voice died away in inarticulate murmurs; her breath came more slowly, and those who knelt beside her scarcely knew the moment of her departure. So she passed to judgment.

This sorrowful history would not be complete without adverting to a circumstance which occurred several years later, and which may serve as a possible clue to the fate of Father D. The story of the dead woman was again brought to the notice of the Bishop by the priest who had been present during her last hours on earth. That her former relation of the events which had occurred had impressed itself upon the Bishop's mind was evident from the fact that he said he had been unable to trace the unfortunate priest after a period of five years spent in a monastery at R. He had obtained whatever slight information he possessed from Father Z., an aged priest who had been a close friend of the former Bishop. The present incumbent had appeared anxious to dismiss the subject as one too painful to be dwelt upon, and the clergyman went his way. But the narration had so impressed itself upon his mind, and his sympathies had been so deeply aroused by the terrible recital, that he lost no opportunity of relating it to his brother priests; hoping against hope that the victim of fiendish hate and revenge might still be alive, and that it might thus be possible to make some slight reparation for the injustice that had been done. A few of these had heard a faint echo of the original story; but most of them were young men like himself, unfamiliar with what had occurred in a generation now passed away.

But one evening, after he had told the story to a friend—a clergyman also, who had just returned from Europe, where he

had spent two years on sick leave,—the latter asked, in a tone full of interest:

"What was the baptismal name of that priest? Did you ever know it?"

"It was David," replied his friend.

"Any middle name?"

"John,—David John. Rather an odd combination."

"I think your perseverance has been rewarded," said the other. "Now listen to *my* story. Two years ago—a short time, I should judge, before the occurrence of the final event in the sad story you have told me,—I was travelling in the west of Scotland, in a portion of country but sparsely settled and very poor. I stopped one night with the parish priest of L., with whom I went next morning to visit the graveyard, a rough and primitive spot. As we mused and talked alternately, he pointed to a newly-made grave, saying: 'There lies a man who had some kind of a history, I know, but I was never able to discover what it was. He was a countryman of yours; well-read, well-bred, and with that indefinable *something* about him which convinced me from the first that he had once studied for the priesthood. He came here footsore and weary, his clothes in rags, his shoes scarcely holding together on his swollen feet. I was a young man at the time; he may have been a few years older,—say five and thirty at most. When I questioned him he said: "Father, I have committed no crime, but I am a wanderer on the face of the earth. If you will allow me to remain here, in any capacity whatever, free to spend my leisure hours before the Tabernacle, I will serve you until my death." I was much impressed by his manner and evident sincerity. Our old sexton and gravedigger had recently died, so I took him in. Very soon he began to teach the children while the schoolmaster was ill; and when that place became vacant, he filled it also. He was loved by young and old. He spent all his spare hours in the

church, occupying a little room in the belfry. Often in the night I have stolen out, to find him kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament. I called him David; the villagers, Mr. David. I never knew his full name until the day he died. Then I asked him what it was. He looked at me in a strange, sad way, and said: "It is D——; David John D——." I questioned him no further, though I should have been well pleased to know his history.'

"I stooped and read the name, roughly inscribed upon a triangular slab of granite, uncut and unpolished as it had come from the quarries near by,—a rude cross, the name followed by the customary *R. I. P.* That was all. I said: 'And you know nothing more?'—'Nothing' replied the old priest; 'save that, whatever his former history may have been, here he lived as a saint, and here as a saint he died.'

My story is finished. All that is known or conjectured has been told. The rest awaits the Judgment Day.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XXIII.

A FINE, practical recipe for troubles and annoyances: "Come to me when it is not well with thee.... Thou art too slow in betaking thyself to prayer; for before thou earnestly prayest to Me, thou seekest in the meantime many comforts [*i. e.*, other aids].... Is anything difficult to Me? Or shall I be like to one promising and not performing? Where is thy faith? Stand firmly and perseveringly. Practise endurance and manly confidence. Comfort will come to thee in due season." Here are the whole steps of the process, and unanswerable reasoning. How true is it

that all sorts of aids are first sought before thinking of God! It is kept as a last resort; and, in most instances, with but little faith as to the result.

How sensible, also, these two sentences! "It is vain and useless to have either grief or joy for future things, which perhaps shall never come to pass." That is to say, in one case we shall be agreeably, in the other disagreeably, disappointed. And again: "All is not lost when anything falls out contrary to what thou wouldst have it." An admirable caution even in worldly things. With calmness and thought there will be seen hopeful symptoms. As we look back after an interval, we almost invariably admit that the thing was not nearly so bad as it seemed. It blew over, as it were. But when we apply the divine counsels to our difficulties, they are prodigiously lightened; they even seem better than they are. We gain a sort of indifference, and can wait. We should recall these words: "What I have given, I have the power to take away and to restore, as it pleaseth Me." But "if thou thinkest rightly,... thou oughtst never to be so much dejected at adversity. 'As the Father hath loved Me, I also love you,' said I to My beloved disciples,"—and mark the inference—"whom certainly I did not send to temporal joys, but to great conflicts; not to honors, but to contempt; not to idleness, but to labor.... Remember thou these words, my son."

In this way our author tells us what is "the work of a perfect man"; meaning also that those who are far from being perfect should, in their small way, *attempt* the same. We should never "let the mind slacken from attending to heavenly things; and amid many cares pass on, as it were, without care. Not after the manner of an indolent person, but by a certain prerogative of a free mind"; *i. e.*, "not cleaving with inordinate affection to anything created."

The Last of the French Marshals.

Notes and Remarks.

THE Abbé Touronde, of Alençon, tells an interesting anecdote in connection with the late Marshal Canrobert, the idol of the French army. The Marshal was staying at Aix in 1856, at a time when a number of prelates and clergy, amongst them being the Abbé, were assembled for some ecclesiastical function. After the High Mass, as usual on such occasions, the parish priest invited his brethren to dinner, during the course of which the proposal was made to pay Canrobert a visit of respect. They were warmly received by the Marshal, who was touched at the honor paid him. After conversing for a while, one of the company asked him whether it was true that his life had been saved by a medal given to him by the Empress, which turned aside a piece of a shell that struck him in the breast. "No," he replied, "the story is not exact. That would be a miracle of the first order, and I do not deserve such a prodigy from God. I was certainly bruised by a shell; but as it had already passed through my horse, it had spent its force. If it had struck me directly, it would probably, except by a miracle, have carried away both man and medal."

He then passed his hand under his vest, and took out a chain, from which hung an ebony cross and three medals. "This cross," he said, "belonged to my mother; this medal was given to me by my sister, who is a nun; and this one was the gift of the Empress." With regard to the third medal, he was silent, but concluded with the words: "These objects never quit me."

This charming simplicity of faith well accords with the courage with which Canrobert spoke up for religion in the Senate. "It is not to deny the existence of God that you are sent here," was the rebuke of the Crimean hero to the impious Sainte-Beuve, who was delivering one of his scoffing attacks on religion.

"The Virgin Mother," a recent work by the Rt. Rev. A. C. Hall, D. D., Episcopal bishop of Vermont, represents the high-water mark of Protestant devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Some of our Anglican friends have loudly proclaimed and boldly defended the prerogatives of the Queen of Heaven, but here for the first time an Episcopal bishop in the United States allows her the title of Mother of God. "Mary," says bishop Hall, "is truly the God-bearer—Theotokos. This title was contended for by the Church, not so much for *her* honor, as to protect the truth of the Incarnation. She is the Mother, according to His human nature, of Him who is God. Yes: it is not the highest of created intelligences that is born of her; then the gulf between creature and Creator had not been bridged over; then heaven and earth had not been really united. No: it is God who shows Himself in our nature,—the very and Eternal Son of God, 'by whom all things were made.' He, and none other, 'was made Flesh and dwelt among us,' and manifested a glory that could belong to none other than 'the Only-Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.'"

The bishop's book is tender and reverent, and we hope it will win many souls to the love of Mary. It is a pity, however, that bishop Hall, who has evidently studied and profited by the writings of the Fathers of the Church, should not have looked deeper into them. He would not then have referred to the "vulgar idea of Transubstantiation,"—the only offensive words we have found in the book.

Somewhat similar to the Montyon Prix de Vertu, of which we have made frequent mention in these columns, is the Beaujour Prize annually awarded by the Marseilles Academy. It had been decided that in 1894 this distinction should be conferred in recognition of eminent individual devotedness; and when the Academy began to look about for probable candidates, they were overwhelmed with petitions, all pointing to one man. This was the Rev. M. Roubieu, pastor

of Mazargues. Last summer the small-pox raged in Mazargues uninterruptedly during six months; and daily throughout that period Father Roubieu gave himself up unreservedly to the care of his stricken parishioners. In a single day the heroic priest visited no fewer than forty patients, inhaling a vitiated atmosphere, nursing those who were abandoned by all the world, consoling the dying, personally burying the dead; and reserving for himself, in the care of the poorest, those duties which were the most difficult, repugnant, and dangerous. Father Roubieu is a hero of the true Christian type, one who exemplifies in his ordinary life the boundless charity of Christ; and the Marseilles Academy honor themselves far more than they can honor him, by awarding to him the Beaujour Prize and the tribute of their profound admiration.

In an admirable pastoral letter, which we rejoice to notice has been issued in pamphlet form, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hedley condemns the inordinate reading of newspapers. It can not be denied that the daily papers, which do the thinking for so many people, and from which most readers take the tone of their moral feelings, are to be classed among the levelling and corrupting influences of the age. As the Bishop observes: "It is pitiable to reflect how many there are, in all the ranks of life, who depend for ideas on the utterances of their newspapers."

And who, after all, are the writers of newspapers, that they should set the standard of right and wrong, and be moulders of public opinion? Let the Bishop answer:—"Men by no means specially endowed or qualified; men who have to write in a hurry, with little learning or training, on all kinds of subjects, some of them the most momentous; and men who have strong temptation to speak rashly and flippantly on all things connected with religion and morality."

According to Dr. Després, of the Hospital de la Charité, Paris, the gravest fault committed by the French Republic has been to drive out the Sisters from the hospitals. He contends that this has been done in opposition

to the real sentiment of the population. But if this be so, it is amazing that the authorities should have been allowed to pursue a policy universally reprobated. The fact is, the French electorate are Republicans first and Catholics afterward; and as the Republic is officially non-Christian, so we have the anomaly of irreligious measures being occasionally adopted as the law of a Christian land. The laicization of hospitals, as a matter of fact, quickly proved itself to be a change for the worse, and a grievous injury to the community. It is on this account that the feeling in favor of the return of the Sisters is daily becoming stronger in France, until legislators find themselves compelled to give ear to the popular clamor.

The devices by which good folk strive to support pious projects are sometimes amusing as well as edifying. We had heard of the French "Confraternity of the Holy Omelette," whose members brave human respect and set the example of Friday abstinence by calling loudly for eggs when taking dinner at public restaurants; but the following experience, reported in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, was a revelation to us. A French journalist visiting Antwerp entered a *café*, and was about to bite off the end of a cigar, when the proprietor rushed forward with a beautiful cigar-cutter, on which was inscribed: *Œuvre des bouts de cigare*,—"The work of cigar butts." The proprietor informed the astonished journalist that this was a charitable work, which, by collecting bits of tobacco generally thrown to waste, had realized enough money to provide 20,000 plates of soup for the poor last winter; not to speak of the service rendered to smokers by making their cigars draw well. We are not told who is the patron saint of this *Œuvre*—St. Nicholas Von der Flüe perhaps,—but it may be said of the promoters that they carry their charity to extremes.

To Catholics of the elder generation, nothing could be more gratifying than the action of the President and Faculty of the University of Notre Dame in bestowing its *Lætare*

Medal this year upon Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier. Mrs. Sadlier was one of the pioneers of Catholic literature in America. She wrote not to indulge her own esthetic tastes, nor to win wealth and fame, but to profit souls and to advance the interests of the Church. In that day there were few priests to minister to the multitudes of Irish immigrants who flocked to our shores, and whose lines were often cast in places where their faith and morals were in jeopardy. The one Catholic influence that could reach many of them was good reading, and this need Mrs. Sadlier set herself to supply. She made these poor immigrants—whose position we of this day simply can not appreciate—proud of their religion; and there are, perhaps, thousands of Catholic families who owe the preservation of their faith to her zealous, self-sacrificing labors. The action of the Faculty of Notre Dame in recognizing such merit will be applauded by the Catholic clergy and laity of the United States.

The recent war between China and Japan has drawn attention to the fact that the fortifications of Peking remain, in most respects, just as they were planned by the well-known Jesuit missionary, Father Adam Schall, in the seventeenth century. Father Schall was an accomplished mathematician, and because of his great learning stood high in the Emperor's favor. It is said that the original plan of the fortifications of Peking is still preserved, in the priest's writing, in the archives of the city.

There are many indications of a movement toward the Church in this country. It is in consequence, perhaps, of the A. P. A. agitation. The Church is always a gainer by any form of persecution. As a result of a recent mission to non-Catholics in the Paulist Fathers' Church in New York forty-seven inquiring Protestants are under instruction. The class is in charge of a converted minister, whose competency for the task is as great as his zeal for the conversion of non-Catholics.

A striking example of the unequal treatment meted out to the Church by the govern-

ment of the French Republic is the recent decree of the Minister of Public Worship, forbidding the Archbishop of Paris to accept a legacy of 25,000 francs, bequeathed by M. Maurice Fayolle to the Church of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre. The *Journal Official* at the same time published official decrees authorizing Protestants to accept two bequests left to their sect.

It was like a bomb sent into the Anglican camp when Lord Roseberry, Prime Minister of England, in answer to the arguments against disestablishment, declared that the right to the church property of England, so far as any right exists, rests not with the Anglican body, but with the Roman Catholics.

Obituary.

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

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

The Rev. William J. Seymour, of Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. John Castaldi, Albion, N. Y.; and the Rev. Charles Egan, a pioneer priest of the State of Maine, all of whom lately departed this life.

Sister Mary Jane, of the Ursuline Convent, St. Martin, Ohio; and Sister Mary de Chantal, Visitation Convent, Washington, D. C., who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Edward H. Sloan, who passed away in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 14th inst.

Mrs. Julia Barnett, of Washington, D. C., who yielded her soul to God on the same day.

Mr. James McGill, whose happy death took place on the 14th ult., at New Bedford, Mass.

Mr. David H. Hayes and Margaret Kelly, of Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Lynch, Brighton, Mass.; Mrs. Anna Shea, Ireland; Mr. Jeremiah Crimmin, New York, N. Y.; Mr. Anthony McCormick and Mr. James Farasey, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. M. Gleason and Mrs. A. Clifford, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Lewis Kushman, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Susan McNellis, Inver Grove, Minn.; Mrs. Margaret Doyle, Mahoney City, Pa.; Miss Margaret Coffey, North Adams, Mass.; Mr. Paul Doran, John and Michael Dineen and Mrs. Mary Chatham, 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.

*

The Little Pages of the King.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE crimson curtains part, the golden cross gleams 'mid the incense, as the coming Sun rises through clouds and mists that lightly toss their garlands in His path, His course begun. "He cometh blessed," rings the glad refrain, as passes slowly on the royal train.

No bearded courtiers these, nor primates grave, nor standing army of the kingdom's might; no guerdon of their services they crave, for the King's passing but to bear the light; glad as He comes to feel Him touch their hair, more glad to know He loves to have them there.

The loud Hosannas burst and die away, close to the throne the little pages press; each childish hand upholds a torch's ray, the deep-toned bell chimes forth its happiness; save for the beating hearts, the throng is dumb, and in the stillness, lo! the King has come.

O little pages! for too brief a while in robes of white you, serving, stand and wait; sorrow and sin and strong temptation's guile lie but beyond the royal palace gate: then, strong in combat, while the bright swords ring, ride forth His knights, once pages of the King.

IX.—PROPHECIES.



CARRIAGE was waiting at the railroad station,—a very queer carriage, with flapping canvas sides and a lop-sided air. Just then it was liberally sprinkled with dried mud.

"For Colonnade House?" the driver asked. He was a colored man, who showed his teeth and looked good-natured.

The boys were glad to get out of the warm air of the car, and the novelty of the landscape interested them. It was flat,—not a hill was to be seen anywhere. On each side of the road were fields of dried cornstalks, among which great yellow pumpkins glowed. The wind blew fresh and cool; and as the boys jumped into the carriage they all felt for a moment as if life, even at school, might be a very good thing.

But this did not last long. The unfamiliarity of the landscape brought to Jack a sense of desolation. The pumpkins gave the fields an air of savagery which he did not like. Pumpkins in front of green-grocers' shops were familiar sights to him, but pumpkins sprawling about among yellow corn seemed barbaric and out of place. Jack thought of the sunlight on the red bricks of the houses of his beloved city, and sighed. About this time the house at home was very bright, and the scent of

coffee permeated it; and Jack felt sad as he thought of it. As he looked back, even his struggle with Ancient History and his hardships at Miss McBride's school seemed rosy and pleasant. Jack was not fond of the country; he knew nothing of the pleasures of country boys; and he amused the driver by asking, as they went along, whether certain green things in a field were not potatoes.

"Oh, golly!" said the driver, "he don't know termartes when he sees 'em!"

At this Thomas Jefferson and Faky laughed at Jack, just as if they knew any better themselves.

Mr. Dillon sat on the back seat, chewing the end of his morning cigar, and really enjoying the fresh smell of the country.

"Ah, Tancred!" he said to Faky, "you do not know how greatly you are favored to live in this clear atmosphere. You will soon become fat and weigh a hundred and eighty."

Faky looked up hopefully.

"Do you think so, papa? If I could get up my weight by next Thanksgiving, I'd be a great half back, wouldn't I?"

"I was not thinking of that," said Mr. Dillon. "I am not sure that I approve of football. Well, boys, you will soon be at the scene of your studies. Now life begins. You will have to qualify yourselves for the work of life. You must look forward to earning your living."

"A boy doesn't need much," remarked Thomas Jefferson. "If I could shoot a squirrel or two every day, or have a few goats, I think I'd be content without going to school. If a boy has to go to school just to earn his own living, I think it is all nonsense. You can earn your living without going to school."

"But you can not be respected in the world," replied Mr. Dillon; "and without an education you will always be last in the race of life. I hope, Tancred, that while at Professor Grigg's you will think somewhat of the choice of an occupation.

When you write to me let me know the result of your reflections. I shall make any sacrifice to put you into a desirable position in life."

"Thank you, papa," said Faky, much pleased. He was sure that, after this promise, his father could not refuse to buy him a large schooner, or perhaps a brig, on which he could fly the black-flag in a highly respectable manner.

The carriage drove rapidly through the flat country. Overhead was the bluest of blue skies; around, the corn-fields wet with dew, and sprinkled with the pumpkins, which lay with their heavy heads on the ground, like boys lolling over their desks. Here and there was a house of wood, painted brown or yellow, with an occasional red barn.

The carriage turned into a line between two hedges of osage-orange, which soon gave place to rail fences. The boys were dazzled by the sight of a great mass of marsh-marigolds, which seemed to stretch for half a mile. Another turn was made, and a line of cedars came in view on one side of the road. Behind these stretched a grove of tall oaks; and when these were passed, a gilded cross became visible.

"What church is that?" asked Mr. Dillon.

"The Catholic church," said the driver. "St. Francis' Church. That's where Father Mirard is, and he's a mighty good man. I ain't a Catholic myself," he went on, showing his white teeth as usual; "but he keeps me straight. 'Tom,' sez he to me, 'whenever you feel like doing anything wrong, you jest come to me and talk it over. You know I'm safe.'"

Tom grinned so wide that the boys all grinned too, out of sympathy.

"Catholics go to confession *after* they've committed sin," said Tom; "but Father Mirard wants me to go *before*. And I know," he continued, seriously, "that he can see without looking. I used to be awful. In the watermelon season, and

dark nights when you couldn't see your hand in the chicken yard, why, I was there. I say, boys, if you are going to the Colonnade School, you'll have to walk a chalk line; for Father Mirard can see right through you. He ain't sassy; he just smiles serious like, and then you know he's found you out. He can look straight through you. I jest go and tell him things; for he knows 'em, anyhow. There's Colonnade!"

All the eyes in the carriage followed the direction of Tom's whip. They saw twenty or twenty-five houses, bright and new; all of wood, with porches and gables, and one or two with funny-looking little towers on them. Beyond was a white building, with a long row of columns holding up the roof of the porch. In front of it was a smooth lawn, dotted with fine maple trees, which stretched to the river. From its red roof floated an American flag, the sight of which sent a pang through Jack's breast, because it reminded him of the lost freedom of his last Fourth of July.

"This is the village of Colonnade," said Tom; "and that is Colonnade House. Professor Grigg is not at home; he went off to New York ten days ago. He lectures at Greenlawn to-night. He's a boss talker, Professor Grigg is. I suppose he'll be back to-morrow."

The boys, except Jack, whose homesickness was coming back, began to be hungry; but they forgot this in the desire to see the village, which consisted of one street. There was a confectioner's, a "saloon," where "domestic wines and liquors" were sold; a barber's shop—"Shackstein, Artist in Haircutting,"—and a few other shops. Altogether, the aspect of the place was not very promising to these city-bred boys.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Jack. "It will be like prison in this place. When a boy gets out, there will be no place to go."

The driver laughed.

"You won't get out very often," he said.

"But if you like apples or grapes, there are a great many places to go. And chestnuts a little later. And over there is the best hickory grove in the country."

Thomas Jefferson and Baby Maguire and Bob Bently craned their necks. Jack, who was at heart a city boy, did not care for these things.

"You can buy nuts and apples and grapes," he said, "at any street corner; it is not worth while coming all the way out here for them."

"I suppose that there will never be a *matinée*; and a circus never comes out here, does it?" asked Faky.

"We have a circus over at Greenlawn every spring," said Tom, with pride. "We had Barnum's twice!"

"Oh, dear!" said Faky. "It's a long time to wait. I suppose nobody plays Rugby at this school; old-fashioned handball goes here, I guess."

The driver looked offended.

"The Colonnade boys play *everything*," he answered. "And they have plays of their own: they don't need to go out to see circuses all the time. You ought to see the last play they had. There was thunder and lightning and red light, and four people all dead on the stage at once!"

"That must have been *great*," said Faky Dillon, interested. "I wonder if they'll give me a chance of acting?"

"I guess not," said Tom, with an air of superiority. "You'd have to go in training. I know a boy who had to yell and screech and throw his arms about a whole year before they'd let him play."

"I guess they don't know much about theatres out here in the country," said Faky, secretly abashed by Tom's position. "I'd act Hamlet, if they asked me; but I'd have to have scenery. I intend to write a play of my own some day."

Tom did not seem much impressed by this. Mr. Dillon began to ask questions about trains, and Tom did not deign to notice the boys; he believed it to be his

duty to impress new boys. Faky *was* impressed; and after a while, when the carriage drew up before the archway in front of Colonnade House, he slipped a quarter into Tom's hand,—a tribute which Tom received with becoming dignity.

Over the archway was painted, in big white letters, "Colonnade House." The sight of it made Baby Maguire remember his nerves and Jack's heart sink. Faky saw the emblem of their future seclusion with more calmness. He was fond of the theatre, and he looked forward with interest to the pleasant task of criticising the playing of the Colonnade House boys.

Jack sighed; his grief was too deep for words. Again he wished that he was back in his room, even if the Ancient History were his only companion.

Tom drove off, having assured Mr. Dillon that he would see him safely to the train he wanted; and the visitors were met at the hall-door by a white-haired priest, with bright eyes and a ruddy complexion, which made his hair seem even whiter. He wore his cassock and beretta; the only strange thing the boys saw about him was his slippers, with silver buckles on them. He stretched out his hand cordially to Mr. Dillon, and said, with a strongly marked French accent:

"Welcome to the house of my friend, Mr. Grigg! And the good boys! I am sure they *are* good boys. They are welcome, too. I am charmed to see them. Will you come to breakfast at once, Mr. Dillon, or would you like to go to your room with the young gentlemen?"

"He's not half bad," whispered Baby Maguire to Thomas Jefferson. "He looks as if he knew something."

Mr. Dillon assured the Abbé Mirard that he and the boys had made their *toilette* on the cars; this was eagerly corroborated by Faky, who felt that if breakfast were delayed much longer he must begin to eat somebody.

Smilingly, Father Mirard led the way

through the long tiled hall to a room on the left; it was very bright and neat, with white curtains and a great many red geraniums at the windows. There were red rugs on the floor, and the table glittered with silver and china. A large bunch of scarlet sage was set in a silver vase in the centre of the table; and, as the room was filled with sunshine and the aroma of coffee and beefsteak, the boys felt that life was not entirely gloomy.

"I am obliged to take the place of both the host and the hostess," observed Father Mirard, after he had said grace. "The Professor is away, and Madame presides at this hour in the refectory of the senior boys. She will return in a short time."

"It is not so bad, after all," Bob Bently said, as a servant brought in the steak and other aromatic breakfast things.

"Just you wait!" said Jack, gloomily.

(To be continued.)

A True Princess.

Michael Shupach, a Swiss doctor of celebrity in the last century, was often visited by people of distinction and fortune. There were once assembled in his office a great many persons from all parts of the world, partly to consult him and partly out of curiosity. Among them was a Russian prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French marquis who was present attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit at the expense of the doctor. However, the latter, though but little acquainted with the French language, answered so pertinently that the marquis often had the laugh turned against himself.

During this conversation there entered an old peasant, meanly dressed, with a long, white beard,—a neighbor of Shupach. The doctor immediately turned from his great company to the old man; and

hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing something for her, without paying much attention to his more distinguished patients, whose needs he thought less pressing.

The marquis was deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose to turn his jokes against the old man who was waiting while the physician was preparing the prescription for his aged wife. Finally the marquis offered a wager of twelve Louis-d'or that none of the ladies present would kiss the old fellow. The Russian princess, hearing the remark, made a sign to her attendant, who brought her a plate. The princess put the twelve Louis-d'or upon it, and had it carried to the marquis, who, of course, could not decline adding twelve others. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant, and said in the kindest voice: "Permit me, venerable father, to embrace you, after the fashion of my country." Saying this, she embraced him and gave him a kiss. She then presented him with the gold which was on the plate, in these words: "I pray you take this in remembrance of me, and as a sign that Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age."

A Wondrous Flower.

When the Spaniards discovered South America, they saw, among other plants new to them, a climbing shrub having from two to three fruit-bearing flowers, unlike any they had ever seen. One day a priest was preaching to the people amidst the wild scenery of their native forests. His subject was the Passion of Our Lord. His eye suddenly glanced at this curious flower, which hung in festoons from the trees overhead; and, like St. Patrick with the shamrock, he saw with the eye of a saint a vivid picture of the sad story of Calvary. The cup of the flower suggested to his mind, tutored by meditation, the

cross stained with blood; the five anthers on the stamens represented the five wounds; the three styles, the nails which fixed our Blessed Lord to the cross; and the singular column which rises in the centre of the flower was made to bring before the eyes of his listeners the harrowing scenes of the second Sorrowful Mystery of the Holy Rosary.

So without Bibles or books did this true missionary instruct his converts on the Passion; and to this day the beautiful vine is called the Flower of the Passion.

About a Clock Face.

How many of you can tell off-hand the way in which the hour four is represented on a watch or clock dial? Ask your father or brother. I am pretty sure that the answer will be: "Why IV., of course!" And IV. it would be if it had not been for a queer little incident.

The first clock which kept any sort of time was made by a man named Henry Vick as far back as 1370, for Charles V. of France, named by his people the Wise. Let us see how wise he was in regard to clockmaking. Mr. Vick brought the clock to him when it was done, and he studied its movements carefully, looking very wise, as befitted his name. He could find no fault; but, fearing that if he made no complaint he might forfeit his reputation for wisdom, he thought of a ruse.

"It runs well enough," he said; "but the figures on the dial are wrong."

"Surely not, your Majesty," said Vick.

"Yes: the four should be four ones," thundered Charles the Wise. "Take the clock away and correct the mistake."

The poor clockmaker did as he had been commanded, and that is the reason why ever since then we have had IIII. instead of IV. on our watch and clock dials.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke. 1. 48.

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The Brazen Serpent.

A Type of the Queen of Martyrs.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE rabble-trodden stones are wet and red;
 Forespent in God's strange lavishness,
 His Blood
 Drips now no longer from the bitter rood,
 And parched lips gasp: "It is consummated!"
 The rolling Earth to-dawnward bears the
 Dead,
 A shuddering funeral car His pierced hand
 hewed
 From naught—for this, that our ingratitude
 Might rest Him Victor there with thorn-
 helm'd head?

Nay unto this, that lifted up we know
 His riven Heart, being tired of childishness,
 Soul-sick with play at loves that hol-
 low be;
 And coming home when chill the shadows
 grow,
 We bow our heads and through hot tears
 confess:
 "We were as fools,—why did we stray
 from Thee?"

It is a momentous fact that a man may be *good* or he may be *bad*; his life may be *true* or it may be *false*; it may be either a shame or a glory to him. The good man builds up; the bad man destroys himself.—*Thoreau*.



EVERYONE has heard of the mother of the Machabees; everyone is familiar with the story of her woes. There are but few, however, who seek to realize the extent of her suffering, to fathom the depths of the ocean of sorrow into which she was plunged. Unless this be done, it is impossible to form anything like a true estimate of the Heaven-inspired courage, the more than heroic fortitude, the intense faith she displayed. Only in the great Mother of Sorrows herself, of whom the mother of the Machabees was a type, has this constancy been surpassed, this virtue excelled.

Scripture history tells us that after the taking of Jerusalem by the King of Persia, by royal command the Jewish ceremonial law was abolished, and the Hebrews were compelled to follow the practices of the Gentiles, under pain of penalties cruel and barbarous in the extreme. A considerable number refused stoutly to comply with a command which involved direct transgression of the holy and venerable ordinances of the law given by God to their forefathers, preferring to suffer torture and death rather than do the least thing that was forbidden.

Amongst the victims of this religious persecution were seven brethren of the family of the Machabees; stalwart youths, who had all grown to man's estate; valiant, pious, dutiful; sons of whom any parent would have reason to be proud. These young men, together with their mother, were apprehended and brought before the King. They were commanded to eat swine's flesh, an article of food prohibited by the Mosaic Law; and as they refused to do so, they were severely scourged. Then the oldest spoke up in the name of all, declaring their readiness to die rather than to transgress the laws of God. He was, therefore, subjected to a terrible and protracted torture. His tongue was torn out, his head flayed, his feet and fingers cut off; finally, thus mutilated and bleeding, he was cast into a frying-pan set over a glowing fire.

But in vain did the semi-savage monarch who ordered these atrocities seek thus to overcome the constancy of these heroes. One by one they suffered, the rest looking on at the heart-rending spectacle, exhorting one another to die manfully, until the turn of the youngest came. Perhaps the sight of this winning youth, standing on the threshold of manhood, in his freshness, vigor and innocence, struck the foreign tyrant with admiration and pity. He paused and appeared to relent, promising to give him wealth, position, his own royal favor, all that makes life attractive, if he would only do as he was required. But, finding he could prevail nothing, the King appealed to the mother,—appealed to her love for her youngest, now her only son, and bade her exert her influence to induce him to save his life. This courageous matron had stood unmoved in the terrible scenes enacted before her. As one by one her gallant sons were tortured and slain, her heart was indeed rent with anguish indescribable, but still her spirit did not falter. "She bravely exhorted every one of them in her own

language, being filled with wisdom; joining a man's heart to a woman's thought."*

The act demanded of the young men appeared to a superficial observer a small thing—merely to swallow a morsel of the flesh of an animal habitually used as food by neighboring and not less civilized nations. Was it for this they were to be butchered and slain? But those who looked beyond the husk of the commandment to the kernel it contained, knew that this apparently trivial act was proposed as a test; that a great principle was really at stake,—no less a one than that of obedience and fidelity to the law of God. This knowledge supported the mother as well as the sons. She did not allow maternal tenderness or feminine weakness to cloud her faith or shake her confidence. The sacred historian can not refrain from expressing his respect for such a woman. "Now the mother was to be admired above measure, and worthy to be remembered by good men; who beheld her seven sons slain in the space of one day, and bore it with a good courage, for the hope she had in God." Far from acceding to the King's wish, she encouraged her youngest son to show himself a worthy partner with his brethren. She would not lose one of the seven bright stars which were to be her eternal crown of glory; she would not have one deserter from the white-robed band of noble martyrs to whom she had given birth. She stood by when the last of these saintly heroes "also died undefiled, wholly trusting in the Lord; and last of all," we are told, "after the sons, the mother also was consumed."

Worthy indeed of our admiration is this heroic Jewish mother. She is worthy to be the handmaid, as she was the type, of the Queen of Martyrs herself, the Mother of the Seven Dolors, of whom the prophet says: "To what shall I compare thee, or

* II. Mach., vii, 21.

to what shall I liken thee, O daughter of Jerusalem? To what shall I equal thee, that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Sion? For great as the sea is thy destruction." Mary at the foot of the Cross stands silent and still. There is something inconceivable, incomprehensible in her anguish. After the sufferings of Jesus, there are no sufferings like hers. She of all others drinks next and deepest of the chalice of His passion. Her Son was her God. A God was agonizing, expiring upon the Cross, and it was His Mother who stood by! What an overwhelming horror it must have been for her to witness His passion and crucifixion! What must have been the sorrows of her who was worthy to be the Mother of such a Son,—the sorrows of the Mother of God! Yet the keenness of her anguish did not overcome or enervate her. It is expressly said of her that she *stood* by the Cross. She did not grovel in the dust, nor did she need any one to support her; she stood calm, collected, motionless, solitary, to receive the blows which the long passion of her Son inflicted on her at every moment. Like the mother of the Machabees, she shrank not from the sacrifice of all that was dearest to her; but during those hours of agony, with her heart filled with the burning charity which made Jesus upon the Cross thirst for the salvation of souls, she offered her Son again and again to His Eternal Father.

"Would you know" (we quote the words of a pious writer) "how Mary proves the love she has for us? Contemplate her on Calvary at the foot of the Cross; see what it is she offers for our salvation; see what is the sacrifice she makes for us. 'Your salvation, O men!' she says to us, 'cost me not earthly riches, but the most painful sacrifice that a mother can make—the loss of the most beloved of sons. The sacrifice that my Son made of Himself on the altar of the Cross, I also have made on the altar of my

heart.' Mary has given us the strongest proof of her love, because she gave a life infinitely dearer than her own. How great, how intrepid, how strong must have been the heart of Mary, in that she did not fail in courage at the sight of the sufferings and sorrows that the divine maternity brought with it! Well versed as she was in the sacred writings, she could not be ignorant that the Redeemer of the world was described by the prophets as the Man of Sorrows; nor could she believe that the life of the Virgin destined to be His Mother could be very dissimilar to His own. Holy Simeon had announced to her, at the time of her Son's presentation in the Temple, that a sword of anguish would pierce her soul. She understood the whole series of sufferings and humiliations that her Divine Son would endure from His first appearance on the earth until they culminated in the death upon the Cross. She knew that God required this great sacrifice at her hands; and, in spite of her human feelings, she generously offered it to Him. Oh, the greatness, the invincible courage of the heart of Mary!"

The Blessed Mother of Jesus was not called upon, like the mother of the Machabees, to shed her blood for the love of God. Her martyrdom was a moral martyrdom; one far worse than the most cruel death; one that it would have been impossible for her to endure had not a special supernatural aid given her the power to bear it to the end, without having the life crushed out of her by its unspeakable agony. "Not in the body, but in the soul she suffered," says Cardinal Newman. "True, in His agony she was agonized; in His passion she suffered a fellow-passion; when He was mocked, bruised, scourged, nailed to the cross, she felt as keenly as if every indignity and torture inflicted on Him were struck at herself. She was crucified with Him; the spear that pierced His heart pierced through her spirit. She could have cried out in agony at every

pang of His." Yet there were no visible signs of this intimate, interior martyrdom when she stood beneath the Cross of Calvary, and shared, as far as mortal could share, the dereliction that forced from the lips of the Saviour the cry of anguish: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

There is one more point of resemblance to be mentioned between Our Lady of Dolours and the mother of the Machabees. That admirable Jewish matron amid her deep distress continually encouraged her sons who suffered tortures and "were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held."* She exhorted them to persevere,—to undergo a short pain for the sake of eternal life. In like manner, Mary consoles, encourages, animates her children,—the spiritual children given to her at the moment when her heart was "filled with bitterness and great grief." Jesus became a Man of Sorrows, acquainted with infirmity, that He might bear our infirmities and carry our sorrows. So did the sword pierce His Blessed Mother's soul, that the afflicted in soul might find in her a compassionate and tender Mother. We know how special a mother's consolation is to those who are in pain or distress; and who can comfort like her who is the Mother of Sorrows! Wonderful, indeed, is what she can, what she will do for afflicted and desolate souls. By her most powerful assistance they receive strength to suffer bravely, fortitude to endure patiently. Those who stand with her beneath the Cross, who are associated in her griefs, she will take upon herself to console and comfort in their tribulation. We know that those are able to comfort others who in their own case have been much tried,—who have felt the need of consolation, and have received it. This is the secret of true consolation; and this, too, is why the Blessed Virgin is the

Comforter of the Afflicted. She can especially console us, because she has suffered more than all other mothers that the world has seen.

Let those, then, who are in sorrow have recourse with confidence to the Mother of Dolours, whose heart was pierced with the sword of sorrow in the hour of her Son's passion; and entreat her to intercede for them with His clemency, that thus they may obtain succor in their tribulation.

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

XIV.—IN THE PALACE GARDEN.

I HAVE digressed a little from the adventures of my hero, in order to afford the readers of THE "AVE MARIA," an opportunity of taking a peep into the city of Mexico, which is as picturesque to-day as when poor Carlotta planted eucalyptus trees in the Zocalo, turning the bald and barren and sun-baked square into a veritable tropical bower. Some few changes have taken place since the ghastly tragedy of the "Hill of the Bells." A magnificent new street, Cinco Mayo, has been opened up; the Alameda built upon; the Iturbide Palace is now a hotel. Villas have been erected on the road to Chapultepec, and country residences of a palatial character at the fashionable suburb of Tacubaya. The small stores in the Calle San Francisco disport plate-glass, and the trolley has replaced the mule car. Railways run from the capital in every direction, that known as the English Railway passing through the loveliest scenery that the sub-tropics produce. But the quaint, picturesque, *bizarre*, color-

* Apoc. vi, 9.

glorified capital is unchanged, and the scenes and sight are those which I have feebly endeavored to describe.

Arthur Bodkin failed to gain speech of Alice at the Cathedral, albeit he was within touch of her. But Miss Nugent would recognize no one in the House of God; and, although she saw Bodkin, and her heart gave one beat backward at sight of him, she veiled her eyes with her long, black lashes, and, repeating her litany, swept out of the church into the glowing sunlight. Here she joined the Empress, and walked with her Imperial Majesty across the square to the National Palace. Arthur, taking a short cut, was in the *patio* of the Palace ere the imperial party arrived. But Carlotta, instead of passing up the grand stone stairway, entered by the small door adjoining the guard-room.

"How lovely she looked!" he thought. "How calm and holy and sanctified! Did she see me? I think so—and yet—I know her of old. She will never acknowledge any but the Real Presence in the House of God. I *must* speak with her. But how? To force a meeting is bad form. Bergheim spoke of Chapultepec. If I could meet her under Montezuma's cedars—pshaw! what good would that do *me*? All is over between us. I shall bid her a light *adios*, and disappear into the bowels of the earth with Talbot and his friend Corcoran. Yes, it is best so."

A blare of trumpets, the hoarse cry of the officer of the day turning out the guard, the rattle of arms, the sound of rushing of men, the clattering of horses' feet, the clinking of sabres—and the Emperor, Maréchal Bazaine beside him, rode into the *patio*, and almost over Arthur Bodkin, who had to spring aside to avoid being "bowled" by Maximilian's superb chestnut.

The Emperor flung a short, sharp, keen glance at him; returning his salute with that cold courtesy for which the Hapsburg

was so famous. Bazaine touched the peak of his *kepi* with the first finger of his right hand.

"*Bonjour!*" he exclaimed. "Come to my quarters in an hour." And he followed the Emperor in the direction of the imperial stables.

"Oho!" laughed a joyous voice. "You are in luck, *mon brave!*"

Arthur turned, to recognize Capitaine Parabère, the officer who commanded the party of rescue at the adobe hut upon the night of the capture of Mazazo.

"It isn't every man whom a Marshal of France honors by word of mouth. You must say a good word for me. I want to be Chef d'Escadron at once."

"Jump off your horse and come to my quarters!" cried Arthur.

"Willingly. I am as dry as an adobe brick." And, flinging the reins to an orderly, the gallant Capitaine leaped lightly to *terra firma*.

Bodkin's quarters in the National Palace were not of that description known as palatial. They were situated five flights up, and consisted of a single whitewashed room, with two windows giving upon the square. A bed adorned one corner, a set of drawers another; while a round pine table, tattooed like a Maori chief, stood in the centre. Three rickety chairs and a greasy, tumble-down, patched and puffed sofa completed the furniture. In the cupboard, however, were a few bottles of genuine Château-Lafitte—a present from Mr. O'Connor, Talbot's friend,—an immense cold sausage, and some bread.

"*Parbleu!*" cried Parabère. "You live as luxuriously as the Emperor. Here's to both of our Emperors!" filling a large goblet. "*Vive Maximilian! Vive Napoleon! Buons! le ruby sur l'ongle!*" The ruby, or last drop of red wine left in the goblet, to be placed on the upturned thumb nail, being the French equivalent for "No heel-taps."

The French officer ate as though he

were not to see food again for at least a week,—ate like a famished man; and fully justified the remark he had made in regard to the strength of his thirst.

“*Bon! bon! bon!*” smacking his lips. “This *is* wine. Where did you *steal* it? You never came by such nectar in the way of legitimate business. Well, I’ll ask no indelicate questions. Why should I? And how is the world going round with you, *mon ami?* The right way? Eh?”

Arthur replied in general terms.

“Why in blue fire don’t you join us?” said Parabère. “We are the rulers of this country—of every country, except our next door neighbor, little England. Bazaine has evidently taken you up. See what he did for you! Cheated us all for *you*. Why, man, that trip to Puebla and *back*,” he added, with a laugh, “would have made you Chef d’Escadron, as sure as there are cherries at Montmorency! Here’s to *her* health,—*le ruby sur l’ongle!*”

“With all my heart,” laughed Bodkin. And when they had drained their respective glasses: “Perhaps *you* could tell me who *she* is?”

“*Que voulez vous?* Why, what do you mean?”

“Just what I say. Who is this lady?”

Capitaine Parabère pushed away his chair from the table, and, gazing steadily into Arthur’s eyes, exclaimed:

“And *you* don’t know?”

“I do not.”

“Neither do I.”

Both men were speaking the truth.

“What *do* you know?” asked Bodkin, after a pause.

“I will tell you all,—it isn’t much,” replied the officer. “You know that the Maréchal is a very sly old fox, and that the sour grapes of this Empire business have disagreed with him most thoroughly. In fact”—here he lowered his voice to a whisper,—“he was playing the cards for himself, and he still imagines that he can win the odd trick.”

“How?”

“That is where this woman comes into the game,—at least that is what I learn. Of course everybody talked of your escape; and everybody was ready to swear that you had either sold yourself body and bones to Maréchal Bazaine, or that you had bolted, Irish fashion, with the *señorita*. The former opinion, however, prevailed; and—”

“Then I shall show every one of you that I am no creature of Monsieur Bazaine; and, Marshal of France though he be, he has played a very dangerous game in making a cat’s-paw of an Irish gentleman. Excuse me now, Capitaine Parabère. I am going to seek Maréchal Bazaine.”

“But—”

“By his order—sir.”

My hero was in a white-heated anger when he presented himself at the quarters of the commander-in-chief; and was for bursting in upon that exalted official *bon gré, mal gré*.

“You are expected, sir,” said one of the aids-de-camp. “See, here are my instructions: ‘*Monsieur Bodkin à trois heures.*’ And until that clock strikes”—pointing to a superb Louis-Quatorze—“I really can not admit you. Orders, you know, Mr. Bodkin, are orders.”

Arthur bowed; and, compressing his impatience into the smallest compass his will would admit of, turned to a window which gave upon the garden of the Palace. This *plaisance* was laid out with flower-beds, all abloom with the glorious tints of the tropics; with long, shaded alleys and walks; with terraces, and with fountains flinging myriads of diamonds saucily toward the sun.

In a shaded alley, almost beneath the window at which Arthur stood, a man in the uniform of the Austrian Guard was slowly strolling, by the side of a lady whose head and shoulders were completely hidden by a large blood-red parasol, or umbrella. In the cavalier my hero instantly

recognized Count Ludwig von Kalksburg, and a flame of hatred leaped in his heart; for Arthur Bodkin hated this man with all the vigor of his very intense nature. At the end of the alley the pair turned; and when the young Irishman beheld in the lady the lovely face and form of Alice Nugent, his pent-up anger almost caused him to turn giddy.

The Louis-Quatorze clock struck three.

"Now, Monsieur Bodkin, you can enter," said the courteous aid-de-camp.

"Never mind. Another time. Excuse me to the Maréchal. I—am not—well." And Arthur walked out of the room.

"My! he *does* look awful," thought the aid-de-camp. "Heart disease, I should imagine. He ought to see Dr. Contant. I shall send for him." And, ringing a bell, he desired the orderly who responded to seek Dr. Contant, and bring him at once to the quarters of Mr. Bodkin, on the staff of General Bergheim.

In the meantime Alice was calmly walking in the Palace gardens with the officer of the day, the Count being on duty. As a matter of fact, Miss Nugent was in the habit of repairing to the gardens everyday for what is termed a "constitutional." Being very hard worked by her Imperial Mistress, she sought for her walk the hour when the Empress indulged in a *siesta*. If Arthur Bodkin had been crafty enough, he could have easily discovered this, and perhaps have made his peace. But Arthur, like most lovers, allowed his head to go loose, and the brains contained therein; and, instead of method, indulged in what was almost akin to madness.

"What a charming chance for me!" observed the Count. "By virtue of being officer of the Guard, I have a pass-key even for this little Garden of Eden."

"Wherein you found a daughter of Eve and no apple," laughed Alice.

"And no serpent," added Von Kalksburg.

"Certainly not. Where I am there is always Ireland. And you know, Count, that St. Patrick banished all such 'varmint' from the dear little Emerald Isle."

"I sincerely rejoice that his saintship did not banish Erin's beautiful daughters," said Von Kalksburg, bestowing a look full of respectful admiration upon the charming Irish girl.

"Oh, he knew better than that!" she laughed. "He knew that they would burst out in some other place."

"In Mexico, *par exemple*."

Both laughed. There was a silence. The Count kept digging the steel scabbard of his sword into the sun-baked earthen walk. He was pale and intensely agitated.

"Miss Nugent," he at length began, his voice hoarse and not his own, "I have awaited this—"

"Count," interposed Alice, jerking a tiny watch, her monogram in diamonds on the back—a present from her Imperial Mistress,—"I must leave you."

"But—"

"Her Majesty is awaiting me. We start for Chapultepec at three, and it is five minutes past now. *Auf vidersehen!*" And, without waiting for expostulation, Alice darted down the walk, and was lost behind a hedge of cactus with a blood-red blossom tender as that of an orchid and as luminous.

Von Kalksburg dug his scabbard into the earth, drew his sword and began hacking at the beautiful, harmless flowers, muttering meanwhile between his teeth, and with his left hand tugging viciously at his mustache. So occupied was he with his thoughts that he did not hear a scuffling, scraping sound at the wall above him; nor did he perceive the hands first, then the spurred foot, then the half body of Arthur Bodkin, who, with pale, set face, and eyes aflame, now bestrode the wall; and sat gazing down in silence upon the man whom he regarded as his successful and unscrupulous rival.

What Arthur's next move might have been is more or less conjectural; for at the moment when he was about to act the sound of approaching voices came to him, and, almost before he could scramble into hiding, the Emperor, accompanied by Escobedo—the man who was to betray him later on—and Bazaine, turned into the alley.

"I shall reckon with you by and by!" muttered Arthur, shaking his fist in the direction of the retreating officer of the Guard. "Now for Chapultepec!"

(To be continued.)

Memories of Holy Week in Rome.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

ROME has become an unholy spot. Lent is as gay as possible; and the majority of folk one meets in the innumerable churches of the city have Bradshaws in their hands in place of prayer-books. I positively read the bills of eight theatres open on the night of Ash-Wednesday! It is thus that the modern Roman humbles himself, and the spectacle has ceased to astonish me. Mask balls and concerts by the innumerable itinerant artists, are placarded all over the town. In short, Lent is a trifle gayer than the Carnival,—and that is saying something. But for the almanac I, for one, would never have suspected that it was a season of penance.

Finding it utterly impossible to realize the solemnity of the occasion, or to follow the faithful who every day during the forty days of penance visit some one of the churches, that in their turn receive the worshippers with special services, I went my way lamenting my too late pilgrimage to the Capital of Christendom; and thus lamenting stumbled upon Holy

Week with a delightful thrill of surprise. Now, I thought, we shall reform for a few days at least, and then Rome may do what it pleases without danger of shocking any one.

But not so. The celebrated *Miserere* was given at the Sala Dante in concert form, and it was not sung at the Vatican as of yore. Then it was repeated by request, and the operatic troupes—three of them—ran a heavy opposition. The theatres were also open, even on Good-Friday; and this is one of the results of the "liberation of Italy." It is liberal, in the fullest sense of the word; and I realize it more and more the longer I stay here and the later I chance to be in the streets at night.

I don't propose to say anything about the "World's Cathedral," as Hawthorne calls St. Peter's. I may perhaps be allowed to suggest that when anybody pronounces it a disappointment, the fault lies in his eyes or his heart, and not in that fascinating shrine of light and color and form and music. I don't know how to express myself, and I won't try. I do know that when I entered the great piazza, with its horizon of stone columns, that seemed to melt one into another until there was nothing left but columns as far as the eye could see; when I saw those two great fountains playing in a storm of spray, and that antique Egyptian pillar that dates back almost to the beginning of time; when I began walking across this wide arena, it didn't seem so very far up to the gates of St. Peter's—you can hardly call those triumphal entrances mere doors. But as I walked the building grew and grew, and kept receding; and I thought it would end by filling that side of the earth, and I should never get there, or perhaps fear to approach so vast and majestic an edifice. That was the first impression. Then came the moment when I crept in under the leathern curtain that hung at one of the entrances; and I saw nothing

but space, musical with the harmony of form and color,—space that didn't waste itself in deserts, or grow monotonous, or fatigue the eye; but rather space that enriched itself and strengthened itself and glorified itself with infinite art. There was the sweetest, subtlest odor of incense pervading it; it was like the visible prayer of a vast multitude that no man might number; it was the only element that could possibly fill that fixed firmament. And it passed like a cloud from aisle to aisle; it faded away in hidden chapels, and returned again on the soft currents of air that love to visit every remote recess of the heavenly temple.

It was impossible to face all this and not feel awed. Yet there was neither nook nor corner to hide in; for on the one hand is a marble saint, who belittles the greatest man who ever lived, with the white and silent splendor of its face and form; and on the other hand is a tomb, over which angels watch or beside which mourners weep; and everywhere there are pale doves, with calm, wakeful eyes, and cherubim and seraphim; and above all the domes,—not the one dome that crowds up into heaven itself, but smaller domes, full of gold and silver and jewels, such as one dreams of and none hope to see. Chapels everywhere come into view from serene and sacred seclusions. Lights twinkle like stars,—lights that seem to float in the air and feed on it. Here is a priest at Mass, with his little cluster of worshipful souls kneeling about him; and then a procession of seminarians pass slowly down the nave, in their long, dark robes. In the distance, black objects are moving to and fro; they seem like little shadows thrown upon the marble floor of the "World's Cathedral"; but they are in reality men and women, stalking about with eye-glasses and guide-books, and proud, shallow hearts, and evil tongues, who come hither for an hour or two and look about, and then go hence to

talk glibly and foolishly of their disappointment.

I don't know how many times I have journeyed over the Tiber and into the edge of Rome, where stands St. Peter's. I am glad that I have lost my reckoning; for it is pleasant to think I have done it again and again, until it is hard to stop away from the ever-new, ever-increasing beauty. For the seven days of Holy Week I went daily; but the last day of the seven and the Easter Sunday that followed were in nowise less lovely than the first hour of my communion there. It is not this chapel or that monument, nor the gorgeous shrine of the revered saint, nor the awful and splendid dome, that attracts chiefly. It is the inexhaustible resources of the marvellous place that make one loath to leave, for fear that one has missed something, or is about to miss something. And, then, the atmosphere of the Cathedral is so delicious. It is said the temperature never changes: that in summer, when Rome is sweltering, the unhappy sinner who is not able to go into the hills may come hither and get something of the sweetness and the freshness of the mountain air; and in winter, when there is hail and sleet and a bitter wind out of doors, within there is peace and the mellowness of eternal summer. And there is ever the throng of those who go up into this sacred hill to pray, mingled with the chant of sweet and far-away voices, that seems to awaken a chorus on the marble lips of these singing and praiseful faces. And the swinging censer throws out a little cloud of fragrant incense, that passes lightly from column to column, sanctifying all it visits, and slowly making the circuit of the magnetic girdle that hems this holy hall.

Dickens didn't like St. Peter's. Poor Dickens! who, like so many other tourists, rushed in and rushed out, and was full of disappointment because it hadn't staggered him within the few minutes he

allotted it for that very purpose. But who expects these people to like it? Bless their hearts, that great curtain at the portals of St. Peter's flaps to and fro perpetually; and the marble sky of the dome, that looks as light as air and as fine as spun sunshine, soars over the marble floor, where these thousands of little crawling creatures are clustering like ants. Can a mind in a body of that size comprehend so awful a miracle as this at one sitting? I should say not. As for me, I have learned that St. Peter's is the one solitary magnet that can ever hope to draw me back to Rome, and I believe it might. For it, and it alone, I would sink every other object in this suffocating museum of antiquities. Yea, I would throw in a half dozen dreary, dingy, dusty Coliseums, if I had them, and feel that I had made a bargain.

I began this letter intending to say nothing about St. Peter's, but I have betrayed myself. I meant to say something concerning the ceremonies of Holy Week, but I will not. I prefer to be consistent, and here the matter ends. Crowds of people flocked daily to the Cathedral, and still the place seemed comparatively empty; I can not conceive of its ever being full, under any circumstances whatever. The foreigners, here called the *forestieri*, were omnipresent. You heard all languages talked in voices that sounded unnecessarily loud; but there is little use in feeling shocked at anything in Rome.

While the Masses were being celebrated in the various chapels, while the confessionals wherein all Christian tongues are spoken were being visited by penitents, while the sacred relics were being exposed in one of the galleries under the great dome, the *forestieri* stalked about and regarded everything with indelicate, not to say impudent, curiosity. I wonder why gentlemen are always so ill-bred and why ladies are so vulgar? I have seen a woman with a loud American accent sit on the steps of an altar in St. Peter's and study

her guide-book with an eye-glass; while her companion made wild gestures with his umbrella, and smiled a superior smile that grew unpleasantly like a grin as the muscles of his face began to harden. Meanwhile a priest who was kneeling at the altar in prayer was driven from his post, and the foreigners were left to their diversions.

Again and again I have seen a small party of tourists gather about the statue of St. Peter, looking with ill-disguised disgust at the faithful who were kissing the toe of it. I am afraid I took a sinful pride in kissing that toe whenever I saw this sort of thing coming on. You can usually tell it by the eye-glass if it is a male, or by a prim travelling-dress and a camp-stool if it is a female. A fellow with excessively bad legs stalked before me on one occasion during the exposition of the *relics*; and when I desired him to stand a little to one side—for as I was kneeling it was but just that he should have shown this consideration,—he deliberately eyed me for a moment, and then ignored me. Had it been other than a church that we were in, I might have expressed an opinion.

Perhaps these people don't consider that it is not the custom of others who differ with them in any point of faith to go over the land haunting, like a pestilence, the sanctuaries that of course they can not reverence. Probably this distressing class is not troubled with much reason or reverence or religion. This is the unavoidable nuisance that stinks in the nostrils of every man who comes to Rome, or to any foreign city, for the purpose of seeing it as it is and enjoying it to the best of his ability.

On one occasion I happened to be resting in St. Peter's, when I was attracted by the lusty lungs of a small baby who objected to infant baptism. There were a half dozen spectators watching the ceremony with considerable interest; and as the priest anointed the eyes and touched

the lips of the youngster with oil and salt, a sallow and withered specimen of the *forestieri*, who stood by me, with her arm in the arm of one of her kind, turned about with a jerk and said, in an audible voice—they nearly all talk too loud: "The nasty thing! He put oil in its eyes and salt in its mouth. I'd teach him better, I guess!" And I thought to myself, my unfortunate friend, God is merciful. The softest glance from your ill-favored eyes is not so soft as that drop of oil, and salt is probably sweeter than your smile. We had no conversation after that.

The Robin's Song.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

HERE are rude-carv'd pulpits in the trees,

Where birds fill a preacher's part,
Whence their sermons float on Music's wing
Down to the listener's heart.

Thus it so chanced that I, weak creature,
Finding my sky turn gray,
So used to light, impatient to wait
Till the clouds should pass away,

Once walked through the woods, despite the storm,

Fleeing my shadowy woe,
And heard a little robin singing,—
Singing in the snow.

As if from the depths of that moment,
A kind hand reach'd out to me,
And cast my burden of discontent
Beneath robin's snow-bent tree.

When childish tears fill our downcast eyes,
Because of a hiding sun,—
When we murmur, instead of praying
That the Lord's sweet will be done,—

Ah! let us try to remember, dear,
However the wind may blow,
That somewhere there's a robin singing,—
Singing in the snow.

The Legend of Seraphia.

I.

SERAPHIA, the wife of Sirach, a man of influence in the councils of the Jews, and as well known for his charitable deeds as for the wealth which had descended to him from his ancestors, sat on the housetop, as was, and is still, the custom in the East, awaiting the return of her husband, who had been bidden to dine at the house of Simon the Pharisee. There he was to meet Jesus the Nazarene, the Prophet and Teacher, the fame of whose wonderful doctrines and still more wonderful deeds had set all Galilee in a flame. Sirach had often heard of Jesus, but until now had never spoken to Him, or even seen Him save once, under extraordinary circumstances, which had awakened in his mind a strong desire to meet the new Teacher under conditions more favorable for holding speech with Him and studying His character. On returning to his home the same evening, Sirach had related the occurrence to his wife in the following words:

"On my way to the house of Marcus the centurion, with whom I had a money transaction, my attention was attracted by a motley crowd of persons, all eager to press closer to what seemed to be some prominent figure in their midst. 'What is the cause of this commotion?' I inquired; 'and whither are ye bound?' One of the number made answer and said: 'We follow Jesus of Nazareth, who has been sent for by Marcus the centurion, to heal his servant now lying at the point of death.'—'Which is Jesus,' I asked, 'and is He also a physician?'—'That is He with the grave face and gentle eyes,' was the reply. 'He is not a physician, but a worker of miracles.' Wishing to see Him closer, I endeavored to force my way through the crowd, when a man, running at full speed and making wild gestures

with his hands, called on the multitude to fall apart and give him speech with Jesus, which they did as soon as they understood from whence he came. Then he called out aloud, saying: 'Lord, my master saith: Trouble not Thyself; for I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof. Say but the word, and my servant shall be healed.' Jesus turned His head, and I saw His face for the first time. His eyes pierced my very soul, and methought they looked full upon me as He cried aloud: 'I say unto you, I have not found so great faith in Israel.' But again the crowd pressed about Him, and I saw Him no more; for He retraced His steps, followed by the multitude; while I pursued my way, filled with curiosity as to the result. Nearing the house of Marcus, I heard sounds of thanksgiving; and what was my surprise to hear, and in a moment see, the man who had been ill perfectly restored, and dancing with joy!"

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Seraphia. Jesus must surely be a prophet. It is even said, Sirach," she continued, "that some believe Him to be the Messiah."

Both had felt great interest in Jesus since that time, and it was with feelings of keen anticipation that Seraphia sat waiting in the cool of the evening for her husband's coming. The stars were in the sky when she heard his footsteps; and, leaning over the parapet, called on him to ascend. In a moment he was beside her.

"Well," she asked, eagerly, "what of Jesus? Was He there?"

"Yes," replied Sirach, throwing himself at full-length upon a heap of cushions at her feet. "He was there, and never have I been so impressed. He was already present when I arrived; and sat surrounded by His disciples, to whom He presented a striking contrast in the semicircle formed by a curve of the table."

"How was He clad?"

"He wore a single woollen garment, which would have appeared plain on

another, but to which His wonderful personality lent a certain charm of color and fitness. It was of soft but coarse material, confined at the waist by a thick cord and falling in graceful folds to His feet. He sat with hands folded on His knees; and I observed the peculiar whiteness and transparency of the fingers, which were long and thin. Those hands do not look as though they belonged to the son of a carpenter—"

"But it is said," interrupted Seraphia, "that He comes of the royal house of David; and thou knowest, Sirach, that in these unfortunate days it is not the well-born who are leaders."

"Thou sayest truly," answered her husband, with a sigh. "Sprung from the root of Jesse He well may be. He has a noble face."

"Describe Him to me, Sirach," said his wife.

"I will as best I can," was the reply; "but, lacking the charm of His personal presence, which is indescribable, you can scarcely appreciate or understand the wondrous fascination of the Man. His forehead is high and broad; and the hair, bronze-tinted, falls in graceful, unstudied waves about half-way to the shoulders. The face is oval, each feature perfect; the eyebrows delicately pencilled; the nose of a Grecian rather than our native Hebrew type; the lips not very full, but firm and red. Beard, the color of His hair, slightly cleft, showing the well-formed chin, barely sweeps His breast. But those eyes—those deep, unfathomable, crystal wells—are of that changeful hue between grey and brown, so beautiful and withal so rare. They seem to unite in themselves all of majesty and sweetness one could ever dream of as dwelling in the eyes of angels—dignity and humility, severity and tenderness, sadness and something higher than joy. Indeed it is said, I know not how truly, that Jesus has never been known to laugh. His voice is low and

soft, but very clear; and yet it can grow strong and vigorous in reproach, as you shall presently hear."

"I hope nothing untoward occurred to mar the festivity," remarked Seraphia, in an anxious tone.

"Nothing untoward, but something remarkable," said her husband. "You shall hear. The feast was well-nigh over, when a noise was heard in the ante-chamber, as though the porter were remonstrating with some one who desired to enter. Suddenly a woman appeared in the doorway, clothed in a soft white woollen tunic, girdled with blue, and bearing an alabaster box in her hand. A murmur went round the assembly. Surely our eyes did not deceive us—it was the notorious courtesan, Mary Magdalen, thus divested of the costly robes and ornaments with which she had long lured men to their ruin; with her rich golden hair coiled loosely at the back of her head, and simply held there by a silver comb. I bethought me of a rumor I had heard, that Jesus had once delivered her from the hands of those who were about to stone her; and also that since that time she had renounced her abandoned life.

"Pale, with eyes downcast, she stood one hesitating instant on the threshold; uncertain, in the ominous silence which had followed the first murmur of astonishment from the assembly, whether to advance or draw back. Then, stepping forward, she fell on her knees before Jesus, weeping aloud and literally bathing His feet with her tears. Gazing compassionately upon her, He uttered no word of reproach, but suffered her to unbind her beautiful hair, which fell, a rippling mass of gold, to the floor. Still weeping, she wiped with that beautiful hair the tears that fell upon His tired feet. Then, kissing them repeatedly, she drew from the alabaster box a most precious ointment, and anointed them profusely.

"All were silent, but many shook

their heads with doubt and suspicion. Simon, our host, folded his arms, but spoke not, till Jesus, as though divining the thoughts of His heart, and of many hearts there doubtful, spoke thus: 'Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee.' And he answered Him: 'Master, say on.' Then He said: 'There was a certain creditor who had two debtors. The one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell Me, therefore, which of them will love him most?' Simon answered and said: 'I suppose he to whom he forgave most.' And He said unto him: 'Thou hast judged rightly.' And He turned to the woman, and said unto Simon: 'Seest thou this woman? I entered into thy house; thou gavest Me no water for My feet, but she hath washed My feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest Me no kiss; but this woman, from the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss My feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint, but this woman hath anointed My feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee that her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she hath loved much.' And He said unto her: 'Thy sins are forgiven.'"

Seraphia's gentle eyes were full of tears as she asked, in a whisper:

"And what then?"

"No one made answer as the woman silently departed," continued her husband. "But the incident had strangely disturbed the spirit of the feast; the guests soon dispersed."

"And didst thou obtain speech with Jesus?"

"Yes," was the reply: "As He passed out, I followed Him, and He answered several remarks of mine with great kindness. But He soon turned with grave dignity to His friends and immediate followers, and I came slowly homeward. I am powerfully drawn toward Him, and must know Him better."

The interest of Seraphia was as much aroused as that of her husband. They sat talking far into the night on the subject that was now occupying all Jerusalem; resolved to know more of the wonderful personage, who, while He stood not abashed before either priest or Pharisee, seemed equally at home with the sinners and publicans, from whom the haughty Judean leaders held aloof. And soon it came about that Sirach, from his position and wealth a shining mark, openly avowed his adhesion to the doctrines of the new Teacher; believing, with his wife Seraphia, that Jesus was the promised Messiah, but one whose kingdom was not of this world. In their house He ever received a welcome,—a welcome, we can safely assert, which was shared by Mary His Mother, and the steadfast band of holy women who were His most devoted friends. Faithful to the interior workings of grace from the beginning, Seraphia remained faithful to the end. She bore for her Lord and Master a holy and singular love, which met with a holy and singular reward.

II.

From early morning Seraphia had waited in the inner court of her dwelling,—now seating herself on one of the stone benches near the tinkling fountain, now pacing restlessly to and fro, sensitive to every sound. Sirach, her husband, the night before had been one of the first to seek the house of the high-priest, whither Our Lord had been taken after His seizure in the Garden of Gethsemane. But he had not attempted to obtain speech with Him,—not that he might have been suspected thereby, for his position was too well assured for such suspicion; but he well knew that no effort of his could now avail in behalf of the Prisoner. However, this conviction seemed but to increase his sympathy; and early dawn saw him again afoot, one of the first to arrive at the hall of judgment. He was a witness to the cruel flagellation, the

mockery of the crowning with thorns, and the subsequent sentence of Pilate; after which he returned to his anxious wife, who had not joined the band of faithful women, friends of Jesus, in their sorrowful quest; but who, as her husband knew, would be all the more solicitous therefor, knowing nothing of the events which had followed in quick succession since the beginning of the unjust trial.

Seraphia met him at the portal.

“What news, Sirach, my husband?”

“They have condemned Him to death,” he answered, taking her hand and pressing it hard between both of his.

“To death! What death?” she asked, with a stifled sob.

“Crucifixion, the malefactor’s death.”

“And is He, then, entirely at their mercy? Where are the guards?”

“The guards! They are the most brutal of all the motley crew. Even now they are on the way to Calvary, where He, with two thieves, is to be crucified. They must pass this way. Thou art cold and trembling, Seraphia; thy lips are white. Retire to thy apartments, that thou mayst not hear the noise of the rabble in their march of death.”

“I thank thee, Sirach, for thy tender thoughtfulness; but I can not do thy bidding. I do not fear the rabble; they know me for thy wife, and dare not touch me. Let me prepare a cooling drink; there may be a chance to moisten His lips as He passes by.”

“But, Seraphia—”

“Nay, forbid me not, my husband!” she pleaded, her sweet eyes wet with tears.

“As thou wilt, then, Seraphia. But it will wring thy heart to see Him now.”

“O my Lord! my Lord!” she cried, “that Thine enemies should do this thing!” For a brief space she gave way completely to emotion. Then, composing herself once more, she said: “Go thou, my Sirach, and hover on the skirts of the crowd. Thou mayst meet Mary, and be of assistance to

her; or Jesus may catch a glimpse of thee, and be consoled that some, at least, among His friends have not deserted Him."

"Seraphia, believest thou He is the Christ?"

"Assuredly. And thou? Thy faith has not wavered, my husband?"

"Never, Seraphia. But, being so, does He need our human sympathy?"

"If He be the Christ, then is He the most sensitive of men. Ah! rest assured thy sympathy will be sweet to Him."

"And thou—wilt thou remain here?"

"I shall not go far from my own threshold. Fear not for me."

"So be it, then." And he left her.

Seraphia clapped her hands, whereupon a young girl appeared.

"Go, Miriam," she said, "bid Rachel prepare some spiced wine, and bring it hither quickly."

The girl obeyed, soon returning with a silver vase, or drinking-cup, which she placed on the ledge of the fountain.

"Hark!" cried Seraphia, pausing in her restless walk. "Hearest thou not shouts in the distance? Go to the outer portal and tell me what thou seest."

The girl hastened to do as she was bid, looking out eagerly.

"I can scarce see for the dust, most noble mistress," she replied, shading her eyes with her hand. "Ah, yes! there are soldiers mounted and a multitude on foot. I see spears glittering in the sunlight. They seem to be prodding or pushing some animal along. Now they are beneath the archway—soul of my father, it is a Man! He has a burden on His shoulders. He stumbles—He falls,—now they are at a standstill. He can not rise. Now come three men from behind the ruined wall—three bearing green branches in their arms. It is Simon the gardener and his two sons. Simon lifts the burden. I see now that it is a cross—a weighty cross. The Man looks up—my God! it is Jesus whom they call the Christ."

Tall, stately, beautiful, pale as the water-lily of sculptured stone on which rested her shapely hand, Seraphia stood erect.

"It is enough, Miriam," she said. "I will go forth. Fetch me my veil,—it lies there on the bench."

"Nay, my dear mistress," pleaded the girl, "this is no sight for thee."

"No more! I *must* go forth."

Wrapping the soft, handsome veil about her head and shoulders, and taking the vase in one hand, she lifted her clinging robe with the other, and passed without the gateway. For a moment she stood irresolute, as though undecided whether to meet the advancing procession or await its coming. Finally she walked slowly toward it.

Great clouds of dust flew in her face, almost blinding her. The clatter of spears mingled with the shouts and curses of the crowd. Nearer and nearer it came—it reached her; it parted, surrounding her, drawing her to its very centre; pushing her this way and that, as she passed, head erect, eyes downcast, holding the silver vase high above the heads of that furious crowd of demoniac men.

A sudden halt—a human Form stumbling forward on its knees. Oh, what a sight was that! Half naked; His one ragged garment, stained with the foul mire of the streets, soiled with filthy spittle, torn in many places, all but dragged from His trembling limbs; blood on the erstwhile bronze-brown hair, so like unto Mary's own; blood dripping from the thorn-wounds on His forehead, down the hollow, pallid cheeks; blood streaming from gaping wounds in His soft white shoulders; from His beautiful hands, bruised by the heavy, unwieldy cross; blood on His perfect feet, unsandalled, torn and mangled by the sharp stones of the highway,—blood everywhere—a holocaust of blood!

As Seraphia sank upon her knees before Him, some one dashed the vase from her

trembling hand; but she lifted the veil that hung over her shoulders, saying, in a tearful and almost inaudible voice: "Permit me to wipe the face of my Lord!"

Jesus pushed back the dripping hair which partially hid her from His sight. Their eyes met,—in hers, supremest pity, reverence, adoration; in His, love, gratitude, everlasting remembrance. Taking the veil from her hand, He pressed it to His bleeding face, and gave it back to her without a word. She received it reverently, and arose to her feet.

They thrust her aside, still erect and stately in the midst of that evil throng. Suddenly she perceived the impress of the Saviour's features on her veil, and her strength failed her; her head grew dizzy; and had it not been for her husband, who caught sight of her at that moment, she would have fallen to the ground. The strain had been too great for human nature, much less the most tender and faithful of womanly natures, to endure.

Miracle of miracles! Thou art as new to-day as on that Good-Friday night two thousand years ago! O Holy Face, swollen, livid, stained with blood and spittle, and the vilest of all vile things that can be named! O silken hair, tangled, matted, torn by the roots, dropping blood on bruised shoulders! O gentle eyes, bedimmed and sightless from the cruel thorns piercing through and through the swollen forehead! O patient mouth, which opened not in remonstrance or reproach before Thy executioners! O Sacred Face, still beautiful in Thy disfigurement, divine even in Thy desolateness, Thou art our heritage and consolation to the end of time! O brave Seraphia, faithful friend and fearless woman, thy name has rung adown the centuries, and still shall ring even to the consummation of ages! Thou art Veronica* for evermore.

A Famous Hymn.

BY AGNES GILMORE.

I.

IN the "Apologia pro Vita Sua," Cardinal Newman very felicitously mentions the Roman Breviary as "that most wonderful and most attractive monument of the devotion of saints"; and the noble hymn of the "Stabat Mater," which is therein preserved as part of the Office of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin, is very generally considered its most precious treasure. Although not incorporated into the Breviarium Romanum until 1727, the "Stabat Mater" had been known and cherished by the religiously minded for centuries; and it is now nearly six hundred years since its exquisite pathos and transcendent power first moved wearied hearts to Him, the Man of Sorrows, who had promised to the heavy-laden rest unto their souls.

The authorship of the hymn has been attributed to many renowned sons of the Church, among others to St. Gregory the Great, to St. Bernard, to Pope Innocent III., and to St. Bonaventure. But both internal and external evidence seems to prove beyond doubt that it was written by a lowly Franciscan friar—Fra Jacobus, or Jacopone de Benedictis.

Born early in the thirteenth century, at Tuder, or Todi, on the Tiber, of parents whose rank and fortune enabled him to choose the profession for which he felt the greatest inclination, Jacobus decided on a law career, and entered the University of Bologna, to which flocked students from all parts of Europe, and which was especially famous in jurisprudence. He married, soon after his graduation, a young girl whose personal charms were surpassed only by the beauty of her character.

Jacobus' cup of joy seemed overflowing; but our Heavenly Father, whose ways are

* True image.

not as man's, had decreed that this happiness should be of short duration. Within a year of the wedding-day the young wife was killed by the fall of a scaffold, upon which she, with other noble dames, was seated to witness a public spectacle. This terrible loss, and the discovery that his wife had worn beneath all her costly garments a coarse hair girdle as a penance—perhaps for his misdeeds, and we know they were many and grievous,—so worked upon the soul of Jacobus that he resolved to abandon the world and devote the rest of his life to the practice of the severest austerities. He obeyed wholly and at once the divine voice speaking within his heart. The crucial test of intense mental suffering changed in a moment the proud, ambitious man of the world to a rigid ascetic. Devoted friends, a brilliant and powerful career, wealth, and the luxuries and pleasures which its possession makes procurable,—all these lost their attraction, and he exclaims: *Felix qui potuit mundum contemnere!*—"Happy is he who has had strength to despise the world!"

He spent the next ten years in his native town, dwelling apart from men, and practising penances so severe that the scoffing multitude christened him Jacopone,—the suffix *one*, which in Italian means great, evidently suggesting in this connection the idea of strangeness. At the expiration of that time, Jacopone, to use the name by which he was now known, sought admittance as a lay-brother in the Franciscan convent; but the prior, remembering his former pride and impatience of all restraint, hesitated to receive him into the Order. The superior's scruples were overcome, however, when Jacopone gave him a hymn that he had recently written, the spirit of which accorded perfectly with the Franciscan rule. As Fra Jacopone, the austerities which he practised were redoubled; but the checkered years that followed were not only spent in atoning

for past misdeeds: they were full of storm and strife, of repentance and submission. His mind became affected, and we grieve

"To see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh."

The end came in 1306, and one of the chroniclers of the time tells us that the passing of the poet's vehement, storm-tossed soul was peaceful. "Fra Jacopone died like the swan, singing; having composed several hymns just before his death." A death-bed scene which instantly recalls to us that of the old Saxon historian, also a monk, whose memory has kept fragrant through the changeful fortunes of eleven hundred years—the Venerable Bede.

II.

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

The very keynote of Jacopone's most famous hymn is struck in these three first lines; the words of the first two of which, save for the adjectives, are almost wholly those of St. John (xix, 25): "*Stabat juxta Crucem Mater ejus.*" They represent to us the mere outlines of the terrible scene on Golgotha, yet are potent with soul-piercing meaning; and we grieve with Her in whom now is accomplished the prophecy of Simeon: "Thy own soul a sword shall pierce." (St. Luke, ii, 35.)

"O quam tristis et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti!" †

The situation is still more vividly presented to us in the two stanzas immediately succeeding. Self is forgotten; we are no longer satisfied only to sympathize: we feel intense longing to be united with the divine sorrow of Him who died that we might live. And this passionate desire of human hearts is expressed in the six remaining stanzas.

* "Stood th' afflicted Mother weeping
By the Cross her station keeping
On which hung her Son and God."

† "O how mournful and distressed
Was that Mother ever-blessed
Of the sole-begotten One!"

A hymn so instinct with devotional feeling and yet so plastic in form as the "Stabat Mater" has naturally inspired many of the most famous composers to make it their theme. First in point of time was Josquin Desprès, leader in the choir of Pope Sixtus IV., whose composition was very popular in his own age, but is now almost unknown save to those deeply versed in musical lore. A greater man by far than Desprès was soon to test its capabilities—Giovanni Pierluigi, or Palestrina, as he is called from the place of his birth (1524-1594). Of a deeply religious nature, he was a loyal son of the Church; and, consecrating his genius wholly to her service, he successfully effected the reform in ecclesiastical music advocated by the Council of Trent. He was chapel-master of St. Peter's, and maestro to the Congregation of the Oratory, of which the gentle St. Philip Neri, its famous founder, was then the head. Palestrina has been called the Homer of musical literature, and indeed his position in the realm of music is not unlike that of the great poet in the domain of literature; and, moreover, the works of both are distinguished for the same characteristics—earnestness, noble simplicity, and unaffected dignity. Palestrina's influence was ennobling as well as permanent. His compositions are still admirable models of what church-music should be, and his "Stabat Mater" is annually rendered in the Sistine Chapel during Holy Week.

Another "Stabat Mater" deserving of special mention was that composed by Pergolesi shortly before his early death, in 1736. In more recent times the hymn has inspired such distinguished composers as Haydn, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Neukomm, Rossini (whose work is distinctly commonplace, more operatic than ecclesiastical); and, in our own day, Antoine Dvorák, whose genius has been watched with ever-increasing interest since his coming to America.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XXIV.

"WHEN thou art troubled and afflicted, then is the time of merit." Many think the "time of merit" is when their piety is in "full blast," as it were,—when they are full of unctio, following their prayers and rites with wonderful zeal. On the contrary, when the season of worries and annoyances comes round,—when prayers and rites seem unreal by comparison, and even inopportune,—we should reflect that now is the moment to put all our fine theories to the test. As the matter can not be cured and must be endured, it is wisdom to look at the thing calmly, and say to one's self: "I may at least get some gain in *this* way from my annoyances." And what a satisfaction, after the thing has "blown over," to reflect that we have not been overset, but have accepted with quietness and resignation!

XXV.

Men's notion of peace, and perhaps of happiness, is ludicrously opposed to that of the Gospel. Prosperity, or absence of misfortune and poverty, health and other blessings,—such is the sum of worldly happiness; all which, it will be seen, depend on "things." *Real* peace and *real* happiness have some analogy to the state of a person who has the promise of a grand and splendid future, which may arrive at any moment. Inconveniences, privations, even sufferings that befall him in this state of expectancy will seem trifling, and are, as it were, brushed away or ignored.

It is a common thing to pray to be spared sufferings and annoyances, and to have them removed when they come. This, of course, is legitimate,—provided there is the saving condition that we are

willing to accept them if it suit the divine plans. Many good people, too, associate prosperity with their piety, as though it were a fitting recompense. Our author gives the true philosophy. "Think not," he says, "that thou hast found true peace if thou feelest no burden; nor that then all is well if thou hast no adversity; nor that thou hast attained perfection if all be done according to thy inclination... Neither do thou then conceive a great notion of thyself, or imagine thyself to be specially beloved, if thou experience great devotion and sweetness. For it is not in such things that a true lover of virtue is known; nor doth the progress and perfection of a man consist in these things."

Surprising news, this, for some of us pious professionals. In another place he explains this more particularly: "That good and delightful affection which thou sometimes perceivest is the effect of grace,... upon which thou oughtst not to lean too much, because *it goeth ana cometh.*" The real basis is that "a generous lover resteth not in the gift, but in Me above every gift. All, therefore, is not lost if sometimes thou hast not that *feeling*... which thou wouldst have."

(To be continued.)

The Decline of Agnosticism.

"AN amusing chapter might be composed," says a recent writer, "on the silence of Professor Huxley when hard pressed by difficulties." We are quite willing to quote in Mr. Huxley's favor the saying of Cardinal Newman, that "ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt"; and yet it can not be denied that a cursory glance at current literature discloses a widespread and most determined revolt against the doctrine of the champion of modern agnosticism.

It is idle to think that Professor Huxley's influence will completely pass away before many generations. He is master of a style which bestows longevity, if not immortality, on his thought. He is always interesting and often eloquent. Of the four evangelists of the modern agnostic gospel, he is most vital and enduring; and long after Tyndall, Darwin, and Von du Bois-Reymond, assume their proper proportions in historical perspective, Huxley will still stand well in the foreground. Spencer and Darwin have each contributed vastly more to modern scientific theory than he; and yet when the mythical "warfare between science and religion" is mentioned, a hundred readers will be reminded of Huxley to one who thinks of the others. Nevertheless, it is equally true that *as a teacher* Huxley's influence is steadily and rapidly on the decline.

The appearance of a new and handsome edition of the Professor's works argues nothing when the fascination of his style is remembered. He has never been able to gather a considerable number of disciples about him; and of those who did join his school a large proportion have deserted. Thus the late George John Romanes, who was once ranked among the most conspicuous advocates of agnosticism in England, now says in a posthumous work that "God *may* have revealed Himself to man," and then offers reasons for the acceptance of Christianity. Similarly, Max Müller, whatever else he may be, is no longer an agnostic. He recently wrote a long essay to say so; giving the simple but satisfactory reason that "the human mind in its highest functions is not confined to phenomena only." Another able writer in the *London Quarterly Review*, after a critical examination of Professor Huxley's system, declares that to give up Christianity for agnosticism would be like "plunging into a vacuum." And the Duke of Argyll, who is one of the leading

scientific scholars of the day, concludes an eloquent protest against materialism with the statement that "neither love nor justice nor mercy nor benevolence nor duty, nor obedience to legitimate authority, nor any other spiritual truth, is even approachable by the 'organon' which Mr. Huxley sets up as the coming ruler over all 'the regions into which the intellect can penetrate.'"

These unmistakable and authoritative declarations, appearing almost simultaneously in current literature, amply justify the assertion that whatever be Professor Huxley's attractiveness of style or felicity of illustration, his influence as a teacher is rapidly diminishing.

The truth is that in the popular mind Mr. Huxley stands for more than he is. His works have fostered and propagated materialism, yet he firmly protests that he is no materialist. He has warred persistently against the supernatural; and yet when a timid but very prominent "minister of the gospel" advised his brethren to give up the miracles of Christianity, the Professor eloquently declared that science can never disprove miracles. The deplorable fact is that he set out with a most unscientific prejudice against the Church, and he has not yet been able to master that prejudice. "His manner of approaching the Christian system," says a recent essayist, "is to represent it as a clerical intrigue, or at least as in the main an exhibition of tyranny, ignorance, and self-seeking on the part of churchmen." We must regret that such fine powers as Professor Huxley's should be employed in impugning the truth; but it is, nevertheless, pleasant to reflect that some of the most earnest opponents of agnosticism are men trained in his own school.

LET no man think that he is loved by any man when he loves no man.—
Epictetus.

Notes and Remarks.

The politicians of some European countries are now learning a costly but very important lesson in statesmanship. Years ago the philosophers told them that the inevitable result of irreligious education would be a large harvest of youthful criminals. The politicians scouted the idea then; they will probably be more disposed to entertain it now that it has been even more forcibly expressed by the judges and magistrates whom they themselves have appointed. M. Guillot, who has had a remarkable experience among law-breakers in France, declares that the most hardened criminals of late years have been youths under twenty years, and that an appalling percentage of boys are completely debauched at the age of thirteen. "I had supposed," he says, "that during my long career I had seen the lowest depth of human corruption; but it is only since I have had to do especially with young criminals that I have become acquainted with it." M. Guillot has the courage to add that this extraordinary depravity is due, in his opinion, to the banishment of religious influences from the schools. This reminds us of another French lawyer who, in defending a young man accused of a revolting crime, urged as his only plea that society, by neglecting moral instruction, had not done its duty toward his client; and that the legislators, not the prisoner at the bar, were the real offenders.

We can not agree with all that Lady Somerset says in her paper on social purity in *The Arena*. Most of her notions that are correct are not new, and such as are novel are not well considered. Few Christian parents, we trust, have need to learn the lessons she seeks to inculcate; but if so, they can find better instructors than magazine writers. Social reform seems to involve a great deal of vapid discussion, and much foolish legislation too. If the world is to become better than it is, it can only be by uncompromising loyalty to Christian principles.

Touching upon the illusions of childhood, Lady Somerset says: "I think that many a

conversation would be guarded, and many a light and perhaps cynical remark from older lips would be hushed, if a more reverent understanding were arrived at as to the effect of such talk on a child's mind. . . . But so often motives are ascribed to others hastily, and criticisms are passed that awaken children all too early to a sense that, however much good may be apparent, underneath may lie the rottenness which they have not discovered. Let us leave children their faith in humanity, their faith in goodness, their faith in divinity; for too often we cultivate it dogmatically and destroy it conversationally."

This is well enough, but Christ has said something about scandalizing little ones and concerning sins of the tongue. The fact is, if His words were more familiar, and the Gospel consulted for principles of reform, there would be no need for such articles as *Lady Somerset* and many other good women write.

M. Felix Faure will probably prove the best President the French Republic has ever had. He takes the greatest interest in the army, and spares himself neither trouble nor fatigue to see that the soldiers are well cared for. Better still, he has made it a rule to visit one of the hospitals every week. It must be inspiring to see the chief of the State passing from bed to bed, with a few words of sympathy and a grasp of the hand for each sufferer. All this, we are told, is done without any fuss; and before leaving the building, M. Faure is accustomed to make a substantial donation. Among all the rulers in Europe none is just now giving so much edification as he.

We note with pleasure that the St. Vincent de Paul Society, with headquarters at No. 2 Lafayette Place, New York, has made an early appeal in behalf of children living in crowded tenements in the cities. The object of the appeal is to secure the names of Catholic families who are willing to board these children for a few weeks during the hot season. "We are constantly meeting," says the Society, "many Catholic children for whom a breath of fresh country air and a change of scene from the city alleys and courts would mean improvement in health,

and perhaps the beginning of new ambitions for a more wholesome life." The moral improvement arising from such vacations, however, vastly outmeasures the physical gain; and there are many Catholic families where such hospitality could be offered with no risk and little trouble. The experiment has already been tried with gratifying results; and the behavior of the children has been such that, with hardly an exception, the little ones have been cordially invited to "come again."

This is a most deserving charity, with boundless possibilities for good; and we trust that Catholic families in a position to encourage it will place themselves in correspondence with the Society.

It is pleasant to note that a broader idea of culture has taken possession of the minds of leading educators. There is now a more general and thorough appreciation of the plain truth that the instruction, information, and stimulus afforded by books are of secondary importance to the formation of character by the development of moral faculties. Mr. Hamilton Mabie, the author of a number of valuable books, has this to say of the fruits of genuine culture:

"Culture is never quantity: it is always quality of knowledge; it is never an extension of ourselves by additions from without: it is always enlargement of ourselves by development from within; it is never something acquired: it is always something possessed; it is never a result of accumulation: it is always a result of growth. That which characterizes the man of culture is not the extent of his information, but the quality of his mind; it is not the mass of things he knows, but the sanity, the ripeness, the soundness of his nature. A man may have great knowledge and remain uncultivated; a man may have comparatively limited knowledge and be genuinely cultivated. There have been famous scholars who have remained crude, unripe, inharmonious in their intellectual life; and there have been men of small scholarship who have found all the fruits of culture. The man of culture is he who has so absorbed what he knows that it is part of himself. His knowledge has not only enriched specific faculties: it has enriched him; his entire nature has come to ripe and sound maturity."

These words recall a remark of Sir Walter Scott on the education of the heart. When some one in his hearing made an observation as to the value of literary talents and accomplishments, as if they were above all things

to be esteemed and honored, he exclaimed: "God help us! what a poor world this would be if that were the true doctrine! I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultured minds, too, in my time; but I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of the poor uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever yet met with out of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart." So Sir Walter. It is the lack of such education that has filled the penitentiaries of the land with clever criminals, and our reformatories with candidates for them and for graduation at the gallows.

The life-work of the illustrious De Rossi has left comparatively little for *discoverers* to do in the Roman Catacombs. His was the rare privilege not only of showing that these ancient sandpits were a most precious and indisputable manuscript, but of translating and interpreting that manuscript as well. How valuable were his services in corroborating the traditions and defending the doctrines of the Church, the Catholic world knows. De Rossi's marvellous archæological knowledge and the spotless integrity of his character placed his interpretation of the catacomb testimony beyond suspicion. But since that interpretation tended so directly and so considerably to fortify the position of Catholic scholars, it is interesting to learn from Mr. P. L. Connellan, the famous Roman correspondent of the *Boston Pilot*, that a Protestant archæologist of America has gone over the ground already explored by De Rossi. In a public lecture announcing the results of his labors, he heartily acknowledges the completeness of De Rossi's work, and admits the correctness of his system of interpreting the inscriptions and symbols of the Catacombs. Of course this declaration is of value to Protestant rather than Catholic readers; but we hope that when the Rev. C. E.

Stearns returns to his chair of archæology in the Hartford Theological Seminary, he will share his convictions with his fellow-professors and students.

The French Benedictines have lost their veteran in the person of Père Jean, who died peacefully in the Lord on March 1. His real name was Dom Eugène Gourbeillon, and he was the last survivor of the four companions of Dom Guéranger, at Solesmes. Born in 1814, he was nineteen years old when he placed himself under the direction of that illustrious Abbot. Whilst at Solesmes the young monk displayed his innate taste for sculpture, and was sent by his superior to study in the *atelier* of M. Bion, a Tertiary of St. Dominic, residing at Paris. Père Jean became a great sculptor, practising his art as an apostolate. He was then sent to Australia, where he remained for twelve years with Dr. Polding, an English Benedictine, and first missionary Bishop of Sydney. In 1881, when the monks were expelled from Ligugé, France, Père Jean went to Spain, living for seven years in St. Dominic's Abbey, Silos. He afterward returned to his native land, broken down by age and infirmities. His last few years were spent at Ligugé, where to the end, until mallet and chisel fell from his decrepit fingers, he devoted himself to his beloved art. A venerable figure has thus passed away, recalling the monk-artists of another age, whose inspiration came from Heaven, whilst their genius found vent in depicting Jesus and Mary and the Gospel truths.

No doubt Catholics prize their faith more highly when they remember to how many high-minded and honest Protestants, spiritual men who love justice and hate iniquity—the fulness of light does not penetrate. Such a one is the Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, of Andover, Mass., who has often ably defended the Church from misrepresentation. That Mr. Starbuck is not alone in the crusade for honesty may be known from the following paragraph in a communication to the *Sacred Heart Review*:

"Eleven years ago I attended an association of Congregational clergymen (private) held near Boston. These gentlemen raised an almost unani-

mous complaint of the intractable injustice of the country people toward the Roman Catholics in the matter of schools. They agreed that no matter how well trained and high in character a Catholic girl might be, it would be of little or no use for her to hope for a school in the country. Now, what is this but to say that the farmers are determined that their schools, sustained by the State, shall remain exclusively Protestant, no matter how many Roman Catholic parents use them, unless these are actually a majority, so that they can not help themselves? These gentlemen, almost without exception, registered what I might call a solemn vow to work against this iniquity. How they have prospered I do not know. But, considering the steady influences of sullen hatred that go out from my native city against them, I fear they have had hard work."

It may seem odd that Catholics should especially wonder and rejoice when Protestant *ministers* take up weapons for honesty; but the truth is, our experience with them has been hard. Such men as Mr. Starbuck are honorable and notable exceptions. May their number increase; and may they work against iniquity of all kinds, and do so openly, in season and out of season.

The head of the princely family of Colonna has at length decided to take his proper place in the Vatican as Assistant at the Pontifical Throne. To the surprise of all good Romans, the young Prince departed from the traditions of his ancient line by taking open part with King Victor Emmanuel after the capture of Rome in 1870. His father died in 1893, and the new Prince Colonna was given to understand that he must finally choose between the Holy See and King Humbert. After two years' reflection, he has concluded to leave the Quirinal, and to take his stand by the throne of the Vicar of Christ.

By the death of Brother Alexander, President of Sacred Heart College, San Francisco, the Brothers of the Christian Schools have lost a most devoted and efficient member. His ability as a teacher, together with his zeal for education and his charming personality, caused him to be widely known on the Pacific coast. He was highly esteemed by the public and beloved by his pupils and friends. The news of his unexpected death was received everywhere with marks of sincere regret. May he rest in peace!

Obituary.

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

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

The Rev. Andrew Keating, S. J. of Jersey City, N. J., and the Rev. Edward Quinn, New York city, who lately departed this life.

Mr. John R. Glascott whose life closed peacefully on the 16th ult., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Caroline Boswell, of New Orleans, La., whose happy death took place on the 5th ult.

Mrs. Ellen Sullivan, who died a holy death on the 16th ult., at Fall River, Mass.

Mr. Thomas Darling, of Waterbury, Conn., lately deceased.

Mrs. Mary E. Brooks, who passed away on the 29th of Feb. in Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Simon Swartz, of Martinez, Cal.; Mrs. Rose A. Hughes, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Joseph Stewart, Manchester, N. H.; Mary D. Kelly, Los Angeles, Cal.; William Carroll, Randolph, Mass.; David Brough, Whitman, Mass.; Denis Hennessy, New York, N. Y.; Catherine F. Fleming, South Boston, Mass.; John Daley, Patrick Downey, and Mary McDermott, Boston, Mass.

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

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.
ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Lepers of Japan:

A Friend, Lawrence Mass., \$1; A. L., \$5; Central B., \$1; A Friend, Chicago, 50 cts.; Child of Mary, 50 cts.

The Ursuline Indian Mission:

A Friend, Elmira, N. Y. \$2; A Friend Meadville, Pa., \$5; "In honor of St. Anthony," \$1; A Friend, Georgetown, D. C., \$5; "In honor of St. Anthony," \$1; Mrs. Esther Rice \$1; Mrs. H. Fort Hamilton, N. Y., \$3; Central B., \$2; Friends, San Francisco, Cal., \$2; A Friend, Gillespie, Ill., 50 cts.; Child of Mary, \$2.

The Cause of the Venerable Curé of Ars:

A Friend, 50 cts.; A Friend, Petaluma, Cal., \$1; Child of Mary, \$10; A Friend, 50 cts.; R. McC., 50 cts.; Mrs. William M., 50 cts.; A Friend, Montavilla, Ore., \$1; Central B., \$1; Child of Mary, 50 cts.

The Indian Children's Shrine, San Diego, Cal.:
Central B., \$1; Child of Mary, 50 cts.

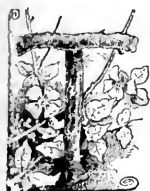




* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

A King of Composers.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.



HE author of "The Messiah" was, in many ways, so like the great English lexicographer that he might almost be called the Dr. Johnson of music, or the dictionary-maker be termed the Handel of literature, as you please. Both were overbearing at times, gentlemanly at others; voracious eaters, quick to take offence and quick to forgive; and withal, in a certain way, eminently and earnestly pious.

No one who loves the peerless oratorio "The Messiah"—and who that has heard it does not?—can fail to find place in his heart for the amiable though stern old man whose genius evolved it. It has comforted the souls of millions; it has dried tears, renewed hope, and lifted the downcast.

This marvellous composition was first performed in Dublin in April, 1742; and the proceeds—some £400—were promptly given to the city's charities. Indeed, Handel had always a strange feeling toward this masterpiece of his, maintaining that never, if he could help it, should it be rendered merely for gain. Of all the charities of Dublin, he loved best the Foundlings' Hospital, and "The Messiah" was frequently given for the benefit of the deserted infants which it sheltered. It is said that it brought nearly £11,000 to that worthy institution; and

at the composer's death the original score was left to its governor.

One day Lord Kinnoul complimented Handel upon the pleasure this oratorio had given the audience. The maestro briefly answered: "I am ill-pleased, my Lord, if I have only entertained them. I wished to *make them better*."

"What were your feelings," asked some one, "when you were composing the Alleluia Chorus?" (a famous chorus from "The Messiah").—"I felt," said Handel, reverently, "that the whole heavens were before me and the great God Himself." It was of the pastoral symphony in this oratorio that poor old George III. once remarked: "I could see the stars shining through it." And here we must not fail to mention that whenever the Alleluia Chorus is sung in England, the audience rises to its feet as one man. This is no new custom. On its very first presentation every person in the house, even the King, arose when the strain beginning "For the Lord God Omnipotent" was begun.

The anecdotes told of the quick temper of "the Goliath of music" are almost without number, but the most characteristic story is this: He had an intense aversion to the horrible sounds produced by the tuning of musical instruments; so his orchestra invariably attended to that necessary duty before he entered. One night a wag, thinking to be very jocular, slipped in and untuned every stringed instrument in the house. Handel strode in as usual, lifted his *baton*, and such a horrible din ensued that one might have fancied pandemonium had been let loose.

The composer kicked over the big drum, and hurled a kettle-drum at the head of one of the performers with such force that his own big wig fell off. But the musicians were spared a tongue lashing; for the leader was too angry to speak.

Like many very large men, Handel had a tremendous appetite, and we hear of his ordering dinner for three at a tavern. "When will the company arrive?" asked the waiter.—"Bring de dinner," replied Handel, in his broken English; "I am de gompany." And he ate the three dinners.

But these were faults common, in some degree, to humanity. Handel's devout spirit made ample amends. His servant upon taking him his chocolate in the morning, often found tears mingling with the ink as he transcribed the words of Holy Writ; and a friend who called when he was fitting music to the phrase, "He was despised and rejected of men," testifies that he was sobbing like a little child.

Handel died on Good-Friday, as he had always prayed to do; and before his statue in Westminster Abbey lies "The Messiah," open at the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

X.—THE SCHOOL.

After breakfast Mr. Dillon and the boys were taken over the grounds of Colonnade House. Mr. Dillon was pleased with all he saw. The boys examined the tennis-courts and the campus critically. Even Jack had no fault to find. The place was very quiet: one would never believe that sixty boys, of various ages, were enclosed in Colonnade House.

Father Mirard impressed the boys favorably. He seemed to know all about games, but it was evident that he was not fond

of football. Bob Bently and he plunged at once into an argument.

"It is savage," said Father Mirard. "It is a survival of the fighting instinct in the Saxon race. The English games are all rough."

"But baseball isn't an English game Father," said Bob.

"It *might* be an English game," replied Father Mirard. "It's rough enough."

"Why," said Faky Dillon, "if you have a mask and good gloves, you can't be hurt. Of course, if you go catching balls with your bare hands, you may break a finger or so; but you have no business to play that way."

"Back before the war," Mr. Dillon said, "the baseballs were not so hard. I don't think they put so much lead in them."

"They had to use the lead for bullets in the war," said Faky. "We've got more lead to spare now. And, you know, baseball is a more scientific game than it was then, papa," he added, with quite an air of superiority.

Mr. Dillon smiled.

"You break more thumbs now. But I am like Father Mirard: I don't care for games which must be played in armor. You may as well start to fight in tournaments, like the knights in 'Ivanhoe.'"

"Football is a bloodthirsty game; the boys never play it in France," said Father Mirard.

"They don't!" exclaimed Bob Bently, in amazement. "What! they never play football! How queer!"

"And we seldom played it in my time," said Mr. Dillon, as he stood observing the smoothness of the tennis-court. "And never what you call Rugby."

Bob looked at Father Mirard and Mr. Dillon with inexpressible pity.

"What *did* you play?"

"Oh," said Mr. Dillon, "we had tops and marbles and kites in the spring—"

"Kites?" said Baby Maguire. "What are kites?"

It was Mr. Dillon's turn to look with pity on the boys.

"Well, you've missed something," he said, "if you have never had a kite. It is more fun than fishing. And, then, the making of the kite,—it was a lesson in aeronautics. You got the colored tissue-paper and the paste and the string, and whittled the sticks. And then, when the wind was right, you reeled off your cord, and your kite mounted higher and higher, and floated in the air-currents between earth and sky."

"It must have been *slow*," said Thomas Jefferson. "A good game of marbles isn't bad; but there is nothing like baseball."

"I suppose the boys have begun to play football already?" asked Jack.

"Alas!" said Father Mirard, "I am desolated to say that they have. At least, I *think* they have; for I met a small boy with a very black eye yesterday."

"I wonder if they will give us a chance to play?" said Faky. "I'd like to show them something!"

"Why don't the boys play cricket any more?" asked Mr. Dillon. "In my time cricket was a great game."

"It's too English," said Bob Bently.

"And what is Rugby?" asked Mr. Dillon. "No game can be more English than Rugby."

"Oh, well, that's different!" said Bob. "We like Rugby and we don't like cricket. I've gained ten pounds during vacation. Any fellow that I fall on will find me a pretty good weight."

The spirits of all the boys began to rise. They turned the corner of the house, and suddenly saw the whole school before them. In the centre of the campus, behind the house, about sixty boys, in grey uniforms, were drawn up in line; while a man, also in grey uniform, inspected them.

"Do we have to wear uniforms?" asked Jack, somewhat sadly.

"Yes, my child," said Father Mirard. "Professor Grigg believes much in the

military manners. The boys are getting ready for their morning drill. The road there," he said, pointing to a path that ran to a gate, "leads to my little church and to my house. The boys of the school hear Mass on Wednesdays and Sundays."

The captain who was drilling the boys saluted the guests in the most military fashion; and his company wheeled and squared and presented arms and went through all kinds of evolutions.

Baby Maguire's eyes fairly bulged.

"Shall I have to do all that?" he asked.

"Yes," said Father Mirard. "All the boys drill everyday after breakfast."

"A good thing," Mr. Dillon said. "It makes them carry themselves well. And if a war should come," he added, smiling, "we shall have our soldiers ready-made."

"If a war broke out, would all the boys have to go?" asked Baby Maguire.

"Of course," answered Jack; "and they ought to be glad enough to fight for their country."

"But they wouldn't take you if you had nerves," continued Baby, taking Father Mirard's hand. "You'd be no use at all if you had nerves."

"You'd have to go anyhow," Thomas Jefferson said. "It wouldn't make any difference. One battle would knock all the nerves out of you."

"Oh, no it wouldn't!" said Baby. "If I went into battle, I'd have my nerves so bad that the captain would have to stop fighting and look after me."

The boys laughed at this, and even Mr. Dillon smiled.

The drill came to an end. The young soldiers, looking very smart in their grey suits, scattered in various directions; and Father Mirard led his guests toward the river which skirted the grounds on the east side. As they walked across the lawn in front of the house, they saw a woman approaching them.

"It is Madame Grigg," said Father Mirard. "I must present you."

Mrs. Grigg came forward smilingly. Father Mirard went through the ceremony of introduction with a grace that filled Jack and Bob with admiration. They looked anxiously at her, for they knew that much of their future comfort would depend on her. She was much younger than Miss McBride; she had brown eyes, brown hair parted plainly on her forehead, and she wore a white gown with a great many ruffles. She bowed to Mr. Dillon, shook hands with Jack, Bob, Faky, and Baby Maguire, and kissed Thomas Jefferson.

"I always kiss the youngest scholar," she said, gayly; "and this little boy is just the age of my Raymond."

"You ought to have kissed *him*," said Thomas Jefferson, in an injured tone, pointing to Baby Maguire. "*He's* the youngest."

"Yes," said Baby, plaintively; "and I have nerves."

"Do you teach the boys, Mrs. Grigg?" asked Mr. Dillon, politely.

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "I merely look after their comfort, and see that they are properly fed, that their clothes are mended, and that sort of thing."

"Very necessary things," said Father Mirard. "And she has a large family to look after,—and some boys have great appetites."

"We try to make the school as homelike as possible," said Mrs. Grigg. "Mr. Grigg takes all the higher branches, and Father Mirard looks after the theology and French, besides—"

"Theology!" exclaimed Jack, forgetting his manners and interrupting. "Is it like geology?"

"No," said Father Mirard; "and I think you know something of it already. It is Christian Doctrine."

Jack was relieved.

"I'm glad of that," he said. "Do you teach Ancient History here, Mrs. Grigg?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Grigg. "We make a specialty of it. Let me walk to the

river with you,—I notice the mail-carrier coming. There may be a note from Mr. Grigg. He probably reached Greenlawn last night. In that case, he may have sent me a note, or at least a postal card."

Baby thought of his green tickets, and asked:

"Will not the Professor lecture to-night on Ancient History?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Grigg. "He is devoted to Ancient History."

Jack could hardly suppress a groan.

"I may say he actually *lives* among the Accadians," she went on; "and he is perfectly devoted to the Scythians,—perfectly. But you, my dear child, I am sure care very little for such abstruse studies."

"Oh, I love them!" said Baby Maguire, engagingly. "Our Susan often told us about the Acajans,—they were giants in Ireland, and—"

But Mrs. Grigg had received her letters: she was not paying attention. She looked at the addresses on the various envelopes until she came to a hastily-written note.

"From Mr. Grigg!" she remarked. "I am sure, Mr. Dillon, that he would break his engagement, if he could, in order to meet you. If you could only stay here until to-morrow! He tells me," and she glanced at the note, "that he reached Greenlawn safe, with no adventure, except—except—what can this mean? Oh, yes!—except meeting with some boys of the most savage kind, who had filled his berth with some slimy things, which he was led to believe were young alligators—how awful, Mr. Dillon!—but he believes now that they were only pumpkin pies."

"They weren't—" began Baby.

Thomas Jefferson aimed at him a kick, which made him stop short.

"Mr. Grigg says that he was severely shocked by his experience, and that he will have to take medical advice before he can lecture to-night. He has obtained the names of the boys from the conductor and porter, with whom they had talked; and

he will have them punished to the full extent of the law. He speaks of an angelic child who rescued him just as he thought he felt the fangs of an alligator enter his ankle—goodness gracious! how terrible!”

Baby's face assumed a complacent smile. Mr. Dillon, who was usually in what is called a “brown-study,” could not help noticing that the other boys were downcast.

“Well, my dear boys,” he said, “I am happy to tell Mrs. Grigg that you share in her horror of this nasty trick. A boy who would put alligators and pumpkin pie into a man's sleeping berth will be hanged some day.”

“But suppose he didn't intend to do it?” said Jack, catching at a straw of consolation.

“In that case,” said Mr. Dillon, sternly, “he must have been crazy, and an asylum is the only place for him. If Tancred Flavius here did such a thing, I should consider that either the state-prison or an insane asylum were the place for him. These young gentlemen, ma'am, are perhaps, somewhat playful, but they are not vicious.”

“All boys are playful,” said Father Mirard. “We pardon much in youth when there is no malice. Professor Grigg is not usually severe. I am sure that these young gentlemen are incapable of mixing up the products of the North and those of the South in a sleeping-car.”

The boys made no answer, though Father Mirard smiled benevolently upon them. Baby alone looked jubilant,—the green tickets were safe in his pocket.

Mrs. Grigg put her letters into a velvet bag which hung at her side; and, taking Baby by the hand, led the way between two shining box-wood hedges to the river. It was smooth and narrow, and almost hidden from view by bending elms and willows.

“The water is rather low just at the present time,” said Mrs. Grigg,—“we have had a drought; but it is still high enough

for boating and bathing. We like to call it a river; but compared with the Delaware and the Schuylkill it is only a stream.”

“It is a very nice little river,” said Baby. “I hope the water is warm.”

“Not always,” said Mrs. Grigg. “Sometimes it is frozen. Mr. Grigg is devoted to physical culture; and there are boys here who, under the orders of the physician, take a plunge in the river even when they have to break the ice. And they like it.”

“Oh, I could never do it!” said Baby, “Professor Grigg would not expect *me* to do it—I have nerves.”

“That is one of Mr. Grigg's cures for nervous people,” she said. “And I'm afraid that he may expect you to try it.”

As if touched by a ray of sunlight, Bob's face shone.

“Oho, he's caught it now!” he whispered to Jack.

“We'll have to run away,” Jack whispered in return. “Professor Grigg will make it hot for us.”

“I'll stay until I see that sneak of a Baby take his first plunge,” added Bob.

“I am afraid that my carriage will be waiting,” said Mr. Dillon, taking out his watch. “It must be almost train time.”

Mrs. Grigg regretted that Mr. Dillon could not stay for dinner, and Father Mirard that he could not see his church. The carriage was seen driving up to the house. Mr. Dillon said good-bye. And as he disappeared in the distance, Faky remarked to Thomas Jefferson:

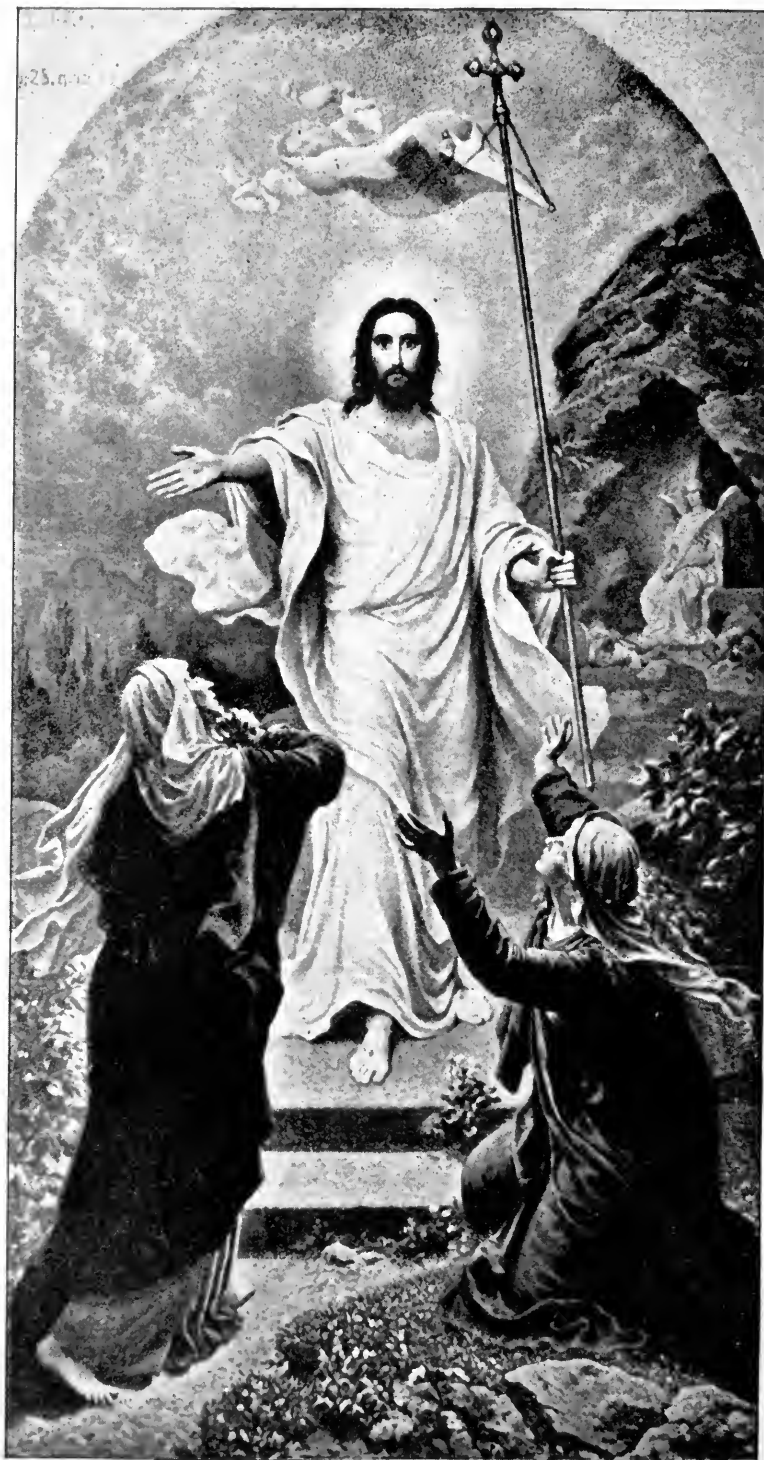
“Grown-ups are queer! One school is as bad as another. I am going to run away, and earn my living by writing poetry.”

(To be continued.)

Loyal Hearts.

WE boast of loyalty to friends,
To the land our feet first trod;
But hearts, if they would loyal be,
Must loyal be to God!





THE RESURRECTION.
(A. Naack.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

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Magdalen at the Sepulchre.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

AH, but the eager steps of love are fleet!
In the grey hush of dawn, when all was still—

Three ghastly crosses on Golgotha's hill,
Trampled and bare with rush of many feet,—
Swift to the tomb where they had laid her
Lord

She came, to seek Him whom her soul adored.
But when she found Him not, saying no word,
Turning about, on her bronze lashes tears,
Her lips grown pale, her heart struck chill
with fears;

Full in her path, as here and there she ran,
A Stranger stood. No hope her bosom stirred;
Swerving aside from angel as from man.
He spake. She, looking upward, paused again.
"Mary!" He said—one word,—she knew
Him then!

Thoughts on Easter Day.

HE is risen, as He said." Such was the glad announcement of the angel who was the first to make known to the few faithful friends of Jesus the great fact of His Resurrection. Angels had announced His entrance into the world; they hovered around His crib, and sang their songs of praise in the ruined stable at Bethlehem;

they came and ministered to Him in the desert, and comforted Him during His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. Angels guarded His tomb; and when the Redeemer of the world triumphed over death, and by His own power issued from the prison in which His sacred body had been confined, one of these heavenly messengers rolled away the great stone from the door of the sepulchre; that when the holy women and the Apostles came to visit the sacred remains, the proof might be given them that He had truly risen.

The guards who had been placed over the sepulchre were struck with fear at the apparition of the angel, whose "countenance was as lightning and his raiment as snow." Not so with the holy women who came very early that Easter morn to fulfil their mission of love, and anoint with sweet spices the cruelly mangled body which they expected to find in the tomb. To them the angel said: "Fear not you; for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here; for He is risen, as He said. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid."* O glad and joyful tidings! It was indeed fitting that they should be first proclaimed by an angel of the Most High.

And who can describe the feelings that filled the hearts of these holy women when they heard this blessed announce-

* St. Matt., xxviii, 5, 6.

ment? What a happiness for those who were privileged first to look upon their Lord and Saviour risen glorious and triumphant! What a day of joy was it to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, to whom, according to a venerable tradition in the Church, He appeared first of all in His glorified body, His sacred wounds, now the trophies of His victory! What joy was it not for the repentant St. Mary Magdalene, so loving and devoted, when she again beheld Him to whom, since that happy moment when she first threw herself at His feet, she had been faithful unto death, and whom her soul followed even into the tomb! He appears in a particular manner to her to whom much had been forgiven "because she hath loved much," and bids her go and announce the glorious mystery to the Apostles.

And the Apostles, after they have received the happy tidings, and have themselves been privileged to see their Lord and Master, can no longer contain themselves with the joy that fills their hearts. "The Lord has risen; we have seen the Lord; we have heard from His lips the blessing of peace; we have seen with our eyes and felt with our hands the wounds in His hands and feet and sacred side; we have conversed with Him, and sat at table with Him." Such are the words that pass from lip to lip among the weak but loving followers of the Lord. Weak they had been when they had not as yet received the vivifying Spirit to confirm them in their sacred ministry; but, with all their timidity, they had never ceased to love their Master, and it was therefore with joy inexpressible that they repeated to one another the consoling words, "He is risen." In the fulness of their souls they broke forth into acts of praise and thanksgiving to the ever-blessed Trinity and the Saviour of mankind, who had been so ignominiously put to death, and whom now they beheld so gloriously risen again.

And that torrent of holy joy with which heaven and earth were filled upon that happy Easter Day, has it been exhausted in the Church? Is there to-day a Christian heart, which pulsates ever so feebly to love or gratitude, that will not respond with joyful enthusiasm to the triumphal chorus sent up by earth to heaven—"Christ is risen"? For our sake He was condemned to the ignominious death of the Cross, and now He appears glorious and triumphant over death. "For us men and for our salvation," He humbled Himself to the lowest degree, "becoming obedient even unto death"; and now He is seen clothed with the splendor due to the King of the Universe, and exalted above the Cherubim and Seraphim and the whole host of heaven. He was the Lamb of God slain for the sins of the world, and now He has become the Lion of Juda; He has conquered hell and all the powers of darkness, and "is worthy to receive benediction and honor and glory and power for ever and ever."* All true Christians, all generous and loving hearts, must indeed rejoice over this victory and triumph, this ineffable glory and admirable exaltation, so well deserved by their Redeemer, over whom death can no more exercise power; with all their souls must they congratulate Him on His victory over sin and death.

Therefore it is that to the obedient members of the Church upon earth the grand fact of the Resurrection presents itself as the signal victory of their faith, which bears the divine stamp of truth impressed upon it by this glorious mystery. Testimonies, arguments and proofs without number may be brought forward to defend and maintain the truth of our holy religion; but the miracle of the Resurrection of the Founder of Christianity is the proof which surpasses all others. It was to this that Christ Himself referred

* Apoc., v, 13.

His enemies, the Pharisees and Sadducees, when they asked of Him a sign. "But He answering, said to them: An evil and adulterous generation seeketh for a sign; and a sign shall not be given it, but the sign of Jonas the prophet. For as Jonas was in the whale's belly three days and three nights, so shall the Son of Man be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights."* And on another occasion He said to them: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up."† Armed with this triumphant proof, the Apostles went forth on the mission assigned them, and, cross in hand, conquered the world.

"Wherefore art thou come?" was asked of St. Peter when he appeared before the people in the very capital of paganism. "I am come," he answered, "to convert the city of Rome to the faith of Jesus Christ."—"But what power or eloquence or knowledge hast thou to accomplish such a great work? What honors or dignities or riches canst thou promise to believers in the Name of Jesus?"—"I have naught," was the reply, "save the Cross. I preach Jesus Christ crucified and risen from the dead." And so, too, was it with the other Apostles after they had dispersed to the principal parts of the world, and entered upon the great work with which they had been entrusted, of making known to mankind the blessed truths which had been revealed to them. In Jerusalem all, as we are told in the Acts, "with great power did give testimony of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ our Lord."‡ And this was the fundamental proof upon which their preaching everywhere rested. Throughout the world they went, and proclaimed as the basis of all their teachings: 'We preach Jesus crucified and risen again. We ourselves are witnesses of this great fact, and in testimony

thereof we are prepared to shed the last drop of our blood. If Jesus crucified hath not risen again, the faith which we preach, and for which we daily and hourly expose ourselves to the greatest dangers, is vain, and we are the most foolish and wretched of men. But if Christ be risen, then do all that lies in your power against the faith we preach: it will destroy all the barriers that incredulity may oppose, and will advance triumphantly throughout the world.'

Again, the Resurrection of our Divine Lord is the assurance and guarantee of the indefectibility of the Church which He founded upon earth, and commissioned to continue the grand work He had come down from heaven to inaugurate and establish. By this transcendent miracle the Founder of the Catholic Church has given the greatest proof of His divinity, and the most convincing argument to the world that He is able to fulfil the promises He has made, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church, and that He will abide with her until the end of time. Let the powers of the world and darkness strike and persecute her; let them, as the momentary glare of a passing triumph dazzles them, proclaim that her days are numbered: the Church is never so strong as when she appears weakest before the world; never is she so fruitful as when the blood of her children is made to flow, and cry to Heaven for vengeance against her persecutors. Her very wounds and defeats are but so many victories. The glorious Resurrection of her Divine Founder, who remains ever with her, is the security and pledge of her own triumph.

Another thought which the commemoration of this great mystery can not fail to bring home to the Christian is the assurance which it gives of his own triumph over death and the tomb. As the Apostle says: "For if the dead rise not again, neither is Christ risen again. And

* St. Matt., xii, 39, 40.

† St. John, ii, 19.

‡ Acts, iv, 33.

white marble archway. Banks of flowers bordered the passage to the main doorway, and a terrace walk of colored tiles ran round the entire edifice. For some years previous to the brief reign of Maximilian, Chapultepec was used as a military school, until the Emperor ordered its thorough repair. The Castle is now used for the purposes of the National Observatory, and the apartments that once echoed to the *frou-frou* of imperial trains are now given up to telescopes and the dry *impedimenta* of astronomers.

By far the most interesting and beautiful part of Chapultepec is the forest of *ahuehuetes*, or cypresses, by which it is embowered. These cypresses are mighty trees of extraordinary age, which can count their years by centuries. The witnesses of Montezuma's daring and his ancestors' adventures, they were regarded even by his contemporaries as objects of wonder and renown, and are at present perhaps the most curious memorials in the world of trees. The gnarled trunk of the oldest and largest, called Montezuma's Tree, measures forty-eight feet in circumference and one hundred and sixty-five feet in height. Bodkin had never seen anything grander than the twisted stem of the *ahuehuete*, with its majestic pavilion of lofty branches, and its garlands of Spanish moss hanging down in delicate ribbons from every twig, with the grace of the drooping pennants of the weeping-willow. This moss—*barba Español*, or Spanish beard—is one of the strangest parasites imaginable. It is a tangle of pale green tendrils, in thickness like an ordinary string; and while one end is closely wound round the branch of the tree, the remainder drops in long straight festoons. It is called *heno*, or hay, by the natives; and at a distance imparts the idea that a hay shower has fallen upon the trees, leaving its traces in this singular and remarkable manner. The snow-white attire of the Indians as they glide silently in the

embowered avenues imparts a ghostly atmosphere to the whole scene, and calls to the mind's eye the spirit of Malitzin's daughter, moving like vapor through the drooping cypresses until it vanished in the transparent waters of the Albuca, in accordance with the pathetic Aztec legend. Will not the Indians of the Anhuac valley in the future time believe that the ghost of Carlotta will haunt the shades she loved with such a clinging tenderness?

At the time of the war with the United States, Chapultepec was heavily armed. Its frontage of nine hundred feet and its causeway bristled with cannon. In its rear stood the old powder-mill known as Molino del Rey. Santa Anna, with the greater portion of his army, occupied the city of Mexico, and was in communication with Chapultepec. On September 12, 1847, General Scott first stormed Molino del Rey; then, under cover of a demonstration against the city, brought four batteries to bear against the Castle from an opposite ridge; and, after a heavy fire of a day and a half, made the attack in two columns. The day after the fall of the Castle, the city of Mexico was occupied by the American forces.

Arthur Bodkin experienced no difficulty in finding Baron Bergheim; for the genial Baron, being *persona gratissima* at court, was invariably given the best suite of rooms wherever he was on duty,—or I should say invariably annexed them. The Baron was seated in a wicker chair, on a terrace overlooking the beautiful valley of Mexico, his favorite china-bowled pipe in his mouth.

"Hey! but this is lovely. Hey! no wonder Montezuma liked to strut about here in his feather cloak. Hey! just look at the sunshine on the roof of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Hey! look at the old Cathedral, and those purple mountains, and those two snow-capped volcanoes with the impossible names. Well, my

young Irish friend, have you cooled down? Hasn't reason come to the rescue? Have you seen your Dulcinea? She's here. I was of the escort. The Empress means to live here as much as possible. No wonder. That palace—see it over there to the right of the Cathedral!—is a little bit fusty." And he rattled on, puffing away at his pipe.

The beauty of the scene produced but little effect upon our hero. He was sick at heart, and longing for one half minute wherein to tax Alice with being the falsest of her sex. Then he would resign his appointment, return to the city, and throw in his lot with Harvey Talbot in the silver mine at Santa Maria del Flor.

"There's the Empress down below, admiring Montezuma's cedars. They are grand, marvellous! Why, you could camp the Guard under them as snugly as at Schönbrunn."

Arthur's gaze became riveted on a group consisting of two men—one in uniform—and two women directly beneath. In one of the ladies he recognized the Empress, in the other Alice.

"Have I your permission to retire, Baron?" he asked.

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In the meantime Arthur Bodkin had reached the grove, and, utterly regardless of court etiquette, marched straight up to where Miss Nugent was standing engaged in conversation with the officer on duty, a very distinguished-looking man, covered with decorations, who stared in well-bred

surprise at the utterly unexpected, unexampled intrusion.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Nugent!" said Arthur, in a cold, measured voice. "I do not wish to intrude, but I want to say one word to you."

Alice became deadly pale, then flushed up to her hair, then assumed a haughty look such as comes to the Nugents under certain conditions.

"Please, Mr. Bodkin, let it be very brief. It must be very urgent; for it must be evident to you that this is neither the time nor the place—" The girl spoke in English and in a low tone.

"I admit that it is not the palace garden, and that I am not Count Ludwig von Kalksburg," retorted Arthur.

The girl never blanched: made no sign.

"I am about to resign my appointment."

Her little hand which held her blood-red parasol closed with a clutch of desperate tightness.

"Really?" she said.

"Yes."

"I suppose you have good reasons for what you are about to do?"

"I have *one*."

"And that is—"

"I will not be indebted for promotion to a woman. I don't mean you, Alice," he added eagerly. "I mean that other woman—whom—"

"Good-day, Mr. Bodkin! Excuse my abruptness, but I am *en service*," and she turned from him.

The Empress, who saw that a tragedy of a mild form was being enacted under her very nose—the *dramatis personæ* being white and agitated,—gracefully advanced.

"Who is this gentleman, Alice?" she asked in German.

"A countryman of mine, your Majesty," replied the Maid of Honor.

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"In our service?"

"I—I—believe so."

"An old friend?"

"Ye—yes."

"Gently born?"

"The best blood in all Ireland," said the girl proudly, despite herself.

Seeing that her Maid of Honor was in no mood for replying save in monosyllables, Carlotta cut matters short by turning to Arthur, who remained rooted, as it were, to the spot.

"You are in our service, sir?"

"I have that honor, your Imperial Majesty," said Bodkin, instantly regaining complete self-control.

"In what capacity?"

"I am extra aid-de-camp on the staff of Baron Bergheim."

"And your name?"

"Arthur Bodkin."

The Empress searched his very soul with her beautiful eyes ere she asked, in a very low tone:

"And you are desperately in love with your sweet countrywoman?"

"I am," said honest Arthur,— "that is—I was—I—I really don't know, your Majesty."

"Perhaps I do. She has spoken about you in a way that made me suspect. Why have you angered her?"

There was something so sweetly sympathetic, so deliciously womanly about this young Empress, that Arthur, forgetting her exalted condition, plunged into confidences. In a few words he told her all, including his resolution of quitting the service sooner than be indebted for promotion to a woman whose very name he did not know.

The Empress remained silent for a few seconds, then:

"You must not leave our service, Mr. Bodkin. I will ask the Emperor to place you on the Household staff,—that is," she archly added, "if my Maid of Honor does not object. You can withdraw, sir."

The great cedar trees seemed to Arthur to go waltzing round as he retraced his steps toward the Castle. Here was a turn

of the wheel. Leave the service, indeed! Never! Harvey Talbot and Corcoran and O'Connor and the silver mine might all go to Hong-Kong together. He would never speak to Alice Nugent, but he would show her that he could speak to others, flirt with others. He would show her that she was as indifferent to him as the snow on the cap of Popocatepetl. Ha! ha! This was glorious. He would repay scorn for scorn, and he would run his sword through the body of Ludwig von Kalksburg.

(To be continued.)



An Easter Hymn.

BY THE RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D.D.

HAIL, Easter morn, hail new-born Life
Forth rising from the grave!
The Lord hath conquered in the strife,
Who died from death to save.

Let the heavens weep for joy, and earth
In fragrant flowers bloom,
While we acclaim the glorious birth
Of Life from out the tomb.

Let children's happy voices ring
In thankfulness and praise;
Let virgins whitest blossoms bring
And dew-besprinkled sprays.

Halleluia, halleluia still,
Till echo speak the song,
And every heart with gladness thrill,
And every soul be strong.

Where now, O Grave, thy victory?
Where now Death's cruel sway?
The spell is broken, we are free,
And bright is all our way.

To Thee, sweet Jesus, thanks be given;
To Thee our all we owe—
The joy of earth and hope of heaven,
And faith which conquers woe.

His Happy Easter.

A TRUE STORY.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

IT was a garrison town in the South-west; but when good Father Smith received a telephone summons to come quickly to the hospital, where a man was dying, he did not think of the Barracks Hospital. But that may have been because the message came to him at second-hand—through the man-of-all-work, who was partially deaf. And that is how he came to spend nearly all of Good Friday running about trying to locate the person who needed his services. He afterward told me that was the strictest Good Friday fast he ever kept; for the message came just before twelve, and he would not wait to have a bit of dinner, through fear that the man might die in the meantime. As for breakfast—well, you all know how a priest fasts, especially on Good Friday.

Barney had the horse and buggy ready in less time than it has taken to write this beginning of the story; and Father Smith naturally drove first to the Sisters' Hospital, about two miles from town. But no one was dying there—that day, at least; and he went two miles farther, in another direction, on his homeward drive, thinking the Public Hospital was probably the one in which the man lay dying. He soon learned that no message had been sent from there, and drove back to town in a frame of mind both puzzled and distressed.

When he reached-home, Barney was on the sidewalk awaiting him, with the news that another message had been sent. "'Tis from Barker's, Father, the message is," said Barney; "and they said something about an old soger." Now, Barker was the name of the superintendent of the Poor Farm, four miles from town, several old

soldiers being numbered among the pensioners.

Once more Father Smith whipped up the old mare, regardless of Barney's solicitous "Won't you have a bite to ate, Father, before you go?" He was thinking very little of his own stomach at that moment, but a great deal about the dying man. Three-quarters of an hour brought him to the Poor Farm, where he was surprised to find every one of the inmates in good health. He began to think himself the victim of a practical joke. When he reached home again it was three o'clock, and the housekeeper knew his habits too well to think of asking him to sit down to table at that hour on Good Friday. Nothing but such a summons as that which had occupied him since noon, or one equally urgent, could draw the gentle, pious priest out of the church from three to four on that memorable day. He was accustomed to spend the hour in the deepest meditation and most fervent prayer.

At half-past four o'clock the housekeeper tapped at the door of his room.

"Come, Father, and have a little dinner; you must be famished," she said.

The priest followed her into the dining-room.

"I confess I am very weak in the knees," he said, sitting down to the table. "But I am more concerned about that wild-goose chase some one made me to-day than I am about my dinner. What if some poor creature should really be needing me, after all?"

He had scarcely finished speaking when "whirr! whirr!" went the telephone.

"Why in the world doesn't the priest come to the Hospital?" was the query. "The man is unconscious. This is the third message."

"What Hospital?" asked Father Smith.

"Barracks!" came sententiously from the other side.

"Coming!" replied the priest as briefly,

home to-morrow,—home to my mother on my spiritual birthday. That will be fine, won't it? I've missed her and longed for her this many a year, God knows. And I shall not forget Phillips either when I'm there. Poor Phillips! he's a good fellow."

After this he wandered off again, and the priest took his leave.

First Mass on Sunday at St. Malachy's is at half-past six, therefore there was ample time to go to the Barracks before that hour; and the Angelus was just ringing as the priest entered the Barracks yard. Phillips was on the porch waiting.

"He's gone, sir," he said, in a voice slightly tremulous. "He called me at half-past four, and says he: 'Phillips, what time is it?' I told him, and says he: 'Phillips, I'm goin'. Give me hold of your hand.' I jumped out of bed—my cot was just beside his,—and I saw he *was* goin', sure 'nough. I brung him some water; he just moistened his lips. Says he: 'Phillips, I was tryin' to wait till Father Smith come, but it seems time's up. I'm all right, though; I'm all right. Phillips, lift me a bit.' I lifted him; it was hard for him to breathe. And says he: 'Phillips, tell them to put me in the Catholic graveyard, out there on the hill,—the Catholic graveyard, where we boys went wunst together. Remember?' I told him I did, and says he: 'I don' know as I'll be lonely out there, but I'd like it if you and the fellahs would come out sometime to see me.' And after that, sir, you'd hardly believe it, but he laughed out loud. He had the pleasantest kind of a laugh," faltered the negro, turning away.

"He did not suffer any at the last, did he?" inquired the priest.

"Bless your soul! no, sir," said Phillips. "He jest squeezed my hand kind of hard, and says he, closin' his eyes, 'Happy Easter, Phillips!' and he was gone. Yes, sir, he was gone!"

"God grant *him* a happy Easter!" said the priest.

There was an impressive military funeral at St. Malachy's Church Easter Monday. There is a new grave, marked by a cross, in the soldiers' corner of the little cemetery on the hill; three derelict Catholics of Company X, —th Cavalry U. S. troops, have returned to the performance of their religious duties; and on Sunday morning next Private James Wendell Phillips will receive his first Holy Communion and celebrate his first truly "Happy Easter." Private Breese has been dead a year.

Old-Time Odes on the Holy Rosary.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY ORBY SHIPLEY, M. A.

THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES OF THE ROSARY OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

I. — CONTAINING THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

SUBDUÈD sorrow glory now ensues;
 For from the Cross the Soul of Christ
 descending,
 Brings to expecting souls the cheerful news
 Of heaven's entrance, their detainments-
 ending.
 And to His Corpse His Ghost returned again,
 Triumphant raiseth It from closed tomb;
 Terror unto the actors of His pain,
 Whose hate and death and hell is over-
 come.
 And glory that His sorrows now had ceased
 Extinguished woe in His kind Mother's
 heart,
 And glory there and in all others placed,
 That of His anguish had sustained part.

II. — CONTAINING THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

When forty days the day had overpast
 Of that new life that Christ from death
 had taken,
 He did resolve His heaven's return at last,
 To leave the world that had Him first
 forsaken.

And having to His Mother now appeared,
 And also unto His Apostles true,
 Confirmed in faith, and in His glory cheered,
 On Olive Mount He bids them all adieu.
 And there lifts up Himself to sacred bliss,
 Th' unworthy world no more Him so
 retains,
 And all the glory that in heaven is
 To Him is yielded, and to Him remains.

III.—CONTAINING THE COMING DOWN OF
 THE HOLY GHOST.

Placed in His throne and glorious chair of
 state,

Our loving Lord, regardful of our weal,
 Would let no more than ten days run their
 date

Ere He His keeping promise would reveal.
 What time His Mother and disciples bent
 In secret-wise to invoke His name,
 Down unto them His Holy Ghost He sent,
 With glorious fire their hearts for to inflame,
 And to conjoin to His Church now begun
 That Spirit of Truth that ever must it
 guide,

In only truth, while shineth any sun,
 Maugre the worst, of daunted hellish pride.

IV. — CONTAINING THE ASSUMPTION OF
 OUR BLESSED LADY.

When hence to 'part the Virgin did obtain,
 The hierarchies their due attendance gave
 To bring her sinless soul to endless reign;
 While saints on earth brought her pure
 corpse to grave,
 Which therein laid, and found thence to be
 ta'en,

Makes piety to faith to recommend,
 That soon her soul to earth returned again,
 And took her corpse and did therewith
 ascend.

A due prerogative, and due alone
 Unto that body that had born a Child,
 As never did, nor ever shall do none;
 That never was with thought of sin defiled.

V.—CONTAINING THE CORONATION OF OUR
 BLESSED LADY.

Assumed so with soul and corpse combined,
 As 'glorious as at last the blest shall be,
 And placèd in her princely seat assigned,
 Like to her worthy self appearèd she.

And that Eternal Ever-Three in One
 There crownèd her the highest Heaven's
 Queen,
 Where angels yielded honor to her throne,
 As seemly might to her estate be seen.
 And she that erst replenished was with grace,
 Now placed where grace flows out in
 plenty's store,
 Where still she sees her Son's most gracious
 face,
 And sues for such as sue to her therefor.

A Hilltop with a History.

BY JULIA C. WALSH.

TO the traveller entering Cincinnati from the east, whether on the bosom of the flexuous Ohio or by one of the many railroads that run cityward at the base of her encircling hills, almost the first object that arrests the eye is the monument to Our Lady, erected by one of her most faithful servants in refutation of the voice of bigotry. Boldly perched on the very brow of the hill some five hundred feet above the river level, we see its severe contour sketched against a blue sky; or, arriving some clear, bright night, we see it silhouetting a purple, starry background, and crowning the twinkling lights of the hillside.

The situation of this church is truly unique. The pavement is fully fifty feet below, and is reached by a flight of wooden steps broken by some half dozen landings. Approaching the church from the top of the hill instead of from below—from the city,—one comes along a narrow street that runs beside its northern wall and ends abruptly at the area which fronts the church. Here, before entering, one pauses involuntarily, arrested by the beauty of the view. Down deep in the valley curves the river from the east and south, and loses itself northwestwardly amid the hills.

Following its windings, and climbing from its banks to these hilltops, the city welters in its smoke and soot,—a long-drawn-out letter S made up of streets and houses. True, we can not see the lower or westernmost curve from our present standpoint; but we know it is there by the reek that rolls above the crest of that intervening hill. And in the hollow of the upper curve and bordered by the glint of the river lies an arc of Kentucky soil and four of her towns, all bound to the larger city by bridges—five in number,—which at this distance look like cobwebby and wind-threatened structures; but they have well withstood the brunt of years.

Turning now from the prospect, and facing the church, we see a grey, rough-stone edifice, without buttresses and with a sharply pointed gable. A tower and spire rise from the southwest corner. The plain front of the building is broken by two doors: one opening into the tower, the other into the nave. On either side of the nave door is a lancet window, and above it a circular window; while over the tower door is a small quatrefoil, and in the tower itself four louver-windows. We enter by the nave door, and our eyes are flooded with the mellow light that streams through the rich lancets. The Presence in the sanctuary must give us pause; and as we become accustomed to the half gloom, we perceive that the walls are tinted in some warm, dark color; and that at intervals there are a few fine, life-sized statues on gilded brackets.

The main panel, and the largest of the group of seven, shows us the Immaculate Conception. At her feet kneel a Jesuit, a Franciscan, and a Dominican nun; while below these hovers an angel bearing a scroll inscribed in German text, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for the conversion of this country!" And this gives us the *motif* of the church, for the history of which we must go back half a century.

Early in the Forties the city of Cincin-

nati erected an astronomical observatory on this eminence; and the laying of the corner-stone by John Quincy Adams, ex-President of the United States—and after whom the locality is now called Mt. Adams,—was an event of moment in the city's history. The unwritten chronicles of that day state that in his address Mr. Adams declared that in raising this temple to Science on her high grounds, Cincinnati assured her future generations that the Cross should never triumph over the light of knowledge. But "God works in some mysterious way His wonders to fulfil," and the voice of prejudice was the seed of prayer. Archbishop Purcell secretly resolved, it is said, that the Cross of Christ *should* rise higher than the walls of bigotry; and accordingly, when opportunity presented itself some years later, he built, within a stone's-throw of the observatory, this church in the name of Her whom we delight to claim as our country's patroness. In 1872 the Passionist Fathers purchased the abandoned observatory, and have since occupied it as a monastery; filling its walls with the voice of prayer, and crowning its harsh, cold lines with the shining symbol which is the true light of knowledge.

Since its earliest days the ways leading to the Immaculata have been to the devout of Cincinnati a pilgrim's road; and on Good Friday and all feasts of the Blessed Virgin scores—nay, hundreds—of persons toil wearily up the difficult slopes to Mary's feet, and lay down their burdens there. Some begin the pilgrimage at the foot of the steps that lead up from the street to the narrow ledge before the church door. But there are others who, in closing the doors of their dwellings, close, for the time being, their hearts and eyes to all thoughts of earth, and walk in prayerful recollection from their distant homes to the foot of the cross.

On Good Friday last, as I stood with a friend where the iron railing defines the

limits of the church ground, and gazed down upon the mass of men, women and children thronging up from below, we were impressed with the warmth of Catholic devotion and the laudable absence of human respect in these bands of votaries whom we saw approaching from different points, and who paid no heed to curious onlookers. Eyes cast down intently, and eyes gazing fixedly upward toward their goal; lips that syllable a prayer, and lips that part in silent supplication; fingers that closely interweave, and fingers that slip the polished beads from hand to accustomed hand; the poor, the rich; the devout, the careless; the lowly, the leader; the rude, the gentle; the student, the master; the child, the elder,—all climbing hitherward, tarrying on each step to pray; slowly wending to the top, where they cast themselves at the foot of the huge mission cross that stands, exposed to wind and weather, just to the left of the door, and lifts its rugged strength and its *Rette deine Seele* in endless petition.

As we turn away, "Is it not edifying," I say, "to have witnessed such an act of faith?"—"And why not?" responds my companion. "I have made this pilgrimage some half dozen times in the course of my life, and"—solemnly, and with voice unconsciously hushed—"Mary Immaculate has refused me nothing that I have asked of her in this way."

And so we descend, repeating over and over: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for the conversion of this country!"

To arrange the things among which we have to live is to establish the relation of property and of use between them and us; it is to lay the foundation of those habits without which man tends to the savage state. What, in fact, is social organization but a series of habits, settled in accordance with the dispositions of our nature?—*Emile Souvestre.*

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XXVI.

A METHOD for knowing God: "So much the nearer doth a man approach to God as he withdraweth himself the farther from all earthy consolation,"—*i. e.*, from earthy comforts and satisfaction. Again: "So much the higher also doth he ascend to God as he descendeth lower into himself, and becometh the viler in his own estimation." Thus these two methods—indifference to outer things and indifference to oneself. This is an almost saintly perfection; but we should at least know of it, keep it in mind, and make attempts at it. With a happy variety of expression, À Kempis puts the same ideas in another shape, and gives his reasons: "When thou *lookest* toward creatures the *sight* of the Creator is withdrawn from thee. Learn for the sake of the Creator to overcome thyself in all things, and then shalt thou be able to attain divine knowledge."

He often warns us against a common form of piety which is popularly accepted as genuine. There is indeed sometimes a worldliness that is outside the world,—a spurious sort of piety that "will not stand." Pious exercises alone do not constitute piety. "A man's merits are not to be estimated by his having many visions or consolations, or by his knowledge of Scripture, or by his being placed in a more elevated station." Then he supplies the true tests. Let them see are they "grounded in true humility and replenished with divine charity; seeking always, purely and entirely, the honor of God; esteeming oneself to be nothing, and sincerely despising oneself; and being better pleased to be despised and humbled by others than to be honored by them." This is a high, very high, standard; but

surely it is better to *know*, at least, of such a standard than to go on in the other delusive fashion, taking vast trouble in the belief that we are doing great things.

For, as our author puts it in a nutshell, "all that is high is not holy; nor is every pleasant thing good, nor every desire pure, nor everything that is dear to us pleasing to God." Pietists should take note of this: that noble, exalted plans and thoughts are not necessarily "holy"; nor is mere unction and devotional feeling "good" in themselves; nor are all our aspirations, longings, etc., "pure." Above all (and here there is often the greatest delusion), not all our pious "hobbies"—set prayers, accumulated *Paters* and *Aves*, and offices, for which often real, important service is put aside,—so "pleasing to God" as we think them.

This latter is a crucial test of sincere religious feeling; and our author lays down as a true principle that "for piety's sake or for a brother's benefit" any "accustomed exercise" may be omitted, and resumed later. Punctilious pious persons are sometimes apt to forget that all "accustomed exercises" are acts of service to the Almighty, put into fixed form for convenience' sake. Our inferior service should give place to a more important one. As he says in another place: "For the benefit of one that is in need, a good work is sometimes freely to be left undone, or rather to be changed for what is better." "The outward work," he tells us, "profits nothing without this spirit; inasmuch as God regardeth out of how much love a man doth a work, rather than how much he doth."

There are many who think or act as if they believe that there is a sort of virtue in the forms of our morning and night prayers; whereas these are mere suggestions of topics to guide and lead the heart. The real prayer is in the genuine uplifting of the heart,—the genuine expression of gratitude for favors, etc.

XXVII.

One of the best specimens of our author's searching analysis of a particular "state" of mind—and these he puts forward in an interesting and almost dramatic way—is found in chapter 48 of Book III. He exhibits a soul full of ardor and eagerness to be spiritual; desiring to be "dissolved," and yet unaccountably exhibiting worldly weaknesses and failings. He takes us almost scientifically through all the stages. "O most happy mansion of the celestial city! O most bright day of eternity!—a day always joyful, always secure. O that this day would shine forth, and that all these temporal things would come to an end!... O when will there be an end to these evils? When shall I be without any impediment to true liberty, without any grievance of mind and body?" And so on. All which is pitched on a pretty high key, so as to bring out the contrast with the next passage. It is intended as a typical specimen of the fine, kindling inspiration which so many of the pious ones enjoy.

Odd to say, side by side with this lofty inspiration there are many earthy, downward tendencies. "I desire to cleave to heavenly things, but things temporal and my unmortified passions weigh me down. With my mind I wish to be above all things, but by the flesh I am forced against my will to be subject to them. Thus, unhappy man that I am, I fight with myself and am become burdensome to myself, whilst the spirit tendeth upward and the flesh downward. O what do I suffer interiorly, whilst with my mind I consider heavenly things, and presently a crowd of carnal thoughts interrupt me as I pray!"

"As I pray," he says; and certainly he does pray with effect, in a fine model of a prayer: "O my God, remove not Thyself far from me, and depart not in anger from Thy servant. Dart forth Thy light-

ning, and disperse them; shoot Thy arrows, and let all the phantoms of the enemy be put to flight. Cause my senses to be collected in Thee; make me forget all worldly things; grant me speedily to cast away and despise all worldly imaginations. Come to my aid, O Eternal Truth, that no vanity may move me. Come, Heavenly Sweetness, and let all impurity fly from before Thy face." Here is really a practical, "business-like" prayer, every word to the point.

This leads our ardent, aspiring devotee to search himself yet further, and he has "truly to confess that I am accustomed to be very much distracted. For many a time I am not there where I am bodily standing or sitting, but am there rather where my thoughts carry me; and there oftentimes are my thoughts where that which I love is. That thing most readily comes to my mind which naturally delighteth me. . . . Whatsoever things I love, of the same I love to speak and hear; and I carry home with me the image of such."

This impediment of distraction does not go to the root of the matter. The true explanation is thus furnished: "The fire often burneth, but the flame ascendeth not without smoke. And so the desires of some are on fire after heavenly things, and yet they are not free from the temptation of carnal affection." And how is this? "Because it is not altogether for God's honor that they wish what they so earnestly ask of Him. That is not pure and perfect which is alloyed with self-interest. Ask not that which is pleasant and convenient, but that which is acceptable to Me and for My honor. . . . What pleaseth others shall prosper; what is pleasing to thee shall not succeed. What others say shall be hearkened to; what thou sayest shall be reckoned as naught. Others shall ask, and shall receive; thou shalt ask, and not obtain. . . . To others this or that shall be committed; but thou shalt be

accounted as of no use. At this nature will sometimes repine, and it will be a great matter if thou bear it with silence."

There is the whole, clear programme. It comes to that battle with and "reconstruction" (as it might be called) of the soul. It will be seen, therefore, that if our author does not altogether favor mere "pious affections," he considers them useless without action and "doing." For this reason I can fancy that the Book is not so acceptable in emotional countries, such as Italy and France; and that it has had its best welcome in robust lands like England, America, and Germany. But devout sentiment and action have many sides and forms, and all work to the one end.

(To be continued.)

From a Business Point of View.

MR. HIRAM MAXIM, the master of aeronautics, who has almost achieved a flying machine, is a hard-headed man, and disposed to take facts as they are. He has a factory among the Basques in Spain, and one at Crayford in England. Entirely from the point of view of a man of business, he compares, in an interview published in a recent issue of the *New York Sun*, the morality of the two places: "I have never seen so high a grade of morality among any people as the Basques at Placencia. There is absolutely no dishonesty or immorality in the town. If any one should purchase a loaf of bread and not pay for it, it would be the talk of the town. The factory which we purchased was open, so that any one who liked might enter, for years before we bought it, and not a scrap of steel or brass was stolen. Had this factory been at Crayford or Erith, it would have been completely gutted the first night that it was left unlocked."

After some details of business, showing that the Basques have some sharp business ways, Mr. Maxim goes on to quote this bit of dialogue:

"On my return to England, I was waited upon by a lady who said she came to collect money for the Spanish mission. I told her I never had given a cent to missionaries, because I had always understood that, as a rule, they were the greatest humbugs under the sun. In fact, I believe that missionaries get us into a lot of trouble everywhere, and it would be a good thing if there were no such thing as a missionary in the world. However, I had just returned from Spain, and I must say I felt some interest in a Spanish mission. I felt that at last the time had come when I could conscientiously do something for a mission.

"She was very quick to whip out her book and pencil, and said:

"How much shall I put you down for?"

"That depends," I said. "How many Spanish missionaries do you propose to bring over, and will any of them be located at Crayford?"

"She hesitated for a moment, seemed to be very much amazed, and said:

"Oh, we do not propose to bring Spanish missionaries here! We are going to send English missionaries to Spain."

"I then told her of the high morality of the Spaniards, and added:

"Now, madam, you know what class of people we have at Crayford. Would it not be more in order to bring some Spanish priests out here to try and convert the barbarians that we have about us, than to send missionaries out there in order to induce a highly moral people to change from one kind of Christianity to another?"

"Oh," she said, "but I think you must admit that the Spaniards are priest-ridden!"

"Perhaps so," I replied; and asked her if she could tell me how much it would cost to get half a dozen Spanish priests to come to Crayford and Erith, as it might pay the company to employ some. She went away without the subscription."

LIVE for something. Life is a blank book, every page of which must bear something worthy of record, or a blot that can never be erased. Be mindful, then, what you trace upon its leaves; for it will tell in time and in eternity what has been the motive of that life given you by God. For if you have in the real sense lived at all, He who keeps a record of our deeds will mete your reward accordingly.

Notes and Remarks.

A few weeks ago two young Frenchmen went to Rome to submit to the Holy Father a plan they had conceived of organizing for the Paris Exhibition of 1900 a universal and international exposition of Christianity, representing the chief events in the history of the Church during the past nineteen centuries. Their names are M. Delaigue and the Abbé Crestey, vicar at Gentilly, both of whom were obscure men until their recent visit to the Eternal City. On returning to France they were received by Cardinal Richard and Cardinal Langenieux, who are both quite captivated with the thought, as were the Holy Father and the Roman Cardinals. At the present moment the subject is much commented upon in Catholic circles. No more luminous testimony could be given of the perpetuity of the faith than this marvellous religious manifestation in the city where, a century before, its complete overthrow was symbolized by the offering of incense to the Goddess of Reason, in the person of a shameless woman placed on the desecrated high altar of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

It appears that the Savannah "riot," which has been zealously reported as another instance of "Romish aggression" upon the right of free speech, can not be laid to the charge of Catholics at all. Mr. Samuel B. Adams, the city attorney of Savannah, has written to his church paper, the *Methodist Christian Advance*, a letter in which he says that in no just sense can the mob be called a "Romanist mob." He declares that the majority of those present at the disturbance were drawn by curiosity, and were not even nominal Catholics; and that many of the rioters had not entered any church for years. "The great bulk of our Catholic citizens, notwithstanding their very sore and trying provocation, were as heartily upon the side of law and order and of free speech as any of the Protestants. . . . The Catholics were naturally and properly very much exasperated, and it seems to me that all fair-minded people ought to have been indignant. The

number of those who proposed any forcible or unlawful prevention of the lecture was very small, and composed largely, if not entirely, of a class of young toughs, for whom no religious denomination could justly be held responsible."

This manly letter, while it reveals the fair-mindedness and honesty of Mr. Adams, places the Protestant body of Savannah in a bad light. Did not the ministers and journalists of that fair Southern city know these facts as well as Mr. Adams? Did they not know that torrents of abuse rained upon their Catholic fellow-citizens from every pulpit and paper in the land? Yet of all these men only one has raised his voice for the truth.

It is a hopeful sign that the spirit of moderate conservatism is again coming into honor. The anarchists of intellect no longer excite interest, and people are regaining the conviction that things are not necessarily good because they are new, nor bad because they are old. This conviction is strengthened by the example of those who, having wandered after strange gods, are compelled at last to return to the old path. The late Professor Romanes was such a one. He was a man of remarkable ability, and ranked among the greatest scientists of the day. Twenty years ago he proved to his own satisfaction that there was no God in heaven nor free-will on earth. His conviction lasted just as long as his health; and the editor of his latest book states, in a kindly criticism, that he "returned, before his death, to that full, deliberate communion with the Church of Jesus Christ which he had for so many years been conscientiously compelled to forego."

The custom of making an offering to the church on occasion of joyous celebrations, or as an expression of gratitude to God for some favor received or calamity averted, is a highly commendable one, and we are gratified to notice that it is becoming more general among American Catholics. We could wish, however, that the generosity of pious people were always well ordered. Priests in large cities are often embarrassed to find

space in their churches for gifts of superfluous statues, memorial windows, etc., the cost of which, in many instances, would go far toward the erection of a church in some foreign mission. Alas! how few realize the needs of our missionaries in pagan lands! There is no missionary field in the wide world more promising than India; and there is no country where money is more needed, or will go farther.

We have been reading a touching letter from a Bishop in India, who at the time of writing had just returned from a visit to a native prince, living in a town of 10,000 inhabitants, not one of whom is a Christian. The prince had heard of the good effected in other parts of the country by Catholic missionaries, and urged the Bishop to send him a priest and some Sisters; promising to protect the mission, and that his own wife should be its first pupil. Alas and alas! At present there is no priest to send; and if there were, the Bishop has no funds to erect a church. The district covers 6,000 square miles, and has a teeming population, but there is not even a chapel in the whole territory. The people were wild with excitement to see a priest of the Catholic religion, and crowds flocked to witness the celebration of Mass by the Bishop and his reverend companion. Never before, it is supposed, had the Adorable Sacrifice been offered in that region. Among the awed spectators was the local high-priest of the Hindoos.

Think of it, dear reader, the money you spend in one year for cigars and other necessaries, or that you expend upon such comforts as theatre tickets and Easter bonnets, would build a church for those poor pagans sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, whose souls cry out to you from this page!

In a notice of a recent work by the Protestant Episcopal bishop of Vermont, on "The Virgin Mother," we took exception to the expression "the vulgar idea of Transubstantiation," observing that these were the only offensive words we had met with in an otherwise reverent and well-written volume. We are happy to state that the expression was not intended as it was understood by us.

The bishop writes: "By 'the vulgar idea of Transubstantiation' I meant the *popular* as distinct from the theological conception of the word. To have used the word 'vulgar' of the doctrine as defined and held by Roman Catholic divines would certainly have been 'offensive.'"

It is a sincere pleasure to us to allow the bishop to set himself right with our readers, who will be edified to read what Dr. Hall says in concluding his very gracious letter: "When misconceptions are so common, and so fruitful a cause of separation and bitterness, I should be sorry to be supposed to have used an offensive term in dealing with a subject about which the greatest reverence should be shown."

It is refreshing to find *The Arrow*, a wide-awake journal published by the Anglicans in New York, rebuking the organs of sectarian bodies for their misrepresentation of Catholic countries. Referring to statements made by Mr. James Britten, secretary of the Catholic Truth Society of London, *The Arrow* asks: "Why does not the *Brazilian Echo*, the organ of the American Church Missionary Society, print a few such facts as these? Is it afraid of them?"

Mr. Britten writes as follows:

"I beg to state (1.) that I have now before me extracts from the letters of eighteen South American and eight Mexican bishops and archbishops, approving of Father Vaughan's work in distributing the Sacred Scriptures; (2.) that I have similar extracts from twenty South American, fourteen Mexican, and three Cuban papers to the same effect; (3.) that the first edition consisted of 100,000 copies, nearly all of which were circulated *gratis*; (4.) that a second edition is now being printed, to meet the demands of South American archbishops and bishops; (5.) that an order for 4,000 copies of this edition has just been received from Spain."

One of the greatest charities in London is the Night Refuge for the Homeless Poor on the borders of Whitechapel, "to rival which," remarks a London journal, "the Salvation Army has nothing yet to show." It was founded by the late Monsignor Gilbert, and is placed under the patronage of our Blessed Mother and St. Benedict Joseph Labre. No salaries are received by any who have charge

of the Refuge, and there is no distinction of creed,—Protestants and Catholics are alike admitted. Adelaide Procter, who was received into the Church by Monsignor Gilbert, published her "Chaplet of Verses" for the benefit of this Refuge. In a beautiful introduction to this collection of her poems she writes: "May the Mother who wandered homeless through inhospitable Bethlehem, and the Saint who was a beggar and an out-cast upon the face of the earth, watch over this Refuge for the poor and desolate, and obtain from the charity of the faithful the aid which it so sorely needs!"

How many men constantly referred to as well known are but little known even in their own country! A correspondent of *The Athenæum* tells a story of Carlyle which was probably as great and pleasant a surprise to its readers in England as to us. When the Sage of Chelsea was about six years of age, being left alone in the house one winter's day, an old man came to the door to ask for something to eat. There was not any food in the house; but the boy bade the man wait while he dragged a form in front of the dresser, so that he might get his "penny-pig" off the shelf. This he broke, and gave the old man all the money in it. In relating this incident of his childhood to the Rev. Mr. Blunt, rector of Chelsea, Carlyle remarked: "I never knew before what the joy of heaven was like." A knowledge of his inner life might cause many persons to change their estimate of Carlyle's character.

The current of grace often flows through mysterious channels. We have heard of one person who, lying ill, was converted by the patter of early footsteps as people hurried to attend the exercises of a mission; and the story of the man who was converted by carving a beautiful crucifix is familiar to all. Another remarkable conversion, that of M. Samuel, Director of the Royal Musical Conservatory of Ghent, has now to be added to this category. M. Samuel, who has heretofore professed the Jewish faith, has been led into the Church by the composition of his much-heralded oratorio "Christus." His wife was baptized with him.

A Beautiful Book.*

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI is one of the most striking figures in the calendar of saints. Time and again since the thirteenth century has he tempted the brush of the artist and the pen of the poet and biographer; but, it must be confessed, St. Francis has been obliged to await a real historian until our own time. Such a one he has found in the Abbé Le Monnier, curé of the parish of St. Ferdinand in Paris.

Dowered with a keen and well-balanced mind, a highly cultivated taste for all things intellectual, unbounded capacity for work, and surrounded by a wide circle of distinguished friends, the Abbé Le Monnier has been able to follow, step by step, and in the most unerring manner, the intellectual movement of the century. Possessing even a greater knowledge of mysticism than of philosophy; imbued with an ardent love of God and everything which concerns His Church; of simple and unaffected piety, while at the same time a man of profound and varied learning, it was inevitable that the Abbé Le Monnier should be attracted toward St. Francis of Assisi. He had indeed at heart the desire to bring out into bold relief the virtues of this great Saint in such wise as to edify his readers; but he had it likewise at heart to perform the work of an honest and conscientious historian, and in such a manner as to command the respectful attention of critics of all classes.

Thoroughly acquainted with the labors of contemporary historians, with the fruits of their patient research among primitive sources of information; rigorously discarding all that is not authentic; sagacious in estimating the value of documents; scrupulously honest in citations, he was not satisfied to re-edit their work under a new form. After having studied with the most serious attention all the pre-existing lives of St. Francis, as well as the special works which referred to him, he determined to go to the original sources of information and to examine them for

himself. While thus engaged he made many veritable discoveries, and his work has therefore the additional merit of originality.

But it is not only in this respect that it is new. If, on the one hand, he suppresses certain legends which have no historical foundation, if he adduces others, without, however, guaranteeing their authenticity; on the other hand, he puts in an entirely new light the religious and social influence of St. Francis on the time in which he lived. The result is a new aureola for the Saint; and his life is seen to be not only that of a simple and pious religious in a convent, and in the bosom of a community which daily grew apace, but it is also a life which powerfully affected the dominating ideas of his epoch, and which contributed not a little toward the destruction of feudalism and the enfranchisement of the people. His great strength lay in his spirit of detachment, which is well described in the following passage:

"He hated what may be called artificial riches—namely, money. The nature of money is to accumulate insensibly; and then, suddenly bursting forth into opulence, it becomes a means of deterioration to the character. For this reason Francis feared it as much as he did the devil; and, in fact, it seemed as though he thought the devil was in it. They [his spiritual children] must not have any, even by proxy; no one might even touch it; it was to be trodden under foot;—such was the law he made. More than one temptation on this subject came to the brethren, and sometimes the temptation was very insidious. At the beginning of the Order, a layman, who had been at his devotions in S. Mary of the Portiuncula, left a sum of money at the foot of the crucifix. A brother who came there after him saw the money and threw it on the window, either in disdain, or with a remnant of esteem for a thing the value of which he understood, or it might have been for both these reasons. But he had touched the coins in spite of the prohibition, and Francis took his act very ill. He sent for him and lectured him in presence of all the brothers; then ordered him, for penance, to take the money between his lips and carry it out of the monastery and throw it on the first dung that he came to on the road. Francis made an example of the poor brother. Like most founders, he took the opportunity of giving prominence in a notable manner to a rule that he considered essential. The singularity of the lesson was calculated to impress it on their minds; they would know that for the future money was to be looked upon as dung. Once indeed, at a later period, Francis permitted an exception to this absolute rule. His heart was wounded at the sight of the sick brethren. In the second of his Rules he wrote that in a case of

* "History of S. Francis of Assisi." By the Abbé Léon Le Monnier. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

necessity they might receive a little money for their relief. But he soon repented of his indulgence, and went back to his first severity in the definite rule; dying with the conviction that it was essential to close up every passage by which the most redoubtable enemy of the Order might gain an entrance."

It is probable that in no other life has the admirable nature of the man and the saint been so well portrayed as in this latest biography of St. Francis. For have we, not reason to reproach the greater part of our hagiographers with exhibiting the saint and neglecting the man? Is this not indeed one of the reasons why people of the world take scarcely any interest in lives in which they recognize so little of what they know of human nature and of what they see around them?

The saint does not annihilate the man, no more than grace annihilates nature, no more than faith annihilates reason. A saint is naught else than a man whom grace attracts heavenward, who corresponds perfectly with this grace, and whose human qualities have been supernaturalized. "I expected to find an author," said Pascal, "and I was delighted beyond measure to find a man." We, too, may say: "We expected to find a saint, and we were greatly delighted to find a man also." Here is the portrait of St. Francis as limned by the Abbé Le Monnier:

"We can easily imagine him as he appeared to his contemporaries—young, active, full of eager emotions and capabilities of enjoyment; ardent and enterprising, and at the same time gracious and gentle in his manners, refined and agreeable toward all men. His was a plastic nature, full of resources and contrasts, that men loved as soon as they knew. It enabled him through all his different phases to retain the faculty of attracting hearts to himself. His body was not less endowed than his soul. He was of middle height and of rather small make; want of strength in his appearance was compensated by his air of refinement. His face was oval, with a smooth brow, dark eyes, a well-proportioned nose, and a beautiful mouth. His skin was white and delicate, his hair chestnut, his beard black and scanty. We have already mentioned his melodious voice. Historians add that his speech was agreeable, clear and animated."

The ecstasies and mortifications of St. Francis, the vivacity of his youth, his sweet and poetic imagination, his broad mind instinctively open to all questions, his clear and ready perception, his practical good sense, his loving heart, his joyousness, are

all admirably depicted. We are not astonished that the grace of God should have effected such marvels of sanctity on a foundation which was naturally so rich. His soul was one of the most perfectly balanced that earth has ever known.

We must not, therefore, be surprised that a book so well conceived and so conscientiously executed should have led to a revival of interest in St. Francis. A Protestant lady of Paris, well known in the literary world, after reading the work, wished to examine for herself the original sources of the history. She visited the magnificent country of Assisi, and, after personal researches, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a series of articles which attracted universal attention. And it was shortly after this that the Protestant Sabatier took occasion of the new current of opinion to give to the world his history of St. Francis of Assisi. He, too, felt the fascination of the Saint; but he essays strange theses when he pretends to prove that this father of the Franciscan family, this humble yet active servant of the Catholic Church and of the Papacy, was nothing more than a Protestant by anticipation. It requires indeed a surprising amount of prejudice and a singular faculty for perverting the facts of history to arrive at such a conclusion.

We have long desired that the work of Abbé Le Monnier, who was the first effectually to rivet the attention of all on this great Saint, should be known and circulated as widely as possible. His history has been honored by a flattering brief from Pope Leo XIII., and has already reached its fifth edition in France.

The English translation, which has been prepared by "a Franciscan Tertiary," has just appeared in London, and, in spite of a few slips and inaccuracies, is worthy of the original. It can not fail to have in America a success fully as remarkable as it has had in the Old World. It furnishes for all—priests, religious communities, and families both Catholic and Protestant—matter for reading which is not only highly edifying, but deeply interesting also. We could wish that the lives of all the saints were written with the same intelligence, and the same good taste as this admirable biography of St. Francis.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Alleluia!

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

SHINE, shine, happy skies!
Break into gold in the east,
Smile o'er the Heavenly Feast
Where waits the Guest Divine.

Sing, sing, happy birds!
Fill the wide world with song,
Joining the gladsome throng
To welcome the ransomed King.

Bloom, bloom, happy flowers!
Burst into fragrant breath;
For Christ has conquered death,
The Saviour has opened the tomb.

Come away, come away, happy hearts,
While morn is smiling fair,—
The joy of the Lord to share
In the triumph of Easter Day!

An Easter Lily.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IHAVE watered this here plant ever since we left the Missouri River," Jim Peters said, impatiently. "I have lugged it to a warm place and then to a cold place, for fear it would freeze or dry up. It's been more trouble than a parrot or a cage of white mice, and now she's gone off and forgot it!"

"She" was the wife of an army officer, going to rejoin her husband at his post in

Arizona. Jim was porter of the sleeper "Montague," of the limited Rocky Mountain Express. The plant had a long stem, slender leaves, and a crown of greenish buds. It had been intended as a reminder of home in a far-away land, having been warranted by the florist to blossom at Easter. But the capacity of the conveyance which met the captain's wife was limited; and, in her anxiety that there should be abundant room for more useful things, the lily was left behind.

Jim's first impulse was to throw it out of the window. His second was a happier one.

"I'll give it to the kid at Chaparral!" he exclaimed, bringing his dark hand down on his knee with an emphatic slap. "It'll please her more than a wax doll."

The "kid at Chaparral" was waiting for the train as it slowed into the limits of the town, which consisted of two buildings,—one of which was occupied by the family of the station agent; the other was a telegraph office, freight-house, and general headquarters of that official. The "kid" was his daughter May, ten years old. Her mother had been homesick for twelve years, and was growing blind. The father was a disappointed man, with a surly temper. Altogether, May had not had what you would call a pleasant childhood. The animals she knew were the fierce wolves and the sneaking coyotes of the desert; the birds were mostly birds of prey. As to flowers—she knew the cactus, and many times Jim Peters had tossed her faded bouquets from the platform of the "Montague." But she did not often have water with which to preserve the little

beauty that the long, hot ride had spared. It had not rained in Chaparral for four years.

But, as I said, the "kid," otherwise May, waited for the West-bound train as usual. Jim stood on the steps of his car, ready to jump. He held the plant in his arms.

"Here!" he said. "It's an Easter lily; you may have it. A woman left it."

May almost forgot to thank him.

"An Eastern lily," she stammered,—for so she had understood the words.

"I reckon it'll bloom in about a week," shouted Jim, as the train moved off.

"An Eastern lily!" Then it was from that mysterious East of which her mother sometimes spoke, when her father could not hear. She would keep it until those buds grew and unfolded, and then surprise her. She carried it to her own little room, and waited.

Holy Week passed, though May did not know it. Her mother had been trying to forget her religion for a dozen years, and had never spoken of it to her little child. After May learned to read, she had seen allusions to God and His Church, and Sunday and Easter, in the papers that sometimes wrapped the packages of provisions. But she had to study out their meaning for herself. Her mother was blind in more ways than one. From the time she ran away and married wild George Mitchell, she had tried to put all thoughts of Almighty God out of her heart. But the lily had come to make her remember.

It was Sunday. May knew that, because Jim always wore a rose in his button-hole on Sunday morning. There was no difference in Chaparral. Her father was a little more cross, her mother a little more sad. That was all.

"Tell me again how the spring used to come in the East, mother," said the child, after she had made the house tidy and given the lily a drink. It was opening now.

"First the rains would come," said Mrs. Mitchell; "and then the grass would get

green, and the leaves would burst out on the trees. They would be light colored at first, then grow darker. There was a little brook back of the house with pebbles in it, and the branches of the trees met over it."

"And the flowers, mother?" said May, who was leading up to the grand surprise.

"The dandelions came first, like stars in the grass; then the spring beauties."

"And lilies, mother?"

"The lilies had been safe in the house all winter; and we tried to have them blossom at Easter, so we might put them in the church."

The lily hidden in May's little room had begun its work, and the silence of a dozen years was broken.

May went to her bedroom door and opened it, and the lily's fragrance stole out to the woman so nearly blind, who was beginning to remember.

"May," she said, trembling, "it seems to me that I smell a lily now!"

"You do, mother,—you do! Jim Peters gave me one, and it blossomed to-day. He said it was an Eastern lily."

The truth flashed into the heart of the exile. It was an "Easter" lily, not an "Eastern"; and God had sent it to her by the poor black hands of Jim Peters. And for twelve years she had forgotten Him—or, rather, she had *tried* to; she had not succeeded though.

You who have mothers that have not been trying to forget can not easily understand how little May Mitchell drank in the story of the Cross, which she had never heard before; and with what amazement she listened to the prayer for forgiveness which came from the lips of the poor woman, so nearly blind, so wholly repentant,—her own dear mother. And beside them was the lily, a floral messenger from God; and it was Easter Sunday!

The first letter that May had ever written went East on the overland train the next morning. It was but a rough scrawl, but love can do wonders; and a

dear old grandmother in New England deciphered it in spite of her tears, and answered it within an hour.

May's grandfather was dead, she wrote, and had left his forgiveness and blessing for his daughter; and the farm was hers, and her mother's love was waiting for her, and she must come home.

And so, after a new station agent was found for Chaparral, they left Arizona forever behind, and went East in Jim Peters' own car. The grandmother had written that, on account of her daughter's infirmity, they must be as comfortable as possible, and sent them money and orders to travel like gentlefolk.

"It was the lily that did it all," said May to Jim Peters. "God sent us the lily by you."

And poor Jim, who had never heard very much about God, felt like another man, and as if his soul was white, although his skin was black. God must surely be very good, he thought, to do so much for the little kid at Chaparral.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XI.—A SURPRISE.

When Mr. Dillon had departed, Father Mirard took the boys to his church; Mrs. Grigg leaving, to attend to her duties.

"Of course you have *cong * to-day," Father Mirard said. "You will not be expected to begin your classes until to-morrow."

"*Cong *?" whispered Bob Bently. "What is *cong *?"

"Oh, recreation!" said Jack. "I knew a fellow from a French school, and he always talked of *cong *. Well, that is so much gained, anyhow. The worst can't happen till to-morrow."

Father Mirard told stories as they went

along the path, bordered with high clover stalks just a little rusted by the hot autumn sun,—stories of adventures that made them forget that they were in a strange place and touched with homesickness. They reached the church, which was so bright and cheerful that the boys—even Baby, who was constantly engaged in thinking of himself,—felt their hearts lifted up.

They admired the lovely pictures of St. Francis and St. Anthony of Padua over the side altars; and Jack, though he was almost dazzled by the brightness of the interior of the church, said that "it was almost as full of prayer as old St. Joseph's."

This pleased Father Mirard and amazed Bob Bently, who had not considered Jack as a pious boy.

When they had said their prayers, and admired the Stations and the ceiling and the carving of the organ, they went out on the lawn and looked at Father Mirard's flower-beds.

They were all delighted with the priest. He was dignified, yet perfectly simple. He seemed never to think of himself—which is, after all, the root of good manners,—and he listened to the boys "as if," as Faky Dillon said, "we knew as much as he did."

In a short time it seemed as if they had known him all their lives. He led them into his house. The parlor seemed very bare to Jack, accustomed to the solemn "saloon parlors" of his neighborhood at home, with tidies and gilded frames and ornaments in abundance. In fact, there was nothing in Father Mirard's parlor but chairs, a table on which rested a big volume of the "Lives of the Saints," and a beautiful picture of the Annunciation over the chimney-piece.

Father Mirard's face glowed as he pointed to this picture.

"Is it not a treasure? It is a copy from Guido Reni."

"It is very nice," said Faky. "Is it a chromo or a real engraving?" And he

looked at the picture very critically. As a poet, he felt it his duty to have opinions on art.

Jack blushed for him.

"Of course it is an oil picture," he said, hastily; "and hand-painted too. Father Mirard wouldn't have a chromo in his house. Why, they give away chromos with tea and newspapers and things."

"I have seen beautiful chromos," said Faky, "with watermelons in them greener and redder than anything *you* ever saw in real life, Jack Chumleigh. And have you ever seen our engravings? They're in the front parlor,—'Mercy's Dream' and 'Washington Crossing the Delaware.' Of course Father Mirard's picture is very good, but you can't pass it off on me as an engraving. You ought to see our pictures, Father Mirard! They're boss!"

Father Mirard smiled; but he looked out the window, so that the boys did not see him.

Jack still blushed as Faky went on.

"I've read in a book about Guido Reni and Raphael and the other painters," he said; "and I'd like to be a great artist myself. I think those little angels above the head of the Blessed Virgin are the most beautiful things I have ever seen."

"It would look better if you had the lower part of it repainted," said Bob Bently. "It might do, if you freshened it up a little."

The priest shook his head and smiled.

"I am afraid you know more about baseball and stamp collecting than about pictures, my little lads. When Professor Grigg has lectures on art, I hope you'll be sure to be present."

"Stamps!" exclaimed Faky. "Have you any stamps? I've lots of duplicates, if you want to trade. I'd give three Columbians and a Turkish for a Mauritius."

"I'll look among my effects some day," said Father Mirard, much amused by the boy's earnestness. "If you are very good, and give satisfaction to Professor Grigg, I

will let you look through my letters yourself. I rather think that I have some letters from the Isle of France, but they're very old."

"The older the better," said Faky. He seized Father Mirard's arm, and poured forth a flood of information about stamps that amazed the amiable priest. "I've a set of Columbians, unused, I'd sell for three fifty," he said. "They go up only to ten cents, but in a few years they'll be worth their weight in gold. They're quoting them high in London now."

"I am much more interested in gathering stamps to help the missionaries," said Father Mirard. Then he turned to Jack. "What is your hobby, my child?"

"Ancient History," interposed Thomas Jefferson, with a giggle, before Jack could answer.

"It is well," said Father Mirard, not noticing Jack's face. "I like boys to be interested in *something*. The listless, careless boy is worthless."

"If I could find a Mauritius of the one and two pence, first issue, I'd be a made boy!" cried Faky, with sparkling eyes.

"Oh, I'm tired of his talking about stamps!" said Baby Maguire, with a yawn. "I wish it was dinner-time!"

"I wish there was somebody we knew among all those fellows up at the school," put in Bob. "We'll just have to stick together and hold our own,—that's all."

The feeling of homesickness struck them all again; and Jack's heart felt like lead as he remembered the episode of the sleeping-car and Mrs. Grigg's letter from the Professor.

Father Mirard walked back with them through the clover path. Jack hoped that he would have let them go back without him. Homesickness and the fear of Mr. Grigg's return had filled him with the desire to run away, and he wanted to talk the matter over with the other boys. He said to himself that if he could once get home and tell how he felt, he was

sure his father and mother would let him stay at home. Life would be intolerable in this strange place.

"If we only knew somebody!" he said,—*"if we only knew somebody!"*

At the entrance of the campus, which was now deserted, Father Mirard bade the boys good-bye.

"I shall see you in the Christian Doctrine class to-morrow," he said. "Keep up your spirits, and be good boys."

"I like him," said Faky; "though he seems to think a great deal about that old picture, and he doesn't know much about stamps. The French boys must be strange. Think of his being surprised because he saw a boy with a black eye! Do you remember Miley Galligan, Susan's cousin? He had three back teeth knocked out and a big dent in his head. *He* could play,—he could!"

Jack sighed. The mention of Miley brought back to him the big, warm kitchen, and all the homely sights and sounds he liked.

"If Miley or somebody we knew were only here!" he said. "I can't stand it,—that's all; and Professor Grigg's coming after us with a sharp stick, too!"

"We'll *have* to stand it," replied Bob. "We must have an education, and the best thing we can do is to get it over as soon as possible. There is no use in worrying, Jack. Nobody could be queerer than Miss McBride, and we can't be worse off than we were last winter."

"I'll run away!" said Jack, firmly.

Bob stood still, and the other boys halted too on hearing this bold language.

"Oh, don't talk so silly, Jack!" Bob answered; "and before Thomas Jefferson and Faky, too. I've learned a good many lessons since I was a kid like Baby there, and I know that there is no use in running away from trouble. I'm not a religious boy, Jack; but I want to be, because it helps you to bear things. Little Guy showed me that. I really want to be good

like him, Jack; and you—Faky Dillon, if you look as if you were going to laugh, I'll smash your jaw!" he added, suddenly.

Faky, who sometimes assumed a peculiar squint, only intended to be funny; but he became grave at once.

"I don't want to be goody-goody, but I want to be good; and I can't be good and run away, and you can't either. If we're Christians"—Bob flushed and looked straight at Faky, whose face did not change,—*"we've got to bear all this education and that sort of thing without going against our parents,—that's all. I've said my say."*

"Well, but I can't stand it! I'd rather be a poor boy in the streets than be what I am. *He's* let alone sometimes. But with me, it has always been, 'Jack, did you clean your teeth this morning?'—'Jack, you don't know your arithmetic.'—'Jack, why don't you wear your gloves? Don't you know you're going to church this morning?'—And I'm sure it will begin all over again. And this Professor Grigg is down on us, too."

Bob stood still, whistling, and cutting at the long clover heads with a stick he had picked up.

"I've been thinking of that," he said. "Now, if we go straight to Professor Grigg, and explain to him how the pies got into his buuk, he isn't much of a man if he doesn't laugh over it with us. And then he'll wipe off the slate."

"I saw him," said Faky, disconsolately. "He's the kind of man that never laughs. Now, you can see by the twinkle in Father Mirard's eye that he would laugh at one of our jokes if you explained it to him, and he'd wipe off the slate. But Professor Grigg is different.

"*You* didn't see him to speak to," said Baby Maguire, with an air of importance.

"I saw his legs sticking out of the berth," said Faky, indignantly, "and his shoes out on the floor. I tell you he didn't have the kind of legs that take a joke,

and his shoes were just as solemn,—*I know!*"

Faky had a great reputation as a reader of character. Silence followed.

"We shall not run away,—that's certain," said Bob Bently. "Jack, you be a man. You're always afraid of things that never happen."

Jack sighed. In spite of the sunshine and the scent of dried clover, and the red-cheeked apples visible through the leaves of the orchard, the world seemed gloomy.

Just as the boys reached the larger campus a number of boys in loose grey jackets marched from one of the side doors. A young man, who seemed to be in command of this squad, called out:

"Disperse!"

The boys broke ranks at once and scattered over the play-ground. Some of them rushed to the tennis-courts, others took possession of the diamond, and others began to kick footballs in the smaller campus behind the box-wood hedge.

The newcomers ranged themselves in a row, and looked at these operations with critical eyes.

"These fellows are not up to much," remarked Thomas Jefferson. "Look at that little one trying to pitch. He can't throw a ball."

"Oh, my!" said Faky, contemptuously. "Well, *did* you ever! There's a youngster that kicks somebody's shin every time he aims at the football!"

"That's the new way," replied Thomas Jefferson, with an air of superior knowledge. "You try to skin a man whenever you can. That's in the new Rugby tactics."

"Look at the little fellow!—look at the little fellow!" screamed Faky, suddenly. "Go it, shrimp! Go it, spider! You're all right! Go-o-o-o-o it! You're all right! It's a foul,—I say it's a foul!"

The little fellow, with a cropped head on which a big scar was visible, rushed up to where the boys were standing, and struck the earth heavily. But he was on

his feet in an instant, holding the ball triumphantly. He caught sight of the boys and scowled.

"You call me spider again!—you call me shrimp!" he began. But his tone suddenly changed. "Why, don't you know me?" he said, cordially. "Didn't you get my watermelon? Well, you *are* peaches! Don't you know me? I'm Miley Galligan."

(To be continued.)

A Capital Journey.

King Silo, one of those great sovereigns who kept alive the flame of Spanish patriotism during the Moorish domination in the Iberian Peninsula, built the beautiful Church of San Salvador in his capital, Oviedo; and composed for his tomb therein the following curious inscription. If you start from the central letter S, no matter in what direction you proceed, providing that you turn at a right angle, you will always march through these letters: SILO PRINCEPS FECIT. "King Silo erected [this church]." The journey may be made in two hundred and seventy different directions, and the result will be the same:

T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T
 I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
 C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
 E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
 F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
 S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
 P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
 E C N I R P O L I **S** I L O P R I N C E
 P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
 S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
 F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
 E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
 C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
 I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
 T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

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In Paschal-Tide.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

GAIN we hear the blue-bird's song
 Our April woods along;
 And thy white blossoms, wilding plum,
 Again have come,—
 They touch my window pane,
 A smile to gain;
 A smile in which a tear
 Gleams, like a dewdrop clear.

To Paschal joys a pathos clings
 As unto tenderest mortal things;
 Born, nursed in pain;
 Ah! who Love's anguish would forget,
 Since, like five jacinths set
 In glory, His Five Wounds remain
 Who for our sin was slain?

—◆◆—
 "What is it to Me and to Thee?"

IN a recent issue of *La Correspondance Catholique*, Mr. E. Duplessy has an interesting paper on that much-controverted text in the second chapter of St. John. The text forms a portion of the narrative of our Divine Lord's first miracle wrought at the marriage-feast of Cana in Galilee. The Blessed Virgin having noticed that the host's supply of wine

had become exhausted, called her Son's attention to the circumstance; whereupon Jesus said to her (in the rendering of the Latin Vulgate): "*Quid mihi et tibi est, mulier?*"—a phrase which is translated in the Douay Bible: "Woman, what is it to me and to thee?"

Mr. Duplessy complains that the French rendering of the phrase, *Femme, qu'y a-t-il de commun entre vous et moi?* ("Woman, what is there in common between me and thee?") is calculated to shock the faithful. They are surprised at the words thus attributed to the God-Man; surprised in the first place that Jesus should call His Mother by the name *femme* (woman); and, secondly, that He should address to her a question so liable to wound her feelings as, "What is there in common between me and thee?"

True, continues Mr. Duplessy, Catholic authors have provided in different ways against the danger of the faithful's becoming scandalized. Some, accepting this translation (De Sacy's) as the words of the Gospel, scrupulously preserve it; but, in learned notes, they warn their readers against any disrespectful interpretation. One inconvenience incidental to this method is that the faithful often read the text, or hear it read, without any note or comment whatever.

Other writers have done something further. They have endeavored to render the Vulgate's phrase in a manner more con-

formable to the Greek text, to the thought of our Saviour, and to what we naturally expect from the Model of sons speaking to His Mother. Attempts in this direction have not been wanting; some of them are too daring, others not bold enough. One translator, preoccupied above all with the text, respects its letter without sufficient fear, it would seem, of falsifying its spirit; another sacrifices the text of the author for the sake of edifying the reader. Between these two excesses Mr. Duplessy sets himself the task of discovering a golden mean, a version respectful in form, accordant with our Saviour's thought, and incapable of astonishing the faithful.

On the first portion of the article in *La Correspondance*—treating as it does of the various shades of meaning possessed by the term *femme*, and of the other French words by which the Vulgate's *mulier* would be better rendered,—we need not long detain the reader. Suffice it to note that, in default of a French word which is the exact equivalent of the Greek *γυνή*, or the Latin *mulier*, Mr. Duplessy seeks one that best renders its physiognomy,—the word which Jesus would employ to-day were He speaking to Mary in French; and He concludes that such a word is *Mère* (Mother).

As to the phrase, "What is there in common between me and thee?" our author asserts that those who use this formula have on their side neither the literal "word for word," nor the context, nor the narrative as a whole, nor even verisimilitude. As a matter of fact, this rendering of *Quid mihi et tibi est?* due in the first instance to De Sacy, and adopted with a purely formal modification by De Ligny, has been very generally abandoned by French writers of this century.

After citing several of the renderings substituted for the obnoxious one given above, such as phrases like "What is there between thee and me?" "What does it

matter to thee and to me?" "How does that concern us?" "It is not for us to see to it," etc., Mr. Duplessy goes on: "In looking through the Bible, however, we find in more than ten different places this locution, ever the same in Hebrew and Greek, and always translated in the Vulgate by *Quid mihi et tibi est?* From a comparison of these different passages, it is clear that the locution in question is a proverbial Hebrew and Greek idiom which the Vulgate has rendered literally; and several consequences follow for the translator."

The first of these is that, to translate exactly, he should have recourse to the original text, and not restrict himself to the Latin version. Idiomatic phrases can not generally be translated by a literal rendering of the words which compose them; and hence to arrive at a true version, the Latin of the Vulgate should be controlled by the Greek of which it is the translation.

Another consequence: The rendering adopted should be applicable, not only to the text of St. John, but to all other texts in which the same idiom is found. It becomes necessary, therefore, to compare all the passages of the Bible in which *Quid mihi et tibi* appears, in order to understand its real meaning, and deduce therefrom a version universally apt.

Following this method, Mr. Duplessy discovers that none of the versions above cited is admissible. Each, it is true, will apply well enough to two or three passages, but not one of them is everywhere applicable; and there are passages in which the use of any of these translations would make the sacred author declare the direct opposite of his thought.

The Hebrew formula, *mah-li-válak*, in Greek, *Ti êmoi xai σοι*, always indicates a certain divergence of views, and a sort of complaint expressed in connection therewith, whether the speaker adopts the views of his interlocutor or absolutely

refuses to do so. It follows that the phrase was employed in speaking to acquaintances as well as to strangers, to friends as well as to the importunate, or even to enemies; the tone and inflection of the voice made all the difference in its signification.

The problem accordingly becomes this: to find in the vernacular an analogous phrase which is applicable in all these cases. Mr. Duplessy is of the opinion that such a phrase exists in French. It is: *Que me voulez-vous?* or *Que voulez-vous de moi?* The English idiomatic rendering of which would perhaps be, "What would you have of me?" or, "What would you have me do?" Like the French locution, the English one is capable of yielding various shades of meaning from the different tones and inflections of the voice in enunciating it.

The latter part of the article in *La Correspondance* consists of the reproduction of ten passages from the Bible, other than that from St. John, in which the idiom is found; and in applying to each the corresponding vernacular locution. While the English phrase which we have offered as an equivalent for Mr. Duplessy's French one may not fit so well in every case, it may not be uninteresting to compare the respective forces of the different renderings. It may be remarked that in the Douay version the Vulgate, *Quid mihi et tibi est?* is everywhere translated, "What have I to do with thee?" except in this particular passage of St. John, where Christ uses it in addressing His Mother; and that in the Protestant (King James') version it is invariably rendered, "What have I to do with thee?"

(a) Josue, xxii, 24.—The trans-Jordanic tribes, having returned to their possessions, built an altar by the side of the Jordan. On hearing this, the other tribes sent an embassy reproaching them with transgressing the laws of the Lord. But the chiefs of the tribes of Ruben and Gad

replied thus: We have not raised this altar to offer sacrifices thereon, but we have said to ourselves, "To-morrow your children will say to our children, What would you have of the Lord the God of Israel?*" The Lord hath put the River Jordan for a border between us and you."

(b) Judges, xi, 12.—The Hebrews having chosen Jephthe to lead them in their struggle against the Ammonites, he sent messengers to the king of the children of Ammon to say in his name: "What would you have of me, that thou art come against me, to waste my land?"

(c) II. Kings, xvi, 10.—It was during the revolt of Absalom. David, forced to flee, was insulted on his way by Semei, of the house of Saul. Abisai, the son of Sarvia and faithful follower of David, grew angry at this, and exclaimed: "Why should this dead dog curse my lord the King? (If my master is willing) I will go and cut off his head. And the King said: What would you have me do, ye sons of Sarvia? Let him alone, and let him curse."†

(d) II. Kings, xix, 22.—When the revolt of Absalom concluded, David returns in triumph, Semei is the first to greet him. Abisai, however, is not duped by this transformation. He remembers the curses recently hurled at David by this same Semei, and again demands his King's authorization to put Semei to death. "And David said: What would you have me do, you sons of Sarvia?‡ Why are you a Satan this day to me? And the King said to Semei: Thou shalt not die."

(e) III. Kings, xvii, 18.—Elias had multiplied the meal and oil of a poor widow from whom he had received alms. Some time afterward the son of the widow fell so grievously ill that there seemed to be

* *Quid vobis et Domino Deo Israel?*

† Surely a more natural response than: "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Sarvia?"

‡ *Quid mihi et vobis, filii Sarviae?*

no longer any breath in him. Attributing this misfortune to her relations with Elias, the disconsolate mother seeks the prophet. "And she said to Elias: What wouldst thou have of me, thou man of God? * Art thou come to me that my iniquities should be remembered, and that thou shouldst kill my son?"

(f) IV. Kings, iii, 13.—The Kings of Israel, Juda, and Edom were marching against the King of Moab. Their armies were menaced with death from thirst, when Josaphat, King of Juda, demanded whether there was no prophet present who could beseech the Lord for them. He was told that Eliseus was there, and the three Kings went down to him. But the prophet of the true God, addressing himself to Joram, King of Israel and chief of the prevaricating people, said: "What would you have of me? Go to the prophets of thy father and thy mother." †

(g) II. Paral., xxxv, 21.—Necho, King of Egypt, had advanced with his army as far as Charcamis by the Euphrates. Josias, thinking it was with him that the Egyptian meant to fight, went out to meet him. But Necho sent messengers to Josias, saying: "What wouldst thou have of me, O King of Juda? I come not against thee this day, but I fight against another house." ‡

(h) St. Mark, i, 24; St. Luke, iv, 34.—Early in His public life, Jesus, having entered the synagogue of Capharnaum, was thus addressed by a possessed man, or rather by the demons speaking by the man's mouth: "What wouldst Thou have of us, Jesus of Nazareth? Art Thou come to destroy us?"—*Quid nobis et tibi, Jesu Nazarene? Venisti perdere nos?*

(i) St. Matt., viii, 29; St. Mark, v, 7; St. Luke, viii, 28.—Here we have another

instance of devils addressing Our Lord in the same terms on a different occasion, at Gadara: "What wouldst Thou have of us, Jesus Son of God? Art Thou come hither to torment us before the time?"

(j) St. Matt., xxvii, 19.—While Christ's trial was going on before Pilate, the latter's wife sent to him, saying (Douay rendering): "Have thou nothing to do with that just Man." Here the idiom is in the affirmative or declarative, not the interrogative—*Nihil tibi et justo illi!* instead of *Quid tibi et justo illi?* And the full signification is conveyed by the Douay version just quoted.

(k) St. John, ii, 4.—Finally we come to our starting-point, the narrative of the marriage-feast of Cana. "And the wine failing, the Mother of Jesus saith to Him: They have no wine. And Jesus saith to her: Woman [Mother], what would you have Me do? My hour is not yet come."

"Thus translated," concludes Mr. Duplessy—"and I think I have established the correctness of this version,—the reply of Jesus to His Mother no longer offers anything strange, anything that can shock the most susceptible reader. It does not even require an explanatory note; and the text suffices to show us that Jesus who, left to Himself, would not have wrought the miracle, consents to operate it at the request of His Mother. What can be more simple, more beautiful, or more touching!"

I DISTRUST both the intellect and the morality of those people to whom disorder is of no consequence,—who can live at ease in an Augean stable. What surrounds us reflects more or less that which is within us. The mind is like one of those dark lanterns which, in spite of everything, still throws some light around. If our tastes did not reveal our character, they would be no longer tastes, but instincts.—*"Journal of a Happy Man."*

* *Quid mihi et tibi, vir Dei?*

† *Quid mihi et tibi est? Vade ad prophetas patris tui et matris tue.*

‡ *Quid mihi et tibi, rex Judæ? Non adversus te hodie venio, etc.*

Nuestra Señora.

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A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.
—

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.
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XVI.—THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

HARVEY TALBOT was bitterly disappointed upon finding that Fate had cast the die in favor of the court against the mine. In the first place, Talbot, who was keen and shrewd—having learned a good deal while an employee in the Chief Secretary's office at Dublin Castle,—had no great faith in the stability of the "Napoleonic venture," as a caustic American lady very tritely put it; and secondly, his belief in the silver mine at Santa Maria del Flor was absolutely unbounded.

"Bedad but it's too bad intirely, sir!" observed Rody, ruefully, after a conversation with Talbot, in which the latter had represented the enormous fortune to be gained by following the mine. "But sure there never was a Bodkin that did not make an *omadhaun*—axin' yer pardon, sir!—an *omadhaun* of himself for wan of the cutest, contrariest sex that ever lived. I'm no inimy to faymales meself, sir,—begorra it's the other way; for there's a little darlint in this very barony that has me heart undher her feet. But I've sinse enough for to keep a tight houl't on the reins, Misther Talbot, and for to know that the curb is in good condition. Sojerin' is an illigant thrade for a gintleman if he's in the Faugh-a-Ballaghs or the Connaught Rangers, and on guard at the Bank of Ireland or the Castle, or at a review in the Phaynix Park; but for to be sojerin' in a furrin land, in a furrin army, in a furrin langwidge, and for to be Herr Bodekeen instead of Bodkin of Ballyboden, ain't worth a *thranéen*. And I hope to the

Blessed Virgin that Masther Arthur will turn to the mine, dig out as much silver as will take the sthrap off the ould place, turn back and take Miss Nugent wid him; and won't we have a royal ould, ancient Irish weddin'! Whoo! whoop!" And Rody dashed into a jig that would have done honor to the biggest "doore" at Punchestown.

There were such "life" in Rody's gyrations that Talbot was fired with emulation, and he leaped into the centre of the apartment, faced Rody O'Flynn and commenced to "welt the flure" in so artistic a manner as to beget the wildest admiration of his partner, who, with the shrillest whoops, covered the buckle as though he were dancing for dear life itself.

While the two dancers were facing each other, the wooden floor resounding to the rappings of their toes and heels, Arthur Bodkin entered; and, finding that it was the Fox Hunters' Jig that was being danced, instantly joined in, cutting and capering as only an Irish jig-dancer *can* cut and caper. And the dance ceased only when Harvey Talbot, thoroughly pumped, flung himself into a chair, using up his remaining breath in as hearty a laugh as ever resounded within the city of the Montezumas. Rody bolted; and Arthur, fanning himself with Talbot's *sombrero*, went out on the balcony to cool off.

"I do believe they have seen us from the imperial apartments!" cried Arthur. "Come out here, Harry. You see that line of windows with the crimson hangings?"

"Yes."

"That is the Empress' suite; and I'll swear that she and another lady were taking us in with opera-glasses. They jumped back as I came out."

"So much the better. They'll command us to dance it at the next Court Ball."

"Friday night. Would you like a card, Harvey?"

"Not much. I have done with gentle dalliance of every description. I am here

to dig money out of the bowels of the earth; and, with the blessing of God, I'll do it. See if I don't."

Some time later Harvey Talbot took his departure for Santa Maria del Flor, a wild little place perched up in the Sierra Madre range, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and a day's ride by mule from the capital.

In due season Arthur Bodkin received his commission as extra aid-de-camp on the Imperial Staff, a position that kept him perpetually on the move; for, being the youngest aid, he was in the saddle from rosy morn to dewy eve, riding hard between the National Palace and Chapultepec, and *vice versa*. If he had hoped to see Alice Nugent by accepting this position, he was doomed to bitter disappointment; since his dispatches invariably led him to the quarters of the Adjutant-General, on the Molino del Rey side of the Castle, while the apartments of the Empress and of her ladies were at the Guadalupe side. Once, indeed, he met Miss Nugent driving into the capital in one of the imperial victorias. She was alone, and her crimson parasol became instantly lowered as he approached. He was too proud to allow himself to be cut dead, so, putting spurs to his horse, he dashed madly toward Chapultepec. Had he but turned round, he might have taken a small dose of consolation from the fact that the occupant of the victoria, possibly fearing his horse had bolted, stood up in the carriage in order to ascertain if her fears were unhappily realized.

At the first Court Ball, a most magnificent and imposing function, our hero perceived Alice standing a little behind her imperial mistress, looking very pale and weary, but, oh, so beautiful, so *distingué*! Although his new appointment permitted him within the red silken ropes that railed the imperial court from the *hoi polloi*, he made no attempt to draw near to Miss Nugent; but from the music gallery, and

behind a gigantic fern, he fed his hungry, love-sick eyes upon her every movement. He saw Count Ludwig von Kalksburg approach her, bow low, and evidently ask her to dance. To his intense joy, she declined, shaking her head negatively as the Count courteously persisted. The Empress turned and said something to her, which caused her to plant her fan before her face, while Carlotta laughed. A strange instinct told Arthur that the Empress had alluded to himself, and he was right. Hearing Count Kalksburg pressing her Maid of Honor to dance, the Empress laughingly observed: "She will dance only an Irish jig to-night, and is waiting for her partner."

Arthur Bodkin was correct when he surmised that the jig in his quarters had been witnessed by the Empress. The wild whoo-whoop of Rody attracted one of the ladies of the court, who not unnaturally imagined that somebody's throat was being split. Seizing an opera-glass and stepping to the window, great was her astonishment upon perceiving two men dancing like dervishes. And when the Empress joined her, a third had cut joyously in; and all three kept silently watching for at least ten minutes. Inquiry showed that the apartment in which the wild dance was executed was the quarters of the Irish aid-de-camp, and the dance was naturally set down by Alice herself as the national jig.

One afternoon at Chapultepec, while Arthur awaited dispatches, a chamberlain came to him to announce that the Empress desired his presence. Carlotta was seated in a bower composed of myrtle intertwined with orange trees, to this day known as "Carlotta's Bower." The Countess von Gleichen was in waiting.

"How speeds your wooing?" demanded the Empress, without preface of any description; and, perceiving that he glanced askance at the lady in waiting, "Oh, never mind! She does not understand English.

How runs the course of true love?"

Arthur was dumfounded.

"Not smoothly?" she went on. "Your lady is very obstinate. She is like one of our *burros* here. But she is only a woman, you know. I am about to make a tour of our provinces. The Emperor can not leave the capital. I purpose going to Yucatan. I have named you on my personal staff, because you are brave—and in love. Miss Nugent shall be *en service*. Due notice shall be given—no: not a word. You can retire."

This excursion of the Empress had been canvassed in court circles for some time. Her personal charm was so great, she was so magnetic, that it was considered extremely advisable for her to show herself to her subjects, especially in the disaffected districts. In its strategic position and material resources, Yucatan was of uttermost importance to the interests of the Empire. Its inhabitants had not yielded a ready obedience to their new masters, and a general discontent threatened the traditional revolution, the curse of Mexico. The Emperor could not leave his post of constant responsibility; and the Empress, after some hesitation, at length consented, with a few friends and a small escort, to pay a visit to the province, assure the Yucatanese of the government's interest in their welfare, allay their suspicions, and attach them to the policy and purposes of the Empire.

It was upon a glorious, sunshiny morning that the imperial *cortège* set forth from the National Palace *en route* to Merida. In an open carriage drawn by six white horses, and surrounded by the *élite* of the staff mounted on superb chargers, sat Carlotta, looking every inch a queen. Beside her was a lady of her court—the Countess von Könnigrätz; opposite, another court lady, a Mexican; and Baron Bergheim. Five imperial carriages followed, the coachmen and footmen in white and gold.

To his dismay and sickening disappointment, Arthur perceived that Alice was absent. At the Court Ball she was looking ill. Could she be ill? Was this the cause of her absence? He dare not ask the Empress, as etiquette compelled him to remain silent until spoken to, and then merely to reply,—not to interrogate or even to make comment. Another twinge of misery assailed him, for Count Ludwig von Kalksburg was not of the party. Of course, his absence was easily accounted for, since he was of the Emperor's household; but he was under the same roof with Alice, and would he not use every wile to win the beautiful Irish girl, whom he very sincerely and honestly loved?

Arthur being acquainted with the Countess von Könnigrätz, during the stoppage for luncheon contrived to ask her if Miss Nugent was not to have been *en service*.

"Oh, yes! But she was not feeling quite up to the mark, and Dr. Bochenbelst advised her to remain quietly at Chapultepec," said the Countess.

"Pray God it may be nothing serious!" exclaimed Arthur.

"Oh, nothing at all! She has been very hard worked, and you know our Empress does not spare her. In fact, her Majesty was desirous of postponing this business because the *fräulein* could not come. Do not worry," added the Countess, with a laugh. "You Irish people have such superb constitutions, and all Miss Nugent needs is a little absolute rest."

With this Arthur had to rest contented, and it was but poor comfort at best.

The Empress visited the principal towns, and was received with the uttermost respect, the uttermost courtesy, and with considerable enthusiasm,—an enthusiasm that became stronger during her progress. For such was her earnestness, sincerity, charm of speech and manner, that she won hearts on every side, as she

had done at Vera Cruz, Puebla, and in the court circles of the capital. It was upon her return from this trip that the Abbé Domenech exclaimed: "If this country had ever had a president with half the ambition, energy, and honesty of the Empress, it would be in a truly prosperous condition."

It was at Merida that her mission culminated, and the story of her success is thus told in a letter of that date:

"After receiving the congratulations of the delegations appointed to welcome her, her Majesty advanced into the city, in the midst of the liveliest acclamations, the *cortège* being swelled by various deputations and by a large number of distinguished persons. She was received upon the steps of the porch of the temple by the apostolic administrator of the diocese, the venerable ecclesiastical chapter, and all the clergy of the capital, in their splendid vestments.

"Kneeling upon a crimson velvet cushion, bordered with gold fringe and placed upon a rich carpet, her Majesty kissed the holy crucifix presented to her, and entered the edifice under a canopy borne by the judges of the Superior Court and the members of the Government Council of the district.

"In the chancel a rich canopy was prepared; and, after prayers customary upon the reception of sovereigns, and a chant accompanied by solemn music, worship was offered to Him through whose will all sovereigns reign; during which the Empress remained kneeling in a most devout attitude. A solemn *Te Deum*, expressly composed for the occasion, was then performed.

"The vast cathedral was filled with a numerous assemblage, comprising persons belonging to the highest as well as the lowest degrees of society, collected together to welcome the Empress.

"Upon the conclusion of the religious ceremonies, her Majesty received the congratulations of the officials of the district, in a mansion specially arranged for the purpose; and a large number of military and civil officers and citizens paid their respects. In reply to the congratulatory address, she appeared on the balcony of her apartments, at the request of the multitude without, and expressed herself as follows:

"We have long wished to visit you, in order to study your necessities and learn your desires. The Emperor, being prevented from effecting this important object, has sent me to you to present to you his cordial greetings. I assure you from my heart that he deeply regrets that he can not be here with me, to tell you how great is his affection toward you. He will regret it still more when I inform him of the enthusiastic reception you have given me. He desires, and by all means will endeavor to secure, the prosperity and happiness of the people of Yucatan."

(To be continued.)

Francis II., King of the Two Sicilies.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

ON January 16, 1836, the cannon of Castel Sant' Elmo announced to the expectant Neapolitans that a prince-royal, heir to the throne of the Two Sicilies, had just taken his first glimpse of earth. Maria-Cristina of Savoy, one of the most lovable and admirable princesses of a royal house which, until our day, was ever pre-eminently distinguished for the virtue as well as the valor of its scions, had realized the hopes of her venerating subjects; and her consort, King Ferdinand II., one of the worthiest and therefore one of the most calumniated of modern sovereigns, thanked God for the prospective continuance of the Neapolitan line of the House of Bourbon. Three years previously Maria-Cristina, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel I. of Sardinia, had come to Naples with the reputation of a saint; and from that day all her actions—political, social, and domestic—had made men declare that St. Elizabeth of Hungary had reappeared on earth. It was a day of rejoicing in Naples; and the churches of the gay and then devout capital were thronged with worshippers of every class, beseeching the Almighty to bless the royal mother and her son—their own *Franceschiello*, as they termed their future king.

On the day after his birth, the prince-royal of the Two Sicilies was baptized under the names of Francesco d'Assisi-Maria-Leopoldo. At the instance of the Queen, Ferdinand II. signalized the occasion by a full amnesty of all prisoners in his dominions who had not been convicted of infamous crimes; and by the adoption of fifty poor orphan girls, to be raised, educated, and endowed at his private expense. Eight days after this happy

event Naples was astounded and prostrated by a request of the monarch that public prayers should be offered for the preservation of the life of his young wife. As Maria-Cristina had predicted to her sisters several months before her confinement, and when she was in the best of health, God had called her to Himself. In all her sufferings she evinced a supernatural calm; and the King, although nearly crazed with grief, remarked to the assembled clergy and princes: "You perceive, gentlemen, that as one lives so one dies." Feeling the approach of death, Maria-Cristina turned to her relatives and servants and said: "I beg the forgiveness of each of you for any fault I may have committed in your regard, and I entreat you all to pray for my soul." Then she asked for her babe, and the little prince was placed in her arms. For several minutes she embraced him in silence; then, blessing him, she removed from her neck a medal of Our Lady of Sorrows which she had worn since her infancy, and placing it on the heart of the child, she gave him to the King. While the Litany was being recited she made every response; and when it was finished she exclaimed, in distinct accents: "My God, I have believed in Thee, hoped in Thee, and loved Thee with all my heart!" With this final manifestation of faith, hope, and charity, the soul of Maria-Cristina appeared at the throne of her Creator.

During her life Maria-Cristina had been regarded as a saint; and after her death the people declared that the general veneration for her memory was confirmed by many miracles and graces obtained by those who invoked her intercession. The Holy See, ever slow in taking any positive steps in the matter of canonization, allowed twenty-three years to elapse before it officially noticed the popular clamor for ecclesiastical cognizance of the heroic virtues of the Queen. Finally, on the 9th of July, 1859, Pope Pius IX. confirmed the

decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites which permitted the formal introduction of the cause of her beatification; and therefore Catholics are allowed to speak of her as Venerable, while they await the day when they may address her as Blessed.

On May 22, 1859, the death of Ferdinand II. made the son of the Venerable Maria-Cristina King of the Two Sicilies. Endowed with the intelligence if not with the energy of his father, Francis II. had much of the exquisite goodness of heart which had distinguished his mother. A few months previous to his demise, Ferdinand II. had witnessed the marriage of his heir with Maria-Sofia, a daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria;* and the warm welcome accorded by the Neapolitans to the radiantly beautiful girl of eighteen had led the sturdy monarch to hope that the storms of his own reign would not be repeated. But the medal of the Seven Dolors of Mary, placed on the breast of her child by the saintly Maria-Cristina, had been providentially significant. The throne of the Two Sicilies, like that of the Sovereign Pontiff, had been undermined by the votaries of the Dark Lantern, and by the other forces of the Revolution, incited and subsidized by Cavour. †

* The oldest sister of Maria-Sofia became the Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

† Count Camillo Cavour, born at Turin in 1810, was at first a soldier, and then a journalist. Chosen a deputy to the Sardinian Parliament in 1849, he became Minister of Finance in 1850, and President of the Royal Council in 1852. In ten years, less than the cycle of Tacitus, this extraordinary and unscrupulous statesman fulfilled his destiny. His whole political existence, brilliant indeed though wicked, was a permanent conspiracy to effect, by right or wrong, the unity of Italy. He died in 1861, fortified by the Sacraments, which he received at the hands of a priest whom he had engaged, seven years before, to attend him at the dread hour of death. We may hope that he was delirious when in his last moments he repeated his famous war-cry, "A Free Church in a Free State!" for it is certain that his interpretation of that specious maxim was not calculated to insure for him the blessing of God.

The position of the young monarch was a difficult one; and, unfortunately, he began his reign by an act of imprudence. His first royal act was the proclamation of a full amnesty for all political offences; and thus he filled his kingdom with conspirators whom a wiser policy would have kept where they could effect but little harm, for they were utterly incapable of gratitude. But this mistake could have been remedied, had not the young monarch confided the administration of his government to a "liberal" ministry. Then came what the Masonic press of Europe has unblushingly styled the "reckless daring" of the blasphemous pet of the Lodges in landing, by the aid of a British fleet, at defenceless Marsala with his Thousand; then the march of the filibuster toward the Straits with an army composed of liberated convicts and every other scum, while nearly every Neapolitan general either treacherously turned aside or openly joined the red-shirted rabble.

Then began the *opera-bouffe* campaign, which the continental Masonic journals, and their credulist copyists in England and America, called "heroic." Then we saw that massacre of royalist prisoners at Milazzo, "ordered for the sake of example." Then was proclaimed the agrarian law, and the division of the communal lands "among the combatants against the older tyranny"; then the opening of the prisons at Castellamare, and the dismissal of 1,500 robbers and cut-throats "on their word of honor." Then occurred the crossing to the mainland, and the "brave" march on Naples, made clear by the machinations of the champion traitor of this century, Liborio Romano, whom Francis II. had entrusted with full powers, but whom Ferdinand II. would have sent to the galleys. Then came the entrance of the Red-Shirt into Naples, where we were told that he was frenziedly acclaimed by the entire population; whereas the *London Times*, although delivered body and soul

to the revolutionary cause, avowed that "the crowd consisted of the lowest rabble." Then Victor Emmanuel publicly embraced Garibaldi; the recreant *Re Galantuomo* prostituting the hitherto unsullied Cross of Savoy to the caress of red-handed sacrilege. Then followed the wholesale shooting of royalist prisoners and of Bourbon "suspects," without even a farce of trial, by General Cialdini,—a proceeding which caused even Nicotera, an arch-revolutionist and blatant Carbonaro, to declare in the Italian Parliament: "The proclamations of Cialdini and the other Piedmontese leaders are worthy of Tamerlane, Genghis-Khan, and Attila."

Shortly after Francis II. had retired to Gaeta, in accordance with the counsels of the infamous Liborio Romano, the regular army of Sardinia invaded the States of the Church. Besides the garrison of Gaeta, Francis could then dispose of a few thousand of the olden Neapolitan army, who had spurned the bribes of the Cabinet of Turin and thrown themselves into Capua. He therefore proposed to Lamoricière to effect a co-operation of forces against the common enemy. The hero of Constantine gladly assented, and the gallant Pimodan was ordered to effect a junction with the royal troops. But the plan was revealed to Cialdini; the campaign of Castelfidardo was precipitated; and the little army of the Pope-King, almost crushed, was compelled to retire on Ancona, where it afterward surrendered to the naval forces of Admiral Persano. Francis II. was obliged to change his plans. He attacked and defeated the Garibaldians on the Volturno, and would have followed up his advantage had not his generals advised a few days of recuperation in Capua. The King returned to Gaeta, and in the following week the Capuan army capitulated to his Majesty of Sardinia. Then began the siege of Gaeta, during which the young Queen, Maria-Sofia, remained at her husband's side; for

of her it was to be said, as of Marie Antoinette: "She fought as long as there was one unbroken sword among her friends."

On the 22d of January, 1861, Victor Emmanuel II. began the bombardment of the last stronghold of his royal cousin; but the day of treason had passed, and around Francis II. there were now none but enthusiastic defenders of a legitimate monarchy. During the twenty-three days of murderous combat which now ensued, the young King and Queen were almost constantly exposed to fire; and when not on the bastions, blackened with powder and treading in blood, they were performing works of heavenly charity at the ambulances or in the hospitals. The horrors of the siege were augmented by an outbreak of typhus; and all the wounded succumbed to the epidemic. It was while aiding the Sisters of Charity to alleviate suffering and to encourage the dying that Queen Maria-Sofia received the title of Angel of Gaeta, by which all true legitimists still designate her. On February 13, when the ramparts of Gaeta were in ruins, every one of its three hundred and forty guns dismantled, and the ammunition and food exhausted, King Francis II. capitulated. On the 14th he departed for Rome, the ever-open refuge of misfortune. At the gate of San Giovanni the royal guests were welcomed by Mgr. Pacca and the officers of the Papal Household. Conducted to the Quirinal, they were installed in their new home by Cardinal Antonelli. On the following day the Father of the Faithful, Pope Pius IX., came to bless the son of Ferdinand II., and to return the hearty hospitality which that monarch had extended to the fugitive Pontiff in 1849. This hospitality was lovingly given and filially received, until the Sardinian King, in September, 1870, seized on the Quirinal for his own residence.

When Francis II. sheathed his sword at Gaeta he could confidently exclaim, with

his kinsman of France, another Francis, after the battle of Pavia: "All is lost save honor!" He had shown himself a true knight, and one worthy to wear a Christian crown. Had he not been confronted by the disloyalty of his cousin of Sardinia, and by the hostility of the cabinets of London and Paris, history would have recorded the deeds of a great monarch, instead of lamenting, in his regard, one of the most monstrous iniquities of modern times. From the day of his entrance into the calm of Papal Rome, Francis gave himself to an imitation of the virtues of the holy mother who had probably foreseen that his crown was to be, in its own small and mundane fashion, one of thorns. The last years of the life of Francis II. were passed in France and in the Tyrol; and it may be said that wherever they resided, the poor alone knew that the Hero and the Angel of Gaeta still lived. Many a time both expressed resignation with their lot, because of the difficulty experienced by the Catholic sovereigns of our day in reigning according to the laws of God and of His Church. They fully realized that all earthly dynasties and all political schemes are perishable things. In a few years, at most, the edifice reared in Italy upon a foundation of fraud and sacrilege will be a ruin; and ruins themselves perish in time. But even ruins, says some poet, leave souvenirs behind them—the remembrance of the shames of which they have been the theatre; and historians will find in the records of the nineteenth century few events so shameful as that of the dethronement of Francis II.

ENJOYMENT is only what we feel to be such, and the luxurious man feels no longer; satiety has lost him his appetite, while privation preserves to others that first of earthy blessings—the being easily made happy.—"Attic Philosopher."

Mary's Risen Son.

IN heavenly echoes of our Easter songs,
 We hear a faint, low undertone that tells
 Of greater deeps of love, unfathomed deeps
 Of mystery divine, where Mary dwells;
 And "Ave! Ave!" do those sea-depths sing
 Within the storm-swept hearts of memory's
 shells.

Ah! had not Gabriel on heaven-poised wing
 Before our Mother Blest God's bidding
 sung,
 And had not that sweet Maid in gentle tones
 Submission yielded, while creation hung
 Upon her words, no *Ave* would have been,
 And Easter bells would then have never
 rung.

Ah! Alleluia let us sing alway,
 For Christ the victory o'er death hath won;
 And "*Ave, gratia plena!*" let us pray
 To her through whom Redemption's work
 was done;

And angels shall our *Aves* bear to Him
 Whose praise we sing—our Mother's Risen
 Son.

————— ● —————
 CASCIA.

A Memory of Three Rivers.

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 BY AMY M. BERLINGUET.
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THE old city of Three Rivers, lying at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and St. Maurice rivers, though ostensibly founded by one Lavolette in 1634, was in existence as a trading post long prior to that date. The town has from a very early period been associated in history with the devoted labors of the Récollet missionaries; and indeed, at various times, these religious have fulfilled there the functions of parish priests. A Récollet Father is supposed to have offered the first Mass in the present site of Three Rivers as early as 1615; and in 1618 a lay-brother, Frère Pacifique du Plessis, taught the truths of Christianity to the Indians who came there to trade. In 1625, shortly after his

arrival from France, Father de Brébeuf, of the Society of Jesus, and Father de la Roche Daillon, a Récollet, went to Three Rivers, where, history informs us, they were "hospitably received by the resident missionary," doubtless a Récollet.

Up to 1629 the Récollets and Jesuits worked together for the evangelization of the Canadian Indians; then came the taking of Quebec by the English, and the religious orders were forthwith sent back to their own country, France; whence the Jesuits returned to Canada in 1632, but the Récollets only in 1670. The end of the seventeenth century, however, saw them firmly established in the country in the trifold capacity of *curés*, missionaries, and teachers. At Three Rivers they were in charge of the parish, and had besides a convent, wherein school was taught; and they also built a goodly-sized church for their own use.

When Canada was ceded to the English the Récollet church and monastery were taken possession of by the conquerors, and made to do duty,—the latter as a jail and barracks, the former in a double capacity: it being a court-house on week-days, and a place of worship for the Protestant portion of the community on Sunday. In the course of time Law found another abiding place; and Religion, in the Anglican form of worship, claimed the ancient structure for her own. The faithful Récollets went their way,—some to teach schools in the adjacent villages, others to the hospitable house of Père de Berey, in Quebec.

That there had been among the Three Rivers band one of their Order so saintly as to attract pilgrimages to the place of his burial was a fact that seems to have faded from the recollection of men; yet in the archives of Rome, Paris, and Quebec, and in those of the old Ursuline Convent at Three Rivers, were letters telling of one Frère Didace, who died in such odor of sanctity that even Mgr. de St. Vallier,

Bishop of Quebec, made a pilgrimage to his tomb, and was there, at the close of a novena, cured of a stubborn malady. The letters gave many other instances of miracles performed through the intercession of this servant of God. It is probable that the Ursulines of Three Rivers, in whose hospital the holy Récollet died, never really forgot him and his merits; but to others his name was scarcely known, and the place of his burial was as much a mystery as is that of Moses. But God had not forgotten His servant, as will be seen from the following translation of an article written by the learned Canadian historian, the Abbé Raymond Casgrain, and published in the *Semaine Religieuse* of Quebec in 1891:

"When the church and convent of the Récollet Fathers in Quebec were burned down, on the 6th of September, 1796, a strong wind blowing from the west carried away many burning leaves and papers from the monks' library and cells, strewing them over the city, even as far as the Lower Town. One of these—a fine engraving—fell, in a half-burned condition, into the yard of a house on Sault-au-Matlot Street. The owner, Mr. Baillargé, father of the well-known lawyer of that name, picked up the engraving and carefully kept it. It afterward reverted to his son, and for many years lay hidden among his papers. Three years ago Mr. Louis de Gonzague Baillargé having come across it, and desiring to obtain some information concerning the personage whose portrait it was, asked me to call and see it. I was struck with admiration of the beauty of the engraving, but I was even more astonished at the inscription beneath it. The portrait, which is eight inches long by six in width, represents a Récollet monk in prayer before a crucifix. His head is bent in profound recollection, his left hand is pressed to his breast, and in his right he holds a skull. Below the engraving we read: 'The true portrait of

the very religious Récollet lay-brother, Frère Didace Pelletier, a native of Ste. Anne in Canada. Died in the odor of sanctity, in the mission of New France, on the 21st of February, 1699. Aged forty-one years, twenty of which were spent in religion. God honored him by miracles.'

"I was obliged to avow my ignorance to Mr. Baillargé. I had no information to give him, but I promised him to make researches; and to that end I applied to our best informed fellow-countrymen, more especially to M. l'Abbé Verreau. He did not know the engraving; but he told me that he had a manuscript, once in the possession of Mr. Jacques Viger, which contained a series of authentic documents on the life and miracles of Frère Didace. This he was so kind as to have copied for me, requesting in return that I should, during the course of the coming winter, which I intended to spend in Paris, endeavor to discover another engraving of Brother Didace, as the one belonging to Mr. Baillargé had been much damaged. I promised this, and accordingly searched all the second-hand book-stores in Paris, but without meeting with success. At last I went to look through the rich collection of prints in the National Library; and, to my great satisfaction, I there found a copy of the portrait of the good Brother, in excellent preservation, which I forthwith had photographed, securing several copies. One of these photographs is now to be seen at the Cardinal's palace. The Redemptorists, who have charge of the parish of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, had a right to possess one also; for it was in that privileged parish that Frère Didace was born....

"The Ursuline Convent of Three Rivers had equally a right to one of these portraits; for this house is one of the few places in this country where the memory of Frère Didace was never allowed to die out, besides which he died in Three Rivers. He was buried in the Récollet church of that town, which, unfortunately,

owing to the vicissitudes of conquest, has become a Protestant place of worship. Do the remains of Frère Didace lie there still, or have they been transported elsewhere? That is a question which as yet nobody can answer; but it is most probable that they have not been touched. However it may be, the readers of this magazine will find, I am sure, much that is interesting as well as edifying in reading a notice of this holy religious, compiled from a sketch written in 1712 by Père Denis, the first Canadian who became a Récollet priest, just as Brother Didace was the first Canadian to become a lay-brother of that Order.

“Brother Didace was born of the marriage of Sieur Georges Pelletier and Catherine Vanier. He was baptized on the 28th of July, 1657. His parents, according to Père Denis, were poor indeed in the goods of this world, but they were rich in virtue. He was their only son, and the hope of their old age. They favored his religious vocation, for they understood that he was truly called to a state of perfection. He preserved the first fervor of his novitiate all his days, and never lost his baptismal innocence. His obedience was perfect, and his love of poverty a passion. He would not allow himself to be exempted from fasting even when engaged in the hardest work, and he often rose at midnight to continue his devotions. When he was told that if he gave nature no rest he could not live long, he begged to be let alone; remarking that he preferred to die ten years sooner and have the consolation of having obeyed the rules of the Order; that religion got on very well before he existed, and it would do equally well after his death.

“His humility was so profound that he always estimated himself as a useless servant, although he was endowed with fine talent and artistic taste. He had a profound devotion to the Blessed Virgin, always fasting on bread and water on the

eve of her feasts. He also fasted on all Saturdays throughout the year, drinking only water, to obtain the grace of dying upon that day, under the saving protection of the Mother of God,—as in effect he did, dying of an attack of pleurisy, which he contracted in working at our church in Three Rivers. He insisted upon having the last Sacraments, against the judgment of the surgeon who attended him; averring that it would be his last day upon earth. He expired at six o'clock in the evening.

“His life was so holy, so religious, so edifying both within and without the cloister, that when, a short time after his death, rumors began to arise of miracles which had been obtained through his intercession, Mgr. de St. Vallier was so profoundly convinced of the sanctity of Brother Didace, that, being on a visit to Rome shortly after the death of the latter, he spoke of him to the Sovereign Pontiff Clement XI., and attested to the fact of his own cure obtained at the close of a pilgrimage which he made to Brother Didace's tomb. It was with the object of undertaking the cause of his canonization, to which the Holy Father showed himself favorable, that, upon his return to Quebec, the same Bishop named a commission to inquire into the miracles attributed to Brother Didace, and certified these declarations as authentic. A collection of these miracles, preceded by a biography of the Brother, will shortly be published by the Abbé Verreau.”

The promised manuscripts were duly published in “Canada Français,” and are of great interest. In the “History of the Ursulines of Three Rivers” there is mention of Brother Didace, and the letter of Mgr. de St. Vallier is given in full. With the kind permission of the author, I translate the following passages:

“One of the most touching souvenirs of the early days of our hospital is the death of a holy Canadian lay-brother, Didace Pelletier, Récollet, a native of

Ste. Anne, who died in the odor of sanctity in our Hôtel-Dieu, on the 21st of February, 1699, and whom God honored by the gift of miracles. He had been received into the Order on the 9th of May, 1677. His life encouraged humble Christians, who, creeping along the path of daily life, found in the example set by Brother Didace a book which they loved to con. The poor religious was everywhere regarded with the most profound veneration. His brethren were not the last to do homage to his goodness. Carried away by their admiration, they blessed God for having given them such a companion, and regarded him as the pride of their Order. At the death of Frère Didace, all extolled the poor lay-brother, and gave him the highest title that can be given to a man—that of saint. Crowds flocked in pilgrimage to his tomb. The people of Three Rivers looked upon him as their savior, and the sick importuned him for their cure."

Naturally, after the publication of these documents, there was much interest taken in ascertaining the precise spot where Frère Didace was buried. Mgr. de St. Vallier said simply: "The church in Three Rivers." And the question prior to the publishing of Père Denis' biographical sketch was: *Which* church? That belonging to his Order would, of course, have been chosen. But there was no exact record to show whether the Récollet church had been built so early as 1699, whereas there were then in Three Rivers a parish church and also a convent chapel. The information, however, that Brother Didace met his death while engaged in working on the Récollet church settled the matter, though some anxiety was felt as to whether or not the remains of the holy religious had been removed.

Fronting on Notre Dame Street, here a narrow and curved thoroughfare, the old buildings of the bygone Récollets stand, in the midst of their shady garden, where lilacs and apple-trees bloom as in the days

of yore. The property extends along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, with but a narrow green field between its boundary and the busy wharves where the lumber from the vast limits of the St. Maurice country is shipped across the seas. The monastery is now divided into two dwelling-houses. In the one nearest to the church lives the Anglican rector; and in the pretty drawing-room is an alcove which does duty as a "cozy corner," but which bears evidence of having been built as a niche in the olden time.

In the year 1890 the Rev. F. C. Stuart was appointed Anglican rector of Three Rivers. Mr. Stuart brought to the old home of the Récollets, henceforth to be his own, a great taste for antiquarian research and a profound veneration for the beauty of holiness. In making acquaintance with the ancient building, he found relics of its former masters in the shape of strips of paper covered with the quaint handwriting of the religious. On the windows of an unused attic above the church were many of these. With great care and much delicate sponging, he succeeded in detaching a scrap bearing the sentence: "*Domine dimittis in pace,*"—a pathetic souvenir of the dispersed Récollets. Taking as he did the greatest interest in everything concerning his church, Mr. Stuart naturally read up all the papers procurable concerning Brother Didace, some of which he himself obtained, at the cost of much trouble and expense, from the archives in Paris; and he felt as much interested as anybody in the question as to the holy friar's place of burial.

For some time prior to Mr. Stuart's incumbency of the Three Rivers Anglican parish, there had been complaints as to the cold and damp condition of the church, which no amount of heating and fuel could overcome. And on looking into the matter, Mr. Stuart found that, at the period of some former repairing of the building, shavings had been allowed to accumulate

under the floor. The Anglican community of Three Rivers not being a wealthy one, the rector and a young gentleman began to remove the shavings, and carried away about sixty loads. This done, they set about raking out and making neat the clay under the flooring. While so doing Mr. Stuart found some pieces of mortar and of plank, which discovery aroused his antiquarian instincts. He at once looked about to see precisely where he was, and found himself just beneath the spot whereon stood in former days the high altar of the Récollet church. Procuring trowels, he and his young friend commenced to dig. They always took the night hours for their work, which they industriously prosecuted. At length one night, just as twelve o'clock rang out over Three Rivers, they came upon a grave five feet square, carefully covered with mortar and six-inch deals, and lined with sand, in which lay the bones of a man who, to judge by the measurements, must have been of unusual size. The shape and appearance of the skull were so much like the portrait of Brother Didace as to cause an involuntary exclamation from the two witnesses.

Mr. Stuart reverently replaced the bones and covered up the grave. He accounts for the bones being in a grave of such curious dimensions by the fact that in former days the church, according to a plan which he received from the archives in France, and which bears the date 1703, extended across the street, with the altar to the west. The inference is that when the altar was removed to the east end of the building, the bones of the holy friar were carefully exhumed and placed anew beneath it.

Those most familiar with the ways of the old Récollet friars say that they were not given to paying much attention to their dead; and that the fact of these bones having evidently been removed, and reinterred with such care in a grave lined

with sand and protected with mortar and deals, shows that they were of one held in great esteem.

The Récollets exist no longer under that distinctive name; but they were Franciscans, and the sons of St. Francis have returned to Canada. Once more the brown habit is seen in the streets of Three Rivers, and sandalled feet have again pressed the floor of the old Récollet church,—now, alas! theirs no more.

A proposition has been made to purchase the venerable sanctuary from the Anglican community, but it has not been seriously entertained by them. The history of nearly a hundred and fifty years of its existence is theirs; it is dear to them because of its traditions and its memories; monuments of their distinguished dead grace its walls; books have been written upon it, and family histories woven in with its past. Still, impossible as it now seems, if it be for the greater glory of God, He will bring it to pass. Then the long-delayed process of canonization may go on without obstacle, and the name of Brother Didace Pelletier be placed upon our altars for invocation as that of a saint of God.

"Fra Lorenzo."

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

IN the heart of the Apennines nestles the little hamlet of San Lorenzo, renowned for naught save its hermit, and the fact that it is the most obscure of the villages hidden among the recesses of the mountains. Though not a league from the Bocchetta Pass, that steep and lofty defile which a century ago formed the only practicable route from Genoa to the interior, but few travellers have discovered its existence. The inhabitants are a simple, childlike people, possessing barely

the necessaries of life; yet content with their heritage of clear mountain air and sunshine, together with "the faith once delivered to the saints."

A hundred years since, at the time of our story, the district was infested by banditti. The villagers remained unmolested, however; and this security they piously ascribed to the prayers of the good "Fra Lorenzo," whom they regarded as the guardian angel of their homes. The superficial modern tourist would perhaps have scoffingly intimated that in San Lorenzo there was nothing worth carrying off. But the peasants held to their trust in their hermit's protection, and continued to dwell in peace with their fierce and unscrupulous neighbors of the mountain fastnesses; and Fra Lorenzo was their comfort and stay in all their troubles.

Whence he came no one knew. He appeared among them years before, and silently took up his abode with them. Many declared him to be a prince in disguise, vowed to penance for a mysterious crime; some, looking upon that calm and noble face, said he had taken upon himself the burden of another's expiation. Others again thought him a second Francis of Assisi,—one who sought perfection, renouncing all the honors of the world to follow the higher life. When asked his name, he had replied: "Call me what you will." And because all agreed that he lived on earth as did the saints of old, they named him for their celestial patron, "Lorenzo."

At first he made for himself a cell but a stone's-throw from the hamlet. Here the youthful and the aged came for advice and consolation. If perchance he walked abroad, little children crowded to kiss his hand, women invoked a blessing upon him, the sick dragged themselves to touch the hem of his coarse robe. Yet each year he withdrew farther and farther from his humble followers.

"My friends," he was wont to say,

"I am neither priest nor physician. I have no skill to heal your infirmities, nor power to alleviate your sorrows. All I can do is to pray for you. Therefore I retire into the wilderness, where amid the solitude I may speak to God of your necessities."

He built a rude shelter higher up the mountain side; but, that not being remote enough, soon sought seclusion beyond the forest; and at length made his retreat within a rocky cave almost among the clouds, where only the wild birds dwelt, and the silence was seldom broken except by their mournful cry.

"It is as if he were ever longing to be nearer heaven," said the village folk, who strove to content themselves with bringing their frugal but loving offerings of wine and peasant's bread to the entrance of his cell, that their hermit might not die from too rigorous fasting.

Thus quietly passed the years. But often there came to the little settlement strange rumors of the bold exploits of banditti. Travellers from Genoa and the sea were attacked with astonishing audacity, and treated with wanton cruelty. Couriers were confused and led astray; parties were misguided, and lost among the mountains. Pilgrims to Milan, to the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, were waylaid and their property wrested from them; and enormous ransoms were exacted from the rich nobles or traders who fell into the power of the daring robbers. The government offered magnificent rewards for the capture of the outlaws; but, though several were brought to justice, there could be found no clue as to their leader.

Meanwhile the hope of the wayfarers, both of high and humble rank, was in the lonely hermit, who seemed a spiritual sentinel guarding the perilous pass. "Can we but reach the cell of the anchorite, all will be well!" they would exclaim. Thus, ever and again, many sought refuge within those rocky walls from the chill

night air, the storms, the wild creatures of the mountains, and their fiercer human foes.

But gradually it began to be whispered in the little village of the valley that there had come a strange change upon the beloved Fra Lorenzo. Months had elapsed since he last came down from the height; and then he had passed at night, like a spectre, through the hamlet. From those who would fain detain him with reverent greeting he turned abruptly away, muttering his prayers, while his dark eyes glowed like living coals beneath his brown cowl. Even the bravest of the men shrank from him with an undefined dread. How different this from the gentle "*Dominus vobiscum*," with which he had been wont to bless them! In fear the peasants crossed themselves.

"The holy man has gone mad," said they. "He has lived too long apart from the companionship of his fellow-beings, wrapped in contemplation or brooding over the wickedness of mankind. Now these idle travellers have come with their vain chatter and gossip of what is going on in the world, to interrupt his vigils and break in upon his ecstasies. And, then, his stern, uncompromising attitude toward the banditti! How could he have expected to cope single-handed with those ruffian cavaliers,—to hold in check that armed and well-disciplined force by the mere power of his will? 'Twould have turned the head of any mortal."

Such was the general reasoning of the simple folk, who grieved over the misfortune which had befallen their beloved Fra Lorenzo, and stormed Heaven with petitions that he might be relieved of the terrible malady with which he was threatened.

It chanced about this time that several wealthy merchants of Genoa, having well-nigh miraculously recovered a ship and much treasure supposed to have been lost at sea, desired to send, in fulfilment of a

vow, a munificent gift to the shrine of the great San Carlo. Having cast lots as to which of them should be the custodian and bearer of the offering, the choice fell upon the most worthy and upright of them all, Giuseppe Monti, who accepted the trust, and gave bonds for its safe delivery into the keeping of the Archbishop of Milan.

Giuseppe's young wife, upon hearing that he was about to undertake the pilgrimage, pleaded that she should not be left behind. Though in the first flush of her beauty, she seemed slowly wasting away, like a fragile flower blighted in the springtime.

"Take me with you, my husband!" she implored. "Could I but kneel within the holy crypt, it may be that the gracious Saint would obtain for me a restoration to health."

Unable to resist her entreaties, he hastened the preparations for departure; and, with a number of armed servants, and a guide supposed to be well acquainted with the route, they set out on horseback. The distance between the city and the Apennines was easily accomplished, and they began cautiously to ascend the mountains. Only the lady knew the mission of the signor and the contents of the saddle-bags; for the object of the pilgrimage was ostensibly to pray for her recovery. The plan of the journey had been that they should travel the dangerous part of the way in the broad light of day, so that darkness might not find them among the hills.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

MANNERS are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—*Sydney Smith*.

Who was the Stranger?

FORTY years ago, when the city of Chicago was in its swaddling clothes, the good men of Holy Name parish, with its zealous pastor at their head, had formed themselves into a society for the relief of the needy, placing the organization under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul. There are representative men in every society, and this was no exception. To these men were assigned certain streets, or precincts; and their duty was to see that no one within their districts suffered for the necessaries of life during the winter then upon them. In order to secure a relief fund, each member contributed of his stores, or in hard cash; so that in a short time a considerable quantity of family supplies was accumulated in the basement of the church, subject to levy when occasion required. With one of these officers of charity, Mr. Smith, a worthy hardware merchant, our story has to do.

It was dusk of an evening in the middle of December. A blizzard, such as visits lake cities only, was at its height; and the unlucky pedestrians hastening homeward in the teeth of the storm—there were no convenient cable cars then—were buffeted and blinded by the whirling sleet. Among these was Mr. Smith. With overcoat tightly buttoned, throat and lower part of the face well swathed in a scarf, and fur cap pulled low over the eyes, he was striding along, with bent head, when he was suddenly accosted by a stranger, who said:

"Good-evening, Mr. Smith!"

Startled at the address, coming as it did in the gathering darkness, and when, as he was even then thinking, his own mother would not recognize him, he looked up, saying:

"Good-evening, sir! But you have the advantage of me: I don't know you."

"No," replied the stranger, a somewhat

tall, gentlemanly-looking person; "but I know *you*; and I want to tell you that there is a family in your district that are in want, and need immediate relief."

Mr. Smith thanked the stranger for the information; and, having made the necessary inquiries as to the whereabouts of the family, promised to see that the wants of its members would be promptly attended to. The two then said good-night, and went their respective ways.

Arriving home, Mr. Smith told his wife that he would defer supper until he had looked up a certain poor family a few streets away, of whose destitute condition he had been informed that evening.

It was with some difficulty that he found the house, and all was dark and silent within. By dint of knocking and calling, the inmates were at length aroused, and a masculine voice asked:

"Who is there, and what do you want?"

Mr. Smith replied: "A friend. I came to see what *you* want. Open the door, and I will explain."

It was a sorry picture on which the gentleman looked,—a fireless stove, a few chairs, and a table on which stood some dishes innocent of food, and a general woe-begone air, emphasized by the keen cold within as well as without.

"I understand," said Mr. Smith, "that you are suffering, and I came to ask what I can do for you. What do you need?"

"Well," said the man, "we need everything. I have been in town two weeks, but could find no employment; and the trifling amount of money we had went for fuel and food. There was nothing but a crust for the children this morning, and my wife and myself have eaten nothing for many hours."

"That's too bad; but where is your wife?"

"Well, the fact is, we had all gone to bed in order to keep from freezing."

Mr. Smith, deeply moved at the tale, promised to return as soon as possible;

and, hurrying home, he partook of a hasty supper, sketching the scene for his wife and sister as he dispatched his meal. Calling a neighbor who owned an express wagon, he accompanied him to the church basement, where the conveyance was loaded with supplies. Soon generous hearts and willing hands had transferred the contents to the room in the cheerless house. A bright fire drove away the biting cold, and the poor man's wife was enabled to prepare a meal for her hungry family. The appetizing ham, the mealy potatoes, the bread and butter, and the coffee, enticed the children from their bed; and it was a happy family that sat around the table, the pangs of hunger being now appeased.

"One thing I should like to know," said the head of the family, as he rose from the table. "How did you learn of our condition?"

The visitor then related the story of his encounter with the unknown gentleman.

"That is strange," said the other. "No one knew of our destitute circumstances."

Thereupon Mr. Smith, in describing the man, recalled that, while he was dressed comfortably, he wore no extra protection against the storm; that he seemed courteous, calm, and dignified, as one sure of himself in every way.

After theorizing for some time as to who their unknown benefactor could be, the poor father remarked that the affair was an evident answer to prayer; for about an hour before Mr. Smith's arrival, at his wife's suggestion, he and family had said the Rosary, praying earnestly for divine aid; and then, resigning themselves to God's will, retired. Shortly after came the wished-for relief.

Entering the employ of his friend in need, Mr. B. himself was soon in a position to contribute to the St. Vincent's relief supplies, which had afforded him aid so opportune in his hour of darkest need.

For many a day thereafter Mr. Smith scanned the faces of the passers-by on the

street, in the market-place, and in public assemblies, in the vain endeavor to see again the mysterious stranger of that winter evening. His pious wife and sister insist on believing that it was St. Vincent himself, who assumed the guise of the unknown gentleman in order to succor the poor, to whose service while in the flesh he had devoted his life.

BERYL.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XXVIII.

WHAT a fine sentence is this! How are you to have "true charity and humility"? *True*, observe. He that has these "knows not how to feel anger or indignation against any one but himself." There is the test, if you are curious to know. Not merely does he not feel, but "he knows not how to feel." This, of course, is high spirituality, almost inaccessible to "the general." Still, to *know* a truth is the first point, and often leads to doing or attempting to do a truth.

"It is no great thing to associate with the good and the gentle;...but to be able to live peaceably with the hard and perverse, or with the undisciplined and those that contradict us, is...a noble thing." Note the nice distinction of character in those categories. The "hard"—*i. e.*, the cold, unsympathetic, and unfeeling. The "perverse"—those who go astray after their own humors and will not listen. The "undisciplined and those that contradict"—that is, the violent and unrestrained.

How dramatic and natural is this on the strange preference given to worldly things! "O Lord, to what are we come! Behold, a temporal loss is bewailed; for a small gain men labor and run; but spirit-

ual loss is soon forgotten, and hardly ever returns to mind. That which is of little or no profit takes up all our thoughts, and that which is necessary above all is negligently passed over. For the whole man sinketh down into outward things; and unless he quickly recovereth himself, he *willingly* continueth immersed." This is a little anatomy of the various stages of a fall. That "willingly" is significant; for if the recovery or rising be put off, a sort of content supervenes. What expression could be happier than that of "the whole man sinketh down into outward things," as though it were some luxurious couch!

(To be continued.)

Notes and Remarks.

It will be no surprise to anybody, we think, to hear that preliminary steps are about to be taken looking to the beatification of Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers of Molokai. The world has already anticipated the favorable judgment of the Holy See in this case. Men of all creeds and of no creed, in every part of Christendom, have blessed his memory. The Pope, we are told, is in favor of the introduction of the Cause, the chief obstacle to which has been providentially removed: it has had its devil's advocate and its able defender in the persons of the Rev. Mr. Hyde and Robert Louis Stevenson. As Mrs. Jameson said of St. Charles Borromeo, Father Damien was a saint that Jews might bless and Protestants revere. The whole world would rejoice to have his name formally enrolled in the calendar of the saints.

In looking over a list of public school-teachers lately, our curiosity was aroused by the name "Bee" prefixed to an unmistakably Irish patronymic. Inquiry elicited the information that "Bee" was a form chosen by this Catholic teacher to replace the name Bridget which she had received in holy Baptism. We are told that other Bridgets become "Deles" and "Birdies" and "Buds." The women who

relinquish one of the most beautiful names in the calendar of saints in this cowardly manner are unworthy of their ancestors, and have little character. How different their appreciation of St. Bridget from that of the illustrious French author Montalembert, who wrote these touching words: "Wherever British emigration spreads, the name of Bridget points out the women of Irish race. Deprived by persecution and poverty of the means of erecting monuments of stone, they testify their devotion to that dear memory by giving her name to their daughters. A noble and touching homage made by a race always unfortunate and always faithful, to a Saint who was, like itself, a slave, and, like itself, a Catholic! There are glories more noisy and splendid, but are there many which do more honor to human nature?"

And such glories are disowned because, perhaps, the name of one of the greatest saints of the Irish Church, honored throughout the world and forever, is not pleasing to Hoosier farmers whose ideas are bounded by windmills and state ditches.

We can not help thinking that some men, like Mr. Gladstone, are left geographically outside the Church by a special dispensation of Providence. Mr. Gladstone's influence on the religious life of Protestant youth—of which many instances have come to public knowledge—would be impossible under other circumstances. We recognize a very special message to the rising generation outside of the Church in these recent words of the Grand Old Man:

"The religion of Christ is for mankind the greatest of all phenomena, the greatest of all facts. It is the dominant religion of the inhabitants of this planet in at least two important respects. It commands the largest number of professing adherents. If we estimate the population of the globe at 1,400 millions (and some would state a higher figure), between 400 and 500 million of these, or one-third of the whole, are professing Christians; and at every point of the circuit the question is not one of losing ground, but of gaining it. The fallacy which accepted the vast population of China as Buddhists in the mass has been exploded, and it is plain that no other religion approaches the numerical strength of Christianity; doubtful, indeed, whether there be any that reaches one-half of it. The second of the particulars now under view is, perhaps, even more

important. Christianity is the religion in the command of whose professors is lodged a proportion of power far exceeding its superiority of numbers, and this power is both moral and material. In the area of controversy it can hardly be said to have a serious antagonist. Force, secular or physical, is accumulated in the hands of Christians in a proportion absolutely overwhelming; and the accumulation of influence is not less remarkable than that of force. This is not surprising, for all the elements of influence have their home within the Christian precinct. The art, the literature, the systematized industry, invention and commerce—in one word, the power of the world—are almost wholly Christian. In Christendom alone there seems to lie an inexhaustible energy of world-wide expansion.”

As many men recover faith in Christianity as they near the close of life, Mr. Gladstone's faith would seem to be on the increase. He is quoted as saying with great earnestness on a recent occasion: “To me there is only one question in the world, and that is how to bring the divine revelation to the heart of the human race.” Mr. Gladstone added: “I believe that the brain of the world is on the side of Christianity—I mean the convictions of thinking men. During my many years of public life I have been associated with sixty of the most prominent men of our times; fifty-five of them were professors of the Christian religion, and consistent professors; the other five were respecters of religion. The great physicians of England are for the most part Christian men.”

These words require no comment; but a mental comparison between Mr. Gladstone and those apostles of naturalism and æstheticism who complacently relegate the Christian faith to “the limbo of dead mythologies” is inevitable.

The French Chamber of Deputies have unhappily voted the shameful tax on the property of the religious congregations of France. Owing to the protests of the bishops, and, it is said, of the President of the Republic himself, communities exclusively devoted to the corporal works of mercy are exempt. The other authorized congregations must pay an annual subsidy of thirty *centimes* per hundred francs gross valuation. As for the “unauthorized” religious bodies—including the Jesuits, the Benedictines, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and kindred associations,—the tax,

instead of thirty, is fifty *centimes*. The law affects religion alone, all lay corporations being untouched. The general feeling is that a heavy blow has been dealt to the Church in France. The present government has given an assurance that the law will be administered benignly; but French ministries are short-lived, and in a few months—perhaps a few weeks—we may have another Cabinet putting pressure on the unfortunate congregations, and levying the tax to the last *sou*. It is not surprising, therefore, that even anti-religious journals point in derision to a law which in reality entails further hardship on the poor and friendless, whilst rich financial and other public companies are allowed to go “scot-free.”

The Emperor of Germany has of late shown a warlike temper, which bodes ominously for European peace. Putting aside the calm and judicial policy which has hitherto guided him, William II., lashed to fury by the refusal of the Reichstag to vote a complimentary address to Prince Bismarck on his eightieth birthday, appeals to “blood and iron” and the “sword” as the only remedies against modern evils. In this he will unfortunately be seconded by the ex-Chancellor, who built up the German Empire on such barbaric principles. Much misgiving is felt in France, which had begun to regard the young and impulsive soldier-Emperor with some favor. The French people, however big their speech at times, have no desire to see a renewal of the horrors of the war of 1870. For the sake of humanity it is to be hoped that more pacific sentiments will animate a monarch who has otherwise shown such admirable and statesman-like qualities.

It is always difficult to find a successor for a man like the late Archbishop Taché; but we believe that a worthy one has been found in Mgr. Langevin, O. M. I., who has just been consecrated at St. Boniface, Manitoba. Archbishop Langevin enters upon his new charge under very trying circumstances. The Protestant majority, which had solemnly promised to respect the rights of the minority, have decreed the death of the Catholic schools; and

although the Privy Council of the Kingdom has reversed their decree, the Orangemen, who constitute the dominant body, refuse to submit. A crisis has been reached in the affairs of the Church in Manitoba; but Mgr. Langevin, who is said to be one of the youngest archbishops in the world, has the advantage of strength, great prudence, and, in an unusual degree, the affection and confidence of his flock.

President Cleveland's most bitter enemies must acknowledge that at least he expresses himself well when he is moved by indignation. There was provocation for it when a Methodist minister at a conference of his denomination at Salem, Mass., accused the President of intemperance. Mr. Cleveland was indignant, and in resenting the charge remarked that "the elements or factors of the most approved outfit for placing a false and barefaced accusation before the public appear to be: First, some one with baseness and motives sufficient to invent it; second, a minister with gullibility and love of notoriety, greedily willing to listen to it and gabble it; and third, a newspaper anxiously willing to publish it."

It may be unkind to say anything against the reputation of the cloth, which is black enough already; but the clerical error of bearing false witness against one's neighbor ought to be denounced in season and out of season, until a minister of the Gospel is no longer considered as an indispensable factor for the propagation of calumnies.

In the death of Monsig. Ricard, the learned and distinguished Vicar-General of Aix, the Church of France has suddenly been deprived of one of her most brilliant ornaments. Monsig. Ricard had a reputation for archæological research and apologetic erudition. That his merit was recognized by his country is evident from the fact that for many years he wore the coveted distinction of the Cross of the Legion of Honor. But his particular claim to the gratitude of his co-religionists is his valiant attack on Zola's infamous book about "Lourdes." Monsig. Ricard traced the inaccuracies and

sophisms of the notorious novelist one by one, and in the end challenged his adversary to refute his statements. This Zola publicly declined to do. Not long before his death, this distinguished priest paid a visit to Rome. He was warmly received by the Holy Father, and blessed for his zealous efforts for the cause of religion. *R. I. P.*

Oblituary.

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 Very Rev. H. F. Parke, V. G. of Wheeling, W. Va.; the Rev. Theophilus Buyse, of St. John's Church, Jackson, Mich.; and the Rev. John T. Delaney, rector of the Holy Name Church, Washington, D. C., who lately departed this life.

Mother M. des Anges Des Moulins and Sister M. of St. Louisa, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Alberta, of the Sisters of St. Francis; Mother M. de Pazzi, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Gertrude, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Constantina, of the Sisters of Charity, B. V. M.; and Sister M. Bridgetta, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who were lately called to the reward of their devoted lives.

Mr. John L. Logan, of Lynn, Mass., who passed away on the 31st ult.

Mr. Philip J. Derrick, whose sudden but not unprovided death took place on the 31st ult., at Fall River, Mass.

Miss Anna A. King, of Baltimore, Md., whose life closed peacefully on the 12th ult.

Mrs. Rose D'Arcy, whose happy death took place some weeks ago, in Montreal, Canada.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. O'Connell, of Iowa City, Iowa, who yielded her soul to God on the 9th ult.

Mr. Sylvester Keegan, who died a holy death on the 14th ult., at Adams, Mass.

Mrs. Jane Rooney, of Jersey City, N. J., who calmly breathed her last on the 21st ult.

Miss Katherine B. Cunningham, whose innocent life terminated in a saintlike death on the 5th inst.

Mr. John F. Zwilling, of Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Lord, Centralia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary McGarry, Boston, Mass.; Mary Killfoyle, Montreal, Canada; Miss M. Herlihy, Beverly, Mass.; Mrs. M. Collins, Salem, Mass.; Miss M. Fennelly and Miss Ellen Collins, Peabody, Mass.; Mrs. Thomas Farrell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. James Murphy, New York city; Mr. John P. Byrnes, Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Ellen and John Dumphy, Ireland; Mrs. Honore Nagle, Somerville, Mass.; James E. McBennett, Chicago, Ill.; and D. C. Holland, Louisville, Ky.

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.

*

To the Little Ones at Easter-Tide.

DO you hear the birds' low twitter
As they flit from tree to tree?
They are like bright darts of color,
In their movements swift and free.

Do you see the lovely blossoms
That are growing everywhere,
Giving beauty to the meadows
And sweet fragrance to the air?

Do you hear the river singing
As it ever onward flows?
How it sparkles in the sunlight,
And gold glances upward throws!

Ah! the birds and flowers and river
Hear the angel choirs sing,
And they echo the glad anthems
That in heavenly courts now ring.

For our Crucified Redeemer
Who was mourned in tears and gloom,
Easter morning rose triumphant
From death's prison-house, the tomb.

Join your voices, happy children,
Loud the heavenly anthems sing,
Alleluia! chant loud praises,—
Christ is risen! He is King!

HAPPINESS is a sunbeam which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray; nay, when it strikes on a kindred heart, like the converged light on a mirror, it reflects itself with redoubled brightness. Happiness is not perfected till it is shared.—
Jane Porter.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XII.—THE POET AND THE PUGILIST.



MILEY'S face fairly beamed.
"Just to think of you fellows being here!" he said.
"Why, it's great! We'll run this school. I was just thinking of running away. I didn't want to come here; but I've an uncle-in-law—the biggest crank in the world; he writes books, and his name is John Longworthy,—and he said he'd pay for me at a good school, if I'd prepare myself for college. And mother pounced on me just as I was going down to the Battery Bath, and sent me here in charge of a conductor we know. I can't tell you how glad I am. But," he added in a whisper, "there isn't much fun here. It isn't like the schools you read about. They don't toss fellows in blankets, or do things like that. I tried to teach 'em last night, but they weren't up to it. The boys here haven't any snap."

Miley turned his back on the students, and led the way to the shade of a big maple on the edge of the campus. He threw himself upon the ground, surveyed the players with a supercilious air, and then invited his friends to follow his example and stretch themselves on the grass.
"I'm trying to size those kids up," he said. "I don't know just who you ought to know. But we'll talk about ourselves first. Did you get my watermelon?"

"Yes," said Jack, sadly.

"You needn't be so short about it. You might thank a fellow," said Miley. "It was a bouncer, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it *was* a bouncer," admitted Jack.

"It bounced us out here,—that is, it helped," said Faky, with some bitterness in his tone. "But, of course, you meant well, Miley. We'll tell you all about it later. So you don't like this school?"

"I don't like *any* school," said Miley, frankly. "I got on pretty well with the Brothers. But they have eyes in the back of their head, and they find out everything. So mother had to take me away, because I played on the wharves, and they went and told her. And I was getting on well enough, too. There's one thing about the Brothers that I like," continued Miley, in a burst of confidence: "they settle with you at once. If they wallop you, why they wallop you,—that's all! They don't nag you about it as Miss McBride did."

"What do you think of this school, Miley?" asked Jack, anxiously.

"Oh, not much! The Professor himself isn't here, but Mrs. Prof. is around. There's a fellow that teaches dancing and drills the boys, and there are a lot of other men; but they don't say much to you. Mrs. Prof. patted me on the head and hoped that I wouldn't miss my mamma. I'm to be examined to-morrow; I'll know more about the place then."

"Do the boys have much to say?" asked Bob Bently, while the others hung on Miley's words.

"I guess not," replied Miley. "I don't intend that they're to have much to say while I'm around." He screwed up his forehead and filled it with wrinkles, which were intended to express great fierceness of temper.

Faky Dillon laughed.

"You just look out!" Miley began. "I won't have anybody laughing if I don't know the reason."

Faky laughed again.

Miley jumped up and put himself into a fighting attitude.

"You're not going to laugh at me," he said, "in front of a lot of strangers,—not if I know it. I'll settle you."

"That's all right," said Faky, derisively. "I'm the only boy here about your own size, and you want to show off. Come on; I'm not afraid!"

There was a small boy they called Miles,
And he couldn't stand innocent smiles—"

Bob interrupted.

"Look here, Miley," he said, "I will have no fighting. It is a bad way to begin."

Miley looked at him defiantly.

"You're not going to run this school!" he said.

"No," replied Bob. "I haven't time for that, but I am going to run myself; and I am going to see that there's no nonsense among the crowd I'm in."

"The idea of fighting with Faky for talking poetry!" said Thomas Jefferson. "Why, you're awfully foolish, Miley. He can't help it: he was born that way. And, besides, he would only write more poetry, and make everybody laugh at you."

"It is a bad beginning anyhow," said Jack. "If we fight among ourselves, we can't expect much respect from the other fellows. If you don't like all of us, Miley, you'd better go over to the other fellows. We are not pining for you."

Miley's face lost its tough look; his bright eyes looked at Jack and Bob, to see whether they were in earnest or not. He saw that they were; he unclasped his fists and shook hands with Faky.

"But," he said, "I'm a bruiser from Bruisertown; and, if I ketch you making poetry about me, you'll find that I'm all there."

Faky began, gently:

"There was a small boy called Mil-ee,
He thought he could smash up poor me;
But Bob said he shouldn't,
And I knew he couldn't,—
So let's laugh at unhappy Mil-ee!"

Miley rushed at Faky, but Jack and Bob held him back.

"This won't do," said Jack.

"I told you that punching Faky would be of no use," said Thomas Jefferson. "He isn't afraid, because he knows that he can get even with you sometime. He'll have every boy in the school singing verses about you if you don't look out."

"Faky can't help it," put in Baby Maguire. "He can no more help it than I can help my nerves."

Miley reluctantly permitted himself to become peaceful.

This incident cast a gloom over the meeting; and, as none of the other boys came to speak to the strangers, Bob and Faky and Jack became more and more homesick.

At last Faky spoke:

"What kind of a time are we likely to have, anyhow?"

"A very bad time if you keep on being so sassy," said Miley, with a growl. "But remember, if you fellows want to run away, I'm with you."

"We don't want to run away," said Jack, suddenly. "I've found out that the only way to get on is to face what's before you. You may laugh, Miley, and you too, Faky, if you like; but duty is duty, and we've got to stick to our posts; though I wish from the bottom of my heart I were home."

"I'm not laughing," said Faky. "I'm in for duty every time. If you fellows were literary, you'd know all about the boy that stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled. There was duty that *was* duty. Professor Grigg, when he finds out that we are the boys that mixed him up with the custard pies in the sleeper, will make it as hot for us as that burning deck; but we'll have to stand it."

"I don't see why grown-up people can't see the difference between what's fun and what you *mean* to do," said Bob, impet-

uously. "You try to have some fun and you don't break a window: nobody minds. You try to have some more fun and you *do* break a window: everybody is down on you. It's 'Come here, sir, till I skin you alive!' And it's all sorts of scolding. 'Why did you play ball in the yard?' And you say that you *always* played ball in the yard, and it was all right until somebody left a shutter open, and your ball went through a pane of glass. Nobody minds what you say, or whether you intended to break the glass or not. If your ball goes through the glass, you're bad; if it doesn't touch the glass, you're good enough. A boy just has a dog's life,—that's all. I wish I were a girl."

There was an awed silence.

"You don't mean that?" said Thomas Jefferson. "You wouldn't like to be a girl. Did you ever see girls try to pitch a ball? Oh, my!"

"Yes, I do!" said Bob, desperately. "A girl has some rights. People are afraid that she'll cry and sob, so they're nice to her. I might howl till I was black in the face, and who'd care? Nobody."

"You know you wouldn't like to be a girl, Bob," said Jack. "You're just saying that, because you think Professor Grigg will take it out of us for putting the pies in his berth."

"How did we know that he was going to get into that berth?" demanded Bob, taking his hands from his face and glaring at his friends. "If we did it on purpose, we'd have the fun of it to remember; but we didn't do it on purpose, and we haven't had the fun, and I don't see why we should bear the punishment. It isn't fair. And here's Baby,—he was in it as much as we were, and he'll come out all right. I say it isn't fair."

Bob buried his chin in his hands again.

Faky's eyes moistened; but he recovered himself very quickly.

"I say, Bob, don't look on the dark side of things. If to-day is gloomy, to-morrow

will be bright,—you can make up your mind to that.”

Bob was not inclined to accept advice from a person of Faky's age; but somehow it rather comforted him, though he growled out:

“What do *you* know about it?”

Faky only grinned.

“I'd like to see old Grigg jumping out of that berth again. If he cuts up rough, I'll make a poem on him,—that's what I'll do.”

“No,” said Jack, “you will not. We've got to respect Professor Grigg; it is part of our religion. And, whatever happens, we *must* begin right.”

“It is in the examination of conscience,” said Thomas Jefferson; “and if we were to make fun of Professor Grigg, we'd have to tell it when we went to confession.”

Miley sighed.

“But there's a boss priest here,” he said. “He spoke to me the first time, and I showed him how to pitch. Just think, he had never played baseball in his life! And when I had taught him to pitch, he gave me a St. Benedict's medal and a picture of Our Lord carrying a lamb. I'm going to confession regularly. I never did like to go. Mother had to chase me every time I went. Sometimes my Aunt Mary gave me candy to go; but the chasing was more fun. But now I am going regularly. I promised Father Mirard.”

“We'll have to do the best we can,” said Jack; “but I do think that life is awfully hard for boys.”

A swift ball flew toward Jack from the campus. He was on his feet in a moment. He caught it and sent it back. And a boy in uniform came running toward him.

“Halloo!” he said, in a soft voice, as he touched his military cap. “Do you want to play?”

“Cert!” answered Miley, promptly.

“Oh, not you!” said the boy. “*You!*” He pointed to Jack.

The latter nodded, and the two were off at once.

“I like that!” said Miley. “Jack drops us soon enough.”

“Why did that boy touch his hat?” asked Thomas Jefferson.

“It is the rule,” said Miley. “You've got to put on military airs here.”

Another boy—a round-faced, chubby boy, with a touch of the brogue,—came over to them and saluted. He had taken off his coat and wore a “sweater.”

“Your chum pitches well,” he said, good-naturedly. “Let's all have a game. We thought you were chumps.”

Faky grinned.

“You'll find out,” he said.

And for the next half hour all gloom disappeared.

(To be continued.)

The School-Girls' Saint.

BY DORA M. BAXTER.

Catherine! Catherine of Alexandria, that famous old city in Africa, whose library was one of the Seven Wonders of the World,—yes, and would be to-day, had not a stupid old caliph of Mecca burned it down. Oh, what a glorious Saint she is! Delightful stories are so entwined about her name that one is quite bewildered where to begin. Thoughtful scholars and grave professors kneel at her shrine before they go to their daily task; painters and poets dream of her. In the great schools of Europe you may see her mild, intelligent face smiling down from the wall where she is framed with a book in one hand, a pen in the other. In the famous picture-galleries she is represented as borne through the air by angels, or receiving on her finger a ring from the Infant Jesus, or seated in the midst of learned doctors.

"Sprung from a royal race," Catherine lived in the time of the persecutions, and died a martyr to her faith. They tied her to a great machine made of four wheels, with knives along the edges, which tore her delicate body to pieces. After this she was beheaded. But some say she was not injured at all by the wheels,—that the angels came down and shattered the machine to pieces. Often in her pictures she is represented with a wheel by her side, as a symbol of her triumph; and perhaps you will be surprised to hear that the pin wheels you fire off on the Fourth of July are sometimes called Catherine-wheels.

Now, Catherine was not always a Christian—at least, so the story goes,—but she was an exception to the common run of pagan girls, who lived for pleasure alone; for she shut herself up in the palace and devoted herself to study. And as she was of royal lineage, the people shook their heads at her strange behavior, and besought her, since she was so much given to study and learning, to take a husband to carry on the business of the family. "You are endowed with four notable gifts: royal blood, vast wealth, learning which makes you peerless among women, and matchless beauty."—"Then," answered the Lady Catherine, "I must have a husband worthy of me. He that shall be the lord of my heart must also possess four charms: he shall be of noble blood, and of higher lineage than mine; he shall be richer than the richest; so full of beauty that all shall worship him, and so benign that he can gladly forgive all offences." The people wondered at such extravagant notions.

One night Catherine dreamed that she wandered on a mountain with an old hermit who lived in the desert near Alexandria, and that angels robed her in purple, crowned her with lilies, and led her into a strange sanctuary. Here a great King reigned in majesty, and a most sweet

Lady took her hand and presented her to Him. But He turned away His Head. With this Catherine awoke, in a flood of tears. Next morning she sought the old hermit's cell, told her dream, and received Baptism. That night the Blessed Virgin appeared again with the Divine Infant, who placed a ring on Catherine's finger. She had at last found 'the Lord of her heart.' Henceforth her life was given to Almighty God.

But you have not yet heard why she is your patron. When she was brought before the Emperor Maximin to be judged, she boldly told him how blind he was to worship senseless idols, while the rivers, the hills, the sea, the stars, all tell of the One True God. The Emperor was quite at a loss what to answer, so he called together all the wise men of his kingdom to argue with this clever young Christian woman. Modestly but firmly she stood up in that assembly of grey-bearded men, and spoke in such forcible and learned language that they were all struck dumb. And every one of that band became a Christian and died a martyr's death. This is why St. Catherine's picture hangs in so many school-rooms, that young girls may see how excellent a thing is a Christian education, what dignity it adds to a woman, and what a weapon it is when faith is in peril.

But perhaps the choicest of St. Catherine's legends is that which the Church recites in the lessons of her feast on the 25th of November,—that her body was borne by angels to Mt. Sinai, where the most of her sacred relics are still kept. This is the prayer that embodies the story:

"O God, who didst give the law to Moses on Mt. Sinai, and didst thither convey by Thy holy angels the body of blessed Catherine, Thy virgin and martyr; grant that, by virtue of her merits and intercession, we may have strength to arrive at that Mount, which is Christ."



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

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The Angelus.

BY THE REV. GEORGE C. BETTS.

RING out, sweet Angelus, ring out
 And wake the day!
 For unto us a Child is born
 Of Blessed Mary. And the morn,
 With constant ray,
 Invites to prayer
 And homage rare.

Ring out, sweet Angelus, ring out
 And wake the day!

Ring out, sweet Angelus, ring out
 At burning noon!
 To tired souls thy message sing
 Of Her who bore that "Holy Thing,"
 That heavenly Boon,
 Whose loving breast
 Provides our rest.

Ring out, sweet Angelus, ring out
 At burning noon!

Ring out, sweet Angelus, ring out
 And bless the eve!
 The shades of night come on apace,
 And veil the Virgin-Mother's face.
 We do not grieve:
 With Him no night,
 With Him all light.

Ring out, sweet Angelus, ring out
 And bless the eve!

Ring out, sweet Angelus, ring out
 Your one, two, three!
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 We cry with all the heavenly host,

Eternal praises be;
 And love for Mary pure
 To endless years endure!

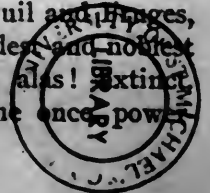
Ring out, sweet Angelus, ring out
 Your three times three!

A Battlefield in Artois.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.



IT was a day in June. The waving corn-fields were bright with golden grain, scarlet poppies, and azure bluets, as we followed the picturesque road leading from the quaint old town of Montreuil to the battlefield of Azincourt. To the traveller whom the railway conveys from Calais or Boulogne to Paris, Northern France appears ugly and uninteresting enough; but this impression is hardly correct. Off the beaten track, along the byways of Picardy and Artois, lie many spots of beauty and interest: large forests, covering miles of undulating country; smiling valleys, with red-roofed cottages gaily painted in blue and white, nestling under wooded hills by the side of flowing streamlets. Such, for instance, is the valley of Crequy, between Montreuil and Arras, the cradle of one of the oldest and noblest families of France, now, alas! extinct. Only ruins remain of the once pow-



ful Castles of Fressin and Crequy, the strongholds of this illustrious race. But a touching tradition is connected with these ruins; and the peasants of the country, in their Picard *patois*, still relate the legend, or "Complainte," of Raoul, Lord of Crequy.

Raoul, the third son of Gerard, reigning Lord of Crequy, with his brothers Roger and Geoffroy, followed King Louis VII. to the Crusade; leaving behind him his young wife, his aged father, and his fourth brother, Baudouin. Before parting from his bride, Raoul, according to the custom of the day, broke his wedding-ring in two, keeping one half and giving the other to his wife, as a token of his fidelity and love.

Soon after their arrival in Palestine, continues the tradition, Geoffroy and Roger were killed in battle; Raoul was grievously wounded, and fell into the hands of a rich Saracen, who, after keeping him a close prisoner for about three years, finally condemned him to death. The prisoner was cut off from all human help; for his friends and comrades had long since given him up as lost. He turned his hopes toward Heaven; and the "Complainte," tells us, in its quaint language, how he

... a genoux sie gestia

A Dions, à Notre Dame sie âme commenda,

Au bon St. Nicholay feit estiou sa prière.*

After a fervent prayer, the knight fell asleep. He awoke to find himself in a thick wood; and, to his amazement, he recognized the flowers and foliage of his own Picardy. Instead of the hot Syrian sun, he felt the cool northern breezes fan his cheek. He walked on, awed and perplexed; and meeting with a peasant whose garb betrayed him to be a native of France, he timidly inquired where he was. "In the forest of Crequy, on the borders of Flanders," was the reply. Falling on his knees, Raoul exclaimed: "God of heaven

and earth, Thou hast mercifully withdrawn me from the hands of my enemies!" And, hastening his steps, he hurried on along the well-remembered paths until he reached the Castle of Crequy.

Here, the legend tells us, he found a large assembly of noble guests, with their horses and retainers. Evidently events of unusual importance were taking place, and the festive appearance of his old home struck the wanderer with a strange chill. He summoned up his courage to question one of the bystanders, and learned that the former Lord of the Manor, Gerard, had died of a broken heart on hearing of the death of his three sons; that the young wife of the Crusader Raoul, after long waiting for her husband's return, had become convinced of his death; and, to escape from the tyranny of her surviving brother-in-law, Baudouin, had consented to wed the Lord of Renty. Her nuptials were about to be celebrated: hence the festive air of the old manor.

Raoul immediately begged to speak with the lady of the Castle on urgent business; but the "Complainte" tells us that his tattered garments and unkempt appearance caused him to be refused an entrance. At length, however, his importunity prevailed: he was allowed to enter; and on his presenting the lady with the half of his wedding-ring, she recognized in the ragged wanderer her long-lost husband, the Crusader. We are told that Raoul and his wife lived happily together for twenty years or more; they had seven children, and built several monasteries.

Beyond Crequy is Fruges, a clean little town, with a handsome church and an excellent population. Those who are loud in their denunciations of the impiety of the French people should see the good *curé* of Fruges at the head of the workmen, clerks and laborers, whom he assembles on stated days for Mass and religious instruction, and who in his hands are docile and simple as children.

* "Threw himself down upon his knees, commended his soul to God, to Our Lady, and prayed also to good St. Nicholas.

On leaving Fruges, the road passes close to the ancient Abbey of Ruisseauville, formerly called St. Mary of the Woods, from the immense forests that covered the country. It was founded in the year 1127 by Ramelin, Lord of Crequy, the members of whose family had the right of burial within its walls. The monks had large possessions and enjoyed much influence. They continued to live in community until 1792, when the revolutionary storm obliged them to disperse. The abbey church was pillaged and partly destroyed; the monastery buildings and lands were sold; and at present some broad green meadows, a few fine old trees, and here and there an ancient bit of architecture, alone mark the spot of the once famous Abbey.

When this ruthless destruction took place, the Abbot of Ruisseauville was a certain Jean Dominique Hurtevent, who had governed the monastery since 1781. He was passionately attached to the spot, and left it only when absolutely constrained to do so. He then retired to Poperinghe, over the Belgian frontier; but his heart remained at Ruisseauville, and the pain of exile seems to have impaired his health. At last, in spite of his failing strength, the longing to see his Abbey once more proved too much for him: he resolved to return to France in disguise, to feast his eyes on the church and cloisters, the woods and meadows, where he had spent ten peaceful years. He set out on his perilous journey, crossed the frontier in safety, and knocked late one evening at the door of a farmer, in the little village of Plauque, close to Ruisseauville.

We may imagine the surprise of the peasants when they recognized in their visitor the Lord Abbot; and their terror when they discovered that he was literally in a dying condition. The fatigue and hardships of his journey, added to the sorrow of his exile, were too much for Jean Hurtevent, and he breathed his last a few hours later.

Their perplexity was great. The Reign of Terror was at its worst; and the presence of a priest, living or dead, in their house would certainly, if discovered, bring the whole family to the scaffold. They, therefore, decided to bury their guest with all possible speed and secrecy; but their innate feeling of respect for his rank made them hesitate to lay him in any but consecrated ground. "He longed to see his Abbey again," they said: "we will take him there." And accordingly the following night the farmer and his sons set forth in a cart, carrying with them the dead body of the outlawed priest.

Local tradition tells us that the journey was full of peril. Once the travellers met a party of soldiers, and were obliged to hide their burden in a ditch till all was quiet. At last they reached Ruisseauville. The half-ruined Abbey, the empty church, the deserted cloisters, looked weird-like in the gloom. The peasants reverently lifted the body from the cart; they dug a grave as close as possible to the church; in it they laid the Abbot, and afterward silently and carefully filled up the hole, covering it with grass, to conceal if possible every trace of their night's work. Then, having breathed a hasty prayer, they departed, in order to reach Plauque before daybreak.

Very different was this funeral service from those of the former abbots, who were buried in state, amidst the chaunts and ceremonies of the Church. When its last Abbot was laid to rest, the glory of Ruisseauville had become a vision of the past. The shriek of the night-bird was his only Requiem; the glimmer of the stars above, the torch-lights at his burial; the whispered prayer of the frightened peasants, his funeral tribute.

A few minutes' drive more and we reach the plain of Agincourt, as it is called by English historians; or Azincourt, as it is more correctly termed by the French. It stretches out, forming almost a square, between the villages of Azincourt, Trame-

court, Maisoncelles, and Ruisseauville. A large Calvary, bearing an inscription, marks the spot where the struggle was hottest. It was erected a few years back by the Marquis of Tramecourt, on the site of a mortuary chapel, which was destroyed in 1792. This venerable shrine, so ruthlessly swept away by the revolutionary tempest, had been raised over the large pit in which Baudouin de Bricourt, Abbot of Ruisseauville, buried hundreds of warriors on the evening of the battle.

Standing at the foot of the Calvary, under the pathetic figure of the dying Saviour, stretching forth His arms over the graveyard, where friend and foe sleep side by side, we realize most vividly the scene that took place on the eventful 25th of October, 1415, and of which the minutest details have been handed down to us by old historians. As our readers know, France was at that time a prey to internal divisions. King Charles VI. was out of his mind, and his son the Dauphin too young to control the rival factions that tore the country to pieces. In England, on the contrary, the sovereign Henry V. was in the flower of his manhood and strength. The son of Henry IV. of Lancaster, and of his first wife, Mary of Bohun, he had, when Prince of Wales, astonished the nation by his frolics, that gained for him the surname of Madcap Harry. But age, and the grave responsibility that his father's death brought him, ripened Henry's naturally noble character; he earnestly devoted himself to the affairs of his kingdom, showing himself a loyal son of the Church and an able ruler.

In 1415 he took advantage of the demoralized state of France, and laid siege to Harfleur in Normandy. But, though he succeeded in taking the town, his soldiers fell a prey to sickness; and Henry resolved to march with them to Calais, then, as we know, an English possession. He had just crossed the river Ternoise at a village

called Blangy, and reached Maisoncelles on the 24th of October at midday, when he heard that a large French army, commanded by D'Albret, Constable of France, and the Duc d'Alençon, was stationed against the woods of Ruisseauville to impede his passage.

The King's first impulse was to enter into negotiations and to avoid an engagement. He had only 12,000 men, exhausted by sickness and by the fatigue of a long march; whereas the French numbered 100,000 soldiers. Finding, however, that a battle was unavoidable, the young sovereign took his measures: placed his men, visited the different posts, encouraged his soldiers by his own hopefulness, and above all exhorted them to place their trust in Providence.

The 25th of October dawned chill and gloomy over the plains of Artois. At daybreak the English King repaired to the little church of Maisoncelles, where he assisted at three Masses, and many of his chief officers followed his example. In this solemn hour the hopes of the English soldiers were centred on God's protection and assistance rather than on their own strength. They had spent the night in mending their weapons, while several priests went up and down their ranks, hearing confessions. Over the little army there hung a feeling of grave expectation, and many a manly heart beat anxiously at the thought of the coming fight and of the dear ones left at home. The French, on the contrary, confident in their superior numbers, could not for one instant admit that a handful of "poor, starved" soldiers were formidable adversaries, and they passed their time in feasting and rejoicing.

On his return from Mass, Henry donned a suit of armor. On his helmet of polished steel he wore a jewelled crown, and over his coat of mail a tunic embroidered with the lilies of France and the leopards of England. He rode up and down the ranks

on a grey charger, speaking words of hope and confidence to his men; and looked, with his brilliant armor and gallant bearing, every inch a king. Seeing that he was expected to begin the attack, he took up his stand near the banner of the Blessed Virgin, and, with a brief ejaculation for aid to "God, Our Lady, and St. George," he gave the signal. The English knelt and kissed the ground; then, signing themselves with the Cross, they sprang to their feet and rushed forward with the cry, "Our Lady for her Dowry!" At that time England was popularly known as the Dowry of Mary, Richard II. having solemnly consecrated his kingdom to the Blessed Mother of God. The ground was heavy from the rain, and the horses of the French chiefs sank deep into the mud; but both armies fought with great courage. The Duc d'Alençon perished; and the English King, ever in the thickest of the fray, was saved only by the devotedness of some Welsh knights.

The battle raged furiously for over three hours, at the end of which the victory of the English seemed complete. The difficulty of drawing their horses out of the heavy mud, where they were exposed to the unerring aim of the English archers, and the death of their chief, seem to have overcome the French knights, whose dead bodies strewed the field: 10,000 French and 1,600 English are said to have perished. Among the former were representatives of all the great families of Artois and Picardy; several princes, five knights of the house of Crequy, and three of the family of Tramecourt, who fell within sight of their ancestral home. No wonder that among the peasants of the country the 25th of October, 1415, is still spoken of as *la male journée*,—"the unhappy day."

King Henry humbly and gratefully acknowledged that only a special protection of Heaven could have given so signal a victory to his small army. When the fray was over he sent for his chaplains and

ordered the psalm *In Exitu Israel* to be sung then and there. At the verse, "Not unto us, Lord, not unto us, but to Thy Name give glory," the victorious soldiers knelt down and kissed the earth. Henry always attributed his success to the intercession of St. Crispin and of St. John of Beverley, whose festival is celebrated on October 25; and in his immortal play, "King Henry V.," Shakespeare has recorded the King's humble acknowledgment: "O God, Thine arm was here! And not to us, but to Thine arm alone ascribe we all."

The victorious monarch was probably standing where the Calvary has since been erected, facing the village of Azincourt, and having Maisoncelles to his left, Ruisseauville to his right, and Tramecourt just behind him, when he called the French herald, Montjoy. "To whom," he asked, "belongs the honor of victory?"—"To you, sire," was the reply.—"And what," said the King, "is the name of yonder village?" pointing to the spire of Azincourt that rose in front of him, between the trees.—"Azincourt," replied Montjoy. "Then," said Henry, "let this battle henceforth and forever bear the name of Azincourt."

A large quantity of spurs, gold and silver pieces, bits of armor and human bones, have been picked up by the peasants in the fields around Azincourt. Some of these relics are preserved at the neighboring Château of Tramecourt, also a curious manuscript written in the fifteenth century by a certain Jehan de Tramecourt.

As we stand and gaze the sun declines behind the distant woods, and evening shadows begin to gather around us. The great, white Christ seems to stand out clearer and more solemn in the increasing darkness. Overhead, the trees wave and sigh; stirred by the soft summer breeze, they seem to sing a funeral dirge over the dead heroes that sleep beneath. Ruisseau-

ville and its green woods; Tramecourt and its glorious memories of a vanished race; Maisoncelles and its church, where our English hero knelt and prayed; the plain of Azincourt, over which rang the war-cry of Catholic England, "Our Lady for her Dowry!"—all these gradually fade away in the gathering darkness.

Turning our backs at last upon the visions and memories of the past, we return to Fruges, no longer by the broad high-road, but by the rugged, narrow path trodden by King Henry's victorious soldiers after the battle, and called to this day "The Road of the English."

◆◆◆

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

XVII.—PERIL.

"MASTHER ARTHUR," observed Rody, one evening after Bodkin had inspected the stables in the Old World hostlery in Merida, where the staff was quartered, "may I make bould for to spake up to ye, sir?"

"Go on, Rody."

"Well, sir, I'm pickin' up Jarmin as quick as I could pick up mushrooms beyant in ould Mickey Mulligan's field; an' I keep me ears wide open; an', mind what I tell ye, sir, there'll be a mighty bould attemp't for to carry off the Impress an' her crown."

"Ha!" said Arthur, all attention; for he recalled Rody's suspicions of Señor Gonzalez, *alias* Mazazo, and how well founded they proved to be.

"Yes, sir, there's somethin' in the wind. An' that little black, that sarvint of the ould lady, the Countess Can-you-scratch" (Rody's pronunciation of Könnigrätz), "is in it. I'm keepin' an eye-like the Skib-

berreen aigle on him; but I think, sir it would be well for to have him well watched."

"Rody, this may be serious. You are no alarmist."

"Sorra a bit, sir; but I like for to take the bull be the horns. An' another thing I'll be afther tellin' ye. Mazazo or his fetch is here, sir, as sure as Sunda'."

"This *is* serious, Rody. Why didn't you speak of this before?"

"Bekase, Masther Arthur, it was yer own father—the heavens be his bed this night, amin!—that said to me: 'Rody, be always sure,' sez he, 'before ye take a step in aither love or war.' An' I'm the cautionsest craytur ye ever met, all in regard to yer father's words,—Lord rest his sowl, amin!"

Arthur had the most implicit confidence in the shrewdness of his retainer, knowing him to possess a keen power of observation, and a faculty for putting two and two together. In addition, O'Flynn was no alarmist. He was as fearless as a Nubian lion, and would prefer being in a "scrimmage" any day to being out of one. A note of warning from Rody meant as much as "boots and saddles" from any other man.

"Go about as usual, Rody, and keep your ears and eyes open. We leave here to-night for Santa Ysabella, in order to allow the Empress to travel in the cool, and to enjoy the glories of the full moon-light. If danger is ahead, it ought to burst to-night, and on this trip. Leave me now, and report every hour."

Bodkin was seriously alarmed. Should any mishap come to the Empress, every member of the staff was doomed. It was a case of do or die. He wandered about the rambling old building in which the staff was quartered, and which had formerly been a convent, in the hope of seeing or hearing a *something* that might prop up Rody's suspicions; but nothing came to him. Quitting the building, he strolled up

the Alameda, and pulling out his briar-root pipe, "readied" it and began to smoke, seeking inspiration in the soothing weed. An hour passed away, during which Arthur cogitated for the safety of the Empress; the image of Alice standing out in boldest relief the while. But nothing came of his "cogitabundity of cogitation," save the opalescent smoke that curled from under his mustache and ascended the spreading arms of a gigantic cactus. The clock from the Cathedral rang out six, and then came the sweet, prayer-inspiring sounds of the Angelus. Our hero removing his cap, placed it upon the seat beside him; and, bending his head reverently, repeated the wondrous and ever-beautiful prayer. As he was about to replace his cap, to his astonishment he discovered a piece of paper lying in it folded strap-wise. Hastily opening it, he read the single word: "*Muerta!*" (Death!)

He sprang to his feet, flinging glances to the right and to the left; but the Alameda was absolutely empty. He leaped behind the cactus, that spread out like a hedge as a screen to the bench on which he had been sitting; but there was nobody in sight. He argued that no bird could have dropped that death-warrant into his cap. It must have been placed there while he was repeating the *Ave Maria*, and the person who deposited it must have been waiting for an opportunity. What did it all mean? Worried and mortified at being cozened after this fashion, Arthur retired to the hotel, to find Rody O'Flynn awaiting him.

"There's something up, Masther Arthur. They're giving a double dose of oats to some of the horses, an' there's two of the men ready for to start. They're two that joined us at the place wid the quare name."

"Tlamplanixametecar, I think."

"Bedad, sir, if ye didn't hit it, ye made it lave *that*."

"Who took these men on?"

"Sorra a know I know, sir."

"Any more news?"

"No, sir."

"Well, *I* have news for you, Rody!" And Arthur told O'Flynn of the warning word, and the mysterious manner in which it came to him.

Rody gave a whistle.

"This bangs Banagher, Masther Arthur. Faix, we must do somethin', or somebody else will be doin' it for us."

Arthur sought Baron Bergheim. The Baron was at first inclined to laugh at the whole affair; but, seeing how very grave Bodkin was, and recalling the Mazazo episode, he resolved upon taking counsel of the military commander of the expedition, General Count Hoyos. After considerable discussion, it was eventually resolved to countermand the night journey; and, in addition, to secretly change the route for the next day,—sending Arthur and an orderly on the prepared road, so as to allay any suspicions.

"*We're* in for it, anyhow,—Masther Arthur. An' I've a notion that we ought for to take a couple of fine bastes,—not our own, sir; for I'm thinking that my horse is doctored, for he's off his oats; an' yers is only dawney."

"By Jove, you are right, Rody!"

"An' I've hid our revolvers, sir, till the time comes for startin'. Lave it all to *me*, Masther Arthur. If two Irishmen—moreover, wan a Bodkin of Ballyboden—isn't aigual to forty Mexicos, may I never set foot agin on the ould sod!"

It was a glorious moonlight night, and moonlight in Mexico means that the "viceregent of the sky" bathes the earth in liquid pearl. Arthur Bodkin, accompanied by his orderly, rode out of the shadow of the old convent as the clocks were telling the hour of ten,—the start of the imperial *cortège* being named for eleven. Rody had picked out two superb chargers; being, like every country-bred Irishman, an expert in horse-flesh. He had also provided himself with three extra

rounds of ammunition and a pair of extra revolvers.

Baron Bergheim seemed to realize danger when Arthur reported himself ready for the road.

"Hey! but it takes an Irishman to run this risk!" he cried. "There *is* something up; for Hoyos has got hold of some information that has startled him. It is due to you, my dear boy. And if—if—you should come to any grief, I'll take good care that you will get all the credit due to you." And the old man turned away without another word, his voice a little thick.

The two horsemen had ridden about three miles, and now reined in on an open plain dotted with cactus.

"We can speak here without fear of being overheard," observed Arthur.

"Ye can, sir, if the Mexico behind that bush doesn't understand English."

"What Mexican?—what bush?"

"Just there, sir. I seen him dodgin' from clump to clump like a rabbit. But don't take heed of him, sir; there's more of thim, depind on *that!* See him, sir—ah! there he goes!"

A dark form was seen scurrying from bush to bush, almost bent double, and moving at considerable speed.

"Perhaps some poor peon frightened to death."

"I've me doubts, Masther Arthur. But whisht! I hear horses comin' toward us. Look to yer baste, sir, and out wid yer revolver. Let us hould up, sir, and take the middle of the road."

Rody's acute sense of hearing warned him of the approach of danger. A shrill whistle, thrice repeated, from the direction which the bounding figure had taken, proved that the scout had given the alarm; and in a few minutes four horsemen rode into sight,—riding slowly, two abreast.

"Make a dart for that big lump of a cactus, Masther Arthur. We'll back our horses agin it, and they can't surround us any way."

This advice was instantly adopted; and our hero, with his orderly, reined in; their horses facing the roadway, their revolvers in their hands.

The approaching horsemen, either upon hearing the whistle or upon perceiving Arthur and his companion, broke into single file and came on at a light canter, which changed into a walk when within talking distance.

As they came up the leader halted, and, touching the rim of his *sombrero*, politely exclaimed:

"*Buenas noches!*"

"*Buenas noches, caballero!*" responded Bodkin, touching his cap military fashion.

The leader then asked if the imperial *cortège* was close at hand. To which Arthur gave a very ungrammatical and impossible reply.

"*Mucho gracias!*" said the other, as politely as though our hero had given him every possible detail; he then bowed low, and, putting his splendid barb into a canter, rode away, followed by his companions.

"I'm thinking that we were frightened without cause, Rody."

"Mebbe so, yer honor; but I have me doubts. We're not out of it yet; for here's more of thim,—whatever they are, frinds or foes."

Another party of horsemen now rode into view, the moonlight flashing on the accoutrements of their steeds. This party numbered about ten, and were saluted by the same shrill whistle, thrice repeated.

"I thought so!" muttered Rody. "If we have for to fight now, sir, it's not on the Fair Green of Ballynowlan wid *kippeens* we'll be." And as the cavalcade drew nearer: "We're in it, sir. Almighty God and the Blessed Virgin help us! I seen thim dhrawin' their guns and soords."

Backing their horses to another cactus bush, Arthur and Rody stood prepared, every nerve at its highest tension. Even while they executed this manœuvre, the

four horsemen who had just ridden on came up at a gallop. There was no mistaking their intentions, for both parties rode up to the two Irishmen.

As Arthur raised his revolver a shot from behind rang out, and then another; and two saddles were instantly emptied: those of Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden and Rody O'Flynn, his orderly.

(To be continued.)

A Returned Emigrant.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

MARY CASSIDY was going home to Ireland a rich woman, from her point of view, but bankrupt of the hope and the youth with which she had made the journey out nearly half a century ago. She had been then a black-eyed, red-cheeked, strongly-built girl, awkward and good-natured. The times were troubled when she left. There had been a couple of black, bitter seasons, and the blight was spotting the potatoes in the early summer of the year. The famine loomed opportunely, as it seemed, to help the Government; for "the boys" had been drilling for some time back, and the feeling of the country had been inflamed by the speeches and written oratory and poetry of a band of ideal patriots. But can you make successful revolutions with half-starved men? Everywhere over Europe revolutions were flaring up; and a few months after Mary Cassidy's departure for New York, the Irish rising flickered feebly and went out. The country was already too depressed with the famine and the famine-fever to feel the new blow of the revolution abortive and the leaders in prison. Cholera was sweeping steadily toward it, and on the black lips of the hunger-stricken there was no room for the martial songs that a summer or two ago had set hearts beating

and blood wildly coursing. There was a more relentless foe even than the English Government to be faced, and the odds were a thousand to one against emaciated bodies and exhausted vitality.

But these blacker events were yet in the distance when Mary Cassidy sailed away. She left in Kilclooney a delicate mother and young sister. Her mother worked for some ladies of the neighborhood, and earned enough from her minute and conscientious mending and darning to keep body and soul together in herself and the two children. Mary was little more than a child when she left Ireland, and would have been well content with field-work in Kilclooney vale, that opens to heaven, and is shut by eternal walls of mountains from the world and the evil in it. Kilclooney village, with the church and the school, the police barracks, the general shop, and the public-house, was world enough for Mary. She had never forgotten the day when she was called in from driving a flock of geese through the stubble—each of them carefully transfixed at the beak with a stiff straw to keep it from rooting the stacks,—and found her mother sitting uncomfortably listening to Miss Leslie's arguments on the subject of emigration. The Misses Leslie of the Manor had been bitten with the philanthropic fad which for the last half century or so has been expatriating the young sons and daughters of the Irish. "Listen to Miss Leslie, *acushla!*" said the half-tearful mother when Mary had made her dutiful curtesy; "and remember she's all for your good." The little girl stood fingering her pinafore, and hearing without comprehending Miss Leslie's picture of an El Dorado over the water. Next spring seemed as far away to Mary as it did to the callow goslings who were looking for titbits outside the door.

She scarcely realized what had been agreed upon when she went back to her goose-driving and blackberry-picking;

and indeed never imagined the parting till she was on Mick Flynn's long car, bound for the distant town and the railway station, when she set up "a screechin'" that, as her poor mother put it, "nearly tore my heart in two." It was through the flood-tide of young tears Mary last saw her mother's face; and so great was her loneliness and terror of the big, unknown world beyond Kilclooney that she would have flung herself from the car but for some of the kindly neighbors who were bound the same long journey. Mary kept up her noisy grief till they were aboard the steamer at Queenstown, when her new world began to distract her, and she turned a more willing ear to the golden dreams of her companions of the fortunes to be made in New York, and the sums they would send to the people at home.

Poor Mary's first experience was a sufficiently hard one. She engaged with a stern New York boarding-house keeper as kitchen-maid and general drudge. Mrs. Deely thought Mary ought to be very grateful to any one burdening herself with the girl's "Irish awkwardness," and Mary accepted her assurance in absolute good faith. Twenty dollars a year seemed a large sum to Mary's unsophisticated eyes, and she became the willing drudge of the household, and the slave of the old negress who ruled the kitchen, and of whom at first Mary was terrified.

She was not long out when the cholera discovered Kilclooney, sunk between its mountains. One or two letters of Mary's remained unanswered. Then the girl grew alarmed, since already panic-stricken refugees from plague and famine were appearing in the streets of New York. She wrote to the priest, and received a pitying answer. Her mother and Tessy were both dead of the cholera, and henceforth Mary was alone in the world.

She bore the blow with a dumb resignation very characteristic of her. Her patience moved even her mistress and

Mandy the cook to a certain sympathy; the more that she shirked none of her work, despite the heavy sense of desolation that was never absent from her. The hard climate and incessant work and her life in the basement told on Mary. She stopped growing, and became more awkward-looking because she was stunted. The white in her face went yellow, though she kept the hard bright color of her cheeks. She was as strong as a little mule, and tramped and carried and scrubbed and swept, with never a complaint. After a time she began to take comfort from the affection of Mrs. Deely's spoilt little crippled boy. Adolph was so cross with everyone else that his mother rejoiced when he took a fancy to Mary. Mary laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks when he told her she was so pretty; but Adolph was in earnest, and would have kisses and affection for Mary at a time when even his mother was moved to tears by his imperious rejection of her offers of service. The capricious love was the first warmth to steal into Mary's heart after she had had the black news from home. She grew to love the child who was so difficult with everyone else, and she worked harder than ever in order to snatch intervals of leisure when she might be with him during the day.

It was at this time Miss Somers, a lady who wrote stories, came for a few days to Mrs. Deely's boarding-house. Before she left she made a startling proposal to Mary.

"I want you to come to me," she said, "out of this unwholesome place, and be my servant. I'll treat you like a fellow-creature, and I believe we'd make each other happy."

The wages the kind-hearted lady offered seemed enormous to Mary; but there was Adolph, and at the thought of him she was braced up to refuse. She looked at Miss Somers' strong, clever face, and thought how much she should like to be her servant; but she stood firm.

"Masther Adolph, the poor wee man, would roar his life out. No, Miss: I thank you kindly; but, all the same, I can't go."

Miss Somers refrained from saying what she thought—that Adolph would not long stand in the way. She only smiled kindly at Mary, and said:

"Well, you good creature, stay with the boy. But it only makes me want to have you more. If you ever change your mind, write to me at this address."

A few months later Mary, in evident trouble, and wearing a bit of black ribbon for mourning at her neck, arrived at Miss Somers' cottage in New York State, on the borders of the pine woods.

"I'm glad to see you, Mary," said her new mistress. "I'm plagued with the little monkey who has been pretending to do my work. I've packed her home to her mother. Take off your bonnet, and go and see your kitchen."

This was Mary's installation in the home that was to be hers for forty years. For that great stretch of life mistress and maid abode together in great peace and affection. Occasionally they locked up the cottage and went for a while to New York, or to the mountains or the sea in hot weather, and returned rejoicing to the cottage in its garden, which seemed ever so sweet and restful. Mary managed all the housekeeping, while Miss Somers wrote her books; and so the two grew old women.

And now Miss Somers was dead, and Mary returning forlornly to Kilclooney. She had an idea that, since her dear mistress was gone and the cottage in the hands of strangers, there was no homelike place in all the world except the valley of her childhood. Miss Somers had left her comfortably provided for; and in the bag in her bosom—which contained a few locks of hair, the relics of her dead—she had a cheque on a London bank for a considerable sum, as well as the notes and coins in her old purse. She came back steered, as she had gone. It never

occurred to her to travel any other way; and her fellow-passengers, jubilantly going home, had no idea of the prosperity of the poor old woman who sat in a dazed way on a camp-stool all day, looking in a forlorn way out to sea. One or two motherly dames thought her scarcely fit to be travelling alone; but their advances were received in so absent-minded a way that they were discouraged, and tried no more; only hoping "the creature 'll have some one to see to her whin she lands."

The big boat swept past Queenstown in a hurricane, and landed no passengers. Mary saw the coast of Ireland far in the distance, and felt a return of heat to her heart; but she was not well, and on this voyage had been feeling herself very old and weak. It was late at night when they got into the Liverpool docks. Mary landed with the rest of the passengers, in the darkness. She had a confused idea of asking some of them to see her to a hotel; but one little family party and another bustled by her, and she had not the enterprise to ask. She trudged through the docks in the direction she had seen them taking. There would be vehicles at the dock gates, and she would get driven to a respectable lodging for the night. Then her head began to swim worse than ever, and she stopped to rest. She felt the dock floor going up and down beneath her more dizzily than the big ship, the noise of whose screw was throbbing in her ear. She leaned against the wall, and beat the air with her hands. Then she dropped down, and lay motionless under the thick mist of rain.

She awoke to find a small, anxious-looking boy holding a flickering match to her face.

"Get up, ma'am!" he was saying. "Sure what are you doin' lyin' out in the docks a night like this? If I hadn't fallen over your bundle, I'd go bail you'd be a dead woman by mornin'."

Mary tried to get up, and found she was very stiff. The boy assisted her with curious, old-fashioned good manners. When she sat up, she told him as well as she could what had happened to her.

"Dear! dear!" said the boy, commiseratingly. "Sure you'd better come home to my mother for what's left of the night. We're Irish like yourself, an' you'll be safe with us, ma'am; an' it's more than you'd be maybe outside the dock gates."

He assisted her to her feet very carefully; and Mary thought to herself, in all her stupefaction, that he must have a mother he was in the habit of seeing after. He lifted her bundle, still watching her with the same anxious gaze. Mary leaned on his shoulder, and they proceeded by very slow stages toward the rest and shelter she desired so eagerly; for she felt very cold and tired.

Mrs. Nolan lived inside the docks. Her husband had been a dock watchman, and had been greatly esteemed for his honesty and attention to duty. So when he walked off the dock wall one night in a dense fog, the directors gave his widow a little cottage inside the dock gates, and took on her Joe, fourteen years of age, for various odd jobs. He assisted at the unloading of cargo; but the men, who felt kindly toward their dead comrade's boy, took care not to task his strength unduly,—a necessary precaution; for Joe was eager for work, and would willingly have strained himself in his good will. There were three or four little ones to be provided for, and he was the only wage-earner; so Mrs. Nolan had often a hard time enough,—though she did little jobs of washing and sewing for the men, to earn a little money.

However, Joe and his mother were quite content with their lot. Mrs. Nolan was a simple Irish peasant, who had never ceased to be horrified at the speech and behavior of the women she met with after she had married and come to Liverpool. The men,

however rough they were, had more grace to respect her almost childish innocence. So after Patrick was gone, and she removed into the docks, she came to look on her little cottage as a haven of refuge. Of course, there were snorting engines and wide basins of water to be feared for Phelim and Hugh and Nora; but, then, they were old-fashioned, quiet children, with no taste for adventure; and when she had left them in the little lean-to shed at the back of the cottage, with their broken bits of crockery to play at shop, she was pretty sure they would not wander. Mrs. Nolan's experience of her own kind in Liverpool had been such that the high dock walls seemed to her safety from sin and shame; and in her little house she set up her crucifix, a statue of the Holy Virgin, and her holy-water font, and felt as if she were in Ireland again.

The children were in bed, and she was sitting by the fire this night, waiting for Joe. It was something of a trouble to her that her little boy had to work so late and so incessantly, and had had to give up his schooling, at which he was doing so well. She had a bit of food under a hot plate by the fire, and a small table drawn up to it. Joe was a little later than he often was, but his mother was not anxious. She knew how wise and careful he was, and could trust him.

Presently there came his voice and tap at the door, noisier than usual; for he never forgot that he must not waken the little ones. Mrs. Nolan stepped to the door and opened it, then stared aghast.

"Glory to God, Joe!" she said, "who have you got wid you?"

Joe assisted Mary inside, and then said: "Only a poor soul I found wanderin' round the docks by her lone self. She came off the *Persia* to-night, and fainted in the docks, and there was no one to see to her. So when I found her I brought her home to you."

"You're kindly welcome, ma'am!"

said Mrs. Nolan, helping her guest to a chair by the fire, into which Mary sunk exhausted. And then the kindly woman bustled about to get her something warm to drink. The hot tea revived Mary, who soon sat spreading out feeble hands to the blaze. She was pleasantly conscious of the warmth and shelter, and looked round appreciatively at the clean little house, with its religious emblems, that recalled Kilclooney village long ago in the morning of her life.

"I'll be moving on in the morning," she said. "I'm on my way to Ireland, and I'm grateful to you for the night's shelter, and the kindness of yourself and your boy."

Mrs. Nolan looked at her pityingly. She did not think her guest would be able to travel by morning, but she replied cheerfully that it was a very good and pleasant thing to be going home to Ireland. Presently, when Mary began to nod in the firelight, she partly undressed her and put her to sleep in the bed beside the fire,—in the warm place at her own side vacated by little Hugh, whom Joe took in for the night. After they were in bed, Mrs. Nolan lay awake looking at the flickering shadows from the drift-wood fire cast upon the ceiling. She had some anxious thoughts about the woman beside her, who looked so ill and worn. She seemed too poor to be able to pay for her keep, though she had spoken of going on to Ireland; and the Nolans could ill afford another inmate. However, Mrs. Nolan was comforted, thinking of the night the Mother of God was refused a shelter at all the inns of Bethlehem.

"I'll keep her in God's name," she thought, "if the poor soul is goin' to fall sick on my hands, as seems more than likely. *He* won't let the children suffer."

When she got up next morning and lit the fire, her guest was sleeping quietly. She made the stirabout for the children, and then put out Joe's breakfast against the time he should come in for it. When

she brought the steaming cup of tea to the bedside, Mary stirred weakly and looked up at her. She drank the tea gratefully. It seemed to revive her, but in the cold morning light her face looked very grey and sharpened.

"I think I'll lie on and rest," she said. "I don't feel like as if I could travel to Ireland to-day. You won't mind having me?"—this wistfully. "I'm able to pay my way."

"Whisht, whisht, woman dear!" said Mrs. Nolan. "Sure it's not about a stretch on the bed and a cup of tea you'd be talking. You're kindly welcome to stay till you're strong enough to travel."

So Mary lay resting and dozing alternately, while Joe and the children had their breakfast, and the latter were packed off to school, and the mother cleared away and tidied up the house.

Presently there was an interval of leisure, and she came and sat by the bedside, putting a patch on Phelim's trousers. Then the two began a desultory conversation. Mrs. Nolan had a very low, sweet voice, and the talk seemed to please Mary. She asked about her Irish home, about her marriage and her husband, and about the children,—topics on which Mrs. Nolan was very fluent. Mary learned all her hopes and fears. She was very grateful for her little home in the docks, and the kindness shown to her and her children; but she was sorely afraid of Liverpool and its temptations as the boys grew up.

"They're good children," she said; "and a kinder, steadier boy than my Joe never was. Why, I believe he carries the weight of us all on his shoulders! But I can't always hope to keep them inside the dock gates, and there's worse things in the streets outside than the big black rats that come out in the warehouses after dark. It's hard for boys to keep straight, so it is; and I've seen as innocent mothers' sons as ever my little boys were goin' to shame and sin in Liverpool."

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Mary listened to her intently. Then there came a pause, and she said, feebly:

"Lying here last night, I began to feel that maybe it was foolish of me to have thought of going back to Kilclooney. Sure nothing'd be the same—not even the gravestones. I'd be like a poor old ghost among the ghosts. Fifty years is a long, long time."

Then she asked Mrs. Nolan if she could sing. Mrs. Nolan did sing, without any pressing, some of Moore's Melodies, and then "The Wearing of the Green," and passed on to some of the simple hymns she used to sing at the convent school in Ireland. When she had the patch on Phelim's trousers neatly finished, she paused, and looked at her guest. Mary was fast asleep.

She did not wake till late in the afternoon. The little Nolans were then home from school, and sitting very quietly round the fire, so as not to disturb "the poor, strange woman." The room was full of shadows, and the youngsters were amusing themselves by prodding the white ashes of the wood, and imagining strange sights in the sudden brilliance. Mrs. Nolan was sewing busily, now and then reprimanding Hugh and Nora when they got excited over their fire-castles. Mary called her weakly.

"I'd like to see a priest, ma'am," she said, "if you could fetch me one. I'd feel easier in my mind."

"Surely," answered Mrs. Nolan. "Run, Phelim, and tell Father O'Sullivan, at the Star of the Sea, that we want him here. He won't be long coming, never fear."

Father O'Sullivan came very soon indeed, and was alone with the sick woman for half an hour. Then he went away quickly, telling Mrs. Nolan he would return later. He came about eight o'clock, with a dapper-looking gentleman, and had another interview with Mary. When he was going he had a few words with Mrs. Nolan.

"The poor old creature was anxious to settle her affairs, spiritual and temporal. I don't see anything the matter with her except weakness, but I'll bring round Dr. Devine in the morning to look at her. She has told me how kindly you took her in. God will reward you, my child."

After this was over, and the little cottage room bright in the firelight, Mary cheered up a little. She asked to be propped up with pillows, and then called the children to her, and tried to make friends with them. She set them to talking of what each would like best in the world. Phelim wanted to be a sailor. He had what his mother called "the roving drop" in him. Hugh, a small, serious child, wanted to be a priest, and say Mass like Father O'Sullivan. Nora only wanted to go back to Ireland, which she imaged as a kind of earthly heaven. Mary seemed amused at their chatter; for once they had begun, they were loath to stop. Their mother sat placidly knitting and smiling at them, except when Phelim talked of the sea, when she lifted her hand to her eyes and brushed away a sudden mist. Presently she drove them off to bed, telling them they had "moidered" the visitor enough for one evening.

After they had gone Mary lay smiling, as if they had given her pleasant thoughts. What she was thinking was, if God spared her, she might take the mother and children with her home to Kilclooney. The money she had would seem a mine of wealth to them. She could set up Mrs. Nolan in a shop or a farm, and put the boys to school and to trades, and little Nora could go to the convent school every day. Everything she had would be employed for their benefit while she lived, and would be left to them after her death. Surely, then, they wouldn't grudge her, a poor, lonely old woman, a place by the chimney-corner and a little warm space in their love.

She kept the same softness of look when Mrs. Nolan found her in the morning; but there was a greyness over the worn face, and a rigidity about the lean hand that lay on the coverlet; and Mrs. Nolan was started. She lifted the hand, and it fell stiffly. She leaned to look at the quiet face—and then she closed the eyes reverently. Mary Cassidy had travelled in the night to a fairer country than Ireland, and had found the mother and sister so long lost, and the kind mistress and friend whose going had left her so desolate.

"God rest her poor soul!" said Mrs. Nolan. "There'll be no goin' farther for her to-day or forever in this life."

When the dead woman's little possessions came to be examined, it was found that her fortune amounted to several hundred pounds. She had left all, with the exception of a small bequest for Masses, to Mrs. Nolan and her children, by her will made the previous night. She had spoken to Father O'Sullivan of her wishes for the mother and children—that they should be put in the way of returning to Ireland, and of living there comfortably. Father O'Sullivan arranged matters, and Mrs. Nolan was indeed heartily glad to go. She has a thriving general shop in Moneymore now; and her children are, as she says, "well conducted, and a credit to the poor woman that befriended them."

Many a one in Moneymore hears Margaret Nolan's story, and keeps a lookout for the rich persons in disguise who may come to their doors a-begging any day or night. Whereby the beggars of Moneymore are materially benefited. Joe, despite the sudden accession of wealth, and though he is his mother's right-hand man and a *parti* in Moneymore, keeps his old anxious look. He still fathers the young ones, and the mother herself, as in the days when his ten shillings a week made all their income.

A Cry in the Night.

BY JOHN E. BARRETT.

A TREMBLING voice in depth of night,
When all is still, I sometimes hear;
Its plaintive cry puts sleep to flight,
And wakes me with its note of fear.
It is my little boy that calls—
My five-year-old with eyes of blue,
Who, through the dark and silent halls,
Says: "Papa, let me go to you!"

I know his little heart is filled
With dread of something undefined,—
Some fleeting vision that has thrilled
His soul and stormed his peace of mind.
And in that lonely hour, when all
Is darkness and he can not see,
I give him courage as I call:
"Be not afraid, but come to me!"

Then may we, too, in lack of light,
When darkness, fear and doubt oppress,
Lift up our voices in the night,
For comfort in our loneliness,
To Him alone whose holy Name
Is help for all on land and sea,
And in our direst need exclaim:
"O Father, let us go to Thee!"

—••—
"Fra Lorenzo."

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

THE pilgrims had not proceeded many miles along the bridle-path, however, ere the guide began to gaze anxiously around, in a vain search for well-known landmarks. Now he led them on confidently, again paused in perplexity. The old, familiar way seemed to have disappeared. On they pushed, through the wild olive thickets and by dark ravines, hoping to regain the beaten track. But, alas! in the end they realized the terrible fact—they were lost within the realm of

the banditti! The servants paused in consternation.

"San Carlo, help us!" ejaculated Monti earnestly, conscious of the treasure at stake and the odds against them. The Signora drew her fur mantle about her as a protection against the cold wind, and wept quietly.

"Take courage, dear one," said Giuseppe tenderly, striving to allay her alarm. "The cell of the hermit of San Lorenzo must be somewhere in this vicinity."

Thus they went on till near midnight, when suddenly, with gladness, they came upon a rocky cave, before which burned a brushwood fire to guide the strayed pilgrim toward aid and shelter.

Joyfully Signor Monti assisted his wife to dismount. The rude mat which hung before the entrance was at once drawn aside by an unseen hand, and a deep voice bade them welcome. It was a dwelling meet rather for beast than man, its sole furniture a rough wooden bench. On the wall hung a crucifix, and under it, upon a rude shelf, lay a skull and a discipline.

The anchorite silently brought a loaf of black bread and a flagon of the acid wine of the district for his unknown guests, then withdrew to a corner to continue his interrupted devotions.

The merchant ordered the cushioned saddle-bags, in which the treasure was secreted, to be brought in, ostensibly to form a couch for his exhausted wife. With a sigh of relief, she threw herself upon them. He spread her cloak over her, whispering, "Not a word of the gold even to the hermit"; examined his weapons, and took up his position as guard a few feet from her, at the door of the cavern, while his followers encamped around the fire outside.

But Signora Monti was too weary and troubled to sleep. Time passed; still, her gaze continued fixed in fascination upon the ascetic, who appeared agitated and distracted at his orisons.

"Ah, the saintly man has pity for our plight! He understands the danger more fully than we. He knows that at any moment we may be attacked by banditti."

Thus she reflected anxiously until the suspense became unendurable. She looked toward the door. The Signor nodded at his post; beyond him the servants lay asleep upon the ground, wrapped in their blankets. There was a distant sound without in the darkness. Was it only the wind? To her overwrought and straining senses there seemed evidence of a dread approach.

"Holy Father, save us!" she gasped, almost inarticulately.

The friar turned toward her.

"Fear not, daughter," he said. "As you are travelling apparently without gold or jewels, you have no cause for alarm—"

He paused, as she appeared about to interrupt him; but her husband's warning recurred to her, and she lapsed into silence.

A quarter of an hour passed. Again that faint noise, only nearer.

"Tell me where the treasure is, that I may preserve it for you," whispered a voice close beside her.

She started, and saw the hermit bending over her. He knew of it, then! Truly, as had been said, the holy man could read the secrets of hearts. How expect to conceal anything from him?

"Make haste!" he urged.

"The trust to be delivered to His Grace of Milan?" she faltered, trembling.

"Yes,—where is it?"

"Here in my cushions," was the frightened answer.

"Good! Now you need give yourself no further concern."

He returned to his prayers, but the eyes under the cowl had gleamed with a wildness which increased her uneasiness. What if the anchorite was indeed mad, as rumor said? Already she repented of her hasty confidence. Still, Giuseppe had declared their only hope to be in the protection of the recluse of the mountains.

She looked again toward the Signor. He roused himself; and she was about to call him to her and tell him of the occurrence, but at this moment the anchorite drew back the straw hanging that covered the rude window at the side of the cave, revealing the first streak of dawn in the east. In a low voice he chanted the opening strains of the matin hymn. The lady felt soothed and comforted.

The next minute, however, there was a crackling in the thicket near by: the banditti were at hand! The servants started up, dazed and confused. Signor Monti sprang toward his wife.

"The Signora will be safe here," interposed the hermit, throwing open a door, hitherto unobserved, but which manifestly led into an inner cell.

Fierce-looking men appeared upon the scene. While Monti and his attendants struggled to prevent their entrance into the cave, the hermit pushed the lady into the cell, and catching up the saddle-bags thrust them in after her; then there was the sharp click of a lock, and she found herself in total darkness. Outside all was strife. Suddenly she heard the cry: "You traitor!" What could it mean? Presently there flashed upon the mind of the unhappy woman a realization of the truth. The morning antiphon was a preconcerted signal, and the hermit was—the chief of the banditti! And was she now doomed to death, to be thus literally buried alive? Overwhelmed by terror, she lost consciousness.

But what of the conflict in the outer cave? For some minutes the anchorite had fought by the side of Monti; yet, though the banditti numbered but about a dozen men, the merchant and his followers gained no advantage. All at once Giuseppe fancied he saw a glance of intelligence pass between his ally and the foremost of the enemy. With the desperation of despair, he turned to the hermit and uttered the accusation which pene-

trated to the ears of the fainting Signora Monti: "You traitor!"

The effect of his words was amazing even to himself. The arms of the bandits seemed palsied. Several of the servants closed around the figure of the ascetic. For a time he defended himself valiantly, but was at length overpowered—and the robbers fled. For an instant he and Monti stood motionless, glaring defiantly at each other; then the latter tearing away the brown cowl of the hermit, revealed the well-known features of a noted Genoese desperado, who some time before had mysteriously disappeared.

The servants, having secured their prisoner, hastened to release the Signora. Breaking through the door of the tomb-like cell, they found the lady more dead than alive; and not far from her the mouldering skeleton of the saintly Fra Lorenzo, whom the bandit chief finally confessed to have murdered many months before.

From the cloud gates of the east rose the sun in a flood of golden light; the fleecy mists rolled up the mountain sides, affording a beautiful view of the fair green valleys below,—the dangers of the night were past.

Guarding their captive, Signor Monti and his party resumed their journey. The tidings of their perilous adventure spread with astonishing rapidity through the district. The inhabitants of the little hamlet of San Lorenzo were confounded at the astounding revelation and capture.

"Our hermit foully slain!" they cried. "His holy habit donned by the assassin; his saintly character assumed by a criminal fleeing from the law; the hallowed cell profaned! It is a crime appealing to Heaven for vengeance."

As children they mourned, as children refused to be comforted. They became indeed almost beside themselves with grief and indignation.

"The intercession of the Madonna

form a part; it is nourished by processes in which they take no share. And when these convictions decay, and those processes come to an end, the alien life which they have maintained can scarce be expected to outlast them."

This apposite illustration recalls another attributed to Mr. Kegan Paul: "If the rose be cut and placed in water, it will blossom sooner than the sister buds that are left on the bush—but the bloom will leave no seed. Unbelievers of the first generation may display even more than ordinary Christian virtue, but it is of a kind that does not propagate itself; and the agnostic of the second generation usually displays a very low phase of ethical development."

The *Diocese of Fond du Lac*, edited by the Bishop of Fond du Lac (Anglican), thinks that there is a disagreement between the Pope and the Congregation of the Inquisition on the subject of Anglican orders. Perhaps there is, but the settlement of it is easy, and not far to seek. The Pope will render a decision, and the decision will be final. Will the Bishop of Fond du Lac allow us, for the sake of argument, to refer to a disagreement between the Anglican Bishop of London and the Anglican curate of St. Mark's, Marylebone Road? The Bishop withdrew the curate's license for teaching the "Hail Mary," and the curate appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury. From this high functionary the curate might still appeal to the Privy Council, and decision of the point accordingly would rest with a woman—Queen Victoria. She rules over the Church of England. St. Paul would not approve of this. The Bishop of Fond du Lac will permit us to remark further that the obedience rendered to the ecclesiastical rulings of Queen Victoria is not the same as that commanded by Leo XIII., and lovingly paid by his spiritual children the world over. In fact, there is a big difference all round—in the founders, in the churches, in the rulers, and in the discipline.

One of the most flourishing of religious confraternities is that of the Association de Notre Dame du Salut, under the direction of the Fathers of the Assumption. The great promoter and leader of the work is Père

Bailly, one of the most zealous and indefatigable priests in Paris. It is this Association which every year conducts, free of all charge, one thousand sick pilgrims to Lourdes. Two conditions are imposed: first, that the sick person be certified incurable by a properly qualified medical man; and secondly, that he be in a destitute condition. The members of the Association not only pay the railway fares, but they provide maintenance, and give personal service to the unfortunates. The celebrated Dr. Boissarie, who silenced Emile Zola in a lecture delivered in Paris some time ago, thus speaks of the Fathers of the Assumption with regard to this work of charity: "It must be remembered that these religious have undertaken a task above human strength. To gather together 1,000 or 1,500 invalids, to convey them from all parts of France in twenty or thirty trains—regular hospital ambulances; then at Lourdes, for three days, not only to surround them with every material comfort, but, more still, to watch over them with continual solicitude; to restore them to their families without a single accident to deplore, with a mortality far less than that in the best hospitals,—is not all this a result altogether remarkable? Yet for the past fifteen years the same experience has been renewed, and this grand pilgrimage goes on without giving rise to a single complaint or protest."

It will be remembered that some time before the death of the Comte de Paris it was mysteriously whispered that he had made a very special vow to Our Lady of Lourdes. The account of that vow has now been given to the public, and forms an edifying page of the tender tribute paid to his friend by the Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris. Mgr. d'Hulst writes:

"It was in the month of August, 1889, five months after he first learned that he was stricken by a mortal disease, that the Prince made a vow to Our Lady of Lourdes. He did not ask for his cure, leaving himself in this respect entirely in the hands of God. But, in order to complete certain important matters, both political and domestic, he asked for one more year of life. Next year came, and his malady had made little perceptible progress... The favor asked for, had been obtained. The vow was accomplished, and a rich offering was taken to

the sanctuary of Lourdes by the hand of a friend—the hand of him who writes these lines. On the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1890, I celebrated Mass at the Grotto for the intention of the Prince, and conferred with the Fathers of Lourdes as to the expenditure of the proffered sum. It was agreed that it should be devoted to the mosaics of the Church of the Rosary, and in particular to that one representing the third Sorrowful Mystery, the Crowning with Thorns."

Five days before his death, the Comte called Mgr. d'Hulst and remarked: "You remember my vow to Our Lady of Lourdes? Every day since then I have recited, without once omitting it, the Litany of Loreto. Even yesterday I was able to do this; to-day I can not. Will you say it with me?" Mgr. d'Hulst continues:

"From that day until the eve of his death I faithfully fulfilled this pious duty, which afforded him much consolation. The Prince responded to the invocations, which were said in Latin; and he once interrupted me to inquire the exact meaning of a word,—a touching proof of his close attention."

Truly his was a royal soul, and it is little wonder that his cause had such warm partisans during his life-time. Men of every faith have been edified by the piety of the Count of Paris; and even the most uncompromising advocates of the republican form of government must admit that France would be better ruled by such a prince than by her present masters.

So many demands have lately been made upon the charity of the public that we should be loath to second a new one, were it not for the consideration that the deplorable condition of the lepers of the Kumamoto Mission, Japan, may appeal to some who would not be moved by ordinary necessities. There are in Japan thousands of persons afflicted with leprosy. The missionaries who work among these unfortunate people, realizing that they can win their souls by ministering to their bodily necessities, propose to found a hospital for their relief. For this a large sum of money will be required, and we believe that it could not be expended more profitably for missionary purposes. Surely the holy and self-sacrificing men who cheerfully give their lives to the service of these unfortunates may expect at least the financial assistance of their brethren.

Notable New Books.

STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Vol. II. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Perhaps no literary work ever yet undertaken has enlisted the services of so many of the greatest scholars of the world as the Standard Dictionary. A cursory glance at the list of editors and assistants would of itself dispose us to accept the claims put forth by its publishers: that it is in every respect the best dictionary of the English language that has thus far appeared. Let us add, on our account, that it will not soon be superseded by another.

We have already referred to some of the excellent features of this work in a review of the first volume.* It now remains for us to reiterate our former praise, and to affirm the complete fulfilment of the promise implied in the first half of the work. The points of advance are so many that they can not easily be summarized. Much of the story is told, however, in the statement that no fewer than two hundred and forty-seven editors and specialists—many of them having an international reputation—have been engaged upon it; that five years have been spent in the preparation of it, and that \$960,000 were expended upon it before a completed copy was ready for the market. In addition to the editorial staff, a corps of five hundred readers was employed in supplying and verifying quotations. It may be assumed, therefore, that the Standard represents the highest modern scholarship in science, literature, art, and the industries.

Superficially, the most remarkable feature of the new dictionary is the fact of its containing 75,000 definitions more than any other; and that in these definitions greater conciseness is attained without the sacrifice of either clearness or comprehensiveness. From the view-point of scientific lexicography, however, there are higher excellencies. The use of the German double hyphen, for instance, to designate compound words is entirely new; and when one remembers that twelve out of one hundred lines of printed

* "AVE MARIA," Vol. XXXIX, p. 105.

matter end with an unfinished word, it is important. Another notable advance in dictionary-making is the recognition of the popular demand for the abolition of the diphthong in such words as "esthetics" and "medieval," and the omission of the dieresis in such words as "cooperate" and "reelect." Another great merit which makes this dictionary especially valuable to students of language is the list of synonyms and antonyms which accompanies the definition of important words. Thus under "affectation" you have nine synonyms carefully discriminated, and as many antonyms. The philology of words is wisely placed after instead of before the definition; the dictionary of proper names—Latin, Greek, geographical and biographical—is happily gathered into *one* appendix; and the glossary of foreign phrases is decidedly superior to that of Webster's "International."

From the cordiality with which the Standard has been received by the leading scholars and educators of the world, it may be inferred that the new dictionary will rapidly supersede all others. It may be had in either one or two volumes.

CARDINAL FRANZELIN, S. J. A Sketch and Study. By Nicholas Walsh, S. J. Gill & Co.

Few men so well deserve the tribute of a biography as the subject of Father Walsh's interesting sketch. Before his death, Cardinal Franzelin was considered the greatest of living theologians; but a higher merit, and one which will make his memory a precious treasure of his Order and of the Church, was his saintly life amidst the distracting cares of his exalted office. If any one were inclined to discredit the inspiration of the Tyrolese ecstasica, Maria Mörl, when she declared that young Franzelin should be a Jesuit, the doubt would be dispelled by his perfect fulfilment of all the duties of his vocation. He was an ideal Jesuit. His reluctance to accept the cardinalial dignity, and his indifference to the high honors paid to him, remind one forcibly of St. Bonaventure's greeting to the Papal ambassadors who brought the "red hat" into the kitchen, where the Saint was washing the dishes.

Father Walsh has done his work admirably.

His veneration for his friend is enthusiastic, and the virtues of Cardinal Franzelin soon raise a similar feeling in the reader. The story of this holy prelate forms a garden in the wilderness of modern biography.

THE ONE MEDIATOR. By the Rev. W. Humphrey, S. J. Art and Book Co.

Father Humphrey's book illustrates two points admirably: first, the essential ancientness of truth; and second, the freshness and attractiveness of even familiar truths when presented in good form. This work contains nothing that is not at least implicitly contained in the penny catechism; yet so winningly is it set forth that the reader roams over the familiar ground with the zest and enjoyment of a discoverer finding many a new flower in the form of a point which he knew before, but never thoroughly realized. The scope of the work is broad. The first chapter, dealing with the important place which sacrifice holds in religion, proves the priesthood of Christ, and explains the nature of sacrifice, especially the Holy Mass. The Sacraments are next treated, in general and then in detail; there is an admirable chapter on the position of those outside the Church, and the remainder of the book is occupied with the consideration of kindred subjects.

The author's discussion of the "tests and touchstones" of real belief in the Incarnation, we have read with special pleasure. His terse style, as well as the practical character of his work, may be judged from this excerpt:

"He who intelligently salutes Mary as Mother of God thereby testifies to his true belief in the personal divinity of her Son and in the reality of His Incarnation. . . . When we salute Mary as the Mother of God, we assert that her Son is truly man; for otherwise Mary would not be *Mother*. We assert at the same time that Jesus is truly God; for otherwise Mary would not be the *Mother of God*."

Father Humphrey's work will serve admirably for spiritual reading or private meditation.

JOAN OF ARC. By Lady Amabel Kerr. London: Catholic Truth Society.

The question of the beatification of Joan of Arc, and Senator Fabre's bill in the French Chamber for the proclamation of a national *fête* in honor of the Maid of Orleans,

have renewed public interest in the peasant maid of Domremy. In France the year has produced "La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc," by the famous Jesuit, Father J. B. J. Ayroles; and in England, "Joan of Arc," by Lady Amabel Kerr.

The first is admirably commented on in a recent number of *The Month*. Of the latter we have only good words, whether we consider the binding, with its suggestive *fleur-de-lis* decorations, the literary style which marks the narration, or the evident accuracy of the historical statements. Lady Kerr is plainly in sympathy with her subject; but this is a happy fault in the history of Joan of Arc, whose life has so often been told with a total absence of this quality, which, like time, softens the hard lines of national or personal prejudice.

URSEL, AND OTHER STORIES. By Frances Maintland. London: The Catholic Truth Society.

Miss Maintland's stories are all interesting, and many of them are admirable in their way. This is especially true of "Ursel," the opening tale. At the outset we admit a fondness for the Scotch dialect; and this liking is not lessened by the fact that it comes trippingly from the tongue of bonny Ursel Murdoch, whose serious breach of duty, however, can not be condoned. The Lowland horror of priests and things Catholic is well illustrated by Ursel's demeanor toward Father Clenachan, as well as by her remorse for dwelling under a "Papist" roof. In strange contrast with this is her lax idea concerning the marriage tie, until set right upon the subject by her Catholic friends. No reader can help liking the gay, frank, honest Alick Burke; or rejoicing that, after many days, the obstacle preventing his union with this Lowland lass—now a "Papist" herself—is happily removed. Alick's boyish affection for the aged Peggy Nolan, with whom he is a decided favorite, is a pleasant feature of the tale; while open-hearted Mrs. Bell proved herself, in Ursel's regard, the proverbial friend in need. In a word, the story is well worth telling, and it is eminently well told.

We hope to welcome many more books from the pen of Miss Maintland.

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. Timothy Fitzpatrick, of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, who passed to his reward on the 29th ult.

Brother John, of the Xaverian Brothers, whose happy death took place on the 11th inst., in Baltimore, Md.

Sister M. Regis, of the Sisters of Charity, St. Louis, Mo.; the Rev. Mother Amedee, Ceylon; and the Rev. Mother Gertrude, Macroom, Ireland, who were lately called to the reward of their self-sacrificing lives.

Mr. John Bisgood, who died suddenly on the 11th inst., at Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Edward St. John, of Yolo, Cal., who lately departed this life.

Mrs. Mary Melville, who died a holy death on the 10th ult., at Tarrytown, N. Y.

Mrs. Chellie C. Bradley, of Santa Clara, Cal., whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a happy death on the 29th ult.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett, who yielded her soul to God on the 6th inst., at New Brunswick, N. J.

Mrs. Hanora Powell, of Malden, Mass., who went to receive the recompense of her many virtues on the 5th inst.

Mrs. Patrick Conway, whose good life closed peacefully on the 9th inst., in Chicago, Ill.

Mr. John King, of Tiffin, Ohio; Mr. John and Master Thomas Shannon, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Thomas Killian, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mrs. Agatha Hanks, Chillicothe, Ohio; Mr. James Grady and Mr. James H. Madden, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. Patrick J. Wall, Hoboken, N. J.; Mr. Samuel Ford, Pittsfield, Mass.; Mrs. Martin O'Neil, Montreal, Canada; Miss Elizabeth Besson, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Catherine Keating, Ireland; Mrs. Bridget Bolger and Ellen Dalton, Providence, R. I.; Mr. James Horgan, Chelsea, Mass.; Mr. William Burke, Fall River, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Connor, Mr. John Hart, Mr. Hugh McGuire, Miss Mary Harney, Miss Anna Maguire, Mrs. Bridget Gallagher, Miss Agnes Burke, Mrs. Patrick Dillon, and Mr. Thomas Riley, Galena, Ill.; Mrs. Catherine Shannon, Elizabeth, Ill.; Mr. John Martin, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Sarah Goodwin and Sarah Hammell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Edward Smith, Toronto, Canada; Mr. John Hanne, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. John and Mrs. Mary King, Washington, D. C.; Patrick Cranny, Charlotte, Iowa; Mr. John Toner, Mrs. William Haley, and Mrs. Johanna Conniff, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Annie Whelan, St. Joseph's, Ohio; and Mr. Patrick J. Brady, Lowell, 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.

*

An Open Confession.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

ONE night my prayers I could not say
 (I had been very bad that day);
 I thought God would not care to hear
 Nor answer me, nor have me near.

For I had done a dreadful thing—
 Dreadful and mean—to Ruthie King:
 I said her eyes were red and small
 And squinty,—’twasn’t true at all.

She is the nicest girl I know;
 Always before I loved her so.
 Her eyes are just as big and grey;
 She opens them the nicest way.

But I was very mad at her,
 Because she teased me with a burr.
 And when she wanted to walk home,
 I made a mouth and wouldn’t come.

That’s why my prayers I did not say;
 And as upon my bed I lay
 I could not sleep or anything,
 But only think of Ruthie King.

And then I heard a noise outside,—
 I was so frightened that I cried.
 And mamma came, and scolded, too,
 At tricks like that, so strange and new.

But when I told her all the truth,
 She said I must make friends with Ruth;
 If God had called my soul that night,
 It would be in a fearful plight.

And then I slid out of bed,
 And by her knee my prayers I said;
 And went to sleep, so warm and fine,
 Holding her dear, soft hand in mine.

Oh, I was bad that day! But, then,
 Next morning I began again.
 And now I skip and dance and sing,
 And I am friends with Ruthie King.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIII.—BEFORE THE EXAMINATION.



NATURALLY, the new boys
 were privileged. In the
 middle of the game of ball
 the dinner-bell rang. All
 the other boys formed into

ranks and went to the wash-room, from
 which they came out with ruddy faces,
 and hands of a color that showed, at
 least, that the intentions of the washers
 were good. The new boys were taken to
 Mrs. Grigg’s dining-room.

After dinner, which took place at
 noon, they were taken for a long walk by
 Father Mirard, who discovered without
 much effort, the exact amount of religious
 knowledge that each boy possessed. His
 impression was that Jack was the most
 pious; though Baby Maguire uttered
 several noble sentiments, with his eyes
 fixed on the apple orchard in the distance.

When the boys passed it, the apples
 were found to be very late ones, and still
 hard; so Baby abruptly deserted Father
 Mirard, and amused himself by looking
 for blackberries.

“To-morrow we begin work,” he said,
 with a sigh. “I wonder when the cook

will send us a box? *That's* something to look forward to."

"Mother will not send it till Thanksgiving. She said so,—I asked her," said Thomas Jefferson.

"Cook will," said Baby, confidently. "And Susan will try to send a better box than cook's. I know just how they feel."

"You are always thinking of eating," remarked Thomas Jefferson, with a sneer. "You're a little brute, Baby."

"All right!" said Baby. "You may call names; but Professor hasn't got *me* in his eye. He isn't going to be hard on *me*."

The gloom deepened on Thomas Jefferson's brow. However, he heard Bob asking Father Mirard some questions about Napoleon; and he hurried forward, anxious to forget the shadow of Professor Grigg.

"Oh, yes!" Father Mirard was saying, "my grandfather knew Napoleon well,—*very* well. He was a friend of one of his secretaries. Napoleon was a very amiable man at times, and his soldiers were devoted to him. Even after his death, his old troops—the troops of the *grande armée*—would have died for him. They tell a story of their devotion which you may find it hard to believe."

"Tell it!—tell us!" said Jack, who loved stories about heroes, provided they were not out of the Ancient History. "Oh, tell us!"

"Well," said Father Mirard, sitting down on a stump beneath the largest apple-tree, "I will; but I do not vouch for its truth. The story is this, told by an American traveller: The Emperor once met one of his old guard in Russia. The old soldier had risen in the ranks, and wore the sword of a colonel. The Emperor spoke as if he doubted the devotion of the old guard. 'I lost an arm in the service of Napoleon,' he said; 'do you doubt that?'—'How you must hate a man who caused you such personal injury and shed so much blood!'—'Hate him!' said the

old soldier, with flashing eyes. 'I hate him so much that I would lose my other arm in his service.' The Emperor, on whom the gloom of misfortune had begun to fall, smiled doubtfully. 'Yes,' repeated the devoted old soldier, 'I would lose the other arm for him.' Napoleon again smiled doubtfully. Suddenly the soldier pulled out his keen blade and cut off the other arm."

Father Mirard looked at the upturned faces.

"Is that all?" asked Baby Maguire. "Did he die?"

"That was awful!" said Faky Dillon. "I don't see how he could have done it."

Jack's eyes were fixed steadily on Father Mirard's face.

"Did your grandfather see that done, Father?" he asked.

"No," said Father Mirard, turning his face away.

"I don't see how anybody could be such a fool," said Jack. "Think of cutting your arm off for an old emperor! If George Washington had been in France, he'd have wiped out Napoleon. I don't believe *anybody* would be foolish enough to do such a thing. Why, *I* wouldn't do it for George Washington himself, and you know how much I think of George Washington. Why, it's ridiculous!" cried Jack, more warmly. "It's about as foolish as that story about Regulus and the barrel of knives, and Heliogabalus smothering people with roses. Why, if you hadn't told it about Napoleon, Father, it would have passed for a story out of the Ancient History. It is just like what some of those queer people that lived with Hannibal or Alexander would do."

Bob looked thoughtful. Then a twinkle came into his eye, and he saw an answering twinkle in Father Mirard's.

"Why," exclaimed Faky suddenly, "how *could* he cut off one hand?"

The boys did not let him finish. They made a rush for Father Mirard, who, forgetting his cassock, actually rolled over

on the grass. From that moment they were devoted friends of his; and they laughed so much over the neat way in which he had taken them in that they forgot—as he intended they should—all the doubts and fears that had oppressed them. He took them to his house for supper, for which he taught them to make a salad of the second growth of dandelion leaves. And after supper he made them learn some old French songs: “Au clair de la lune,”* and “Sur le Pont d’Avignon.”† They went home singing at the top of their voices:

“Nous n’irons pas au bois,
Les lauriers sont coupées.”‡

And Father Mirard stood at his door, waving his hand to them.

“It makes me young again,” he said, as he closed the door and took up his Breviary. “Dear mè!” he added, laughing, “I have been a boy all the afternoon.”

The boys went to bed in the dormitory where all the other boys slept. It was a long room with big windows, into each one of which was fastened a ventilating apparatus which resembled a little wheel. And when the wind blew hard in the night, these little wheels made a buzzing like that of a hundred flies. The old boys did not mind it; but to the new ones, as they lay in their narrow white beds and waited for sleep to come, it was a matter of great annoyance, especially as Baby Maguire informed them that it was caused by mosquitoes preparing to make a descent on them. The buzzing soon ceased, however, as far as they were concerned; it was not long before they were so far in the land of dreams that even a clap of thunder could not have awakened them.

The next day, after breakfast with the other boys, they were ranged in front of the wall in Professor Grigg’s study. Even

Baby Maguire’s heart sank as the Professor entered and took his seat behind the green-covered table, strewn with books. Faky could not see his legs: they were concealed by a large waste-paper basket under the table; but he knew that this tall, whiskered, and rather severe-looking gentleman was the hero of the sleeping-car adventure.

No grown-up person, who has lost his memory of the past, can believe how Jack and Bob and Thomas Jefferson, and even the courageous Faky, suffered as they stood against the wall waiting for the Professor to examine them. His head was buried in the folds of a large blue letter, and he did not raise it for some time. Faky noticed that the envelope bore a Hamburg stamp. He was divided between the desire to obtain that stamp and a feeling of unreasonable fear that made his hands become cold and clammy. A gush of joy seemed to enter Bob Bently’s heart. The Professor bent his head over his letter; and when he raised it for a moment, Bob saw that he wore eye-glasses with double lenses. He was near-sighted, Bob thought, and evidently *very* near-sighted.

It was cruel of Baby Maguire, when he knew very well how the other boys felt, to grin at them with such an air of triumph. It was more cruel for him to raise up his two green tickets, with an irritating air of enjoyment, just as the Professor had buried his nose in the blue letter again.

“I can’t imagine why Herr Ganzenheimer confuses the dative case of the Homorinthian dialect with the vocative used only in the Accadian folk songs,” he muttered. Then he forgot all about the waiting boys.

With a sweet smile, which grew sweeter as he saw the frowns on the faces of the other boys, Baby restored, as he thought, the precious tickets for the lecture to his back pocket—the “pistol pocket,” which every self-respecting boy used to insist on

* In the light of the moon.

† On the bridge of Avignon.

‡ We shall go no more to the woods,
The laurel-trees are cut.

having in his breeches,—but the pocket was full of unripe apples. An upward glance of the Professor caused Baby to start suddenly, and the tickets fell to the floor. They were snatched by Faky Dillon before anybody else saw them. Faky no longer feared, and Bob was amazed when one of the green tickets was thrust into his hand. Faky's wink told all, and now Bob no longer feared. Jack and Thomas Jefferson were utterly wretched. Jack wished with all his heart that something would happen. How tempting the green lawn was! It stretched between the rows of scarlet geranium beds to the white palings of the fence, and beyond was the blue sky which covered home,—“home!” Oh, if he could only jump out that window and run! To add to the horror of the moment, Thomas Jefferson read the word “Algebra” on the back of one of the books on the Professor's table.

“Jack,” he whispered, “will he ask us *that*?”

“What?”

“*That*,” said Thomas Jefferson, pointing to the book. “O Jack, how much is two-thirds multiplied by six-fifths? I'm sure he'll ask us fractions. What's the rule of fractions,—addition of fractions, I mean?”

“I can't think,” answered Jack, his gaze divided between the bald spot on Professor Grigg's head and the baleful algebra book.

“What range of mountains are the Himalayas?” demanded Thomas Jefferson, in a fierce whisper. “*They* always ask that. O Jack, tell me!”

“I can't think,” said Jack, stupidly. “I know that the Nile is in Africa, Tom; but that's all I know just now.”

Thomas Jefferson plucked Faky Dillon's sleeve in agony.

“Where's Thibet?—where's Thibet?” he asked. “Miss McBride told me that if I missed Thibet a third time—*he'll* be certain to ask that. I've forgotten everything. And who were the Accadians?”

“I don't know,” answered Faky, with a suppressed chuckle. “Suppose you ask the Professor?”

This flippant answer froze the words on Thomas Jefferson's tongue.

“I'll ask him, if you want me to,” whispered Faky, with unparalleled boldness. “Professor,” he said aloud, “may I disturb you? We are much interested in the Accadians, and we thought that perhaps you would tell us about them.”

Professor Grigg quickly raised his head, and looked through his glasses straight before him.

“Ah!” he said, after a pause, during which he was trying to see the speaker, “you are the young gentleman from Philadelphia? I will examine you presently. The Accadians? A very interesting people. I have a letter from a dear friend, formerly of the University of Leipsic, on the same subject. Which of you boys are interested in the Accadians?”

“Me!” said Baby Maguire, stepping forward, with pride and triumph in every motion. “I read about them on the tickets for your lecture. You gave them to me, you know.”

Bob and Faky suddenly moved nearer to the table, with the green tickets ostentatiously displayed.

The Professor, who had only partly understood Baby Maguire, caught sight of Faky's ticket.

“I am much obliged to you, my good little boy,” he said in a kindly way, “for your assistance the other night. And you gave a ticket to your friend—this large boy? And what is his name?”

“Robert Bently, sir.”

“Dear! dear!” said the Professor. “A very good name. I regret that I have not yet discovered the wicked boys who caused me so much inconvenience in the sleeping-car.”

Baby Maguire, amazed at the appearance of the green tickets, was hastily searching his pockets. He held up his hand.

"Please, teacher," he said to the Professor, "*those* are the wicked boys. I am the only one that ought to be talked to about the Accajans."

The Professor looked at him steadily and severely.

"I fear," he said, with a frown, "that your little friend has a malicious nature, Mr. Bently."

(To be continued.)

The Result of a Dream.

The history of inventions is often curious. Many of the most wonderful discoveries in the world have been made quite by chance. A workman carelessly upsets some substance into molten metal or soft clay, and the world is suddenly richer. Men will toil for years in pursuit of some combination of material, or the realization of some dim dream, and stumble upon the reality without an effort. Before the time of James Watts, the Scotch inventor, the making of shot had been a long and wearisome process, costing much money and labor. The workmen knew no way except that of pounding bars of lead into thin sheets, and rolling in a barrel the little bits cut from this until they were round. Primitive, was it not? It seems as antiquated to us now as plowing with a sharp stick, or winnowing wheat by tossing it in the air.

Watts had always wished to discover a more speedy and easy way of manufacturing shot, but he racked his brain in vain. The truth compels us to admit that he was not averse to a social glass with boon companions, but he was never so much influenced by liquor that he forgot his long-cherished desire.

One night, after an evening at a tavern with his convivial companions, his sleep was troubled, and he dreamed a strange dream. He was, he thought, stumbling along in the night with some of his friends,

when it began to rain shot in such quantities that they were all obliged to find a shelter from the fierce pelting of the little shining globules.

He could think of nothing the next day but his vision of the night before, and then he took to wondering what shape melted lead would assume if dropped from a great height. At last, to decide the question, he went up into the Church of St. Mary at Radcliffe, melted a quantity of lead, and dropped it carelessly to the ground. Beneath was a shallow moat; and when he went down from the tower and looked for the result of his experiment, he was rewarded by finding a great many perfectly round spheres of lead at the bottom of the water.

Ever since then the shot-tower has been in common use; and Watts had, through the agency of a dream, made his fortune and a great discovery at the same time.

FRANCESCA.

The King of the Belgians.

The King of Belgium, besides being a witty man and something of a linguist, is a wise ruler, and presides over one of the most prosperous of European nations. He is a good Catholic and a most zealous and generous benefactor of foreign missions. The Belgian missionaries in Africa have reason to be proud of their Christian sovereign, and grateful also for his constant support.

It is told of the King of the Belgians that, being out for a walk one day, he entered a cottage and asked for a glass of milk. He spoke with his companions in English, whereupon the peasant woman said to her husband: "I wonder how much this long-nosed Englishman will pay us?" At that the King turned, drew a coin from his pocket, and said in Flemish, with his courtliest bow: "Allow me to offer you the portrait of the long-nosed Englishman."

AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
DEVOTED TO THE HONOR

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

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May.

BY E. GARESCHÉ.

WHY smiles the land, why laughs the sea?
Before the breeze the ripples flee;
From off the skies the mists are driven,
And beams the sun from cloudless heaven.

Why falls the bloom in rosy showers?
Why spring so fair the myriad flowers?
The trees, in softest green arrayed,
O'er freshest verdure cast their shade.

Wherefore this joy? "'Tis May, 'tis May!"
Rejoicing Nature seems to say;
"'Tis Mary's month, of Heaven Queen."
Hence wave the trees in tender green;

Hence over earth and sea and sky
There rings a universal cry,—
A gladsome song the livelong day
To Mary, peerless Queen of May.

Mary, Our Model.



THE month of May, by common consent of the faithful, is specially devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin,—to the study of her life and virtues. It is the most beautiful month of the year, and for this reason is appropriately dedicated to her who is the most beautiful among

created beings—the Lily of Israel, the Mystical Rose, the Rose of Sharon. In this month neither heat nor cold predominates; all nature is in bloom; the skies, the fields, the birds, the flowers, are in harmony,—a figure of the eternal spring of heaven. The beautiful words of St. Bernard are appropriate:

"The preparation of the Blessed Virgin and her predestination are eternal in the designs of God. This predestination includes, and bestows on our Immaculate Mother, all that theology teaches of her. Pre-eminence, grandeur, beauties, graces, privileges, co-operation in the divine works,—all, even the duties of Christians toward her, arise thence, as the consequence of a principle, as the effect of a cause. Toward Mary, as toward the centre of creation, as toward the Ark of God, the Cause of all things, are turned the regards of those that have gone before us, of us who now are, and of those that will follow, and of their children and their children's children... Behold why all generations shall call thee blessed, O Mother of God, O Mistress of the world, O Queen of Heaven! Yes, all generations, those of heaven and those of earth, will call thee blessed, because to all thou hast given birth to life and to glory. With reason, then, do the eyes of all creatures turn to thee, since through thee and from thee the gentle hand of the Almighty has restored all that He had created."

Thus does this devout client of Mary sing her praises. He never could grow weary of speaking of her, for the subject is inexhaustible. His eagle-wings carried him aloft, and never seemed to tire, and his pure eye hardly seemed to be dazzled by looking at her brightness. But for us there is a lowlier task. We walk upon the earth, and it may be as well for us to study Mary as a woman upon earth. There is something very attractive in trying to be familiar with her as Queen in heaven; and yet, when we pause to reflect, do we not feel that the other view more nearly concerns us, and will be more profitable? For it is not chiefly by calling on Mary that we shall be known as her children; as it is not those that say, "Lord! Lord!" that shall be saved, but those that do the will of God. It is well to call on Mary, and St. Bernard assures us that no one ever invoked her in vain; but it is our duty also to try to copy her life. Whilst invoking her with the greatest fervor and the fullest confidence, we should keep her before our eyes as a model by which to shape our own conduct.

But how may we study Our Lady's life with the few details that are given us by the Evangelists? May we mingle surmises and probabilities with the little that is certain? And why not? Domestic customs in the East change much less than with us, and many traces still remain of the Biblical details familiar to us, and reaching to an age further back than that of Our Lord. Definite example is much more of a help to us than the general resolve to imitate Our Lady's gentleness, obedience or patience; and it will be of the greatest comfort to us to have before our eyes a picture of the Blessed Virgin pursuing her household duties, and coming in contact with circumstances practically the same as our own. This will be a great help to *realize* what it is to imitate Mary.

The Holy Family were poor, and evidently lived like the masses of their

countrymen. It was the custom for the women to draw the water from the well, to cook the meals, to wait on their husbands at table; to keep everything about the house clean and in its place; to perform every domestic and servile duty connected with the humblest household. They washed the clothes by the streams and at the fountains, as they do to the present day; they mended the clothes, the nets, and other articles for the household use; they literally served their lords, and yet were not mere drudges, except where personal circumstances made them so, as may be the case in our own day.

The mother and mistress of the family was none the less honored because such work fell to her share. Not that this service is intended as inseparably part of the example for Christian families, but it teaches that each one should do his appointed duty in small things in the way that is directed by present custom. Where we are put is where God means us to be, and the circumstances that surround us are those within which He means us to work. We are not to waste our time wishing for heroic deeds and romantic opportunities. If these latter were presented to us, very likely we should not take advantage of them; for no one that does not faithfully use the opportunities near at hand would be capable of performing great and heroic deeds when they came unexpectedly in his way. The Master has assured us that he who is unfaithful in that which is least will be unfaithful also in that which is greater.

Here and now are the two great lessons that life is intended to teach us. Our lives may be very dreary, our lot barren and prosaic, our duties monotonous and commonplace; but so were those of the Blessed Virgin to outward eyes. Even her journeys, recorded in the Gospels, were made by necessity, under painful circumstances, or else were the results of charity or devotion. They were not undertaken for the sake of

mere pleasure. She once went to visit her cousin Elizabeth, and it is said that she went "in haste," which of itself implies inconvenience, perhaps hardship. Her sublime *Magnificat* shows how her mind was taken up with the mysteries which the angel had just revealed to her, and how very far from her was the idea of mere enjoyment, relaxation, idleness or gossip. Her visit was a long one—three months; and, being a near relation, she would naturally help Elizabeth in the domestic work as long as she stayed under her roof.

Her journey to Bethlehem was more arduous. True, the fact of there being "no room at the inn" does not imply the same suffering which the words would suggest under the modern circumstances of travel amongst us; for the inn itself was only a caravansary, or tent, and afforded nothing more than a shelter under which travellers spread their own sleeping-mats and cooked their own food. Still, the fatigue and delay in finding the cave were hardships in themselves. Her journeys into and from Egypt were undertaken in haste and fear, at a moment's notice; and her stay in that strange land was attended with difficulties and sufferings which it will not be hard for us to picture to ourselves, and from which we can learn those lessons of patience and resignation to the will of God which we are so often called upon to practise. Her pilgrimages to Jerusalem, when she presented her Son in the Temple as an infant, and when she found Him asking questions of the doctors, were both performed in the common way of the time and country, on foot. Those journeys that are implied in the fact of her being one day on the outskirts of the crowd and asking to see Him, and of her being present at the feast of Cana, could hardly have been journeys of pleasure.

Each step we take, and each hour we spend in work had their counterpart in

the life of our Blessed Lady. She lived in a small village of no great reputation: "Can anything of good come out of Nazareth?" She passed her days among petty but human interests, in which her heart must have taken part, to pity, to advise, to comfort, and to help. Women met her at the well with sad tales of the cruelty of husbands and the disobedience of sons, or with merry gossip and curiosity about local affairs; for human nature is the same everywhere. Poor fare awaited her at home, and the hours that we often picture her as spending in contemplation were more likely passed in minute carefulness for the comfort of her husband and her Son, or in working to help her poor neighbors. The deeds themselves were meditations and prayers; her life itself, in its regularity, its unselfish devotion to others, and its scrupulousness as to details, was a prayer and a sacrifice. It was not only because her Son was divine that she felt the coarse details to be sanctified and elevated; it was because this life was her duty, as it was that of every woman of her station.

What is said of St. Joseph, the "just man," who would not expose her to disgrace, even before any explanation was given him of the mystery of the Incarnation, tells what a grave and self-restrained character his must have been; while her confidence in him and submission to him were simply and touchingly expressed in her words when she found her Son in the Temple: "Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." She chose to stay in the background, in the traditional secondary position of a woman. The same submission to St. Joseph is testified in her unquestioning obedience when called up in the night and directed to prepare for the journey into Egypt. To St. Joseph, the head of the family, the angelical messenger makes known the will of God; and from St. Joseph Mary hears this will, and accepts it.

There is much comfort, doubtless, in

looking up to Mary as a powerful intercessor, but is there not more in this regarding her as an everyday model? The home life of Nazareth was perfection; but not that vague perfection which we might picture to ourselves in moments of sentimentality, surrounded with a halo of gracefulness, and different from the home life of its neighborhood. On the contrary, no one going into the house of Joseph would have seen anything specially remarkable in the bare floor and walls, the rolled-up mats on the slightly raised platform running round the walls, and the few cooking utensils hung on pegs. The hours, the meals, the duties, the daily family reading of the Law, the work at a trade—for it was a rule, never wholly lost sight of, that every Jewish boy, no matter what his descent, should be taught some handicraft—were all to be found alike in other households; only the spirit was different. No impatience, no hurry, no bad temper, disturbed the peace of home; no useless words wasted time and created misunderstandings; no irregularity confused the work.

We are apt to see in our own home all its prosaic surroundings. Life can never be a poem to those who are living it, though it may sometimes appear so to mere lookers-on. But we must remember that as we see the petty details of each day's work in a long recurrence of monotonous years, so the Blessed Virgin saw each day the same petty duties to be performed, the same round of apparently insignificant trifles to be gone through. There was no tragedy in her existence, until the news of her Son's apprehension in Jerusalem and her presence near the Cross on Calvary. These supreme moments of her life were short. The fearful and the joyful experiences of the Passion and the Resurrection were crowded into a few days; while her common life, which we can make an everyday pattern, lasted for more than half a century.

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

XVIII.—A FIGHTING CHANCE.

IN a small room in an adobe hut, on a neat little bed, lay Arthur Bodkin of Ballybodén. A man, a surgeon, was stooping over him, probing for a bullet which had entered at the back of the shoulder-blade, and had plowed its way upward. The pain of the operation was almost unendurable; but the wounded man closed his teeth tight, clenched his hands, and, murmuring an *Ave Maria*, made no moan. The surgeon came upon the bullet, and, after what appeared to the sufferer an eternity of pain, succeeded in cutting it out over the collar-bone. A drink of *tequila* was administered to Arthur by a tender-eyed Indian woman, the wound dressed, and the patient advised to go to sleep. Wearied with torture, "tired nature's sweet restorer" visited him; he slept like a child, and until the sun was high in the heavens. When he awoke, a twinge of pain caused his memory to leap back to the moment when the cowardly bullet hurled him into unconsciousness, and a red-hot flame of anger lit up his heart as he thought of the foul treachery that had laid him low. And Rody? What of good, honest, faithful Rody? Had he been shot down too—assassinated? A deep groan escaped from Arthur,—so deep, so prolonged, as to bring the Indian woman noiselessly to his side. In broken Spanish he interrogated her; but she failed to comprehend him, replying to his agonized utterances by placing her finger to her closed lips, as though to impose silence. Presently a heavy step was heard, the door was flung open, and a man entered. The man did not remove his *sombrero*.

Advancing to the bedside, he gazed down at Bodkin, and chuckled as he spoke in English:

"So it's *you*, is it?"

It was Mazazo, *alias* Don Manuel Gonzalez.

Stupefied, dazed, dumfounded, Arthur did not reply. He knew that his death sentence had been pronounced. Why worry with this foul, accursed cheat and spy?

"So it's *you*, is it?"

And the man chuckled again, showing teeth like fangs.

"It is my turn *now*," said Mazazo. And, in order to gratify his lust of revenge, he moved to the end of the bed, so as to obtain a better view of the wounded man. "Oho! but this *is* juicy,—this *is* delicious! You had *me* hard and fast; but I was too slippery for you. Bah! all the ropes that were ever made of maguey could not hold *me*. But I will hold you, *amigo mio*! I will have a nice fat rat in the trap. I will see that you regain health and strength; and then, when life will be as precious to you as your immortal soul, or that Irish girl who is with the Austrian woman, I'll have you brought and—no, not shot: that is a soldier's death,—I'll have you *garroted*—strangled. Do you hear?"

Arthur made no sign.

"It's not a nice way to die. It's about the very worst. You are placed in a chair, strapped tight into it. Behind you is a post"—Mazazo spoke slowly and impressively, and in almost perfect English,—*"and on this post is an iron collar; this collar will be fastened round your dog's neck, and the executioners will twist a screw that will tighten it until your tongue darts out a foot long."*

Arthur did not move a muscle, but he devoutly murmured *Ave Maria*. He had heard of the horrors of the *garrote*, and knew of its hideous processes. To reply to this demon could avail Arthur nothing. If he asked news of Rody, Mazazo would lie; and the very questioning might turn

the relentless villain's attention to poor O'Flynn. Silence was surer than speech, and in this extremity a necessity.

"Oho!" laughed Mazazo. "You won't speak, won't you? You'll find your tongue for Señor Garrote. *Adios!*"

And, with a horrid laugh at his ghastly joke, this human fiend left the apartment.

It was after nightfall; but a young moon was up in the heavens, and peeping in at Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden. The *criada*, or woman servant attached to the dwelling, had brought him his supper,—composed of eggs dashed with garlic done in a brown earthen bowl, the inimitable *tortilla*, and black coffee. She also, by direction of the *medico*, placed some *tequila* beside him, and a cooling embrocation to be applied to his wounds.

He thought of his piteous plight, and could not, and would not, realize that he was now almost face to face with death. The idea of escape never for an instant left his mind; and he resolved, cost what it would, to make the attempt. Should he fail, it was only to lose his life by a bullet instead of by an iron collar, with all its gruesome details. His shoulder had ceased to pain, and a few hours ought to enable him to try the hazard of the die.

"I never yet asked anything of the Mother of God," he exclaimed aloud, "that she did not grant; and now, O Blessed Mother, take me under your glorious protection!"

A slight cough close at hand caused him to be silent. He could hear the beating of his own heart. Was this a response to his soul-uplifted prayer? Again a cough. The cough this time had a sort of warning in its sound. It seemed to mean: "Whisper, if you want to know who I am."

"Who's there?" asked Arthur, feebly.

"It's *me*, sir!"

"Merciful God!—Rody!"

"Whisht! I'm creepin' over to the bed."

Soon Rody's hand was in his, and the two men were sobbing for absolute joy.

"Where am I, Rody?" asked Arthur.

"Ye're twenty miles from everywhere, sir; ye're up in the mountains, no less; ye're in the hands of the bloodiest villyan unhung—Mazazo."

"I've seen him."

"But, plaze God and His Blessed Mother, we'll give thim the shlip, Masther Arthur. Couldn't ye ride, sir?"

"I can."

"More power to ye! And walk and run a bit?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I have it all made out. The minute that moon is hid be that hill, ye'll have for to lave this place as soft as ould Mr. Malowney's cat. We'll have for to creep in the shadow of the walls and cactuses for about a mile and a little bit, where I have an iligant pair of horses ready to fly away wid us. Of course, sir, we're not in Sackville Sthreet nor on the Donnybrook Road, and we'll have mebbe for to fight our way. Here is a revolver loaded up to the eye. I have a cupple, and be me song Mazazo will have for to dale wid a pair of corpses if he wants for to ketch thim alive."

"But how did you arrange all this, Rody?"

"It's the ould story, sir: be manes of the ladies,—but I'll tell ye all about it whin we're safe, sir."

"Weren't you shot down too, Rody?"

"I was, sir; but that's all the harm it done me. I was only scrotched. I wished it was me that got the bad lick. Whisht!"

The sound of footsteps approached. Rody shrank behind the bed. The *criada* appeared in the doorway, shading a small lighted nut in her hand,—the oil of the nut giving a strong light for about two minutes. Luckily the back of her hand was in Rody's direction, the light being poured upon the recumbent form of his master, who pretended to be asleep. The woman, after gazing pityingly upon him for a moment, shook her head, mutter-

ing, "*Madre de Dios!*" and moved away.

"Now for it, sir,—up wid ye! The moon is just turnin' in. Which is the bad side? The right? Aisy now,—aisy! If ye get wake I can carry ye—and no thrubble in life. Now thin, ye're on yer feet!"

Arthur felt faint and giddy. He stretched out his hand, and raising the bottle of *tequila*—a very strong spirit—to his lips took a pretty stiff draught. He offered the bottle to Rody.

"I'll take a sketch by and by, sir, and thank ye kindly. Now couldn't ye go on all-fours a bit—follin' me?"

"No, I can't. My shoulder feels a ton weight when I stoop."

"Well, never mind. We'll get to the corner of the house, and thin we'll have for to give thim leg-bail if they discover us. Don't be mindin' *me*, Masther Arthur. Remember that ye're Bodkin of Ballyboden. They can't replace you, sir, but they could find a thousand O'Flynnns."

"Not one like *you*, Rody."

"Now, thin, sir! Rouse the griddle! Remember ye keep to the road till ye come to a wood on yer left. Whin ye get there call out, and a boy will ride to ye wid the horses. Take the best, and ride for dear life down the hill and on to safety."

"God bless you, my faithful friend!" said Arthur. "We will live or die together. I am ready."

As Bodkin uttered this last word the moon hid her fair young face, leaving a soft, warm veil of darkness over the *hacienda*. Rody led the way, walking as noiselessly as the cat of which he had made such honorable mention, Arthur following. The *patio* was paved with red brick, which gave back no sound. As they emerged into the open a dog growled; but Rody "soothered" it with some talismanic expression in the Irish language, so powerful as to turn hostility into friendship; the intelligent animal insisting upon being their escort along the road. Arthur's

shoulder commenced to pain to such a degree that he could hardly refrain from crying out. Rody made the pace, ever and anon glancing back to see that his master was following. Each large cactus bush was utilized, and more than once they stopped to breathe.

"How is the shouldher, sir?" Rody would ask.

"All right," was the reply, the effort to make it costing throbs of excruciating agony.

The dog, who had been gambolling ahead, suddenly gave a joyous bark.

"Down, sir!—down! There's some of the people comin'. That dog knows thim." And poor Rody, forgetting Arthur's wound flung his face downward behind a cactus bush. It took all the pressure of Bodkin's will power to refrain from yelling, so unendurable was the agony caused by the shock. The fall reopened the wound, and the hot blood came soaking through his clothes.

The dog, barking joyously, led the way, two men following on foot.

"There's only two, sir. Be ready for to fire, and don't miss!" hoarsely whispered Rody.

The men were close upon them, the cactus barely serving as a screen. Arthur, despite his grievous condition, firmly grasped his revolver, resolving to die hard. The dog bounded up, sniffed at Bodkin's body, made a playful snap at Rody, and bounded on, the men following.

"That *was* hapés, as Mrs. Murphy remarked whin she swallied the crab. Whew! Masther Arthur, but the breath wint clane out of mé body. Sorra a closer shave Lanty O'Toole ever made wid his Sunda' razor. Now we must be stirrin'."

"Rody," gasped Arthur, "I'm afraid I'm done for. The wound has opened,—I am bleeding to death."

"Oh, murdher! murdher!" groaned O'Flynn, gently removing the clothes

from Bodkin's shoulder, and tightly compressing the orifice by means of a scarf which he wore around his waist. "If it's God's will ye're to die, sir—and His holy will be done,—ye'll die in the saddle makin' a dash for liberty;" adding, with a ring of fire and pride in his rich, mellow voice: "A Bodkin of Ballyboden knows how for to die,—but not in a ditch, sir."

There was something so inspiriting in the man's tone, so strong an appeal to his manhood and to his pride of race, that Arthur resolved upon a supreme effort; and, aided by his servant, ran stumbling and tottering,—but running, nevertheless, in the direction of a clump of trees, beneath which the pair arrived exhausted, but in safety.

"Take a *gollioogue*, Masther Arthur," said O'Flynn, producing the small bottle which contained the *tequila*, and which he had with great forethought thrust into a pocket as they left the *hacienda*.

The stimulant so revived Arthur that he was enabled, with the help of his companion, to mount the horse that was in waiting; and Rody, leaping upon the other, they started across the plain, avoiding the highway. As good luck would have it, the young moon was in the sulks, and did not reappear. That the ride was an awful ordeal for my hero, it is needless to say. Now racked with pain, now numb with torture, every bound of his powerful horse seemed as though it were the last agony; and were it not for a judicious use of the *tequila*, he would have fallen to mother earth. Twice did he faint, to be revived by the almost womanly tenderness of his faithful follower. And when at length, the grey dawn breaking, they rode into the little town of Calientas, and into safety, poor Arthur fell, limp and motionless, into Rody's arm.

"Mother of God, he's dead!" And a despairing cry came from the very bottom of the honest fellow's breaking heart.

Our Lady of the Tolka.

OUR Lady of the Tolka
 Is not of marble wrought,
 Nor is she decked with diamonds
 From far Golconda brought.
 Her worth in gold or silver
 Would doubtless be but small,
 Yet there are those who love her
 More dearly than them all.

She stands beside the Tolka,
 Whose course is nearly run;
 Far off in Meath the royal
 Its rambles were begun;
 Past old Dunboyne it travelled,
 Until at last it laves
 The slopes of green Glasnevin,
 The holy home of graves.

But ere Clontarf it reaches
 And plunges in the sea,
 It craves a final blessing,
 Madonna fair, from thee;
 And so thy loving children
 A lowly shrine have made,
 Where hymns are sung in Maytime,
 And many a prayer is prayed.

The northern verge of Dublin,
 Beyond Drumcondra Hill,
 With green fields all around us,
 Yet in the city still,—
 Two rows of two-roomed homesteads
 Here in an angle meet,
 And where they meet she standeth,
 The Virgin Mother sweet.

O glorious Queen of Heaven,
 Love coins new names for thee:
 "Our Lady of the Tolka"
 Thy newest name shall be.
 Poor men and women toiling,
 Poor children at their play,
 Bless them, O mighty Mother,
 And guard them night and day!

M. R.

The Finding of a Lost Art.

BY ELLA LORAINÉ DORSEY.

THAT Washington, our capital city, is celebrated for its uniqueness in all its phases is a fact so well recognized it need not be repeated. Artists have sketched it, novelists have studied it, famous authors have described it; its four seasons are illustrated in "black and white,"—its gay seasons gorgeously, sometimes luridly, painted; but the dear friends of THE "AVE MARIA" are hereby introduced to the crown and glory of its uniqueness. It is the proud possessor of two women, young and attractive, who have a secret and *keep it!*

The ladies are the Misses Healy,—natives, I am happy to say, of Maryland; being the children of a Maryland mother and a father born in the Isle of Saints. Their childhood was care-free and happy; for Doctor Healy was a devoted physician, loved and trusted, and their home was filled with the sunshine of light hearts and warm faith. Their school-days had not run their length, however, before the death of this father cast the first shadow across their lives; although their second brother did his manful best to replace the lost parent. But his death, also untimely and sad, was followed by a long lawsuit, that brought Need to sit as the grim companion of Sorrow at that once happy hearth.

During this sad interval the two young girls put their delicate shoulders to the wheel—and made it go round, too. They turned a pretty accomplishment—china-painting—into a bread-winning profession, and indirectly laid the foundation of their brilliant and unusual future.

It seems that, having high ideals, they were not content at all with the way in which the ordinary gilding of pottery

A PENNY makes more noise in the contribution box than a dollar bill.—
Anon.

was done. It rubbed off, washed off, was of poor quality generally, even the best; and they set to work to better things by experimenting, scarcely realizing that they were trailing one of the arts that had made Egypt famous when the world was young.

At this time their home was near Linden, once the family seat of that wise and saintly Monseigneur John Carroll, who, on the recommendation of Washington, was sent by Congress as one of the three commissioners on the diplomatic mission to Canada, and was afterward our first Bishop of the United States; and it was the spot where he came at intervals to rest from his long labors for God and his country.

It is not far from Washington; so, although we claim part of the glory, Maryland really was the scene of their labor and its reward. Their experiments covered a period of several years, during which time a great impetus was given them by the accounts published through the press of the opening of a tomb in Egypt, and the finding therein of a pottery not only so exquisite as to challenge the world's competition, but overlaid with a gold so untarnished, so lustrous, so wonderfully incorporated with it, that it became one of the wonders of ceramic art; and its *how* became the question of the hour. But its production was one of the secrets that had been obliterated by the tramp of dynasties and nations filing through the Land of the Pharaohs; and not a trace of it was left, not a clue was to be had unless the Sphinx held it. All of which did not in the least daunt these two American girls, who argued that what was once found could be found again; and so one day the crucible opened its heart, and the art lost on the banks of the Nile was recovered on the banks of the Potomac.

Success had crowned their work, and the future was literally golden; when one terrible morning the secret vanished,—

vanished as utterly as a chalk mark is wiped from a blackboard!

The eight months that followed were long-drawn tragedies, reminding one of the sad pages in Wedgewood's life, or the dramatic scene in the "Middleman," where all his hopes hang on the last charge committed to the furnace for firing. Day and night they labored, heart-sick and worn; and prayer supplemented patience and perseverance, until once more they won it back from oblivion, and could rival King Midas.

This is not a *tour d'expression*; for indeed they do turn to gold whatever they touch,—a gold so real, so utterly deceptive in its metallic richness and burnish, that the famous Lotus vase nearly flew out of my astonished hands the day I picked it up to examine more closely its score of excellences.

Its bowl is molded in an accurate reproduction of hammered metal, and the rich adornments are of the patterns goldsmiths love; so, uttering an exclamation of delight, I lifted it for closer inspection, and into that lift put the muscle that would have hoisted several pounds of metal. The beautiful airy nothing, the golden vapor of the furnace, the feather-weight shell, swung up into the air as though pushed from below; and my face showed such consternation that my dear hostesses laughed aloud.

But I comforted myself with a story I have heard of Mr. Koontz and his first experience with the chryso-ceramics in the day of their beginning. He went into Tiffany's, where they were on exhibition, and seizing a bit of rare beaten ware, went through the same "haymaker's lift" and same surprise as my own. "What is it?" he cried.—"China."—"Impossible! China can *not* take the appearance of gold. It is gold." And the memory of that reconciled me to the narrow escape of the golden Lotus.

The home of these fair workers is in

the same building with their furnace, their workroom, and their exhibition room. It faces Connecticut Avenue, the artery of fashion, and the highway by which many of the pleasant pomps and vanities come and go; and perhaps one of the most admirable features of the establishment is that all the workers are young girls to whom these ladies have opened up an avenue of independence, artistic, unique, and well paid. Of the assistants many are representatives of the old gentry who came into Maryland with Lord Baltimore, or are akin to the fine old State he founded. One is a near kinswoman of the "pious Duke"—Norfolk; another is the daughter of a naval officer high on the roll of honor in our country's history; and so on through the number.

Their duty is the laying on of the gold; for, of course, its preparation is the secret. And, sometimes, when I look down on the beautiful city filled with all the noises of the modern world, I think of the whole affair as a fairy tale,—the grim crucible fed with gold, the fair faces bending over it, the giving of a portion of their strength, heart and brain each time. And then I wonder fantastically if *that* is the secret; for you know it was the Maid of Moscow who, by leaping into the molten metal, gave the marvellous, tone to the great bell in that city of bells.

Day after day, month after month, the work goes on incessantly. Once there were short holidays to be had; but now through the burning summers, the glowing autumns, the winters that range from zero to 79°, and the springs that leap into leaf without any intermediate stages, the furnace roars, the shapes of white are made glorious, and the Pactolus flows on.

The first view I had of their exhibition room was on a dull, gloomy day; the sun was sulking behind a barricade of iron-bound cloud, and a shrewd wind went careering up and down the street outside, flinging dust in the eyes and spoiling the

temper generally. I pressed the electric button at the door, and my hostesses did the rest; for as I was ushered into the room I felt like rubbing my eyes, and I at once accused them of snaring the sun, and holding it prisoner; for the whole place was aglow.

There is a soft lustre about the gold, and it absolutely radiates light. And, then, the beauty of the designs! This last is the result of judicious and most critical selection. Perhaps out of a hundred offered but two will be chosen, and the sisters look forward to a near-at-hand day when they will use none but their own designs. It is their patriotic desire to encourage home manufacture; and they assure me that our own country has the best kaolins in the world, especially one in Florida, from which ideal porcelain will one day be made. The best china they get now is the Royal Berlin, but they speak very enthusiastically of certain work done at East Liverpool (Ohio) and at Trenton (N. J.). The Columbus Vase is another sample of their favorite working material; and the specimen I saw is further enriched by a bold and graceful monogram,—the only engraving on china I have ever seen. The idea is original with them, and the effect is exactly that produced by the graver's tool on fine metal. Belleek is another ware that borrows fresh beauty from their decoration; and I am sure if *they* ever "gild a lily" it will not be a work of supererogation.

As you see, I make no attempt to go into the detail of this work; first, for the manifest reason that the process is not known; and secondly, because it was given splendid recognition—and two medals—at the Chicago Exposition, and so became familiar to a world-wide circle. It was one of Mr. Allison's enthusiasms, and this superintendent of the Liberal Arts Building never lost a chance to show it. The results justified his interest and admiration; for, there in that greatest of

World's Fairs, it stood the test of the critical eyes of all the foreign potters and manufacturers; and the Misses Healy speak with heartfelt appreciation of the generous and enthusiastic praise given by the Royal Berlin house, and indeed of the encouragement and commendation offered, generally, by the world-famous factories through their heads and representatives.

The Columbian Museum has an exhibit, the Dublin Museum—so rich in rare wares—another (both sent in response to requests); and we have a permanent though shifting one here. And these are the only three exhibits proper; for those in New York, Boston, Providence, Cincinnati, Denver, San Francisco, New Orleans, and Hartford are "order exhibits," shown by the great jewellers through whom the said orders are transmitted—Tiffany, Shreve, Crump & Low, Griswold, Duhme & Co., and others of like repute.

Three final peculiarities of the work are that it can be used for all the purposes to which plate can be put; nothing can affect it except gold solvents; and so really metallic is its character that it has to be cleaned with warm water and ammonia or soda, and then burnished with chamois; for soap greases it just as it does gold, interfering in exactly the same way with the burnishing.

It makes the philosopher's stone almost a commonplace story, and is a fitting background for the Fra Angelico face of the sister who so modestly and gracefully did for me the honors of her home.

THE call of woman in this age is not to be a brawling politician, clamoring for her share in the authorities and honors of the world; launching jokes, sarcasms and sneers to the right and the left. Clearly, her genuine work, beyond the family circle, is to set an example of modest devotion to personal improvement and the social weal.—"The Friendships of Women."

From Carpineto to the Vatican.

BY WILFRED C. ROBINSON.

SOME forty miles to the southeast of Rome, near Segni, there nestles among the Volscian mountains the little town of Carpineto, which takes its name from the witch-elms which once covered its site. There was born on March 2, 1810, Joachim Pecci, now known to all the world as Pope Leo XIII. The readers of THE "AVE MARIA," thanks to a graceful and feeling writer in its pages, lately had the joy of assisting at an audience given by this Pope,—of seeing him, as it were, face to face on his throne. But the fierce light that plays even upon the Papal throne in this age of publicity, and even so personal a visit as that to which I have referred,* will hardly serve to make the Pope so well known to us as a few anecdotes drawn from an authentic source not too easily accessible to most of my readers.†

The Pecci are a noble family which came from Siena and settled at Carpineto as landowners about 1531. On his mother's side the future Pope was descended from the famous tribune, Cola da Rienzi. While still a young student in Rome, Joachim drew up a genealogy of his family, in whose history he took a just pride. But he has never forgotten that *noblesse oblige*,—that old families have duties as well as rights. He has shown this in his love for his birthplace. He has caused two of its churches to be rebuilt, and a new one to be erected and endowed out of his own purse; he has given the town an educa-

* THE "AVE MARIA," Vol. XL., No. 10, p. 253.

† "Léon XIII., sa vie, son action religieuse, politique et sociale." Par Mgr. de T'Serclaes. Two volumes. Illustrated. Paris: Desclée, De Brouwer et Cie.—The author is Rector of the Belgian College in Rome, has been admitted to the intimacy of the Holy Father, and has written his two handsome volumes almost under the very eyes of the Pope.

tional establishment for girls and an hospital for the aged and infirm. The place constantly suffered from lack of water: Leo XIII. has given it an abundant supply out of two beautiful fountains. In the home of the Pecci he has founded a meteorological observatory, a natural history museum, and a library of many thousand volumes. Rightly enough, in the collegiate church of Carpineto stands a white marble statue of Leo XIII., the gift of an American of French origin, the Count de Loubat. A little way outside the town there is a villa belonging to the Pecci; and in its garden there is a chestnut-tree, in the shade of which, as a boy, Leo XIII. is said to have reclined while committing to memory the verses of Horace or of Virgil.

By special permission of the Bishop of Anagni, Joachim Pecci was baptized in the oratory of his parents' house, and received his Christian name after that of the Bishop. But his mother usually called her son by his second name of Vincent, which he had received with the waters of baptism through his mother's deep devotion to St. Vincent Ferrer.

Joachim and his brother Joseph, showing great aptitude for learning—which they could not have imparted to them at Carpineto,—were sent in 1818 to the Jesuits' college at Viterbo, after having spent a year with their uncle in Rome. Their progress in piety and in their studies was rapid, and in less than two years we find the rector of the college writing to their mother of Joachim: "He is always so good; he fills me with consolation; I look upon him as a little angel." The child had a great devotion to John Berchmans, whom he was destined long afterward to canonize. No likeness of the present Pope as a child exists, but some of his school-fellows, remarking his innocent and pious demeanor, likened him to a picture of the Mater Pietatis venerated in the colleges of the Jesuits.

Joachim Pecci early showed that literary

taste and skill which distinguish whatever the Pope writes. An aged Jesuit told the biographer of Leo XIII. that he was the rival in class of Joachim; and whenever the latter was worsted in some literary joust, the future Pope had no small difficulty in restraining signs of his discontent. "But," added the aged Jesuit, with a good-humored smile, "there is no longer rivalry between us: he is always the first now." The Latin verses which Joachim composed at the age of twelve prove what a skilful opponent the future Jesuit encountered. At Viterbo, Joachim was at death's door from an inflammation of the intestines, which has left traces in his constitution even now. Soon after this he had the sorrow of losing his saintly mother.

From Viterbo Joachim went to the Roman College for his rhetoric, philosophy, and theology. The holidays during the heat of summer he passed at Carpineto. Two relics of that holiday time have been kept; one a flint-lock fowling piece,—for Joachim was fond of hunting, and tired out the most indefatigable in a day's shooting among the mountains around Carpineto. The other was a stone, carved by his own hand with an inscription he had composed giving the history of a small shrine of Our Lady near his birth-place. The stone is still incrusting in the walls of the wayside chapel.

Pecci always returned with fresh ardor to his studies after these holidays. Among his professors at the Roman College, be it noted, was a distinguished American Jesuit theologian, F. Anthony Kollman. During this time Pecci resided with his uncle in the Muti Palace near the church of the Ara Cœli, wholly given up to his work. At the age of twenty-two he received the cap and ring of doctor in theology. He then joined the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, and began to study Canon and Civil Law at the Roman University of Sapienza. His progress in

these studies was such as to attract notice, and he was named domestic prelate by Gregory XVI. It was the year of the arrival of the cholera in Europe. The young prelate showed his courage and his charity as a member of the sanitary committee appointed to deal with the terrible outbreak. It was at the close of the same year that he was ordained priest.

Mgr. Pecci had not been two months a priest when the Pope sent him to Benevento as its governor. There brigandage ruled supreme, and the highest and wealthiest in the duchy did not hesitate to make profit out of its lawless state of things. They thought to brave the young prelate, who almost immediately on his arrival had fallen ill. But they counted without the iron will and fearless love of justice of their seemingly delicate ruler. The Papal *gendarmes* and troops were reorganized, and encouraged to do their duty against the smugglers and brigands of the province. When a nobleman threatened to go to the Pope to complain of the young governor's measures, Pecci replied: "You may go to the Vatican; but to reach it you must pass by the Castle of St. Angelo." The Castle was then Rome's state-prison, and the nobleman took the hint.

From Benevento Pecci was sent to govern Perugia. He showed wonderful abilities as its administrator. Here he took part in founding a popular savings-bank—a novelty in those days,—and in improving the state of education. Such was the good he did during his year's government of Perugia and the province around it that the prisons were completely empty.

To his great surprise, in January, 1843, Mgr. Pecci was appointed Nuncio at Brussels, and shortly afterward he was consecrated Archbishop of Damietta. The new Nuncio had not yet presented himself at the court of King Leopold I., when one day, returning to Brussels from visiting the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin,

the horses of his carriage took fright, and were nearly dashing with the carriage into a canal. They were bravely stopped by a passing country priest, who thus saved the future Pope from an untimely death.

There was at that time no better school in which European politics might be studied than the court of King Leopold I., a sovereign of rare diplomatic sagacity, who had seen much of men and things, and who as long as he lived was the political mentor of England's Queen Victoria. Mgr. Pecci soon learned to appreciate the King, who, struck by the tact and affability of the new Nuncio, became his personal friend. At times the King would try the Nuncio by putting embarrassing questions, which Mgr. Pecci so skilfully answered that one day the King—who, by the way, was not a Catholic—remarked: "Really, Monseigneur, you are as good as a politician as you are excellent as a prelate."

The climate of Northern Europe and the desires of the people of Perugia combined to end Mgr. Pecci's career as Nuncio. In 1846 he returned to Perugia as its Bishop. He first, however, visited England, where his biographer tells us Mgr. Pecci was presented to Queen Victoria; and Paris, where he was received by King Louis Philippe. On reaching Rome, he had to hand a letter from King Leopold to the Pope. But Gregory XVI. was dead, and it was to the new Pope, Pius IX., that the letter was given.

For thirty-two years Mgr. Pecci was destined to govern the diocese of Perugia. The acts of this long episcopate foreshadowed the acts of the pontificate of Leo XIII. The first and constant care of the Bishop of Perugia was to educate in learning and piety a clergy worthy of their high mission, and capable of stemming the rapidly rising tide of unbelief and revolution. His seminary was the object of his ceaseless solicitude. One of its professors has related an anecdote that

shows us how great this solicitude was even to the smallest details.

One day the professor came late to his class, opened the door, and to his astonishment found the Cardinal—it was after his entry into the Sacred College—busily commenting for the students a passage from one of Cicero's speeches. The professor would willingly have seated himself beside his students, delighted with the Cardinal's commentary. But the Cardinal, with a kindly word and a smile that was a reproach, bade the tardy professor go on with the lecture.

The Cardinal was a tireless and vigilant pastor of his flock. He had begun the seventh visitation of his diocese when he was called away to Rome at the close of Pius IX.'s pontificate. He had then erected thirty-six new churches and arranged for the building of ten more in his diocese; he had adorned afresh his cathedral; had built a shrine to Our Lady of Mercy close to his episcopal city. His educational and charitable works were countless. During a year of great scarcity he opened in his palace a kitchen for the poor, where they daily received free rations. His care extended even beyond the strict limits of his office, and by his impulse great improvements were carried out in and around Perugia. New streets were laid out, new gates opened, new roads constructed.

But revolutionary Italy was under the walls of Perugia. With the boldness of a Leo before Attila, Cardinal Pecci withstood the modern Huns. Not once but nine times he protested against the usurpation of the States of the Church. The usurpers tried to obtain his condemnation before their courts, and failed. So firm, so fearless, so rooted in justice, was Cardinal Pecci's attitude in face of the revolution that its officials, as one of their chiefs avowed, dreaded his very presence, and dared not execute their threats against him.

On September 21, 1877, Cardinal Pecci

took leave of his beloved flock at Perugia, having been called to Rome by Pius IX. to assume the office of Camerlengo of the Holy Roman Church. Within four months he had to exercise the functions of the office; for on February 7, 1878, God had called away Pius IX. from this world. Almost all the responsibility of the situation thus fell on the shoulders of Cardinal Pecci during the vacancy of the Holy See. Especially had he to see to all the arrangements for holding the conclave, from which he was to come forth as Pope.

Cardinal Pecci, be it said, was far from seeking or desiring the tiara. When it became clear that the votes of the cardinals were tending to his election, he said to Cardinal de Bonnechose: "I can not keep quiet any longer. The Sacred College is making a mistake. It thinks me learned and wise, and I am not; it thinks I am qualified to be Pope, and I am not. I want to say this to the cardinals." And the other answered: "As to your learning and wisdom, it is not for you but for us to judge; as to your other qualifications, God knows them,—let Him decide." As his name received more and more votes, tears began to course down his cheeks. Cardinal Donnet, seated beside him, whispered: "Take heart. We have not to consider *you* here, but the welfare of the Church and the future of the world." Cardinal Pecci, in reply, raised his eyes to heaven. The already pallid face of the Cardinal grew intensely pale as the result of the election was proclaimed. But he had the courage not to refuse the burden which God, by the votes of the Sacred College, imposed on him; and he accepted it, with the title of Leo the Thirteenth.

How the *Lumen in celo* has shone from the Vatican amid a dark world during these last seventeen years it is not my present business to relate. The story is admirably told in Mgr. de T'Serclaes' two great volumes.

A Story Told in Rome.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

"ADDIO, *Anna mia!* God bless and keep you and the little one till my return! It will not be more than a week, if St. Anthony sends us a fair wind; and the run to Naples is a mere pleasure trip. Why, now, little wife, what ails you? You did not weep so when I set sail for Africa. Dost really love Antonio the husband better than Antonio the lover?"

The speaker was a fine young man, his olive complexion bronzed by the scorching sun of the Mediterranean, and his golden earrings and general appearance showing him to be well-to-do in the seafaring profession. Indeed, "Capitano Antonio" was well known in Rome, and esteemed as having lately become master of a small coasting vessel.

The other occupants of the room were his young wife, Anna, a dark, graceful Italian girl; a baby a few months old peacefully asleep in his cradle; and, strange to say, a large Chimpanzee monkey, awkward as such animals are, but so like a human being that it did not seem unnatural for him to be diligently rocking the cradle.

Poor Anna still clung to her husband, weeping.

"I know it seems foolish to weep like this, Tonio; but it is the first time you've been away since the baby came to us, and I feel as if something may go wrong; and I am so helpless, and have no courage without you."

"Well, well, girl!" laughed the captain, putting her arms down from his neck, giving her a hearty kiss, and, as he ran downstairs, calling out: "I leave you with a good servant, any way. Chimpy helps you better than I ever did."

Anna threw herself into a chair to indulge that violent grief which when

spent is generally succeeded by high spirits. But she was interrupted by the well-known step returning in great haste. Her husband put his bright face in at the door and said:

"Look here, Anna! Don't trust Chimpy too far. All these creatures are uncertain at best; and, though he is very fond of baby, he might play some trick either in malice or sport, especially when he knows my back is turned. Let him help you, but don't leave him alone with the little one. Good-bye again!" And this time he was really gone.

The young couple had been married only about eighteen months, and were very happy. They occupied three rooms on the second floor of an old Roman palace, which were comfortably furnished and ornamented with many little tokens of the captain's love for his betrothed when he made long voyages before their marriage. Chimpy was his last gift, when he returned from Africa and settled down as master of a small trading vessel.

The gift had proved useful. Chimpy was of great size and strength, and clever enough to carry wood, fetch water from the fountain (woe to the boy who teased him on the way!—he was sure to get a good shower-bath), sweep the house, and do many an odd job, which left Anna free for the harmless gossip from the window, so dear to Italian women.

Flowers grew on the window-sill; creepers hung from the stone balcony, and framed Anna's pretty face, as, after the fashion of Roman matrons, she leaned there on her elbows for hours in the summer evenings, looking up and down the street, and gossiping with neighbors above, below, or opposite to her.

Now and then Master Chimpy got a wild fit of merriment, and would jump about the room, play ball with Anna's worsted, or practise leaping over the furniture. But these spells did not last long, and served to divert Anna and her friends,

while a word or a gentle reminder from the captain's stick always called him to order.

Since little Antonio's birth the monkey had found a new occupation, and delighted to rock the cradle, and even hold the child while Anna cooked or knitted; and the baby would coo and kick with pleasure when his strange friend's ugly face bent over him.

So, when Anna's fit of crying was over, she began to laugh heartily as she saw Chimpy take the smiling baby from the cradle, and, carrying it on one arm, proceed to march up and down the room, holding her best parasol over its head with all the airs and graces of a Parisian *bonne*. But she remembered her husband's caution, and when the new nurse would have gone downstairs with his charge she interfered.

"No, no, Chimpy: not out of doors. The boys will tease you. Stay here. Now give me the baby, and get the water and put on the *minestra* for our supper."

The creature hesitated a moment, but obeyed; and Anna was soon busy over household duties. She never left the house without taking the little one with her till the day she expected her husband to return, and wanted to meet the market carts at the Porta San Giovanni, and secure fresh vegetables and fruit before the heat of the market and much handling had damaged them. She could carry nothing back if she had the baby on her arm; so she determined to go quickly, and be back before the little fellow awoke.

As she hurried back, and turned a corner which brought her nearly opposite her home, she saw a crowd outside the palace, and a dread of ill struck her heart. She stood rooted to the spot, till a woman ran up and pulled her forward, saying at the same time:

"Don't call out. It will be all right if we're quiet. See, the heathen beast is nursing the *bimbo*" (baby) "just as he has seen you do!"

Yes: there was Chimpy dandling little Tonio up and down. But *where* was he? Outside the window, on the sill, among the flowers; and as soon as Anna appeared on the scene, the animal, as though expecting to be called to order, sprang up among the creepers, and, seizing the water-pipe that led up to the roof, proceeded to climb it, holding the baby in one arm to his breast. All feared to utter a sound, lest the monkey should let its precious burden drop.

The poor mother had never spoken except to gasp out:

"*Madonna mia*, save my child! Only save him, my only one! I will burn a lamp before you all my life; I will clothe him in blue till he is seven; I will go on a pilgrimage to Loreto,—only give me back my child, my little Tonio!"

The good women and also the men round her joined in her vows and prayers; and thus, while that terrible ascent continued, she knelt holding her rosary and supported by her friends. Sometimes she became unconscious for a few minutes, and the people said:

"Merciful God, she will die if the child falls!"

But then she reopened her eyes, only to see the monkey still slowly climbing up and up. Now he is past the second floor, now past the third. On the fourth a window is open.

"He may spring in there!" cried a woman in the crowd. "Run, Giacomo! Run, Matteo! Be there ready to seize the babe; but don't let the brute see you till you have him."

The men flew rather than ran upstairs. But in vain: the monkey went steadily on. And now a murmur goes round:

"He is making for the roof. If he gains it, God save the child; for he can't hold it there!"

It was true. The roof was slanting, and formed a little turret there, covered with slippery tiles, which gave no vantage

point for hands or feet. The creature *must* slip, and drop the child to save himself.

Poor Anna renewed her supplications.

"Dear Mother of God, you have a mother's heart; you never fail a mother in distress! *Memorare! memorare!*"

High up under this turret stood, and *still stands*, a figure of the Virgin Mother, of old the protectress of so many Roman palaces and noble families. Suddenly a cry of suppressed excitement broke out among the people. The monkey, still clinging to the pipe with one hand, made a side spring, and popped the little Tonio right into the motherly embrace of Our Lady's loving arms; then ran nimbly up the pipe, and scampered away over the roof, chattering as he went.

"*Evviva, Maria!*" burst from the crowd, but was instantly silenced as they realized that even now, by some unconscious movement, the child might roll out of those protecting arms.

"No, no!" said Anna, with an hysterical sob. "The Madonna will keep him safe,—I *know* she will. Fetch him down quickly, and God reward you!"

Just then breaking through the crowd came Antonio, white as a sheet.

"Pray what has happened?"

In another moment he was springing up the already raised ladders, and found his child smiling up in the calm face of the Madonna, who seemed to look tenderly on the little innocent she had thus rescued.

Who can describe the mother's rapture when she once more embraced her child! And then one shout of thanksgiving went up from all present:

"*Evviva, Maria! Evviva, evviva! Grazia! Grazia! Evviva!*" *

* This story is well authenticated. There are some slight differences in details; but the Palazzo della Scimmia (Palace of the Monkey) remains, and the custom of lighting the lamp before Our Lady every evening in thanksgiving for the miracle is maintained to this day.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XXXI.

"WHERE is there a man who is willing to serve God disinterestedly?"

One of our author's pointed questions that goes to the root. For a vast deal of piety is based, as he implies, on self-interest. It would seem to be offered as an arrangement with the Almighty. *Do ut des*. In the saintly nothing is thought of but the service of God and agency. They do not expect to be remunerated for their works, and the grand recompense they look for is but the plenitude of service at the end.

XXXII.

The most delightful and comfortable feeling that one could possibly have would be founded on a response to the invitation: "Cast your care upon the Lord, and He will have care of you." A solemn promise and engagement, subject to one condition, "casting your care." But how is it to be done? It will be said: "It is easy for us to bid one another, in the case of painful sickness, loss of fortune, relations, etc., 'not to mind.'" You can say in words that you "cast your care" upon the Almighty, but you feel in your heart that you can not do so. In fact, it can not be done. Save under the one obvious condition: that you have grown to such intimacy with Almighty God, and are so firm in faith and works, that you really *can* cast your care upon Him, with a perfect *certainty* that He will see to it. It is not said distinctly that He will remove the trouble, but that He will take care of you; it may be, cause you to be indifferent to it. And indeed he who could with full confidence cast his care upon God will have already reached to a certain carelessness, as À Kempis has shown. Such a one is willing either to be without it or

to suffer it, according to what shall be the will of God.

But, though we can not get to this high perfection, it is a good thing to cultivate a *habit* of casting our cares, troubles, anxieties upon God. And it is astonishing, too, in how many instances aid comes.

XXXIII.

Nothing better shows the difference between the spirit of genuine religion and its well-meant pious counterfeit than the *adaptation*, as it were, of some religious principle to the practice of real life. This makes it a living thing. The excellent Johnson, who was full of the spirit of "The Imitation," in his own life illustrated this truth in a forcible way. His robust and logical mind led him on to the truth.

In "The Imitation" nothing is so much insisted upon as the idleness of pious actions and efforts which are too often prompted by self-gratification, and not by regard to the will of our Maker and Master. This delusion is behind many an ambitious, exuberant work of piety or charity. The sage was once seized with a scruple as to a passage in a work that he was printing, and which he thought did injustice to some one, and he directed it to be cancelled. "Reproach," he said, "can do him no good, and in myself I know not whether it be zeal or wantonness." There was a fine discrimination here; and he had studied and knew thoroughly the workings of his nature. He meant that it might be that his severe censure came from humor or from his present "mood," and not from a disinterested zeal for morality. For a layman to have pierced to this subtle distinction was extraordinary, and it shows that he knew his "Imitation."

(To be continued.)

LABOR and trouble one can always get through alone, but it takes two to be glad.—*Ibsen*.

An Easter at Nazareth.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THE star-foam drifts along the upper deeps, and the slow silver prow of the moon sails out from behind Mount Tabor. Gloom and faint gleam on Carmel in the west, and the grey sea shimmering beyond; a thin mist along the Plain of Esdraelon; and yonder, in the south, a shadow of the hills.

Mary, the Mother, sits beside the threshold. The Boy's head is on her shoulder and her arm enfolds Him. Below there, in that low olive-tree, a nightingale is flooding all the night with music. Beyond the door, half in shadow, is St. Joseph; but he does not hear the nightingale. He is watching and wondering. Suddenly a great wave of love sweeps over his soul, and he trembles. The Boy stretches forth His hand gently and takes the hand of St. Joseph. They need no words.

The laughter of children at play comes softly down the village street, and the distant barking of a dog. A neighbor, returning late from his work in a vineyard down on the plain, stops at the door and greets Joseph and the Mother, and says: "The night is beautiful." In the man's hand is a bunch of wild roses, gathered because they are new again, and their fragrance comes and goes. "Here, Child," he says, "is one of the first roses."

Jesus takes the flower and smiles up to the giver. The neighbor passes on and forgets. The nightingale still sings in the olive-tree.

God looks into the south. He remains silent a long while.

"Mother," he whispers at last, "on this day I shall rise again!"

Then He draws her face to Him and kisses her, and He goes into the house.

The fragrance of the rose remains, but the nightingale is not singing.

The Mother gazes into the south. She remains silent a long while. The prow of the moon sails behind an island of cloud. Mary rises and goes to St. Joseph, and kneels at his knee, and lays her white forehead upon his quiet, folded hands. Then she sobs bitterly, but no word is spoken. The moon sails out into the open sky and again the nightingale sings.

Notes and Remarks.

It is encouraging to learn from the chief promoter of Corporate Reunion in England that the movement was originally put under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin. "Note," he says, "how she has graciously blessed it." We sincerely hope that the venerable Anglican divine may soon be enabled to point out to all who are under his influence "the beauty, beneficence, and charity of the Holy Father." Pope Leo XIII. is evidently inspired in his desire to promote the reunion of Christendom. In his letter to the English people, he reminds all who are sincerely laboring in any capacity for union with the mother Church that "man's labors can not attain to full efficacy without appeal to God in prayer and the divine blessing."

Mr. Samuel J. Barrows is known to Catholics as one of the few public men who discuss questions affecting the Church with intelligence and sympathy. Even if he had not already given evidence of a beautiful Christian spirit, his article in *Lend a Hand*, wherein he discusses the "Co-operation of Catholics and Protestants in Education," would be proof sufficient. From such broad-minded and dispassionate discussions as this much good may surely be expected; but Mr. Barrows has overlooked a most important point in his otherwise well-knit argument. He says:

"The simplest and at the present time the practical solution of the public school question, it

seems to me, is . . . for Catholics and Protestants not to approach the public school question as Catholics and Protestants, but as *American citizens*. Let the public schools be free from sectarian influence of any and every kind. There are no denominational schools in this country, whether Protestant or Catholic, in which a higher morality may be developed or a finer character moulded than in the best examples of our public schools. The morality which is taught there is not the morality of dogma nor the morality of sectarianism, but the morality which may be best of all developed and exemplified through the influence of a refined, just, pure, noble and elevating personality. It is not the text-books which make our schools so much as the teachers."

We have no desire to discourage the laudable efforts of Mr. Barrows; we honor him as a man who desires to see the public schools established upon a basis which Catholics can conscientiously accept. Neither do we challenge the high-mindedness and ability of thousands of teachers in the public schools. But so warm a friend of these schools and so acute an observer as Dr. Rice, who has made the system a specialty, mentions as the most serious menace to education that the teachers are generally appointed not on the score of moral and intellectual equipment, but on account of political "pulls." Moreover, morality without dogma is an impossible dream. It is the fragrance without the rose; or, as Mr. Leslie Stephen, himself not a professed Christian, puts it, "it is as senseless as a statue without a shape or a picture without color."

The importance of supporting the religious press ought to be plain even to those of weak faith and dull intelligence. As an antidote to the corrupting or misleading contents of the secular press a religious journal is almost a necessity. The daily newspapers are sure to record the scandalous acts of apostate priests, but how few of them will tell their readers about such noble missionaries as the late Father Albert! How little of edification or of truth is to be found in the best of our secular journals! Is it to be wondered at that so many young Catholics become lukewarm from reading daily newspapers? As with papers, so with books. If Catholics will persist in reading productions calculated to weaken or pervert their religious faith, at least they should provide themselves with

the antidote. The Catholic layman who reads anti-Catholic or anti-religious literature, as Bishop Hedley has observed, is often astonished and disturbed to find so strong a case made out against his faith. The reason is because he is ignorant about his religion. Let us quote the Bishop's words on this subject: "The reader has learned his catechism, perhaps, as a child, and has heard a sermon now and then; but the evidences, the explanations and exposition of Christian doctrine have had little or no interest for him; and hence he is more or less at the mercy of the heretic and the sophist. It is evident that men and women of so little instruction have no right to expose themselves to the arguments of the enemy. And when they do come across such arguments in their newspapers or general reading, they should know that it is chiefly their own ignorance that makes the difficulties seem so formidable."

It is plain that the importance of the religious press can not be exaggerated. The duty of supporting it devolves upon everyone. This is a new obligation imposed by the times. Priests, the heads of families, and teachers, ought to be particularly zealous in the matter.

The death of the Comte de Paris has drawn public attention to the beautiful piety which hallowed his home life, and which he took care to instil into his children. An illustration of this fact, as authentic as it is edifying, is found in Mgr. d'Hulst's description of a daughter of the Comte,—*"a princess whose character, at once dignified and gentle, noble and full of kindly grace, exercises unbounded influence on all who come within its sphere; and who, had she been less firmly attached to the Catholic faith, had but to stretch out her hand to place on her brow the crown of England, or possibly of Russia also."* It is edifying to read these words from the pen of one who lived most intimately with the royal family of Paris. What an inspiring example they contain for those Catholics who are tempted to deny their holy faith for the sake of wealth or position! Certainly the Comte de Paris was in sore need of a royal alliance,—himself throneless and his family exiled. The gen-

erality of men are little apt to recognize heroism when it is near them in time or place; but the loyalty of this French princess to her faith deserves to rank with those immortal sacrifices recorded in the lives of saintly rulers in the olden time.

In a learned criticism of Dr. Moore's new edition of the works of Dante, a writer in the *Dublin Review* for April remarks significantly:

"Probably one of the most arresting, certainly one of the most discouraging, thoughts awakened by an examination of the literary movements of our day is that, amid the labor, the erudition and the love which have been bestowed upon Dante of late years in England, not a single original work has come from Catholic hands. Among the noble army of his English students, of whom Cary, Church, Carlyle, Butler, Plumptre, Norton, Moore, and Vernon may be accepted as leaders of divisions, not one Catholic appears. The fact of not having in English an original Catholic book on Dante is a reproach to our scholarship; sadly emphasized if we realize that his life work was not simply that of a man who happened to be born, to live, and to die a Catholic. The plan, action, aim of the 'Commedia' are of the very breath and being of Catholicism; its central idea and culmination are of the essence of Catholic theology; its frame, body, spirit, are intimately one with and could only grow out of Catholic philosophy. True, astronomy, politics, history, ancient mythology, and medieval legend, are inwoven with its myriad-colored web; but that texture is, and must always remain, of the fibre of our theology. Its order, its unity, its full significance, can not be adequately apprehended, save by and in the light of Catholicism,—a position once so thoroughly understood that in churches was the poem first expounded, and thus given as some sacred sustenance to the people."

We have no desire to minimize this arraignment of Catholic scholarship. Unfortunately, it is true—but it is not the whole truth. There are two serious charges against the Protestant "Reformation" which have not received due attention. The endless divisions among Christians have paralyzed or frustrated missionary effort; and, secondly, Catholic scholars have been so busily engaged in apologetic work—in defending the truth and exposing error—that such luxuries as Dantean scholarship have been largely impossible. The mental energy wasted upon multitudinous and oft-denied calumnies would of itself be sufficient to damn the "Reformation." The *Review's* strictures do

not apply, of course, to Catholics in countries which have not been "reformed." In these countries the "Divina Commedia" has had more commentators than any other book except the Bible.

It is generally believed that Fahrenheit was the inventor of the instrument that bears his name, and that he was the first to use mercury in the construction of thermometers. The New York *Sun* states that in a paper on the oldest French meteorological and thermometrical observations lately read to the Paris Académie des Sciences, the Abbé Maze proved that Ismael Boulliau used a mercury thermometer together with his Florence thermometer in March, 1659, sixty-two years before Fahrenheit.

The Ursuline nuns of St. Peter's Indian Mission, Montana, return cordial thanks to all who have made offerings through THE "AVE MARIA" for the maintenance of their school. They have thus been enabled to protect many young girls who were exposed to the loss of faith and virtue in the wretched homes of degraded parents. The prayers of these devoted Ursulines and their grateful charges are offered daily for the spiritual and temporal welfare of all who have befriended them.

We have been solicited to appeal to our readers for contributions toward the erection of a new church in Rome to commemorate the recent Episcopal Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. We have declined to do so, and we are minded to state our reasons—some of them. By all accounts, there are more churches in the Eternal City already than the Italian government is likely to spare from confiscation and desecration. The new church is to be a very costly one. It seems to us that costly edifices should be erected only where this can be done without foreign assistance. Furthermore, we are of opinion that if the Holy Father were aware of the fact that in one diocese of this country alone there is a negro population of 800,000, only 1,000 of whom are Catholics, with a single church, two schools, and one orphan asylum,—we are convinced that if the Pope knew this, he would say that there

are needs incomparably more pressing for American Catholics to supply than a new church in Rome.

It may seem an extreme opinion, but we can not help thinking that costly Catholic churches anywhere in the United States, under the circumstances we have stated, are rather a reproach than an honor. The time has not yet come for the erection of expensive churches in our country. Our readers know what Cardinal Manning said about the strayed sheep and abandoned lambs of his flock in the slums of London, when he was urged to build a grand cathedral.

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 Brady, C. S. P., whose happy death took place last month, in San Francisco, Cal.

Sister M. Evangelist, St. Peter's Convent, Troy, N. Y.; Sisters Cordula and Valeria, O. S. D.; and Sister Mary of the Cross, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who were lately called to their eternal reward.

Mr. Friedrich Parrott, who passed away on the 5th ult., at Red Bud, Ill.

Mr. Thomas G. Little, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a fervent client of the Blessed Virgin, whose life closed peacefully on Good Friday.

Mrs. Mary Shriver, who died a holy death on the 16th ult., at Union Mills, Md.

Mr. James P. Christy, Mr. John Sheehy, Mr. James O'Brien, Mrs. Richard Stanton, and Mrs. Elizabeth McHenry, of Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Fagin and Mr. Michael O'Grady, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. J. D. McMillan, Strayner, Canada; Mrs. Thomas Kilcullin, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. O. J. Peck, Windsor, Canada; Miss Nellie Sullivan, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Margaret Tynan and Mr. Michael Ryan, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. John Dorney, Mrs. Sarah Gilligan, and Miss Margaret Chittick, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Nora Murphy, Passage East, Ireland; Mrs. Jane Glennon, Waynesburg, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzgerald, Wooster, Ohio; Richard Donahue, South Manchester, Conn.; Mrs. Mary A. Fogarty, Valatie, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary J. Connolly, Bergen Point, N. J.; and Mrs. Joanna Hartnett, Charlestown, 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.

*

We Love the May.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

It needs not fragrant hawthorn snow,
 Nor yet the lilac blooms,
 Nor soft winds swaying to and fro
 The crimson clover's plumes;
 It needs not skies of azure bright,
 Nor long, unshadowed day,
 Nor apple boughs of pink and white,
 To make us love the May.

'Tis not alone that chestnut-trees
 With ruby gems are crowned,
 Nor yet that over hills and leas
 The skylarks' chansons sound;
 'Tis not alone that marsh-flowers gleam,
 That stately lilies sway
 Their bannerets o'er mere and stream,
 That binds our hearts to May.

But 'tis because that wood and dale
 Yield floral trophies sweet—
 The violet blue, the primrose pale,—
 To lay at Mary's feet;
 Because we meet at sunset hour
 At Mary's shrines to pray,
 Because that May's Our Lady's dower,
 We love the month of May.

AT Florence there is an unfinished statue by Michael Angelo, which it is erroneously supposed was intended for Marcus Brutus. It is a portrait of one of the Medici family who was called the Florentine Brutus; but, proving afterward an oppressor of his country, Michael Angelo put aside the unfinished statue in disgust, and could never be prevailed upon to complete it.

A Saint who Loved Little Folk.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.



It was a day of great joy, nearly three hundred and eighty years ago, in the beautiful city of Florence, when a little son came to the home of Francesco Neri, a worthy notary of noble descent, and his good wife, the Lady Lucrezia da Mosciano Neri.

Florence, even to the present time, has but one font of baptism—that within the Baptistery of St. John, which faces the Cathedral made so famous by Brunelleschi's wondrous dome and Giotto's matchless campanile, or bell tower. At the entrance to this splendid Baptistery are the magnificent bronze gates, declared by Michael Angelo worthy to be the gates of Paradise, and through which all Florentine children must pass "to draw the first breath of the soul's life." Thither this child of the Neris, who was to confer a higher nobility upon his family, and reflect new honor upon his illustrious city, was brought on the very day of his birth, and received in baptism the names of two Saints, Philip and Romolo, to both of whom he was always very devout.

The infancy of Philip was passed in the charge of a foster-mother; and in going from the great Palace of the Medici toward the Church of Santo Spirito, one may still see a venerable

dwelling, on the outer wall of which is an ancient fresco of the Saint, and a tablet with the following inscription: "Philip Neri, our patron in heaven, was cared for as an infant in this house, and thus conferred on the lowly spot an imperishable glory." The location of the house in Florence where he was born, however, is not certainly known; but it is thought to have stood on a part of the ground afterward occupied by the Convertile Convent, where there is a spring still called "Philip's Well."

A portrait yet in existence shows Philip to have been a handsome, manly boy. Those who were accustomed to see him in those years tell us that his complexion was exceedingly fair and delicate; his eyes were blue, and so clear and deep that neither then nor subsequently could any painter adequately portray their expression. Ever cheerily obedient and artlessly pious, and at the same time merry, good-tempered, and pleasant, he was a favorite with everyone, and was usually spoken of as *Il buono Pippi*—"The good little Philip,"—a loving title by which his aid is often sweetly invoked by the children who now dwell among the scenes familiar to his holy and beautiful childhood.

When Philip was between eight and nine years old, he went one day with his parents upon an excursion to Castelfranco, in the valley of the Arno. Left alone in the courtyard to amuse himself, and seeing a donkey laden with fruit browsing near by, he mounted the animal and began to ride around the enclosure. But, alas! a portion of the castle being in ruins, the ground thereabout proved treacherous, and suddenly both the donkey and its rider fell headlong into a deep cellar. The child fell underneath, and was so hidden from view that a woman who rushed to the rescue saw nothing of him but one arm, and feared he had been either killed by the fall or crushed to death by the weight of the beast. Her cry for help

brought his parents to the spot in all haste; and having, after much difficulty, succeeded in extricating him, to their joy and amazement they found him uninjured.

He had two sisters, Catherine and Elizabeth; and a younger brother, Antonio. Their home was a very happy one; for their father and mother strove earnestly to rear them in a truly Christian manner, and taught them to be affectionately considerate and kind toward one another.

Philip's bright good-humor was taken so much as a matter of course in the family that we find recorded as an extraordinary incident the fact of his having on one occasion been reproved by his father, because, while he and Elizabeth were going over a lesson together, his sister Catherine persisting in interrupting them, he impulsively gave her a slight push. His conscience was so tender that he grieved exceedingly for this little fault.

II.

Naturally of a lively disposition, Philip always joined with spirit in all the innocent sports of his companions, and was noted for his boyish jests and gayety. He was neat and orderly in his dress; and, from the portrait, we see that instead of the new fashion of headgear which foreigners were then introducing into Tuscany, he wore the old republican hood, or cowl, with its long scarf to be thrown about the neck and shoulders.

The cloisters of Europe had been for many ages famous colleges and schools, where the youth of the day received a thorough secular as well as religious education. There were a number of these great monastic houses in Florence, and to one of them Philip must have been sent when still very young; for the cultivated Florentines were most solicitous in regard to the instruction of their children.

Having mastered the rudiments of grammar and arithmetic, Philip acquired a knowledge of composition and rhetoric, and also became a good classical scholar.

He was clever at his books, took high rank as a student, and wrote choice and elegant verses,—an art much encouraged at the time. He probably pursued at least some of his studies at the celebrated Dominican Monastery of S. Marco; for he was accustomed to go there familiarly, and in after years was wont to say: "Whatever good there has been in me I owe to the training of the Fathers of S. Marco, especially Fra Zenobio dei Medici and Fra Servanzio Mini."

What a charm is added to the fascinating picture of that grand old home of the monks, the long corridor of cells which the genius of Fra Angelico so glorified that it has been likened to a corridor of heaven, the stillness of the shadow-haunted library with its ghost-like tomes, the ancient chapter-house and refectory, when we know that Philip Neri loved them too, and when we think of the youthful enthusiasm and fervor with which he must have gazed upon the lovely "Virgin and Child" of Fra Bartolommeo, and the celestial visions of the Madonna and the angels portrayed by the "seraphic painter" upon these rude walls!

When Philip was about fifteen years old his father's house was burned to the ground. The Neris, although of good position, had but small means; and this misfortune rendered their circumstances still more straitened. The boy was well aware how much these new troubles were likely to interfere with his worldly prospects; but, with no regrets on this account, he did his best to lighten his father's cares and anxieties by his own unflinching cheerfulness and generous acceptance of the small trials incident to the family "hard times."

Such, in brief, was the boyhood of Philip Neri,—a boyhood not characterized by any marvellous incidents or striking instances of sanctity, but in its very simplicity replete with beautiful lessons.

(To be continued.)

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIV.—THE EXAMINATION.

Jack's hands were cold and clammy: he felt a sinking at the heart. No matter how much "fooling" Bob Bently and Faky Dillon might go through, the inevitable examination must come. If he could only recall the date of George Washington's death, he would have felt better. Was it 1732? Columbus he knew by heart. He ran over several sums in decimals in his mind; and then, jumping into fractions, he began to count furiously on his fingers, with an expression of agony on his face.

Baby Maguire's jaw fell. Thomas Jefferson's fist doubled up. What right had Baby Maguire to tell in that way? He regretted bitterly all the opportunities he had neglected,—opportunities of forcibly putting better principles into Baby's mean little mind.

Faky looked at Professor Grigg, quite cool and unconcerned. Bob Bently seemed uncertain. There was an expression in Professor Grigg's spectacles that made him hesitate, but Baby's last speech about the wicked boys decided him.

"I am glad," said Professor Grigg, looking sternly at Baby Maguire, "that you have come to Colonnade House. Your sojourn here will perhaps convince you that manliness is one of the best rules of life. You have endeavored to appropriate the favor which I showed to your friends; and not only that, but to fasten upon them a misdemeanor of which, to judge by their open and innocent faces, I feel that they are incapable—entirely incapable."

Faky smiled broadly; Bob Bently's conscience began to reproach him. After all, fun was fun, and Baby certainly was "nasty"; but it would not be right to put

him "into a hole," in which he would probably stick for a long time.

"You gave *me* the tickets, sir!" said Baby, beginning to cry. "Indeed you did! *I* was the boy that helped you."

The Professor shook his head sadly.

"Your countenance, as well as I can see it, shows the depravity working in your heart. I begin to suspect that you yourself helped to put those slimy and unpleasant objects into my berth in the car. Did you or did you not? Answer me!"

Baby looked around him helplessly. And honest impulses rose in the hearts of Jack and Bob. Jack spoke first.

"We all did it," he said. "Baby was no more responsible for it than anybody else. We did not mean any harm. You see, the pies and things—"

"Things!" said the Professor. "Was there or was there not an alligator among them?"

"Oh, no!" said Baby Maguire. "We didn't have an alligator. There was a boy in the car with a young alligator, but we did not put it into your berth, sir. We never thought of it."

"I can not accept your testimony, Master Maguire. I wish I could. I appreciate the kind impulse of your friends to excuse you, but I am under the impression that their intention is rather more generous than just. However, we shall endeavor here at Colonnade House to inculcate more stringent principles of honor and honesty."

"These tickets are really his," said Jack, giving Faky's green lecture tickets to Baby, Bob having relinquished his. "I don't care to tell how we got them,—it was only fun, anyhow. And, if you don't mind, Bob and I will take any punishment you choose."

And Jack was at that moment quite willing to take any punishment—except the examination.

"There will be no punishment in this case," said Professor Grigg, smiling. "I

judge you by your generous though mistaken intentions. As for Master Maguire, I shall look after him later."

Baby Maguire shivered.

"Please, teacher," he said, holding up his hand, "I have nerves."

Professor Grigg frowned so darkly and Baby looked so frightened that Bob could not help speaking up.

"He was not any more to blame than we were, and you *did* give him the tickets. I think it is all nonsense to blame us for an accident. Baby *is* tricky; I suppose he was born so. I'd like to punch his head,—I'll admit that; but I don't like to see him frightened half to death. You gave him the green tickets, sir."

Bob straightened himself, expecting the storm to burst.

"We will not proceed with the examination," said Professor Grigg. "I shall not attempt at once to solve this mystery."

"It is just our luck," Bob whispered to Faky. "We get into scrapes wherever we go."

"I'm sorry," whispered Faky in reply. "It's all my fault. But Baby is so sneaky. A fellow can't help doing things when *he* is about."

"And now, young gentleman," began the Professor, opening a book, and then falling into absent-minded silence, while the boys waited.

Jack's memory seemed to desert him, and his hands grew colder. When was George Washington born? What are the constituents of air? Where is the leaning tower of Pisa? At what rate does light travel? These distracting questions kept rushing through his brain, yet he could find no answer. He had been able to answer them all once. If the bell would ring,—if something would happen! The door opened quickly, and Miley Galligan entered.

"Please, sir," he said, with an unabashed air that Jack envied, "I have been sent in for my examination."

He grinned at his friends, and took his place at the head of the line. He wore a brown sweater, and his short hair had been parted, evidently with difficulty, in the middle.

"Oh! Ah! I see!" said Professor Grigg, arousing himself. "I have seen you before, Master Galligan. You are from New York, I believe. How is your esteemed relative, Mr. Longworthy? His last book on 'Social Problems and Poverty' has given much pleasure to me." The Professor looked at Miley during this little speech without at all seeing him. "We will proceed to the English examination. What are you reading, Master Galligan?"

Miley did not answer at once. His face grew very red; he glared at the boys, and then whispered threateningly to Faky:

"Did you put the old bloke onto me?"

"I don't understand such language," said Faky, with great presence of mind.

"What are you reading?" asked the Professor, severely. "Are you deaf, young man? Have you read 'Robinson Crusoe,' by Daniel Defoe?"

"I don't read such childish books," retorted Miley.

"'Ivanhoe,' by Sir Walter Scott, has, I presume, pleased you?"

"Never heard of it," returned Miley. Then in a whisper: "If you fellows have been telling on me, I'll settle you. Why doesn't he ask me questions about 'xamples and g'ography? This ain't a library: it's a school."

"Answer me, sir," said Professor Grigg.

Miley's face grew so red that the big freckles on his cheeks and nose turned the color of sunset. Jack forgot his anguish in the interest of watching him.

"What have you been reading?" repeated Professor Grigg.

"It's out, I suppose," said Miley, bitterly. He began to tug at the ragged mass of paper in his left pocket,—a pocket which bulged very much. "I have been reading, 'Mole-Eyed Jack'; or, 'The Bunco Man's

Despair.' There it is! I'd like to know who told?"

Professor Grigg looked at the ragged pamphlet on his desk, and lifted it on the point of his long paper-cutter close to his glasses.

"I am astounded," he said, "that any self-respecting boy should fill his mind with such trash. I sincerely hope, young gentlemen, that none of you reads this sort of—literature."

The boys did not reply. Baby Maguire was about to testify to his interest in the Accadians, when he was cut short by a look from Bob Bently. The truth is, they were heartily ashamed of Miley's taste,—and he was a friend of theirs, too! The pamphlet was soiled and ragged; and on its cover was the picture of a man in a tall hat, with a big diamond in his shirt front, stabbing another man with an enormous poniard. As the wretched thing lay at the edge of Professor Grigg's desk, it seemed to the boys as if something unclean had entered the room.

Miley hung his head. He read in the looks of the boys that they were ashamed of him. He was angry with them, but most of all with himself. He hated the sight of the bundle of soiled pages. Under other circumstances, Miley would have boasted of his "smartness" in reading such books as "Mole-Eyed Jack"; and no doubt in certain circles he would have been looked upon as a hero for knowing a great deal about such vile stuff. The shame that showed itself on the faces of the boys had more effect on him than any number of lectures from grown people would have had.

"I repeat," said Professor Grigg, in a kindly but serious voice, "that I hope none of you young gentlemen will degrade your minds by reading books of so low a description as this."

"There are worse books than that," said Miley, sullenly.

"There may be," said Professor Grigg.

"The boy who reads them, deliberately opens his heart to the devil,—deliberately! This book is not wicked: it is only vulgar,—I am sure of that. It does not excite you to sin, but it shows how 'smart' people gain, through all manner of sharp tricks, money and everything else they want; doesn't it?"

Faky's eyes twinkled and he whispered to Jack:

"The Professor must have read 'Mole-Eyed Jack.'"

"No," answered Professor Grigg, with a smile that made the boys less afraid of him; "but I know that kind of book. If I should read it aloud to you, and point out its absurdities, you would laugh at yourselves for ever having looked into it. You wouldn't think it 'smart' to read such a low and foolish book. Now, Master Galligan," continued the Professor, "since 'Mole-Eyed Jack' is the latest book you have read, suppose I examine your knowledge of it? I can, at least, tell whether you have a good memory or not."

Professor Grigg rose at once in the estimation of the boys; he knew how to handle Miley Galligan. Miley's face flushed to the color of a pink peony. He observed the grin on the faces of the boys, otherwise he would have fled from the room. He faced Professor Grigg as boldly as he could.

"What have you learned from this book?" asked the Professor.

Miley hesitated. Faky chuckled; and Miley answered:

"I dunno."

"Do you recall any passage that interested you?" asked the examiner.

"Yes," said Miley. "There's a place where Mole-Eyed Jack comes in wid de two revolvers and de dagger in his teeth, and says to de Bunco Man: 'Gimme your ill-gotten gains.' De Bunco Man tinks he is a detective, and he gets de Bunco Man's money and has a good time. And den he beats de fat old banker at a

game of poker, and cheats him by keeping tree kings under de table-cloth. And when Jimmy de Moke is about to run away wid de Eyetalian girl, Jack comes from behind de door when his name is mentioned, in a burst of highsterical laughter, and says, 'I'm him.' And—"

"Parse 'him,'" said Professor Grigg.

Faky laughed aloud, and even Jack smiled. Miley did not answer.

"You have been wasting your time, Master Galligan," said the Professor. "If you had associated less in your thoughts with such persons as the Bunco Man and Jimmy the Moke, you might have learned to speak gentlemanly English. As it is, you will have to choose better mental society for the future. Boys," he added, "you may go to the campus now. Mr. O'Connor will find out what your acquirements are during your attendance at his class in the coming week. You have, I hope, learned that a boy can not read books or papers of a low type without its showing in his speech and even in his actions. Go now, and let wholesome air and honest play blow off the bad air of 'Mole-Eyed Jack.'"

The Professor buried his spectacles in his book, and seemed to forget the boys.

"Thank Heaven!" said Jack, heartily. "We're free for a while. But I think I'll like the Professor."

"He's no slouch," said Miley.

"You have been reading 'Mole-Eyed Jack,'" began Faky. "I say, what became of the Bunco Man?"

Miley rushed at him. Faky dashed into a group of boys, and they closed around him. No allusion was made to Miley's literary taste after that.

(To be continued.)

—●—

YOUNG people tell what they are doing, old people what they have done, fools what they intend to do.—*French proverb.*

An Interrupted Lecture.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

Our younger readers may not have heard of Father John Morris, the distinguished Jesuit who died in England last year. Father Morris was a very learned man, particularly in history, and his opinions were highly respected by Protestant as well as Catholic scholars. He has a brother who teaches history and languages in the University of Melbourne. Professor Morris is not a Catholic,—in fact, he is very prejudiced, and never misses an opportunity to speak against the Church. As is so often the case in non-Catholic schools, many Catholic students are obliged to sit patiently in the class-room and hear insults flung at the faith which they ought to love more than anything else in the world.

One day, not long ago, Professor Morris, in dealing with a certain point of history, spoke in so prejudiced a tone of the Church that a Catholic student, unable to restrain himself longer, arose in his seat and said aloud before the whole class:

"Sir, allow me to state that what you have just said is utterly contrary to the truth."

The Professor became pale and almost speechless with anger, but managed to blurt out: "Sir, on whose authority do you dare to contradict my assertion?"

The student took a book from his pocket, opened it at a certain page, and said calmly: "On the authority of *your brother, the Jesuit.*"

The class listened with astonishment to this dialogue, and then Professor Morris had the manhood and honesty to say:

"A very good authority he is, too."

A student who was present at this scene says in the *Weekly Register* that the proudest and most admired boy in the University that day was he who so bravely defended the truth.

How the Czar Conquered.

The Czars of Russia have ever had a way of calmly facing a desperate situation, which has won for them the admiration even of their enemies. When Nicholas I., the great-grandfather of the young man who now occupies the throne of Russia, first came into his inheritance, there was a deep-laid plot against him and in favor of his kinsman, Constantine. Several mutinous regiments were drawn up before the statue of Peter the Great in St. Petersburg, their members sworn to uphold the pretender. Nicholas ordered out several regiments of his own to confront the rebels, and took his place at their head. Then out from the mutinous ranks came riding an officer who made straight for the Emperor. His right hand, in which was a small but very powerful bomb, was concealed in the breast of his military coat. The members of the Emperor's staff would have taken their places in front of him, but the Emperor waved them back, and, to their consternation, rode alone to meet the man who galloped toward him.

They met with but the length of an arm between them. "What do you bring me?" asked the Emperor, as coolly as if he had been ordering a servant to fetch his mail. The officer made a movement with the hand which clasped the concealed messenger of death, then suddenly turned his horse, and rode back to his regiment as fast as if he were pursued by savage beasts.

His comrades were amazed, and demanded to know why he had not carried out his intention.

"Because the Czar looked at me," he answered. "It was worse, I can tell you, than facing a loaded battery. Try it yourselves."

And that was how the Emperor saved his life by a fearless glance.





OUR LADY OF LIGHT.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1:28.

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Peace.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE, BY THE
RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

Q THOU who from Thy heavenly height
Beholdest every pain and grief,
And where souls pine in blackest night
Dost ever send most sweet relief;
Shall I from erring never cease?
What purpose serve my joy and sorrow?
O holy Peace,
Let me thy secret of thee borrow!

In highest things
Is peace;
E'en zephyr's wings
There cease
The flowers to woo,
And birds their songs forget:
Wait but a moment yet,
And thou'lt rest too.

—◆◆—
Our Lady of Light.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

IT is fitting that in a magazine devoted to the honor of the Mother of God there should appear some explanation of "The True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin."* Perhaps the best way to do this is to give an account of the Blessed Grignon de Montfort, the "apostle of Mary," of the

devotion so earnestly inculcated by him, and of the Association of "Our Lady of Light, Spouse of the Holy Ghost," which has been formed for the purpose of practising and of spreading so beautiful and so pious a cultus of Our Lady.

"There are few men in the eighteenth century," says Father Faber, in his preface to his translation of the treatise (p. 29, *et seq.*), "who have more strongly upon them the marks of the man of Providence than this Elias-like missionary of the Holy Ghost and of Mary. . . . He comes forward like another St. Vincent Ferrer, as if on the days bordering on the Last Judgment, and proclaims that he brings an authentic message from God, about the greater honor and wider knowledge and more prominent love of His Blessed Mother and her connection with the second advent of her Son. He founded two religious congregations, one of men and one of women—the Company of Mary, or Fathers of the Holy Ghost, and the Daughters of Wisdom; † . . . and yet he died at the age of forty-three, in 1716, after only sixteen years of priesthood."

What, then, is this "true devotion to the Blessed Virgin" taught by the Blessed

* The treatise bearing this title, by the Blessed Grignon de Montfort (New York: Benziger Bros.) is strongly recommended by his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan.

† It is to these two congregations that the Association is affiliated.

Grignon de Montfort? "The fundamental principle on which the doctrine of the venerable servant of God is based is that of the life of Jesus in the soul regenerated in holy Baptism... It is well expressed in the prayer: 'O Jesus, living in Mary, come and live in Thy servants,'" etc.* That is to say, the teaching of the necessity of the entire consecration of ourselves to the Blessed Mother of God, and *through her* to her Son, was the life work of this apostle of Mary. He taught constantly that in her and through her and by her we should draw near to her Son; that by her hands we should offer up our whole selves, body and soul, to our Divine Lord; that by her and in her we may approach most nearly, most surely, most easily to Him.

But, though we all admit this truth, how much or how little does it affect our daily spiritual life? Are we not living in the midst of a critical, Protestant population, too much inclined to apologize—if we may use the word—for our devotion to the Blessed Virgin? And yet is not that very devotion one of the marked characteristics of our faith? If so, can we do better than to use every means which God, by the intercession of His Holy Mother, shall be pleased to give us in order to increase in our own hearts and in the hearts of others this "true devotion" to her who, immeasurably and inconceivably beyond all others, is so dear to Him?

It is earnestly to be hoped that those who may read these words will be led to study for themselves the treatise of Blessed Grignon de Montfort. When the writer was requested to prepare this paper for THE "AVE MARIA," he applied to the secretary of the Association of Our Lady of Light, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, for all the information possible. In return, the treatise was sent to him, which must be the excuse—if excuse be needed—for the fact that the article will consist in

great measure of quotations. But the writer feels very strongly that no words of his own, however carefully thought out, could convey the teaching of the apostle of Mary so well as those of the blessed author himself.

The Association (now a confraternity) of Our Lady of Light, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, was founded in England in 1834 for the purpose, as already stated, of perpetuating and spreading the "true devotion to the Blessed Virgin" in the ancient Dowry of Mary. It is a devotion so beautiful, so helpful and so necessary, that on being made aware of its existence, the writer at once communicated with the Rev. Editor of THE "AVE MARIA," in the hope that in America, as in England, this ancient and most pious practice might be revived among Catholics. The conditions of membership are very simple, the benefits to be derived from such a devotion untold. It is much to be desired that all the readers of Our Lady's journal will enroll their names as "the devout servants of Jesus in Mary."

This is, in its final issue, the end and object of the teaching of Blessed Grignon de Montfort,—the surrender of ourselves as "slaves of love" to our dear Lord in and through His Holy Mother. "In our humble opinion," writes Cardinal Vaughan, "no one can do better than spread the knowledge of this golden treatise on devotion to our Blessed Mother." Such a devotion must surely appeal to all who really love our Divine Lord.

We have, all of us, as Catholics, a professed devotion to the Blessed Virgin. But that we should, in consequence of such profession, consecrate ourselves wholly to her may seem to some an "excess of devotion." And yet is it not true that "Mary is no less necessary to the redeemed than she was to the Redeemer"?* Is it not "most reasonable to suppose that we

* Preface, pp. 8, 9.

* Ibid., p. 15.

shall find Him the more quickly and the more certainly if we approach Him by the very path which He Himself trod in coming to us—no other than the path of His Blessed Mother”?

This is the beginning, as it were, of His teaching: the fact that, as through Mary “our salvation began”—to use the Church’s own words,—so through her God is pleased to bestow on us *all* the graces necessary for our salvation.

But may it not be said that we are dependent for salvation and for grace, not on the Blessed Virgin, but only on our Divine Lord? May it not be feared that such devotion to her is “excessive”; that, as non-Catholics affirm, we shall “put the Mother in the place of the Son”? How is that possible? “If we establish the solid devotion to our Blessed Lady, it is *only to establish more perfectly* the devotion to Our Lord.”* How can our devotion to Him be perfect if our devotion to her is not perfect also? She was and is so intimately and so indissolubly united to Him that in finding her we find Him. Is not this the teaching of Catholic theology? Why, then, do we not put our belief in practice, and by true devotion to her learn true devotion to her Divine Son?

Again, it may be answered that though this be true, it is to Him we are to yield ourselves with entire consecration rather than to her. That to call ourselves her slaves is, if it were possible, to put her in His place. That we are children, not slaves. And yet “there is nothing among men which makes us belong to another more than slavery. There is nothing among Christians which makes us more absolutely belong to Christ and His Holy Mother than the slavery of the will, according to the example of Our Lord Himself, who took on Him the form of a slave for love of us.”† “What I say absolutely of Christ I say relatively of our Blessed Lady.

Christ... has given her *by grace*, relatively to His Majesty, all the same rights and privileges which He possesses by nature.” “Our Blessed Lady is the means Our Lord made use of to come to us: she is also the means of which we must make use to go to Him.”

Since, then, Our Lady is endowed by grace with *all* the rights and privileges which her Divine Son has by nature; since by her we draw near to Him most surely, most safely,—by her indeed alone; does it not follow that if we are to be, as the Catechism of the Council of Trent declares, *mancipia Christi*—“slaves of Christ,”—we must be her slaves as well, to the end that we may be more truly His? Is it not a necessary consequence of our being united to her by an entire consecration of ourselves that we should be more closely united to Him than by any other way; since “the strongest inclination of Mary is to unite us to her Son, and the strongest inclination of the Son is that we should come to Him by His Holy Mother?”

What, then, is implied by an entire consecration of ourselves to the Blessed Virgin? “Mary being the most conformed of all creatures to Jesus Christ, it follows that of all devotions that which most consecrates the soul to Our Lord is devotion to His Holy Mother; and that the more a soul is consecrated to Mary, the more it is consecrated to Jesus. Hence it comes to pass that the most perfect consecration to Jesus is nothing else than a perfect and entire consecration of ourselves to the Blessed Virgin.”*

That surely is most true and most reasonable. But in spiritual matters, as in temporal, much that is true is to us nothing but a truism,—that is, something which we consider as self-evident, and therefore, alas! not worthy of serious attention. Much that is reasonable makes

* Treatise, p. 39.

† Ibid., p. 49, *et seq.*

* Ibid., p. 84.

absolutely no appeal to our reason. We are, to use a term employed by certain "evangelical" Protestants, "Gospel-hardened"; that is, so used to the wonders of God's grace that we make little account of them. But "the merciful and gracious Lord hath so done His marvellous works that they ought to be had in remembrance." So it is that a treatise such as that from which these quotations have been made may, if it so please God, awaken in our hearts a fresher, truer, keener remembrance of what God has wrought for us through His Immaculate Mother. Then, by the consecration of ourselves to her, we shall be led to know Him "as He is."

"This devotion consists, then, in giving ourselves entirely and altogether to Our Lady, in order to belong entirely and altogether to Jesus by her." This is the devotion which the Association of Our Lady of Light, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, was formed to spread. The title itself, Our Lady of Light, is a very ancient one; Spouse of the Holy Ghost, since He "overshadowed her," and through her "brought the First-Begotten into the world,"—Him who is the true Light. Moreover, the devotion itself, being "in other words a perfect renewal of the vows and promises of holy Baptism," is surely neither new nor strange. Hence, following most carefully the central idea of the devotion taught by Blessed Grignon de Montfort, the Association requires of all its members to use daily this morning offering, indulged by our Holy Father Leo XIII.: "Our Lady of Light, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, I give thee my whole self, soul and body, all I have or may have, to keep for Jesus, that I may be His for evermore. Our Lady of Light, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, pray for me!"

What, then, is implied in this "entire consecration" of ourselves to the Most Holy Mother of God? "By this devotion

we give to Our Lord, in the most perfect manner, since it is by Mary's hands, all we can give Him. . . . Here *everything* is given and consecrated to Him, even the right of disposing of our interior goods, and of the satisfactions which we gain by our good works daily. This is more than we do even in a religious order." "By this devotion we give ourselves to Our Lord expressly by the hands of Mary, and we consecrate to Him the value of all our actions." "This devotion makes us give to Jesus and Mary, without reserve, all our thoughts, words, actions, and sufferings. . . . Whatever we do is, by virtue of our offering, . . . done for Jesus and Mary."

What has our dear Lord not given to us in and through His sweet Mother! His life, His death,—His whole self; and her to be our Mother, intercessor, and our path to Him. Shall we keep anything back from Him? And if, from love of Him, we would fain "present our souls and bodies a sacrifice to God, which is our reasonable service," being "not our own, but bought with a price, even with the Precious Blood of Christ," desiring indeed that it may be "no more we that live, but Christ liveth in us," how present the sacrifice acceptably unless by the immaculate hands of His Mother; how yield ourselves His slaves except through her; how shall He live in us except it be in her and with her?

"Monstra te esse Matrem,
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus
Tulit esse tuus."

THERE is no part of the history of Jesus but Mary has her part in it. There are those who profess to be His servants who think that her work was ended when she bore Him, and after that she had nothing to do but disappear and be forgotten. But we, O Lord, Thy children of the Catholic Church, do not so think of Thy Mother!—*Cardinal Newman.*

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

XIX.—"THE BLACK DECREE."

THE admirable success that attended Maximilian's early administration of affairs is attributable to two causes: first, to the energy and dogged perseverance of the Emperor himself, to his undeniable executive qualities, and to the manner in which his plans were often devised and his efforts seconded by his sweet and able Empress; secondly, to the fact that he had gathered round him a number of Mexicans, both in and out of the Cabinet, who were absolutely devoted to their country, and loyal to any and every plan that should insure its prosperity and, above all, its peace. The high financial officials sent out to Maximilian by Napoleon III., and the Mexicans of position and ability selected by the Emperor as advisers, formed a Council of State entitled to respect and calculated to inspire confidence.

The two vital questions demanding immediate attention were the military operations and the finances of the country. In the year succeeding the capture of Mexico by General Forey, and the defeat and dispersion of the Republican army, the French forces had been actively and remorselessly engaged in pursuing the remnants of the Republican troops, who, broken up into small detachments, roamed all over the country, robbing and murdering travellers, plundering and burning houses, and sacking and desolating villages. To suppress these atrocities became the burning question of the hour; since suppressed they must be, and at any cost.

After grave deliberation, the Emperor issued a proclamation which wound up as follows:

"Hereafter the contest will only be between the honorable men of the nation and the gangs of criminals and robbers. Clemency will cease now; for it would only profit the mob, who burn villages, rob and murder peaceful citizens, poor old men, and defenceless women. The Government, resting on its power, from this day will be inflexible in its punishments; since the laws of civilization, the rights of humanity, and the exigencies of morality demand it."

Carlotta was vehement in her opposition to this decree, however necessary it might be, and opposed it both at the Council and in private; entreating the leading Ministers of State to use their influence to prevent its being issued, and imploring her husband to stay his hand. Her agitation was so violent—as though she had been permitted to lift the veil that enshrouds the future—that Alice Nugent feared a reaction; and she remained as much as possible with her Imperial Mistress, to whom she was now most lovingly attached.

The Empress *incognita*, with Alice, repaired to Tlalpan, a wondrously picturesque village some ten miles distant from the city, where Monseñor Labistada, the Archbishop of Mexico, was then sojourning in a convent dating almost from the time of Cortez. His Grace received them with that sweet yet stately courtesy for which he was so distinguished, and promised Carlotta to use his influence, not only with the Emperor, but with certain members of the Council whom he thought he could impress. This visit produced a soothing effect upon the Empress, and she partook of *almuerzo* with the Archbishop beneath an old cedar, which completely shaded the *patio* as though it were a gigantic umbrella.

But, despite entreaties, beseechings, prayers, tears, Maximilian was induced to issue the proclamation, and—O the pity of it!—to sign his own death-warrant in

the decree which at the last closed the ears of Juarez and the victorious Liberals to all appeals for mercy and pardon, and which will ever be known in history as "the Black Decree." These are its articles:

"Article I.—All persons belonging to armed bands or corps not legally organized, whether or not they proclaim any political principles, and whatever be the number of those who compose the said bands, their organization, character, and denomination, shall be tried militarily by the courts-martial; and if found guilty only of the fact of belonging to the band, they shall be condemned to capital punishment within the twenty-four hours following the sentence.

"Article II.—Those who, belonging to the bands mentioned in the previous article, will be captured with arms in their hands, shall be tried by the officer of the force which has captured them; and he shall, within a delay never extending over twenty-four hours after the said capture, make a verbal inquest of the offence, hearing the defence of the prisoner. Of this inquest he will draw an act, closing with the sentence, which must be capital punishment, if the accused is found guilty only of the fact of belonging to the band. The officer shall have the sentence executed within the twenty-four hours aforesaid, seeing that the criminal receive spiritual assistance. The sentence having been executed, the officer shall forward the act of inquest to the Minister of War."

It is but just to the memory of Maximilian to say that he refused on three occasions to sign the fatal document; and it was only when the French and Mexican generals, who were called into the fourth sitting of the Council, argued that the decree ought to be issued as a mere menace to the rebels, that it was a military necessity, and that the sentence of the courts-martial could be revoked or suspended, that the Emperor reluctantly

assented,—the protestations of his beloved wife ringing in his ears.

The distress of the Empress was simply appalling. Every morning, after a sleepless night, found her at the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, prone upon the ground, praying with her whole soul that the terrible results which she so sagaciously foresaw, might be spared her unhappy people and her adopted country. Every day found her visiting hospitals and the resorts of the poor. At times she would go absolutely unattended save by Alice; at others, she would proceed in state, in order to show her subjects that she was both Empress and woman.

Ten days after the Black Decree was issued came a swift and horrible answer from Tacambaro. The Imperialists, commanded by Mendez, defeated the Liberals; and General Artiaga, General Salazar, Governor of the Department, and four colonels were selected from the prisoners of war and shot, pursuant to the letter of the fatal decree.

When the news reached Chapultepec, the Empress swooned and for some considerable time lay insensible. The Emperor was telegraphed for to the National Palace, and rode out in hottest haste. The imperial couple were left alone; nor did they emerge from their private apartments until the moon was high in the heavens, both looking the very incarnation of human misery. Carlotta wept during the entire night, while Alice mingled her tears with those of her Imperial Mistress out of sheer and womanly sympathy. The shadow of the great tragedy had fallen.

XX.—RODY TELLS HIS STORY.

Many weeks elapsed ere Arthur Bodkin, nursed with the most tender care by his faithful follower, could be pronounced out of danger. In addition to the fierce inflammation in his wounds, brought on by the hardship of the ride for life, a fever set in that kept him within shadow of the

grave, reducing him to a living skeleton. At one time the doctor, a very pious, earnest man, advocated the amputation of the arm; but Rody, ever on the watch, uttered so fearful a threat should the physician "put a knife into the Masther" that the operation was happily deferred, and the limb eventually spared.

It was during convalescence that Arthur learned from O'Flynn how the latter had contrived the escape.

"Ye see, sir, whin the both of us fell, I only got a scotch on the neck; the bullet—bad cess to it!—just rubbed me up enough for to sind me off me horse. And whin I seen that ye were kilt, I sez to meself mebbe he's not kilt, and I can do him more harm nor good be attimptin' a rescue. So I lay as quiet as Corney Rooney's ould tom-cat foreninst a turf fire; while Mazazo come up, and sez: 'Don't kill him off,' sez the villyan. 'I want him. I owe him a debt that I want to pay wid intherest.' At laste, that is what I partly guessed the scut was sayin'. And lucky it was for him; for I had me revolver ready, and if he had lifted his hand to ye, sir, I would have cooked *his* goose, any way. Well, sir,—would ye believe it?—they were so much tuk up wid ye, Masther Arthur, that sorra a happorth they cared about me. 'Dead,' sez wan. 'As a herrin',' sez another. And while they were talkin', I shuffled along a little ways on me stomach, and nearer to me horse, that was standin' enjoyin' the whole thing. I prayed to the Holy Virgin for to guide me. And she did, sir; for instead of killin' a couple or mebbe six, and being kilt meself, and you hung, sir, we're all together, glory be to God and to His Holy Mother, alive and well, no less!"

"But—"

"Aisy, sir; aisy! I'll tell ye the whole thing. Well, I crep' up to me horse, and I med ready for to lep on his back the minute I seen a chance. They all gother round ye; and whin I seen this, and

heard wan of thim say that you was only hurted a little, be me song, I med wan lep into the saddle, and before ye could say Jack Robison I was a mile down the road, the iligant baste knowin' as well as I did that I was ridin' for your life and mine. They sint a couple of shots afther me; and wan of thim darted to purshue me, but I gev thim a clane pair o' heels, and got back to the ould convint, and gev the alarm. Och *wirra, wirra!* but thin was the rale whulabilloo when I tould thim ye was kilt. The Baron ordhered out all of our forces; but Count Hoyos held thim back, and him and the Baron was to fight a jewel over it. But the darlint Impress tould thim that she would hang thim both if they opened their heads."

"Bravo, dear old Bergheim!" cried Arthur.

"He's an iligant ould gintleman, sorra a lie in it. He'll have the daylin' thrick on ould Hoyos, now that yer Honor's alive. Well, Masther Arthur, who sinds for nie but herself?"

"Herself!"

"The Impress of Mexico, no less; and of all the darlinest ladies I ever come across, she bates thim.

"Yer name, me good man?' sez she.

"Rody O'Flynn, yer Majesty's glory.'

"So yer masther sacrificed hisself for to save me?' sez she.

"He did, ma'am,' sez I,—'God rest his soul, amin! And we'd do it agin and agin for such a good and beautiful lady,' sez I.

"Tell me all that happened,' sez she, in a sorrowful tone, cryin' like."

"And did you?"

"Did I, sir! Bedad I med ye out the finest hayro that ever wint to the wars. I tould her that ye knew ye wor in for it as sure as if ye wor in the dock afore Judge Keogh wid his black cap on. I up and tould her that ye fought tin of thim—the biggest I ever seen in this barony—wan afther the other, and that ye left a half a dozen to me. I tould her—she listenin'

wid big, mournful eyes, and her mouth drawed down like a child that's goin' to whimper—that ye kilt thim all—”

“You never did that, Rody!” interrupted Arthur.

“I did, sir. Hould on, Masther Arthur. I'll tell ye why I done it. Lord forgive me for tellin' a lie!—but ye see, sir, it was me only chance for gettin' ye and me promotion. They'll never know the differ; and ye and me, sir, is sure of iligant preferment. I tuk the chance, Masther Arthur; and begob I knew I'd never talk to a queen agin, and I resolved that she should remimber what I said to her.”

Arthur groaned.

“Ye can say that I med a mistake in regard to what ye done, sir, and set it all to rights. I done it for the best; and if Father Edward was here this blessed minute, that's what I'd say to him.”

Poor Rody seemed deeply distressed. Arthur knew very well that, intoxicated by being spoken to by the Empress, and in the glamor of her presence the honest fellow had lost his head; but in doing so his one thought was to make his master a very prodigy of valor.

“Never mind, Rody. I'll set it to rights when we get back to Mexico.”

“Sure ye won't deny it all, sir?” asked Rody, eagerly.

“Every word.”

“Sure ye'll kill a couple, any way?”

“Not one.”

There was a pause.

“Well, Masther Arthur, won't ye lave a couple to *me*, anyhow?”

“A dozen if you wish it, Rody.” And Arthur, for the first time in many weeks, laughed until the tears came coursing down his cheeks,—a laugh in which honest Rody most heartily joined.

After this burst of merriment was over, Rody continued:

“Well, sir, the darlint Impress ordered the whole army out for to scour the country; but ould Hoyos wouldn't have

it at no price, because he was afeared the Mexicos was for risin' and takin' her Majesty a presner, and mebbe runnin' her up into the mountains, and sindin' her lovely little ear to the palace wan day, and her dawny little nose another, and so on. He spoke so powerful that the Impress gev a sigh that would burst Mick Casey's best bellows.

“Is he dead?’ sez she.

“‘Sorra a dead,’ sez I. ‘The Bodkins of Ballyboden never die like that.’

“‘What's for to be done?’ sez she.

“‘Will ye lave it to me, plaze yer Royal Highness?’ sez I.

“‘Of coorse,’ sez she. ‘I'll be said be ye.’

“Well, sir, I knew, from all I heerd, that it would be like lookin' for a needle in a bundle of hay for to thry and find ye wid the army; for it's to the mountain they'd be ather takin' ye, up among the goats and the crows. So I sez to the Impress:

“‘If yer Majesty will lave it to me, I'd ax this.’

“‘Ax and have,’ sez she.

“‘I want a lind of a few pounds, and three good horses, to be choosed be meself.’

“‘Ye can have all the money ye want for this purpose,’ sez she, ‘and lashin's for yerself if ye save yer masther. Tell him,’ sez she—and this is Gospel, Masther Arthur,—‘tell him that he done a noble action; and,’ sez she, ‘that he has won me gratitude forever and a day, no less. And tell him,’ sez she, ‘that if he's dead I'll have the vinerable Archbishop say a Mass for his sowl every mornin' regular.’ And I think, Masther Arthur, she was goin' for to say somethin' in regard to the Pope, but in comes a Lord-wid ordhers for her to start on the minute.

“‘Misther O'Flynn,’ sez her Majesty, sez she, ‘I have for to lave ye now, and I'm heart-scalded for havin' to do the same; but save yer brave masther,’ sez she, ‘and come to me—to *me*,’ she said it twicet, sir, ‘for yer reward.’ And she disappeared like a dhrink.”

This startling simile caused Arthur to smile, as well it might.

"I got what was aigual to a hundhred pounds from the Baron, and I seen the whole coortage off, and wid a sorrowful heart wint to work to thry and get at ye, sir. Me neck, be raison of the bullet, was as stiff as ould Count Gleichen's, and as sore as a toothache, and me head was splittin'. Down below in the valley there was a mighty.nate little *colleen*, that put me in mind of Judy Murphy of Clonabate. So, sick and sore as I was, I gev her the time o'day and a soft word or two. What do ye think, sir, but I med out be her that she could tell me about ye; and wid that I ups and collogers her, till the poor crayture thought I was as soft as soap on her. I met her in the evenin', and she med out a map for me as well as the county surveyer, could have done it; and I winnowed a grate dale of information. Masther Arthur, I'm afraid I tould her I would marry her if I got ye safe and sound; but in love and war all is wan. That night I hired the horses, and her brother into the bargain, who come wid me—he was the gossoon that waited for us in the wood beyant,—and thravelled to the wood, where I had all day been circumspectin' the place where ye wor laid. In the evenin' I med me preparations, and the minute it was dark started for ye. And now, sir, *ye* know the rest."

"Was there no attempt at pursuit?"

"There *was*, sure enough; but the Impress—God be good to her!—sint back a sthrong guard when she heerd the news—and begorra it's here they are still, atin' and dhrinkin' and doin' nothin', for all the world as if they wor at Ballyboden, —wid ordhers for to stay till they escort ye to Mexico."

"I am able to go now."

"Sorra a stir ye'll stir for another week. Why, Masther Arthur, ye never wor nearer seein' the glory of heaven. Ye must stay where ye are, sir, till the coort Docthor

tells ye to move on. He'll be here to-morrow, the ould botch! It was he that was for cuttin' off yer arm. I wondher I wasn't put in jail for the way I talked to him. Bedad ye'd think I was born in Pill Lane, where the fisherwomen live. I called him all the names in Irish that I could think of."

Bodkin was eager to ask if Rody had any tidings of Alice Nugent, but he feared to put the question. At last, however, his anxiety got the upper hand.

"Rody, have you—did you hear how Miss Nugent was?"

Rody's face, always cheerful, always smiling, always full of sunshine, suddenly assumed a dark if not a menacing expression, the features hardening.

"I heerd she was all right, sir."

"Anything more?"

For a moment Rody was silent; then, as if animated by desperate resolve:

"Yes, sir: a grate dale more. I heerd that she is goin' to be married to Count Kalksburg. And may she—"

"Not another word, Rody!" interposed Arthur, pale as death.

Upon the following day Dr. Basch, the Emperor's private physician, arrived with a strong escort. The worthy Doctor, who proved so stanch and true to his Imperial Master up to the last, closely examined Arthur, with the result that he ordered his patient to remain where he was for another week, and then to set out by easy stages for the capital.

"When I say 'easy stages,' I *mean* 'easy stages.' Ten miles a day, and the mules to go at a walk."

Dr. Basch imparted one piece of information to Arthur that caused his heart to leap with pride and joy,—leap as it had never leaped before; for an order had been made in council conferring upon "Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden, Aid-de-camp to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Mexico," for distinguished valor, the Order of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

"Alice must know of this," he thought; and won't they be glad at home! Aye, and Father Edward will announce it from the altar."

Within a fortnight from that date Arthur Bodkin, still in a very feeble condition, but on the high road to substantial recovery, reached his old quarters in the National Palace.

"If the Impress is aequal to the occasion," thought Rody, "I'm a med man—perhaps a corporal. But sorra a care I care. Sure the Masther's safe and nearly sound, and Ballyboden foriver!"

(To be continued.)

Catholic Ireland in the Last Century.

A RECORD OF SUFFERING AND HEROISM.

BY THE REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

WEARING out to the end of this century, it may not be uninteresting to take a retrospect of the Church as confined to one island—Ireland namely—in the eighteenth century, and mark how God watched over it, protected it, and by His blessings rendered it fruitful and prosperous.

The Hebrew children could scarcely be said to have been in a lower state of bondage when, under the Pharaoh "that knew not Joseph," they were afflicted in the land of Goshen, than were the Irish people during the eighteenth century,—not in the land of a stranger, but in their own land. Persecution and injustice have sometimes removed tribes and nations from a foothold on the soil of their native country, so that not a trace of them remains. That the Irish people were not so routed and removed is a standing miracle of God in their regard. To say that Catholic Ireland was composed of bishops and priests, with the faithful people, does look

pedantic, if not trifling; and yet, the statement is useful, inasmuch as it at once suggests the heading and division of the subject—1st, the special sufferings of the clergy; 2d, the special sufferings of the laity.

It is a truth, which the very existence of a Catholic Ireland to-day requires and demonstrates, that the clergy must have been a body of men faithful and devoted, and that the laity must likewise have been religious-minded and supernatural. Take away either or both of these assumptions, and it is against all the teaching of Catholic history that you can have a faithful reproduction or continuance of Catholicity. And both these bodies being so, it was necessary that a cordial union should exist between them. If we could not call a single historian in evidence, we could as surely prove the religious feeling which permeated clergy and laity, and the sacred union that existed between them, from the fact of a Catholic Ireland being in existence to-day, as surely as we could prove that there must be a cause when we find an effect. But historians in abundance are struck with the sacred attachment, or union, that existed between the Catholic body of the Irish people and their clergy,—a union which has subsisted unbroken to our days. Let a Protestant and an Englishman speak. Mr. Lecky, the ablest writer and most impartial historian of our time, says of it in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" (pp. 256, 386):

"It would be difficult in the whole compass of history to find another instance in which such various and such powerful agencies concurred to [degrade the character and to blast] the prosperity of a nation.... They clung to their old faith, with a constancy that never has been surpassed, during generations of the most galling persecution; at a time when every earthly motive urged them to abandon it; when all the influence and attractions

of property and rank and professional eminence and education were arrayed against it. They voluntarily supported their priesthood with an unwearied zeal when they themselves were sunk in the most abject poverty, when the agonies of starvation were continually before them. They had their reward. The legislator, abandoning the hopeless task of crushing a religion that was so cherished, contented himself with providing that those who held it should never rise to influence or wealth, and the penal laws were at last applied almost exclusively to this end."

Histories are full of the tyranny broadly practised on the people during those days. One or two extracts from writers will merely be quoted, because we intend to pass on to see how this system worked in the case of the individual. What Edmund Burke, the great statesman, said of it is known to everyone: "It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a feeble people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." McKnight, the biographer of Burke, says: "The penal laws form a code which every tyrant might study, and find his knowledge of the surest means of producing human wretchedness extended." Sings the Protestant poet, Davis:

"Oh, weep those days, those penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained!"

"Protestants," writes Professor Morley, in his essay on Burke, "love to dwell upon the horrors of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, of the prosecutions of Philip II., and of the Inquisition. Let them turn candidly to the history of Ireland from 1691 down to 1798, and they will perceive that the diabolical proscription of the penal laws, and the frenzied atrocities with which the Protestants suppressed the Catholic rising at the close of the century, are absolutely unsur-

passed in history. The penal code has often been transcribed; in a country where the toleration of Protestantism is constantly over-vaunted it can scarcely be transcribed too often."

Mitchel, the Protestant Irishman, and Macaulay, the Protestant Englishman, need not here be quoted. Both, in their histories and other writings, are equally emphatic in its condemnation. The truth is that any one who studied it felt indeed it was so bad that nothing worse, in the words of Burke, "ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man"; that, in the words of Morley, "its diabolical proscriptions and atrocities were absolutely unsurpassed in history."

Our duty now is to see how this penal code, embracing a nation within its talons, grasped and harassed and crushed the individual members of that nation. Among the other great works done by the illustrious Daniel O'Connell in his lifetime was the compiling of a volume entitled "A Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon," containing a digest of these infamous laws.

In the reign of King William III. a law was passed against all archbishops, bishops, and other clergy, ordering them to depart at once from the Kingdom; that if caught while refusing to do so, they were to be imprisoned and transported; and if found trying to return, they were to be prosecuted for high-treason, and to suffer the punishment attached to the same. This assuredly was putting the axe to the root of the tree. Yet "during the whole period of persecution in Ireland," says Cardinal Moran in a remarkable contribution to the *Dublin Review* (January, 1882), "the succession of bishops and priests was never broken."

The bishops and priests concealed themselves as well as they were able, biding their time until this storm should blow over. But how the general feeling of the dominant race during the time was worked up against them may be inferred

from a sermon preached by a Dr. Dopping, Protestant bishop of Meath, who declared publicly from the pulpit in Dublin that "no terms of peace ought to be observed with so perfidious a people."* It is true, this feeling was not entirely universal; and in the course of some years, after successes and reverses on the field of battle on the Continent, a lull prevailed.

"In 1704 this act was in part relaxed," writes Cardinal Moran. "A certain number of the clergy, to be duly registered, were appointed for each county. A particular district was allotted to each one; but were he to exercise his spiritual duties except within that district, he incurred all the former penalties. New difficulties, however, soon awaited the privileged clergy thus registered. An act was published commanding them to take the oath of abjuration."

This was the ordinance made later on in France; but, to the credit of the Irish bishops and priests be it said, not one was found to do so. This set the authorities on edge, and hotfoot the following enactments were passed almost on the heels of one another: "That all magistrates and other persons whatsoever who neglected or omitted to put the law in due execution were betrayers of the liberties of the kingdom. That the saying or hearing of Mass by persons who had not taken the oath of abjuration tended to advance the interests of the pretender." The web, however, was not complete as yet. The informer had to be brought in; and it was therefore passed unanimously that "*the prosecuting of and informing against Papists were an honorable service to the government.*"

And money was promised,—a reward of £50 for the discovery of a bishop or vicar-general; of £20 for the arrest of any other clergyman. In 1743 the Privy Council of Dublin offered £150 for the

conviction of a bishop or dignitary; £50 for any other priest; and £200 for the conviction of a person holding a certain amount of property in whose house a priest had been entertained or concealed.

"But neither bribes nor threats could sever the pastors from their flocks. With heroic courage the clergy braved every peril to break the Bread of Life to their faithful people. Except during short intervals of comparative peace, they were obliged to travel from district to district in disguise. Whilst they offered the Holy Sacrifice they wore a veil over their face, or the altar and sanctuary were screened by a curtain, so that the faithful could hear the voice without recognizing the celebrant. During the day they were clad in frieze, like the peasantry; and they usually carried a wallet across their shoulders, the better to conceal their ministry. They thus passed from cabin to cabin, dispensing blessings, instructing the young, and administering the Sacraments. And they lived with the peasantry and partook of their humble fare, which was at all times heartily shared with them."*

Local histories, biographies, annals, manuscripts, tradition, even the names of places in Ireland, teem with instances illustrative of the barbarism and tyranny on the one side, and the sufferings and heroism on the other.

We open the "Life of J. K. L." (John, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin), by Fitz Patrick. In the first volume we find mention made of Dr. James O'Gallagher, Bishop of Raphoe, County Donegal. In 1734 he was holding a visitation of his diocese. While staying over night in the house of Father O'Hegarty, one of his priests, he received word that the house was going to be attacked. He arose and left. By dawn the house was surrounded; and as the Bishop was not found, they carried off the parish priest. The people

* Harris' "Life of King William III."

* Cardinal Moran.

learning of it, gathered in great numbers and blocked the way. The leader of the military, seeing that he could not carry the aged priest a prisoner any farther, raised his musket and shot him dead. The Bishop escaped to one of the lakes in the County Fermanagh. In a few years he was translated to the bishopric of Kildare, and thus became predecessor to Dr. Doyle, the celebrated J. K. L. of O'Connell's time. Fitz Patrick gives the following beautiful description of his life and his end :

"He seldom had a residence, but went about, like his Divine Master, doing good ; preaching the Gospel, encouraging the faithful, and consoling the afflicted people. For some years previous to his death he resided for a part of each year in a small hut made of mud walls, thatched with straw or rushes, near the Bog of Allen, to which he might fly when sought after by the myrmidons of the ruling faction. The remains of his cabin still exist by the roadside."

Cardinal Moran is the author of the following touching narrative :

"Another of our primates, Dr. Michael O'Reilly, whose excellent catechism is still in use in some of the dioceses of Ulster, generally resided in the parish of Termonfeckan, County Louth. A few years ago, when stopping for a short time in that neighborhood, I was conducted by a reverend friend to visit the house in which the primate had lived. It is a small thatched cabin ; and inside, under the thatch, there is a narrow loft, formed of the dry branches of trees, where at times he used to be concealed, whilst the priest-catchers were in hot pursuit. In the adjoining orchard a fine old apple-tree is pointed out, under which, like St. Philip Neri on the Janiculum, he was wont to gather the little children round him to instruct them in the catechism. At a short distance from the hut, at a spot where the main road crosses a little stream, tradition tells that he remained bent under the

arch, and up to his knees in the water, while a troop of military galloped along the road and scoured the country in search of him."

Many places in Ireland derive their present Irish names from the fact of the Holy Mass having been stealthily offered up there in the olden times. For instance, there was a time when the law forbade any Catholic to live in the cities of Limerick and Galway, on account of the mercantile connection of those cities with Spain, France, and the Netherlands, and which made them a recruiting ground for the Irish armies of the Continent. These recruits went under the disguised name of "the Wild Geese." As Catholics were not allowed to live in those cities, of course a place of worship was not permitted ; and about three miles from the city of Limerick, on the verge of a bog, the people of the parish of Raheen show an old quarry which still goes by the name of Carrig-au-Affran, or the Rock of the Mass, because it was thither they gathered from the suburbs of Limerick to attend Mass in this retired and lonely place.

Again, in the defiles of the mountains around Killaloe, and about two miles from that part of the Shannon on whose banks stood the old Palace of Kincora, the residence of Brian Boru, there is a little knoll, or mound, on the summit of a pretty high bluff. This knoll is called Cnocanna-thrie-hierna, or the little hill of the three people, or persons. Local tradition explains the origin of the name. At the foot of this bluff runs what is in the winter a wild torrent, but in the summer time a pleasant, babbling stream. By this stream a rude shelter formed of immense slates—the whole of this country is a continuation of slate quarries—was raised, and in its recesses the Holy Mass was offered. A narrow bridle road was the only means of communication with it. Being safe here for some time, the people neglected to set the usual scouts on the

watch; and one day, while the sacred Mysteries were being offered, a party of military from the garrison in Limerick was seen coming down upon them. The priest, so tradition says, bade the people not to stir; and taking the Sacred Host from Its repose on the altar, he held It up while the soldiery were passing; and "the yeos [yeomen] saw only a beautiful white thorn-bush, with birds singing on it." The priest and people were, however, taught a lesson; and leaving that spot—which was afterward cleared and levelled, but which, by the way, still bears a fresher and more emerald green than all the land around,—they went to the Cnoccaun on the top of the rising ground, from which can be had an extensive view on either side, and which, because of the Holy Sacrifice, they beautifully called, in the old Celtic tongue, the dear little Mound of the Three (Divine) Persons.

In one of the parish churches of the city of Limerick—St. Mary's—is an old relic with a history illustrative of the period. The relic is a curious remonstrance about one hundred and fifty years old, and given by an Amsterdam merchant,—so runs the legend on the foot of the sacred article. The gentleman's name was Archdeacon, and the date 1745. Now, why should a merchant from Amsterdam make a present of a remonstrance to a church in Limerick, or how did it come to pass? The tradition from mouth to mouth, still kept up in the place, tells that "long ago" a gentleman by the name of Kelly, and whose descendants are still Catholic residents in the County Limerick, had very large transactions with this merchant, as also with others on the Continent. It may be noted that Youghal, Kinsale, Galway, and Limerick were the towns or cities in Ireland through which the Continental trade was carried on, which in those days was very large. Waterford and Dublin were the English-connecting towns. Belfast on the northeast, and Cork in the

southwest, counted for little or nothing, although both are so large and so flourishing to-day.

Mr. Kelly, in the course of business, was largely indebted to his Amsterdam friend. War set in, and the trading between the two towns was completely interrupted. Many years passed; and on the resumption of trade, the merchant thought he would come to Limerick, and try to find out Mr. Kelly and see if he could recover his money, with rather slender hopes in his own mind indeed of being successful. After making cautious inquiries on his landing, he found, to his discomfort, that his debtor was living in some lane. Carefully treading his way, he was at length shown to the door of a very humble house. The owner, dressed in faded clothes, received him with warmth and with an air of good-breeding that no amount of poverty could quite conceal. Looking at the surroundings, the stranger felt there was no use in asking him for money. Mr. Kelly, however, pressed him to stay for the night; and when it was near midnight took him to an underground cellar and showed him heaps of gold. "If," said he in explanation, "it were known that I possessed all this, my life would not be worth that splinter of bog-deal. I would be arrested for being a Catholic; and, on some charge or other, convicted, and my money estreated." He then reckoned out the money due to the merchant, amounting, it is said, to tens of thousands of pounds. The latter was so grateful that he went to the hidden little chapel of St. Mary's, and made it the present spoken of.

The Rev. Canon Ulick Bourke, in his "Life of the Most Rev. John MacHale" (pp. 28, 29), observes:

"It must be borne in mind that there was no register kept in any Catholic church in Ireland at the time the infant son [John MacHale] of Mary Mulchiaran received baptism in his father's house

at Tuber-na-Fian. In those days [1791] Catholic clergymen had no churches wherein to celebrate the sacred Mysteries, to administer Sacraments, and to baptize, much less to preserve such a thing as a registry. In that year, and of course before that time, the local clergy blessed the marriage and baptized in the houses of the people; and on Sundays celebrated Mass on the hillside, under the shadow of a projecting cliff, or in the dry bed of some meandering stream. Of the generation of Irishmen still living, many have witnessed such liturgical and devotional administrations performed by the people's clergy. The present writer, when a boy of ten years, assisted at a Mass celebrated at the gable end of a house, the people kneeling uncovered in the open air; and eighteen years later, when a priest, he offered at Headford, in the County Galway, the Holy Sacrifice in the open market-square of that little town."

As an interesting item of Irish Church history, we may be allowed to state here that the religious customs thus necessitated marked the ecclesiastical ritual of our country all through the beginning of this century, and down to the holding of the Synod of Thurles, in the middle of the century, under the presidency of Dr. (afterward Cardinal) Cullen. Even after that traces of those customs could still be identified. A synod, a quarter of a century later, was deemed advisable and necessary to be held; although, as the convening letters say: "A Synodo Thurlesensi plura salubriter statuta fuere, quibus sacramentorum administratio, sacrorum canonum disciplinæ conformaretur; at vero non pauca adhuc supersunt auctoritate futuræ synodi emendanda." This synod was held, again under the presidency of Cardinal Cullen, at Maynooth in the year 1875.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

THERE are calumnies against which even innocence loses courage.—*Napoleon.*

• Thy Heart and Mine.

MY heart a compass is,
Mother mine!
It points to thine

So sure and straight always—
Through bitter gales and blinding storms
and wintry days,
Or 'mid the billows bright of a sunny sea,
It points to thee,—
Direct to thee,
Mother mine!

D. M. B.

A Sanctuary by the Sea.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

IN an attractive volume, "Les Livres à Relire," l'Abbé Lenôtre says: "Good descriptions of Our Lady's shrines are acts of philanthropy. With the aid of a little imagination, they furnish thousands of the faithful who stay at home with free transportation to the holy places, in a first-class conveyance, without dust or fatigue. And—delightful thought!—we can start on these pilgrimages of the heart any day we please and as often as we will."

From the Old World's garden of churches—those "flowers in stone," as they have been prettily called,—village chapels modest as violets, domed cathedrals brilliant as jewelled tulips, we choose for to-day's "heart pilgrimage" the famous miracle-shrine of Our Lady of Boulogne.

We learn from the commentaries of Cæsar that when he first occupied the province of Morinia (a division of Belgic Gaul) he made the town of Gesoriacus his headquarters. From its port he embarked to subjugate Britain; and when he returned to Rome, he commanded his lieutenant, Quintius Pedius, to build a city there. In 50 B. C. Pedius founded a city on the height now occupied by the Haute Ville,

naming it Bononia, after his own birth-place in Italy, corrupted into Bologna. It is now known as Boulogne-sur-Mer.

The history of the quaint old French city, where Christianity was first preached A. D. 170, and where St. Patrick for some time resided, contains much of interest; but that of Catholics of to-day centres in the Haute Ville, within whose walls Clothaire II., eighth King of France, as far back as 606 built on the ruins of a pagan temple the chapel thus referred to by a chronicler of that time:

"It was near the close of a day in the year 636, under the reign of Dagobert I., that a sudden calm fell upon the restless sea. Over the stilled and reverent waves, luminous with celestial radiance, a small boat, without sail, oars, or visible pilot, was seen entering the port of Boulogne. Within it, standing upright, was a statue, exquisitely carved in wood, of the Blessed Virgin. Upon her left arm rested the Infant Jesus, and upon her beautiful countenance an indescribable expression of majesty and divinity. At the same moment some saintly souls, assembled for Vespers in the chapel in the upper city, were transported by a vision of the Divine Mother, framed in a mist as of melted stars. She commanded them to take her image from the boat which angels had just guided to their shore, and place it in the church which they must rear on the spot whereon she then stood,—most graciously promising to bestow special blessings on the builders of that church, and all who should worship therein. News of the wondrous apparition straightway becoming known, the parish, led by the clergy, hastened to the shore to welcome upon their knees the holy image. Lifted upon the shoulders of rejoicing priests, it was borne back in triumphal procession to the chapel, there to receive the homage of kings and queens of earth, pending the erection of a worthier shrine, which was at once begun

upon the spot chosen by our Blessed Lady."

This "worthier shrine" was, in 1104, rebuilt in cathedral-form by Ida Comtesse de Bouillon, mother of the Crusader Godfrey, proclaimed King of Jerusalem. In 1567 this edifice was pillaged and mutilated by the Huguenots, who, finding that rain quenched every fire they kindled about the miraculous image of Our Lady, buried it. After long remaining underground, it was exhumed on the 26th of September, 1607, by Jean de Frohart, aided by an old hermit of the forest of Desvres; and, after formal identification, placed in the Abbey of St. Wilmun, where it remained till its restoration to the new cathedral, rebuilt in 1624.

In June, 1791, when the cruel reign of infidelity began, and by order of the National Convention all churches were closed, the blessed statue, again at the mercy of vandals and heretics, was cast into a pit of flames, and believed to have been completely destroyed. By special providence, however, a Catholic, M. Cazin de Caumartin, having previously obtained access to it, had severed from the image a hand, which, piously treasured in his family till the consecration of her present shrine, was then presented by one of his descendants to the Bishop of Boulogne. Through a glass, always dim with kisses, one may see a fac-simile of that blessed hand, encased in an exquisite hand-shaped silver reliquary, resting on a cushion of crimson velvet. The real relic is enshrined in the gold heart which hangs from the arm of Our Lady's statue.

For a quarter of a century after the Revolution the ground of the ruined cathedral remained national property, till in August, 1820, after several happily incompleted sales to aliens and heretics, it was again offered at auction, and purchased by l'Abbé Haffreingue. From boyhood this good and zealous priest had cherished the fond hope of seeing erected on that vision-consecrated site a

fitting shrine, which, undaunted by the magnitude of the undertaking, he determined to commence building. Unsolicited contributions from rich and poor supplemented the private fortune he had devoted to the cause; and in March, 1827, the work of clearing away the ruins was begun under his personal supervision. While sinking the foundation a wonderful crypt, or underground church, was discovered, dating back, it is thought, to the fourth or fifth century, which, with its many relics—shafts and broken capitals of the first cathedral, mammoth stone coffins, fine specimens of ancient fresco,—the Abbé succeeded in preserving.

Work progressed slowly as the exchequer permitted; but the life of the venerable builder was prolonged to witness the consecration of the completed edifice in 1866. Born at Audinghen on July 4, 1785, raised to the dignity of a Roman prelate by a Papal brief in 1859, Monsig. Haffreingue died in April, 1871, and is entombed in the crypt. No more beautiful thought has found expression in marble than the monument to his memory, which stands near the entrance from the north transept. It represents the priest kneeling, upholding toward Our Lady of Boulogne a fac-simile in miniature of the present edifice.

The architecture of the cathedral is half Greek, half Roman. The spacious nave is surrounded by a clerestory; the roof is formed of two ceilings,—the lower, of cloud color, pierced with spaces, through which one sees the soft blue and tinted frescos on the upper ceiling: subjects from the Gospels, designed by Overbeck, master of the Dusseldorf school.

On the south side of the high altar is one of richly inlaid marble, dedicated to St. Benoit Joseph Labre, a sketch of whose beautiful life lately appeared in THE "AVE MARIA." The portrait of the Saint distributing alms to the poor of Rome was a gift from his Holiness Pope Pius IX. Under the dome is placed

the magnificent high altar presented by Prince Alessandro Torlonia, in accordance with the dying wish of his brother Charles. Its table rests on twenty monolith columns of *lapis martyrum* (so called from its use in the days of Christian persecution to weight bodies cast into the sea); precious stones and exquisite paintings adorn the four sides; the doors of the tabernacle are of sardonyx with crosses of *lapis lazuli*.

Passing up the side aisle—"Gloria Mariae" on every side, tablets recording her miracles,—one reaches the chapel of Our Lady of Boulogne, blazing with lights, fragrant with flowers, every stone of the mosaic floor pressed by the knees of a worshipper. The altar of pure white marble—the gift of an Irish lady—is of striking design; the recess above and behind the tabernacle being filled by a life-size representation of the Blessed Mother as she came across "the stilled and reverent waters" with her Babe upon her breast. Looking steadily up, one can imagine a gentle motion of the sculptured waves; throbbing beneath their precious burden, they seem to bear nearer the beautiful golden boat, with its kneeling angels at prow and stern.

Times have changed, and Boulogne may have changed with them; but some years ago preparations for celebrating the Feast of the Assumption began days before. You could tell every child who was to take part in the procession, its little head bristling with *papillotes*. And such radiant faces, glowing beneath their proudly-worn paper crowns of martyrdom

Within an hour after sunrise of the happy day the whole town wore Our Lady's colors. Men with ladders and hammers hastened from house to house, decorating them with blue and white. By two o'clock all who were not at windows thronged the streets. And soon it came, the glittering pageant, with bands and banners, chanting clergy, white-veiled

maidens scattering flowers; "curled darlings" solemnly timing their baby feet, clinging tight to the blue ribbon streamers of their parish banner, as though it were a mother's hand; four storm-bronzed fishermen from St. Pierre des Marins bearing upon their shoulders a statue of Our Lady of Boulogne. Very dear to them is that Blessed Lady in her golden boat; safe harbor has she ever found in those loyal sailor hearts. And last of all came the scarlet canopy beneath which walked the Bishop, pausing at each step to scatter blessings on the multitude.

The regular pilgrimages to Our Lady of Boulogne begin on the 15th of August and last a fortnight. During that period, from dawn till dusk, each hour a pilgrim band from some quarter arrives, and, forming in procession at the depot, takes its way toward the cathedral. Fathers, husbands, sons, supporting the steps of dear afflicted ones; mothers bearing death-doomed babes,—all with faith in their breasts and hope in their faces, dragging themselves to Mary's feet; for *there* help waits them,—help for body and for soul. The refrain of their hymn, sung in chorus between each verse chanted by the priest, holds wondrous power in its few simple notes. It lingers on the summer air, faint and sweet as breath of incense rising from those prayer-kindled, love-swayed hearts,—fainter, sweeter, as the singers and the song mount up, upward to the "Upper City":



A - ve, A - ve, A -
ve, Ma - ri - a! A -
ve, - A - ve,
A - ve Ma - ri - a!

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XXXIV.

ANOTHER favorite topic in the Book is the gravity of the final account that is before us when we confront death. The issues are shown to be tremendous; and though due allowance is made for considerations of mercy and indulgence, it is shown that no certain dependence can be placed on such assistance. Johnson did not shrink from death, but he had an awful terror of the moment of account. To his volatile friend, Mrs. Thrale, he unfolded this not long before his death, in an earnest and most striking passage. "You know," he wrote, "I never thought confidence with respect to futurity any part of the character of a brave, a wise or a good man. Bravery has no place where it can avail nothing; wisdom impresses strongly the consciousness of those faults of which it is itself perhaps an aggravation. And goodness, always wishing to be better, and imputing every deficiency to criminal negligence, and every fault to voluntary corruption, never dares to suppose the condition of forgiveness fulfilled, nor what is wanting in crime supplied by penitence."

How different this from the conventional non-Catholic death-bed, and the comfortable reliance on "the merits of the Saviour," without uneasiness as to the state of the soul! And how truly Catholic was the good Johnson's view! He goes on: "This is the state of the best; but what must be the condition of him whose heart will not suffer him to rank himself among the best or among the good? Such must be his dread of the approaching trial as will leave him little attention to the opinion of those he is leaving forever."

As the rather frivolous lady offered him

some conventional comfort, he wrote to her these burning words: "Write to me no more about dying with a grace. When you feel what I have felt in approaching eternity, in fear of soon hearing the sentence of which there is no revocation, you will know the folly. My wish is that you may know it sooner. The distance between the grave and the remotest point of human longevity is but a very little; and of that little no part is certain. You knew all this, and I thought that I knew it too; but I know it now with a new conviction. May that conviction not be vain!"

(To be continued.)

The Lesson of a Life.

IN an age and country like ours there are numerous causes at work to lower the standard of personal responsibility. Many people seem to think that when circumstances are not favorable to the accomplishment of a good purpose, all effort may be excused. But the obligation of doing what one can—all that one can—no matter what the odds may be, is not lessened because loose notions of accountability prevail. Circumstances altogether untoward at first, or for one line of action, often prove most favorable later on, or for the exercise of other activities. Good hearts and strong wills accomplish wonders at all times, wherever they are placed; and it would seem that opportunities never come to those who await them.

Not many years ago a dissipated and vicious king ruled over Holland. His wife, being something of a restraint upon the gayety of the court, was banished to a small palace which stood in a forest, and was surrounded by marshes. She determined that even though doomed to pass the rest of her life in exile, she would use it for the good of her fellow-creatures.

Accordingly, she began by draining the

extensive marshes in that portion of the Low Countries, and by putting her little palace in perfect order. That done, she built comfortable cottages for her dependents, and made it her business to know each one's history as well as his name. If a struggling student needed help, he had only to make his wants known to Queen Sophie, and the contents of her slender purse were at once at his disposal. If a laborer was in trouble, she gave him her advice and sympathy. In short, she was like a mother to everyone about her.

She was an industrious student herself; and soon the wise men of the day found the way to her modest abode, to consult her about their grand schemes; and her help and judicious counsel enabled many of them to carry out plans which have made the world much better and happier. She established schools for the work-people's children, and asylums and hospitals for the abandoned and afflicted. Her charities were limited only by her strength and means. If she had but one coin, it belonged to the first person she met who needed it.

In time the world came to hear of this noble woman, and her palace—a poor building in the midst of a bog—became known as "the warm heart of the Low Countries." And a still warmer heart beat in the breast of its mistress.

There is a lesson to be gathered from every life that ever was lived; and so from Queen Sophie's we learn that even an exile, misused and misunderstood, may lead a happy and useful existence. This poor, banished woman was perhaps more of a queen, in the best sense of the word, than if she had kept her place at the gay and frivolous Dutch court.

A NOBLE and attractive everyday bearing comes of sincerity, of refinement, but more than all of goodness; and these are bred in years, not moments.

Notes and Remarks.

How sweetly it sounds—Our Lady of Light, pray for us! This beautiful invocation, though comparatively unknown at the present day among English-speaking people, was familiar enough in the Ages of Faith. In the "Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury" it is stated that the Blessed Virgin herself suggested the title in an apparition to the holy Archbishop. The Apostle of the Indies enrolled himself and his companions in a confraternity of Our Lady of Light before setting out for the Indies. And in 1777 a similar organization was introduced into Mexico, where devotion to the Queen of Heaven under this title still exists, many a child being named Luz (Light) in her honor. At Santa Fé, in New Mexico, there is an academy dedicated, with singular appropriateness, to Our Lady of Light. The title is a beautiful one, and will commend itself to the clients of the Mother of God, who will look forward to the day when it will find place in the Litany of Loreto. It has already been indulged by our Holy Father Leo XIII.

The full text of the Holy Father's letter to the English people has just been published, and is so thoroughly permeated with the spirit of God that it must prove a great grace to the Anglican body. The Pope speaks with admiration of the Christian legislation of England on moral and religious issues; of the zeal of the people for education, temperance, purity, and the observance of the Sunday. Then, with pathetic tenderness, he writes:

"We on Our part, carefully watching the signs of the times, exhorting and taking serious thought for the future, urged thereto by the example of Christ and the duty of Our Apostolic office, have not ceased to pray, and still humbly pray, for the return of Christian nations, now divided from Us, to the unity of former days. We have more than once of late years given expression to this object of Our desires, and have devoted sedulous care to its realization. The time can not be far distant when We must appear to render an account of Our stewardship to the Prince of Pastors; and how happy, how blessed should We be if We could bring to Him some fruit—some realization of these Our wishes which He has inspired and sustained!

In these days Our thoughts turn with love and hope to the English people, observing as We do the frequent and manifest works of divine grace in their midst: how to some, it is plain, the confusion of religious dissensions which divide them is a cause of deep concern; how others see clearly the need of some sure defence against the inroad of modern errors, which only too readily humor the wishes of fallen nature and depraved reason; how the number of those religious and discreet men who sincerely labor much for reunion with the Catholic Church is increasing. We can hardly say how strongly these and other signs quicken the charity of Christ in Us; and, redoubling Our prayers, from Our inmost soul We call down a fuller measure of divine grace, which, poured out on minds so well disposed, may issue in the ardently desired fruit,—the fruit, namely, that we may all meet into the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God."

The Holy Father exhorts Catholics to show forth Catholic teaching in their lives; recommends that prayers for reunion be made more popular and recited more devoutly; and invokes the intercession of the English saints, and especially of the Blessed Virgin.

There are still many Americans who, loving liberty, revere the names of Cavour and Mazzini as saviors of Italian freedom. With the patriotism of such we have no quarrel, but their scholarship at least is eccentric. It will interest them to know Cavour's estimate of Mazzini, as set forth in a hitherto unpublished letter. Cavour writes: "It is really incomprehensible how this demon [Mazzini] always knows how to escape the police of the whole of Europe. Well, it is to be hoped that he will, sooner or later, fall into our hands; and we can then, once for all, put a stop to his trade, so fatal for everybody, but especially for his unhappy fatherland." It would be interesting to know Mazzini's opinion of Cavour. Meantime we may meditate anew on the character of the men who "saved Italy from the Popes."

The New York *Independent* expresses gratification to observe constant evidences of a change in the tone of many Protestants in this country toward the Catholic Church. "There was a time," it says, "when no Protestant seemed to be able to look upon it with the least degree of toleration or allowance. He waged war against it as though it was an

evil thing, and only evil. The great amount of prejudice has obscured clear vision both on the Protestant and Catholic side. We hope that the time is at hand when this prejudice shall be dissipated, so that Catholics may come to understand their Protestant fellow-Christians, and appreciate them for what they are; and that a similar view may be taken of Roman Catholic Christians by Protestants."

There is indeed a marked change in the attitude of many Protestants toward the Church; and, from being brought into closer relationship with their separated brethren, Catholics have become more tolerant of prejudice that is unconscious and of ignorance that is without malice. A blessed change! It is only justice to add that such able and honest journals as the *Independent* have done much to bring it about.

General John Newton, who died in New York last week, at the age of seventy-two, was as distinguished in his own department as any officer of the Civil War. When he graduated at West Point, in his nineteenth year, he stood second in a class of fifty-six, among whom were a number of famous officers. This early distinction was but the prelude to the long series of successes which marked his career. He was the hero of more than one battle during the war, but was especially distinguished as a military engineer. His last exploit was the management of the Hell Gate explosions, which greatly improved the New York Harbor. General Newton was not only a Catholic: he was a fervent and zealous child of the Church, and was one of the recipients of the Lætare Medal annually bestowed by the University of Notre Dame. His life and his death might well serve as a model for Catholic young men. May he rest in peace!

Few laymen, we presume, would venture to offer advice to their pastor on any subject. For some reason or other, the clergy are sensitive on this score; and the laity, knowing this, are wisely reticent. But there is compensation. When one of the cloth has something to say to his fellows, he is apt to express himself fully and freely. For instance, the Rev. Father Kuhls, of Kansas City, writing

on "The Comfort of Our Churches," many of which, he is of opinion, are abandoned and shunned by old and young on account of their uninviting appearance, tells the clergy that they ought to keep their churches clean and comfortable, even should it be necessary for them to handle the broom and look to the furnace themselves betimes. He says further: "Decorate your altar with flowers; when your means give out, your people will miss them around the Tabernacle, and will supply the deficiency with a generosity that will astonish you. Don't be saving with candles, but burn plenty. If you are of a saving nature, save in your own house. Keep everything in and around the church as if the Master were at home. Go into your church occasionally during the day; and don't be in too great a hurry to get out of it, as if the roof were about to fall in. Your example will be imitated. In your devotion use both knees."

This is plain talk surely, and we do not think it will offend the clergy either. Father Kuhls writes in the current number of *Emmanuel*.

It is not long since the readers of the daily press were regaled with accounts of a shocking crime perpetrated at Thurles, Ireland. A man believing his wife to be a witch, burned her alive; and the horrible details of the incident were dramatically wrought out, for the purpose of fixing upon the Irish race the stigma of superstition. The Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J., replying to these innuendoes, quotes these words of the historian Lecky, a witness not over-partial to Catholics:

"It is a very curious fact that the Irish people, though certainly not less superstitious than the inhabitants of other parts of the Kingdom, appear never to have been subject to that ferocious witch mania which in England, in Scotland, and in most countries on the Continent, caused the deaths of hundreds, if not thousands, of innocent women. It is probable that more persons perished on this ground (witchcraft) in a single year in England and Scotland than in the whole recorded history of Ireland."

Those who judge of the morality of any community by the action of ignorant or fanatical members must have curiously formed heads. Yet there are many who fancy they see in such rare bits as the Thurles incident an argument against the Church. Such persons will hardly be grateful for the

information that "the first man to make his voice heard against the horrors of the witch mania was not any philosopher like Bacon, nor infidel like Giordano Bruno, nor statesman like William the Silent, but a humble Jesuit priest—Frederick von Spee,—who gave his life to the task of convincing his contemporaries of their folly and cruelty."

Our Holy Father Leo XIII. grants an indulgence of three hundred days to all who recite the following prayer for the conversion of England. We take it to be of his own composing :

"O Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God and our most gentle Queen and Mother! look down in mercy upon England, thy Dowry; and upon us all, who greatly hope and trust in thee. By thee it was that Jesus, our Saviour and our hope, was given unto the world; and He has given thee to us that we might hope still more. Plead for us, thy children, whom thou didst receive and accept at the foot of the Cross. O Sorrowful Mother! intercede for our separated brethren; that with us in the one fold they may be united to the Supreme Shepherd, the Vicar of thy Son. Pray for us all, dear Mother; that, by faith fruitful in good works, we may all deserve to see and praise God, together with thee, in our heavenly home. Amen."

God grant an abundant answer to this prayer! Pious souls can find no more worthy intention for their devotions.

We recently characterized the Russians as one of the most religious and moral peoples in the world. It seems, however, that there is another side to the picture. The *Bombay Examiner* quotes a number of philosophers and travellers to the effect that the Russian Church leaves the body of the people in ignorance, superstition, and vice; that divorce is not only common, but customary; and that many are made Orthodox "converts" perforce. It is also stated that, under an outward show of liturgical uniformity, there exist countless sects and divisions ranging anywhere between extreme asceticism and devil-worship. It must be remarked that these charges, mostly made by English and German travellers, seem to bear the earmarks of national or religious prejudice. But even granting their truth, we still have great faith in the Russians. Superstition is

the corruption of a very good thing: it is exaggerated or perverted religious feeling. If the Russian multitudes were grafted onto the Vine which alone is perennial, they would find the proper channels for their devotion. Happily, the desire for reunion with Rome is spreading rapidly in the Empire of the Czar.

The most hopeful sign for the future of the faith in England is that Anglicans and Catholics seem equally interested in the "movement for reunion." Miss Lakeman, an Anglican, writing in the not too friendly *Rock*, says that "present-day Romanism has recently made the most astonishing strides among our people"; adding the statement that "in 1893 there were as many as 7,000 clergymen avowed supporters of the Rome-ward movement."

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. F. X. Leclerc, whose life closed peacefully at Sault au Recollet, Canada, on the 28th ult.

Brother Aloysius, of the Congregation of the Xaverian Brothers, and Brother John de Matha, C. S. C., who lately departed this life.

Mr. Joseph Linus, who passed away on the 9th of March, at Littlestown, Pa.

Miss Margaret Partlen, of Toledo, Ohio, whose happy death took place on the 4th ult.

Mrs. Mary Reilly, who was called to the reward of an exemplary Christian life on the 18th ult., at Renovo, Pa.

Mr. Michael McMullen and Mr. James McNeil, of Cleveland, Ohio, who died suddenly last month.

Mr. William D. Dugan, of Salem, Oregon; Mr. John Lowery and Mary Ellen Hyde, New York city; Mary Gray, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Matthew Beirne and Mr. Michael Reilly, Naugatuck, Conn.; Mrs. Anna Quinn, Mrs. Mary Kennedy, Mrs. James Kennedy, and Mrs. Julia Unser, Tiffin, Ohio; Rosanna Neeley, Mrs. Catherine Granfield, Alicia V. Byrnes, and Mary Gallagher, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Bridget Ryan, Shruflane, Ireland; Miss Mary McGraw, Toledo, Ohio; Patrick Shaughnessy, Mahanoy City, Pa.; Miss Louis Rock, Mr. John E. Quinn, and Miss Annie O'Flaherty, New Bedford, Mass.; John and James McDermott, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Catherine O'Rourke, Butte, Mont.; and Mrs. Edward Gagnon, Somerville, Mass.

May they rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

"To-Day."

BY MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

ARISE, arise, young pilgrim!
 And on thy banner paint
 "To-day," the golden motto
 Of the young warrior Saint.*
 To-day gird on thy armor,
 Heed not the message fell,
 "To-morrow" and "To-morrow,"
 Yon raven's croakings tell.

To-day life's duties wait thee;
 Its battles, lost or won,
 Will rise in living witness
 When thy last day is done.
 "To-morrow,"—nay, its dawning
 Uncounted woes may bring;
 Then rise and haste rejoicing
 To serve thy Lord and King.

True soldier of Christ's legion,
 Go forth to do and dare
 In His great cause, thrice shielded
 By His embracing care.
 Forward! To-day's endeavor
 May win for thee a part
 Amid the chosen servants
 Of His Most Sacred Heart.

* St. Expedit.

NEXT to St. Peter's at Rome, the Cathedral of Milan is probably the most beautiful church in the world. For statuary and delicate, complicated carving, it stands pre-eminent, the queen of all the churches in the world. Even the pavement is of marble, of various colors.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XV.—THE FIGHT.



URING the next few days life was full of novelty. Faky received a new football from his brother Bert; and Bob Bently's sisters and Selina

Butterfield, his cousin, sent him two beautiful "tidies,"—"which would be so nice for the rocking-chairs in your room." Bob laughed when he saw them, and put them hastily into his trunk.

Mr. O'Connor, who had the superintendence of the classes under Professor Grigg, soon discovered the abilities of the boys; and Jack found himself wasted into the right class without either fear or trembling.

By the time their grey uniforms had been made, the boys were quite at home, and Faky Dillon had begun to decline "*mensa*"; for Latin was the backbone of the school. Faky got on better than the rest, because he was fired with a desire to write a Latin ode in honor of Susan's birthday. He felt that this would do more to keep up his reputation in the Chumleigh kitchen than any number of mere English lines. After the second day's work in the declensions he wrote the first line, which showed the extent of his knowledge and the estimation in which he held Susan. It ran:

"*Susanna Susannarum.*"

There it stopped for some time.

The boys did not make friends at first. They formed a group of their own, and they were quite subdued by the superior knowledge their companions showed of the manual of arms. Faky pretended to despise the football methods of Professor Grigg's boys, but he was obliged to confess his admiration for their drilling. Colonel Weaver, an old army officer, looked after this. He lived in the house next to Father Mirard's, and he regarded drilling as the first duty of man.

Roger O'Mally and Stephen Osborne soon made the acquaintance of Jack and Bob. Roger had lived in Ireland during most of his life, with the exception of a year spent in a Jesuit college in England. He and Jack became fast friends. Osborne was nearly seventeen years of age, but he looked older. He was suspected of delicately darkening his upper lip with a burned match stick, and his "West Point waist" was admired by those boys who affected military manners. Stephen always talked of the "mess," and read Captain King's novels whenever Mr. O'Connor permitted him to read anything except a "classic." He was captain of the senior division of Colonel Weaver's troops.

In his heart Bob did not like Osborne; but he had such an air of authority, he knew so much of the world, and his "West Point waist" gave him so much prominence, that Bob overlooked many things which he did not tell to Jack.

Besides Mr. O'Connor there were six other tutors, and the boys had not been in the school a week before they had made up their minds as to the character of each. Guy's coming had been postponed, so they had nothing much to distract them from the people about them.

Faky and Thomas Jefferson and Baby Maguire were separated from their elders. They were part of the junior squad, and under the direction of Mr. Mallony, a young tutor, whom they learned to like, for the main reason that he was entirely just.

The boys of the senior department passed rapidly from class to class during the day. The campus during the drilling hour was in charge of Colonel Weaver and his assistant; after that two tutors, proficient in all the games, appeared. The elder boys had small rooms in an octagonal building behind the main house; the small boys slept in a large dormitory. Thomas Jefferson cried during the first night, but managed to answer "Yes, ma'am!" when Mrs. Grigg passed through the room on her evening tour of inspection. Faky and Baby Maguire were always too tired when night came to think of home; but Thomas Jefferson had tearful visions for a month of his father, mother, Susan and the cook, and of little Guy, of Uncle Mike, and of all the people he liked; and these visions made his heart sad. As the demands of Mr. O'Connor, in his classes, increased, and the fury of football became greater, Thomas Jefferson dropped to sleep as soon as the Rosary had been said, and dreamed only pleasant things of the life in Philadelphia.

By the time Bob had become used to his new uniform, and had begun to walk with some of Stephen Osborne's rigidity, a coldness had grown up between him and Jack.

"Osborne and I," Bob said, "are going to have a little game of cards over in the grove this afternoon,—it's *congé*, you know. Come, join us."

Bob looked very trim; his white cotton gloves were spotless and well-fitting. He stood in the hall of the barrack-room, weighing his gun in his hand, and assuming the Osborne air as well as he could.

Jack was looking for his knapsack; for the Colonel had ordered them out in full regalia. He frowned as Bob spoke.

"I am much obliged, Bob," he said; "but I don't care for Osborne."

"What's the matter with Osborne?" asked Bob. "He comes of one of the best families in Boston. He is a gentleman, I

suppose," added Bob, bitterly. "You object to him because he is a gentleman. He can't help that."

Jack felt his temper rising; so he was silent.

"You've foolish ideas, Jack, old boy," continued Bob, with an imitation of Osborne's drawl that made Jack feel unreasonably angry—"mad," as he said himself. "If he happens to have had a grandfather, *he* can't help it."

"He *can* help talking about it so much," answered Jack.

"If your ancestors were in Longfellow's 'Evangeline,' you would point them out, wouldn't you? There is no use being jealous of Steve Osborne because he has good blood in him."

"I don't care anything about your old Osborne. He has good clothes, if *that* is what you mean."

"You prefer that scrub O'Mally, that has no snap,—a regular Molly!"

"Do I?" said Jack, turning away. The sneer in Bob's voice made the tears come very near his eyes; for a moment he could not speak.

"Osborne thinks you're a decent fellow, and he says that he has heard of your father in Boston. We're going to form a club—just a few of us men, you know,—a sort of club-on-the-quiet, you know."

"To play cards?" asked Jack.

"A little."

"But Professor Grigg forbids all card playing."

"He has no right to do it!" exclaimed Bob. "Osborne says he's an old woman, anyhow. At home you know that your father or my father never objected to card playing."

"That's all right," said Jack, tightening his belt and taking up his musket; "but a rule is a rule. We're in Professor Grigg's house now."

"That's O'Mally's opinion," returned Bob, with a sneer modelled after Osborne's manner. "He got that at the Jesuit

school, where they keep the reins tight."

"If you take your opinions from Steve Osborne, that's no reason why I should take mine from anybody," said Jack, straightening himself and awaiting the call of the bugle.

"You're jealous,—that's all!" retorted Bob. "You don't like Osborne because he is my friend."

"I don't like his looks."

"He's the best-built fellow here. I wish I had a figure like his!"

"I'm not talking of that. He's a dude; he thinks more of his waist than he does of his lessons. He's a peacock,—that's what *he* is."

"If anybody else insulted a friend of mine in that way, I'd smash his face," exclaimed Bob, reddening to the roots of his hair.

"Smash!" said Jack. "I'm ready. I know what Osborne's up to. He wants to play cards for money; and you know it's wrong for us boys to play cards for money or to bet our money."

"What's wrong about it?" asked Bob.

"It's forbidden here, and you know that our people at home would be ashamed of us if we gambled."

Bob shrugged his shoulders.

"Philadelphia is a slow place," he said, sarcastically.

"And Boston is 'so awfully fast'!" retorted Jack. "The old town is good enough for me, and I wish I were back there now. I will not play cards with you, Bob; and if I find you getting Faky or Miley or—"

"Don't be afraid. They're kids. And I hardly think Steve Osborne would care to associate with Miley Galligan."

"All right!" said Jack, trying to look cool. "I'll stick to Miley Galligan."

"Naturally," said Bob, curling his lip, "you prefer Miley to the society of a gentleman like Steve. You can't help it, I suppose."

"I can help gambling."

"Your friend O'Mally prefers to read his prayer-book to enjoying himself like a man, and you're welcome to him. He's a girly-girly hypocrite; he's a fake!" exclaimed Bob, losing the Osborne manner and becoming very much himself.

"I don't know what you're after calling me," said the voice with the brogue from one of the curtained recesses in which the boys dressed for the games and the drill; "but if I'm a fake, you're another."

And Roger O'Mally's curly reddish head appeared. He put on his cap and advanced to the boys.

"Listening, of course!" said Bob. "No gentleman would listen."

"It seems to me you're talking a great deal about *gentlemen* lately," said Jack.

"Faith, you're right!" added O'Mally; "but that's Steve Osborne's word. He's always reminding himself when he does anything bad that he's a gentleman, after all!"

"You let Steve Osborne alone!" said Bob, threateningly.

"I knew him before you, and I'll have my say. And, more than this, I know that if you and Steve Osborne are found out playing cards, you'll be suspended or expelled."

"Osborne says that you've been caged up in a Jesuit school," said Bob, sneering again; "and that you don't know how gentlemen act in the world."

"Steve had better tell me that to my face," answered O'Mally, taking off his gloves. "But if you want me to act toward you as I'd act toward him if he said it, just say it again!"

There was silence. The other boys had gone onto the campus, to wait for the call.

Bob looked into O'Mally's resolute eyes, and his temper rose.

"Well," he said, "you're a—a—fake!" O'Mally threw off his jacket; Bob did the same. Jack caught O'Mally by the collar of his shirt.

"You let me go!" yelled O'Mally, struggling.

Jack measured O'Mally with his eye. He was slender and strong. He was in excellent fighting trim; while Bob, like most city boys, was somewhat flabby. He saw that Bob would have no chance.

"Here, O'Mally," he said, "you let Bob Bently alone!"

"What have *you* got to say about it?" asked O'Mally. "You mind your own business!"

At this moment another boy, John Betts, came running into the barrack; he had forgotten his gloves.

"What's up?" he asked, innocently; and unhappily he stepped between Jack and O'Mally; and the blow which Jack, in his anger, intended for his new friend fell on Betts. Before Betts could realize what had happened, a three-cornered fight was going on over his prostrate form, and several oblique fist-blows made him tingle.

"Pretty work, young men!" said the voice of Colonel Weaver, as he looked in at the door. "Beautiful work! The guard house is the place for you."

The boys stood up, sobered. Betts preferred to remain on the floor,—he was farther from the Colonel's eye.

"A pretty record you boys are making!" he said, angrily, to Jack. "Two fights in as many days merit serious punishment."

(To be continued.)

A Saint who Loved Little Folk.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.

In 1532 or 1533 Ser Romolo Neri, a childless and wealthy merchant of San Germano, offered to adopt his young cousin Philip; to take him into his business and make him his heir. Ser Francesco and Signora Lucrezia were sorrow-stricken at the prospect of perhaps a lifelong separation from their only remaining son,—for the little Antonio had died in early child-

hood. They were loath, however, to offend their generous relative, and decided that the youth, now about eighteen years of age, ought not to refuse an invitation which promised so brilliant a future. Subsequent events prove it was not the glamor of promised wealth, but rather a dutiful submission to the wish of his parents, that made Philip consent to go to live with Ser Romolo.

San Germano, a sleepy, picturesque old town half-way between Rome and Naples, was then an important commercial city, a convenient stopping place on the highway along which the rich merchandize of Florence, Genoa, Milan and Venice must pass into the kingdom of Southern Italy. The three hundred and fifty miles between it and Tuscany are now a railway trip of a few hours; but in those days the journey was attended by many hardships, and was not without peril.

No doubt the season was either late spring or summer; for at other times a great part of the way would have been impassable. It may be inferred that Philip travelled in comparative poverty also. There is no mention of Ser Romolo's having sent funds for his equipment; but in any case, when money was so much needed at home, he would have been apt to take for his own use only the sum absolutely necessary for his expenses.

Romolo Neri welcomed him most warmly, and they soon became much attached to each other. The house of this good Messer Romolo is still pointed out at San Germano; and on the first floor there is a room which still bears the name it then bore,—the room of the sunny tempered, pure-hearted youth, Philip Neri, who had a pleasant word for everyone, and the very sight of whom seemed even then to draw others to a better life; for the wealth his cousin so gladly shared with him, and the rich presents he lavished upon him, did not spoil Philip.

Near San Germano is the noble Monte

Casino, crowned by the ancient and celebrated monastery founded by St. Benedict thirteen hundred years ago. Philip sought the friendship of the holy monks; and, it is said, in this cloud-veiled retreat he laid the foundations of pre-eminent sanctity. He was fond of taking long walks, and thus often visited the other monasteries of the neighborhood.

Some miles from San Germano, a craggy height, that has the appearance of having been rent in twain, rises abruptly out of the sea. An old tradition says this mountain was riven asunder when the earth trembled to its centre at the death of our Saviour. Upon a mass of rock, that once during a tempest was hurled from the summit into the cleft of the mountain, stands a chapel which is used also as a light-house. It is reached from a small church below by means of a ladder formed by thirty-five bars of iron riveted into the side of the precipice. The light of this little sanctuary shines far out to sea; and when, amid darkness and danger, the storm-tossed sailors of the Mediterranean descry its beacon ray they exclaim with gladness, "It is the Chapel of the Trinity!" and, uncovering their heads, give thanks as they round the mountain into the harbor. When the sea is bright and calm, they salute the shrine with a volley from the ship's guns and say a prayer.

To this lonely spot Philip often went to pray; and here one day, after he had lived a year or two at San Germano, he made the resolve which led to his becoming a great saint.

IV.

In the little light-house chapel, suspended as between earth and heaven, Philip determined to renounce the inheritance offered to him,—not indeed to become a monk or friar, but, alone and unknown, to live the life of poverty which Our Lord chose for Himself. When, with much gentleness, he announced his inten-

tion, Messer Romolo was overwhelmed with grief.

"Why should my dear adopted son go away?" he asked. "Have I ever required of him anything that would in the least degree be against his conscience? Have I not loved him dearly, left him free to practise his devotions as he wished, and striven in all things to make him happy? And the young man speaks of going to Rome! How would he manage to live there without money or friends to aid him to obtain the means of subsistence? At least, he had better delay a while, and think over the matter well."

Philip was much affected by the distress of the good man who had been to him as a most indulgent father. He replied affectionately, yet firmly, that he would always be grateful to Messer Romolo for his kindness and generous intentions toward him; but he could not accept his counsel, although he knew it came from the heart.

Accordingly, refusing even a pittance for support, he set out for Rome, where he had not even an acquaintance. Arriving there, however, he heard in some way of a gentleman from Florence named Caccia, who resided in the Papal City, and to him Philip applied for temporary shelter.

Pleased with the appearance and the modesty of the youth, as well as with his courteous address—for Philip possessed all the grace and charm of manner which distinguished the elegant Florentines,—Messer Caccia gave him a room in his house, and urged him to take up his permanent abode there.

This little room was Philip's home for fifteen years. He lived entirely apart from the family; would never consent to sit down to table with his host, and would accept from him nothing more than eight bushels of corn a year. The corn he took to a baker, who gave him daily a small loaf of bread, which, with a few

olives and herbs, was his only food; and this he took near the well of the house, that supplied him with water to drink.

His room was poorly furnished, as he would not have it otherwise. There were in it two or three chairs, a hard bed, a table, and some books; on a cord stretched from wall to wall he hung his clothes.

In return for the hospitality Philip received, he instructed the two young sons of Messer Caccia. As his austere life did not in the least affect the natural joyousness and gayety of his disposition, one can understand how much these boys loved the hours they were allowed to spend with him in this remote corner of their father's great house; for he always had some pleasant story to tell them; and enlivened their tasks by many a merry jest. And what beautiful lessons of self-control and virtue they also learned from his gently persuasive words and winning example!

Philip spent the remainder of the time in study, tending and cheering the sick in the hospitals, and praying in the Catacomb of St. Sebastian among the tombs of the early martyrs, where he often spent whole nights in devotion and penance. After a while he even discontinued his studies, and gave himself up wholly to a life of prayer and charity; and it is an incontestable fact that so great was his fervor and zeal that his heart became miraculously enlarged by the ardor of his love for God.

Crowds of persons of all classes—rich and poor, clerics and laymen, the young and the old—followed him to listen to his simple but sweetly eloquent exhortations. Of all who approached him, those already devout were drawn to a still more spiritual life, while sinners were touched with repentance. Already the humble Philip, who a few years before had come to the city seeking only to serve God in obscurity, began to be known as the Apostle of Rome.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

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Endless May.

☉ HE touch of God's right hand upon the hills
Is felt in Nature's heart, and lo! there springs
A pulse of life within all growing things,
A new delight through oak and violet thrills.
The winter-mellowed wine of gladness spills
O'er all the earth; the sun-wooded river sings,
And May a dower of blossoms softly flings,—
Thus Spring the world with light and glad-
ness fills.

O Mary, thou art Spring of winter years!
Thou comest bearing fragrance, warmth, and
light;
I see thee lily-laden in life's way;
The dew-damp on thy sandals—human tears
By hearts distilled in sorrow's sin-dark night:
God touched thee, and poor earth hath end-
less May.

CASCIA.

Notre Dame de Fourvière.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

NEWCOMERS to Lyons direct their steps to the heights of Fourvière as naturally as visitors to Montreal wend their way to the Plateau, or as tourists in Florence betake themselves to Fiesole. Dominating the valley where the rivers Saône and Rhone approach each other in converging lines, and finally commingle their

rushing waters, the summit of the hill commands a view as magnificent as it is extensive. Stretching away to a horizon bounded by the ninety hills of Savoy are fertile tracts of undulating vale and upland, forests reduced to the size of groves, picturesque villages tranquilly dozing in the glowing sunshine, lakes that seem but patches of unclouded sky, streamlets that glitter like glassy threads, and "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone"; while leagues on leagues away to the east towers the mighty mass of Mont Blanc, the monarch of mountains; for, according to Byron, such

"They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

Withdrawing one's gaze from the distant prospect, and turning it directly beneath the shadow of the hill, one enjoys an excellent and imposing view of the principal manufacturing city of France, the busy mart where eighty thousand silk-looms are perpetually humming, and countless yards of many-hued, costly fabrics are annually woven, to supply the world of wealth and fashion. There are the mammoth hospital of the Hôtel-Dieu, founded thirteen centuries ago by Childebert and his Queen; the great City Hall; the Palais des Beaux Arts, once the Convent of St. Pierre; the striking Gothic Cathedral of St. John; the elegant fourteenth-century Church of St. Nizier;

the nineteen handsome bridges spanning the Saône and Rhone; the spacious quays, that are unrivalled in all Europe; and innumerable other interesting landmarks dotting the scene all the way from the new suburb of Perrache to the old commune of La Croix-Rousse.

It is not, however, the impressiveness of the view attainable here on Fourvière that has been the determining motive of my climbing its steep ascent; nor am I particularly interested in the visible tokens of commercial prosperity achieved by Lyons in the latest decade of this nineteenth century. What does interest me is the history of the cult of Our Lady, for which, since the birth of Christianity in ancient Lugdunum, this city has ever been remarkable,—a cult whose exterior symbols have put on additional splendor with successive centuries, until they have culminated in the magnificent edifice crowning the eminence that overlooks modern Lyons—the new church of Notre Dame de Fourvière.

A quaint title, this borne by the superb shrine which French devotion to the Mother of God has erected above the bustling city; quaint, and, when one seeks for the derivation of its distinctive word, replete with singular historic interest. In the early dawn of the Christian era, Lyons was the Roman city of Lugdunum, and was mainly built on this hill at whose base the town has since spread itself out. Occupying the eminence in those olden days, there towered here stately palaces, majestic theatres, baths, fortresses, and the like architectural monuments with which the colonists from imperial Rome marked their presence in Gaul and the other provinces subjected to their sway. Prominent among all such structures was the Forum of Trajan, vast, majestic, massive.

Lugdunum was pillaged at the close of the second century by Septimius Severus, and some two hundred and fifty years later was still further desolated by the

“Scourge of God,” Attila, King of the Huns. Majestic still, however, the walls of Trajan’s Forum for several centuries more stood in ruined and dismantled grandeur before they finally succumbed to destructive influences and tottered to their fall. From their crumbling ruins, styled by the people the Old Forum (Forum Vetus), arose Lyons’ first church dedicated to Mary. As the centuries succeeded one another, and the language of the country underwent important modifications, the original appellation, Forum Vetus, or Foro Vetere, became consecutively Forverium, Forviel, and at length, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, Fourvière. Notre Dame de Fourvière is thus merely the French equivalent of Our Lady of the Old Forum,—a title most appropriately and gloriously suggestive of the lasting triumph of Christ and His Blessed Mother over the once dominant deities of pagan Rome.

Devotion to Mary among the Lyonese is coeval with their reception of the Gospel, early in the second century. Christianity was first preached in Lugdunum by St. Pothinus, a disciple of the illustrious St. Polycarp. St. Pothinus established an oratory on the left bank of the Saône, on the plain below Fourvière, and facing the proud temples of the haughty world-conquerors whose civilization he hoped to see supplanted by a more beneficent polity, springing from the practical application of the doctrines of his crucified Master. Tradition relates that on the first altar reared to Jesus Christ in his new home, the Saint placed an image of the Blessed Virgin, and vowed to make known both Mother and Son by his words and works, and, if need were, his blood.

In view of the fact that the master of St. Pothinus had been the pupil of the Beloved Disciple to whose special protection our Divine Lord from His cross committed His Blessed Mother, it is quite intelligible that the apostle of the Lyonese

not only cherished in his own heart a deep and tender affection for Mary, but kindled in the flock whom he speedily drew about him the fire of a similar love, intense in its nature, *naïve* in its expression, and boundless in its confidence. In any case, he so rooted the cult of the Blessed Virgin in the soil of Lyons that the plant quickly sprouted, grew up, and flourished with a vigor that has increased with each passing century from the second to the twentieth.

It is pertinent to the story of Notre Dame de Fourvière to mention that the site of the present splendid church was abundantly fructified in the nascent period of Lyons' Christianity by the purple tide of martyrs' blood. St. Pothinus himself was a victim of the general persecution under Marcus Aurelius in the year 177. The venerable Bishop had seen more than fourscore years and ten pass over his drooping head; and during the last decade of his career had lived apparently only in the hope of being called on to seal with his blood his unflinching faith in the Lord whom he had so sedulously served and continuously preached.

Summoned to appear before the governor, St. Pothinus had to be carried to the tribunal by a band of soldiers: he was so infirm and weak that he could scarcely do more than breathe. During his progress through the city he was followed by the magistrates, and a rabble who overwhelmed him with insults and imprecations, as if he himself had been the Christ whose Gospel he preached. In the presence of his judges he bore glorious testimony to the truth; and when the governor mockingly inquired of him who *was* the God of the Christians, he replied: "Show yourself worthy of knowing Him." Hurried away from the tribunal, he was subjected to the kicks and blows of the brutal soldiery, and finally thrown headlong into the dungeon where two days later he expired. Some fifty of his flock won the martyr's

crown on the same occasion, either dying in their cells, being delivered to the wild beasts, or perishing by the sword.

The prison thus glorified by the heroic sufferings and death of St. Pothinus and his children is still intact. It has been converted into a chapel, and naturally constitutes one of the most interesting sights that attract the attention of the visitor to Fourvière. The least emotional Catholic may well feel his imperturbability shaken as he enters the Antiquaille, and, descending four steps, penetrates into this dimly-lighted cavern, where his valiant brethren in other days offered their life-blood in testimony of their allegiance to their God and his. Here, among the names of the blessed martyrs whose memory still sanctifies these walls of rock, I discern one associated in my mind with an admiration and veneration that have endured since early boyhood, when first I read the story which the glorious name recalls—that of St. Blandina, bravest of the virgins whose fortitude mocked the fiercest tortures that infuriated executioners could apply.

Kneeling on the stone pavement of this noted shrine, and invoking the protection of those whose deaths have made it sacred, I wonder whether they were granted before they expired a glimpse beyond the curtain that hid the future from other eyes. Were they privileged for the moment to exercise the prophet's prerogative, and view the wondrous transformation to be effected by the coming years? Did they see as in a vision the utter annihilation of the tyrannical power that bade them sacrifice to heathen gods, and the triumphant exaltation, on this very site of Roman dominion, of the Christ whom Roman rulers scorned and the Mother who shares the glory of her Son? If such prevision were allowed them, as may well have been the case, how worse than futile must have appeared to them the frenzied rage of their bloodthirsty persecutors! How manifoldly blessed the death that ensured the

martyr's palm! But let me not wander farther from my text.

Twenty years after the passing of Lyons' apostle, his illustrious successor, St. Irenæus, who had proved himself a jealous guardian of the city's traditional love and veneration for the Mother of God, shared his predecessor's fate. Once again the hill of Fourvière was consecrated with the blood of Christian martyrs, and "the seed of the Church" was lavishly sown within the walls of Trajan's Forum. But the end of Rome's long day was at hand. The city on the hill was doomed to disappear with its idols; and when the last and most splendid of its edifices fell, there sprang from its *débris*, as we have seen, a chapel dedicated to Mary Mother of God.

The exact date of the erection of this first church, or oratory rather—for it was relatively small,—is unknown; but the Lyonese historians generally attribute it to the ninth century, some seven hundred years later, be it remembered, than the origin of the cult of Our Lady in the city below the hill. The first title under which Mary was honored in the new temple on the site of the Old Forum was Our Lady of Good Counsel.

The annals of Fourvière contain nothing of remarkable interest for the next two or three centuries; but in 1168 a new impetus was given to the piety of Mary's clients by the enlarging of the modest shrine. Oliver de Chavannes, Canon of St. John's Cathedral, began in that year the construction of a long nave, which added much both to the spaciousness and architectural beauty of the original chapel. In 1192 the sanctuary of Fourvière was made a collegiate church, and tradition recounts a picturesque mediæval custom exemplifying the union existing between the collegiate clergy and those of the Cathedral. Every year, on Easter Sunday, the canons of St. John ascended to the galleries and towers of the Cathedral,

while the Fourvière priests advanced to the terrace that overlooks the city; and, thus facing each other, both bodies chanted alternately the triumphant Alleluias and the joyous strophes of the hymn *O Filii et Filia*.

During the miserable civil war of the thirteenth century the strategic importance of such a height as Fourvière made of it a citadel rather than a sanctuary; but the Lyonese lost none of their confidence in her who had long been looked upon as the special patroness of their city. In the middle of the sixteenth century, Lyons, too close to Geneva to escape the baleful influence of Calvinism, saw her churches ravaged, pillaged, and in many instances reduced to crumbling piles of ruins. Of Notre Dame de Fourvière there remained for some years only the walls. In the last quarter of the century, however, its restoration was begun: the tower was again seen to dominate the hill, and the throngs of the faithful who sought the protection and aid of Lyons' guardian Lady annually increased both in numbers and in fervor. About the middle of the seventeenth century the alliance of Mary and the Lyonese was ratified in a most striking and solemn manner.

Devastated by a species of plague during the years 1564, 1577, and 1586, Lyons had just about recovered from its disastrous effects on her population when, in 1628, the epidemic again broke out and raged more violently than ever. Forty thousand citizens succumbed to the pest in the course of eight months. The survivors turned with renewed ardor to Fourvière, and so crowded Our Lady's chapel that a new portal had to be opened and a second altar built. Fifteen years later the plague once more made its appearance, and threatened to complete the dread work of destruction begun a decade and a half previous. Then it was that the municipal authorities, animated by that faith in the power and goodness of the

Blessed Virgin which they had inherited from St. Pothinus and the heroic martyrs of Trajan's Forum, solemnly placed their city under her beneficent tutelage; and the epidemic ceased its ravages. Never since that period, two hundred and fifty years ago, has Lyons been scourged by a contagious disease; and although during the present century the cholera has more than once raged through various portions of France and decimated most of the larger centres of population, it has invariably respected the city over which Mary, on the heights of Fourvière, sits enthroned as guardian.

Considerable augmentations were made to the Church of Notre Dame in the decade 1740-1750; and the devotion of the citizens to the Blessed Virgin became so integral a portion of their existence that it survived undimmed the horrors of the French Revolution, and in the first decade of the present century found adequate expression in renewed honors lavished upon their Heavenly Protectress, and increased magnificence lent to her ancient shrine. Throughout all the horrors of the Reign of Terror devout pilgrims were never wanting on the hill of Fourvière, praying fervently *outside* their chapel, closed by the sanguinary proconsuls of the time.

Let us pass at once to the vow made by the clergy and laity of Lyons on October 8, 1870,—a vow whose accomplishment has transformed the aspect of Fourvière, and gladdened the hearts of all clients of Our Lady the world over. In the year 1870 half France was a prey to the horrors of war. The Germans were approaching Lyons, and, as far as human foresight could determine, would soon lay siege to the city. At this juncture Archbishop Ginoulhiac, standing at the foot of the altar in the old church, pronounced, in the name of the clergy and the faithful under his jurisdiction, the following formula: "We make a vow to

lend generous aid to the construction of a new sanctuary at Fourvière, if the Most Holy Virgin, our Immaculate Mother, preserves from the enemy the city and diocese of Lyons." Less than six months afterward peace was declared; the German soldiery had not set foot on the diocesan territory. Once more the prayers of the Lyonese had been granted.

Notre Dame de Fourvière, as it exists on this midsummer day which I spend in a thorough examination of its manifold points of interest, is the superb testimonial of the gratitude of veritable children of Mary. The new sanctuary is a colossal and magnificent structure, architecturally *sui generis*; for its style is neither Byzantine nor Roman nor Gothic, but splendidly imposing, and as perfectly harmonious as are all conceptions of true genius,—harmonious as is the cult of which the basilica is the outgrowth and the symbol. Its corner-stone was laid in 1872, and the cross which marked the completion of its exterior was placed in position in 1884. The city and diocese of Lyons alone have thus far spontaneously contributed to the erection of this magnificent shrine—which distinguished European architects unite in pronouncing one of the most remarkable monuments of the age—more than six millions of francs, and their generosity shows as yet no signs of exhaustion.

Yes; I am inclined to agree with my gracious companion and guide* that Lyons may well style herself the City of Mary, and that few, if any, rivals for the honor of that title can present claims so strongly grounded as are hers. In any case, no client of our Blessed Lady can stand here on Fourvière, and, glancing at the manifold and splendid evidences

* Mr. J. Latriche Ainé, of Beaujeu, a French gentleman whose courtesy I found remarkable in a country where courtesy is the rule, and whose knowledge of Fourvière is equalled only by his devotion to Our Lady.

of the love and reverence and trust and honor in which the gracious Queen of Heaven is held, doubt that he is in sympathetic accord with many a thousand of those who are living their lives in the busy city spread out below him. A spot doubly consecrated by the blood of martyrs and a cult enduring uninterruptedly for more than seventeen centuries radiates an influence no Catholic heart can well withstand; and I am not surprised that thousands on thousands of the faithful, growing in numbers from year to year, climb the eminence above the Saône to proffer their homage and present their petitions to 'Our Lady of the Old Forum.'

◆◆◆

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

XXI.—CUERNAVACA.

ARTHUR BODKIN was commanded to Cuernavaca, a charming spot in the Tierras Calientes, about fifty miles south of the capital. This retreat was discovered by Carlotta upon one of her journeys through the country; and she was so taken with it that she sent for Maximilian, who became equally enthusiastic. It was indeed a very garden in the heart of a valley embosomed in the richest flowers, foliage, and greenery of the tropics. At first their Majesties resided in an ancient building formerly occupied by Cortez; but so enchanted were the imperial couple with their surroundings that a tract of land of about six acres, at Acapanizingo close by, was purchased, and a house containing but five rooms and a swimming bath erected. To be "commanded" to Cuernavaca was one of the highest honors; since it was here

that the Emperor and Empress played at being common, ordinary working people, and were as simple and unassuming in their mode of life as any of the *hacendados* around them.

Long before Arthur had reached this delightful spot his eye had been feasted by the grand and beautiful scenery. Beneath him, deep ravines seemingly fathomless; above him, massive rocks standing like sentinels guarding the entrance to this Adamless Eden; while flowers of gorgeous hue flaunted their color glories,—their exquisite perfumes stealing into the senses, accompanied by the delicious melody of birds.

"Be the mortal, but this bates the Dargle, Masther Arthur,—aye, bedad, wid Powerscoort Watherfall thrown in!" was Rody O'Flynn's observation, as, open-mouthed and lost in admiration, he gazed around him.

Bodkin, who was still weak and pale, fairly quivered with excitement as the mules rattled past the guard house at the entrance to the avenue; and he felt sick and faint when, upon turning a clump of brilliant blossoming shrubs, he beheld the Emperor grubbing up a flower root, the Empress beside him. Maximilian was attired in a grey short jacket, with a green cloth collar, and trimmed with green, the buttons being of gold. He wore no vest. His trousers were dove colored, turned up, after the fashion of our American *jeunesse doré* of to-day when it rains in London. His hat was of pure white felt. The Empress was in soft, clinging white, showing her beautiful figure, as she had laid aside the hideous crinoline then so much in vogue. She it was who first turned to the newcomers, and, saying something to her husband, advanced to meet them.

Arthur leaped from the carriage—a very painful effort,—and, removing his hat, bowed to the earth.

Carlotta extended her hand, which he

respectfully raised, pressing her finger nails with his lips.

"I am *so* delighted to find that you are convalescent, Herr von Bodkin!" she exclaimed.

"I can never sufficiently thank you, sir," added Maximilian, coming up at that moment.

"And you, too!" cried the Empress to Rody, who stood grinning from ear to ear, and touching a wisp of hair that festooned his forehead every half minute.

"This way, Herr von Bodkin. There is a seat here with a charming view of the valley."

Her Majesty led the way, Arthur walking beside the Emperor. In an embowered nook were three or four cane chairs with hoods. Seating herself, she motioned Arthur to do the same; while Maximilian offered him a cigar from an ivory case adorned with the Mexican arms in gold.

"You come, too!" exclaimed Carlotta, beckoning to Rody, who shuffled up as though his feet were actually shod with lead.

"Now, Herr von Bodkin, let me thank you once more ere I hear the story of your escape from the hands of that terrible man, Mazazo. And to think," she said with a shudder, "that my husband trusted him! Max," she added, gaily, "you seem to me to trust the wrong man—always."

"But never the wrong woman," retorted the Emperor, gallantly.

Arthur Bodkin very briefly told his story,—Rody meantime nodding silent approval, and following his master's words with his lips.

"It was gallantly done, sir," said the Emperor; "and we have since learned that there was a force of one thousand men concealed in a wood about two miles farther down the road. My God!" he added, "it was a fearfully narrow escape. And were it not for your vigilance and chivalry—"

"O sire! I did nothing," interposed Arthur; "and I beseech of you never to refer to it again. All the credit is due to my faithful friend, O'Flynn here. It was *he* who discovered that there was something wrong, and it is to his sagacity that we owe the safety of our beloved Empress."

"It's dhramin' he is, yer Majesty," burst in Rody. "It's the faver that's still workin' at him. It's coddin' ye he is. Sure I only done as he bid me. I'm only nothin', an' he's Bodkin of Ballyboden, glory be to God! He's not responsible, yer Royal Majesties; but he'll be all right in a few days. *Me*, indeed! Cock the likes of me up wid the glory of this advinture! *Nabocklish!*"

Rody, after a few questions, was dismissed to the house, where, as he afterward told Arthur, he was "thrated like a lord, and had lashin's and lavin's."

Luncheon having been announced, Bodkin was for leaving.

"Not at all, Mr. Bodkin!" cried the Empress. "You will lunch with us. We have a very small household—one gentleman and one lady."

That *one* lady must be Alice, and poor Arthur almost felt inclined to bolt; although his most eager desire was to see her, even if only for one moment. The news of her engagement to Count von Kalksburg was accepted by Bodkin as a brave man receives his death sentence. He made no moan; he bowed to his Kismet. Questions he would not ask, and her name never passed his lips. During his illness Count Nugent had arrived from Austria; but Arthur had not met him, being compelled to remain very quiet, and to live at Tacubaya on account of the baths, which he took daily with very good effect. He was now about to meet Alice, the *fiancée* of another. It was a cruel jest of Fate. Gladly would he have avoided her; and even now he would plead illness, but the inexorable

hand was at work, and the ordeal must be gone through. He must tread the red-hot ploughshares of his misery.

How should he behave? How address her? Ought he to congratulate her upon the joyous news?

"Let us show Herr von Bodkin the *manito*," said the Empress, turning into a narrow path, and stopping opposite a tree about twenty feet high. This tree was covered with flesh-colored blossoms in the shape of a bird's claw,—hence *manito*, or little hand. "This is the only *manito* in Mexico," said Carlotta; "and we are very proud of it. Now for luncheon. I trust that you have a good appetite; but are you on any diet?"

"No, your Majesty: I can eat anything," said Arthur.

They were met at the entrance by Count Zichy, one of the grand chamberlains, who led the way to the dinner room backward, bowing repeatedly. He wore no uniform or court dress of any description. Awaiting them was a lady. The sudden change from the fierce sunlight of Mexico into the semi-darkness of the *salon* almost blinded Bodkin; but so soon as his eyes had become accustomed to the partial obscurity, he found that the lady was—the Countess Zichy, and not Alice Nugent.

Etiquette compelled the Emperor and Empress to eat at a separate table, so Arthur sat down with the Count and Countess; and, after the first fierce pang of bitter disappointment, he felt rather relieved at the absence of the woman who never for a moment left his thoughts. The conversation was carried on in English; and as the Countess was a very genial gossip, Arthur learned a great deal of what had been going on during his enforced absence.

"Have you met Count Nugent?" asked the Countess.

"In Ireland—yes."

"Miss Nugent seems greatly delighted."

"Ah!"

"She has plucked up wonderfully since his arrival."

"Really!"

"You have not seen her since your return?"

"I have not had the honor."

"*She* ought to have been here to-day, but she left yesterday for Chapultepec. You must have met her on the road. She had an escort of the Hussars of the Empress."

Arthur could have groaned aloud. He *had* met the carriage drawn by sixteen mules; he *had* met the escort of the Empress' Hussars, conspicuous by the crimson jackets and gold facings. And, knowing that *he* was coming to Cuernavaca, Alice Nugent had taken a hurried departure! This was as bitter as death.

The Empress smoked a cigarette, Arthur having the honor of presenting her with a light. He remarked that the imperial lady never made mention of Alice or inquired of the course of true love, as she had graciously done at Chapultepec.

"Mr. Bodkin," said the Emperor, "you want change of air and scene, and I shall ask you to go down to the United States, to Washington, on a matter requiring absolute secrecy. I know that I can rely upon *you*. Can I not, Carlo?" turning to the beautiful woman who shared his destiny.

"Most assuredly," she said; "and to the death."

"This, happily, is not a mission fraught with any danger; but it requires tact and a thorough knowledge of the English language. You will receive your instructions at the Palace. Take your own time. Do not endanger your health by any rapid travel. You shall go down to Vera Cruz by easy stages, and a war-ship will land you under the Stars and Stripes. The nature of your mission will be explained to you by Señor Iglesias. And now, sir," rising, "permit me once again to thank

you. Wear this as a token that will ever bring you to me wherever I may be, and ever remind me of my debt of gratitude." And removing from his left hand a solid gold ring engraved with the Mexican arms, he placed it on Arthur's finger.

Too deeply moved to utter a word, Bodkin bowed.

"And this from *me!*" exclaimed the Empress, hastily and not without difficulty removing a small gold locket set in diamonds from the chatelaine she always wore dangling from her belt. "It contains a portrait," she added; "but you are not to open it until I give you special permission; then my motives will speak for themselves. One word, Herr von Bodkin," lowering her voice: "I have not spoken of the lady you love for a—reason. Do not despair. All is not lost that is in danger. A pleasant and prosperous voyage to you!" And she tendered him her hand, which he reverently kissed.

The Emperor and Empress both saw him to the carriage, Maximilian personally assisting him.

"I shall send you a friendly introduction to the Austrian Minister at Washington," said the Emperor. "Start when you feel well enough. And mind—no hurry!"

At this juncture Rody O'Flynn sidled up to the carriage from behind the house, bowing and scraping and shuffling with persistent vigor.

"God be good to yer Royal Majesties! Sure it's too good ye are to the likes of me. It's a *leprechaun* I cotch wid a bag of goold. Blur and ages, Masther Arthur, won't ye spake up for me?"

"Not a word!" laughed Carlotta, as, motioning to the driver, the carriage started, while Rody was almost left behind.

As Bodkin turned to take a last look, the Empress had placed her hand upon her husband's shoulder, while with the other she waved an adieu, the Emperor lifting his hat.

"Masther Arthur," said Rody from

beside the driver, after they had cleared the guard house, "would ye mind sindin' this home, sir, as a present from yerself to yer darlint mother and the young ladies? It's not a haporth of use to me, and would be sure for to bring me into mischief. Don't refuse me, sir; and I know ye wouldn't like me for to get into thrubble." And he handed Arthur a warrant upon the Privy Purse signed by the Empress for five thousand dollars.

(To be continued.)

My Mother.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

SAW the black pall o'er her spread,
I heard the priest intone the prayer;
The world seemed lying cold and dead,—
My heart was lying with her there.

O day all desolate in gloom!
Yet through the shadows of the tomb
What memory sweet came back to me—
Mother of God, Her love for thee!
Her dying prayer: "Take me to thee,
Holy Mother of God!"

O long, sweet years of mother-love!
The days of childhood's smiles and tears,
And youth with glorious skies above,
Bright with the hopes of coming years,—
They lie like dust beneath my feet.
Mother of God, all-pitying, sweet,
Reach forth thy hand to her, to me!
My heart, too, sends that prayer to thee,—
Her loving prayer: "Take me to thee,
Holy Mother of God!"

Mother of God, on earth thy dower
Was sorrow and the pang of pain;
Remember thou, in sorrow's hour
None ever cried to thee in vain.
O lead her in thy tender love
To thine own blessed home above!
And turn thy pitying eyes on me;
I, too, send up that prayer to thee,—
My mother's prayer: "Take me to thee,
Holy Mother of God!"

Catholic Ireland in the Last Century.

A RECORD OF SUFFERING AND HEROISM.

BY THE REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

II.

WE now turn to see how this penal code bore on the laity,—a code of which Mr. Lecky says truly that “it would be difficult to find in the whole compass of history another instance in which such various and such powerful agencies concurred to degrade the character and blast the prosperity of a nation.” The ties of the family, those “cords of Adam,” as Scripture calls them, are only a degree less sacred than spiritual ties; but the code that trampled on the more sacred may not be expected to reverence the less sacred, nor did it. Almost at the very head of the book it was written that the Commandment of the Decalogue giving honor to parents, as vicegerents and representatives of God on earth, was obsolete. If even during the lifetime of the father the oldest son in a family declared himself Protestant, he became sole inheritor of all the possessions; and the rights of all the other children were void. If a Catholic father were about to die, and his children were still under age, he could not appoint a Catholic guardian: the law stepped in and immediately appointed a Protestant one. If a Protestant gentleman married a Catholic wife, and he had not persuaded her before the expiration of six months to go to the Protestant place of worship, he was looked upon as being as bad as a papist. The episcopacy of Limerick affords an instance of this.

In the early portion of this century the Bishop of the diocese of Limerick was Dr. Young, a holy, zealous and learned prelate. He was the child of a mixed marriage,—his mother being a Catholic

lady of good position, and his father a Protestant. Soon after the child's birth it was taken to the Catholic place of worship to be baptized. The authorities heard of it; the father was cited, and thrown into prison. After spending some time there, he was liberated; and his first act after liberation was to go to the church where his child had been baptized and become a Catholic himself.

At an election in the city of Limerick in the year 1760, which was hotly contested on both sides, many Protestant voters were objected to, because they were married to Catholic wives whom they had not brought to Protestant service within the statutory term; *and the objection was held to be valid.*

All the professions were shut against Catholics; so were the ordinary privileges of civil life. It is needless to say that they could not sit in Parliament; they could not even vote for a member of Parliament. In the good old city of Limerick, when the act forbidding papists to dwell within its walls fell into disuse, they were, nevertheless, so utterly distrusted or despised that they were ineligible even for the honorable and responsible office of night-watchman in the streets!

A special rule was made that they be not allowed to enter the people's House of Commons, in the old House in College Green, where the present Irish papists hope one day to be sitting and ruling. Oh, *quantum mutatus ab illo!* In the year 1745 the then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, laying down the law in the King's tribunals, solemnly declared that “the laws of the realm do not suppose any such person to exist as an Irish papist!”

The taxes of the country were beautifully arranged and administered a hundred golden years ago. First the Catholics were driven from the rich lands by the very convenient statute, that if it could be shown that the profits of a farm were at any time more than one-third of the rent,

any Protestant neighbor might make the necessary averment, and thereupon he stepped into the possession. The evicted Catholic went and settled down on some patch of mountain or waste land. As soon as he had brought that into cultivation, the same statute came in very "handy" again; and the poor Catholic was pushed back once more. It was not sufficient, however, to produce the allotted quantity of brick: they had henceforward to make it without straw. The Protestant dominant class, holding all the rich, fat lands of the country, made a law that all pasture lands were free from taxation, and that it was only the poor, arable lands that had to pay it. "Difficult, indeed, to find another instance in the whole compass of history in which such various agencies concurred to blast the prosperity of a nation!"

They could not hold estated land. Smith, in his "History of Kerry," relates of the ancestor of Daniel O'Connell that he said to the author, when collecting materials for his history: "We have peace and comfort here; we love the faith of our fathers, and amidst the seclusion of these glens we enjoy a respite from persecution. If you make mention of me or mine, the solitude of the sea-shore will no longer be our security; the Sassanach will scale these mountains, and *we shall be driven on the world without house or home.*"

The old families sometimes managed to keep their properties and estates by having them registered in the name of a friendly Protestant neighbor. And history does not give an instance in which the confidence was abused; the resident gentry being thus in marked contrast to the official and avaricious class.

The horse played a curious double part in our legislation. Everyone has heard of the statutable "Catholic horse" of £5; but everyone has *not* heard of the similarly statutable "Protestant horse." By the first, as is well known, Catholics might possess horses; but no matter of what value the

animal might be, or how beloved on many accounts by the owner, any Protestant coming and offering five guineas was entitled to take it away. By the second, the Catholic tenant was bound to have a *valuable horse*, so as to be able to till the ground; at the same time any Protestant might come and offer the five guineas for it. If the Catholic failed in keeping the horse, he was punished by the law; if he observed the law, he was robbed by his neighbor. A merchant in Waterford city, who felt aggrieved at the way he was treated by some of the Protestant gentry over his carriage-horses, had four immense bulls trained to draw his carriage; and, being a man of great physical strength and indomitable courage, he entered the streets with his four beasts whenever a meeting of the gentry took place, and whipped the animals furiously through the town, scattering his terrified enemies in all directions.

It is a dreary catalogue. If England was at war with any Catholic nation, and an Irish Protestant was during this time injured on the high seas, all the Catholics were mulcted to indemnify him, no matter by whom he had been so injured. If in times of peace he had been robbed, and a Catholic was reasonably suspected of the misdeed, then again all the Catholics were taxed. In the Irish House of Commons in 1782 Mr. Burke, when advocating the claims of the Irish Catholics, told that a Protestant in the County Kilkenny had been robbed. A Catholic was suspected. The Catholics were mulcted. Soon after it transpired that a Protestant had committed the injustice, but no restitution was ever made. "It is a rule with the magistrates," said Mr. Burke, "that if the robber spoke with an Irish accent, to look upon this as a sufficient proof of his being a Catholic."

A curious and instructive fact comes from Ennis, in the County Clare. A Protestant apothecary kept his shop, com-

pounded and sold his medicines. But one fine day "his nest of boxes and brass mortars and scales were all duly seized, because he had joined to him [in partnership] one James Hickey, a known papist, and one who refused to sign the Declaration and take the oaths."

Catholics were not allowed the use of arms or to enter the army. In the history of Limerick it is related that in 1719 a complaint having been made that Catholics were entering the army, the commandant in Limerick wrote back to Dublin Castle that, after making a searching inquiry, "several had been committed prisoners on suspicion; and, though no certain proofs could be obtained of their being papists, they were turned out of the army."

But from the Irish Record Office comes the most damning fact of all. Colonel Fleming, writing from Galway, June 12, 1724, declares it to be a "notorious falsehood" to say that some of his soldiers went to Mass; and adds by way of verification that, "suspecting one Oliver Browne to be a papist, he had him tried by a regimental court-martial, who ordered him to be three times whipped through the regiment, and then drummed out of the garrison; which was accordingly done."*

A Catholic was not allowed even to be a gamekeeper, on account of the necessity of carrying firearms. There was no position in life so humble into which this religious hatred did not pursue the Irish Catholic. If a poor Catholic refused to work on a holyday of his Church, he was fined; and if unable to pay the fine, he was publicly whipped. "In the Irish House of Commons a petition was presented by the coal-porters of Dublin, complaining that one Darby Ryan, a head coal-porter, employed several papists in that trade." So much, however, within a

quarter of a century or so, had this body of men changed that in Dublin, during O'Connell's time, they were ever known as "the Liberator's Body-Guard."

In the matter of education, which, like the priesthood and the episcopacy, lay at the roots of the life of the nation, the most stringent regulations were enacted. Indeed, so truly did these Philistines appraise the benefits of education that they set the schoolmaster and the priest on the same level. One was looked upon as being as great a nuisance and as great an enemy of the state as the other. In Canon Bourke's *Life of Dr. MacHale*, he introduces the Archbishop as saying that "the school in which he was brought up was planned by the Author of the universe, fashioned by Nature; that its halls were most majestic, its dimensions magnificent; that the blue vault of heaven was its canopy; the desk on which he essayed to write, the bosom of Mother Earth; her lap, the seat on which he reclined." He meant, in fact, that he was brought up at an Irish hedge-school, sitting outside in the open air by the fence. "A rude cabin," says Canon Bourke, "with turf seats along the whitewashed walls, afforded on rainy days a shelter from the inclemency of the weather."

The early life of the Rev. Mother MacAulay, of the Sisters of Mercy, gives us an insight into the matter of education. We open the first volume of those delightful "*Annals of the Sisters of Mercy*," compiled from registers and records supplied from Ireland and elsewhere, and read (pp. 16, 17): "Her father, James MacAuley, was a man of sincere piety, who not only exemplified in his daily life the faith in which he gloried, but also busied himself about the works of mercy so frequently performed in our day by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, but especially in the instruction of the ignorant... The only recollections Catherine retained of her childhood were connected with her

* Quoted by Cardinal Moran, *Dublin Review*, January, '82.

father's instructing a motley crowd on holidays in the hall, or, if the weather permitted, on the lawn; and her mother, always graceful and beautiful, delicate and morbidly refined, beseeching him in accents of tender reproach to desist from an occupation so unbecoming to his character and position."

A snatch of Irish society is had in these few sentences: "Catherine distinctly remembered that her father always took sides with the lowly and the ignorant; while her mother, though willing to be a sort of Lady Bountiful to the poor, so far as relieving their corporal necessities, declared it preposterous for respectable people to sit down among them, or strive to unravel the truths of faith to their dull intellects."

In the next paragraph in the same book we have an instance of what not unfrequently took place at that time in Ireland: "While Catherine was a mere child she lost her zealous father, and with him all prospect of being piously brought up. Her brother and sister, who were mere infants at the time, when grown up naturally went to church with their protectors. The foundation of their future Protestantism was laid by the Protestant friends of their mother, through her criminal carelessness; and, though she was in the end truly contrite and torn with remorse, the poor woman was carried off before any arrangements could be effected to secure the faith of the orphans, who were immediately taken by Protestant relatives."

The eighteenth century died out in Ireland, witnessing on its death-bed the most dismal scenes that any country under heaven ever endured. A peasant insurrection had been fomented by government connivance, if not by government aid; and when maddened, half-armed peasants sought redress for their wrongs in the wild justice of revenge, "the Catholic rising," to use the measured language

of Professor Morley, "was suppressed with such frenzied atrocities as are absolutely unsurpassed in history."

"In 1798," observed Canon Bourke, "when the French had been finally defeated, and when Mayo was once again in the hands of the English, another sight which sickened the soul was seen coming down Windy-Gap, through which, on the old road leading to the capital of Mayo [Castlebar], the French troops had advanced to an easy victory. The entire population, young and old, are darkening the highway. What has happened? Why this mighty wail going up to Heaven, loud like the angry roaring of a troubled sea? Oh, that piercing *caoin!* Some dear friend has died. Who is it? Their pastor, Father Conry, has been put to death,—worse still, has been hanged on a tree! His body, now borne on the bier, is being carried by loving hands down through the Gap, to the parish he loved so well. Why has he been butchered in that way? Because, as a gentleman and a man of education, he had spoken kindly and courteously to the French officers and men, and gave them such humble hospitality as his poverty allowed; and because the soldiers bivouacked—and that without his knowledge or leave—in the little thatched house which served as a chapel. For his acts of courtesy and charity he was reported to the Hon. Denis Browne, lieutenant of the county. A court-martial was held; the priest was condemned, and forthwith hanged from the tree opposite the hotel and near the Wesleyan Chapel, Castlebar, by order of the local tyrant and representative of British rule in Mayo. Denis Browne's will, or rather his savage passion, was the only law in Mayo for fully twenty-two years after the defeat of the French."

That terrible drama took place a hundred years ago. Within that span what an extraordinary change, under God's providence, there has been! For those

who believe that the Church is the creation of God, and its preservation one of His divinest external works, there appears in the history of the Irish Church a display of supernatural power little short of miraculous. Let us make our reckoning, and compare her when she was persecuted and oppressed, and her children—*parvuli ejus*—crying for the Bread of Life on the highways, and scarcely one to break It to them, with her present position of a full, a talented, and an exemplary hierarchy; a land teeming with colleges, convents, churches, and every species of religious institution; where the Mass is said and sung, and the Adorable Eucharist carried even in public procession through the streets or through the fields and villages of the country side;—a land that has filled God's Church with faithful priests and holy nuns within her own borders; and, not satisfied with cultivating the Lord's vineyard at home, has sent out her children to the north and the south, to the east and the west; who, taking the language that in 1837 had been pressed upon them by an alien government through the national system of education, for the twofold purpose of perverting and denationalizing them, have made it the weapon of God wherever the voice of their oppressor is heard.

Well writes one of her own poets, Mr. Aubrey de Vere:

"A spiritual power she lives, who seemed to die as
a nation;
Endurance it was that won: suffering, than action
thrice greater."

(The End.)

OH, what a meeting of Son and Mother! Yet there was a mutual comfort, for there was a mutual sympathy. Jesus and Mary—do they forget that Passiontide through all eternity?—*Cardinal Newman.*

ENDEAVOR so to live that when you die even the undertaker will be sorry.—*Anon.*

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XXXV.

WE often hear of "Going to Mass," "Late for Mass," "Came in before the Gospel," and similar light speeches. Such are the flippancies with which we "cover up" the dread, momentous importance of the matter. In sober truth we ought to say: "I am going to attend the Sacrifice of our Saviour. I am going to see—yes, actually to look on the Lord Jesus." Which of these phrases describes the situation most correctly? Hear our author: "As often as thou celebratest or hearest Mass it ought to seem to thee as great, new, and delightful as if Christ that very day was made Man; or, hanging on the Cross, suffered and died for man's salvation."

And when we thus go to "see the Lord," we might always profitably think that there will arrive for us one certain and momentous time, when we shall lie waiting to "see the Lord,"—the visit that may take place in a few hours.

Some of our author's remarks on the Mass are very pointed and original. Such as: "If this Most Holy Sacrament were celebrated in one place only, and consecrated by only one priest in the world, with how great a desire, thinkest thou, would men be affected toward that place, and to such a priest of God, that they might see the Divine Mysteries celebrated!" How true and forcible is this! "Many run to sundry places to visit the relics of the saints. They behold the spacious buildings of their churches, and kiss their sacred bones, enveloped in silk and gold. And behold Thou art here present to me on the altar, ... the Saint of saints, the Creator of men, the Lord of angels." Nay, even in this Presence itself

is to be seen this strange thing—more devotion almost to inferior objects. But, as he seems to explain it, “in seeing those things, oftentimes men are moved with curiosity, and carry home but little fruit of amendment; and the more so when persons lightly run hither and thither without real contrition.” In every congregation we find those persons thus happily described “who run hither and thither,” and whose pious “runnings” are usually in odd contradiction with their most irresponsible lives. Indeed, these running folk are, we must fear, but sham pietists.

(To be continued.)

A Glance at Japan.

TO say that the present religious temper of the Japanese resembles in many respects that of most of the so-called Christian nations of Europe will seem a remarkable statement to many persons. But no one who reads the scholarly article by the Rev. Dr. Casartelli, in the current *Dublin Review*, can question the parallel for a moment.

The truth is that during the reign of the present Mikado not only have the Japanese adopted the Western system of representative government: they have taken our whole civilization—railways, bicycles, machinery, newspapers, and universities. Unfortunately, these new advantages have had a materializing effect upon the people. The religious complexion of the Japanese can no longer be described as Buddhism: it is simply skepticism. The whole burden of the missionary reports is that the old gods are gone, and a dull apathy as regards religion has settled upon the people,—a religious indifference such as is manifest in Europe and America, and which is more difficult to dispel than the ancient hostility which made martyrs.

The number of Catholics now in Japan is 44,505, and the number of Protestants of all denominations 34,650. This is unquestionably a small harvest gathered since 1860, the date when missionary effort was resumed in the land. There is one archbishop, 3 bishops, 82 missionaries, 15 native priests, 164 chapels, and 64 schools. In explanation of the small results thus far accomplished, it must be remembered that the commercial spirit introduced into the nation by foreign trade has predisposed the people against any thought of religion. Moreover, the venerable Archbishop Osouf remarks as a peculiarity of Japanese converts “the absence of zeal to propagate their religion around them.” The same holy prelate enumerates as the four great causes impeding the spread of Catholicity: the hostility of the bonzes, the antagonism of the sects, the growing dislike of foreigners, and, most important of all, the anti-Catholic press.

People seldom think of the evil wrought by the “Reformation” upon missionary efforts by the creation of so many Christian sects, each warring against the other, and all united against the Church. Perhaps no country better illustrates this evil than Japan of the present day. The people are highly intellectual, as pagan nations go; and the spectacle of innumerable Christian sects, each claiming a divine commission, and each condemning the other, strikes the Japanese mind as being very ridiculous.

Again, the anti-Christian printing-presses are marvellously active. According to Archbishop Osouf, “in 1892 the number of books published in Japan was 20,647, of which 7,334 were new works and the rest translations or re-editions. Of newspapers there were 792, and of these 69 were religious, issuing a total of 1,837,000 numbers. Now, the largest proportion of these works and papers were Buddhist. The Protestants have 22 papers or other periodicals, and large numbers of books;

the catalogues of two Tokio booksellers mention 600, of all sizes and prices. The Russians issue a fortnightly periodical of 32 pages. And the Catholics? For some time they issued a small Catholic paper of only 18 pages, and for want of support even this tiny venture had to be stopped last year." Surely, as Dr. Casartelli observes, the great need of Japan to-day is a Catholic Truth Society.

As illustrating the similarity between the religious conditions of Japan and the United States, for instance, we may refer to an incident which occurred last year. A professor in the Imperial University, who had been educated in Berlin, published a book written in a style irresistibly attractive, and setting forth the thesis that Christianity is contrary to the welfare of the Japanese state and family. The objections urged against the Church were the old familiar ones—the decadence of Catholic nations in Europe, the incompatibility of her teachings with the results of scientific experiment, the moral corruption of Europe, and even the Inquisition and Galileo. There is, however, this difference between the countries: in America, these objections are perennially answered and perennially renewed; in Japan they simplify matters by forbidding the publication of an answer, as a menace to the public peace.

The skies, however, are not utterly black. The number of converts, though small, is visibly increasing every year. The devotedness of the holy priests and nuns who labor for the conversion of these people must be rewarded by Heaven; and, as Dr. Casartelli concludes, "it seems almost a want of faith to doubt that the prayers and groans of St. Francis Xavier and the blood of so many martyrs, known and unknown, poured forth like water during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, will, in God's own good time, bear a glorious harvest in the century which is about to dawn."

Notes and Remarks.

A fresh opportunity of seeing ourselves as others see us is afforded by Professor Goldwin Smith. Would that it might free us from even one "foolish notion"! The eminent Englishman says that these are critical times for society in the United States, as elsewhere; and he shows the contention that ours is a well-conditioned country because of its great wealth to be altogether erroneous. In one State there is a divorce to every eleven marriages. Professor Smith was dismayed to learn this fact; and, realizing that the family lies at the foundation of the State, he thinks that the greatest of all the dangers which menace this country is its lax divorce laws.

"Of all the thunder-clouds none is darker or more charged with ruin than this. The responsibility, so far as it is legislative, rests not only on those legislatures which have perilously relaxed the divorce law, but upon jurists who, carried away by the generous desire of emancipating the wife from the domination of the husband, have broken up the legal and economical unity of a family. To preserve its integrity, the family needs a headship. The necessity may be unwelcome, but it seems to be the *fiat* of nature."

Professor Goldwin Smith is a keen observer, and in taking the measure of the American situation he does not fail to consider the public schools, "the reputed sheet-anchor of the Commonwealth." He is plainly of opinion that the anchor does not hold. He is too much of a philosopher to suppose that the influence of an education the grand precept of which is to grow rich—can be powerful in forming a superior race of men or a good class of citizens.

The conviction often forces itself upon us that one of the greatest miseries of our age is the thirst for notoriety. There are many people like Erasmus, who would rather be lied about than not talked about. Their highest ambition is to figure in print. Others, who would be better employed saying their beads, write books; and fairly good catechists yearn to give lectures, and so on. The chief repugnance of the modern is to be unnoticed, his greatest dread to become obscure. Contentment with one's lot is becoming a lost

art, and sunshine of heart has given place to settled gloom. Sidney Smith was not a man to be imitated in all respects, but he possessed one trait as commendable as it is rare. When he was appointed curate at Foster-le-Clay, a dreary, desolate place, he wrote to a friend: "I am resolved to like it and reconcile myself to it; which is, more manly than to fancy myself above it, and make complaints of being thrown away, and desolate, and such like trash." This from a Protestant parson!

The words of the famous essayist recall a remark made by the late Sir Andrew Clarke, who stood at the head of the medical profession in England. Whenever a priest came to him for advice he used to say: "If your duty calls you to be where you are, then it is the will of God, and I can say nothing, though your health might be better elsewhere." What a lesson from the lips of a Protestant physician!

The account of the ancient sanctuary of Fourvière in our present number recalls a fact of unusual interest to English Catholics. While the original oratory was being enlarged in 1168, the illustrious Thomas à Becket, the exiled Archbishop of Canterbury, was residing in Lyons, the guest of Archbishop Guichard, formerly Abbot of Pontigny, in which monastery the English prelate had spent a portion of his first exile. Walking one day before the Cathedral, the two Archbishops and Canon de Chavannes talked of the new building that was then being erected on Fourvière. The eyes of the exile turned toward the eminence as he asked: "Who will be the patron of the second sanctuary?"—"The first martyr who sheds his blood for the Church," was the reply. That first martyr was Becket himself; and as he was declared Blessed in the year 1173, his friends, faithful to their promise, dedicated to St. Thomas the nave which had just been completed.

It is a sign of the times when Protestant authors deplore evils which can be traced directly to the so-called Reformation. In the recently published lectures on Erasmus, by James Anthony Froude, we find this open

confession: "Before that great convulsion, educated men in Europe were more like citizens of a common country than they have been ever since." Brief as it is, this declaration is significant, especially coming from a man like Froude, who charges the English with being now "an insular-minded race." Another Englishman, Professor Goldwin Smith, writing of our own country in the current *North American Review*, observes:

"To me it has throughout seemed that beneath all the social and political ferment with which the age is rife lies the disturbance, by the progress of religious scepticism, of the beliefs by which the social system and social morality have hitherto been upheld. . . . America partakes of this disintegration of fundamental belief with Europe, but not in the same degree. She is less heterodox, for the very reason that she has been less orthodox."

The writer does not pursue this vein of thought, but the least attentive reader will ask himself, What is to be the result if the foundations of social morality continue to fall away? One prophecy can be ventured: It will be a day of reckoning for those who enjoy the good things of life when the religious sanction disappears from the basis of the prohibition to steal.

The rapacity of the Italian government increases as its financial condition becomes more desperate. One of its latest iniquities is the proposal to confiscate the convent of the Franciscan Sisters at Foligno, where the door of the dead hand—an account of which appeared in our columns last November—is religiously preserved. This convent, founded by Blessed Angelina, and in possession of the nuns since 1395, was confiscated once before, in 1860; and became the property of the municipality of Foligno in 1880. Not having use for the buildings, the robbers have generously allowed the owners to occupy them; but now, being in sore need of funds, the municipality proposes to sell the convent and expel the nuns, who are too poor to buy the property back. It is naturally with deep pain that they contemplate leaving a spot dear to them by so many ties; and they hope and pray that friends and sympathizers will contribute the amount required to redeem the property. Six thousand dollars is a great deal of

money in these hard times, and there would be no assurance that the rascally government would not again seize the property and demand another *bonus*. We confess that, under these circumstances, we have not the heart to make an appeal in behalf of the good Sisters, deeply as we sympathize with them. But if they will come to the United States, where they would be welcomed almost anywhere, and where there is any amount of good to be done among the exiled children of Sunny Italy, we will do all in our power to help them. Our Blessed Lord did not tell His followers to remain in the place where they were persecuted, but to flee to another. Perhaps it is the will of God that many religious in Italy should leave their country and go in search of strayed sheep of the Italian flock in other lands.

On the principle, probably, that it takes a rascal to catch a rascal, "Professor" Sims has been warmly welcomed by Catholics in certain quarters as an opponent of the A. P. A. This is a blundering and a stultifying policy. Whilst the Professor was cutting up simian antics, and bawling forth anti-Catholic "balderdash" for the delectation of the bigots, our press and our apologists denounced him as a knave and a liar. But now Sims has quarrelled with the A. P. A.'s, because they did not pay him. He has begun to "expose" them, and lo! the Professor is suddenly rehabilitated and made honest by these same scribes! Shame on the policy which brings Catholic journalism into ridicule among Protestants by reporting the words of such as Sims! The Professor is a migratory bird—of the kind which befouls every nest it finds. Away with him!

The mere announcement that the Propaganda has lifted the ban which forbade English Catholics to attend the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge on account of dangers to their faith holds no special interest for American Catholics. It is important, however, as showing the change which has come over these Universities within a few decades. It was Cardinal Vaughan, we believe, who, in conjunction with Cardinal Manning, accomplished the original prohibition; and

it is safe to assume that His Eminence of Westminster would not now urge the removal of the ban unless he were convinced that the former materialistic tendencies and the danger of perversion were removed from the Universities. Another circumstance in connection with this point will hardly escape notice. The English public saw nothing remarkable in the condemnation of the Universities as soon as they threatened the faith of Catholic students. Our experience with the public schools has taught us that if such a step were taken in the United States there would be some very tall talk about priestcraft and the tyranny of Rome. The American people are the most fair-minded in the world, but they are not yet the most intelligent or the most respectful of lawful authority.

Notable New Books.

OUTLINES OF DOGMATIC THEOLOGY. By the Rev. S. J. Hunter, S. J. Vol. I. Benziger Bros.

This is the first of three volumes in which Father Hunter promises to present a three years' course in dogmatic theology, similar in most respects to that usually given in seminaries. The author wins us over to his side in the beginning by announcing that the aim of his work is the explanation of dogmas, not controversy about them; although controversial matter is not too rigorously excluded. He wisely believes that when disputants can be induced to state plainly the questions at issue, the answers will in most cases be speedily forthcoming.

Father Hunter's treatise is clear, succinct, and strong. As is expected in such works, the logical order is rigidly observed; and the reader is led slowly but unerringly through the discussion of Revelation, the channel of doctrine, Holy Scripture, the Church, the Pope, and Faith. We had hoped, however, that in a work of so many and so great excellencies, we might find another, and, in our judgment, a very important one—a statement of *modern* objections to Catholic dogma, so that students might be equipped to grapple

with *living* questions. Modern objections are historical and moral rather than Scriptural. This defect has, so far, been common to all treatises on dogmatic theology; and the author who first remedies it will reap a rich harvest.

This much being premised, we can not commend the work too highly. It is the best of its kind in the language. To laymen desiring a more thorough acquaintance with the teaching of the Church it will prove of inestimable value. It is a worthy continuation of the admirable volumes forming the "Stonyhurst Series."

ESSAYS. By Sarah Atkinson, author of "Life of Mary Aikenhead." M. H. Gill & Co.

There are over five hundred pages in this book, and no page which does not hold a vital thought. It is not an attractive-looking volume, though it is well bound and well printed; and one opens it with an impression of gloom, because there is so much of it. It would be a thoroughly satisfactory book to handle in four Tauchnitz volumes. But after one has read the memoir of Mrs. Atkinson, by Mrs. Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland), the ice of distrust is broken and the treasure is found. With the art of expression of which she is mistress, Rosa Mulholland shows us the noble personality of the author,—one of the most gentle and cultivated of Irishwomen, with a heart as tender and deep as her mind was broad and well trained. In her old, roomy house on Drumcondra Hill she was always to be found between breakfast and luncheon. "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 mantle-shelf was a picture of St. Barbara with her tower." And "just around the corner, the exquisite church of the Redemptorists, a very jewel of church-building, where the Perpetual Adoration is carried on. There, winter or summer, wet or dry, Mrs. Atkinson was to be found at the four-o'clock Benediction. I have never known any one in whose presence one felt such an uplifting of the heart."

Of deliberate choice, Mrs. Atkinson preferred to print her "Essays" in Dublin. She would not suit her work to the English

market: she "preferred to write for her own people." And this is one of the charms of the "Essays,"—this independence of those conventions of Protestantism which affect every writer, more or less, the moment he addresses a non-Catholic audience. Her work has nothing of the amateur about it: it shows ripe scholarship, expressed in the clearest English. Her essay on the Fitzgeralds, in which she alludes to their Trojan descent, will make the pride of that noble race almost intolerable; but her defence of Dermot MacMurrough will give little consolation to those who affect to believe that medieval Ireland was a paradise.

"The Dervorgilda," "The Rapt Culdee" (St. Æugus), and "Those Geraldines," offer much food for thought and discussion to the bearers of Irish names who love the traditions of the older land. The story of the poet, St. Æugus, who had that power over animals which characterized that other Saint of Assisi, is particularly well told. For the lover of Italy there is the unique essay on "The Dittamondo"; for the reader who would know something of modern Irish art, the essays on Hogan and John Henry Foley, R. A.; and for those who would like to transfer to old Dublin some of the interest that Ainsworth and Thackeray and Dickens and Besant have made them feel in old London, the "Old Houses Re-storied" and "Around and about the Rotunda." In fact, there is something for every taste in this eclectic series of essays; and not the least valuable paper of all is "Irish Wool and Woollens," with its word of hope for the revival of Irish manufactures.

ST. CHANTAL AND THE FOUNDATION OF THE VISITATION. By Mgr. Bougaud, Bishop of Laval. Translated from the French by a Visitandine. Two Volumes. Benziger Bros.

As in history and in literature there are names which mark distinct epochs in the progress of the world, so, too, are there saints whose life work distinguishes the age in which they lived, and more especially the circle in which they moved. Such a saint do we find in Jeanne Françoise Frémyot de Chantal, who was born at Dijon in 1572, and who died at Moulins in 1641, having, as it were, infused her life into a religious Order,

which to this day has faithfully kept her spirit in all its pure ardor.

There have been many attempts to give a true portrayal of this gifted woman, whom God chose as an instrument of wonderful power in His Church; but souls favored as was hers are not easily understood. High intellectual powers, together with a genuine sympathy, or rather a spiritual insight, must be brought to the work of delineating such a character as that possessed by the Baroness de Chantal; and that these essentials belonged to the Right Rev. E. Bougaud, his truly excellent work fully testifies.

There is almost a fascination in our author's account of poor France in the troublous times of Madame de Chantal's years of married life. The extinction of the Valois line of kings and the installation of the Bourbons, with all that such a transition meant, were matters of paramount importance to the father and the husband of our Saint; for, by virtue of their rank and office, the interests of both were concerned. But the pure, ardent love which united the Baron and his devoted wife folded like dove-wings of peace around the stronghold of their home, and for eight years unalloyed domestic joy was theirs.

At twenty-eight a widow, we find her almost prostrated with grief; but her four children claimed her tenderest care, and her life for the next nine years is a model of maternal love and duty. Indeed, this phase of her life is often lost sight of; and because she broke these ties and became a religious, her affection for her children has been questioned. But in Mgr. Bougaud's emphasis of her mother-love we see all the more clearly the heroism of her sacrifice.

Another feature in this biography is the portrayal of the beautiful friendship which existed between St. Francis de Sales and Madame de Chantal; and this one representation alone, in its power of discernment and its delicate appreciation of a bond as strong as it was spiritual, shows the biographer who looks at human hearts with the eyes of the soul.

The foundation of the Visitation Order, its original scope and province, the growth of the community, the various changes it under-

went until its complete organization—all pictured with an earnestness which reveals the man in love with his work,—make up a history which has the same charm as that which arises from a personal study of human character.

But we are going beyond our limits of space, and must content ourselves by recommending all to read the biography of St. Chantal, of whom the saintly Bishop of Geneva said: "I have found in Dijon what Solomon could not find in Jerusalem—a valiant woman."

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. Louis Scott, of Defiance, Ohio, who passed away on the 7th inst.

Mr. Asbury Harpending, Jr., whose happy death took place in Sacramento, Cal., on the Feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

Mrs. N. Le Brun, of New York, whose good life closed peacefully on the 27th of March.

Mr. Michael Griffin, who died a holy death on the 5th inst., at Marengo, Iowa.

Mr. Jacob Pierr, of Moline, Ill., who departed this life on the 27th of March.

Mrs. Mary Mackey, who peacefully breathed her last on the 28th ult., at Jersey City, N. J.

Mr. John A. McSorley, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a happy death some weeks ago, in New York city.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kelly, of Spokane, Wash., who was called hence on the 1st inst.

Mr. Francis Schock and Mrs. Mary Winkleman, of —, Ohio; Mrs. Elizabeth Connolly, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Moley, Brighton, Mass.; Mrs. F. Coombs and Mrs. Margaret O'Keefe, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Burke and Mr. William Mulrine, Indianapolis, Ind.; Miss Nellie Surran, Covington, Ky.; Mr. Matthias Ludvig, Huldigen, Luxemburg; Mr. Joseph Bann, Defiance, Ohio; Mr. John B. Meyer and Mr. John L. Hepl, Tiffin, Ohio; Mr. James Donary, Mr. Austin Mullen, Mrs. Catherine O'Connell, Miss Rose A. Cox, Miss Lizzie A. McKeon, Mr. James Keilty, Mr. Bernard Sullivan, and Mrs. C. Smith,—all of Albany, N. Y.; also Mr. Antoine Miller, Woodland, Cal.

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





*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Mary's Little Client.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

I LOVE the pretty pansies, with their queer,
old-fashioned faces,

With their swaying stems and nodding
heads, and funny airs and graces;
But I'd rather see them smiling in the shady
garden places,

I'd never dream of choosing them to deck
Our Lady's shrine.

And the crowding bachelor's-buttons (Baby
calls them "Cinderellas"),
Blooming gaily in the borders, in their lilacs,
pinks, and yellows;

Like a troop of gallant soldiers. Oh, I love
the cunning fellows!

But I wouldn't put a single one in this
bouquet of mine.

Why, oh, I can not say it! but the darling,
darling roses,

Every bud so like an angel as each petal
sweet uncloses,

Makes me think of Little Jesus who on Mary's
breast reposes;

And I rob the garden every day to lay
them at her feet.

Yes, and lilies of the valley, children of the
April showers,

And shy mignonette, half hidden by the tall
and stately flowers,—

Oh, they are so pure and fragrant that I seek
them in the bowers,

And I think them most of all like Her
who is so fair and sweet.

THERE is no going to heaven in a
sedan-chair.—*Spanish proverb.*

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVI.—THE PLOT THICKENS.



AKY'S Latin poem was
painful. It is hard to write a
Latin ode when you scarcely
know the first declension. He
had finished the second line
one afternoon in the study hall, and he
was beginning a third when the letters
were given out.

"Susanna Susannarum,
Rosa rosarum,
Puella—"

He had got this far when he received a
letter. Guy was on his way, and Jack
Chumleigh's dogs had been sent back by
a friend in the country who had borrowed
them. He waited eagerly for the bell to
ring for recess, in order to impart this
news to his friends.

But Thomas Jefferson had better news,—
at least, *he* thought it was better news.
Susan announced, in a short note, that she
and Rebecca were packing a box.

After the fight which had been inter-
rupted by the Colonel, Jack and Bob had
marched on to the campus with fear and
anger in their hearts. There was no doubt
that the Colonel would report them, and
they knew that such a report meant
punishment of some kind. O'Mally, who
was a good-humored little fellow as a rule,
went off much offended.

The drill was unusually severe, for it
was a hot day; and Jack's shoulders

began to droop in spite of himself, and Bob could no longer attempt to imitate Osborne's military figure.

Fighting, especially among the seniors, was a crime at Professor Grigg's school. If a boy called another a liar, it was understood that he might deal with him with his fists, but not in uniform. To be caught fighting in uniform was a heinous offence. And to think, Jack said, that he should be in such a scrape for quarrelling with Bob! And to think that Bob should have taken up with Steve Osborne!

Jack's words rankled in Bob's mind. In his heart, he knew that Steve Osborne's opinions and expressions of them were wrong, and that was why he resented Jack's words. Steve Osborne had said that both he and Jack looked as if they had always been tied to their mother's apron strings, and he was ashamed of this. Osborne knew all about the world. He had a latch-key when he was at home: he went in and out when he chose. He said he knew all the theatrical people, and he had a collection of his friends in little photographs taken from cigarette packages. Bob did not care for these; he was immensely interested in the great baseball people, of whom Steve had no pictures, but whom he said he knew intimately. Bob admired Steve, and at the same time he felt that he would be happier if he had not known him. He was flattered by the attention Osborne showed him.

In the space of a week Bob had begun to change. He was not the same Bob. He did not know it, but it was a new Bob that looked on the world out of the old Bob's eyes. The old, simple, honest Bob had become something different. Bob's better self recognized this; his lower self was the slave of Steve Osborne.

"I say," said Osborne, calling from the dressing-box in the barrack to Jack, after the drill, "do you new boys expect a box from home before Thanksgiving?"

Jack pretended to be very busy, and did

not answer. What business had Osborne to ask such a question?

"How about that, Bently?" he called out to Bob.

"Oh, we'll get a box!" said Bob.

"I wish it would come. The grub is beastly at this school. I've been used to different kind of things."

"I think you're a great deal fatter than when you came here," said Roger O'Mally, appearing in his ordinary dress.

"I wasn't talking to you, O'Mally. You probably don't know what good grub is!" retorted Osborne.

"Don't I?" asked O'Mally, coolly. "Maybe not. But I *do* know that a *gentleman*—that's a word you're very fond of—doesn't grumble about food behind people's back. If the grub doesn't suit you, why don't you go to Professor or Mrs. Grigg? I would, if I had anything to say."

"If I had my clothes on, I'd settle *you!*" Osborne called out. "By the way, Bently, you let me in when your box comes, and I'll divide. My aunt always puts a bottle of champagne in my box."

"Oh, yes!" O'Mally said, ironically, "and a tall hat. Don't divide, Bently,—you'll get all the froth."

"I've half a mind—" Osborne began, but O'Mally had left the room,— "I've half a mind to challenge that fellow."

Jack laughed out, behind the curtain of his dressing-box. Osborne said nothing.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Bob. "I think we are in trouble enough without going further. I'm sure I don't want any more fights."

"Ah! what can they do to you?" said Osborne, scoffingly. "They can only expel you. My aunt wouldn't care whether I was expelled or not. She'd say to me: 'Steve, that's a bad school. Old Grigg can't be a gentleman.' And then she'd take me to the theatre, and put me at some place where I could have a good time."

Jack laughed again. Unluckily, Faky Dillon, who had no business in the senior

barrack, came in search of a baseball glove that he had lent O'Mally. He listened to Osborne, a broad grin on his face, and then he softly sang:

"He's no Boston man,—mind that;
For he's talking through his hat!"

Faky picked up the glove and ran. Jack laughed out; he could not help it.

The long barrack was filled with sunshine. On two sides were rows of curtained boxes, where the students kept their uniforms, baseball and football suits, and their rowing things. Between every second box there was a big window draped with the American flag. The floor was bare. At the top and bottom of the room were stacks of muskets and pyramids of swords, as well as the fifes and drums of the corps. In front of each box was a low stool, on which the occupant might sit while he put on his shoes and socks. Osborne, turning rapidly, knocked over his stool, and at once came to the conclusion that Faky, in running out, had pushed it from under him. It was beneath his dignity to take notice of the verses, but here was a cause of offence.

"I'll break that little cad's neck," he called out, "if I catch him! I must say, Bently, your kid friends don't seem to have been particularly well brought up."

Bob did not answer.

"That Dillon brute has insulted me. Somebody has to give me satisfaction."

"I will," said Jack. "Faky Dillon is my friend. He's under my care. And if you choose to get mad because a little fellow is saucy, you can take it out of me."

"What did he knock over my stool for?"

"He didn't."

Jack emerged from his box; Osborne, comb and brush in hand, did the same.

"I demand satisfaction."

"You can have just as much of it as you like when Professor Grigg is through with me for the other fight."

Osborne puffed out his chest and looked scornfully at Jack.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked in a hoarse whisper. "I am the grandson of a New England pirate of noble descent. I must have blood!"

"You say much more," said Jack, "and I'll bring it out of your nose."

"You shall not insult me again. A friend of mine will wait on you. I choose swords. To-night one of us shall meet his fate."

Osborne stalked out of the room.

"What does he mean?" Jack asked. "I say, Bob, he has been reading too many dime novels."

"Not at all!" answered Bob. "He is a gentleman; he has a friend at a German college, and they settle rows with pistols or steel. He is in earnest."

"He doesn't think that I am going to do such a wicked thing. He's not such a fool!" said Jack, amazed. "I suppose I'm born to get into scrapes. Mr. Mallony told me that you and I are summoned to Professor Grigg's study at four o'clock. If he'd expel us, it would break my mother's heart. An expulsion is a black mark against a boy all his life. I'll tell Professor Grigg about Steve Osborne's nonsense. He'll get himself expelled."

"You can't tell," said Bob, gloomily. "The boys would be down on you. They hate a boy that tells. You shouldn't have provoked Steve. He has an indulgent aunt that worships the ground he walks on, and he has pirate blood in his veins. If we had something to give him, he might forgive you. He forgives very easily, if you take him the right way."

Jack buttoned his collar carefully, for fear that he should lose his temper.

"You've changed, Bob!" he exclaimed; "changed! I thought you'd stick by me. I don't care, though. If you think I'm going to let any pirate walk over me, you're mistaken,—that's all!"

The bell rang. In a few minutes Jack and Bob were toiling over their algebra; and Faky, Thomas Jefferson, and Baby were engaged in the reading class.

Jack looked out the window as Mr. Mallony expounded the mysteries of the Y's and X's, and sighed. He wished with all his heart that Bob had not changed. He thought of Miss McBride with affection. After all, what were the small afflictions of her rule to the prospect of a duel? Whom should he consult? Father Mirard? No: it would seem like telling. Miley? No: Miley would rush in and make things worse. Oh, if little Guy Pierre had only come! There was Roger O'Mally; he was a new friend,—that was the only thing against him.

A Latin class followed the algebra. Then there was a half hour's *congé* before tea. Jack made at once for Roger, who had gone to an open space at the end of the campus to practise with quoits,—his set being the only one in the school.

"O'Mally," said Jack, touching his shoulder, "I want your advice."

"You'd better go to your friend, Bently," answered O'Mally, coldly.

"All right!" said Jack. "I would if I could, for he's the best fellow in the world; though Steve Osborne's got him now."

"I like your spirit," said O'Mally, balancing his quoits. "What do you want?"

"Osborne has challenged me to fight a duel."

O'Mally grinned.

"I suppose he's told his club that he would make you welter in your blood,—I know him. Are you going to fight?"

"I've never heard of such a thing. It's wrong," said Jack. "I admit that I'd like to blacken his eye, if I thought that I wouldn't have to tell it in confession—"

"Nonsense! It would be your duty to blacken Osborne's eye," said O'Mally, "if you had good cause. We had an Austrian boy at our school abroad, and he was always talking about duels. He was a Catholic, too. I don't see how he could have done it. As for Osborne—I wish he wasn't here," O'Mally continued. "He is

forever making mischief. Faith, are you expecting a box?"

"Yes," said Jack,—"and a good one."

"You might buy him off. If you fed him, he wouldn't want to fight you."

"No," said Jack. "I'll fight him first."

"But you can't. It's a mortal sin to fight a duel. That's in theology," said O'Mally. "I'm going to be a Jesuit some day, and I have to look up these things. It's all in the intention."

"A mortal sin?" asked Jack, his cheeks paling.

"That's the ticket!" said the young theologian, watching him closely. "You'll have to tell him that he can have half your next box for his club. He'll be as sweet as pie."

"I'll not do it!" said Jack. "I'll go—" here his voice broke, as he saw himself in his imagination, blood running from various holes in his body—"and let myself be slashed to pieces. I won't hit back; I'll let him carve me. Then Bob will be sorry for having taken up with that Osborne."

O'Mally laughed; Jack looked at him reproachfully.

"Oho! What's this?"

Miley Galligan handed Jack a folded piece of paper. He opened it, and read:

"Master Stephen Osborne will send his second to arrange with Master J. Chumleigh. Master J. Chumleigh will please name a friend. Swords. To-night, in the apple orchard, at nine o'clock. Blood!"

Jack gave the note to O'Mally.

"I'm your man!" said O'Mally.

"Let me read it," said Miley.

"All right!" Jack answered, giving Miley the note.

Miley began a sort of war-dance.

"It's great!" he said. "It's like the juel in 'The Fakir of Broadway; or, Why He Killed Him.' I don't think he's spelled 'blood' right. I've always spelled it 'b-l-u-d.' It's more terrible like."

A Saint who Loved Little Folk.

 BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

V.

At this era a great storm was raging throughout Europe. Protestantism had swept over many countries, carrying in its wake wars and innumerable miseries. But if the sixteenth century was an age of apostasy, luxury, error and insubordination, it was also one of illustrious saints,—the age of St. Pius V., of St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis Xavier, St. Cajetan, and a long list of men and women eminent for the holiness of their lives, and the great results of their labors for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

The year 1550 was signalized by the proclamation of a general Jubilee. Knowing that among the travellers who would flock to Rome for this devotion there would be many poor, Philip and a few of his followers prepared to care for them. They met them upon their arrival, and conducted them to a house rented for their accommodation; washed their tired feet, set food before them, made their beds, provided for them with beautiful, Christian hospitality during their stay in the Eternal City, and strove by word and example to encourage and stimulate the piety of all.

The undertaking, begun upon a small scale and with but paltry means, very soon assumed magnificent proportions. It became known throughout the continent; alms poured in, even from distant countries, for the carrying on of the work; while in Rome throngs of persons, including nobles, priests, and prelates, hastened to place themselves under the guidance of this simple layman, gladly serving the needy and weary strangers as he directed, and with the self-forgetful kindness of true brothers.

To convey an idea of how this confraternity, the *Trinità dei Pellegrini*, continued to flourish, it is only necessary to note that during the Jubilee of 1600 it entertained in three days 444,500 male pilgrims; while the Roman ladies associated in the work cared for 25,000 women pilgrims—making in all nearly half a million persons. The confraternity still endures, one of the most edifying of the many charities of the City of the Papacy. Princes, cardinals and popes have belonged to it; and considered that they suffered no degradation in performing the lowliest offices for any and all poor, toil-worn pilgrims, without distinction of race, color, or creed.

Although persons of all ranks and estates had with such alacrity joined Philip in this good work, even here in the Holy City, consecrated by the blood of the early martyrs and within the shadow of the tomb of the Apostles, many of the inhabitants had grown cold in the practice of their religious duties. They were very worldly, and confessed and communicated but at rare intervals. A desire to do something in an humble way to arouse the people from their indifference had induced Philip to gather them about him in the streets, and, with engaging gentleness, plead with them to return to a better life. He used also to lead them upon penitential pilgrimages to the seven great Basilicas of Rome, a toilsome tour of the city. Now, although still a layman, he began to speak in the churches also, explaining in a clear, simple manner the articles of faith, and exhorting all to the practice of frequent confession and Communion.

At last God called him to the priesthood. He was ordained in 1551; and then, giving up, "not without some affectionate regret," his little room at the Caccia's, he went to live at San Girolamo, an ancient house that had formerly belonged to the Third Order of St. Francis, and where a number of poor priests dwelt.

VI.

This house of San Girolamo is still in existence. "At the foot of the staircase is the door our dear Saint opened and closed again so often,"—a door not only time-worn, but defaced, so many bits of the wood having been carried away as relics. His room is also shown: a low, studded, dark little cell of the old monastery. It now has only one window, and that looking upon the corridor; but there is thought to have been another, since walled up, which gave light from without. Here his men and boy penitents came to him to confession, and here he was wont to assemble a few of them after the mid-day dinner. Leaning against the post of the bed, or sometimes sitting upon the bed when ill (as was often the case), he would talk to them of holy things in a charmingly natural and pleasing way, that went straight to their hearts.

"This was the beginning of his preaching as a priest." Soon so many sought admission to these little conferences he was obliged to take a second room, and then he built an oratory to receive the ever-increasing throng of his auditors. After a while also, and under his direction, several of his special disciples aided him by giving short, fervid, and practical instructions according to his plan. In time they, too, became priests; and thus gradually he formed the holy society of secular priests living together in community, to which he gave the name of the Congregation of the Oratory,—a Congregation that became the pattern of the secular clergy, and the quiet influences of whose self-abnegation, devotedness, learning and zeal, sustained by the example of its spiritual Father, had much to do with the true reformation of that time, and has gone on working immeasurable good for three hundred years.

Thus the beautiful spirit of the saintly founder, his sunny holiness, cheerfulness, and simple manner of teaching, are still

living forces in the community he established. Hence it is not surprising that in our age the finest intellect of the English-speaking world, the great Cardinal Newman, in the early days of his conversion, laid his splendid gifts at the feet of St. Philip Neri, and chose the winning gentleness of the Apostle of Rome as the guide of his own apostolic labors.

It was vouchsafed to Philip to watch over and cherish his beloved Congregation for twenty years,—first in San Girolamo, and then at the Valicella, which became the chief of its many houses. That he was a great saint was attested by many miracles. He won all hearts by a remarkable power of personal attraction, of which he availed to bring souls back to God. It would seem indeed as if no man ever had so many illustrious friends or was so generally beloved. Dignitaries humbled themselves before him; cardinals and successive Sovereign Pontiffs revered and consulted him, and asked his prayers; saints visited him to learn a higher degree of perfection. And yet he was ever simple and unassuming, affable and kindly humorous; and even shy young people found it "as easy to talk to him" as when, an unknown youth, he taught the two boys of Messer Caccia.

VII.

All the children of Rome knew and loved St. Philip; and when they met him in the streets, he was sure to greet them with a cordial word and a sunny smile, that made their hearts lighter and gayer for hours afterward. He was always in good spirits, often despite troubles and trials of his own; and was noted for "a vein of pleasantry at once delicate, courteous, and refined."

It was his delight to gather a group of boys about him, and he took a keen interest in their amusements. "He often led them into the fields, or to the park of some Roman villa, and set them playing at quoits or tennis; and, although a priest

and venerable with age, he made himself as one of them and joined in their sport. When the game was well started, he withdrew to a little distance beneath the trees to pray. He put up with all their pranks, that he might keep them near him; and allowed them to shout and make as much noise as they pleased, even at the very door of his room. Frequently the other Fathers protested against this; but when the boys appealed to Father Philip he would say: 'Let our good friends grumble as much as they like, my dear children; all I want is that you should not offend God.'

St. Philip thought innocent merriment a great safeguard against sin, and liked lively, spirited boys. If he saw a boy frowning or ill-humored he would rest his arm caressingly upon the lad's shoulders, and chide him affectionately, saying: "Why do you look so glum? What is the matter with you? Come, tell me all about it." And then he would pat him on the cheek to encourage him.

During the Carnival, to keep his young friends from occasions of sin, he had them perform plays, and provided in various ways for their entertainment. The boys who were accustomed to throng around him were merry-hearted and full of life; they became also practically pious and in every way exemplary. Such was their loving trust in St. Philip that they obeyed him instantly, and would have endured anything rather than give him a moment's uneasiness.

He induced them to approach the Sacraments regularly, instilled into their hearts a loving devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and taught them to shun idleness as they would a venomous serpent. "He was very ingenious in finding them something to do. At times he set them to playing tennis against the wall of his room; and...when they were tired, he had them...weave garlands of flowers for the statue of Our Lady. Again he showed them how to string rosaries, made them

sing, read or write, or do anything rather than settle down into idleness."

A Roman gentleman, surprised at the din in St. Philip's room, once said to him: "Father Philip, how can you live with such a troop of noisy boys about you?" The Saint laughed, and answered simply: "If I can only keep them from sin, they are welcome to chop wood on my back."

VIII.

Philip encouraged the lively boys, who so loved to be with him, to cultivate their talents diligently; but made them understand that all the praise for these gifts was due to God. As for himself, he was always seeking to appear only a very commonplace person. Often when strangers, attracted by his reputation for sanctity, went to see him, knowing why they had come, he would begin to laugh and jest, and refuse to speak of anything but trivial matters; at which they would go away greatly disappointed, saying: "We came to see a saint, but this is quite an ordinary man."

He highly esteemed the talents of his spiritual son, Father Baronio, who at his bidding toiled for years in writing the great "History of the Church," which made the name of Baronio famous for all time. But he wished that there might not be a speck or flaw in the beautiful character he regarded with such affection and admiration.

Among the Fathers of the Oratory, as a practice of humility, it was the custom for each in turn to perform the offices of cook for the community. That Baronio might not be tempted to pride when his fame as a historian and the renown of his learning filled all the Christian world, and the Pope took advantage of every opportunity to honor him, Philip was continually appointing him to be cook, with apparently no regard to the preciousness of his time or the importance of his literary labors. Thus poor Baronio served in this capacity much oftener than was his turn; and

for many years above the chimney-piece was to be seen the humorous inscription, written there by the humble scholar: *Baronius coquus perpetuus*,—"Baronio perpetually cook." It is recorded that when illustrious personages came to consult him they often found him in the kitchen with his apron on, cheerfully engaged in washing the dishes.

As with St. Francis of Assisi, animals were attracted to St. Philip. He had a cat and a dog of which he was very fond. Sometimes if one of the boys was too self-conscious or proud, he would make him carry the big, clumsy dog through the streets to the house of a friend, saying he must learn not to mind being laughed at a little. Thus he was wont to test the good dispositions of his young friends, and of some older ones as well; but he was so gentle and kind that they could not refuse to do anything he told them.

With the object of leading a certain man named Luigi to a more perfect life, the Saint accepted a present of two birds from him, provided he would come every day to take care of them. One day, when St. Philip was ill, Luigi found the cage door open; one of the little birds had flown out, and was hovering about the Saint's face and singing sweetly. Philip seemed very much pleased, and asked if the bird had been trained to do this. His visitor replied that it had not. Philip then drove the little creature away; but it came back again and again, fluttering from his face to his feet, as if it could not bear to leave him.

Once when a chamberlain of St. Charles Borromeo was ill at San Girolamo, "to cheer the sufferer's spirits a little" our Saint brought from his room a cage with a bird in it, and, opening the door of the cage, said to the tiny songster: "Go over yonder." The bird at once flew to the face of the invalid, who smiled faintly, "to Philip's great content."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Feathered Friends.

When the training-ship *Portsmouth* sailed into port at the Brooklyn navy-yard recently, she had on board a large number of pigeons that lived in apparent happiness in a coop on the hurricane deck. One of the sailors seemed pleased to tell their story.

Some time before, the birds had been taken on board at a foreign port, he said, and kept in the coop until the *Portsmouth* was far out at sea. Then they had been released, and everyone was curious to see what they would do. Some thought they would make for the land, like carrier-pigeons; others thought they would be so frightened that they would not leave the ship. No one was right. The birds looked about, a little bewildered at first, then spread their wings and flew about the vessel a few times, and after that settled down comfortably in their new quarters. They ate from the sailors' hands and became very tame. Each day they would go off for a long flight, but return in due season.

At last orders were received for the *Portsmouth* to set sail for home. All on board was bustle and joy, until some one remembered that the pigeons were away. What would the little creatures do to find their calculations at fault and the vessel gone? Sadly the anchor was weighed and the ship spread her white wings. The coop, almost empty, was a pathetic reminder of the feathered friends that the "middies" as well as the sailors had learned to love. Twilight came on; the land was but a green speck; silence reigned around;—when suddenly there was a flutter in the rigging, and the pigeons flew on board and went into their coop as usual.

Truly God can guide our little friends, the birds.

AUNT ANNA.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

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A Cradle-Song of Nazareth.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THOUGH sweetbriar dawn at flight of night
Where the glad merles fluting go,
Though young leaves sift the golden light
On the windflower's trembling snow,
In my fond sight is He more bright
Than all the buds that blow.

With plum-bloom spray 'neath a starling's wing
His brow and warm dark hair,
With daisies white and their vermeil ring
Pearly teeth and lips compare,
But never thing that came with spring
Was half so wondrous fair.

Saint Philip of Neri.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

AFLORENTINE boy of the early years of the sixteenth century—who is not tempted to envy him! Cimabue's enthroned Madonna in Santa Maria Novella, still fresh in tint, glorious in the gold work of its throne; Giotto's frescoes, giving the story of Saint Francis of Assisi, in the Bardi Chapel of Santa Croce, have lost none of their beauty of coloring any more

than their charm of narrative. Giotto's tower is standing, as a thing of beauty forever, close beside Santa Maria del Fiore, over which rises, in serene majesty, unapproachable grandeur, Brunelleschi's dome. Donatello's statues are filling the niches on Giotto's tower; Luca della Robbia's reliefs are banding it at the base; Giacomo della Quercia's Madonna fills in the apex of the door of the cathedral called "the Mandorla"; the gates of the Baptistery, by Lorenzo Ghiberti as well as Andrea Pisano, are swinging on their hinges where a Florentine boy can stand before them in dreamy, boyish fashion, studying out both Old and New Testaments in a way which a boy likes better than turning over a heavy book. Dante has lived, sung and died, and the ears of our Florentine boy are familiar with his story of honorable exile. Leonardo da Vinci died only four years before he was born; and Raphael, whose divine Madonnas are still a new joy to the Florentines, died only five years after our Philip saw the light; while Michael Angelo is to be called a contemporary for many years. Then those great lights of sanctity, those pillars of strength to the nations, Saint Ignatius of Loyola, Saint Francis Xavier, Saint Charles Borromeo, are living, breathing presences to our Florentine boy, born in the early years of the sixteenth century; also the Bozio, who made such wonderful explorations of the Catacombs; while Baronius,

who wrote the equally wonderful Annals, becomes his pupil in the course of years; and Savonarola preaches and stirs the hearts of the citizens of his native city during the life of our Florentine boy. It was, in truth, the midsummer of Florentine ideality as well as of Christian piety; so that the little Philip could hardly help breathing in the most exquisite sentiments from his surroundings simply as a Florentine youth, with eyes and ears all alive, as a boy's are, to what he sees and hears, and knows to be prized by those whose passing word of praise sinks into his mind and heart with a sweet and gracious authority. A certain mental exaltation was in the air, feeding spiritual ideas instead of dwarfing them; and among all the great men we have mentioned shone forth Saint Philip of Neri, with a genius for goodness, for holiness, which made him stand, a peer among peers, among the noblest lights in the firmament of Florence, of Rome, and of entire Italy.

Saint Philip was born in Florence, the City of the Lily, just after midnight on the 22d of July, 1515, of the illustrious family of Neri; and, as was the habit of those ages, the child of two great houses, the Neri and the Soldi, was educated from the first in the most lovely exercises of piety. His mother died while he was still very young; but the little boy's sweetness, vivacity and intelligence completely won the heart of his amiable stepmother, so that through life they were to each other as mother and son.

We are obliged to own, in the face of the modern objection to good little children, that our Philip was a boy of rare loveliness of character. He is described as being so gentle, humble, affable in his manner, so modest and caressing, and also so helpful, that he was known as "the good little Philip." When between eight and nine years old, he fell from the top of a granary to the pavement, and so frightened a mare loaded with fruit that

she ran over him. He escaped without a single injury, which so impressed his sensitive mind that he felt sure God had preserved his life in order that he might serve Him to the end of his days. His recreation was to visit the different religious orders in their convents, of which there were so many in Florence, study their way of life and take note of their virtues. But in the midst of these peaceful occupations, his father sent him to one of his uncles, named Romulus, who was doing a flourishing business at San Germano, a small town at the foot of Monte Casino; for it was the wish of Francis Neri that his son Philip should be, like his uncle, a rich merchant.

But the negotiating of bargains had no attractions for Philip: his mind was bent upon securing that fruit of study and of meditation, celestial wisdom; and, turning away from all the allurements of prospective wealth, he started for Rome, on foot, without means or provisions, or even letters to any one there; giving himself up to the divine guidance, like the youthful Benedict, whose already venerable monastery crowned the height overlooking San Germano, toward which he, no doubt, longingly turned his eyes. Nor was this trust a delusive one. He was not regarded as "a tramp" by those of whom he asked food and shelter on the journey; and no sooner had he entered Rome than he met a noble Florentine gentleman, Galeotto Caccia, who invited him to his house as a friend. He had remained there, however, only two or three days when he opened his heart to his noble host, who was so moved by the unworldly dispositions of his young guest that he told him to keep as his own the room in which he slept, and he would supply all his necessities.

For two years he kept his asylum; hidden from the world, having no intercourse with it. Prayer was his delight, and his self-denial was such that he seemed to have no bodily needs. But,

hidden as he was, the story of the Florentine youth spread through Rome, reached Florence and the ears of his family, when his sister Elizabeth said: "This does not surprise me. I was certain, from being a daily witness of his virtues, that he would with years become a great saint."

At the end of those two, silent years he felt divinely drawn to the study of philosophy; and, entering the Roman College, followed in succession the most enlightened masters in Rome. After finishing his philosophy, he began his theological studies in the college of the Augustinians; and his progress was so remarkable in this "science of God," as it truly is, that he was regarded as one of the most learned theologians of Rome.

Endowed with a mind as supple as it was profound, as gracious as it was solid, he had applied himself to poesy in his youthful days, composing many sonnets both in Latin and Italian; but toward the end of his life he destroyed all his manuscripts, as if he feared to seek human praise. Some of these sonnets, however, were saved and guarded as precious treasures by the Fathers of the Oratory of Santa Maria in Valicella, now called Chiesa Nuova, and we will give a prose translation of a part of one of them:

"O sweet smile of earth, of heaven, of the shore, of the leaves of the trees! How peaceful are the winds, how tranquil the waves! Never did the sun seem so brilliant.

"The birds chant; who is there who does not love and rejoice with them?—I alone! For my joy comes not from failing, broken sources."

From these scholastic exercises he passed to the most profound study of the Sacred Scriptures, of the early Fathers and the canons of the Church; all the while practising the most austere piety, while his prayer seemed continual. As a diversion from these severe mental and spiritual exercises, he visited hospitals, served the sick, assisted and instructed the

poor. One of his recreations was to visit the seven privileged churches in Rome, retiring at night to the Cemetery of Saint Callixtus, there to continue his pious exercises beside the tombs of the martyrs.

But what figure is this which comes before us on reading of these wonderful austerities, these grave recreations? Some may fancy a melancholy, absent-minded man. Let us take you to the Chiesa Nuova, the church of our beloved Philip of Neri, in which everything he left behind him is preserved by the Fathers of the Oratory. Above one of the doors of the sacristy is a painting representing a boy of eight or ten in a blue blouse. The round face, with the bloom of a ripe peach on the cheeks, the light of a tender happiness in the eyes, the mouth sweet in its composure, give no idea of a boy good beyond his years, or disagreeably good,—a fact which was true of our Philip through life; his beaming countenance, his winning ways, attracting the most stubborn hearts, making tractable the most perverse. Above all, he was loved by boys, so as to be called the "apostle of the Roman boys," as well as by young men of all conditions and ranks. To this day nothing can be more delightful than the crowds which flock to his church on his feast-day, the 26th of May—crowds not of pious women, for there is no space for them in this church on this day; but crowds of men, of Roman gentlemen, leading, very often one in each hand, their young sons. The church, in fact, is given up to men; and the fervor with which Holy Communion is received by old and young, and the pressing of the crowds to visit the "room of the dear Saint Philip," are evidences of a sincere devotion, which may well touch the heart of any one who is privileged to get even a glimpse of the interior of the church.

There is no end to the stories told of the gayety with which Saint Philip mingled in the games, even, of the young

Roman boys, who would follow him whenever he appeared on the street, until he could lead them to some green and quiet spot, like that of the grounds back of Sant' Onofrio, on a slope of the Janiculum Hill, where one overlooks the dome of Saint Peter's Basilica, and where is still standing the oak under which the poet Tasso loved to recline in his last days. The somewhat terraced surface of the rising ground looks as if an amphitheatre might once have held this charming spot; but the steps are now, as in the time of Saint Philip Neri, turf-clad, and daisies brighten the sod from the earliest of the spring days in Rome. To this spot he would lead his ragged young companions from narrow, poor streets; and when he saw them well interested in the game which he started himself, saying to them, "Amuse yourselves, be gay, only do not sin," he would retire, with his breviary or book of meditations, to the shadow of the oak which Tasso loved, reading, while still keeping an eye on his dear boys; and—what were the subjects of his meditation? Almost invariably the Passion of Our Lord. It was as if he were living out that ejaculation which is repeated so often by the faithful after Holy Communion, "Passion of Christ, comfort me!" From the sacred wells of the Passion he drew living waters of consolation, not only for himself but for others; and his cheerfulness, as he said, came not from the broken cisterns of human happiness.

As to the young men over whom he won such marvellous control, it would be impossible to enumerate the ways by which he approached them, held them fast; reclaimed them, too often, from the vices of the young; opened their eyes to the beauty of holiness; obtained for them, by his watchfulness, his untiring zeal in bringing them to the Sacraments, the grace of final perseverance. It was like a universal mission to the Eternal City which he exercised without any seeming plan

but that of an unbounded love of souls.

At the age of twenty-six he had entered holy orders by the command of his confessor; for, with all his learning, all his aspirations for the most perfect state of life, he had not deemed himself fit to offer up the Adorable Sacrifice. But once commanded, his obedience was a winged obedience—accomplishing with the swiftness of light, as it were, all the preparatory steps; and once a priest of God, who can describe the fervor with which his Oblation was offered? A flame seemed to run over his breast; his heart beat so tumultuously as to spread apart the ribs which kept it in its place; the rapture was often so great as to lift him from the floor on which the altar stood; yet all the while the sweetness of a divine simplicity characterized every action of his life.

In the sacristy of his church we see the very confessional at which knelt so many penitents, where he absolved so many sinners, where he consoled so many struggling against temptations. It was in the confessional that the compassion of that tender heart was most generously poured forth, so that his penitents opened their hearts instinctively and allowed him to see them even to their very depths.

Seeing the avidity with which those who came to his instructions remained and joined in the prayers with which he followed them, especially at the close of day, during the long, beautiful Roman twilight, he constructed an oratory, or place of prayer, where the instructions were given; and so popular did this become that nothing was more common than for people in the world to hasten, at twilight, to the dear oratory of the dearest of saints. It was to increase the attractions of the oratory that Saint Philip called to his aid that composer of celestial canticles, Palestrina. Loving Saint Philip as a father, he put to his service his genius, sanctified by those attractive ways by which Saint Philip

won the choicest gifts bestowed by God, for God Himself; and we may say that Palestrina owes his immortality as a composer to Saint Philip of Neri.

We have not tried to weave into our short sketch the circumstances, the events, above all the dates of this wonderful and most charming life; endeavoring, instead, to place the personality of the Saint of Neri before the minds of our readers in such a way as to make him a living reality and—a living model. To attract souls to the service of God, to make them conscious of the delights to be found only in His service, is the part of good people in the world as well as of priests and religious; and this, too, exactly after the fashion of Saint Philip himself, which was unstudied simplicity and guilelessness of heart, founded in its secret depths on a loving devotion to the Passion of Our Lord. We may say with truth that Saint Philip's virtues, Saint Philip's self-denial, Saint Philip's cheery piety, marked not only the religious whom he drew around him, but all those houses of the Order of the Oratorians of which he was the founder. Cardinal Newman and Father Faber were members of the Oratory in London and Birmingham, and we need not dwell upon their work or its wonderful success.

On the Feast of Corpus Christi, the 25th of May, 1595, Saint Philip celebrated the Holy Mysteries with transports of joy, and heard confessions as usual; but immediately after he was seized with a vomiting of blood which nothing could arrest. When the Holy Viaticum was borne into his room, exhausted as he was, he exclaimed, shedding torrents of tears: "Behold Him who has made all my joy! Behold my love, my delight! I have esteemed nothing so dear or so precious! Give me, quickly, Him whom my soul loveth!" And at midnight, between the 25th and 26th of May, he peacefully breathed out his soul to God.

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

XXII.—GATHERING CLOUDS.

EARLY in the January of 1866 the Empress received the sorrowful tidings of the death of her father, King Leopold, whom she loved with an intense love. In all her lifetime she had leaned upon him for counsel, for confidence, for guidance. An "audience of grief" was held in the National Palace, at which all the diplomatic corps attended in deepest mourning. And it was at this audience that the whisper went around: "The French army will be withdrawn."

To the liberals the departure of the French meant the opportunity for a general uprising; and to the majority of the conservatives and imperialists it was synonymous with the overthrow of the Empire, the repudiation of the national debt, and the inauguration of an era of reprisals. Mexican bonds fell at once in France; in Mexico the news created a panic, which Maréchal Bazaine in vain endeavored to avert by pointing out that, even if the French troops were withdrawn, the Austrian and Belgian legions would remain as a nucleus for the native army.

The Mexicans, however, took a different view of the case. The withdrawal of the French troops meant a loss of 30,000 men—the trained, experienced soldiers of "a nation of warriors." Then it became very evident that the sympathy of the United States was becoming more pronounced in favor of the Republican party. On the Rio Grande, General Sheridan was understood to be in active sympathy, if not in touch, with the Juarists; while Santa Anna was projecting a descent upon

Mexican soil, and Ortega planning a filibustering expedition.

"A little later," says Mr. Head, "and in answer to a petition for more men and money, the French government repudiated the treaty of Miramar." The "guarantees of peace," so readily promised in the secret treaty at Paris in 1863, had proved worthless in the march of events, when France was arming for intervention or defence in the coming struggle between Austria and Prussia. The imperial treasury was empty; no further loans could be made in the European exchanges; and conspiracy and revolution, with Bazaine as the central figure, were ripening even in the Cabinet and Council. The Emperor was unequal to the occasion. He was, says Mr. Taylor, better fitted for a scholarly life than the rugged discipline of the camp and the battlefield, or the perils of political agitation; for the triumphs of peace than the storms of war. He was vacillating where decision alone could save, and led hither and thither by the last plausible scheme of his counsellors of state, or the device of some trusted but visionary friend.

There was but one solution of the problem, and that was to secure money and men to support the government. There was but one tribunal to which an appeal could be made—the honor of Napoleon. Who was to make this appeal? Not Bazaine; for the Maréchal, seeing that the game was up so far as his hand was concerned, became feverishly anxious to withdraw the French troops; and kept urging on his Imperial Master, by every mail, the uselessness of keeping 30,000 first-class men to prop up a cause that was simply odious to the people, and in daily danger of jeopardizing the friendship of the United States. Napoleon, in reply to the counsel of Bazaine, wrote him:

"You have from twelve to eighteen months at the outside to prop up Maximilian so that he can stand alone; or

to organize some responsible republican government in the place of the Empire. I leave the decision to your judgment."

The death-struggle of the Mexican Empire began as soon as it became known that a date had been set for the withdrawal of the French troops; and it is characteristic of the man that Maximilian alone refused to believe in the adoption of this course, imposed upon Napoleon far more by the pressure of circumstances than by his own will.

Arthur Bodkin, of Ballyboden, in compliance with the instructions of the Emperor, proceeded to Washington, where he was received by the Austrian Legation with the profoundest ceremony. He was lodged at the Legation, and treated with all the deference due to a special envoy, if not ambassador extraordinary. His instructions being of the most confidential character, the Minister freely unbosomed himself; and Arthur could readily perceive from the drift of the current that Austria feared it was the intention of Napoleon III. to leave Mexico and Maximilian in the lurch.

During the continuance of a prolonged diplomatic correspondence, Bodkin was compelled to remain in Washington, where he made many friends, and met half a dozen from the "ould country," one of whom, Mr. "Tim" Blake, of Auchnacloy, who had run over on a ranch-searching expedition, was full of Galway and Dublin news. And, oh, how grateful gossip is to us when we are three thousand miles away!

Arthur received a very long letter from Father Edward, which contained the following passage:

"I send you the *Galway Vindicator*, in which you will read of your wonderful doings; for Rody O'Flynn's letter was so graphic it was too good to bury, so I dressed it up a little and sent it to the editor. I modified, however, the news of

your engagement to that archduchess until I heard it from yourself; also of your duel with Maréchal Bazaine. I suppose, my dear son, that this was forced upon you; but I *know*, from the teaching you received from my humble self, you would never take the life of a human being, and I see by the papers that you spared the Maréchal's."

It was lucky for Rody, who had been sent back to Mexico with dispatches a week before the receipt of this letter, that he was out of the way; for Arthur's anger rose to flood-tide as he recognized the handiwork of his all too faithful friend. "Engaged to an archduchess!"—"A duel with Bazaine!" Oh, it was too much,—the horrible ridicule he was in! For, of course, the article would be sent over to Austria and France and Mexico, to reappear perhaps in the official journals. All the agony of his wound was as nothing compared with this.

He sought Mr. Tim Blake.

"Did I see the *Vindicator*? Did I! Didn't we yell over it at the Club, and drink your health and the archduchess',—aye, and old Bazaine's!"

"But, hang it all, Blake, you never believed it?—never believed such infernal rascally trash?"

"Well, I don't know that, Bodkin," retorted Blake, with a droll twinkle in his eye. "An archduchess is only a woman, and the Bodkins were always fond of the sex. And Maréchal Bazaine is only a man, and the Bodkins were always mighty partial to calling out one."

"But, surely!—oh, it is enough to drive a man mad! If Rody were here, I'd break every bone in his skin."

"Well, it may ease your mind a little to know that the letter was signed Rody O'Flynn, and that not a man in the Club believed that *you* had any hand in it."

Arthur felt somewhat relieved at this, and proceeded to explain Rody's love for

him, and the honest fellow's frantic desire to make him a hero above all men.

"He would stop at nothing, Blake. He actually told the Empress that I had killed half a dozen Mexicans in a skirmish we had *en route* to Santa Ysabella; whereas I was knocked over by a bullet from behind, without firing a shot. What action shall I take in the matter?"

"None. Why, man, the *Vindicator* hasn't the circulation of the *London Times*, and it's only the 'boys' who know anything about Rody."

"I *must* do something, Blake. I shall write to the *Vindicator*. How long is it since this dreadful letter appeared?"

"Let me see! I left Galway on the 8th. About a week before that,—say six weeks ago. Perhaps a line to the editor would be well."

"I know it."

This conversation took place in the reading-room of the Club, so Arthur went over to a desk and wrote as follows:

"Mr. Arthur Bodkin, of Ballyboden, presents his compliments to the editor of the *Galway Vindicator*, and begs to say that the letter signed Rody O'Flynn, published in the *Vindicator* some six weeks ago, having been called to Mr. Bodkin's attention, Mr. Bodkin hastens to state that there is not a *scintilla* of truth in the statement that he is engaged to an archduchess, or that he fought a duel with Maréchal Bazaine. Mr. Bodkin would take no notice of such obviously preposterous statements, save that, from the well-known character and respectability of the *Vindicator*, this letter may be copied into foreign journals, in which case Mr. Bodkin will appear in a pitifully ridiculous light."

Lucky, indeed, was it for honest Rody that he was out of reach of Arthur's strong right hand. Bodkin wrote a long letter to Father Edward, imploring of him to take any information respecting his (Arthur's) doings in Mexico or elsewhere with a very big pinch of salt, if said information came from that well-intentioned but dangerously affectionate person, Rody O'Flynn.

After a sojourn of some five months in Washington, Bodkin returned to Mexico. During those long months he had no tale

or tidings of Alice Nugent, save what he read in the Mexican papers, where her name appeared as lady in waiting at some of the many court functions of which the Empress never seemed to tire, and in which she took the keenest interest and pleasure. Miss Nugent's engagement to Count Ludwig von Kalksburg being an accomplished fact—albeit he had seen no official announcement of it,—placed her so far away from him that she might as well be a resident of the planet Mars as at the court, whither he had now returned.

Baron Bergheim received him with his honest open-heartedness.

"Hey! but we look well and handsome. Hey! but we stand high with great and mighty personages. Hey! but we are ordered to Cuernavaca, an honor bestowed upon few. You are to start for Cuernavaca to-morrow, Herr Bodkin," added the Baron. "You will find their Majesties rather gloomy, as *you* may well suppose,—*you* who are inside the sealing-wax. Napoleon will withdraw his troops before the end of the year,—that *I* know. I also know that the United States don't want *us*; they are republicans, and want a republic here. *I* don't blame them,—not a bit of it! They know what they want, and hey! they must have it. Hey! keep your head cool and your heart on ice."

When Arthur arrived at the secluded and exquisitely beautiful Cuernavaca, the adjutant *en service* informed him that their Imperial Majesties would not be visible for at least an hour.

"Perhaps you would like a stroll in the grounds, or come to my quarters for a *schnapps*."

"Thanks! I shall take a stroll in the grounds."

"Do not go too far. Please do not get lost in the woods."

Assuring the official that he would remain within close proximity to the *château*, Arthur passed out by the path

that led to the *manito* (the tree of which the Empress was so proud, and which she had taken him to see on the occasion of his last visit), and on toward a bower—a veritable bower of roses, that overhung a deep ravine clothed with the glorious coloring of the rarest orchids. As he passed slowly along he wondered if Alice were in waiting, or had she, on learning of his coming, quitted the imperial residence?

"It was not necessary," he bitterly thought. "She is now to *me* as though she were the wife of another. It would be rather fun ironically to congratulate her. I *do* hope that she is here. Yes, if she is it can not help being a little funny. How will she take it? *Quien sabe!*"

He arrived at the rose-bower and entered; thrusting aside great, hanging clusters of roses in order to pass in,—roses that flung themselves back into his arms, and thrust their perfumed petals into his face.

The interior was all rose-color, and in deep, cool shade. In a rustic chair sat Alice Nugent, who flushed up and then became deadly pale, clutching the arms of the chair as though to prevent herself from falling. Arthur stood stock-still, staring at her, hardly realizing that all this could be real.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Nugent!" he blurted. "Upon my honor, I did not know that you were here—at Cuernavaca." And, bowing low, he turned away.

"Mr. Bodkin!"

He turned. Alice stood in the entrance, enshrined in roses. So lovely a picture never came to Arthur's eyes. The beautiful girl in that wondrous frame! All his love for her, which had never faded by one half hair-breadth, leaped into life.

"Mr. Bodkin, I—I want to speak to you, if you please."

There was something in her tone that bade Love retire,—a something that seemed to say: 'I want to speak with you on business. There is nothing between us now. What I have to say might be

said in the Zocalo, or the Alameda or on the hill at Chapultepec."

"Pray step in out of the sunshine," she added. "*A coup de soleil* is to be avoided in this country."

She led the way, Arthur followed. He sat down on a low stool near the entrance, while she reseated herself in the chair she had just quitted,—a chair bearing the imperial arms in gold on the back. The roses by which she was surrounded cast a beautiful pink on her cheeks; the shade in which she sat gave deeper lustre to her Irish eyes. Alice Nugent never looked more beautiful than at this bright particular moment,—a moment never to be forgotten by Arthur, who sat gazing as a devotee gazes at a shrine, in a sort of enraptured ecstasy.

"Mr. Bodkin," she said, "things are becoming very critical with us. That Black Decree which the Emperor was deluded—yes, cheated—into signing is bearing black, black fruit. Napoleon is about to withdraw his army; we have no money in the treasury; the United States are against us, and there is but one hope—an appeal to a man who will not help us—Napoleon III." She spoke rapidly, and oh, so earnestly! "That appeal is our last hope, and that appeal is to be made in person by the Empress."

Arthur started.

"No one knows this but *you* and me and the Empress. I know that I can trust you."

"You *can* trust me," said Arthur, very slowly and very calmly. She had thrust aside his love, and was there facing him as her friend.

"I know the Empress well; and I tell you, Arthur—Mr. Bodkin, that she is not fit for this fearful ordeal. She loves—adores the Emperor. Separation from him now, under existing conditions, may prove worse than death itself. The strain would be too great, too awful. The suspense

would sap her courage, and failure would turn her brain. Oh, it is dreadful!"

"Has her Majesty resolved upon going to see the Emperor Napoleon?"

"Yes, and his Holiness the Pope. My good God! to leave her husband with his people in revolt, his allies about to desert him, and assassins and traitors in every corner—why—why, any honest woman would go mad under such a strain! I tell you, Arthur, there are traitors close to the throne,—vile wretches; and Lopez is one of them."

"What does the Emperor say?" asked Bodkin.

"Oh, he is weak, weak, weak! He is too amiable, if such a thing be possible. The Empress has a soldier's heart and a statesman's head, and she is about to face the situation with the courage of one and the wisdom of the other. It is her dream, her ambition, her very life, to wear a crown; and the loss of it would be unendurable. Not a man in the court—courtier, soldier, politician, statesman—has the qualities to serve in this emergency. You, of course," she quietly added, "are not of them, but you are greatly admired and fully trusted by her. You shall see her in a few minutes—she will possibly ask your opinion. *Go dead against her!* It may cause her to swerve. Mgr. Labistada is against it; Almonte has failed. How could she hope to succeed—and, oh, my God! the price"—here she lowered her voice—"it may be at the price of her reason! So glad to meet you again, Herr Bodkin," she added in a higher tone. "Your description of Yankee life is most diverting."

Arthur was dumfounded. The sudden change from deepest tragedy to this sweet, light vein astonished him. Not so, however, when the voice of the adjutant exclaimed:

"His Majesty the Emperor will receive Mr. Bodkin."

Un Sospiro.

FROM THE ITALIAN, BY R. H.

LOVE is but a sigh
 From the bosom wrung,
 That is doomed to die
 With its song unsung.

Grief bursts in a sigh
 From the breast of pain,
 When life's pleasures fly,
 While its woes remain.

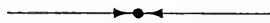
Hope fades in a sigh
 In our souls, that dream
 And mirror their sky
 In life's gliding stream.

All—all—is a sigh!
 Love, Hope, Grief, Fear
 Are a warning cry
 That the end is near.

'Mid our earthly strife,
 As we gasp for breath,
 A sigh is our life,
 And a sigh our death.

Yet this feeble sigh
 Is a mighty bond,
 'Tis our soulfelt tie
 To a life beyond.

'Tis the witness true
 Of a heaven-born light,
 'Tis the wistful view
 Of God's coming sight.



A Memory of May.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I DO not know what is the custom nowadays in convent schools; but when I was a little girl—a long time ago,—at the school which I attended, the 1st of May, the opening of the Month of Mary, was always celebrated in a very impressive and delightful manner. All the girls in white, the little ones strewing flowers in front of the procession, at the head of

which walked four of the model scholars of the school carrying an exquisite marble statue of the Blessed Virgin. After having walked round and round the garden, chanting a beautiful French Litany—for that garden, though a lovely spot, was comparatively small,—the image of Our Lady was deposited on the altar prepared for it, in a shrine consisting of a Gothic roof and four slender columns. The shrine was really intended as a protection against the showers, which are apt to come as frequently in May as April, the so-called month of showers. Open at all sides, with potted plants and flowers from floor to apex, reaching even high above the head of Our Lady, it presented a beautiful appearance in the midst of the garden, which, small as it was, might well be called a *parterre* of bloom; for, under the loving and skilful care of the Sisters, every inch of ground between the narrow paths was radiant with color and fragrant with blossoms.

Although the academy (or pay school) and the parish (or free) school were on different sides of the great, square convent building, reached by separate entrances, with their playgrounds divided by a paling, the Sunday-school classes were common to both; and on May Day all the children formed one company in the grand procession, blending their fresh, young voices in the lovely canticles, and offering their innocent prayers in unison. All were accustomed to bring offerings of flowers on that day, making the shrine and its surroundings a veritable bower of beauty.

A unique custom prevailed at St. Anne's, which I have never seen repeated elsewhere,—but there were many beautiful customs in that peaceful retreat which seemed to belong to itself alone. After the image of Our Lady had been deposited on the miniature altar and a canticle was sung, the children ranged themselves in two long rows, reaching far beyond the garden gate and into the academy play-

ground, preparatory to the election of a May Queen, who was always chosen from the four who had been appointed to carry the statue,—this office having been determined by the greatest number of marks of attendance, good conduct, and Christian Doctrine at Sunday-school. Thus the honor was 'as likely to fall to the lot of a child of poverty as to one to whom the good things of this world had been more freely given.

Two of the Sisters passed up and down the lines with boxes containing marbles, one being given to each of the children. All were then ordered to whirl about, with their backs to the shrine; the four candidates being sent to the extreme front, where it was impossible for them to see the balloting. Four boxes were then placed at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, each bearing the name of a candidate. One by one the children left their ranks and deposited their votes, it being impossible from the position of those in the ranks to see the destination of any ballot.

When all had finished, the Sisters in charge counted the votes, and announced the name of the successful candidate. The two next in order were first and second maids of honor; the third being called the herald, who taking a basket of flowers prepared for the occasion, presented it to the Queen. The new dignitary now slowly and modestly advanced through the ranks bearing her flowery burthen, the columns closing up behind her and again facing the shrine. Arrived at the foot of the altar, she knelt down, and, laying the fragrant gift at the feet of the Madonna, recited the Act of Consecration in the name of herself and her kneeling companions. After this another canticle was sung, and the children dispersed to a large arbor, where a table was set, filled with cakes, fruit, confectionery, and lemonade; wherewith, after dancing around their Queen, they regaled themselves. The afternoon closed with songs, games, and other

happy plays of childhood. But all this is prefatory to a little story.

To the parish school of St. Anne's there had come, about six months previous to the 1st of May, a little Irish girl fresh from the "Green Sod,"—sweet, modest, clever, and beautiful. Her eyes were as blue as the sky; the delicately pencilled brows and long, thick lashes were of ebony blackness, as was also her luxuriant hair, which hung in a single thick braid below her waist. Her skin was of a transparent red and white; white and even teeth, making more evident the perfect beauty of her delicate lips, nearly always parted in a smile, which played around two deep dimples in either soft, smooth cheek. And yet this beautiful creature was a child of the direst poverty; her mother, a widow, having died almost on her arrival in this country.

Little Bridget had no relatives in America—none in all the world that she knew of,—and it became her lot to cast her fortunes with those of a kind Irish-woman whose husband carried the "hod," and who, for the assistance Bridget gave her morning and evening with her large family, allowed her to go to school. The child was hungry to learn, and eager to make her first Holy Communion; while the good woman who sheltered her gave her every indulgence in her power. She had been well taught at home, knowing her catechism perfectly, and soon took her place near the head of the second class at Sunday-school. She was also well grounded in her other studies, and before long became a favorite with her teachers as well as her companions, who, although they laughed at first at her quaint speech and pronounced accent, soon learned to be chary of criticism and chaff in the face of her unfailing good-humor, which led her to laugh at her own peculiarities as heartily as did her companions.

On the Sunday before May Day, after the classes had been dismissed, a group of

girls were gathered around their teacher, discussing the arrangement and decoration of the shrine for that all-important day.

"As many lilies as you can find, girls," said Sister Margaret; "they are so pure and lovely, so typical of Our Lady. I do not think there are any flowers so beautiful as lilies."

"Violets are lovely too," said one of the girls; "and this is just their season. But they are so dreadfully expensive, as they are nearly all raised in hot-houses."

"I once knew a spot," said the Sister, reflectively, — "a thick, shady clump of woods, carpeted with green moss, where the loveliest white and purple violets grew by hundreds and thousands. My home was not far from there. In spring we used to gather them by the basketful while they lasted, and Our Lady's altar in the little church was always decked with them. May Day never comes but I wish we could have some of those lovely, fragrant violets to lay upon the Blessed Virgin's altar."

"And is that place very far from this, Sister?" inquired Bridget, who was one of the group.

Sister Margaret smiled.

"Comparatively near, and yet it might be called far," she said. "I do not think even the railroad runs to it now; it is reached only by wagon or carriage. It is a very secluded, quiet spot, about ten miles from the city."

"And what is the name of that place, Sister?" continued Bridget. "Maybe one could write there, and have the people send a basket down."

"Ah, Bridget dear!" replied the Sister, with a little sigh, "it is a long time since I lived there; and all those whom I knew have either died or gone away or forgotten me. It would not be possible to get violets from there now, child. Indeed, I doubt if the woods have not been cleared and cultivated long since."

"But maybe if you told us the name

of the place, some of us could find it out and make our way to it. Sure 'twould be aisy enough to do that."

The girls all laughed.

"Bridget," said one of the older ones, "didn't you hear Sister say it was ten miles from here?"

Bridget looked at her with one of those bright smiles which made her sweet, young face seem all dimples, as she answered:

"And what's ten miles, if one had a good, clane road under foot?"

"It is every step of that to Verdon Woods," said Sister Margaret. "And in this country, little Bridget, we think *five* miles a long walk."

No more was said. The group dispersed, taking their several ways home.

Thursday was the 1st of May. The day broke soft and warm, with myriads of birds in the air and not a cloud in the sky. It was an ideal May Day. At two o'clock the children began to assemble for the ceremonies, which were to commence at three. Little Bridget had been chosen as one of the four who were to carry the statue,—an honor which had so delighted her as to bring tears to her beautiful Irish eyes. This was on the day after the conversation above related. When Sister Margaret informed her of the privilege to which her number of good marks entitled her, she clasped her hands together, raised her eyes, and exclaimed: "Sweet Mother in heaven, but I'm proud and happy this day!" Sister Margaret said afterward that the rapt expression of the child's face had brought tears to her eyes.

Always one of the first to arrive, little Bridget delayed so long this afternoon that Sister Margaret began to feel afraid she was ill, and was already looking up and down the waiting ranks for some one to take her place.

"The child must be ill," she said to one of the other three. "Nothing but that would detain her, she was so pleased at having been chosen."

"Perhaps she had no white dress, Sister?" suggested the girl, timidly. "You know how poor she is."

"A friend supplied it," quietly replied Sister Margaret, who had provided the gown herself the week before, when the child had received and thanked her for it with streaming eyes.

Suddenly a murmur came swelling through the lower ranks nearest the gate; and, looking down the long, gravelled path, Sister Margaret beheld little Bridget, neatly arrayed in her new white dress, toiling under the weight of a large basket, which, as she came nearer, was discovered to be filled to the top with fragrant wood violets, which shed their incomparable perfume all about, as they smiled, cool, fresh, pure, from their native mossy beds.

Two of the girls hastened to relieve her of her burthen, but she would not relinquish it until she had deposited it at Sister Margaret's feet. Then, with bright eyes shining through tears, her lovely face wet and flushed from the weight of the heavy basket, she said:

"Sure 'tis in a terrible way I was, Sister dear, for fear I'd be late for the marching, and lose my place with the image of our Blessed Lady. But now I'm here, thank God! And I hope I didn't keep ye waiting for me."

"But, my dear, dear child," said Sister Margaret, taking the trembling hands in her own, "where did you get those violets, and how?"

"At Verdon Woods. Where else?" was the reply, accompanied by a roguish smile.

"But how did you get there?" asked the wondering nun.

"Walked there, of course. Sure 'twould be nothing if it wasn't for the hurry I was in, and the weight of the basket. Many's the time I went that length and more with my grandmother in Ireland."

"Walked!" was the exclamation that rose from a hundred throats.

"Yes," she said, looking round at them

all, her face full of shy laughter. "I made sure Sunday to get them, after I heard the name of the place. And so when I went home I asked Mr. McMullen did he know of it. He did, and from the way he told me I knew it was a straight road all the way."

"But, Bridget, how could they have let you go so far?" said Sister Margaret, putting her arm about the sturdy little shoulders.

"I was in dread of that, Sister," said the child, looking up archly. "So I wrote a bit of a note last night and pinned it on the kitchen window, where 'twould be seen the first thing in the morning. I lay awake all night, for fear I'd oversleep myself; and at the first streak of light I was up and away, with a bit of bread in my pocket and my basket on my arm. Oh, but it was the lovely walk going, Sister!"

By this time the children had broken ranks and were gathered around her, but she went on quite simply and unconsciously:

"Oh, but it's the dawning, dainty place, Sister Margaret! There were heaps and heaps of the pretty violets. It's longing I was for some one with another basket to be along with me."

"And you carried that heavy load all the way back—ten miles, little Bridget?" said Sister Margaret.

"I did," answered the child, as simply as before. "I wouldn't have minded a haporth only for the fear of being late. 'Twas two when I got home, and Mrs. McMullen made me ate a bite before I got ready, and I ran all the way to the school after that. Thanks be to God, ye didn't begin without me! I prayed to our Blessed Mother all the way that ye would not."

In the meantime some one had fetched two great meat platters, on which the violets, still in their bed of moss, were arranged; but there were so many that the remainder filled two flat, oval flower-baskets.

After the procession was over, the balloting went briskly; and, without a single exception, the votes were cast for little Bridget; though she had previously stood fourth on the list. Trembling, astounded, reluctant, she wished to forego the unexpected honor her companions forced upon her; but all in vain. She was the fairest, sweetest, loveliest Queen that ever held her May Day court at dear St. Anne's. So said we all, without one dissenting voice.

So impressed were the Sisters by her devotedness that Mother Superior determined to give her all the advantages of a good education; and a few weeks subsequent to the above incident little Bridget was installed as a boarder in M—— Academy, distant about fifty miles from the scene of my little story. And if by chance she should read this recital, I do not doubt she will forgive the narrator, who, after all, has so concealed her identity as not in the least to offend the beautiful humility and characteristic modesty of her who exchanged the familiar title of "little Bridget" for that of Sister Mary more than thirty years ago.

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Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XXXVI.

"**M**ANY have lost devotion whilst they would search into lofty matters." There is a deeper philosophy in this than one would think. Observe, our author does not say "have lost faith," but "devotion." It is certain that curious inquiries into spiritual things, especially by "amateurs," create a tendency to the lessening of devotion; the reason being that the object is rather intellectual entertainment and curiosity than the glory of God and of His Church.

As our Thomas says: "He that is a

searcher of Majesty shall be overwhelmed by glory. God is able to effect more than man can understand." In these days, too, we have many brilliant Catholics who are wrestling with Herbert Spencers, Tyndalls, Huxleys, Renans, *à tutti quanti*; and with much success. But there is some peril in this, unless the end be quite pure, and unalloyed by mere dialectical spirit.

XXXVII.

The greatness of God and our own insignificance; our complete dependence on Him; our sheer helplessness if He withdraw His support,—these are topics made familiar to us from pulpits and prayer-books. So familiar, indeed, that we could scarcely expect anything very striking to be said on such subjects. Yet one of the finest, most inspired passages of religious writing on these much iterated themes is given in "The Imitation." It is all but lyrical in its enthusiasm; its power is extraordinary. It is found in Book III., chapter 14,—"Of considering the secret judgments of God, that we be not puffed up with our own good works":

"Thou thunderest forth over my head Thy judgments, O Lord, and Thou shakest all my bones with fear and trembling; and my soul is terrified exceedingly! I stand astonished, and consider that the heavens are not pure in Thy sight... Stars have fallen from heaven; and I, dust as I am, how can I presume? They whose works seemed praiseworthy have fallen to the very lowest; and those that did eat the Bread of Angels I have seen delighted with the husks of swine. There is, then, no sanctity if Thou, O Lord, withdraw Thy hand! No wisdom avails if Thou cease to govern us. No strength is of any help if Thou cease to preserve us. No chastity is secure without Thy protection. No self-custody profits us if Thy holy vigilance be not nigh unto us. For left to ourselves, we sink and perish; but by Thee visited, we are raised up and live."

This "burst" is as fine as anything in Milton himself. The picture of nothingness—how "seizing" and how striking! "Oh, how profoundly ought I to abase myself under Thy unfathomable judgments! O weight immense! O sea that can not be passed over, where I find nothing of myself, but only and wholly nothing!"

XXXVIII.

"There is then no sanctity if Thou, O Lord, withdraw Thy hand." How true this is, and how essential is the knowledge of this truth, those who have attempted to follow a spiritual life know well. With the best resolutions, the firmest purpose, a sure confidence in our own will and a determination to be on God's side, on some trivial occasion the whole fabric of a sudden crumbles away, and we lie in the dust, a prey to our humors and inclinations—a humiliating spectacle. We have no strength of our own. "Stars have fallen from the sky."

The relation between nature and grace, and the existing struggle between the two forces, have rarely been so well pictured as in the following: "I perceive in my flesh the law of sin contradicting the law of my mind, and leading me captive to obey sensuality in many things.... For, fallen as it is through the first man Adam, and corrupted by sin, the punishment of that stain has descended upon all mankind; so that nature itself, which in Thee was created good and right, is now put for the vice and the infirmity of nature; because the motion thereof, left to itself, draws to evil and to things below.... Hence it is, O my God, that according to the inward man I am delighted with Thy law,...and yet in the flesh I serve the law of sin.... Hence comes it to pass that... I see clearly enough what I ought to do, but, pressed down with the weight of my own corruption, I rise not to the things that are more perfect.... Oh, how supremely necessary for me, O Lord, is Thy grace!"

(To be continued.)

A Noble Convert.

"BLESSED are the poor in spirit." This may seem a strange epitaph to choose for one who was placed in the highest rank of England's proud aristocracy, and who was surrounded from her birth to her death with all the luxuries and consideration which great wealth and high position bring with them. But the late Duchess of Buccleuch was an instance of what God's grace, faithfully corresponded with, can effect, whatever may be the condition or circumstances of our life.

Lady Charlotte Anne Thynne was the second daughter of the second Marquis of Bath. She was born in 1811, and when she was eighteen she married the fifth Duke of Buccleuch. She was only thirty when she was called to the highest post in the English court, being Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria from 1841 to 1846. But the Duchess was not overmuch influenced by the vanities of the world. Her spirit soared to higher things. She was attracted to the Oxford Movement, in its zenith in the Forties, which some one has cleverly called "the years of the *fortes*"—the strong men. In 1855 a great tide of conversions set in toward the Catholic Church, and among these was that of the Duchess of Buccleuch. Thus she spent the last forty years of her life as a Catholic, and was as fervent and devout at the end as at the beginning.

As the years flowed on they only unfolded to her humble, loyal spirit more and more of the divine beauty of the Church; and she grew daily more devoted to her faith, more grateful for her conversion. She became a widow in 1884; and then withdrew from society, and spent the last years of her life almost entirely in her dower house, Ditton Park, Windsor. Here she was frequently visited by Queen Victoria, who held her in high affection

and esteem. In all her words and actions the beautiful humility of her character shone forth; while at the same time she well fulfilled the duties of her high position, being a perfect type of the *grande dame*.

Some nuns, who had undertaken to carry out one of her pious works, once had occasion to go to the house of a Catholic family in London, who had recently come into great wealth. They were made to understand that they were unwelcome to the mistress of the house, too much occupied with her entertainments and her costumes. The next day they went to the Duchess, and no guests were more honored or treated with greater consideration. "There is a difference," they said afterward, "between a rich woman and a great lady."

About the time of her own conversion her brother, Lord Charles Thynne, was also received into the Church. After the death of his wife he became a priest, and the private chaplain of his sister, who thus enjoyed the happiness of daily Mass for many years.

Her good works were numerous; her ear was always open to any appeal for help, and she bestowed abundant alms. In 1885 there was a great movement among the Protestants in London for the rescue of the numerous poor women and girls who disgrace the streets of the great city. Some of the Duchess of Buccleuch's friends told her that Catholics were remiss in this respect; and that, besides the refuges of the Good Shepherd, there should be a house in London where these poor, strayed ones could be received at any hour of the day or night. The Duchess determined to fill this want. She met with many contradictions and discouragements, but held to her purpose. She engaged the services of a religious institute in her enterprise, and the Refuge of Our Lady of Pity was started by the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, on St.

George's Day, April 23, 1885. It began in a very humble way, with beds for three or four. But it went on steadily increasing, and in 1888 a country branch was founded. There are now, between the two houses, fifty beds generally filled; so that it may be computed that nearly fifteen hundred cases have been dealt with during these ten years.

When people tried to discourage the efforts made by St. Ignatius for these poor creatures in Rome, he replied that if he saved *one* he would be content. There have been many failures; but in all cases some good was done, "a chance" given, and nearly all were admitted to the Sacraments. There have been many solid conversions. Numbers have made their First Communion and received Confirmation. Touching stories could be told of erring ones restored to their parents and miserable homes made happy.

This work afforded the Duchess deep consolation in these declining years of her life. She rejoiced in its fruits, and had great confidence in the prayers of these poor waifs and strays, which were fervently offered for her. Her closing hours were full of peace. All that Holy Church could do was done for her; and almost the last thing she understood on earth before she became unconscious was that the blessing of the Holy Father had been sent to her, to comfort her as she passed away from scenes of earth to the arms of her God.

CHRIST prayed, not for Himself, except that He might drink the full chalice of suffering and do His Father's will; but Mary showed herself a mother by following Him with her prayers, since she could help Him in no other way. She then sent Simon of Cyrene to help Him. It was she who led the soldiers to see that they might be too fierce with Him. Sweet Mother, even do the like to us!—
Cardinal Newman.

Notes and Remarks.

A most effective temperance sermon was preached in a New York police court a week or two ago. A woman leading her son entered the court, and, approaching the sergeant, said: "I want to have my boy committed for a month. He has been drinking steadily for some time now; and if he is sent away for a while, he will regain his manhood and return to work." The sergeant prepared the charge, and the mother rose to confirm it on oath, saying, "O Johnny, Johnny! why did you drink?" As she ceased speaking, she clutched at her heart, staggered and fell into the arms of a court attendant. The unfortunate son bent over her prostrate form, clasping her hand with real tenderness, and cried: "Mother! mother! don't you know me?"—"It's no use," said the physician, gently; "your mother is dead."

There are men, and women too perhaps, who could not shed a tear, if it were to quench the fiercest of purgatorial flames; but such an incident as this told to children could not fail to move them, or to inspire them with a lifelong horror for the sin which is breaking mother-hearts everywhere.

None, we hope, have read the comments of the press on the Pope's recent letter to the English people with deeper interest than Catholics. An opportunity, which ought not to be neglected, is thus afforded of getting nearer to the minds of many Christians who are outside the visible Church. The encyclical has been received in a spirit which most persons did not suppose to exist. Naturally enough, opinions have been expressed to which Catholics could not give assent; however, most of the writers who have commented upon the Holy Father's letter recognize in it an authority above that of any other religious teacher in Christendom. It is a wondrous thing that his words should be attentively considered by so many who deny his claim to be the Vicar of Christ; and it is a blessed thing that they should be so well received. It would console the heart of Leo XIII., we think, as it will surprise

many, to read this extract from *The Church Times* of London:

"The spirit which breathes through the letter of Leo XIII. to England must touch all hearts. It appeals straight to the religious instincts which are so strong among all classes of our countrymen; and all, whether churchmen or otherwise, or belonging to the Roman Catholic body in England, must feel that it conveys to them a lesson, and speaks to them in accents which none who have any love for our Lord and Master can afford to disregard. . . . What, in England, should be the response to such an invitation? Surely nothing short of this—that, at the invitation of our own bishops, the whole of England should unite, day by day and Sunday by Sunday, in the prayer that He who promised His peace to His Church should look not on our sins, but on her faith, and grant her that peace and unity which is agreeable to His will."

And these words quoted from an editorial in the *Boston Herald*:

"Such a document, bearing the good-will of the foremost Bishop in Christendom, and evidently coming from his heart and conscience, is an unusual event. Nothing has happened since the English Reformation, in the way of an effort toward the restoration of unity, which makes a higher appeal or breathes more kindly sentiments toward those who are separated from the Roman Catholic Church."

The tercentenary of Tasso, author of the immortal "Jerusalem Delivered," was celebrated with great pomp in many countries. As might be expected, however, it was marked by special festivities at Rome, the theatre of his life work and the scene of his pious old age. The sort of critics who maintain that St. Patrick and St. Francis of Assisi were "Protestants by anticipation" have taken great pains to show that Tasso was a predecessor of Garibaldi. Tasso's bones, they declare, exulted when the foundation of the Garibaldi monument was laid on the Janiculum. People who speak of the Janiculum in connection with Tasso, however, ought to know that it was the hill he climbed every day with his rosary in his hand. It is rather amusing to have the poet who sang the delivery of Christ's sepulchre represented as celebrating the captivity of His Vicar.

The Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education, to be held in Toronto, Ont., next July, is altogether praiseworthy, and will prove, it is hoped, far-reaching in its

effects. Its object is to assemble serious men, whatever their religious belief, for the discussion of moral, philanthropic and reform movements, under the guidance of the Christian spirit. "Instead of an effort to set forth the speculative differences of various creeds," say its projectors, "the object sought is the practical union of practical men in behalf of practical affairs which make for the redemption of the world." This is a platform upon which all Christians may conscientiously stand. Works of charity—we have the authority of Our Lord Himself for it—are essentials of "religion pure and undefiled"; and the strenuous efforts put forth by so many earnest men among the sects is a convincing proof that the spirit of practical Christianity has not yet deserted Protestantism. Catholics should lose no opportunity for joining our separated brethren in works of charity. If they can not unite with us in believing all that Christ taught, it is well that they should combine with us in striving to do what Christ did.

Those who postpone important duties on the plea of lack of time may read with profit these words, which we quote from a thoughtful and practical article in *The Irish Monthly*:

"Great works have been the fruit of using the intervals of time that could be spared from the calls of duty, and of the time which ill health prevented being occupied otherwise. The venerable Cardinal Bellarmine tells us in the dedication to Pope Paul V. of his famous Commentary on the Psalms, that that grand work was the fruit of those hours he could spare from the discharge of the onerous duties of his position. The beautiful spiritual books of Father Faber are said to have been written by him, in great measure at least, when incapacitated from other work by painful sickness."

The habit of utilizing "spare moments" is as important in any other field of human effort as it is in literature. The thought of Father Faber composing works which breathe the spirit of exquisite sweetness and charity while he himself was racked with pain recalls a famous line about the poets "who learn in sorrow what they teach in song."

Science has her martyrs as well as faith, and one of them was the late Dr. John M. Byron, who crowned an honored life by a

heroic death on the 8th inst. Though less than thirty-five years old, Dr. Byron was one of the most distinguished of living bacteriologists. Urged on by the hope of freeing humanity from the dangers of infectious and contagious diseases, he travelled the world over in search of favorable conditions for the study of bacteria. Wherever pestilence raged there he was sure to be found. The bacteria of malaria, leprosy, consumption and small-pox were the special object of his researches; and, though he published no books, the results of his studies have fortunately been preserved in his lectures and papers. Last year, while experimenting with bacilli, he was infected with consumption, but he bravely continued his studies until the end came. He was buried from St. Xavier's Church, New York city. The presence of a large number of physicians testified to the esteem in which he was held by the medical profession. *R. I. P.*

Those who recognize a religious and conservative force in the Jewish people will learn with regret that agnosticism is making serious inroads upon the young men of that faith. They no longer attend the synagogue, do not read the Jewish papers, nor observe the festivals and fast-days commanded by the Law. This would be good news, of course, if the rejection of Judaism meant the acceptance of Christianity; but every friend of social order must note with alarm the decay of any institution which inculcates belief in God and the duty of moral living. We prefer to believe that the defection of the young Jews is due not so much to the growth of infidelity as to the pressure of Gentile prejudice, which in most cases bars the Jew from social honors, and that the departure from old traditions is simply the result of the disintegrating influences of American life. It is true that Jews who abandon their faith for other than conscientious reasons will hardly make good Catholics; but it may be, in the Providence of God, that the growing disregard of the Mosaic ordinances is a step toward the acceptance of Christianity.

A unique figure among the hierarchy of the Church in America is the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, of Boston, whose sacer-

total Golden Jubilee was celebrated last week. The archdiocese which he rules with singular success is second in importance only to the great archdiocese of New York, and yet perhaps no American prelate has been so little known to the general public. Archbishop Williams' own people know him, however; and the marvellous growth of his flock in numbers and in intellectual influence, together with the multiplication of church institutions, are the best proof of the saint-like zeal of the Angel of the Church of Boston. Though extremely conservative in his policy, Archbishop Williams is a prelate of learning, energy, and marked holiness of life. He has been a silent worker, but the very qualities which made him unknown to the public have increased his power for good, endearing him in a remarkable way to the people of his own faith.

We admire frankness, and are glad to reproduce the following paragraph, which we find in the *American Catholic*, published and edited by the Rev. W. H. Tomlins, M. A., at East St. Louis, Ill.:

"The day is past—let us be thankful—except, perhaps, in a few dark corners, when it was considered 'popish' to keep Christmas or observe Easter. God speed the day when no one who claims belief and hope in Christ will fail to see the necessity of keeping, not only the other festivals of the Ascension and Pentecost, but also the day of the Crucifixion, Good Friday, without which the other days can have no meaning—only a sentiment with no basis of fact!"

It ought to be humiliating to non-Catholics to remember that it is only very lately they began to celebrate the great Christian feasts of Christmas and Easter. Time was, too, when only Catholic churches bore the cross, which was also "considered popish." A great movement has begun, but it is not the mountain that is coming to Mahomet. May God speed the day, Brother Tomlins, when non-Catholics will unite with us in keeping all the great feasts of Christianity as they have always been kept!

The second American National Pilgrimage, under the auspices of the Fathers of Mercy, has been arranged to leave New York on July 10, and to return on September 9. The

route has been admirably planned, so as to include many of the chief points of interest in Europe. The pilgrims will remain some days in Rome, Padua, Loreto, Lourdes, and Paray-le-Monial. These are names dear to all Catholics; and it is no slight advantage that the pilgrims will reach Padua during the celebration of the seventh centenary of St. Anthony, and Lourdes during the National Pilgrimage of France. In medieval times such journeys were undertaken with staff and sandals—and not much else; but there is no reason why the pilgrim-spirit should not be combined with the desire to reap all the educational advantages implied in a trip to Europe. The revival of the pilgrimage in our day is a new proof of the vitality of Catholic 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:

The Rev. James A. Ward, S. J., whose happy death took place on the 27th ult.

Sister Mary Assisium (Waters), of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C., and Sister Leonilda Brooklyn, N. Y., who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. John Sayers, who died a holy death on the 6th inst., at Wilmington, Del.

Mr. Joseph F. Sivers, of Littlestown, Pa., who departed this life some weeks ago.

Mrs. Annie McDonald, whose life closed peacefully on the 5th ult., at Napa City, Cal.

Mrs. R. Fitzgerald, of Seymour, Victoria, Australia, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 6th of February.

Mr. Matthew Smith and Mrs. Mary M. Borgin, of Newark, N. J.; Mr. Lebold Wildentherer and Mrs. Max Boehm, Galion, Ohio; Mr. James Kavanagh and Mr. William Dunn, Passage East, Ireland; Mrs. Elizabeth Brett, Waterbury, Conn.; Margaret Wallace, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Nellie Sheehan, Co. Cork, Ireland; Mr. John Henry, Mr. Edmund Burke, Mr. John McFarrell, Mr. Joseph Martin, Mr. Jeremiah Finn, and Mrs. Philip Klaus,—all of Lima, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Brennan, Kearney, N. J.; Mr. William Tyne, Ballingarry, Ireland; Misses Nora and Bridget Lurue and Mrs. Sarah Fitzgerald, Naugatuck, Conn.; Miss Mary Kelly, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Annie Sacuite, Mrs. Mary Moran, and William A. Wilson, Los Angeles, Cal.

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.

*

May-Gifts.

EVERYDAY sweet Nature offers
 Flowers fresh and dewy-bright—
 Modest violets, fragile harebells,
 Lily-cups of peerless white.
 Each one dies and gives its fragrance
 At our Blessed Lady's feet,
 But at daydawn other blossoms
 Just as fair her vision greet.

So should we our May-gifts proffer—
 Flowers of the virtues rare,
 Bringing daily new-blown blossoms,
 Offering them with earnest prayer.
 Then as autumn brings the harvest,
 Fruit of Maytime's wealth of flowers,
 So in after years God's blessing
 Will reward youth's Maytime hours.

A Saint who Loved Little Folk.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IX.

VERY often the touch of St. Philip's holy hand healed the sick whom he visited with such tender sympathy; and sometimes others, who sent him word of their illness, found themselves cured at the very hour he had promised the messenger to pray for them. Still more marvellous were the miracles of grace wrought by our dear Saint, who was above all things a great spiritual physician, and could read the most secret thoughts. His heart yearned

to alleviate the miseries of all in trouble. Sinners were frequently brought to repentance merely by the look of fatherly affection which he bent upon them.

One day a little girl of about twelve years of age, named Laura Moroni, lay at the point of death. The doctors could do nothing more for her; she had lost the power of speech and all sensibility, and was apparently just breathing her last. The parents had sent for St. Philip, and at this moment he entered the room. Deeply affected by their anguish, he went to the bedside, breathed softly in the child's face and touched her cheek; then, gently moving her head to and fro, called her in a low voice, and bade her repeat the Holy Name. At his command her consciousness returned; she opened her eyes, said distinctly, "Jesus!" and was in a few days free from every trace of illness.

Among the personages of rank in Rome most devoted to Philip was Fabrizio Massimo, who consulted him in all important matters, temporal as well as spiritual. Fabrizio's children loved our Saint dearly, and he in turn regarded them with the tenderest affection. To him they went in all their little troubles; through his influence they were strengthened in the joyous and sunny piety natural to childhood; and for their sake he wrought not merely one but several miracles.

It was a subject of grief to the Lord of Arcoli that, although blessed with five daughters, he had no heir. Philip told him, however, that God would give him a son, whom he should call Paolo. The prophecy was verified; and the little Paolo

became a special favorite with the Saint, who afterward predicted also the birth of Fabrizio's second son, and named him Peter.

When these two boys were quite large, during a very warm summer, they both were prostrated with fever, and there was hardly any hope of their recovery. Fabrizio wished to take them from Rome to the bracing country air of Arcoli; but the physicians declared the removal, in the heat of the dog-days, would certainly cause their death. As they grew worse, the father in his anxiety went to consult St. Philip, who told him to order the litters to be made ready at once, and to set out with the children on the following morning without fear or hesitation. Having received the blessing of the Saint, Fabrizio started for Arcoli the next day. As Philip had assured him, the boys not only suffered no ill effects from the journey, but Peter got out of his litter when they had gone but four miles from the city, mounted a horse, and rode the rest of the way in perfect health; and Paolo was soon quite restored also.

The life of their sister Elena is so beautiful it was thought worthy to be recorded in one of the great manuscript books of the library of the Oratory; and thus the retiring little maid, who thought only of doing her duty simply day by day, has had her portrait handed down to us as a charming picture of Christian girlhood. We are told that, besides being very attractive and lovable, she was exceedingly fervent and obedient, and as innocent as an angel. In her last illness, when Father Baronio gave her Holy Viaticum, she had a vision of Our Lord sprinkling her soul with His Precious Blood; and then, having foretold the hour of her death, peacefully fell asleep, to awake no more on earth. Father Baronio records that at the moment of her death Philip, in an ecstasy, saw a company of angels bearing her soul to paradise, and singing hymns of enchant-

ing sweetness. And in the manuscript of the Valicella Father Gallonio observes: "This fact of the escort of the soul of Elena by angels, with heavenly melody, was told to me by Father Philip himself, because she was my spiritual child."

X.

The greatest of St. Philip's miracles in behalf of the Massimo family was wrought in favor of the Paolo whom he so tenderly loved. Paolo used to pass almost all his time in the Saint's little room, and went every week to confession. On the 10th of January, 1583, the boy was taken ill with a fever, which lasted for sixty-five days. His sufferings were extreme. St. Philip went to see him every day. He knew his dear little Paolo would not recover, and directed that he should be summoned when the end drew near. On the 16th of March Fabrizio sent a servant called Francesca to warn him to come quickly, for Paolo was at the point of death. Philip was saying Mass when she reached San Girolamo; so, leaving a message for him, she hastened home again. Meanwhile Paolo died. Half an hour afterward, as Francesca was preparing water to wash the body, and linen for the burial, the Saint arrived. Fabrizio met him at the door and said, weeping bitterly: "Alas! Paolo is dead."—"But why did you not send for me?" he asked.—"We *did* send, Father," was the reply; "but you were saying Mass."

Philip sadly entered the room where the body of Paolo lay, and, kneeling at the foot of the bed, prayed with great fervor. Finally he rose, took some holy water, sprinkled it on the face and put a little into the mouth of the boy he had loved so much. Next he breathed upon the face, laid his hand on the forehead, and called in a loud tone: "Paolo! Paolo!" To the wonder and awe of those gathered around the bed, the boy immediately opened his eyes as if roused from sleep, and answered, "Father!" adding quickly:

"I had forgotten a sin, and should like to go to confession." Philip, therefore, sent everyone away, and, putting a crucifix into Paolo's hands, heard his confession. He then called all back into the room, and began to talk to Paolo of his mother and sister Julia, both of whom had died holily some time before. The conversation lasted about half an hour, the boy's replies being made in a clear, distinct voice. The color had come back to his face and he appeared as if well. At length St. Philip said to him: "Do you die willingly?" Paolo responded: "Yes." A second time was the question put to him, and again he repeated with decision that he died most willingly, and was glad he was going to join his mother and sister in heaven. Thereupon Philip blessed him, saying: "Go, then, and be thou blessed. Pray to God for me." And, with a smile, Paolo breathed out his soul in Philip's arms.

The house in Rome where all this happened is still known as "The Palace of the Miracle"; and the room in which Paolo was thus brought back from death is now a public chapel, adorned with costly marbles and enriched with many relics of St. Philip. More than three centuries have passed since then, but Romans and strangers still visit this room with loving reverence; and each year, "on the 16th of March, they flock thither for the Solemn Mass of the feast, every part of which recalls this great marvel wrought by God through His blessed servant, Philip Neri."

XI.

Our Saint was always most tenderly and lovingly devout to the Blessed Virgin. When congratulated upon having founded the Congregation of the Oratory, he was wont to reply: "Oh, no! not I. Under God, it was Mary who founded it."

On one occasion, when he was so ill it was thought he would die, and his physicians and sorrowing spiritual sons had withdrawn a little apart, they were

recalled to Philip's side by hearing him exclaim: "Ah, my *Madonna Santissima!* My beautiful, my blessed Madonna!" And all present beheld him with his hands uplifted, and his body raised nearly a foot from the bed. He was stretching out his arms and closing them again, as if embracing the feet of some one with great affection. Some wept with emotion; others felt a mysterious dread; all remained fixedly watching the Saint. After some time the physicians spoke to him. Philip then came to himself, sank back upon his bed, and, looking around at them, asked: "Did you not see the Holy Mother of God come to visit me and take away all my suffering?" After this he seemed to recollect himself fully, and in his humility was very much distressed that he had revealed the vision. Since he could not recall his words, however, after a pause he said joyfully to the doctors: "I do not need you any longer now: the *Madonna Santissima* has come and cured me." And, feeling his pulse, they found him in perfect health.

St. Philip died May 26, 1595. After death, as in life, he continued to show special favor to young people. Among the sick miraculously cured at his bier were a number of children. A boy named Agostino Magistris, who had from infancy suffered from an incurable scrofulous disease of the throat, and his little sister, who was afflicted in the same manner, were both cured by touching the hand of the Saint. A child two years old, whose limbs were so weak and deformed that he could not walk, was similarly rendered entirely strong. A young daughter of the Giustiniani family was restored to health by the touch of Philip's hair.

None mourned the gentle Saint more than Nero del Nero, a Florentine to whom he had ever been a most kind and sympathetic friend. Four years after Philip's death, Nero, in token of his affection and veneration, by permission of the priests of

the Oratory, had the holy body enclosed in a casket of silver, and then set about building a beautiful chapel in honor of the Saint at the Valicella. The pavement of the chapel is of rose alabaster and Oriental jasper; the walls are sheathed in marbles of rare beauty, and over the altar is a picture in mosaic of St. Philip.

Before the work was finished Nero's little son Philip was taken ill with small-pox, and the case was soon declared hopeless. Almost crazed at the announcement, the poor father, not having the courage to see his boy die, shut himself up in one of the rooms of his sorrow-shadowed house, and, throwing himself on a bed, exclaimed in anguish: "Ah, my blessed friend! must it be that the first thing I do in the chapel I am building in your honor should be to bury there my only son?" He had scarcely uttered these words of loving reproach when the dying child opened his eyes as if awaking from sleep, and cried out several times: "*Babbo! babbo!*" (Papa! papa!) The attendants hurriedly summoned the master of the house; and as soon as the little Philip saw him, he called out: "*Babbo*, I am quite well now,—the *Nonno* has cured me." He meant St. Philip, whose name he bore, and whom he had regarded as his *nonno*, or godfather. Fearing to credit the evidence of his senses, the father, overwhelmed with emotion, caused a portrait of his patron to be brought. "Yes, yes!" he cried in delight; "it was he who came and made me well."—"How did the *Nonno* cure you, my darling?" inquired Nero, in a transport of happiness and gratitude. The little fellow touched his head, to show that the Saint's hand had rested upon it, and he had thus been restored to health. From that hour he was entirely well.

Three hundred years have come and gone since the time of our dear Saint, and yet still, even in the *streets* of Rome, one often overhears the words, "So the blessed Father Philip was wont to say";

"Thus the good and gentle Philip Neri used to do,"—as if he had passed that way but yesterday. Still boys and girls the world over see in him "*Il Pippo Buono*," the merry-hearted little lad of Florence, who, as it were, takes them by the hand like a young companion, and shows them, in his happy, captivating way, how to make their glad lives pleasing to God. Still he is to them as real and engaging a teacher as when, a sunny-tempered youth, he taught the sons of the Caccia household. Still, above all, can they find in him the gentle father whose small, austere room at San Girolamo was to the boys of the day the happiest place in all Rome; a friend such as he was to the youthful Laura Moroni, to Paolo and Elena Massimo, his little namesake Philip del Nero, and to all the children who thronged about him. As in those days the young, the middle-aged and the old revered and loved St. Philip, so in ours. Persons of every rank and calling find in him a gracious patron; and the spirit of his serene and cheerful sanctity still, silently as the sunshine, sheds its beautiful influence upon many lives.

Thinking over these things, is it not clear to us that the only true immortality of fame is the immortality of the fame of God's saints?

(The End.)

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVII.—JACK'S SECOND.

Miley's outburst was met with silence. O'Mally looked uncomfortable. He was having second thoughts.

"I don't know, Jack, whether I can help you or not," he said. "The whole thing is foolish or bad. Duelling is a sin, so is prize-fighting. If Steve Osborne means to hurt you, the thing's bad, and I'll not have anything to do with it. Besides, it's

no fun to sneak out at nine o'clock, and perhaps be caught."

"He can't mean it," answered Jack. "He's just trying to frighten me."

"Not at all," said O'Mally. "He thinks it is a fine thing to fight."

"But suppose we killed each other?" asked Jack, aghast. "Or he killed me?"

"His honor would be satisfied," said O'Mally. "You'll have to excuse me, Jack. I'm against this sort of thing. You just write to him and tell him that he talks nonsense, and that you'll not be mixed up in such foolishness."

"I'll go and tell him for you," said Miley. "He is over there playing pitch-and-catch with John Betts. There's fire in his eye."

"I could go and tell Mrs. Grigg, and stop it all," said Roger O'Mally; "but the boys would find it out and lead me a dog's life. You'll have to drop out of it some way."

"If it is a sin to fight a duel, I'll *not* fight," said Jack. "I can't tell, because the boys will call me a sneak. If I back out, everybody will believe that I am a coward. I wish I knew what to do."

O'Mally stood with his hands in his pockets; he had no advice to offer.

"If it wasn't a sin, would you like to fight him?" asked Miley, insidiously.

"Yes, I would," said Jack, his eyes flashing. "I'd like to teach him a lesson. I wouldn't hurt him much; but I'd cut a little triangle out of him, to show him that I'm not afraid."

"Aha!" chuckled Miley, grinning. His eyes fairly twinkled; his head, barely visible above the big "sweater" he wore, nodded and bobbed. "You're not afraid of him, are you?" he asked, softly. "I thought you were at first. You'd chew him up if he gave you much sass, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would," said Jack, his temper rising. "Talk about swords! You should see my uncle fence. He taught me. If it wasn't wrong, I'd settle Steve Osborne."

"I'd like to settle Steve Osborne myself, if I was big enough," said Miley. "He's a bad egg, and the other fellows are afraid of him. Look—they don't dare come near us. Isn't that mean?"

This was true. Steve Osborne had obtained control over most of the seniors. They were not fond of him: he overawed them by his apparent knowledge of the world, and they were afraid of his sneers.

"O'Mally, stay with Jack," Miley said. "We'll show them he has some friends. The bell will not ring for a while yet; I'll just go up and try to bring him to his senses."

Jack and O'Mally resumed the game of quoits in silence. Miley, with his bicycle cap back on his head, marched toward Steve, who had ceased to play ball, and was now the centre of an admiring group.

"I can't drink more than three bottles of beer, you know," he was saying, "without its going to my head, and—"

"Halloo, Osborne!" called Miley. "We know all about that. I want to talk to you."

There was silence. Miley's manner of addressing Osborne was looked on as a grave impertinence. Osborne's little court watched anxiously to see what the great personage would do.

"Do you want your head blown off before you know where you are, kid?" asked Osborne.

"Not particularly," answered Miley. "I don't want any foolish talk. I've come to represent Jack Chumleigh."

"Oh! you have, have you?" Osborne glanced scornfully at Miley, and then turned to his neighbors. They all broke into laughter.

Miley grinned pleasantly.

"I want to say that Jack thinks you'd better not fight with swords."

"When I fight, I fight like a gentleman," said Steve, straightening himself up. "I don't back out. But if Jack Chumleigh will give up all the spending money he has to the club, and promise us the

first chance at his box when it comes, I'll say nothing more."

Bob Bently stepped back. He did not like this. He felt that he ought to stand up for his friend. There were at least fifteen boys around Steve, apparently all in sympathy with him. John Betts, who, like Miley, had recently been promoted to the senior department, stopped catching his ball and looked indignant. The rest laughed; and one boy said in a loud tone, so as to be heard by Steve:

"That's Osborne every time!"

Osborne condescended to smile at the champion. Bently was heartily ashamed of himself, and his shame turned to anger as he saw the eyes of Miley and John Betts fixed on him.

"It isn't their business," thought Bob, "if I don't speak up for Jack. Let Jack depend on his new friend, O'Mally."

The boys closed around Miley.

"There'll be fun!" whispered Riley. "See how our Steve will eat up this little shaver!"

"Fair play!" called out John Betts, coming close to Miley.

Bob would have given a great deal to have followed his example, but Steve Osborne's satirical eye was on him. He did not move.

"Well," said Miley, smiling with much sweetness, showing the large piece of gold which had replaced a front tooth knocked out at football, "I'm here to talk, and I'm *going* to talk. And Mr. Steve Osborne can't frighten *me*," he added, with a glance at Bob. "There are folks here that seem to me to be mighty white-livered."

Several boys made a rush at Miley.

"Stand off!" cried John Betts.

"Oh, let 'em come!" Miley said, calmly. "I'll leave my marks on *somebody*. Let 'em come! You won't? No? Well, I know, what I am going to say is in confidence. And if Professor or Mrs. Grigg hears it, it will be one of yous that will tell, and I'll find out who it is. This is

a sacred confidence. 'Around you,' as Richeloo says in the play, 'I draw the secret circle of the truth.' Do you mind that? Well, I have come to say this: Mr. Osborne there wants to fight a *juel* with swords—to-night."

Osborne straightened himself.

"It needn't take place," he said, "if Jack Chumleigh will make the proper terms. That's the decision of the club."

"It is!" said Riley.

"It is! It is!" responded the other members of the club.

"Done!" said Miley, sticking his fingers into the armholes of his sweater and assuming a noble attitude. "My principal will not make terms. Either Jack Chumleigh or Steve Osborne is got to lead this school, and we're going to decide it to-night. Are ye all good men and true?"

Riley almost bent double with laughter. The rest, except Bob, joined in; even Betts roared at Miley's impudence. Miley simply winked.

"On similar occasions," said Miley, calmly, "I have seldom embruged my hands in blood, though I could tell you little things that might change the shape of your faces. What I want to say is in the way of a warning. Jack Chumleigh's grandfather wasn't a pirate, but Jack's uncle is the champeen fencer of the United States. And he's taught Jack until Jack is as fine as a hair. Is this true, Bob Bently? Didn't Jack's uncle teach him how to use a sword?"

"A foil—yes," said Bob, reluctantly. "Jack has been well taught."

There was a movement among Steve's supporters.

"Personally," Miley continued, "I like fists. But when a boy challenges a gentl'man to a game of bluff, I'm with the gentl'man *'every time'*, as my noble friend on the right recently remarked. We won't give up our spending money; we won't divide our grub; but we'll fight it out. That is, I'm afraid that Jack, who

can fence, might kill Osborne, and that would send his aunt in sorrow to the grave. *But*—hear me, gentl'men,—*I* will fight Steve with pistols at nine sharp. I don't say that I can shoot with him,—I have never knocked over more than ten stuffed figures in succession at Coney Island," said Miley, modestly; "and I'm a little out of practice. So I thought that Steve or some of his friends might fight me instead of Jack; because Jack's an expert, you know. He wouldn't kill Steve for the world."

"Professor Grigg ought to be told!" exclaimed Riley. "Miley Galligan is no better than a murderer."

"Oh, yes!" said Miley, "tell! But the man that tells will have to fight me to the bitter end. I will tr-r-r-ack him!"

John Betts turned away, to hide a grin. But Miley looked so much in earnest, and had such an air of assertion, that Steve Osborne's staff seemed uneasy.

"It wouldn't be right to tell," said Philip Burghey, a silent boy, who was too indolent to oppose Osborne.

"Yes, it would," retorted Riley, "if it is a question of preventing bloodshed. Professor Grigg doesn't expect us to tell on one another, except where there is some injury or danger. These new boys are nothing better than bloodthirsty—"

Miley took a dingy pad from beneath his sweater, and wrote rapidly with the stump of a lead-pencil.

"What's your first name, Mr. Riley? I'll look after you when I've polished off Osborne," he said. "I'm not much of a shot," he added, with a sigh; "but I'll do my best. So you'll tell, will you? And you'll tell that Steve Osborne began it, hey? Will you? Of course you'll tell the truth. Oh, you'll tell!"

"Go it, Miley!" whispered John Betts, approvingly.

"Now," said Miley, pulling up his sweater till it covered the tips of his ears,

"here's our grand *finaly*,—the great song and dance at the end. Osborne will fight me or tell!"

"We were only in fun, anyhow," said Steve, uneasily. "If you go and show Professor Grigg that note—"

"Oh, come! No threats!" said Miley. "Will you fight or tell?"

"We just wanted to frighten Chumleigh,—that's all," said Osborne. "He's a new boy, you know; and new boys have got to stand things."

"Will you fight or tell?" repeated Miley. Steve Osborne looked at his staff.

Riley and Philip Burghey and four others suddenly started a game of pitch-and-catch. Bob Bently felt more ashamed of himself and more angry with Miley than ever. But he did not move.

"I call this a nasty trick!" exclaimed Osborne, in a querulous voice. "A gentleman demands satisfaction and expects an apology, and writes a note in fun; and a lot of murderers come up to put him into a false position! I say, fellows, let's boycott them."

There was no reply.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Miley. "I'll communicate with my principal, and ask him to take fifty cents from each member of the club, and half the grub-boxes of each one that gets a box at Thanksgiving. Is it a go?"

Steve Osborne, greatly flushed, turned to the circle around him. He consulted with them.

"And I'm to have my pick of the first turkey that comes?" added Miley.

"It's a mean trick," said Osborne,— "a mean, low-down, murderous trick; but have your way!"

He left his friends and walked off.

"Our honor is satisfied," said Miley, with dignity. "I say, fellows," he added, with a chuckle, "I don't think Osborne's grandfather was much of a pirate."

The bell rang.

AVE MARIA.

DARNAULT.

CHORUS. *mf*

Moderato.

A - ve Ma - ri - a gra - ti - a ple - na Do - mi - nus

Solo.

te - cum A - ve Ma - ri - a. 1. Be - ne - dic - ta tu in mu - li
2. Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a Ma - ter

p

e - ri - bus ben - ne - dic - ta tu in mu - li - e - ri - bus
De - i O - ra pro no - bis pee - ca - to - ri - bus

rall.

CHORUS. *f*

1. A - ve Ma - ri - a gra - ti - a ple - na Do - mi - nus
2. Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a Ma - ter De - i O - ra pro

f

Solo. *p*

te - cum A - ve Ma - ri - a 1. Et be - ne - dic - tus
no - bis pec - ca - to - ri - bus 2. Nunc et in ho - ra

et be - ne - dic - tus fruc - tus ven - tris tu - i
mor - - tis nos - - trae nunc et in ho - ra mor - tis

CHORUS. *f*

Je - sus 1. A - ve Ma - ri - a gra - ti - a
nos - - trae 2. Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a Ma - ter

D.C.al §

ple - na Do - mi - nus te - cum A - ve Ma - ri - a.
De - i O - ra pro no - bis pec - ca - to - ri - bus.

2nd time. rall. p

FINE.
D.C.al §

THE ARLOR MAGAZINE

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

DEVOTED TO THE HONOR

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

VOL. XL.

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A Lyric.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Light answers light and scent with perfume meets;

A rosebud opens,—lo! another rose
Lifts up its head and its June sister greets;
We mark a star,—another star quick glows.

A strain of music,—and an echo sighs;
The sun's fair splendor shineth in the moon;
And sunset's rosy beauty never dies,
Although it seems to fade away so soon.

Love calls for love, and always echo finds;
Love calls from God, in spite of all rebuff;
Love ever, ever from His Heart unwinds,—
Love, love and love! What man can love enough?

Our Lady of Clairefontaine.



ABOUT two and a half miles to the southeast of Arlon, capital of Belgian Luxembourg, a charming valley gracefully winds its sinuous way between two wooded hillsides. Along its bottom a little stream dances merrily, watering the adjacent meadow-land, sweeping by an occasional farm-house, and gently murmuring throughout its course, as if in

response to the luxuriant foliage that stoops to lave in its sparkling current.

Known successively as Beaulieu, Barbenberg, and Clairefontaine, this valley has from a very remote period enjoyed an unusual degree of celebrity. Around it cluster memories of Roman emperors, Carolingian monarchs, and counts of Luxembourg; while its atmosphere is redolent of pious traditions that have to do with St. Martin, St. Bernard, and Blessed Eugene III. The circumstance, however, to which the valley owes both the greater part of its centuried fame and the revival of interest which it has recently attracted, is its having been for some hundreds of years a favorite shrine of our Blessed Mother,—the seat of an ancient convent of Bernardine nuns known as the Religious of Our Lady of Clairefontaine.

To give a brief sketch of this old-time sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, happily restored within the past year, it will be convenient to speak first of the fountain, or spring, from which the locality takes its present name—Clairefontaine (clear fountain). It may well be that from the very birth of Christianity in the Luxembourg district, Mary set this spring apart from all others of the valley; that the gratitude of the first Christians, charmed by the suave attraction of their benignant Mother, began there to proffer her public testimony of their love and homage. Be this as it may, about the middle of

the twelfth century, when St. Bernard traversed the valley, the fountain which he blessed must already have attained a certain celebrity, else it had not attracted the holy monk's attention nor won the consecration of his prayers.

Is there any other glory comparable to that of sanctity? Is there any other renown so fated to live perpetually, even in the memory of men, as that which surrounds those who in their day put on "the vesture of holiness"? Writing of this incident (the blessing of the fountain) in the journey of St. Bernard and Pope Eugene III. through the valley of Beaulieu, Mr. Godfrey Kurth says:

"All the great and mighty ones of earth have trodden the Roman highway that St. Bernard followed on his passage from Rheims to Treves,—from Agrippa who constructed it, to Goethe who sang its praises, and Napoleon who covered it with his victorious troops. Before the Emperor of the French, other emperors of Rome and Germany had conducted thereon their multitudinous soldiers. Attila had traversed it with his furious hordes; whole nations and civilizations had passed along its course. Yet, strange to say, nothing of all this survives in the memory of men; while the monk of Clairvaux—the pale, emaciated ascetic, whose life seemed to be merely a momentary triumph over death—has peopled with his name and his memory even the most solitary spot by which he passed in his hurried missions. St. Bernard, says tradition, stopped in the valley and blessed a fountain, whose limpid waters are still flowing. More than seven centuries have passed since that benison was given, and the fountain still retains the name of St. Bernard, and the faithful throng around it to implore the protection of the Saint whose glory lives among them as vividly as in the days of his greatest earthly triumphs. That which the omnipotence of Charlemagne was unable to accomplish, the simple blessing of the

monk effected: it immortalized the name of the humble Luxembourg valley."

It was in 1148 that St. Bernard passed through Beaulieu, or Bardenberg. Thirty-eight years later, there was born in Luxembourg Castle one who was to be the instrument through which additional glory should accrue to the valley and the fountain. The illustrious Ermesinde was the only daughter of Henry the Blind, Count of Namur and Luxembourg. A valiant princess, dowered with singular magnanimity of character, she was, besides, a true Christian heroine, whose virtues endeared her to her people, and have kept her memory as vivid as are those of her eminent descendants: the Emperor Henry VII.; the hero-king, John of Bohemia; or her saintly granddaughter, the Venerable Jeanne of Luxembourg.

Among the glories of Ermesinde, her admirers dwell most fondly on her having been considered worthy to see with her bodily eyes the Blessed Virgin Mary. The apparition occurred in the springtime of the year 1214. Recently left a widow, Ermesinde had retired to her castle at Bardenberg, to spend her period of mourning in solitude and prayer. The Fountain of St. Bernard was one of her favorite haunts. A place already sanctified by prayer and by miracles, it held for her a powerful attraction; it seemed indeed redolent of the very aroma of heaven.

Sitting one day on the root of a tufted oak whose branches overhung the fountain, she fell asleep and was favored with a vision. She beheld the heavens open, and a Lady of enchanting beauty lightly descending on a fleecy cloud. An instant later the celestial visitant had reached the hilltop above the spring. She held in her arms an Infant whose beauty surpassed that of the fairest children of earth. She approached; and she, too, stopped at the fountain, standing opposite the enraptured Ermesinde. Suddenly around the beautiful Lady appeared a number of

lambs, on whom she smiled as a mother and whom she lovingly caressed. A notable circumstance,—on the back of each of these snow-white lambs two bands of black united in the form of a cross. Ravished with the charm of so beautiful a spectacle, Ermesinde feasted her eyes thereon, and would willingly have contemplated it forever. But the vision endured for a moment only. Coming to herself, the pious Countess resolved to build near the holy fountain a convent for the Bernardine Sisters (of whom she was reminded by the lambs in her vision), to dower it, and look after its prosperity with maternal solicitude.

The new community assumed the name of the Religious of Our Lady of Clairefontaine; and Pope Alexander IV., in his bull of approbation and affiliation to the Order of Citeaux, styles the convent "the monastery of Holy Mary, Virgin and Mother of God, of Clairefontaine." The convent grew rapidly, and proved a veritable source of blessings for all the surrounding country. Clairefontaine was a house of prayer; and the example of the pious Sisters who made it their home exerted a potent influence on the laity of the province, who thronged to the blessed sanctuary where Mary was pleased to scatter her favors with a prodigal hand.

Charity was, perhaps, the virtue most in evidence at the new institute:—charity toward the poor of all the vicinage, who several times a week were provided with meals at the abbey; charity toward the ignorant,—for the convent was a school where the chaplain instructed the boys, and the nuns the girls; charity toward the helpless and suffering,—the convent infirmary was never empty; charity, in a word, toward all the multitudinous subjects of that heavenly virtue. To prayer and benevolence the ladies of Clairefontaine, of noble families for the most part, joined manual labor, and worked in addition for the benefit of the poor.

And so for centuries Our Lady's convent prospered beneath her gracious protection. Its whole history, says the discerning writer whom we have already quoted, "formed naught else than a ravishing Christian idyl, terminating in an elegy replete with chaste and holy sorrow." The elegy was chanted at the close of the last century. The terrible French Revolution brought its inevitable dowry of desolation and woe to the Clairefontaine Abbey; and on April 18, 1794, the convent and adjoining church were pillaged, sacked, and burned. When the frenzied marauders forsook the peaceful valley nothing but a mass of mournful ruins, broken arches, shattered columns, devastated cloisters, and blackened remnants of outer walls, was left to perpetuate the memory of the house of God, the asylum of innocence and prayer, the fruitful source during hundreds of years of untold blessings to Luxembourg and its people.

In 1875 the ruins of the old convent came into the possession of the Jesuit Fathers; and their project of restoring so famous a sanctuary of our Heavenly Mother took form on April the 18th of last year, the hundredth anniversary of that sanctuary's destruction. Their exploration of the ruins led to interesting discoveries, among others to that of the celebrated fountain itself over which the church had been built, and the tomb of the sainted Ermesinde, both in a state of excellent preservation. The stonework about the fountain, as well as the rocky stairway descending thereto, was quite intact; and though buried beneath a heterogeneous mass of broken masonry and superincumbent soil, the figure on the tomb was uninjured, as was the inscription which identified it.

Yet another relic of the old Abbey that has come down through the centuries comparatively unscathed is the venerated statue of Our Lady of Clairefontaine. Originally placed above the portal of the

church, it now stands on a column beneath the dome of the new chapel dedicated to Mary. We have called the statue a venerated one, and we might truthfully have added the epithet, miraculous. Of undoubted antiquity, it was, according to the Abbé Reichling, erected by Ermesinde herself in memory of her vision. It is venerable because of the cultus of which for six hundred years it has been the object; invariably did pilgrims visiting the celebrated convent pause before this figure of Our Lady and proffer her the first fervor of their homage and love. And that it is miraculous is proven by the clearly authenticated fact that as often as the Venerable Jeanne de Luxembourg saluted it, the head of the statue was gently inclined as if to return the greeting.

One beautiful tradition that is still recounted in the Clairefontaine district vouches for even a more remarkable prodigy. A servant of the convent, a maiden of spotless innocence and childlike faith, was accustomed, as often as she passed the church, to bow to the statue and exclaim, "Praised be Jesus Christ!" and the Virgin as often replied, "Amen!" One day, however, the pious servant forgot the usual salutation. The statue itself supplied the omission, exclaiming, "Praised be Jesus Christ!"

But it were an endless task to cull from the garden of the Clairefontaine annals all the flowers of faith and piety and devotion to Mary that charm the heart of whosoever seeks therein for beauty and fragrance. As at all her other shrines, scattered far and wide over the habitable globe, the Blessed Virgin not infrequently vouchsafed to her Clairefontaine clients graces and favors that were palpably and unmistakably miraculous. Let us hope that the happy restoration of her ancient sanctuary may be signalized not less by a renewal of her extraordinary benefits than by an ever-increasing love for her in the hearts of all her children.

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

XXII.—(Continued.)

ARTHUR followed the official to the *château*; and was ushered into the presence of the Emperor, who received him with extreme cordiality. The interview lasted about half an hour, during which Maximilian kept asking questions, and putting down Bodkin's answers in a sort of shorthand.

"You will lunch with General Almonte, Mr. Bodkin," said the Emperor. "I would ask you to lunch with us, but the Empress is not feeling quite herself. You and I will have a cigar on the terrace after luncheon, and then I must send you back to work with all possible haste,"—this laughingly.

Arthur perceived a change in the Emperor. He was thinner, the lines of his face were more defined, and a look of apprehension lay in his soft, handsome, heavy-lidded eyes. His manner was slightly nervous, and during the conversation either his left or his right hand was always engaged in stroking his yellow beard.

Would Alice Nugent reappear? was the sole thought that occupied our hero's mind. The meeting was so strange! The girl's manner was so serious, so purposeful, and so distant! And yet she called him "Arthur" twice,—once correcting herself, but on the second occasion letting it go.

That "Arthur" was evidently a *lapsus linguæ*, an echo of the olden, golden time, and meant nothing—not even an echo. Well, be it so. He must take his punishment—must pay the penalty, be it ever so heavy. How exquisite she looked amid

her sister roses! Oh, what would he not give for that sweet half hour at Dublin Castle when she told him of her intention of coming to Mexico, and he told her of his determination to follow her to the end of the earth! When did this separation occur? How? Why? Being in the wrong, Arthur failed to discover the cause, rushing at the conclusion that Alice was untrue to him and in love with Count von Kalksburg.

In a wretched state of mind, our hero sat down to luncheon with General Almonte, the Grand Marshal of the court, and Señora Guadalupe Almonte, a very charming and amiable woman. In any other condition of heart Arthur would have regarded this as a signal honor, as well he might; but his soul was with Alice Nugent, and his every thought focused in the heart-cry, "Shall I see her again?"

On the terrace overlooking the orchid-clotted valley the Emperor, with Almonte and Arthur, smoked a cigar, chatted gaily, almost boisterously, as though he had taken a glass of wine too many. This, however, was not the case. Maximilian was a very frugal man and exceedingly regular in his habits. He usually retired between eight and nine o'clock; when at Cuernacava, at eight o'clock. He would rise at three o'clock in the morning, and immediately commence writing—replying to letters and signing official documents. At half-past five he took a single cup of coffee; at seven he rode out for an hour. He breakfasted between eight and nine. He dined at half-past three. After his post-prandial smoke he rode out in a carriage usually drawn by six white mules, with coachman and footman, and one mounted orderly in advance,—all uniformed in soft tan leather. After his ride he would play billiards. The Empress and he always dined together; when he was away she had Miss Nugent, or Señorita Josefa Varela, a favorite Maid

of Honor. The Emperor was accustomed to receive his ministers from one to half-past two.

The jingling of bells, and the Emperor's carriage with its six white mules rattled up to the piazza; and following this picturesque equipage Arthur's vehicle, also drawn by mules to the number of twelve. Arthur knew that he must leave, and that his last chance of seeing Alice was gone. He dared not ask to see her. So rigid were the *convenances* of Austrian court etiquette in Mexico, to do so would almost bring her shame.

Standing bareheaded, he saw the Emperor drive off.

"Now I must go," thought Bodkin, with a heavy sigh.

However, he suddenly remembered that he had not inscribed his name in the Imperial Visitors' book. He returned to the house, entered the hall, his eye flashing about like a search-light. It was a straw, but a drowning man will grasp at a straw frantically. He signed his name—slowly as would a schoolboy,—flung the pen aside, and strode out to the piazza. His equipage had disappeared, the driver wisely seeking the *sombra*, or shade, not knowing how long he might possibly be detained.

The *château*, as I have already mentioned, was exceedingly small, and Arthur had to pass through a narrow corridor to gain the second piazza in order to reach his conveyance. As he passed the open door of a small *boudoir* he beheld Alice Nugent standing in the middle of the apartment, her face buried in her hands and sobbing bitterly. Without a second's hesitation he leaped to her side.

"Alice!" he said, in a voice hoarse from emotion.

The girl sprang away from him, and, uttering the words, "The Empress!" disappeared behind a *portière*.

"It is the Empress she was crying about, poor girl!" thought Bodkin. "What was I thinking of when I rushed in? I do

believe I would have caught her in my arms in another second. Ass! Ass! Ass!"

Another minute and the twelve mules were bearing him along the exquisite drive on his way to the capital.

XXIII.—NUESTRA SEÑORA.

When it was decided that the Empress should be permitted to undertake a mission whose success meant the saving of an Empire, Carlotta became so feverishly anxious as to cause grave alarm to those who were in intimate relations with her. Alice Nugent, who was in daily touch with her Imperial Mistress, feared that the mental strain would prove disastrous, and that the wreckage of a superb intellect would result from the anxiety attendant upon the expedition. On the other hand, the Empress was so bent upon undertaking the delicate and all-important mission, and withal so sure of success, that she was like a city child on the eve of a joyous trip into the green fields of the country, and almost infantile in her conduct for the week previous to her departure. The Emperor was so engrossed with the details of his high and mighty position, all of which he most conscientiously endeavored to carry out, that he saw but little of his wife, and was rather pleased than otherwise at the pleasure and confidence expressed by her in regard to the issue of her eventful trip.

"I shall appeal to the honor of Napoleon and the pride of the Hapsburgs!" This was her perpetual thought; and she would utter this a dozen—aye, fifty times a day to Alice, to her ladies in waiting, and such of the chamberlains as were in the confidence of the court.

Upon a lovely morning in the July of 1866 the Empress, attended by Miss Nugent, repaired to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Her Majesty was attired in the Mexican costume of black, wearing a high comb, and suspended from it a long black veil. The Church of

Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe is the most holy in all Mexico, owing to the miraculous portrait of the Blessed Mother of God enshrined over the high altar.

A poor, simple shepherd was returning to his little adobe hut, on the side of a mountain, when the Blessed Virgin suddenly appeared to him in the white radiance of a light never seen on sea or land. Bewildered, awe-stricken, a sense of frantically joyous wonderment and adoration took possession of him; but he refused to think that he, so poor, so lowly, was to be so marvellously honored. He reasoned that the apparition was an hallucination of the brain, and trudged homeward, blessing the name of Mary at every step. Again and yet again and yet again did the Blessed Mother of God appear to the humble shepherd, and always in the same place—the side of a steep hill,—and in the shadow of the early nightfall. Despairing, sick with wonder, transfixed with beatitude, the shepherd still refused to credit the visitation; and it was not until our Blessed Lady impressed her glorious image on his *tilma*, or blanket, that he allowed himself to believe that he was honored above every man on earth. Hurrying to the bishop, to whom he had already confided the tidings of the apparition, he displayed the miracle portrait; and later his Holiness Pope Clement VII. proclaimed Our Lady of Guadalupe as patron and protector of Mexico.

A shrine was erected on the exact spot where the Madonna appeared to Juan Diego, and a magnificent church arose,—the church to which the Empress Carlotta had now come to implore the intercession of Nuestra Señora. Hither on the 12th of December every year—the anniversary of the apparition—the faithful make pilgrimages from every corner of Mexico; and the shrine is covered with offerings from the afflicted, who here found consolation, and, in numerous instances, cures

that came within the boundaries of the miraculous. .

The Empress flung herself at the foot of the altar, and remained prone, her face in her hands, her hands on the step. So still, so lifeless did she continue, that Alice was for addressing her, thinking perhaps she might have swooned. Presently, however, she lifted her head; and there was such an expression of holiness, of divine grace in that face, that her companion gazed upon her with a feeling of intense awe, and as though she were in the presence of a human being in touch with the other world. For many, many minutes Carlotta's face retained this glorified expression.

Refreshed, comforted, consoled by prayer, the Empress whispered to Alice as she passed into the vestibule:

"If I have a fearful task before me, I know that Nuestra Señora will, in some sweet, gracious and merciful way, aid me,—not to-day, perhaps, or to-morrow, or yet the next day; but I *feel* that she will one day help me to come into the presence of her dearly loved Son. And what crown, pomp, vanity or circumstance can weigh against that? How horribly small and insignificant one feels when one comes to think of time and eternity, of the majesty and splendor of our Blessed Redeemer! Alice," she added, as they slowly quitted the sacred edifice, "I feel that there is a great, black cloud settling over me and my darling husband; but I also feel that behind it there is light, light, light!" And, repeating the word "light" with considerable frequency, she descended the steps, where a hired carriage awaited her,—the Empress having visited the shrine in complete *incognita*.

It was now officially announced that her Imperial Majesty would leave the capital on the tenth day of July; that she would travel with a Minister of State, two chamberlains of the Imperial Household, two Ladies of Honor, and her physician.

It was also announced that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor, with a suite, would escort the Empress as far as Rio Frio, and there take leave of her.

All this came to Arthur Bodkin officially, as it reached everybody else attached to the court; but Arthur also learned that Alice was one of the two Ladies of Honor, having been specially selected for this duty. What did it matter to him whether Miss Nugent was in Mexico or Timbuctoo? She was nothing to him, and never could be anything to him. Her love for him, if it ever existed, had died out; a new passion had arisen, and for another. A very brief, simple story; commonplace, and as likely to happen in an adobe hut as in an imperial palace. Let her go. It meant, perhaps, that her *fiancé* would get leave of absence, join her in Europe, and return with her, Alice the Countess von Kalksburg.

Somehow or other, Arthur never thought of the return of the Empress. From certain rumors that had reached him of the critical condition of things, he imagined that her Majesty would repair to her beloved Miramar; and that the Emperor, sick and disgusted, would follow her thither, leaving his crown and his ambition behind him. Maximilian was a lover of quiet and a lover of books, of music, of home; and assuredly the life he was now compelled to lead must not have had one single congenial moment in it for him. Baron Bergheim, who was very cautious, but with our hero very confidential, thought very much in the same lines; declaring that if Maximilian asked his advice, he would say: "Return, sire, by the next steamer!"

It was with no feeling of joy that our hero received notification that he was put *en-service*, and ordered to accompany the Emperor to Rio Frio. Joy! Quite the contrary; for although Miss Nugent was nothing to him now, the fact of seeing

her depart left a very bitter taste. He would apply to have another aid-de-camp put on in his stead; plead illness—anything sooner than see those beautiful eyes turned toward him in “adieu.”

Arthur asked Baron Bergheim to be relieved.

“Hey! my dear fellow, impossible! Reachbach and Van Roon are at Guadajajara. Kalksburg is at Vera Cruz—he will see her Majesty on board. Pappenheim is abed. Hey! the whole staff is occupied, so you *must* go. Hey! there’s nothing else for it, and parting is such sweet sorrow. Hey! I have some of your Shakspeare off, you see.”

And so it fell out that, *bon gré, mal gré*, Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden was one of the escort to Rio Frio.

(To be continued.)

The Forest Flower.

BY D. J. DONAHOE.

FLOWERET grew in the forest—
A modest flower and fair,—
And out of her fragrant bosom
Came odors sweet and rare.

The brown leaves of the forest
Were brightened by her bloom,
And the dusky air around her
Grew sweet in the soft perfume.

I found the flower in the forest
When my heart was sunk in woe;
The joy of her fragrance thrilled me,
And the sweetness of her glow.

And, raised to glad rejoicing,
I sang like a bird of May,
Till the wood was filled with music,
And my woes had flown away.

I plucked the flower of the forest,
And set her in my heart,
And thence her bloom and her fragrance
Shall never more depart.

A School of Sanctity.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

TO the right-hand side of the Rue St. Bertin, at St. Omer, the tourist, on his way to visit the ancient abbey, passes before a large building of imposing appearance. Over the doorway are the words, “Hôpital Militaire”; below, an inscription recalls the fact that this is the famous college of the English Jesuits, founded in 1592; and which, after being twice partially destroyed by fire, became a military hospital in 1793. To the English visitor in whose veins runs a strain of old Catholic blood, these walls have a solemn and pathetic meaning; for there is scarcely a Catholic family in England whose ancestors did not, at some time or other, belong to the celebrated college. But even to the ordinary tourist the spot is not devoid of interest; for around this ancient building hang memories of heroism and devotion that must appeal to the minds of all. During the dark days of persecution the College of St. Omer was the refuge where generations of Catholic youths were trained to love the faith; it was the starting-point whence many martyrs departed to gain their crown, the centre around which numbers of exiles and converts sought a haven of rest in their loneliness and sorrow. The origin of the college is as follows:

In 1582 the Jesuit Father, Robert Parsons, to whose ability and energy the persecuted Catholics of England owe so large a debt of gratitude, was struck by the absolute impossibility that existed for Catholic parents to educate their children at home. The penal laws were then in full force; and at every instant the adherents of the ancient faith were exposed to lose their liberty, their property, and their life itself. Father Parsons was well known and much esteemed in foreign courts

and he was able, through the generosity of the Duke of Guise, Henri le Balafre, to found a small school for English boys at Eu, in Normandy, where the Duke had his residence. There already existed at Eu a large college directed by the French Jesuits; and the English school—*Ædicula Nostra*, as it is called in the correspondence of the Fathers—was attached to the more important French college. Its chief means of subsistence was a pension of £100 a year, allowed by the Duke; but this ceased in 1588, when Henri le Balafre was assassinated at Blois. The tourists who visit Eu may still admire, in the old Jesuit church, the splendid tombs in white marble of Father Parsons' benefactor and friend, Henri le Balafre, and his wife, Catherine of Cleves. Close by are the buildings of the college, where during a few years our persecuted English ancestors found a refuge.

Deprived of his kind protector, Father Parsons deemed it expedient to remove the school from Eu, and he turned his attention to the Flemish city of St. Omer. It had the advantage of being within easy distance from England, and of forming part of the dominions of Philip II., King of Spain, with whom Father Parsons was on friendly terms. The King willingly authorized the foundation of the college, and even bestowed upon it a grant of ten ducats a month; he afterward increased this sum to 2,000 ducats a year, only stipulating that the rector of the new college should be a subject of his own. As we shall see, even this condition was subsequently dispensed with. The first two rectors were Flemings, but in 1621 an Englishman, Father Baldwin, was selected for the post; and the superior of the English mission, Father Richard Blount, obtained from Philip III. that henceforth the college should be governed by Englishmen. His request, let us add, was supported by the Infanta Isabella, who at that time ruled the Netherlands,

and who was a kind friend and benefactress to the English Catholics.

The first steps toward the new foundation were taken in 1592. Father Parsons sent Father Flach to St. Omer, where he began by hiring a small house. This was afterward exchanged for an ancient Capuchin convent, and finally the Jesuits were enabled to remove their pupils to a large building in the Rue St. Bertin, where they remained. The primitive house was enlarged at different epochs, and the present military hospital gives us a very incomplete idea of the extent and splendor of the college. It covered a considerable space of ground, with its galleries, courts, library, gardens, bake-houses, brew-houses, slaughter-houses, granaries, school-houses, etc.; and communicated with the house of the Flemish Jesuits, whose quaint-looking church is now the Chapel of the Lycée, or Government College.

Although the military hospital occupies barely a third of the space once covered by the college, the tourist will be interested in following out, amidst the changes wrought by time, traces of the former occupants. In the present kitchen, the monograms I. H. S. and A. M. are still visible under the ceiling, beneath a coating of brown paint. The pharmacy also has, evidently, been untouched; and has, like the kitchen, a low, vaulted ceiling. But the church, where confessors and martyrs once offered up the Holy Sacrifice, has completely disappeared; and in the large inner court convalescent soldiers sit under the lime trees, where the English boys played two hundred years ago.

The words addressed by St. Gregory to their Anglo-Saxon ancestors on the Roman Forum might be applied with greater truth to the students of St. Omer: "*Non sunt Angli, sed angeli*"; for the records of the famous college are fruitful in heroic and touching incidents. The blessing promised to those who suffer persecution

for justice' sake seems to have rested in a special manner on these lads, born and bred under the shadow of persecution, educated in exile, and destined to a life of struggle and of suffering, if not to a martyr's death. Not only the spirit of the school and its inner life seem to have been singularly edifying, but its influence extended far and wide, and innumerable souls owed their conversion or their growth in holiness to the exiled English Jesuits and to their pupils.

In 1594, two years after its foundation, the college numbered seven priests, two scholastics, one coadjutor brother, and fifty scholars, who, add the Annals, "were for the most part youths of position, whose parents were either in prison or in exile for the faith." Seven years later, in 1601, the number of students had increased to one hundred.

The year 1603 was a memorable one in the college records. Twenty priests and four laymen, who had been pardoned by King James I. on his accession to the throne, arrived at St. Omer from the English prisons. Their mere presence must have brought home to the light-hearted boys more forcibly than any sermon the heroism of self-sacrifice for the cause of truth. Two among them especially excited feelings of loving veneration. One was the famous Father Weston, a Jesuit of remarkable austerity of life, prudence and sanctity. He had spent over seventeen years in different prisons, and everywhere had won the admiration of his jailers. Father Gerard, who knew him well, tells us "he was beloved and admired of his enemies." His long captivity in half-ruined castles and underground dungeons had prematurely aged him; and, though only fifty-five, he was so feeble when he arrived at St. Omer that he seemed likely to die in the course of the year. Eventually, however, he recovered his health sufficiently to be sent to Spain, where he died eleven years afterward,

rector of the English College of Valladolid.

Another confessor no less interesting than Father Weston, and belonging to the same group of released prisoners, was a lay-brother, Ralph Emerson. When in 1580 the Jesuits were sent for the first time on the English mission, Father Parsons and Father Campion were appointed by their superiors to lead the way. Our readers are acquainted with the beautiful character of Father Campion, the proto-martyr of the English Jesuits. A refined and brilliant scholar, an able controversialist, a holy religious, he was, in spite of his rare gifts of eloquence and intellect, the gentlest and most yielding of men. His very readiness to oblige others at whatever cost made his superiors distrust his prudence; and Father Parsons therefore placed him under obedience to Brother Ralph, who, though only a lay-brother, was well qualified for the task of watching over Father Campion's safety.

This "brown, slender little fellow," as Brother Ralph is described in the report of a spy, had a heroic soul, keen wit, and indefatigable activity. He arrived at St. Omer early in June, 1580, with Father Campion; and both spent three weeks with the Flemish Jesuits, who endeavored in vain to dissuade them from going to England. On the 24th of June, however, they embarked for Dover; and a little more than a year later, on the 16th of July, 1581, Father Campion was seized by the pursuivants at the house of Mr. Yates, at Lyford. The immediate cause of his arrest was his willingness to gratify certain Catholics, who entreated him to prolong his stay one day longer than had been at first intended. Brother Ralph, Father Campion's vigilant guardian, seems to have consented to the delay with much reluctance; at the actual moment of the arrest he was absent in Lancashire, where he had gone to fetch Father Campion's books, a commission full of difficulty and danger. Five months later Edmund Cam-

pion was executed at Tyburn, and the records of the times of persecution contain few episodes more touching than the history of his glorious martyrdom.

Brother Ralph escaped to France, where he was employed in conveying to England the Catholic books that were printed in the press established at Rouen by Father Parsons. He was afterward chosen to accompany Father Holt on a mission to Scotland, and in 1584 he returned to England with Father Weston. It was about this time that the brave lay-brother, whose well-known devotedness had so often been tested, was captured by his enemies; the Catholic books found in his possession sufficiently proved his "guilt." He was first buried alive in the Poultry Prison, where for a whole year he lay in an underground dungeon; and then transferred to the Clink, where he remained many years. From the Clink he was removed to Wisbeach, a lonely, half-ruined fortress in the marshes of Ely, where numerous confessors of the faith were confined. The extreme dampness of the climate caused much illness among the prisoners, and when at last Brother Ralph was released and sent into exile he had become a helpless cripple.

He lived on a few months after his arrival at St. Omer, edifying all by his patience, humility, and devotion to Our Lady. Simple as a child in his unconscious heroism, he cherished a loving veneration for Father Campion; and never seemed to imagine that his own long years of weary imprisonment and suffering were scarcely less admirable than the martyr's short, sharp struggle at the Tyburn Gate. The memory of his holy companion had helped him to endure the isolation of his prison, and it supported him in the physical sufferings of his later days. He died on the 12th of March, 1604; greatly rejoiced, we are told, to enter into his rest on the feast of St. Gregory, a Pope who had so dearly loved the English nation.

The years 1603, 1604, and 1605 were marked by the conversion of several Protestants, whom business or pleasure had attracted to St. Omer. An English officer, "a bitter and obstinate English merchant," and several English, Scotch, and Irish soldiers asked to be received into the Church,—an act of real heroism at a time when to be a Catholic implied the loss of property, freedom, and often of life itself. Some years later an English Protestant and his two sons, who came to visit the college from curiosity, were converted; and the same year a young man arrived from England, after having renounced his fortune and incurred his parents' anger by becoming a Catholic.

In 1610 a large number of English refugees, exiled for conscience' sake, came to seek relief and advice at the hands of the Fathers. To these homeless exiles in a foreign land the college seemed a haven of rest, a bit of home and country; and the Jesuits were unwearied in their charity toward their fellow-countrymen. During the war between England and France they visited the hospitals assiduously, and made many conversions among the wounded soldiers.

Gradually a numerous English colony grew up around the college. Living was cheap at St. Omer, and the devotional aspect of the old Flemish city attracted many English Catholics. In 1690, during Lent, we are told that sermons in English were preached in the college chapel to a numerous congregation.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

ONE of the infirmities of our nature is always to mistake feeling for evidence, and to judge of the season by a cloud or a ray of sunshine.—"*Attic Philosopher.*"

It is strange that men will talk of miracles, revelation, inspiration, and the like, as things past, while love remains.—*Thoreau.*

A Flower of the Slums.

NOTHING in his pocket; no place to sleep; he had not eaten since early morning, and then he had spent his last dime for a cup of coffee and a few rolls. All day long he had walked the streets, passing from shop to shop, from warehouse to warehouse, up and down interminable stairs from office to office, looking for something to do, however ill paid, however uncongenial; anything that might serve to keep body and soul together for a while; anything, that he might not starve to death in the frightful, pitiless solitude of the crowded, prosperous city.

He was a poet, with the physique of a poet,—frail, delicate, tender, beautiful; with innocent eyes, into whose clear, wonderful depths it at once joyed and saddened one to gaze,—joy at the fresh, pure, young soul, as yet in love with lovely and holy things, still aglow with the hope that poverty and privation had not dimmed or daunted; sadness when one thought of the illusions, the disappointments, the bitter draughts inevitable to the brave, young, strong, impatient heart. He had faith in his vocation,—a faith which did not in any sense partake of egotism, and so far it had not wavered; nay, his brief and fruitless sojourn in the great city had strengthened it; for he carried in his pocket a letter received only a month ago from another poet—a famous one,—who told him that his little verses were “of extraordinary merit for one so young.” With these credentials, he had taken them about from publisher to publisher, none of whom would print them unless he could promise the wherewithal to pay the cost of their publication.

How buoyant he had felt starting out upon his quest! How bravely he had trudged from one to another until his list was exhausted, and he realized that he must find employment, not only to assist

him toward the accomplishment of his hopes, but to keep him from starvation! And now at last there had settled upon him a sudden fear, something more terrible than discouragement—a shrinking from the unknown which lay before him. Fatigue and hunger had much to do with the unforeseen, crushing, hopeless feeling that was overwhelming his soul like the sudden uprising of a mighty sea.

It was eleven o'clock at night when he found himself in that part of the city where squalid tenements abound, and blaring, flaring caves of horror open their greedy mouths to swallow the hapless or hopeless wayfarer who finds himself in their unlucky neighborhood. Fringing the district lying between the river and the warehouses, the scenes of many unwritten as well as public tragedies, they well deserve the name they bear.

Having turned the corner of the street, he became aware of quick, short footsteps following him. They were the footsteps of a woman; and, as he wished to be alone in fact as well as in thought, he halted within the shadow of a doorway, thinking to let her pass, and then pursue his dreary way once more. But as he paused a qualm of deathly faintness came over him, and he leaned against the wall for support.

“My pretty boy,” said a voice beside him—the footsteps had paused almost at the same moment with his own, so closely had they followed him,—“my pretty boy, what ails you? Have you taken a drop too much?”

Mechanically, he looked down at her from his six feet of young, fresh, manly beauty,—the beauty of twenty years, the beauty of an untarnished soul. She was rather short, stout, and altogether unlovely. Youth had fled her features long ago, and sin had left its ineffaceable ravages upon them. Her garments were tawdry and slovenly, her hands coarse and ill-shapen; but upon her lips there was a horrible

leer, and the brazenness of vice shone in the cold, glittering eyes which looked up at him from between her rouge-tipped cheeks and pencilled brows. He recognized her for what she was, and she seemed to him a vile and loathsome thing.

"Go away!" he said, in a feeble voice, but with a gesture which betrayed all the repugnance of his soul.

The woman's face suddenly changed. Her eyes lost their evil expression, the smile disappeared from her lips.

"Are you sick?" she asked, anxiously.

With a sigh that was half a sob, impelled by an inward force which he could not master, he answered in a faint voice:

"I am hungry,—I have neither eaten nor drunk since yesterday."

"Since yesterday!" she echoed, and the lines of her face softened till she looked almost womanly. She was thinking, "Poor fellow! that is not so long,—only since yesterday! Life is just beginning for him." But she said, as any other woman might have said it, in a voice full of compassion: "Come with me, and I will give you something to eat."

She appeared no longer abhorrent to him. He did not hesitate a moment, but followed her up a flight of stairs which opened on the street a few feet from where they stood. Step by step they mounted, past open doors where men, playing at cards, shouted and swore through blinding clouds of sickening smoke; or where men and women, dancing to the accompaniment of vile music and clinking glasses, made night hideous with their drunken mirth; past closed doors, behind which their ears caught echoes of angry words or of stentorious, sodden sleep; past black and noisome rooms, untenanted save by the ghosts of departed revels or revolting crimes; up, up, till they reached the attic under the roof, when the woman unlocked a door and bade him enter.

It was the abode of poverty, containing only a couple of straw-bottomed chairs, a

packing-box turned on end, with a few shelves made to serve as a cupboard, and a bed covered with a red cotton spread. The pillow-cases were clean, even white; and the table-cover, of a red and grey chequered pattern, was also clean. A small coal-oil lamp cast a dim and sickly light about the room.

The young man threw himself into a chair, covered his face with his hands, while his whole frame shook with the violence of his emotion. But the woman—although tears began to glisten on her cheeks, for no one but a human monster could have remained insensible to such grief and humiliation—stepped softly from cupboard to table, and from table to cupboard, placing before her guest a loaf of bread, a bit of cheese, a pat of butter, and part of a round of cold corned beef. And when, all things in readiness, she touched his shoulder saying, "Come, eat now"; and he, lifting his head from his arms, would fain have thanked her, she added: "Don't bother to say anything, my boy; eat now, eat."

Then, the room being so small, and not knowing how otherwise to occupy herself while he was eating, fearful that he might think her watching him, she went on her knees before the pretence of a fire that flickered in the little stove,—now audibly blowing it into flame, now furtively glancing over her shoulder at her visitor, who, unmindful of her presence, ate like one who was famishing. Suddenly she bethought herself of something; and, rising, went to the cupboard, prepared some coffee, and put it on the fire.

"What was I thinking of," she said, "not to have made you a cup of coffee the first thing! But it will be ready in a moment."

His hunger partially appeased, the young man leaned back in his chair and answered simply:

"Thank you! I shall enjoy it very much. I do not know when anything

seemed to me so delightful as the smell of that boiling coffee."

Soon she brought him the steaming cup; and when he had taken it from her, and was supping it slowly, she sat down at the opposite side of the table, and watched him as he drank it, her poor heart filled with a purer and kindlier emotion than it had known for many a year. And as her eye wandered to the long, pale, well-kept hand resting lightly on the table, and from thence to the fine, delicate, ideal boyish face, taking in the rosy, transparent skin, the clear, frank eyes, and the softly-waving, thick bronze hair, she thought of the angels, of St. John the Beloved, of the Christ whom she had forgotten for so long, so very long, that she herself had lost record of the years. But she looked at him with eyes that seemed far away, and he was not at all conscious of her gaze. This may have been partly because, on his side, he was considering her. He saw—he could not help seeing—before him a woman of the lowest order of those whom their more fortunate sisters pass daily with averted eyes; a woman who in her best and brightest days could never have been beautiful; a woman with thick, sensual features; a coarse, gruff voice,—a pariah of the streets.

But the young man, who was a true Christian as well as a romantic writer of verse, regarded her with a recognition of gratitude which almost approached tenderness. Having finished his coffee, she offered him another cup, which he refused, gently; and then, not without timidity, he asked her name. She did not reply immediately. Leaning her head on her hands, she looked at him as though in deep reflection. At length she said:

"Why should I tell you my name? There can be nothing in common between a gentleman like you and a woman of my kind. I am not, I never was, anything but a poor, plain, ignorant girl."

"But what you have done for me this night was worthy of the angels," said the poet. "I can never forget it, and I should like to know your name."

A smile illumined the rugged face, which grew grave again as suddenly, while she said:

"What I have done amounts to nothing. Any one who was not a beast would have done as much. I wish I had more to offer you; for now it is to-morrow that you must be thinking of, my boy."

"To-morrow!" cried the young man, with the ring of hope in his fresh, clear voice. "I can face it now."

"You are young," she said. "You have courage: do not let go of it. You are good. Youth, courage, goodness,—these are three treasures in your hand. What—what is your work, if I am not too bold?"

"I am a maker of verses," he answered. "A poor business, you will think."

"Oh!" she said, simply. "You write songs. I have heard of much money being made in that way. Have courage and patience, and you will succeed."

He arose to go.

"Will you not tell me your name?" he said. He wore a black fob-chain; her eye caught the glitter of something dangling from it.

"What is that?" she asked, pointing to it. "Are you a Catholic?"

"Yes," he replied, touching the silver medal which had attracted her notice.

"Go at once to Father Desmoulins, at the Jesuits'," she said, with eagerness. "Promise me that you will go there. He is so good, he will help you."

"Thanks! I promise," he replied. "And you—do you know him?"

"Only as the devils in hell know the angels in heaven," she answered, with bitterness. "But I have seen him from a distance, and I have heard of him often, and I know that he is good."

The young man took his hat from the wall, where he had hung it upon entering.

"Once more, will you not tell me your name?" he asked.

She regarded him kindly, as one might look at a persistent child.

"They call me Mag," she said. "But, if you don't mind—" she hesitated, and her voice trembled, as across the black desert of memory there swept a vision of a happy child, a pleasant home, a mother's face,— "if you don't mind, I would rather you thought of me as Margaret."

There was nothing left now but to go.

"Thank you, and God bless you!" he said, standing on the threshold by the open door, through which he had entered cold, miserable and hungry; through which he was departing warm, well fed, and able once more to take up life's weighty burden.

Something dropped into his pocket.

"Take it," she said. "'Tis but little, but it will pay for a bed. Go down softly and walk away quickly,—this is a dangerous neighborhood."

Then, with the soul of the Christian and the heart of the poet, he took the hand of the Samaritan woman in his own—that rough, hard, unlovely hand, so long untouched save by the reprobate and fallen, like herself,—and, bending low above it, he kissed it as reverently and respectfully as though it had been the hand of a queen. And, fitting hurriedly down the rickety stairway, he went out into the night.

They never met again. As he had promised her he would, on the morrow he sought the good Jesuit of whom she had told him; but, with the reserve of a proud soul and the unconscious egotism of a youthful one, he left that portion of his story which concerned her all untold. Still the thought of her never left his memory.

And she? After the impress of those young, pure, grateful lips had burned and seared her hand until she could no longer endure the sights and sounds about her, or the bitterness of her lot, or the haunting

whips of memory and remorse,—she, too, sought the charitable priest, imploring him to find her some way out of her miserable existence. But a kind of loyalty to him who had been her unwonted guest, added to a feeling of delicacy which prompted her to leave untold the episode of his privation, as well as a sense of her own unworthiness, prevented her from relating that portion of her story, although she would have given much to know that all was well with him.

And, strangest of all the strange things which make truth more a fairy tale than fiction, he lived and died within a stone-throw of the House of Penitence where she, in her deep abasement, not taking any merit to herself, praying for him daily, thinking of him as a heaven-sent angel, also lived and died in the peace of God, and the hope of life everlasting.

A Summer in Acadia.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

I.—HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

"I THINK I have solved the problem," I said Mr. Harvey, coming into the family sitting-room just before dinner one evening in May.

The night was warm; and the boys looked up from their books, glad of an excuse to stop study.

"What problem, father?" asked Mary, the oldest of the seven, a slender girl of seventeen.

"The hardest of the year—where to send you all for the summer," answered her father.

"What is it now?" inquired his wife. It was one of the family jokes, this going away; for there were so many things to take into consideration that it was not easy to find a place, and it was the

Harvey custom to laugh at whatever troubled them.

"No, really," began Mr. Harvey, in reply to his wife's unspoken ridicule, "I think there are no *outs* at all in this scheme. It is to go to Nova Scotia—Acadia."

"Acadia!" gleefully shouted Ned and Ted, the twins,—they said their *aliases* were Edward and Theodore. "Acadia! How jolly!"

"Well, my dear husband, you certainly are daft this time," laughed his wife. "Why, only think of the expense."

"Not at all; that is the main point in its favor," replied Mr. Harvey, not in the least discouraged. "I have seen a man who has been there, and he has given me the figures. The round trip from New York costs but sixteen dollars; one can get a house there for about twenty-five dollars for the entire summer, and food does not cost much. You could hire in Yarmouth the little furniture you would need, and take Katy to cook. I should come for a month's vacation, and go home with you; and it would be much cheaper than we could live for three months anywhere else."

Mrs. Harvey looked more interested.

"And where is this spot," she asked, "and how do you get there?"

"About five hours' drive from Yarmouth by coach, to which city one goes by steamer. It is a settlement of Acadians—only two English families in the place; all are Catholics, speak French; are fishermen, kind and simple; there is water all around to sail and row. 'Dost like the picture?'" added Mr. Harvey, striking an attitude, and quoting Claude Melnotte.

"It is just immense!" shouted the boys; while Mary clasped her father's arm, murmuring as she rolled up her eyes: "I dost."

"I wrote to the parish priest from the office this afternoon," continued Mr. Harvey, having lightly pulled his daugh-

ter's hair, "asking him to let me know if we could get a house, the price, and other particulars; and if his reply is favorable, we will spend the summer in Acadia. In the meantime Max my baby slip into the dining-room to see if dinner is coming on."

The two weeks that elapsed before the reply came from Pubnico, the little Acadian settlement, were spent by the children in great excitement. Ned and Ted, as became mighty hunters of fifteen, got ready their lines and poles, and discussed sailing learnedly. Mary read "Evangeline" over again and again aloud to Eleanor, who was thirteen, and patient, twelve-year-old, crippled Dave, to whom she also imparted such bits of information on Acadian history as she could glean. France, as Frances was called, made sailor suits for all her dolls, from whom her eleven years could not tear her motherly little soul. And Max, who at six sometimes resented being called the baby, made up for his lack of preparations by talking of the great things he would do; though to do him justice he cut his hand badly with a dull knife, by aid of which he sought to whittle out a sloop for summer use.

At last came the reply from the parish priest of Pubnico. It was as favorable as they had hoped it might be. There was a house which could be obtained for twenty-five dollars for four months; the furniture could be brought down from Yarmouth. There was no obstacle at all to their going, and on June 15 they set out.

The sail on the pleasant steamer from Boston to Yarmouth was a delight to all but poor Katy, who succumbed to seasickness before they had gone out of sight of Boston light.

"I shouldn't have thought you could ever have come from Ireland, Katy," said Max, regarding her anxiously; but Katy was too miserable to answer her favorite, and soon went below.

It was not rough, but Mary and Eleanor

were very proud of not being ill on their first sea-voyage; though the boys, who had been to sea no more than their sisters, pooh-poohed the idea of sea-sickness, and were the first to appear on deck in the morning to see the entrance into Yarmouth's little harbor.

The Harveys were the only passengers on the coach; and they piled delightedly into the old-fashioned vehicle, the like of which they had never seen before except in pictures.

"I feel like one of Dickens' characters," said Mary, "riding in one of these old coaches, and from Yarmouth too."

"I feel a little like Mark Tapley, trying to be jolly under adverse circumstances," returned her mother, drawing her shawl around her; for the wind was cold, and she had not slept well.

The road lay through so beautiful a country that cold was forgotten in the delight of the landscape. The season was fully a month behind the States. Though it was the middle of June, the lilacs, horse-chestnuts and fruit-trees were but then blossoming; though of the latter there are few in that sterile part of the province.

The children were constantly exclaiming at the great lakes which they were passing, blue as heaven, wooded to their shores with pines and spruce, their dark green broken by the feathery light green of the hackmatack.

They were all very glad to rest at the white inn, where they stopped for dinner and relays; and equally glad to start for the last part of their ride.

Not long after they had left the inn they came upon a view which made them all cry out, and then be silent in wonder. At their right stretched a bay, an arm of the ocean making up into the land, blue and sparkling and rippling under the peculiarly bright blue, cloudless sky of that region. Upon its bosom rested numberless islands clad in the solemn firs.

It was a scene of such beauty as the young eyes of the travellers had never rested on. This was Argyle Bay, also called Lobster Bay; and the children rejoiced when their driver told them that it flowed past one side of the point of land upon which they should spend their summer.

It was nearly three o'clock when the stage, coming down the road at a good pace, drew near a little settlement, which the driver told them was Pubnico. On the right lay the great bay which had delighted their eyes for the past eight miles; on the left, a pretty harbor, on the opposite side of which lay East Pubnico, the original settlement, now, since the expulsion, partly English and Protestant; and on the west side, the French settlement, which for four months would be their home.

The houses stood not far apart, all of them two stories high, with a gable roof. In many of them the slant of the roof was broken by a sharp gable enclosing a window over the front door. The majority were white—often greyish, where white-wash had served in lieu of paint, and the weather had beaten it off till the original grey of the wood showed through. Thrift and industry were written over all; but to eyes accustomed to the productive farms of a warmer clime, there was a sterile loneliness over the landscape that made tired Mrs. Harvey sigh. To the young people, however, the beautiful waters on each side were sufficient, and they hailed the little village with enthusiasm.

The coach drew up at a house very like its neighbors, and the travellers alighted. The furniture, which had been obtained through a friend in Yarmouth, could be seen through the windows sitting about in confusion; and the first thing Mrs. Harvey did was to send the boys in search of some one to help them to get things in order. Two men returned with them, both of whom, they told Mrs. Harvey, were

D'Entremonts; indeed, three-quarters of the town bore that name, and the other quarter was divided into Duons and Amiraunts, except a few who had strayed there from "up the bay," or neighboring villages. These three families were all descended from three men bearing these names, who had returned to Pubnico twelve years after the expulsion, when peace was declared.

"But how am I to distinguish you?" asked Mrs. Harvey, bewildered by this uniformity of name.

"I am René," answered one,—a slight, nervous man, with quick eyes and slender, skilful hands. "And my companion is Maurice Grégoire. His father is Grégoire, and that is how we tell him from the other two Maurices."

"Oh, I see!" said Mrs. Harvey, beginning to be interested; and her new neighbors went quickly to work to set her furniture in place.

It was not long before the task was accomplished; for they were to get along with as little as possible, regarding house-keeping as a sort of camping out. And by five o'clock the rooms were in order, a fire in two stoves—for the night was cold,—and Katy had set the tea-kettle on, which already gave out hints of boiling.

René and Maurice Grégoire took their departure, nor would they receive more than thanks for what they regarded rather as neighborly kindness than as service for which payment should be made.

Mary and Eleanor were delighted with their room, which overlooked the harbor, and in one corner of which Frances' little bed stood. The twins shared their room with Dave, and Max had a crib in their mother's room. From Mrs. Harvey's chamber one caught a glimpse of Pubnico Head, at the end of the harbor; the girls' looked straight across the harbor to "the east side," as the third Pubnico is called; and the boys' window gave onto the pretty church, with a glimpse of the

bay beyond. The painted seats, the little windows,—all the novelty charmed the city children, and they made up their minds to have a delightful summer.

They were gathered in the front windows, watching the reflection of the declining sun on the houses across the harbor. The rays rested on the spires of the east-side church, and on the larger new one on their own west side,—both served by the village priest, whose parish includes two more churches at a distance of sixty miles. Midway between the east and west-side churches, on a point that bent around into the harbor, stood a third church—the old one of Pubnico, deserted since the newer, larger, and more accessible one had been built; but which for years had been the parish church of these Acadians, who had gone twice a day on Sundays, through the inclement weather of this severe region, for Mass and Vespers.

"How lovely it is!" whispered Mary softly, as the sun lit up the three churches and the sombre pines. "How still and lonely it is! And those churches—what a trinity of faithful witnesses they are!"

But even as she spoke a soft white mist like a veil came blowing over the harbor, and in ten minutes the east shore was obscured, and shortly a thick white fog wrapped all Pubnico.

"How cold it is, and how suddenly it came!" said Eleanor, shivering. "Come to supper."

The blazing wood fire looked very attractive, as did the viands they had taken care to bring from Yarmouth.

By eight o'clock the lights were out, the slender fastenings required where no one ever enters to steal were adjusted, and the Harveys were settled down to their first night's rest in Acadia.

(To be continued.)

—●●—
 THAT is a sad house in which the hen crows.—*Italian proverb.*

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XXXIX.

IT might seem a churlish thing to say, but general jocularly, or "joking," is not a profitable or desirable thing. It goes much deeper than would be supposed. A jocose view of things brings applause; applause exaggeration, often untruth; then come in vanity and self-complacency. "Give thyself not up to foolish mirth," says our author; "for compunction [*i. e.*, meditation] opens the way to much good, which dissipation is wont quickly to lose. Curb all thy senses under discipline, and be not too free." And he gives this sound reason: "Through levity of heart and neglect of our defects, we feel not the sorrows of the soul; and we often vainly laugh when in all reason we should weep. It is wonderful that any man can ever abandon himself wholly to joy in this life, when he considers and weighs his exile." We may indeed be certain that at the close there is no well-applauded joker but will regret that he has "gone into that line." It will be likely enough that even then he will hardly be able to put on the proper serious tone.

XL.

It is a wholesome practice—easy enough, too,—to cultivate an indifference to pleasures, to much enjoyment of good things; "to rough it," as it is called. A person, for instance, who looks forward with relish to a good dinner, who will order special dishes for his delectation, is not likely to be one who will deny himself and take up his cross. "The more you indulge yourself now, the more you pamper your body, the more severe will be the chastisement.... Learn now to bear light sufferings, so that you may escape greater ones hereafter. Make experiment here, of what you have to endure hereafter." I have no

doubt of the fact that these two sorts of enjoyment can not be secured. "You can not have the pleasures of the world and hereafter reign with Christ."

XLI.

Everything we have is the Almighty's, and given to us by Him. In a second He takes them all away—money, goods, health, and life. Being so dependent, there is a meanness and childish pettiness in not acknowledging such obligations. We should nourish this thought to the utmost, and it is only good sense and decency to let it kindle and animate our daily prayers; and instead of the formal, mechanical recitation, "Give us this day our daily bread," we should look on each additional day's enjoyment of blessings as a special gift. "What I have given I have the power to take away and to restore, as it pleases Me. When I have given it, it is still Mine; when I withdraw it again, I take not anything that is thine."

XLII.

The author of "The Imitation" harps again and again on two or three topics which are the very root of his system. These are the *leitmotifs* of this piece, as the musicians have it. One is the impossibility of combining earthly pleasures and a life of earthly enjoyment with the life in our Saviour. The two are incompatible and self-destructive. Where there is apparently such a combination—and plenty of it is to be seen—the devotion is of a deceptive or spurious kind. "He that clingeth to the creature shall fall with its falling.... If thou couldst empty thy heart of every creature, Jesus would willingly make His dwelling with thee. Whatsoever thou reposest in men out of Jesus thou wilt find to be well-nigh lost." Who can do this? it will be asked. But few indeed; without grace 'tis all but impossible. But it is useful to know the exact truth.

Another point insisted on is complete

indifference to all things, and to persons and their doings. Our spiritual interest is so large that it should naturally dwarf everything else.

"All thoughts, all passion, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

should sink down in ashes. We are but a pawn on the great chessboard, helping to carry out the great scheme.

(To be continued.)

Bats and Eagles.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

AN eagle and a bat once held a conversation. "How many flowers are there in that meadow?" asked the bat.—"Too many to count," answered the eagle.—"Why, how silly you are!" retorted the bat. "I see but half a dozen."—"That is because you are not an eagle," replied the other.

"There is no beauty in that sunset," cries the man who can not discern it, and he lavishes unfriendly epithets upon him to whom Heaven has been more kind. "He is a dreamer," say human bats of him whom they can not understand.

In a family of children there is, perchance, a little maid who, in one sense, lives quite alone. For her there is the light never seen on sea or land; the song of the bird is fraught with meaning; the squirrels tell her the secrets of their lives; the winds whisper of their journeyings; the clouds part, giving glimpses of something which lies, sun-bathed, beyond; the flowers are her friends. But those whose mental eyes are dim and spiritual ears dull try, with well-meant persistence, to tear from her brain all the harmless fancies and pretty imaginings, and to bring her to the level of her plodding companions.

The artist looks out and sees a world of form and color, while his neighbor's vision takes in but the state of the oat

crop or the condition of his live stock and barbed wire fence. To the poet the river sings in measured cadence: to another it is simply a highway for the freight traffic. The novelist sees and measures and classifies human aims and emotions: to the average beholder the persons in a crowd are as similar and uninteresting as the blades of dry grass in a harvest field.

The peasant girl of Domrémy was called a dreamer, but she saved France and added lustre to the roll of saints and martyrs. Sometimes those who are not saints can, in fancy, hear the angels sing above the dusty highway.

It would be well to speak kindly of him who walks with his head among the stars; and to remember that the meadow was studded with a thousand daisies, although the bat could see but half a dozen.

At Home.

THE customs of society vary so widely in different localities that it is easy to believe the story told of a certain young and learned Scotch professor who went from the country to settle in Aberdeen. He had been there but a short time when he received the following note from the chief officer of the local college:

"President and Mrs. Pirie present their compliments to Professor X., and hope he is well. President and Mrs. Pirie will be at home Thursday evening at eight o'clock."

The new college luminary was puzzled. This was something different from the ways of the obscure hamlet he had left. But, after due consideration, he proved that he was not to be left behind in the question of manners, and produced this reply:

"Professor X. returns the compliments of President and Mrs. Pirie, and is happy to inform them that he is well. He is also glad to know that they will be at home on Thursday evening. Professor X. will also be at home."

Notes and Remarks.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterians recently convened at Pittsburg has shown convincingly how fatal to Protestantism is its own basic principle—the right of private judgment. The Rev. Dr. Briggs has formulated doctrines which the Assembly declares to be heretical; but, because he is abetted by wealthy patrons of the church, his expulsion is not to be thought of, and he still continues to form future Presbyterian divines in the Union Theological Seminary. In sober truth, Dr. Briggs is simply a Protestant of the Protestants. He has carried the principle of private judgment to its logical conclusion by reading certain doctrines into the Bible and certain others out of it; and this Protestant assembly has, in logic, no right to censure him. "Higher Criticism" is playing havoc with Protestant faith, and there is no breakwater to stay the flood. The Catholic Church alone can wrestle with the new "science": she is the official interpreter of the Bible—the teacher that explains the text-book. Such gatherings as the Presbyterian Assembly must convince our separated brethren of the necessity of a supreme teaching authority, from whose rulings there is no appeal, and which can not only satisfy but illumine the most courageous and intellectual spirits.

If zeal be really contagious, even indifferent Catholics must surely catch something of the Holy Father's pious enthusiasm for the unification of Christendom. His convocation of the Oriental patriarchs and his recent letters to America and England are fresh in the memory of all. He now appeals to the pastors of the Church to inspire and cultivate in their flocks a like enthusiasm for the conversion of the world; reminding them that it pertains to the Father of Mercies to illumine man's mind and graciously to turn his steps in the way of salvation. He directs that Catholics, following the example of the Most Blessed Virgin and the Apostles, should pray especially during the Pentecost season for the enlightenment of our sepa-

rated brethren. Continuing, our Holy Father decrees that—

"To all who for nine consecutive days before Pentecost, either publicly or privately, recite some special prayers to God the Holy Spirit, We grant on each of those days an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, and a plenary indulgence on any one of those days, or on the Feast of Pentecost itself, or on any day of the Octave, provided that, having confessed their sins and received absolution and Holy Communion, they pray God according to the intention which We have above expressed. We further grant that those who desire to repeat for the eight days following Pentecost the same conditions, may again gain both of the above mentioned indulgences. These indulgences may be applied to the souls in purgatory; and by Our authority We decree and order that they shall be available each year for the future, those things being observed which are required by law or custom."

It is needless to urge Catholics to compliance with this sacred duty. At the present hour mankind is intensely interested in religious thought—the Spirit is again brooding over chaos. Undoubtedly, the devotion most suited to the age is that specially directed to God the Holy Ghost, and more is the pity that it is so little fostered.

The life of the late ex-Governor Burnett, of California, who died last month, is replete with noble lessons. He went to California in the days of the "forty-niners," and his strenuous advocacy of religion and public order in that lawless epoch entitles him to be called the Father of the Commonwealth, whose first elected governor he became. After his conversion to the true faith, he published an able and scholarly volume describing "The Path that Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church"; and his voice was ever raised, when occasion offered, to defend the truth. He did more than this, however; for he lived a consistently Catholic life. "Every day," says a secular journal, "and sometimes twice a day, his bowed form was to be seen treading the pavement between his home and the little Church of St. Bridget on Van Ness Avenue. He walked with downcast eyes, so that no secular conversation should disturb his contemplation of the world to come; and passers-by respected his mood by refraining from saluting him." Governor Burnett found the faithful performance of his religious duties no hindrance to

human success; and it was not an idle phrase when, appropriating the words of Charles Carroll, he said near the close of a career unusually successful: "My greatest joy in life is the remembrance that I have always been faithful to the duties of religion." May he rest in peace!

The Socialist mayor of the town of Roubaix, in France, has grown extremely solicitous for the well-being of the citizens who made the mistake of placing him in office. Sagely concluding that the carrying of the Holy Viaticum through the streets by a priest wearing a surplice, and preceded by a clerk with a little hand-bell, must necessarily recall to mind the lugubrious fact of man's mortality, this zealous municipal potentate has decreed that henceforth such religious ceremony shall be abolished. In view of the fact that the ceremony is as common and as long-established in Catholic countries as is that of funeral processions in Protestant ones, the decree is arbitrary and gratuitously offensive; nor has it been obeyed by all the pastors of Roubaix. The parish priest of St. Joseph's Church recently carried the Holy Viaticum, with the usual ceremony, to a sick person on a Sunday evening. An officious partisan of the mayor witnessed the proceeding, and attempted to snatch the bell from the acolyte who walked before the priest. His interference was resented by several of those who accompanied the Blessed Sacrament, and one young woman (muscular, be it hoped) gave him a vigorous slap in the face. The ringing was now in his head also, and he retired without parley.

The Rev. Mr. Clark, secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, laments the decline of popular interest in missions to the heathen, which, he says, "is painfully shown in the diminished receipts of missionary boards, and the heavy debts weighing upon some of the leading societies, seriously embarrassing their work abroad and preventing any advance." The New York *Sun* holds that the explanation of this fact lies in the growing uncertainty of Protestants as to the inspiration of the Scriptures. The

distribution of Bibles seems to be the chief evangelical work done by the sects, and, says our wise contemporary, "foreign missions flourished in a period of devout and unquestioning faith in the Bible as the pure and unerring Word of God." There is, however, another reason—the failure of the Protestant missionaries as regards results. It was hard to subscribe large sums for the evangelization of the heathen, and then to be told—as the patrons have been told by Protestant tourists, and even by some of their own ministers—that Catholic missionaries with scant resources were reaping the bulk of the harvest. Moreover, we have positive evidence that the methods of *some* Protestant missionaries are utterly disreputable. No minister in America, outside an asylum or an A. P. A. lodge, would recommend Maria Monk's "Awful Disclosures" as illustrating the Catholic doctrine of confession. Yet this indecent work, shame to say, has been translated into Hindostanee by emissaries of the sects, and freely circulated for the edification of the heathen. The Spirit of Christ is not in deeds like this, and they can bring no blessing on those who perform them.

Those who recognize in the 8,000,000 non-Catholic negroes of America a vast missionary field will be glad to know that in addition to the labors of devoted priests and nuns we have the practical efforts of the Mission Helpers of St. Joseph's Guild, an association calculated to pave the way for missionaries, and also to extend their apostolate. The example of Protestant churches, Sunday-schools and benevolent societies has inspired its members with the design of disposing the mind of so many benighted negroes for the reception of Catholic truth by means of practical charity. They collect food for them, supply them with clothing, etc. The only resources of the association are voluntary contributions and the funds derived from its little publication, the *Flight*. Needless to state, the demands made upon it are a hundredfold in excess of the resources.

The zeal and charity of many sectarians, lay and clerical, for the welfare of our brothers in black contrast sadly with the apathy and selfishness of many of the house-

hold of the faith. Alas! the generality of American Catholics seem to have little of the missionary spirit. And it is as true as deplorable that some of the most favorable opportunities for exercising charity and spreading the faith in this country are least appreciated. We must be allowed to express ourselves thus freely, in view of the importance of the subject, to which we shall return betimes.

The public mind is beginning to grasp the Catholic idea of education. We have afforded our readers many illustrations of this new enlightenment; but the latest, and by no means the least striking, is found in these words of Mr. Angell, editor of *Our Dumb Animals*:

"The foul murder in Boston of little eight-year-old Alice Sterling forces upon us more than ever the infinite importance of infinitely greater efforts to promote humane education in all our public and private schools, and the incomprehensible folly of leading educators who devote almost their entire efforts to educating the heads and almost entirely neglect the hearts of the rising generation. Let our colleges, high, normal, and lower schools go on with their scientific teachings, doing little or nothing to inspire a belief in God and humanity, and by and by we shall have plenty of murders like that of little Alice Sterling."

This is frank, to say the least of it; however, we expect frankness from Mr. Angell. He might have added that education of the head alone, even when it does not deprave the heart, hardens it. And it does not matter how high that education is.

Mrs. Emilie Skrimshire, who died recently in London, was a remarkable woman. She had been the wife of an Anglican rector, and seven years after the death of her husband was received into the Church by Cardinal Manning, whom she had known before his conversion. Five of her children consecrated their lives to the service of religion—one becoming a Benedictine, one a Jesuit, two others secular priests, and one of her daughters a nun of the Assumption. Like not a few converts, Mrs. Skrimshire was called upon to sacrifice relatives, friends and wealth for conscience' sake, and she suffered many severe crosses besides. Her death-bed, however, was

singularly rich in consolation; and on the day of her funeral—meet symbol of her own lifelong charity!—bread was freely distributed among the poor. May she rest in peace!

The Golden Jubilee of the University of Notre Dame, which will be celebrated by a triduum beginning June 11, is a notable event in the history of the Church in America. As one of the leading Catholic institutions of learning, its career has a special interest for all, and its past history is sufficient assurance that great things may be expected from it for Church and country. Preparations for the fitting celebration of the Jubilee have already been made upon a large scale, and we may add that the event will be signalized by the adoption of important measures calculated to increase materially the efficiency of the University. Notre Dame has deserved well of American Catholics, and they will heartily join in spirit with the distinguished churchmen and laymen who will meet to do her honor.

Obituary.

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

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

Mr. John Lillis, of Everett, Mass., who was called to the reward of a good life on the 9th ult.

Mr. Francis J. Dalton, who departed this life on the 13th ult., in New York.

Mrs. Annie Watson, of Shenandoah, Pa., whose happy death took place on the 15th ult.

Mr. John McQuaid, who breathed his last on the 1st ult., at New Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Mary Groman, of Fort Wayne, Ind., whose life closed peacefully on Good Friday.

Mr. John Mullins, who passed away last month, at South Boston, Mass.

Mr. James Robinson, Mrs. Catherine Tobin, Mrs. Margaret Duffy, and Mrs. Mary Bulger,—all of Newark, N. J.; Miss Susan M. Cassidy and Mr. James A. Creagh, New York city; Mr. Louis Bazzoni, Newbury, N. Y.; Mrs. Caroline Perks and Mr. Edward Perks, Franklin, N. J.; Mr. James McKeown, Derrynoose, Ireland; Mrs. Helen Weber Stockton, Cal.; Mrs. Terence Curry, Somerville, Mass.; and Mrs. John Ryan, Manchester, N. H.

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 Thorns of Sin.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

AMONG the roses in the lovely June
 Italian painters place Thee, little Lord,
 With Her whose face shines like the silver
 moon
 Through darkness all around,—with sweet
 accord
 The roses cast their incense at Thy feet.

Among the roses in my heart, O Lord!
 I place Thee, thronèd with Thy Mother
 dear,—
 All our three hearts bound by Thy love; I fear
 No cold, no thirst, no ill from fire or sword,
 But that a thorn may touch Thee, Saviour
 sweet!

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVIII.—GUY'S NEWS.

O sooner was it known that Miley had bearded the great Osborne in the very centre of the club than there was a sensation in the school. The startling rumor ran along the tables of the refectory, and in a very short time there was scarcely a junior who believed that Steve Osborne's grandfather had ever been a pirate. Three hours before he had been the idol of the school. His cleverness, his power in the athletic meetings, the great "runs" he had made on

the "diamond" when he was in Boston, his muscle, his knowledge of the manual of arms, had been celebrated until they became more important facts in the minds of many of the boys than anything chronicled in history.

Mr. O'Connor, who sat at the head of one of the senior tables, caught rumors of the change, and he smiled. He was glad to see the influence of Steve Osborne broken; but he could not help saying to Professor Grigg that evening as he made his report:

"Taken singly, boys are good fellows. They have hearts, and they are loyal and open to sympathy; and I'm sure they'd rather do right than wrong. But in crowds they are as unreasonable as men."

The Professor awoke from a deep study.

"Oh, yes!—what did you say? Oh, yes! we must manage them in squads, just like machines. There is nothing like it. Look at that Osborne,—fine, manly fellow. By the way, Chumleigh and three or four other boys are reported for fighting in uniform. Look into it,—it's bad."

Mr. O'Connor promised, and later got their sentence from the Colonel.

After supper Miley found Jack walking, by special permission, with Faky Dillon and Thomas Jefferson on the junior side. Mr. O'Connor had sent him to take a message to one of the juniors, and he stopped to congratulate Jack.

"Well, kid," he said, jocularly, "the juel's off. It's a cold day when Miley Galligan is bluffed."

"We don't talk slang in the juniors," said Faky, gravely. "You will discover

that your miscellaneous conversation is uncomprehended in the higher circles of the school."

Miley opened his eyes.

"Don't you go jollying me, kid!"

"Being unable to discover what your ultimate intention is, I can not investigate its meaning," answered Faky.

"It is incompatible with our mental hallucinations," said Thomas Jefferson, observing Faky's wink.

"What are you giving—" began Miley.

"Idioms we are capable of," said Faky.

"Slang is obnoxious. The seniors may indulge themselves in such conversation, we have no use for it."

"I am with you!" said Thomas Jefferson.

"You'd better take that chewing-gum out of your mouth before you put on airs!" cried Miley, indignantly.

Faky and Thomas Jefferson laughed.

"You'd have fared better on our side," said Faky. "Father Mirard has asked us for dinner to-morrow night,—that is, the six best juniors. You're treated like men on this side."

"We *are* men on our side," said Miley.

"I say, Jack, the juel's off. And we'll loot the club. They've got to give us a lot of money for not telling or not fighting. Steve's gone under. I've fixed him."

"How did you do it?" asked Faky, in admiration.

"As far as I am concerned," said Jack, "I don't want Osborne's money or anything of his or his friends. I want them to let me alone,—that's all."

"Osborne's a fraud," said Miley.

"I will say nothing against any boy behind his back," said Jack. "If I have ever done it, I'm sorry for it, and I'll never do it again. When I get a chance, I'll tell Osborne what I think before his face."

Faky and Thomas Jefferson looked at Jack with admiration, but they wanted to hear what Miley had to say.

"Osborne's out, at any rate," said Miley; "and I'm going to run this school. Any

bad boy can fool a lot of good boys into following him, if he knows how. I'll tell you why," added Miley, linking his arm in Jack's. "Boys can't tell things: they have to keep a lot of things quiet; and the bad boy, if he can talk well, can make 'em believe all sorts of things that they can't tell to older people. Boys suffer a great deal that way. I suffered myself when I was young."

Faky uttered a shriek of laughter, in which Thomas Jefferson joined.

Miley turned his back to them.

"Cheer up, Jack!" he said.

"I just want to be let alone," said Jack.

"I'm thankful to you, Miley, for getting me out of the scrape, though I don't know how you've done it. But I am not going to begin here by crowing over people or abusing them. I want to keep out of Steve Osborne's way,—that's all. I've been thinking it all over, and I've made up my mind to keep the rules and work — after Professor Grigg has settled with me for fighting in uniform."

Miley was disappointed. He had expected Jack to be jubilant over the victory. But he found him inclined, as Miley said to himself, "to preach."

Jack suddenly found himself deserted.

Faky and Thomas Jefferson were determined to hear Miley's account of the interview between Steve Osborne and himself. And while Jack walked around the campus he heard them talking and laughing.

"It's hard to be good," he said to himself. "Just because I try to be good, I lose my best friend, Bob Bently; and my own brother drops me to take up with Miley Galligan."

Jack walked hastily toward the seniors' ground, his hands behind his back. He could not help thinking that he was like Napoleon at St. Helena. He pitied himself very much, and there was some consolation in this.

Miley caught up with him.

"You don't mean to say that you're not going to loot Steve Osborne's club when their boxes come?" he inquired, seriously.

"Yes, I do."

"I call that mean," said Miley. "After all the trouble I've taken! That club would have broken us all up, if it could."

"If Osborne lets me alone, I'll let him alone," replied Jack. "After what I went through at home last year, I determined to do just what was near me, and never mind the rest. I haven't been here any time at all when things begin to bob up against me. I'm not going to meddle in other folks' affairs, or do anything to anybody."

Miley whistled.

"I am going to get what I can out of Osborne," said Miley, firmly. "I don't see why I shouldn't run this department."

The bell for study rang. The boys formed into ranks,—Jack pairing with Riley, in a very depressed state of mind.

On the following day the sentences were announced, and Jack found himself deprived of his pocket-money for two weeks, put on guard duty for a week, and presented with thirty demerits for fighting in uniform.

The week passed, and the Wednesday of another week came, and with it Uncle Mike and Guy.

Jack was thankful that he was not on guard duty the second week. Guard duty consisted in walking up and down on the bluff overlooking the railway during recess. There the soldier in punishment had a full view of all the sports going on, but he could not join in them. Nothing could be more exasperating. The others concerned in the fight were punished, too; but, for some reason or other, Professor Grigg held Jack to be the greatest offender.

Jack bore his exile with patience. The demerits were harder to bear; for they meant suspension at Christmas, if they were not worked off by exemplary good conduct.

But when Guy came, Jack almost forgot all his woes. Faky brought the news while Jack was playing a game of quoits with John Betts,—Mrs. Grigg had sent him. He did not wait for Jack to say anything, but rushed off like the wind to tell Baby Maguire and Thomas Jefferson.

Riley was passing; and, in his excitement, Jack called to him:

"Say, will you tell Bob Bently that Mrs. Grigg wants him?"

As Riley was on his way to the barrack, and Jack was in a great hurry to get to Guy, it was natural enough that he should give this message. Riley, however, was of Osborne's club, and not anxious to be polite to Jack.

"Why don't you tell Bob yourself? Isn't he a friend of yours any more?" Riley demanded.

"I'm a friend of his, but I'm not sure whether he's a friend of mine," replied Jack. "If he likes your crowd better, I can't help it. I'll tell him myself,—you needn't mind."

"Oh, I'll tell him!" cried Riley, as he mounted his wheel. "Bob," he called out, "Mrs. Grigg wants to see you."

"About what?" asked Bob, who was taking off his football clothes.

"Oh, I don't know! Jack Chumleigh told me to tell you."

"Why couldn't he tell me himself?"

"He didn't care to speak to you, I suppose. He said that if you liked our crowd, we could keep you."

Bob flushed to the roots of his hair.

"He did, did he? Jack Chumleigh said that, did he? All right! If he doesn't want to speak to me, I guess I can do without him. Why, Riley, you don't know what friends we have been. So he won't speak to me? All right!"

Riley was delighted. He was a narrow-minded and selfish boy. He wanted to be first with everybody. Steve Osborne managed him by constant flattery, and occasionally by bullying.

"You'll find out that old friends are not *always* the best," said Riley. "I could tell you other things Steve Osborne heard him say,—but you never mind. I'll stick up for you every time."

This did not give Bob much consolation. He got into his clothes and ran off toward the house. Jack was going up the steps as he reached them.

"Halloo, Bob!" Jack began, eagerly. But Bob straightened himself up, and went by without looking toward him.

Guy sat on the sofa in the smaller parlor, which was the special property of Mrs. Grigg, and into which the boys were seldom admitted. Mrs. Grigg and her youngest son, Timothy Grigg, were seated on either side of Guy; and it was evident that they were both interested in him. Opposite to them, bolt-upright on a chair, was Uncle Mike. His tall hat, slightly out of date, but much polished with kerosene, was held stiffly in his hand. His frock-coat was new and black; and his cuffs were very prominent.

Faky and Thomas Jefferson and Miley, who stood near the sofa, beaming with delight, were proud of Uncle Mike.

"Mrs. Grigg can see," whispered Miley to Faky, "that our relatives are no slouches."

At this moment Uncle Mike added to the effect unconsciously by pulling out of his back pocket a crimson silk handkerchief, so rich and large that Miley could hardly restrain a whistle of admiration.

Nevertheless, Uncle Mike looked pale and worn. He seemed glad to see the boys,—very glad; but he sighed heavily as he greeted them.

"It does my heart good," he said, with another sigh, "to find you all looking so round and rosy."

Guy blushed and his eyes sparkled.

"O Jack! O Bob!" he said, holding a hand of each of them, "we're in great trouble. Uncle Mike is ruined, and we don't know what to do."

(To be continued.)

A Forester Saint.

BY DORA M. BAXTER.

In the days when the Frankish kings, with their long hair and their fierce eyes, waged bloody war in sunny France, there lived a Duke of Aquitaine named Hubert. Pagan in heart and powerful in arms, he loved to hear the shrill battle-cry and the neighing of the steeds that proudly bore their steel-clad warriors through the thickest of the fight. But in the days of peace the young Duke called around him his skilful huntsmen, and with hound and horn galloped out into the wide green forest. How he loved the leafy glades, so sombre and still, the pleasant fragrance of moss and wild flower! A thrill of delight shot through him as he listened to the echoing horn and the rapid hoof-beats of the horses bounding over the fresh green turf. Pity so gallant a rider, so brave a soldier should possess a heathen heart; for courage, methinks, should be linked with truth. Ah! but Providence had something in store for the noble Duke of Aquitaine.

It was Friday. Hubert was at his favorite pastime, when from out the thicket there sprang the fairest deer that hunter's eye could rest on. Milk-white was she, and of so delicate a form that her light hoofs scarcely stirred the morning dew from the grass in the forest glade. Gaily the hunters put spurs to their steeds; the bugles sounded long and joyously; and Hubert, leaving the trains far behind, sped on in the track of the mysterious deer. Suddenly, within arm's-length of him, she turned and faced him. What was his amazement to see between her horns the image of the Crucified, surrounded by a great light!

"Hubert," said a sweet and plaintive voice, "how long wilt thou chase the beasts of the forest? Is this a day to

follow thine idle sport,—the day whereon I who am the true God died for thee and all men?"

Hubert tremblingly threw himself from his horse, and knelt, with tears of emotion streaming down his cheeks. He had always despised the meek Christians; but now he bowed his neck to the sweet yoke of Christ, gave up his dukedom, and retired to a little forest cell, far from his sunny home in Aquitaine. The timid deer grew to know and trust him. They fed from his hand, and dearly he loved them in memory of that "milk-white doe" that had brought the truth into his life.

Years after he was called to be Bishop of Utrecht, and there he labored with a good-will to spread among the pagans the light that had fallen on him. Their false idols he cast down, and with such a winning grace did he preach that he gained many souls to Christ from the bands of fierce and savage pagans. In and out of the famous Forest of Ardennes, on the Rogation Days, wound the long processions of priests and people, with lofty cross and waving banners, while the litanies swelled with a loud and solemn echo through the lonely wilderness. True to the end, he was always a forest saint. He died on the 30th of May, 727, and lies buried in St. Peter's Church at Liege.

A Young Patriot.

We are told, upon no less an authority than that of Hezekiah Butterworth, that the first person to fall in the Revolutionary war was a young Boston boy named Christopher Snyder. It is doubtless true; and when patriotic societies are looking about for graves to mark, they should not forget little Christopher, the brave son of a widow of Boston, the city of liberty. Of course, every school-boy knows that the American colonies objected very

strongly to the taxes imposed upon them by the mother country, and that they threw the tea into Boston Harbor rather than sacrifice their principles by drinking it. There were other things beside tea which were taxed; and some merchants in Boston continued to sell such articles, and were much disliked on that account. Some of the big boys became so excited on the subject that they organized what we would call to-day a "boycott," making a list of the stubborn merchants on a placard, and putting it on a pole which bore a wooden head and hand. This they set up before the door of one of the principal offenders, with the wooden hand looking as if it were pointing in derision at the shopkeeper. When he discovered what the angry young lads had done, he became vexed in his turn, and fired a musket into the crowd which had congregated. A boy who afterward became Governor of Massachusetts was slightly hurt, and little Christopher Snyder was killed.

Then all the indignation turned to weeping, and the whole city mourned for the lad who had died for his country,—for it amounted to that. It is said that never before or since did a boy have such a funeral. On the coffin was the inscription, "Innocence itself is not safe"; and the body as it passed along had a guard of six hundred school-boys. Every shop was closed and every bell tolled; while fifteen hundred people walked behind the remains of the "first martyr of the Revolution," as he was afterward called.

There was much honest blood shed after that, but the patriotic descendants of the patriots of '76 should remember little Christopher Snyder.

FRANCESCA.

"I CAN'T" can do nothing; "I'll try" can do many things; "I will" can do almost anything.





ST. STANISLAUS KOSTKA.

A copy of the "Apparition Picture" owned by the late James Weld Esq., of Archer's Lodge, Southampton, England, now in the possession of the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Weld, Shrewsbury Place, Isleworth.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

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Mater Dei.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

SHE looked to east, she looked to west,
 Her eyes, impenetrable, mild,
 That saw both worlds, came home to rest,—
 Home to her own sweet Child.
 God's golden head was at her breast.

What need to look o'er land and sea?
 What could the winged ships bring to her?
 What gold or gems of price might be,
 Ivory or miniver,
 Since God Himself lay on her knee?

What could th' intense blue heaven keep
 To draw her eyes and thoughts so high?
 All heaven was where her Boy did leap,
 Where her foot quietly
 Went rocking the dear God asleep.

The angel folk fared up and down
 A Jacob's Ladder hung between
 Her quiet chamber and God's Town.
 She saw unawed, serene;
 Her God Himself played by her gown.

An Apparition of St. Stanislaus Kostka.

THE following account of an apparition of St. Stanislaus Kostka will have special interest for most readers, because of the comparatively recent occurrence of the event. It is reprinted, with some fresh details, from a volume of a former

series of 'THE "AVE MARIA,"' at the suggestion of a well-known missionary priest, who assures us that the narration will be new to innumerable readers. For the most part, it is a transcript of the testimony of Miss Katherine W. Weld, one of the witnesses of the apparition; the Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., supplying further information. Miss Weld's statement is in our possession, and is all the more valuable now that she is dead. She was living when this account was first published, and certified to its correctness.

St. Stanislaus is one of the glories of the Society of Jesus, a beloved and favored child of Mary. His precious death, according to his prophecy, took place on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, 1568. He was canonized, in company with St. Aloysius Gonzaga, by Pope Benedict XIII. in 1726.

Philip Weld was the youngest son of James Weld, Esq., of Archer's Lodge, near Southampton. In 1842 he was sent by his father to St. Edmund's College, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, for his education. He was a well-conducted, amiable boy, and much beloved by all his masters and fellow-students.

It chanced that April 16, 1846, was a holiday at the College. On the morning of that day Philip had received Holy Communion at the early Mass (having just finished a retreat), and in the afternoon he went boating on the River Ware,

accompanied by one of the masters and some of his companions. A row was one of the sports which he always enjoyed particularly.

After amusing themselves for some hours, the master announced that it was time to return to the College; but Philip begged to have one row more. The master consented, and Weld and a companion rowed out to the accustomed turning-point. On arriving there, and on turning the boat, Philip accidentally fell into the river; and, notwithstanding every effort to save him, he was drowned.*

The corpse was brought back to the College; and the Very Rev. Dr. Cox, as well as all the others who remained at home, was greatly shocked and grieved to hear of the accident. He was very fond of Philip, and to be obliged to communicate the sad news to the boy's parents was a most painful duty. He could scarcely make up his mind whether to write by post or to send a messenger. At last he resolved to go himself to Southampton.

Dr. Cox set off on the same afternoon, passed through London, and reached Southampton the next day. Thence he drove to the residence of the Weld family. Before entering the grounds he saw Mr. Weld, at a short distance from the gate, walking toward the town. Dr. Cox immediately stopped the carriage, alighted, and was about to address him, when the latter prevented him by saying:

"You need not speak one word, for I know that Philip is dead. Yesterday afternoon I was walking with my daughter

Katherine, and we suddenly saw him. He was standing in the path on the opposite side of the turnpike road, between two persons, one of whom was a youth dressed in a black robe. My daughter was the first to perceive them, and exclaimed: 'O papa, did you ever see anything so like Philip as that?'—'Like him!' I replied; 'why, it is he!' Strange to say, she thought nothing of the incident other than that we had beheld an extraordinary likeness of her brother. We walked toward these three figures. Philip was looking with a smiling, happy countenance at the young man in a black robe, who was shorter than himself. Suddenly they all vanished: I saw nothing but a countryman, whom I had before seen *through* the three figures, which gave me the impression that they were spirits. I said nothing, however, to any one, as I was fearful of alarming Mrs. Weld.* I looked out anxiously for the post this morning. To my delight, no letter came (I forgot that letters from Ware came in the afternoon), and my fears were quieted. I thought no more of the extraordinary circumstance until I saw you in the carriage outside my gate. Then everything returned to my mind, and I could not doubt that you had come to tell me of the death of my dear boy."

The reader will easily imagine how inexpressibly astonished Dr. Cox was at this recital. He asked Mr. Weld if he had ever seen the young man in the black robe. The gentleman replied that he had never before seen him, but that his countenance was so indelibly impressed on his memory that he was certain he should recognize him at once anywhere.

Dr. Cox then related to the afflicted father the circumstances of his son's death, which occurred at the very hour in which Philip appeared to his father

* The Rev. Robert Whitty, S. J., formerly Vicar-General to Cardinal Wiseman and some time Provincial of the Society of Jesus in England, was then a young priest at St. Edmund's College. He was the first to break the sad news to the president, Dr. Cox. He states that the only other person in the boat at the time was Eustace Barron. "While Eustace was at one end of the boat, Philip tumbled out of the other. Eustace ran toward him, and shoved out an oar. Philip clutched at it, but missed it; sank, and did not rise again."

* It seems that Mr. Weld had frightened his wife exceedingly on one occasion by relating something that happened to him while in Paris, and resolved never to mention anything of the kind again.

and sister. They felt much consolation on account of the placid smile Mr. Weld had remarked on the countenance of Philip, as it seemed to indicate that he had died in the grace of God, and was consequently forever happy.

Mr. Weld went to the funeral, and on leaving the church after the sad ceremony he looked round to see if any one present at all resembled the young man he had seen with Philip; but he could not trace the slightest likeness in any of them. A letter of the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Weld, a brother of the deceased, dated April 16, 1895, the anniversary of the apparition, may be quoted here. "I was present at the funeral," he writes; "and before it my father told me that he would look at all the members of the College, to see if he could recognize the one who was with Philip; for he said no matter in what part of the world he might see him he would recognize him instantly,—as he did the moment he saw the portrait. After the funeral I asked him the question, and he said: 'Oh, no! I saw no one with the slightest resemblance.'"

About four months later Mr. Weld and his family paid a visit to his brother, Mr. George Weld, at Leagram Hall, in Lancashire. One day he walked with his daughter Katherine to the neighboring village of Chipping; and, after attending a service at the church, called to see the priest, the Rev. Father Bateman. A few moments elapsed before he was at leisure to come to them, and while waiting they entertained themselves by examining the prints hanging on the walls of the room. Suddenly Mr. Weld stopped before a picture which had no name that one could see written under it, as the frame covered the lower portion, and exclaimed:

"That is the one whom I saw with Philip! I do not know whose likeness this print is, but I am *certain* that it is the one I saw with Philip."

The priest entered the room a moment

later, and was immediately questioned by Mr. Weld concerning the print. He replied that it was a picture of St. Stanislaus Kostka, and supposed to be a very good likeness of the young Saint. Mr. Weld was much moved at hearing this; for St. Stanislaus was a member of the Society of Jesus, and Mr. Weld's father having been a great benefactor to the Order, his family were supposed to be under the particular protection of the Jesuit saints. Also Philip had been inspired by various circumstances with a particular devotion to this Saint. Moreover, St. Stanislaus is venerated as the special advocate of the drowned.*

Father Bateman at once kindly presented the picture to Mr. Weld, who, of course, received it with the greatest joy and veneration, and kept it until his death. His wife valued it equally, and at her death it passed to the daughter who saw the apparition at the same time as her father. It is now in the possession of Monsig. Weld, who assures us in the letter quoted above that "nothing can be better than THE 'AVE MARIA'S' photograph."†

Four circumstances, remarks Father Drummond, tend to make the objective truth of this narrative highly probable. The first is that Miss Weld saw the three figures, but without noticing the faces or dresses of the two companions of her brother, and without believing that what her father considered to be really his son's face was anything more than a likeness. This precludes deception arising from the "wish to believe." The second is that Mr. Weld himself was delighted when no letter

* A striking fact with respect to the Saint's miracles is the large number of dead persons restored to life by the power of his intercession, and most of these had met their death by drowning. Another noticeable circumstance is that it is chiefly children that the Saint raised to life, and though examples of grown persons are not wanting. See the excellent "Life of St. Stanislaus," by Edward Henry Thompson.

† Our engraving is from a photograph of the original, obtained through the kindness of the late Miss Weld and the Rev. Father Drummond, S. J.

came to him by the morning post. This would prove that he did not voluntarily cling to a delusion. Again, Mr. Weld's not immediately recognizing the picture of St. Stanislaus shows that he could not have known much about the Saint; for this picture, though having a special charm of its own, is easily recognizable to any one who has ever seen a representation of St. Stanislaus. Mr. Weld, then, could not have been thinking of St. Stanislaus at the time, and therefore the likeness to the picture could not be the work of his imagination. Finally, Philip's second companion was not particularly observed by the father or the daughter. Supposing, for the moment, that the story was the product of "unconscious cerebration," or any other natural process, it would have been very hard to resist the tendency to explain who that second companion was. No explanation was ever offered. Needless to add that the mere fact of Miss Weld's having seen anything at all does away with the possibility of a merely subjective phenomenon on her father's part.

The Rev. Dr. Lee, a learned and well-known Anglican minister, who is numbered among the contributors to *THE "AVE MARIA,"* speaks of this remarkable occurrence as one of the most striking and best-authenticated instances of a supernatural appearance which has ever been narrated, and gives a brief account of it in his interesting work entitled "The Other World." He writes: "The various independent testimonies, dovetailing together so perfectly, centre in the leading supernatural fact—the actual apparition in the daytime of a person just departed this life by sudden death, seen not by one only, but by two people simultaneously; and seen in company with the spirit of a very holy and renowned Saint, the chosen patron of the youth who had just been drowned. A more clear and conclusive example of the supernatural it would be impossible to obtain."

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

XXIV.—RIO FRIO.

NEVER did the valley of Mexico look more intensely beautiful than on that memorable July day when the Empress Carlotta set forth on her journey to—despair. Pausing for a while on the piazza at Chapultepec, she gazed, her beautiful eyes glazed with unshed tears, over the luminous greens and golds and purples and crimsons. Leaning heavily upon the Emperor's arm, and up against him, she stood speechless, gazing as though she knew that this was the last glance she would ever cast upon a valley which she had learned to love so well. The Emperor suddenly placed an arm round her, and kissed her with a long, long, lingering, loving kiss. The ladies and gentlemen of her suite turned away, and Alice Nugent sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Hey! hey!" cried honest Bergheim, his voice thick and unnatural. "It is high time to be stirring, your Majesties. I have to place you safely in San Miguel before the sun sets. If it please you, we must to horse."

Slowly—oh, so slowly!—the imperial couple turned away; and Carlotta's glance fell for the last time upon the gigantic cedars, beneath whose shade the ill-fated Montezuma foreboded the destruction of his kingdom and himself.

The imperial escort was a very strong one, as the Juarists were growing bolder, and the country to be passed through thoroughly disaffected. The Hussars of the Empress—the Corps d'Élite—rode in advance, their scarlet dolmans and gold

braidings making a brave and splendid show. Next came two hundred gentlemen of the court, in various uniforms, all superbly mounted and armed to the teeth; then the imperial carriage drawn by twelve white mules, in which sat Carlotta and Maximilian alone; for, having so much to say ere the sad and solemn leave-taking, the usual etiquette of riding with the lady in waiting and the adjutant was dispensed with. Closely following the imperial carriage came another, occupied by the two ladies in waiting—of whom Miss Nugent was one—and a Minister of State; and a second, in which were seated two chamberlains of the imperial household and the Empress' physician. Four other vehicles carried the servants and the baggage. The rear was brought up by a picked body of Belgian troops, and the rear-guard was composed of a troop of French cavalry. Maréchal Bazaine insisted upon accompanying the Emperor, greatly to Maximilian's disgust; for of late the Emperor's eyes were being opened as to the *real* Bazaine, not the Marshal of France.

It was a brave and glittering cavalcade; and, to all seeming, the glory of the Empire was never so refulgent as when that July sun flashed on the sabres of the bold and brave troopers who gallantly galloped beside the imperial equipage, surrounding their sovereigns, every man of them ready to do or die.

Our hero's mount was a splendid bay, the gift of Baron Bergheim; and, being in a low, if not a despairing, frame of mind, he rode as far away from the imperial carriage as he dared. Ever and anon a sudden halt or a turn in the road would send him almost into the lap of Miss Nugent; but he never once raised his eyes to her, or gave her a chance, if she even wanted to, to bow to him. Officially he learned that Count Ludwig von Kalksburg would be in waiting at Rio Frio, and this unexpected announcement

was quite sufficient to sour poor Bodkin heart and soul.

With the sad—nay, tragic parting of the Emperor and Empress, of husband and wife, I shall not deal. Both *felt* that it might be the last time that they would meet on earth, but neither would admit the sombre thought in any way to ripen. There was no attempt at cheerfulness,—no such thing as an expression of hope that the mission of the heroic woman would succeed. There was no "*Au revoir!*" "God keep you!" were Maximilian's last words to his loving wife on this side of the grave.

At a little *venta*, or inn, a troop of Austrian horse met the imperial *cortège*, and commanding this troop was Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. Military etiquette compelled Arthur to salute the Count, the same law compelling Von Kalksburg to return the salutation.

"Good God, how happy he ought to be!" thought Arthur. "If I were in his place, I'd fling all court etiquette to the winds, and fly to her side. This fellow doesn't seem in any hurry even to greet her. Well, what is it all to *me*? Shall I say adieu? *Cui bono*? She wanted only to talk business with me the other day at Cuernavaca. Aye, but she called me Arthur—twice. Pshaw! force of habit. Oh, why did I ever leave old Ireland!" And he strode away.

The halt lasted but one brief half hour. The Emperor was to return to Mexico, the Empress to push on to Vera Cruz. The trumpets sounded "boots and saddles," and Rody came up with Arthur's charger.

"Herself wants for to spake to ye, Masther Arthur."

"The Empress?"

"No, sir. Miss Nugent."

"Did she say so?"

"Yes, sir, she did. 'Rody,' sez she, 'tell yer masther I want for to say good-bye to him.'" He added, in an undertone: "Bad cess to her, couldn't she lave him

alone! She done her work. The idaya of takin' that spalpeen before Masther Arthur!—a Jarmin Count before Bodkin of Ballyboden! Begob but wimen bates Banagher!”

Arthur, leading his charger by the bridle, crossed to where Alice Nugent was standing.

“I wish to say good-bye, Mr. Bodkin,” she said very slowly, as if controlling her words.

“Thank you!” he answered; and, for want of better, “When do you think of returning?”

“*Sabe Dios!*”

“But you *will* return; at least—well—perhaps not. You will, I presume, remain in Austria; and,” he added, with a ghastly attempt at gayety—he was pale as death,—“I suppose I ought in all etiquette to—to congratulate you.”

“Congratulate *me!*”

“Yes, yes!”

“On what?”

“O Miss Nugent! you—well, on your engagement to—that gentleman over yonder,” bending his head in the direction where the Count was engaged in earnest conversation with the Emperor.

At this moment the Empress entered her carriage, and called to Alice to join her.

“Arthur Bodkin,” said Miss Nugent, white as himself, “what do you mean?”

“I mean that I congratulate you on your engagement to the most noble, the Count Ludwig von Kalksburg,” his tone cold, if not sneering.

While you could count three slowly Alice was silent.

“Arthur,” she said, and her beautiful Irish eyes filled with tears, “I am *not* engaged to Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. I *never* was engaged to him. And—and—I never was engaged to anybody but—you. Good-bye!”

And in another instant she was seated beside her Imperial Mistress, and the carriage was driven rapidly away.

XXV.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

When the devoted Carlotta had departed on her mission of—despair, Maximilian was left alone to face the embarrassment of perils that menaced his government. It was a task for statesmanship, for the mastery of conflicting forces, in the end; but for the time being, one of negotiation, of expediency, until the result of the mission of the Empress, with its glad tidings of great joy, should be known; for the Emperor never for a second doubted the issue. Carlotta, his beloved Carlotta, fail! Such a word was not in his dictionary. And was not the honor of Napoleon III. at stake?

When Baron Saillard, Napoleon's special envoy, announced to Maximilian his purpose to withdraw the French troops, Bazaine hastened to issue the orders for execution. In the distant provinces the retreat had already begun; Juarez had removed his seat of government inland from the Rio Grande to Chihuahua; gloom and feverish anxiety reigned in the court, and conspiracy in the Council of State.

Napoleon wrote to Maréchal Bazaine:

“I have told the Empress frankly that I can not spare a single man or a dollar for Mexico. I have written to the Emperor that the time for half measures is past, and that he must either maintain himself alone or abdicate.”

In October, after a brief sojourn at Miramar, Carlotta, having failed with Napoleon, resolved to repair to Rome and seek counsel of the Holy Father. At all the large towns she was greeted with every token of enthusiasm and of sympathy. While at Miramar, Alice Nugent was her constant companion; and to her Carlotta seemed to turn for consolation after the unlooked-for failure at the Tuileries. There was something so beautiful, so sympathetic in Alice's Irish nature that the poor Empress—now almost wrecked

with grief, mortification, and anxiety—clung, as it were, to her loyal Maid of Honor,—clung with a sort of despairing tenacity.

The idea of repairing to Rome seemed to brighten up the Empress, and it was put into execution without an hour's unnecessary delay.

As I have stated, the reception accorded Carlotta all along the line took the shape of an ovation; for her sad story was widely known, and the people beheld in her a noble and devoted woman, who, single-handed, was fighting for her rights, and claiming fulfilment of promises made to the ear, to be but broken to the hope.

It was during this journey that, as the special train was slowing into the station of Livorno, the Empress turned to Alice, and said, in a low but deeply impressive tone:

"Alice, I will not go to Rome: I am afraid they will poison me there. I will go back to Miramar."

Alice Nugent's heart beat hard with fright; a deadly fear beset her. There was that in Carlotta's voice which told her that the very apprehensions she had confided to Bodkin in the bower at Cuernavaca had come to bear fruit,—that, merciful God! the reason of her beloved mistress had yielded to the fearful and agonizing strain. In a moment or two, however, the Empress resumed her natural tone; and during the remainder of the journey she was her own sweet self, and considerably gayer than she had been for many months.

She was received at the papal court with the highest ceremony and the highest honor. Numerous personages, representing different nationalities, tendered her their assurances of respect and sympathy; and she won the warmest admiration by her dignity, her grace, and her wondrous linguistic accomplishments. Alas and alas! it was but the flash ere the shadow fell.

In the evening of the fourth day, while

reclining upon a lounge, she suddenly sat up very straight, stared as it were to pierce futurity, pushed her hair back with her beautiful white hands, and, falling back, began to sob piteously,—sob, sob, sob, as if her heart would break.

In an instant Alice was by her side.

"Dearest lady!" the girl sobbed, "what is it?"

The Empress pulled Miss Nugent's head down until she could whisper *into* her ear.

"Alice," she said, intense terror in her voice, "not a word to a human being! Napoleon has hired three of my suite—not *you*,—oh, not *you!*—to poison me; and no one must be allowed near me but you, darling. I shall ask the Holy Father to arrest the Mexican Minister and Cardinal Antonelli."

This attack partly passed away, but it left traces that could not be mistaken. In a final audience at the Vatican, she entreated protection from her enemies, and piteously declared that it was only within the walls of the Vatican that she felt safe from the human fiends who were endeavoring to poison her. This dreadful delusion took so strong a hold upon her that she refused to take any food or drink unless purchased by herself in the streets, and prepared in her presence by her devoted Maid of Honor. The most skilful medical treatment, the most devoted service, failed in their merciful and hopeful purposes; and in the last days of October the Empress was taken in charge by her mother, and brought back to Miramar—her beloved Miramar.

All that love, ambition, and the inspired qualities of true womanhood could do to save the Empire had been done, and the mission of the Empress was over.

The dread news reached Maximilian on the 8th of October, a very short time after the intimation that the mission to the Tuileries had failed. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon that Baron

Bergheim rushed into Arthur Bodkin's quarters, his face pale, hair dishevelled, and tears in his voice.

"God help her! God help her!" he moaned. "Her reason has succumbed."

Then the prophetic words of Alice Nugent came back to Arthur.

The Emperor started as if a bullet had struck him, clapped one hand to his heart, the other to his head, closed his eyes, and stood rigid and white as chalk. Thus did he stand for about five minutes, his lips moving slowly, as if in prayer.

"A horse!" he said to Bodkin, and that was all.

Accompanied by Baron Bergheim and Arthur, who respectfully and sorrowfully kept behind, Maximilian rode out to Chapultepec, his head bent forward, and with never a return salutation to his bowing subjects,—he who was always so particular in touching his hat even to a ragged *pardioso*. Completely prostrated, he shut himself up in his private apartments, where he received but three or four of his immediate suite—men whom he loved and trusted.

Broken by this unendurable sorrow, perplexed by the foul course adopted by Bazaine, and believing that the jealousy and intriguing of the latter had so weakened the political ties around him that nothing but misfortune could be seen looming up in the dark clouds enshrouding him, he repaired to Orizaba, resolving to abdicate, fly to the side of his beloved and afflicted wife, and leave the country without even re-entering the capital. On October the 21st he wrote to Bazaine: "To-morrow I propose to put into your hands the necessary documents by which to end this impossible state of things."

The next few days were full of uncertainty and wild confusion. Maximilian did not send the expected documents, yet his letters to headquarters were all of a testamentary character. The Emperor's personal property was made over to Señor

Sanchez Navarro; and, with the exception of the plate, the valuables in the Palace were packed and forwarded to Vera Cruz.

A short reflection, however, and Maximilian's drooping spirits were aroused, and the inclination to fight it out to the bitter end gradually mastered him. He determined to submit the question of his abdication to a vote of the Privy Council; and, with a view to learning the views of the Mexican people, he issued the following proclamation:

MEXICANS:—Circumstances of great magnitude, relating to the welfare of our country, and which increase in strength by our domestic difficulties, have produced in our mind the conviction that we ought to reconsider the power confided to us.

Our Council of Ministers, by us convoked, has given as their opinion that the welfare of Mexico still requires our presence at the head of affairs, and we have considered it our duty to accede to their request. We announce, at the same time, our intention to convoke a national congress, on the most ample and liberal basis, where all political parties can participate.

This congress shall decide whether the Empire shall continue in the future; and, in case of assent, shall assist in framing the fundamental laws to consolidate the public institutions of the country. To obtain this result, our councillors are at present engaged in devising the necessary means, and at the same time arranging matters in such a manner that all parties may assist in an arrangement on that basis.

In the meantime, Mexicans, counting upon you all, without excluding any political class, we shall continue with courage and constancy the work of regeneration which you have placed in charge of your countryman,

MAXIMILIAN.

ORIZABA, Dec. 1, 1866.

On the fifth day of January, 1867, Maximilian, accompanied by Father Fisher, arrived at the capital. It was decided that the Empire was to be maintained by ten ayes against eight noes.

During the next two months the preparations for the evacuation of Mexico were continued slowly, but systematically. As the French garrison moved out of each town it had occupied, the keys were delivered to the Imperialists, who within twenty-four hours generally turned them over to the Juarists. All relations, always strained, between the Emperor and Bazaine

were broken off; and when, on the 5th of February, the French troops marched past the Palace on their way to the coast—the fleet sailed from Vera Cruz, March 12—every window in the great structure was closed. Behind the blinds of the casement Maximilian watched the retreating columns, and as the rear one disappeared he turned to his secretary, Mr. Mangino: “At last,” he exclaimed, “I am free!”

“Let the French go!” was the cry at court. “We want them not. Be no longer the tool and puppet of Louis Napoleon. Mexicans will save the Empire, and die in the service of your Majesty.”

In the face of General Castlenan's appeal, as says Mr. Taylor, and Bazaine's brutal urgency to abdicate; of the Emperor Francis Joseph's offer to restore the right of succession to the Austrian throne he had renounced in 1864; of the incoming tide of Liberal victories, and Juarez' refusal of amnesty; of the departure of his French allies; of his former settled resolution to turn the government over to the French commander, and leave the Empire to its fate; of his love and sorrow for Carlotta, and his yearning to be with her in her misfortune,—the soul of the young Emperor was stirred to its inmost depths; and, with a courage, a heroism that dignifies all mistakes, and has seldom been equalled in the history of royal lives, he came to an unalterable decision to remain in Mexico, and battle for his sovereignty, his honor, and his friends.

(To be continued.)



HAPPY is he, and he alone safely happy, who gives affection to his fellows, as the sun gives light to the creation. It receives not directly back from single objects what it gives them; but from the *whole*, all that it radiates is returned. It is so with the good man and his race. Persons may not return the reverence and love he lavishes, but humanity will.—*W. R. Alger.*

A School of Sanctity.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE spirit that reigned among the students of the College of St. Omer seems to have been singularly generous and fervent. Such was their piety, obedience, and love of discipline that they were compared to novices of a religious community. In 1609 Mgr. Guido Bentivoglio, Papal Nuncio in Flanders, after visiting the college, thus describes his impressions in a letter to Cardinal Borghese:

“The college is conducted with such order and prudence by the Jesuit Fathers that nothing more remains to be desired for its good.... During the whole of my visit I truly seemed in Paradise and among angels. I was greatly edified and moved even to sorrow at seeing, for the first and perhaps the last time, so many children of the Catholic Church destined to persecutions, afflictions, and martyrdom.”

It is related that when St. Philip of Neri met the students of the English College at Rome, he used to salute them with these words: “*Salvete flores martyrum!*” The same thought seems to have struck the good Italian prelate as he gazed on the fair-haired lads, whose youth and innocence contrasted pathetically with the tragic destiny that probably awaited them.

In 1615 James I. issued a royal edict, in which the College of St. Omer was named. It ordered the immediate return of all English boys from abroad, under penalty of the confiscation of their parents' property. This edict caused, as we may imagine, great consternation at the college; but most of the scholars stoutly refused to leave, although many among them were heirs to great estates. During all the reign of James I. persecution raged in England, and frequent examples of its effects were

brought under the notice of the students. Thus we hear of a boy of good family who was sent to the college at a time when the negotiations for a marriage between the Prince of Wales and a Spanish Infanta had brought about a temporary lull in the storm. Subsequently, however, the persecution broke out again more violent than ever; and the boy's father abandoned the faith, recalled his son, and spared no means to make him apostatize. But the youth had a martyr's heart. He continued to correspond with his old masters, and his courage and perseverance remained unshaken. "We are in daily expectation," add the Annual Letters, "that he will either arrange for his flight, or obtain from his family the liberty to live in England without danger to his faith."

Such instances of courage were frequent in 1626. One of the scholars, before returning to England, made the Spiritual Exercises, in order to prepare himself for the difficulties that awaited him. On landing he was thrown into a horrible prison, where he suffered cruelly from hunger; but, strengthened as he had been for the fight, he nobly persevered, and was not only resigned but cheerful in the midst of his sufferings.

These examples afforded by their contemporaries and companions doubtless contributed to foster a spirit of generosity among the students. Many of them were in the habit of fasting on Saturdays out of devotion to our Blessed Lady; and during the terrible storm that followed the plot of Titus Oates, in the reign of Charles II., their fervor knew no bounds. Special devotions were instituted in the college chapel; and when the news of the martyrdom of the Jesuit Fathers reached St. Omer, so many of the scholars expressed their wish to enter the Society of Jesus that their masters were obliged to moderate their generous enthusiasm.

Many of them suffered from the

persecution in the persons of their nearest and dearest; nevertheless, we are told "their piety was accompanied by great tranquillity of mind, although they constantly heard of their parents and relatives being carried off to prison, and they themselves were in danger of losing their paternal inheritance. . . . They declared their parents happy upon whom the joyful lot of suffering for Christ had fallen; desiring that they, too, might suffer the like things, whilst beginning themselves to prepare for the struggle."

In 1693 Father Edward Petre, who was then rector of the college, writes to give the General of the Society an account of the school. From a temporal point of view, it had suffered considerably. The great fire of 1684 had destroyed part of the building; and the parents of many scholars having grievously suffered in the persecution, were unable to pay their sons' pension.

"The scholars' clothes are so worn and patched," writes Father Petre, pathetically, "as to present the appearance of a seminary of paupers rather than of gentlemen's sons." But under the threadbare jackets beat generous, boyish hearts, and the pressure of material privations seemed to develop the scholars' piety and fervor. Many of them were in the habit of retiring to the chapel to pray during recreation time; others practised severe penances in secret, in order to unite themselves more closely to the sufferings endured by their friends and relations "beyond the seas."

Placed as it was under the protection of the Kings of Spain, the College of St. Omer enjoyed comparative liberty and peace; but its situation in a frontier town caused it to be frequently exposed to the attacks of the French troops during the long wars between France and Spain. The college records contain many a trace of the stirring events that were passing around. In 1635, the city being threatened with a siege, the English boys marched to the ramparts with flags and drums,

singing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; and placed statues of Our Lady, of St. Ignatius and of St. Francis Xavier on different points of the ramparts. Five years later some pupils of the college, while walking with their master in the neighborhood of the city, were surprised and ill-treated by some French soldiers. In endeavoring to escape across a river, three boys and the master were drowned.

In 1636 a terrible pestilence spread desolation throughout the town, but the English college was preserved through Our Lady's intercession. To the same maternal protection the Fathers attributed their preservation in 1638, when the French, under the Maréchal de Châtillon, laid siege to St. Omer. The younger boys had been removed to Ghent, but the older students continued their studies during the seven weeks that the siege lasted; and the enemies' bullets did very little harm to the college. The following year the English boys presented a silver statue to the shrine of Notre Dame des Miracles, as a memento of their gratitude.

Although they were at times exposed to alarms and adventures such as those which we have just related, the general tenor of the students' lives was peaceful enough. If it was occasionally broken by political commotions, it was more frequently varied only by religious feasts and functions, or else by literary and dramatic performances, in which the scholars seem to have excelled. In 1609 the visit of the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Guido Bentivoglio, Archbishop of Rhodes, was celebrated by musical and literary performances, and by disputations in Greek and Latin. The Nuncio spoke affectionately to the youthful actors, alluding to their exile from home and country, and to the great love borne by the Pope to the persecuted English Catholics.

The year 1610 was marked by the beatification of St. Ignatius and of St. Francis Xavier; and twelve years later

their canonization took place, and was celebrated at the college by a solemn function, at which the Bishop of St. Omer and the Abbot of St. Bertin officiated. The opening of the new college church in 1610 was also the occasion of great festivities; fervent prayers were offered for the conversion of England, public addresses were delivered, prizes distributed, and the day closed by a great dinner.

In 1621 a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung in the college chapel for Philip II. Whatever may have been the failings of this unpopular monarch, he deserved the gratitude of the persecuted Catholics of England; and the college records tell us that his death was "a great sorrow," as he had shown himself a true parent and benefactor to the college.

In the Infanta Isabel, King Philip's oldest and favorite daughter, who, jointly with her husband, the Archduke Albert, ruled over the Netherlands, the gravity of Philip II. was softened by the gentleness and charm that she had inherited from her mother, Elizabeth of France. We have many instances proving her special interest in the English Catholics; and, knowing this, we may imagine how her kind heart must have warmed toward the English boys whom persecution had driven from home and country.

On the 27th of September, 1640, the first centenary of the Society of Jesus was celebrated at St. Omer by the ringing of the bells of the college church; and in a brotherly spirit of good-will toward their Jesuit neighbors, the monks of St. Bertin ordered the bells of their abbey to be rung during half an hour.

Another pealing of bells, on a different occasion, brought the English Jesuits into trouble with the city authorities. Both boys and masters were, as may be expected, ardent royalists, especially when the royal authority was vested in the person of James II., the first Catholic sovereign since Mary Tudor. In 1688, when the

Prince of Wales was born, the college bells rang out a joyous peal; but, not content with this, the English Jesuits had the bells of several parish churches rung to celebrate the birth of an heir to the throne of England. This irregular proceeding excited the wrath of the local magistrates, who fined the bell-ringers, and obliged the English rector to apologize for his ill-timed burst of patriotism.

A few months later the throne of James II. was overthrown, the hopes of his Catholic subjects nipped in the bud; the baby prince whose birth had caused such joy was a fugitive; and the Jesuits and their pupils saw James II., a broken-hearted father and a crownless king, pass through St. Omer on his way to St. Germain, where Louis XIV. offered him a refuge.

The prosperity enjoyed by the English college during so many years, and in the face of so many trials and difficulties, may be attributed in great measure to the eminent rectors who were placed at its head. As our readers may remember, the first superiors of the college were, by Philip II.'s desire, of Flemish origin. One of these, Father Giles Schondonchus, a native of Bruges, governed the college from 1600 to 1617 with remarkable ability. He had a passionate love for England; it was said of him that he ought to have been born an Englishman, so deep was his attachment to the country. He devoted much thought and care to the training of his pupils, bearing in mind the difficulties and dangers that awaited them in the future; and under his wise and holy government the college became the model of a religious house. Father Schondonchus did much to develop devotion to our Blessed Lady among the boys, and was so universally esteemed that "English Protestants themselves were moved to love and venerate this Father, and could not forbear praising even that which their laws condemned."

From 1620 to 1622 the rector of St. Omer was an Englishman, Father William Baldwin, a venerable confessor of the faith, who had spent eight years a prisoner in the Tower of London. By dint of persevering efforts, he succeeded in procuring the things necessary for saying Mass in his prison cell, and he was often heard to remark that these lonely years had been the most fruitful of his life in spiritual consolations.

In 1682 the college was partly destroyed by fire; and another equally disastrous fire took place in 1725, when Father Richard Plowden was rector. The fire broke out in the night of the 4th of October, and it raged with such violence that by morning a large mass of building forming a square was destroyed. "By a great mercy of God," says Father Plowden in a letter to the Father Rector of Liege, "nobody was hurt, though several had but just time to save themselves. It is a melancholy sight to see such a college reduced to this condition. God's holy will be done! We are resolved to go on, and not send any scholars away; and I trust in God we shall make a shift till Providence furnishes us with means to rebuild."

This Father Plowden deserves an honorable place among the rectors of the college. He belonged to an ancient race, whose proudest boast is that it kept the faith through the dark years of persecution. Two of his uncles, three of his brothers, and two great-nephews entered the Society of Jesus; while daughters of the family are to be found in almost all the English communities established in France and Flanders.

Father Richard Hyde, who succeeded Father Plowden as rector of St. Omer, completed the restoration of the college; but just as the storm of persecution seemed to calm down in England, and the Catholics began to breathe more freely, a tempest arose in France, and brought about the decline of the once famous college.

When by the treaty of Nimègue, in 1678, St. Omer passed from the dominion of Spain to that of the Kings of France, Louis XIV. hastened to confirm the privileges of the English College, and for the time being the Fathers had no occasion to regret their Spanish masters. But as time went on, irreligion and free-thinking philosophy made rapid progress in France; and one of the first blows aimed at the Church by the irreligious philosophers whose oracle was Voltaire was directed against the Society of Jesus. In 1762 the Parliament of Paris decreed that the Jesuits should be expelled from France. Louis XV. weakly yielded to a measure that his conscience reprovèd, and the decree was carried out with unsparring rigor. It fell even upon the English Jesuits, whose character as foreigners ought to have insured their safety.

A scholastic who was then at St. Omer, Father Joseph Reeve, has left an account of the departure of a party of twenty-four scholars whom he was charged to conduct to Bruges. They left the college on the 9th of August, with anxious and heavy hearts; but it was thought prudent to avoid notice as much as possible, and the boys were marched through the streets as usual as far as the canal, where they found a boat to take them to Watten. Here the English Jesuits had a novitiate; and Father Robert Constable, the superior, received the fugitives "with the tender kindness of a father." On the following day they arrived at Ypres, their hearts growing more and more sad as they went farther away from "the asylum in which," says the writer, "we had peaceably reposed for upward of a century, under the royal patronage of France and Spain. At the same time we resigned ourselves to the will of God, and earnestly prayed He would take us under His gracious protection, through the intercession of His Virgin Mother."

Another detachment of scholars, under

Fathers Brent and Walsh, left St. Omer about the same time, and accidentally met the first band of fugitives. The meeting on both sides was very affectionate. With genuine sympathy the good Flemings saw the English boys pass. "Tears of compassion gushed from the eyes of these good villagers," says Father Reeve. At last, on the 11th of August, 1762, at night, the scholars and their masters arrived at Bruges. The poor boys, we are told, were worn out with fatigue, and during the first few days had to endure many privations and discomforts. The religious communities of Bruges seem to have come to their assistance with much cordial generosity; and the arrival of the Father Rector of St. Omer, Father Scarisbrich, and the Procurator, Father Darell, contributed to the speedy reorganization of the schools. Two houses were opened at Bruges, the great and the lesser college; and they flourished until the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773. Throughout this trying period the pupils showed a touching loyalty to their masters.

On the breaking up of the Bruges colleges in 1773, the greater part of the scholars passed on to Liege, where the Prince Bishop had founded an academy, which he placed under the direction of the English members of the suppressed Society. In 1794 the students and their masters had to fly before the invasion of the Republican troops; and the superior of Liege, Father Marmaduke Stone, an ex-Jesuit, determined to return to England with his community. He purchased the old Stoneyhurst mansion from Thomas Weld, of Lulworth. There he established his little colony, and began the present college, which may justly be regarded as the continuation of the famous College of St. Omer. When the Society of Jesus was restored in 1813, Father Stone and his companions hastened to solicit their incorporation to the institute; and Father Stone became first Provincial of the new

English Province. As for the ancient building, which during so many years had been a school of sanctity and science, it was made over, after the expulsion of the Jesuits, to English secular priests from Douai.

When the French Revolution broke out in the year 1790, the superior of the school was Gregory Stapleton, who, with sixty-four inmates of the college, was imprisoned first at Arras, then in the citadel of Doullens, where they were joined by a number of English priests from Douai. In October, 1794, Stapleton and his companions were removed to St. Omer. The English college had by this time been transformed into a military hospital, and they were lodged in the old Flemish college, and still treated as prisoners. It was not till March, 1795, that Stapleton, by dint of persevering exertions, obtained leave for himself and his companions to embark for England at the same time as the English priests from Douai. He returned seven years later to St. Omer on business matters, and died there in the month of May, 1802. His companions remained in England, where they founded the still flourishing College of St. Edmund.

The memories evoked by the history of the once celebrated College of St. Omer crowded before us as, on a July evening, we stood in that quiet, sunlit street, gazing at the still majestic front of the ancient building. We gazed, not merely with the interest attached to an historical spot, but with the deeper feeling called forth by sacred remembrances of sanctity and heroism. Here many souls were trained to perfection; St. Omer marked their first step on the upward path that led to the Tyburn gibbet, and beyond it to the martyr's crown. Here confessors, worn out with the sufferings endured for Christ, lay down to rest. Here exiles and converts for the faith found help and strength. Here, for over one hundred and fifty years, prayers were said, sacrifices were

offered, virtues were practised, to call down God's blessing on England. When at the present day we see the glorious resurrection of the Catholic Church on English soil, we can not but feel an outburst of loving gratitude toward the venerable college where was cherished and cultured the precious seed of faith, that now, by God's blessing, has grown into a majestic tree, under whose shadow thousands of souls find refreshment and salvation.

Contentment.

FROM THE DUTCH OF LAURILLARD, BY THE
RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

ON rocky cliff a tree
Stood, blooming there,
Like soul from sin all free
And from all care.

Its leaves were brightest green,
Its flowers were red;
So, earth and sky between,
Its life on sped.

"How canst thou be so strong,
So fresh and fair?
To earth all trees belong
More than to air."

To me it answer made,
Rich with perfume,
And pleasant as the shade
Of its sweet bloom:

"No soft, cool bed have I:
I stand alone;
The rock is hard and dry,
My seat a stone.

"Nathless me happy deem—
'Tis well with me:
The first, the last sunbeam
I here still see.

"If other trees than I
Have more of earth,
None have so much of sky,
None higher birth."

A Summer in Acadia.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

II.—GETTING ACQUAINTED.

THE first week in Pubnico was one of bewildered interest to all the Harveys. Mary was disappointed to find that her knowledge of French, on which she rather prided herself, did not help her much to understand the little children, who chattered so fast in what seemed to her an unknown tongue.

"Why, mother," she complained, "it sounds like Italian, and it is occasionally English; and yet it *is* French! I can't understand one sentence." After a time she got on better, having acquired a partial vocabulary of the words that differed. Among these were *itou* for *aussi*; *icite* for *ici*; *ch* in the place of *q*, as *che* and *chi* for *que* and *qui*; and certain peculiar pronunciations.

"I've got onto one thing, Mary, if it is any help to you," said Ted, when she complained of her difficulties. "They say *bine* and *chine*, for *bien* and *chien*; and similar words are pronounced as if they were the English *ine*."

"Yes, and I have noticed *parlah* and *iamah*, for *parlais* and *jamais*," added Ned.

"There are quite as great differences of speech in the various parts of France," said Mrs. Harvey. "If we were all perfectly familiar with the tongue, we should not have much trouble in understanding it as spoken here. The most interesting feature of this *patois* is the preservation of words in use in France when the ancestors of these people left there, and retained here though obsolete in the mother country. I went into Mr. d'Entremont's shop the other day, and his daughter in giving me change counted *septante*, *octante*, *nonante*, for seventy, eighty, ninety; and when I spoke of it to her, she explained that it

was the old French manner of counting, long disused in France."

"Well, it is ever so much better than the new way—*soixante dix*, *quarante vingt*, *quarante vingt dix*. Think of saying sixty ten, forty twenties, forty twenty ten every time you wanted to count!" said Dave, with true Anglo-Saxon contempt for another tongue.

"It is very wonderful that they speak French at all, after being driven away as they were, and living among the English as they have," said Mary.

"Yes, and Indians," added Dave, to whom this portion of the Nova Scotian community was the most interesting.

Ned was just affixing a stamp to an envelope, and he looked up roguishly.

"This is the first time that I ever licked the Queen," he said.

"Pooh, that's nothing! I've licked George Washington, and he licked George III.," responded Ted.

"There is no use in 'licking' any one to-day," said their mother, laughing. "This is one of the three days of the week when no mail comes or goes."

"Yes, ma'am, there is use," said Ted. "One of the men is going up to the Head, and he'll take the letters, so that they'll go by the night coach."

"I suppose if Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays are letter days, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays are *read*-letter days," said Dave, with a boyish attempt at wit, which Ned promptly suppressed by a well-aimed sofa pillow.

"It seems like such a friendly place," said Mary. "We came Thursday and this is Saturday, and already everyone seems to know us. When I go down the street, they all speak to me; and to-night I am invited to a dance and 'an ice-cream,'—that is what they called it."

"Where is it, and who asked you?" inquired her mother, smiling at the simplicity which saw only kindness in what was kindness mixed with curiosity

as to the young maiden who had suddenly dropped into the community from distant New York.

"At an empty house up the road; and a girl about my own age, Reine d'Entremont—they call her Reine Osée, because Osée is her father's name,—asked me. I may go, may I not, mother?" said Mary.

"Yes, if you like," replied her mother. "Do you know that letters are addressed, as you say this girl is called, with the name of the father added? Thus, I saw one the other day superscribed: 'Mr. Pierre (of Fabien) Amirault.'"

"I should think there would have to be some way of distinguishing them when everyone in the place is a D'Entremont, except the few who are Amiraults or Duons," said Ted.

Eleanor, France and Max rushed in.

"Come down to the shore quick!" they said. "There's a vessel in from the Banks, and the fishermen are coming up."

Mary, Ted and Ned seized their caps and ran, followed by Dave, who could travel on his crutches almost as fast as they could run. Arrived at the shore of the little harbor, they saw the black form of the vessel from the Grand Banks lying in the channel, and her crew was rowing to shore in the small boat. It was not much to see; but the bronzed men in oilskins were surrounded by an atmosphere of interest for the young people, for whom the Banks of Newfoundland were suddenly transformed from places in the geography to real places, where people among whom they were living went, and whence they returned.

"I don't think I ever believed in the Banks of Newfoundland and the Bay of Fundy until this summer," said Eleanor.

The others laughed, for Eleanor had expressed the feeling of them all.

Down the harbor they could see the masts of many vessels, just over the point that forms the end of Pubnico.

"What boats are those?" asked Ned

of Matthieu d'Entremont, a man of fifty years, whose strongly marked, fine features and kindly manner had already made him a favorite with the children.

Matthieu rested his hand on one of the fish-flakes between which he was busily moving, turning the salted cod which was drying on the flakes all along the shore.

"Those," he said, shading his eyes with his hand as he looked, "are the Pubnico fishermen coming in from the week's fishing."

"Do they come in every week?" asked Dave.

"Every Saturday, and go out every Monday. They come in to go to Mass," answered Matthieu.

"Do they go far?" inquired Mary.

"Oh, no! Fifty miles or more," replied Matthieu.

"I'd like very much to be one of them!" cried Ted, fired with imaginary delights of the sea.

Matthieu shook his head.

"I don't think so," he said. "It's pretty hard, dirty work. Here comes one of the boats now."

And, truly enough, just then a boat full of men pulled up through the creek, coming from the fishing smacks, as the men from the Banks approached in the opposite direction. As the boats drew near each other there arose a babel of *patois* French—salutations and inquiries as to health and prosperity.

"No, we didn't have a very good week," said a young fellow of sixteen, who was one of the crew of a smack, in reply to Ted's inquiry as to their luck. "We took only about seven thousand cod."

"My goodness!" whispered Eleanor. "Seven thousand cod! What do they call a *good* week, I wonder?"

As the children went down the street toward home they met many men in oilskins, the week's growth of beard upon their faces, carrying fish, oars or little bundles of clothing, coming up from the

lower wharf where they had landed from their vessels.

After supper, which the Harveys had fallen into the Pubnico habit of having at half-past five or six, Mary and Ted started for the dance; for Mrs. Harvey had made her going conditional upon one of the twins acting as escort. As they went up the street they passed three groups of men: one at the barber's, another at Matthieu's shop, the third at the tailor-shop on the corner. They were engrossed in earnest conversation, and watching the unequal race up and down the hard-road between René d'Entremont's high, thin horse and 'Claude Surette's fast little trotter. It proved to be a custom of Pubnico for such groups to form every Saturday and Sunday evening, to talk over the week's fishing and compare notes until eight o'clock, by which hour they would disperse.

Mary and Ted entered the unfinished house where the dance was to be held. Several girls came forward to show Mary where to lay her wraps, and Ted at once found himself at home among the lads who adorned the doorway; for he was a friendly young fellow, quick to call out liking among his comrades. Soon a fiddle from the other room summoned the dancers. Mary entered with a girl on either side, and one or two others hovering near her, with an affectionate manner that made the young girl very happy. Many of the Acadian girls were pretty, with delicate and refined features, and complexions which fogs and inheritance of health and virtue made as lovely as the inside of a shell. Nearly all wore the Child of Mary medal, and Mary was glad to feel that she was in a real Catholic community.

A few lamps lighted the room imperfectly; the fiddler sat on a small platform at one end, and played lively, if rather monotonous, airs; the boys, and sometimes the girls, taking turns in accompanying him on the triangle. Quadrilles,

and "country eights" were the only dances; for round dances were not allowed, and waltzing unknown.

After timid watching of the first four numbers; in which, from their inexperience of the dances, Mary and Ted feared to join, they took their places, and enjoyed to the utmost the novelty of their surroundings and the frolic.

"It is not much like New York, I suppose?" observed a young girl in French to Mary.

"It's different, of course; but it's nice," replied Mary, flushed and happy. "If it were the same, there would be no use in our coming here. I think Pubnico is really lovely."

"Oh, we are all poor people!" the other said, quickly. "It is not very lovely."

Even Mary's inexperience guessed the sensitiveness fearing ridicule that this remark betrayed.

"I don't call people poor that own their houses, as everyone does here, and have all that they need," she answered. "You do not know what poverty is as we see it in the cities, and you are richer than you know in many ways." The ice-cream was produced at this juncture, and Mary added, laughing, as she tasted hers: "Here is one way you are rich. If we made ice-cream of pure cream like this it would cost ever so much; and here you all have cows, so it costs hardly anything."

For some reason the fiddler could not play for the rest of the evening; but one of the girls took his place and performed skilfully on a big accordion, so the fun went on as merrily as ever.

It was bright moonlight when Mary and Ted went home from their first festivity in Acadia.

"Good-night!" said the girls, one by one. "You must come home some time."

Which Mary discovered, after a moment of puzzled silence, meant: "You must come and see me."

"I think it is the nicest place that I

ever saw," Mary declared enthusiastically to Ted as they walked homeward. "Those girls are pretty and good and refined, and they have good schools, and are not one bit like country girls in most places. It is all because they are French Acadians and are Catholics. I shall be just as happy here as I can be."

"I think they are pretty nice myself," replied Ted. He was a boy, and felt that it would not do to be too enthusiastic.

(To be continued.)

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XLIII.

THERE is a plain, all but brutal truth in this: "No man is fit to comprehend heavenly things who hath not resigned himself to suffer adversities for Christ." This tears off all the interposing veils, devices, subterfuges, "dodges" perhaps, on which his simulated piety lives and thrives. There is not the least use in mincing the matter. We can not shut it out or "cover it up." Instead of thinking how we shall "shirk" trouble and sufferings—which is the popular notion,—we shall not make even a beginning of piety until we thoroughly accept the truth that we are not fit to comprehend heavenly things unless we "resign" ourselves to suffer for Christ. The word "comprehend" is most significant. We do not even understand the thing until we accept the principle and resign ourselves,—that is, look out for sufferings as the natural course of things. We must accept, prepare for them, and not shrink away. What our Saviour did we should do. It is curious how opposed the Gospel is to all the world's practice and teaching. The whole course of life is an avoidance of trouble, pain, annoyance. Doctors, physical and moral, are perpet-

ually at work; we are being constantly cured, or striving to be cured, of something. But, to our surprise, we are told that without a hearty acceptance of suffering, firmly fixed in our minds, we can not even understand what piety is.

XLIV.

St. Paul has told us plainly that if we distributed all our goods to the poor, and gave our bodies to be burned, *and had not charity*—that is, did not do it for God's sake,—it would be of no use. There it all is "in a nutshell." If you are giving your money—founding institutions, etc.,—for the sake of Almighty God, if you are giving Him "the cup of cold water," you will not be disturbed by snubs, coldness, ingratitude. You will not be affronted nor will you be discouraged by persons who show themselves indifferent to your favors; for you are not doing these things for them.

Such almost comical imitations of piety are to be found on every side. Even the most pious will detect themselves falling into these imitations; for piety itself is an invidious thing. Often enthusiastic, holy persons of a sudden take some affront at their favorite chapel, and declare that they "will never enter it again." And others are seen marching long distances to other chapels for which they have some mysterious fancy. Distance is nothing, and they appear at some great church when there is something exciting as contrasted with the humdrum routine of the obscure little chapel in their own district. All this, which is merely personal feeling, is gratification of one's own whims.

XLV.

Yet another illusion. There are persons whose exertions are bounded by certain lengths,—who will go thus far and no further; who study to avoid sin and its occasions, and do everything that is good and moral. "We do not set up to be saints," they say: "we wish to observe God's laws, and shall claim our reward."

What is forgotten by these persons is that this measured-out service will not furnish exactly what is necessary for entrance into heaven. The service of God is intended to produce a transformation of soul, an alteration. This hard discipline of self-correction, and full consciousness of sharing of your life with good, purifies as well as spiritualizes the soul: it is made suitable for the celestial realms; whereas these persons with their negative spirituality retain the grossness of their earthly failings.

(To be continued.)

Notes and Remarks.

We have labored conscientiously through Max Nordau's ponderous volume on "Degeneration," and have risen with a new conviction of the utter folly of attempting to reduce the phenomena of mental aberration to a scientific basis. Every sane reader will rejoice in Dr. Nordau's unsparing denunciation of the "hysterical artists"—the realists and the reformers generally,—but the wisest and most practical portion of the book is the chapter in which he urges the suppression of immoral literature by enlightened public opinion. He believes that an association of teachers, authors, statesmen, judges, and other high functionaries—all broad-minded and conscientious men—should be formed to pass judgment upon all doubtful works. These men would exercise an irresistible boycott. "When such a society, which would be joined by those men from the people who are best fitted for this task, should, after serious investigation and in the consciousness of a heavy responsibility, say of a man 'He is a criminal,' and of a work 'It is a disgrace to our nation,' work and man would be annihilated. No respectable bookseller would keep the condemned book; no respectable paper would mention it, or give the author access to its columns; no respectable family would permit the branded work to be in their house, and the wholesome dread

of this fate would soon prevent the appearance of such books."

There is much in Max Nordau's book from which both reason and experience compel us to dissent; but we wish that critics, religious as well as secular, could be inoculated with some of the energy and sanity of these words: "Such is the treatment of the disease of the age which I hold to be efficacious; characterization of the leading degenerates as mentally diseased; unmasking and stigmatizing their imitators as enemies to society; cautioning the public against the lies of these parasites."

That Science and Faith are not at all antagonistic has become clearer and clearer of late years, and a recent conversion in Holland affords additional corroboration of the statement. Dr. Serrurier, director of the great ethnological and zoölogical museums of Leyden, a gentleman well known throughout the scientific world, has abjured Protestantism and embraced Catholicity. Passing strange—is it not?—that a genuine *savant*, not a pseudo-scientist, should voluntarily submit to the yoke of the Church which is so persistently accused of fettering the intelligence of her children, and of being an irreconcilable enemy of all scientific progress. We shall expect to read very shortly of Dr. Serrurier's conversion as a proof that the eminent ethnologist has overworked himself, and that nervous prostration has landed him into the incipient stages of insanity.

So much has been written in a hopeful vein regarding the conversion of England that there is a danger of losing the true point of view. Cardinal Vaughan and the English bishops, for instance, are surely as zealous for the conversion of their fellow-countrymen as Americans can be, yet none of the English prelates is deliriously hopeful. The same may be said for the Catholic press of England. The *Liverpool Catholic Times*, for example, speaks thus soberly of the prospect:

"It is well to dispel delusions. They are mischievous, by reason of the reaction which follows on disappointed hopes. Now, a delusion it certainly is to imagine that England is ripe for subjection to the

Holy See. When for three centuries the mass of the people have considered themselves individually as the ultimate authorities in religious matters, have carved and fashioned their doctrines according to their own tastes and inclinations, and have preserved only a fragmentary knowledge of Catholic truths, it should readily be understood that such a change as will enable them to accept Catholic dogmas and submit to the spiritual power of the Supreme Pontiff can not be effected in a brief span of years. No, England is not ready to return to the faith; and, except by a special favor of Divine Providence, will not be for many generations. More tolerant Englishmen have become more just toward Catholicism, more respectful toward the Pope; but between this state of feeling and conversion there is a wide gulf. A percentage of Ritualists there are who are not far removed from us, and amongst these the Letter of the Holy Father will undoubtedly exercise such an influence as may sooner or later bring them within the Catholic fold."

- This is a judicious statement of the case. If the Anglican body, as a whole, held the same faith with us—if Anglicanism, to speak plainly, were a schism instead of a heresy—we might hope for the return of our estranged brethren as a unit. But "the Spirit breatheth where He wills"; and, although individual conversion alone seems probable, co-operation with the Holy Father by fervent and unremitting prayer is the duty of the hour.

One of the dreams of the late Cardinal Lavignier was the erection of a pilgrimage chapel on the ruins of the amphitheatre at Carthage, the scene of the martyrdom of thousands of Christians, among whom were SS. Perpetua and Felicitas. He died before his dream was realized, but his project has been carried out by his successor; and on the festival of these glorious martyrs this year Mass was celebrated in a graceful chapel constructed in the amphitheatre proper. One more instance of the faith of Christ triumphing where pagan civilization once flaunted its glory and its shame.

Francis Parkman said of Father Marquette that "the West will build his monument," and the historian's prophecy is already nearing fulfilment. Michigan was the first to honor the memory of Marquette in this wise, and within a year Wisconsin has chosen his statue to represent her at the Hall of Statuary

at Washington. Illinois has voted a monument to him in Chicago, and Harvard University has made his exploits and those of La Salle the subject of a magnificent stained-glass window in Memorial Hall. For the sake of greater accuracy, Mr. Parkman was consulted as to the figures shortly before his lamented death. This laudable action on the part of Harvard University is not simply a well-merited recognition of the labors of two great Catholic explorers: it is a public and effective refutation of such "original" historians as the President of the Historical Society of Chicago, who recently denied Father Marquette's claim to the gratitude of Americans.

In view of the fact that the late Prof. Dana was one of the most eminent geologists of the century, the *New York Observer* has merited well in publishing a letter in which he defines his attitude toward Christianity. While admitting the theory of evolution, Prof. Dana believes that "there was a divine creative act at the origin of man," and "finds nothing in the doctrine of evolution to impair his faith in Christ as the source of all hope for time and for eternity." This declaration illustrates anew the danger of accepting the unwarranted deductions made from scientific theories by the enemies of Christianity. The example of Ignatius Donnelly, for instance, and the really large number of people who believe in his "Cryptogram," ought to show sensible folk how far folly may go without being recognized, if only it be labelled a theory.

Korea, the bone of contention between China and Japan during the recent war, furnishes a most promising field for missionary effort. The number of Christians is less than 25,000; and these are ministered to by a vicar-apostolic and twenty-six priests. But the disposition of the people of Korea to receive the faith may be known from an account published in the *Dublin Review*:

"In reading its history we scarcely know which the more to admire, the heroism of the missionaries in braving toil, torture, and death in order to bring spiritual succor to the neophytes, or the invincible tenacity with which the latter clung to religious truth even when presented to them in the most

imperfect outline. Deprived for years, and decades of years, of all visible anchorage for their devotion, without priests or churches, books or forms of prayer (since the scanty writings they possessed were seized and destroyed by their persecutors), their fidelity to an almost unknown faith furnishes a unique chapter in the annals of the Church. . . . The desire for further enlightenment on spiritual things was stronger with these new converts than the bodily craving for material food; while worldly advantages—rank, wealth or power—were counted as mere dross when weighed in the scale against it. Thus many rich and noble families fell permanently into poverty and obscurity, having voluntarily sacrificed all hereditary distinctions in order to share the hardships of the proscribed Christians in their remote retreats in the mountains."

The great obstacle which lies in the way of national conversion is the governmental persecution which breaks out periodically. An important advance has been made, however, by the establishment of a seminary, in which thirty-six natives are preparing for the priesthood. This foundation and the fervor of the Christian converts inspire high hopes for the Christianization of Korea.

The immense amount of work entailed upon him by the great Catholic interests of Christendom does not prevent the Holy Father from recognizing, and encouraging by judicious approbation, particular schemes which in certain countries tend to God's honor and the increasing dignity of religion. A recent instance is his letter to M. Emile Keller, President of the Paris Association of Sunday Rest. The Sovereign Pontiff warmly commends the efforts of the Society in bringing about a stricter observance of the day set apart for the Lord, and earnestly begs the members to continue their exertions with unwearied patience.

Amongst the recipients of the birthday honors conferred this year by Queen Victoria appears the name of Dr. Kingston, for more than thirty years surgeon to the Hotel-Dieu Hospital, Montreal. This eminent physician and surgeon has already received almost all the medical honors which Canada has had to bestow. He has been president of the Canadian Medical Association, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and many times

president of the Medico-Chirurgical Society. He is also vice-president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and professor of clinical surgery at Laval. He has written many important medical works, and one upon "The Climate of Canada." Some three years since he was invited to address the British Medical Congress in London, being the first colonist to whom that honor had been accorded. His speech was favorably commented upon by all the leading journals there; whilst the fact was publicly recognized that he had been first successfully to remove the human kidney, and to perform other delicate operations in surgery. During a term of office as mayor of Montreal Dr. Kingston rendered important services to the city, especially by the creation of a board of health. A devout Catholic, the new knight has been ever conspicuous in all movements tending toward the highest interests of his race and religion.

Don Bosco, the founder of a great religious family dedicated to the education of poor and abandoned youth, enrolled the benefactors of his works in a charitable association called Salesian Co-operators. Under the patronage of Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, there was recently held in that city the first congress of this society. A large number of cardinals, archbishops, and bishops of Italy and other countries, and representatives of the association from different quarters of the world, attended; and a new impulse was given to the beneficent work initiated by the noble Don Bosco. An interesting exposition held in connection with the congress was a typographical exhibit of work sent from the Salesian printing-offices of Italy, France, Belgium, Spain, Mexico, Equador, Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic.

The folly of those who prate about "morality divorced from religion," and of "aestheticism as a substitute for dogmatic teaching," has often been pointed out; but it was most impressively emphasized last month when the high-priest of the modern aesthetic cult, the apostle of the sunflower,

was arrested for unmentionable crimes against morality. The shamelessness of this man when the whole world pointed to his revolting sins is an earnest of what we might expect from civilization if the gospel he preached were to be widely accepted. Many good folk have the idea that, since Christianity has once elevated the world, a return to the old pagan conditions is impossible. No greater mistake could be made. Whoever lessens the Christian influence moves the world one degree nearer that horrible chasm. As some one has well said, morality without religion is a rose without seed; it is foredoomed to extermination, and will leave no progeny.

Notable New Books.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. By the Most Rev. Dr. McEville, late Archbishop of Tuam. Gill & Co. and Benziger Bros.

The recent death of Dr. McEville lends a melancholy interest to his commentaries on the Acts of the Apostles. He was a tireless worker in many fields of activity, and it is well that the fruits of his lifelong meditation have been shared with the Catholic public. His work is learned, if not pedantic. So true is this that the reader who only scans the pages of his commentary might easily misjudge the scholarship they represent. Dr. McEville never tells you anything for the mere purpose of impressing you, or of ventilating his own erudition; but here and there, in a modest note, the skill in exegesis and the wide reading crop out and illuminate the text.

The special merit of the work, however, is its completeness rather than its originality. In a brief but valuable introduction the Archbishop discusses the authorship and inspiration of the "Acts." Referring to the latter subject, he says:

"The inspired authority of this book is now defined by the Church. Inspiration does not necessarily imply revelation; although no doubt God may sometimes be pleased to reveal certain things which the inspired writer may not, humanly speaking, have ascertained. It by no means excludes the idea of an inspired writer's employing all available human means to acquire beforehand an accurate

knowledge of the several subjects he committed to writing. All we need hold, prescinding from verbal inspiration, is that he was moved by the Holy Ghost to commit to writing what he knew; and that in the act of writing he was preserved by the superintending influence of the same Holy Spirit from all error, and guided in the selection and arrangement of the several topics; with full liberty at the same time to employ his own peculiar and natural style of writing. Hence we find the same idea expressed differently by several sacred writers, and a peculiar style of narrative maintained by each throughout. Thus we find St. Luke, so well versed in the Greek language, employing a more polished style, as well in his Gospel as in the 'Acts,' than the other Evangelists. St. Paul, whose early education was of a high order, being brought up 'at the feet of Gamaliel,' displays in his Epistles a lofty style of eloquence to which the other inspired writers could not attain."

These terse and decisive words illustrate the chief characteristics of the work. The index is a valuable feature, which would be even more acceptable if it were more complete.

THE LIFE AFTER DEATH. By the Rev. J. S. Vaughan. Benziger Bros.

In this very readable volume Father John Vaughan has prepared a satisfactory answer to those vague, "anxious questionings" that disturb the minds of people outside the Church. The work addresses itself to a large audience; for it must not be forgotten that the educational influences that have been specially active during late years, and particularly what is distinctively known as the "popularization of science," have also popularized the objections urged against the Christian religion.

Father Vaughan's method of treating these momentous questions is admirably suited to his purpose. He abandons all attempt to inoculate the popular mind with the technicalities of metaphysics, and substitutes for them a simple, everyday philosophy—very convincing, and enforced by peculiarly happy illustrations drawn from common life. One by one he takes up the eternal interrogation marks which torment the mind of man; writing the answer in bold letters, so that they may run who read.

THE WORLD AS THE SUBJECT OF REDEMPTION. By W. H. Freemantle. Longmans & Co.

In this work Canon Freemantle takes 393 octavo pages to prove a truism. This of

itself is remarkable, but the manner of his proving is even more remarkable. His thesis is that the ideal condition of the Church is "a social state in which the Spirit of Christ reigns; embracing the general life and society of men, and identifying itself with these as much as possible; having for its object to imbue all human relations with the Spirit of Christ's self-renouncing love, and thus to change the world into a kingdom of God." To prove this harmless proposition, he invokes that very remarkable sort of history which seems to be peculiar to, and altogether original with, the canons of the Anglican Church. Every page gives evidence that Canon Freemantle is a bright and studious man; every page shows, too, that his reading of history has been singularly erratic. We regret that we can not enter *punctatim* into this work, but it would take a volume as large as Canon Freemantle's to do that. In general, however, it may be said that he permits his ideas to color his history, instead of making his history influence his ideas. Of course his conclusions, which depend for their value upon the accuracy of his historical view-point, are of curious interest only. The book is written in a brisk and easy style.

ELEMENTS OF RELIGIOUS LIFE. By W. Humphrey, S. J. Art & Book Co.

Last year Father Humphrey published, in three volumes, a digest of the doctrine of Suarez touching the religious life. The earlier work having been found inconvenient both on account of its size and its expensiveness, the author now gives us its substance in cheaper and more accessible form. That the author has been well advised in making this change will be at once evident to every reader. He has perforce attained a degree of conciseness which is especially desirable in works of this class, and which has made the present volume peculiarly readable.

Father Humphrey has treated his subject under these heads: The state of perfection; constitution of the religious state; entrance into religion; religious profession; poverty, chastity, obedience; the obligations of religious; religious superiors; ministries entrusted to religious; departure from the religious life; and the variety of religious life within

the religious state. It will be seen from this enumeration of topics how comprehensive is the plan of the work. It may truthfully be described as a *résumé* of Catholic theology upon the subject. The necessity of conciseness, while it enforced excessive brevity in the treatment of certain points, has added to the usefulness of the volume as a work of reference.

A notable and praiseworthy feature of this book is its practical character. No question of merely speculative interest is admitted,—a quality which ought to recommend it to all who have to direct religious, either as confessors or superiors.

Obituary.

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

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

The Rev. Joseph W. Hausser, rector of Holy Trinity Church Chicago, who was called to the reward of a devoted life on the 16th ult.

Mr. Richard Mansfield, whose life closed peacefully on the 20th ult., in Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. James Hall, of Albany, N. Y., who passed away on the 25th of April.

Mrs. Catherine McDonald, whose happy death took place at Waterbury, Conn., on the 16th ult.

Peter H. Burnett, Esq., of San Francisco, Cal., who died a holy death on the 17th ult.

Mr. Charles Judge, who departed this life in Philadelphia, Pa., on the 16th of April.

Mr. August Lang and Mrs. — Thierry, of Canton, Ohio; Mrs. Annie Milmore, Clontarf, Minn.; Mrs. Anna O'Neil, Benson, Minn.; Mr. Michael O'Brien, Minden, Conn.; Mr. James P. Flynn, Fall River, Mass.; Patrick W. Cafferty, Daniel T. Kennedy, Miss Mary Lanagan, and Master Lawrence McKearney,—all of Sacramento, Cal.; Mrs. Bridget Cogswell Camden, Mass.; H. Murphy, Monte Vallo, Ala.; Mr. Timothy Dooling, Hollister Cal.; Mrs. H. A. Drees, Carroll, Iowa; Mrs. Margaret Callaghan, Mr. Cornelius Delany, Watkins, Iowa; Mr. Michael McManus, Duluth, Minn.; Mr. Daniel Shea, Naugatuck, Conn.; Miss M. D. Peabody, Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Hayes, Co. Carlow, Ireland; John Ryan, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. Patrick Fadden, Minersville, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Broden, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. — Rossiter, Paterson, N. J.; Mr. John Donegan, Providence, R. I.; Miss Mary O'Neill and Mrs. Bridget Brown, Jersey City, N. J.

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.

*

Dinky.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.



F Dinky ever reasoned about the matter at all, it is probable that he was not quite satisfied with the life he led.

It is all very well to haul a surrey full of children up and down the streets of a town, but that is not a wide sphere of usefulness. And, then, the children would often jerk at the reins, so that his mouth was hurt; and sometimes they would beat him when there was no occasion whatever. On the whole, Dinky was in danger of losing the fine disposition for which he had been noted, and which made the liveryman say, "Hitch up Dinky," whenever one of his customers ordered a horse that was perfectly safe. But Dinky's chance to be a hero was coming, and this is how it happened.

Mr. Willis Hall, manager of the *Evening Skylark*, was much disturbed by the misery all about him. Most of the mills were closed, and the workmen were walking about in search of jobs, or gathered sullenly together discussing the situation. All sorts of business suffered in consequence, and winter was coming on. Meanwhile at home mothers had no food for their hungry children, and no money whereby to add to the little stock of daily decreasing fuel. Truly these were hard times. Mr. Hall thought the matter over to himself.

"There are many," thus his musings

ran, "who would help the poor if they knew the way. So this is the problem: The starving waiting to be fed and warmed and clothed, the well-to-do ready to feed and warm and clothe them. There must be a go-between. Now, a horse and cart, with a boy to drive, might do this work, if some one had the sense to manage properly. I must see what can be done."

And that was why Mr. Willis Hall stopped at a livery-stable on his way home, and asked if the proprietor had a good, safe horse for which he would like a steady job all winter.

The livery man thought a moment, then said:

"There's Dinky." (Dinky, in his stall near by, pricked up his ears.) "We have no use for him at present, and he is getting old and eating his head off."

What would poor Dinky have thought of that if he had understood?

The proprietor named a price, which seemed reasonable and was promptly accepted. And then Dinky's new work began. An idle cart was found which would hold two persons and much besides; and one of the newsboys who knew how to drive was put in charge.

The next evening a little notice was found in a prominent place in the *Skylark*, which read like this:

"All persons having food or cast-off clothing which they are willing to give to the worthy poor are requested to communicate with Dinky, at the *Skylark* office. Persons needing these things may send a line to the same address."

Dinky had a large mail the next day;

and was kept busy going about in answer to his correspondents. After people found out that their unknown friend was vouched for by Mr. Willis Hall, there was what might be called a charitable "boom." One would write:

"DEAR DINKY:—If you will take the trouble to call at —, I will give you a barrel of flour for your poor people."

Or a telephone message would be to this effect:

"Helloo! Is Dinky in? Please have him come to — for an order for a ton of coal."

Sometimes the messages were from those whom Dinky wished to help. One poorly-written letter said (and there were many like it):

"DEAR MISTER DINKY:—My father is out of work, and mother is dead, and Billy is very sick."

When Dinky answered that call, a doctor sat on the seat with the driver.

I should have to write a whole book if I told you half of the good done by that noble old horse during the winter when the mills were shut down. But there was, we can be sure, a record kept in a higher place, in which Dinky's masters and the young doctor have full credit.

When spring came, and the mills opened, and the people who managed the *Skylark* were wondering what they should do with the faithful friend of the poor, a rich old farmer walked into the office.

"I'll buy him," said he; "and he shall live on clover the rest of his life."

So Dinky is spending his declining years as a worthy veteran should; and the liveryman had to get another safe horse in his place to draw the surrey for the children.

And the best of this little story is that every word of it is true.

As one fault leads to another, so one good deed disposes us to perform others.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIX.—A WAY OUT.

No one spoke. Uncle Mike's hands trembled; and Mrs. Grigg, being a woman, thought of the most gracious and simplest thing possible: she took Uncle Mike's hat from him.

"Thank you, ma'am!" he said, gratefully. "Oh, thank you!"

The hat had been on Uncle Mike's mind, and Mrs. Grigg's politeness recalled him to himself.

"Everything is going to go," he said. "I hate to spoil our meeting with my cares and difficulties," he added, with a sigh; "but I know that my wife and I are dear to you all. You've been with us in joy, and you'll not desert us in sorrow."

The boys did not speak; their whole souls were intent on Uncle Mike.

"'Twas my foolishness in signing a note for a friend. Sure the boy was from the same place as myself, and I couldn't refuse. But he hasn't the money to pay, and all I've got must go. It's not for myself I mind, but for the old woman,—my wife, begging your pardon!"

Here Uncle Mike's voice broke.

Miley felt a lump in his throat.

"What makes it so hot in here?" he whispered angrily to Faky.

But Faky, seeing the moisture in his own eye reflected in Miley's, understood, and forbore to answer.

"I didn't intend to tell you at once," said Uncle Mike; "but Guy let it out. It's true, though, that soon we'll not have a roof over our heads; so I'm thankful Guy has come to school."

"You mustn't let your uncle talk any more, boys," said Mrs. Grigg, "until he gets a cup of tea."

"He's not *our* uncle," answered Baby Maguire: "he's—"

"He's our uncle *now*," said Faky Dillon. "We'll adopt him; and," he added to Baby, in a hoarse whisper, "if you say he isn't, I'll settle with you,—that's all!"

Baby did not answer.

"Well, Uncle Mike," interposed Jack, "you just have your tea. Things are never so bad as they seem when we're tired after a long journey."

"I don't know, boys,—I don't know," said Uncle Mike, with a sigh. "The times are hard, too, or they'd be those that could help me. But there's always God between us and the door."

"We must find a way out," began Guy, solemnly. "M. Pierre is—I don't know where, so I can't appeal to him."

"We can sell our bicycles," remarked Thomas Jefferson.

"Thank you, one and all!" said Uncle Mike; "but it wouldn't help. No, boys. Let us be thankful that little Guy here is safe, with a roof over his head and plenty to eat."

"I must scold you all," said Mrs. Grigg, "for letting your uncle talk so much before he had his tea. Run, Timothy, and tell Mr. O'Connor that all these boys will have supper with their uncle in the little tea-room."

"It's very kind you are, ma'am," said Uncle Mike, straightening himself with an effort; he had grown older and more careworn since the boys had last seen him.

For a time Jack and Bob forgot their misunderstanding. As they followed Uncle Mike and Mrs. Grigg to the tea-room, Jack had to speak.

"It's awful, isn't it, Bob?"

"I should say so. I wonder if your father or mine can help him?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Jack. "I heard father say that things were all wrong this year, and he'd have a hard pull to keep us at school."

"Cook will be in a bad way about this," remarked Baby to Thomas Jefferson. "I suppose she'll go and forget our box."

Miley said nothing. His forehead was wrinkled up from thought; he shaped his mouth to whistle, and then restrained himself.

"I wonder if I could sell my collection of stamps for anything worth having?" said Faky, who looked very serious. "I wonder if I could?"

Thomas Jefferson had no time to answer; for he observed that there was pine-apple jelly on the tea-table, and that Mrs. Grigg was saying grace.

Uncle Mike became more cheerful as the meal progressed, and the hectic flush of fatigue and nervousness died out of Guy's cheeks. Professor Grigg came in somewhat late. He had just finished writing his lectures on "The Pre-Accadians," and he created a sensation by attempting to drink from the sugar-bowl, and then, in confusion, seizing Bob's teacup just as if it were his own. Faky Dillon almost choked himself in trying to keep from giggling. Timothy Grigg gravely rose to his feet and set his father right.

"He is so absent-minded!" said Mrs. Grigg. "He is wrapt up at present in the pre-Adamite ages."

"Dear! dear!" said Uncle Mike, sympathetically. "I was never fond of them deep things myself. They do be bad for the mind. We all have our own troubles, ma'am," he added.

Mrs. Grigg smiled without understanding Uncle Mike's sympathy.

"No, dear," she said to her husband across the table, "*that* is not salt it's pepper."

But the pre-Accadians had done their work, and Professor Grigg had blackened his lettuce with pepper.

"May I ask," said the Professor, when he had sneezed several times, and Timothy had found another plate for him, "if the relative of my young friend believes that the classics rather than mathematics should be the basis of education?"

Faky Dillon observed Uncle Mike's

embarrassment, and he responded at once to his whisper:

"Answer for me, boy. Them that learning makes mad you must humor."

Now, Professor Grigg was simply being polite; his thoughts were with the pre-Accadians, and his eyes fixed on vacancy.

"I think," spoke up Faky—and his impudence made Bob and Jack shudder,—“that the Roman Empire merely existed that we might learn to know and love the Latin tongue.”

"Remarkable! remarkable!" said Professor Grigg, waking up. "I made the same remark to the Juniors the other day, and I am pleased, sir, that, by an unconscious concord of minds, we have come to the same conclusion. I am delighted to meet you at my table, sir. We shall have a conversation after tea on the Horatian metres, with which you are no doubt familiar."

Uncle Mike blushed to the roots of his hair. Timothy Grigg resolved that he would "do" Faky Dillon for this, and Mrs. Grigg pretended not to notice the episode.

Jack tried to engage Uncle Mike in conversation, so that Professor Grigg might be warded off; but the Professor, waking up again, determined to be polite.

"I may observe, my dear friend, that life must have been at its best when everywhere one heard the sonorous Latin tongue about one."

Uncle Mike blushed deeply and looked unhappy.

"I don't see how the old Romans had time for any work, if they had to tinker over the declensions and conjugations," said Faky, frankly. "It must have been a great waste of time."

Professor Grigg awoke in earnest.

"You surprise me, sir," he said, stiffly. "By the way, Mrs. Grigg; you have not presented me to our guest."

"It's Uncle Mike," put in Faky; "and he doesn't care about Latin,—he's in the grocery business."

"Oh!" said Professor Grigg. "I found his first remark so appropriate that I fancied he was interested in pedagogics."

"No, thank you," said Uncle Mike, modestly; "I am not acquainted with them."

After this Professor Grigg was silent; he withdrew from the world about him, and returned, in his mind, to his beloved Accadians and Scythians.

Guy was eager to begin work at once. He confided to Jack that he had determined to become a great artist or write books.

"Of course," he said, "I never intend to be a poet, like Faky, you know. You have to be a genius to be that. But as soon as I get my education I shall try to make money for Uncle Mike; so I'd like to begin at once."

He was strong enough to go to the classes, and during the recess time he sat under a tree at the edge of the campus and watched the other boys play. Uncle Mike, who had come to spend three days, stayed with him.

On the evening of the second, before the study bell rang, the boys had a serious talk over Uncle Mike's misfortune. Bob had discovered that the debt which was hanging over him amounted to about two thousand dollars. Uncle Mike had still three weeks in which to raise it. Jack and Bob, forgetting their coldness for the present, argued over ways and means. Thomas Jefferson suggested that Faky should collect his poems, to sell them for the benefit of Uncle Mike. To which Faky, instead of growing angry, replied:

"Envy is green
As the leaf on the tree,
So don't you be poking
Such jokes upon me."

"Don't be worrying, boys," Uncle Mike said, after the heated debate was done. "It's little good you can do me. The wife and I must just begin over again,—though it's a cozy place we have, and 'twill go hard to part with it."

"I'm afraid we can't be of much use," replied Jack, with a sigh.

"Something may turn up," said Uncle Mike. "There's no telling; though I don't see much chance of it. Still, God's always between us and the door."

"We can do *one* thing," observed Guy, suddenly speaking from his seat on the grass at the side of the campus: "we can pray. And if we pray hard enough, God will give us what we ask. I *know* that."

Nobody spoke. In fact, none of them seemed to take any notice of Guy's words, except Uncle Mike.

"I'm not expecting a miracle, Guy," he answered.

"Oh, St. Joseph can ask God to help you without a miracle!" said Guy. "I always think that St. Joseph understands us better than most saints. He was poor himself, and he knows what we need."

Jack and Bob resolved that they would pray with all their might, but they did not speak about it.

On the next afternoon the smaller boys were permitted to go to dine with Father Mirard. Before knocking at the priest's little white door, Faky and Miley and Thomas Jefferson excused themselves, leaving Baby alone on the door-step. Faky said he thought he would run round the block; Miley remarked that he guessed he would see how the numbers ran on the other side of the street; and Thomas Jefferson declared that he must find out whether the blue streak at the end of the avenue was the river or the sky.

Baby grumbled, but waited. Faky waited until the others were out of sight, and entered the little chapel. He knelt in the aisle, out far from the ruby-like flame before the Tabernacle, and prayed with all his heart that something might happen to save Uncle Mike. He heard a thumping noise behind him, and he turned for a moment. There was Miley Galligan beating his chest as if it were a drum, and praying with great fervor; and farther down in the church was Thomas Jefferson, his face buried in his hands. This gave

Faky firm confidence that all was not lost; that a way out would be found by God.

The three boys left the chapel together.

"Oh, God will do it, of course!" Miley said. "He sees *we* can't do anything."

By this time Baby had entered Father Mirard's house. The kind priest met the others at the door.

"Welcome!" he exclaimed, heartily, holding two letters in his hand. "My children," he added, smiling, "I have good news for you."

"We need it, Father," answered Miley.

"Are these for me?" demanded Thomas Jefferson, taking the letters.

"Of course," replied Father Mirard.

"To keep?"

"To keep,—to do as you please with."

"Then," said Thomas Jefferson, turning to the others, "Uncle Mike shall have his house."

(To be continued.)

The Man in the Moon.

All our young people are familiar with the dark spots and lines which form what we call the Man in the Moon. These peculiar marks are supposed to be the shadows of mountains. There are no less than 100,000 of these great hills brought into view with a telescope of medium power, many of which are supposed to be extinct volcanoes,—relics of the period when the moon was changing from a molten mass into the dead world that it is at present. The largest and perhaps the most beautiful of these craters is the one called Copernicus, which is a circular wall estimated to be fifty-four miles in diameter and 13,000 feet in height.

One of the most common fancies connected with the Man in the Moon is the legend that he carries a huge bundle of brushwood perpetually,—being exiled to the moon for gathering sticks in the forest on Sunday.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

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Junipero Serra.

BY M. E. M.

NOT with the clash of arms nor conquering fleet

He came, who first upon this kindly shore
Planted the Cross. No heralds walked before;
But, as the Master bade, with sandalled feet,
Wearied and bleeding oft, he crossed the wild,
Carrying glad tidings to the untutored child
Of Nature; and that gracious mother smiled,
And made the dreary waste to bloom once more.

Silently, selflessly he went and came;
He sought to live and die unheard of men,—
Praise made his pale cheek glow as if with shame.

A hundred years and more have passed since then,

And yet the imprint of his feet to-day
Is traced in flowers from here to Monterey.

SAN DIEGO, Cal.

The Destruction of the Alexandrian Library.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

PTOLEMY SOTER, a natural son of Philip of Macedonia, although presumed a son of Ptolemy Lagus, was the founder of the dynasty of the Lagidæ, which ruled over Egypt from 323 B. C. until the catastrophe of Cleopatra in 30 B. C.

This prince determined to make of the new city of Alexandria, founded by his great half-brother, an intellectual as well as a commercial centre; and, having invited to Egypt learned men from every quarter, he instituted his Museum, or Temple of the Muses; and, with the aid of Demetrius of Phalaris, established the Great Library of Alexandria, which his successors so augmented that when Julius Cæsar arrived in Egypt it contained 400,000 volumes.* In the year 48 B. C. Cæsar ordered the burning of the Egyptian fleet, then anchored in the port, lest the Alexandrians should use it against his little army; and by accident the flames spread to the Bruchium, in which quarter the Great Library was located. It is thought that the entire collection perished in this conflagration; but when Mark Antony had taken the place of Cæsar in the affections of Cleopatra, he enabled that Queen to renew the Great Library by a gift of 200,000 volumes, which he had taken from the King of Pergamus, and which were now placed in the Serapeum, an immense enclosure which derived its name from the sanctuary of Serapis situated in its centre.

In 389 A. D. Theophilus, Archbishop of Alexandria, ordered an ancient temple of Bacchus to be changed into a church.

* Seneca and Orosius say that 400,000 volumes were burned in the Cæsarian conflagration; and Ammianus Marcellinus puts the figure at 700,000.

During the course of the operations many revolting idols were found in the vaults of the edifice; and the Christians exhibited them to the pagans, of whom there were still many in the city, as a proof of the degrading tendencies of the fallen religion. The two parties came to blows; and a pagan insurrection was incited by Hellas, a priest of Jupiter, who boasted that he had killed nine Christians with his own hand. The rebels fled to the Serapeum, and prepared for a siege; but, instead of assailing the strong position, the Alexandrian Christians sent information of the revolt to the Emperor Theodosius, then residing in Milan. The latter ordered the Christians to respect the persons of the pagan rebels, but commanded the destruction of the pagan temples. When this decision was communicated to the idolaters in the Serapeum they repaired to their homes, and the Christians immediately pulled down the statue of Serapis and destroyed the sanctuary. But the rest of the Serapeum—the residences of the pagan priests, the many halls for the reunions of the philosophers, and the chambers containing the Library—was not touched. After this pagan insurrection of 389, history makes no special mention of the Alexandrian Library until the year 641, when the Arabian Islamites reduced the famous city. According to two Arabian historians, Abd-Allah and Abulfarage, the former a physician of Bagdad, and the latter a Jacobite bishop of Aleppo, the Alexandrians besought their conqueror, Amrv-ben-Alas, to spare their literary treasures; and he referred the matter to the caliph, Omar-ben-Akhattab. Omar

replied that the books of the Great Library either accorded with the Koran or they differed from that Bible of Islam. In the former supposition they were superfluous, in the latter they were dangerous; therefore, whatever their doctrine, they were to be destroyed. Accordingly, the entire collection of manuscripts was sent to the public baths of Alexandria as food for their furnaces.

All historians do not accept as true the account which we have given. Some credit the narrative of the two Arabian historians; while others contend that the Catholic prelate, Theophilus, had so thoroughly demolished the Library when he assailed the Serapeum that there was left no material on which Omar could have exercised his vandalism. A third class of writers hold that the Christians of 389 began the work of despoliation which the Mohammedans of 641 completed. The picture of a Catholic bishop leading his benighted and fanatical flock to the perpetration of an act which was calculated to promote ignorance is naturally delectable to historians of the stamp of Gibbon and Bayle, and it is greedily welcomed by the rank and file of Protestant publicists. The accusation has also been credited by a few Catholic writers, including Ampère and Chateaubriand. But does love of historical truth force us to believe that our ancestors in the faith persecuted the votaries of paganism even unto the point of destroying their literature; that the Catholic bishops of the fourth century confounded the masterpieces of classic literature with the rightfully proscribed monuments of idolatry?

It was in this same fourth century that St. Basil taught that profit would accrue to the true religion, if its followers studied the pagan philosophers and poets. It was then that St. Gregory Nazianzen pronounced the memory of Julian the Apostate, accursed, because he had prohibited to Christians the study of profane

Some historians explain this discrepancy by the assertion that the Museum contained 400,000 volumes, and the Serapeum 300,000; that therefore Ammianus Marcellinus spoke of all the books destroyed, while Seneca and Orosius alluded merely to the collection in the Museum. But, despite the opinion of Rollin and some other historians, it may be regarded as certain that the library of the Serapeum was not in existence before the advent of Antony.

literature. It was then that Atticus flourished,—that Archbishop of Constantinople who was better versed in pagan philosophy than any sophist of his day. It was then that St. Cyril of Alexandria declared to the pagans that while the Christians would not eat articles of food which had been offered to idols, they would, nevertheless, nourish their minds with the works of pagan authors. It was then that Alexandria and the entire Church admired Didymus, the walking encyclopedia of the time. In fine, the fourth century was the epoch of SS. Augustine, Jerome, Chrysostom, and Ambrose. But M. Libri insists that “the need of destroying the last vestige of paganism impelled the Christians to proscribe the Greek and Latin classics; and we know how zealously St. Gregory and St. Isidore labored to abolish pagan literature.” Elsewhere we have defended St. Gregory the Great against the charge of having burned the Library of the Palatine Apollo;* and as to the accusation against the great Spanish Doctor, we can not understand how it can be made against the author of the “Etymologies,” an immense and exhaustive disquisition on all the arts and sciences.

Gibbon and his school appear to have no precise idea of what constituted the Serapeum, the home of the Alexandrian Library. The sanctuary of the god Serapis, which alone of all the Serapean monuments the Theodosian decree doomed to destruction, was but a very small part of what was termed the Serapeum; and it was situated in the middle of a wide platform, perfectly isolated from the edifices which contained the Library. That all these structures—the porticos, lecture-halls, refectories, priestly habitations, etc.—were destroyed by the flock of

Theophilus, is asserted by not one ancient writer; and the judicially calm and erudite polemic, Gorini, adduces testimonies of two contemporaries of Theophilus, the pagan Eunapes and the Christian Rufinus, evincing that only the *cella*, or sanctuary, of Serapis was subverted.* Again, the historian Evagrius (b. 536) informs us that in 452 the Emperor Marcian having sent troops to quell an insurrection of the Alexandrians, the soldiers were defeated, and sought refuge in the Serapeum. Therefore the sanctuary of the god, not the entire Serapeum, had been destroyed by the zealots of 389.

When we are told that the early Christians were always animated by an iconoclastic spirit toward profane literature, we can reply that those Roman emperors who most vigorously attacked paganism were the most zealous protectors of science and literature. Gratian, who abolished the title, hitherto borne by the emperors, of Pontifex Maximus of idolatry, ordered that the salaries of rhetoricians and of the professors of “Attic and Roman letters” should be paid by the imperial treasury; and Guizot, commenting on this decree, observes that Valentinian, Honorius, and Theodosius II. issued similar ones, thus imitating the conduct of Constantine. Theodosius II. greatly favored the Academy of Constantinople. He founded ten chairs for the teaching of Latin and ten for the teaching of Greek literature; five chairs of Greek and three of Latin rhetoric; two of jurisprudence, and one of philosophy. After twenty years of incumbency, the professor received the title of Count of the first rank; and among the first promoted to this dignity was that same pagan priest, Hellas, who had indulged his Christian-killing proclivities in the sedition of 389.

If the Christians of Alexandria destroyed the famous Library, how comes it that

* See our “Studies in Church History,” vol. i., ch. 32.—Cf. also the “Christianisme de Bacon,” by the Abbé Emery; and the “Demonstrations Philosophiques” of Migne, tom. ii.

* “Defense de l’Eglise,” pt. i., ch. 3; Paris, 1853.

no mention of the fact is made by those ancient authors who so graphically tell of the broken statue of Serapis and of the ruination of his sanctuary? Why is not the deed recorded, justified and glorified by some one of those innumerable ecclesiastical writers who, according to the school of Gibbon, were animated with fanatical zeal against everything pagan? Certainly *one* olden author is adduced in support of the theory which we combat; but the reader shall judge whether that testimony militates against our position. Paulus Orosius, a Spaniard, who completed his work about the year 416, has a passage which, when taken independently of its context, as our adversaries present it, may be distorted into an argument for their opinion; but we give the context, both proximate and remote, italicizing the supposedly incriminating words. Having conducted his narrative as far as the insurrection of the Alexandrians against Cæsar, Orosius continues:

"During the combat Cæsar caused the royal fleet,* anchored along the shore, to be burned. The flames reached a part of the city, and consumed 400,000 volumes which were in the neighboring edifices,—a striking testimony to the studious tastes and perseverance of the ancients, who had collected so many works of illustrious minds. It was because of this event that even now, *as we have ourselves seen, there are in the temples bookcases whose emptiness reminds us that our people caused this destruction.*† This is true; but, nevertheless, it is more reasonable to suppose that search was made for other books in order

to rival the studious taste of the ancients, than to suppose the existence of a second library separated from the 400,000 volumes and preserved by the distance."*

We observe that Orosius mentions two libraries: one burned by the Romans, and the other founded as a successor. We know that the first was that of the Museum, in the quarter known as the Bruchium; and that the second was that of the Serapeum, in the quarter styled Rachotis. Orosius insists that the second was established in order that the Egyptians of Cleopatra's day might show themselves as intellectually inclined as were their forefathers in the time of Soter; and, while he laments the loss of the Museum Library, he does not utter a word concerning any disappearance of the Serapean collection. It is evident, therefore, that in the time of Orosius, at least twenty-five years after the alleged vandalism of Archbishop Theophilus, the Library of Alexandria was in existence. Nor can it be said that by the use of the term, "our people" (*nostrī homines*), Orosius indicates that he laments the vandalism of his co-religionists. The context plainly shows that by *nostrī homines* he means the Romans. Orosius was a Spaniard, but his country was an integral portion of the Roman Empire, and its people properly termed themselves Romans. In this same work Orosius often speaks of the soldiers of Cæsar as *gens nostra*, and of the capital of the Empire as *nostra Roma*; and when he is evidently speaking of the Christians he never uses the words *nostrī homines*.

* Here Orosius contradicts those historians who say that Cæsar burned the Roman fleet, and because the Alexandrians wished to seize it. In making the fleet an Egyptian one, Orosius agrees with the "Commentaries" of Cæsar, and their continuation: "De Bello Civili," III., no. 3; "De Bello Alexandrino," no. 13.

† "Unde quamlibet hodieque in templis extent, quæ et nos vidimus, armaria librorum; quibus direptis, exinanita ea a nostris hominibus, nostris temporibus memorent, quod quidem verum est."

* In commenting upon this passage, Gibbon says that Orosius, although he is a bigot and a lover of controversy, seems to be a little ashamed of the devastation wrought by "his people." This shame, remarks Gorini, is another proof, joined to the many that we could adduce, that a "bigot" does not necessarily detest science or antiquity.

THE vault of heaven is a bubble on the sea of God's immensity.—*A Persian poet.*

Nuestra Señora.

—
A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.
—

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

XXVI.—PACHUCA.

ON a rude bench in front of an adobe hut, in the heart of the mining regions of Pachuca, sat two young men, both with pipes in their mouths, both speaking English—Harvey Talbot and Arthur Bodkin.

"I foretold all this, didn't I, Arthur?" said Talbot,—they had been discussing the situation.

"You did."

"I told you that the French troops would be withdrawn, that Maximilian was not the man to hold the reins—not half strong enough,—and that he was surrounded by traitors. I can tell you more. Those hounds are on his track, and close to Maximilian there is a fellow called López who ought to be called Judas."

"The Emperor believes in him and has loaded him with favors."

"I tell you, Arthur, that he is ready to betray as Judas did, and for silver. Why, the whole thing is, as they say in the United States, 'busted.' You have no Mexican army; the country is against you; the Liberals are closing up, and popping troops into every small hole of a town all round the place. The Austrian troops are too few, and the Belgians the same. General Porfirio Diaz is a born captain, and his troops will follow him into flames. Drop it all, Arthur, come up here and make money, or go home!"

"And desert Maximilian, and have them say at the Kildare Street Club that I was a sneak? Not much! Oh, no! Harry, I shall stand by the Emperor—to the last."

"Can't some of you fellows get him away? I tell you, Arthur, that Juarez is a

cut-throat; and as for Lerdo, he would ask nothing better than to see the red blood dyeing the Emperor's yellow beard."

"He has been advised to abdicate, and had resolved to do so; but his high sense of honor compels him to stand by his army so long as there is a corporal's guard left."

"Who has influence with him?"

"The poor Empress."

"Lord of heaven, how sad about her!"

"Awful! awful!" And Arthur groaned.

"They say she is at Miramar."

"She is."

"And that her mind is absolutely, hopelessly blank."

"God's will be done!"

"Do you remember that day, a few months ago, when we got into the Castle, and saw her in the first flush and pride of their new dignity? How royal she looked! Who could have thought that in so short a time this dreadful wreckage was to take place? If you fight the Liberals, you will be beaten."

"Assuredly."

"And what then?"

"Shot, I suppose. My dear Harry, I am prepared for the very worst; and that is the reason why I have come out here—to press your honest hand once more, and to say God bless you and good-bye."

The two friends looked each other in the eye.

"I have a presentiment that I shall come to grief, Harry; and I want you to see that this locket"—opening his shirt to show the locket which the Empress had given him, suspended by a ribbon from his neck—"that this locket," he repeated, "is handed to Miss Nugent. The Empress made me promise not to open it until she granted me permission."

"Let me look at it," said Talbot.

Arthur, removing it from his neck, handed it to his friend.

"It is very handsome," said Talbot. "I wonder what she meant by exacting such

a promise from you? Of course, Arthur, that promise is void, since the poor woman is morally dead, and never *can* give you permission to open it."

"She is *not* dead. I shall never open it until the Empress permits me."

"Then *I* shall,—there is no interdict on *me*." And, pressing a spring, the locket flew open, to reveal an exquisitely painted miniature of Alice Nugent.

"You should not have done this!" remonstrated Arthur, devouring the portrait with his eyes.

"Why not? *You* were not to open it,—assuredly the command did not reach out to *me* or to anybody else."

"I feel ashamed, Harry. I feel as though I had tricked the Empress."

"Bosh! My dear fellow, you are a peg too low. You are full of presentiment that you will be bowled over, and all that sort of thing. There may be no fighting at all. If the United States would only step in, the Emperor could ride down to Vera Cruz, go on board a war-ship, and retire with all the honors of war."

"We are going to Queretaro. Five thousand men will be left to garrison the capital, two thousand to garrison Puebla, and we will have ten thousand to—"

"Give battle to sixty-thousand. Bah! He is as mad as she is if he fights on such terms."

Arthur Bodkin had come to Pachuca to see his old friend. He longed for a grasp of Talbot's hand, for a sound of the rich, ripe, soft Irish brogue. He longed to have a talk, even if it were to be the last, about dear old Ireland,—“dear, dirty Dublin”; of the Kildares and Royal Meaths and the Blazers; of Punchestown, and Baldoyle,—of the thousand and one things that come to us with a sweetness that surpasses words when the heart is sick with grief and the outlook black as night.

Every word uttered by Harvey Talbot was coined in the same mint of thought

as his own. He knew that the Empire was gone, and that the Emperor, in bitter straits, would be betrayed. He recognized the fact that fighting was hopeless, and that ruin and death were grimly waiting for Maximilian and his adherents.

Many of the courtiers had already deserted, under one pretext or another; and nearly all were prepared to fly upon the loss of the first skirmish. It was to be *sauve qui peut*. To our hero's credit, with destruction staring him in the face; with possible death—for he knew that Mazazo longed for revenge; with his heart's only joy in Europe, the last words of Alice having rekindled high hope; with an honorable plea for retiring,—nay, more, a command, for Baron Berghheim had arranged that he was to take private dispatches to the Emperor of Austria,—Arthur never for a second thought of deserting the Emperor, and flung his proud “No!” at every proposition that hinted at his leaving his post.

It had been his intention to have given Harvey Talbot the locket, and letters for his mother and for Father Edward, in the event of dire mishap. But the locket was now so precious, on account of the portrait of Alice, that he resolved never to part with it. It would be on his beating heart if he lived; on his dead heart if he died. His loyalty to the Emperor, his decision to stand by him to the bitter end, to fall fighting if needs be, resolved itself into: “What would Alice think of me if I deserted the cause, even when it was most hopeless? How could I face her? Dare I? Those loving eyes have flashed upon me in anger—aye, and in scorn, but never with a glint of shame in them for me.”

Arthur spent two days with Talbot,—days almost wholly occupied on his part in talking of Alice. In Talbot he had a man who could smoke and listen, and that was all he asked. Of course he unbosomed himself to his friend, repeating her last words about fifty times at the very least.

As the two men were parting, Talbot observed:

"You will come out of this all right. You will go home and marry Alice Nugent; aye, my dear fellow, and I shall run over and dance at your wedding."

And as Arthur slowly wended his way down the hill, his true and honest friend muttered to himself: "I don't like this business at all. I shall be in readiness to come to the rescue if I'm wanted."

XXVII.—RODY'S RELATIONS.

Upon his return to his quarters in the National Palace, Arthur found Rody in a condition of almost frenzied excitement.

"It bates the world, Masther Arthur! It flogs Europe."

"What is the matter with you, Rody? Have you been having too much *mescal*?"

"Is it *me*, sir, and ye away! Sorra a sup I tasted, barrin' wan dhrink of poolkay, since ye left, sir. No begob! It's not dhrink, sir, at all, at all. It's all be rayson of meetin' a cousin up here. Sorra a lie I'm tellin' ye. Me own cousin—an O'Flynn of Ballybogue, Masther Arthur, that kem out here forty years ago, and is a native now no less, and as rich as a *leprechaun*."

"This *is* news."

"It bates the *Vindicathor*,—aye, and the *Irish Times*. His name is O'Flynn, and it's over his dure in St. Francis' Sthreet below. Well, sir, wouldn't ye like for to hear all about it?"

"Wouldn't I! Fire away, Rody!"

"Well, Masther Arthur, the mornin' afther ye left, sir, for to visit Misther Talbot—a fine gintleman, and I hope he's coinin' up there beyant,—I was a bit lonesome; so I tuk a shough of the pipe, and thin I wint for a walk. I was meandherin' along the sthreet, just thinkin', sir, that it smelt as bad as the River Liffey—good luck to it!—whin I seen a word over a shop dure that tuk me breath from undher me. O'Flynn it was, sir,—O'Flynn it is, sir, as bowld as brass. I crossed the sthreet,

sir, for to make sure; and, sure enough, there was O'Flynn lukkin' down at me from over the dure in letthers of goold. 'Well,' I sez to meself sez I, 'there must be some Irish in the house'; so I med bowld and walked in. The place was cowld and dark, wid a counther and iron rails as thick as Newgate; and the ceilin' would crack yer conk, it was that low; and behind the bars was a little ould man, wid an O'Flynn gob on him that would have saved any thrubble to a detective. It *was* an O'Flynn, as sure as Sunda'; and a rale Irish Ballybogue O'Flynn at that, sir. He lukked at me and I lukked at him; so sez I to meself sez I: 'Bedad, I'll have a hack at ye in Irish.' So I ups and I gives him the time o' day. Well, Masther Arthur, it was bettther nor a play in the Theayter Royal for to see his astonishmint. He opened his eyes as wide as oysters.

"'What do ye mane?' sez he in Irish.

"'I mane the top o' the mornin' to ye, O'Flynn of Ballybogue!'

"'Who are ye?' sez he.

"'Yer own cousin,' sez I.

"'Bedad,' sez he, afther lukkin' at me the way a magpie luks down a marrow-bone,—'bedad, I'm inclined for to think that ye *are* an O'Flynn.'

"'Faix I *am* that,' sez I. 'I'm Pether O'Flynn's own son, Rody.'

"'Pether had a son, sure enough.'

"'Thru for ye,' sez I.

"'I heerd that some twenty years ago. And is Pether alive?'

"'He is, and walks to the Kilronan chapel and back every day of his life, and he's now over seventy-five.'

"'Ye lie!' sez he. 'I'm not seventy, and I'm a year ouldher.'

"'Well, Masther Arthur, for to make a long story short, the ould chap cross-examined me as if I was in the dock and he was Frank Thorpe Porther, the poliss magistrate.

"'Come in,' sez he. 'Ye're me cousin as

sure as eggs is eggs. But what the blazes brought ye out here at all, at all?"

"Well, I ups and tells him the whole story; and how we rescued the Impress—God sind her back her seven sinses and more, amin!—and how ye were as thick as pays wid the Imperor, and all to that. And just as I was givin' him a hint that it might be well for him for to be very civil, in kem the sweetest little crayture I ever seen. She kem in be the back of the office from the dark, and I declare to ye, Masther Arthur, she brought in the light wid her; for the ould place was no longer dark. The ould man said somethin' to her very low, and she lukked at me out of a pair of eyes that could melt the Hill o' Howth; and, puttin' a soft, white little hand out betune the bars, she tould me I was welkim, and for to come upstairs.

"Well, I spint the day and yestherday and this mornin' wid thim. He's an ould naygur, as rich as the Bank of Ireland; but he'd skin a flay for its hide and fat, and live on the smell of an oil rag. He kem out here—wracked below on the rocks at Vera Cruz; set up in bizness there, and med his way to Puebla, where he done more bizness; and now he's here doin' all the bizness. He's a cross betune a pawn-broker and a bill discourther. Be the mortal, if it wasn't for his daughter Mary, I'd disown him, poor as I am. Bad cess to him, he's the first of the breed for to go and digrace us! I hear he's as hard as Wicklow granite, and turns everything he lays hands on into goold. He owes wan of thim mines out beyant where Misther Talbot is; and, though it has a bellyful of silver in it, won't take the risk of workin' it till the country's settled; and faix I think he's about right, Masther Arthur. Things is in a quare way."

"And is the old gentleman friendly to you, Rody?"

"Well, sir, I can only assure ye in this way. Tim Mulvay was up before Sir

Charles Tottenham for bating a couple of min on the fair green at Slievnagonna, whin he got laid out cowl'd himself.

"'Were ye dhrunk, Tim?' sez Sir Charles.

"'No, yer worship,' sez Tim.

"'Were ye sober, Tim?'"

"'No yer worship.'"

"'Well, Tim,' sez Sir Charles, 'if ye were nayther dhrunk nor sober, what were ye?'"

"'I was upon the *definsive*, yer worship,' sez Tim; and that's what ould O'Flynn is with me, sir."

"And Mary?"

Rody blushed like a schoolboy, and shuffled one foot over the other.

"Don't be too hard on me, Masther Arthur *avic!*"

And Arthur, with a lover's intuition, saw that his faithful follower was over head and ears in love.

(To be continued.)

The Year of Life.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THE Spring, her dark hair gemmed with rain,

Follows the bluebirds along the woods,
Where trees are golden with breaking buds,
And fields are greening with waking grain,
On moss and crocus her white feet gleam.
And her chant down the wind chimes fitfully;
Then dreams are real, the Real a dream,
And Life's end and Love's end are far to see.

When Summer is kneeling 'mid reapen wheat
At shut of lilies in azure June,
Her pale brow crowned with a faint curv'd moon,

Her eyes with pain forgotten sweet;
And her new-fledged nestlings are fluting low

Till Beauty made perfect hushes the night;
One sere leaf falls where red roses blow,
And Illusion is going; and Truth is in sight.

Then Autumn comes wandering down the
land,

Her bronze hair tossed by the fragrant wind,
Her brown cheek soft incarnadined
By light from poppies within her hand;
And the hurrying bee the last bloom sways
In the haze drifting in from the restless sea,—
And Failure is felt, but Hope yet stays,
For Christ has mercy on you and me.

And Winter throughout the narrowing day
Weaves films of rime-lace along the burns
Where the north is sobbing through grass
and ferns,—

Foul are they now that were fair in May;
Though the goldenrod stalks bear lilies of
snow,

No robin flits o'er the clover waves:
Naked of all—even Hope must go,—
Yet we plead for life and we hate our graves!

Major-General Newton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

AT his residence in New York city on the 1st of May, after a few days' illness of pneumonia, died Major-General John Newton. A sketch of his distinguished career can not fail to be of special interest to Catholics.

Born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1823, the General was of old and honorable descent, his grandmother having been the wife of one of the early British governors of Virginia. General Newton entered the Military College at West Point when only fifteen years of age, and was graduated in 1842, being only nineteen years old, and ranking second in a class of fifty-six. He spent three years as professor of engineering at West Point, and was made chief engineer in the Utah Expedition in 1858. All the intervening years till the beginning of the war were spent in constructing fortifications on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. In the interval he had

passed rapidly through the grades of first lieutenant, captain, and major.

At the breaking out of the war Major Newton, who already stood high as a distinguished member of his corps, was placed in a position of peculiar difficulty. A Southerner by birth, the full force of early association, the chivalrous pride with which the Virginian of that day regarded his native State, the whole love of his heart, were up in arms against that austere sense of duty, always a strong motive power in his life. The distinguished orator who delivered his funeral panegyric, the Rev. Father Prendergast, S. J., thus touched upon this delicate and critical moment in the young soldier's life. "It was not," he said, "that he loved his State less, but his country more. He felt that secession was suicidal, and argued that a nation had no more right to commit suicide than an individual." In any case, Major Newton reversed the famous saying attributed to Lee, applying it rather to his country at large than to his native State: "My country right, my country wrong, still my country." Indeed, during his West Point career in especial young Newton had learned to love the old flag with an intense loyalty peculiar to his disposition, and he cast in his lot with those who were fighting under its ægis.

He was appointed chief engineer of the Department of Pennsylvania and of the Shenandoah. In 1861 he was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and commanded a brigade in the defence of Washington, at the same time performing engineering duties in the constructions of works. From that time forth till the close of the war he was constantly in action. With the army of the Potomac he took part in the engagements at West Point, Gaines Mill, Glendale, South Mountain, and Antietam, and gained distinction after distinction. In the words of the General Order from headquarters officially announcing his death, he was brevetted

Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel "for gallant and meritorious service," and succeeded to the command of a division; after which he had part in the storming of Mary's Heights, the battle of Salem, that of Fredericksburg, and the desperate engagement at Gettysburg.

In 1863 he was given command of the First Corps, going westward to the storming of Rocky Face Ridge, the battle of Resaca, the actions at Dalton and Adairsville, the battle of Dallas, the engagements about Pine Mountain, the battle of Kenesaw, the passage of the Chattahoochee, the battle of Peach Tree Creek, the siege of Atlanta, the attack on the entrenchments at Jonesborough, the battle of Lovejoy's Station, and the occupation of Atlanta. Later he commanded the districts of Key West and Tortugas in Florida, and was in the action at the Natural Bridge, near St. Mark's, Florida. He exercised various commands in the State of Florida, still continuing to rise in the scale of military honors; and always, in the terse words of the War Department, for "gallant and meritorious service." He was brevetted Brigadier-General after the battle of Peach Tree Creek, and Major-General for his services throughout the Rebellion. His promotion in his corps was also taking place. He became Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers in December, 1865, and Colonel in the June of 1879. In 1884 he was appointed Brigadier-General and Chief of Engineers.

Such is the brief record of his military career to which both the General Order from the War Department and the *Army and Navy Journal* refer in terms so eulogistic. "He was," says the latter, "an able engineer and an honest man. That he was an able and gallant soldier is evidenced by his brevets from Lieutenant-Colonel to Major-General, from Antietam, Peach Tree Creek, Gettysburg, and in the field generally during the war." Surely such a splendid record of duty nobly done, of the most heroic service to country,

might have sufficed for one man; but the great work of General Newton's life was still to be accomplished.

In 1866 "he was entrusted," says the General Order, "with important professional duties, especially upon the survey and defences of the harbor of New York city, and the removal of obstructions at Hell Gate." Thus does the official document refer to that stupendous work which, to quote the *Army and Navy Journal*, "excited the admiration of engineers all over the world." This was known as the Hell Gate explosions, by means of which obstructions were removed from the river at Hell Gate, Hallett's Reef, and Flood Rock, which had been long detrimental to the commerce of the great metropolis. Each detail of the work had been carefully planned by the master-mind of the great engineer; and the river having been mined according to strictly scientific principles, the first explosion took place on the 24th of September, 1876, and the second on the 10th of October, 1885.

The greatest excitement prevailed in the city of New York and its environs, especially on the occasion of the first explosion. Many doubted the success of the venture; some had the gravest apprehensions. But both the first and second explosions were eminently successful, and the fame of the illustrious American became international. Compliments, honorary distinctions from scientific societies abroad, applause of all sorts, greeted General Newton, who met them all with his customary calm simplicity. He was elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences and made an honorary member of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

In 1886 he received from the Jesuit College of St. Francis Xavier in New York the degree of LL. D., and about the same time was the recipient of the magnificent Lætare Medal which is annually conferred by the celebrated University of

Notre Dame, Indiana, upon some Catholic who has rendered eminent service either to the Church or to his country. In 1886, too, General Newton was retired, at his own request, after forty years of valiant and efficient service. But his usefulness, so to speak, continued. The plans which he projected are not yet fully carried into execution, and when completed will be of lasting benefit to New York and its vicinity; for they will give a newer and better water-way to the sea. Father Prendergast, in the funeral oration, while referring to the great achievements of the man whose mortal remains were before the altar, remarked that, though republics were proverbially ungrateful, it was to be hoped that the Government of the United States and the city of New York would not deny to this signal benefactor a suitable monument; adding that, in any case, the two great rivers which bound the city, the North and the East, would be General Newton's lasting memorial. It was a fine sentiment, happily expressed and conveying a great truth; but it would not remove from the country the reproach incurred by allowing such services as General Newton performed to remain unrecognized. If ever a man deserved a monument from the city of New York, that man was the engineer of Hell Gate. Surely a movement will be set on foot, and should be enthusiastically taken up, to attain a result so much to be desired.

After his retirement from service, General Newton was made Commissioner of Public Works,—an office which he subsequently resigned to assume the presidency of the Panama Railroad Company, which latter position he occupied until the time of his death.

In the church, besides the clergy, were many notable representatives both of the Federal and Confederate armies, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Southern Society, and the Board of Directors of the

Panama Railroad. The services were most beautifully conducted; and in the course of the finely appropriate and forcible address already quoted, Father Prendergast touched upon the reasons why the career of the gallant soldier-engineer was peculiarly of interest to Catholics. His life, indeed, bears a striking analogy to that of the late Premier of Canada. Major-General Newton, like Sir John Thompson, was a convert to the faith. Both were men conspicuous, throughout widely divergent but eminently useful public careers, for honesty and singleness of purpose. Men of unstained honor, both carried their convictions into the practice of daily life, and were devout and fervent Christians as thoroughly as they were model citizens. Daily the need of such men grows greater,—men for whom their Catholicity is not a garment which they can take off or put on at pleasure. Daily the need is growing for open and fearless profession of faith, especially in those of exalted station. Sir John Thompson in his death was peculiarly honored by his sovereign and the whole British nation, as well as his native Canada; General Newton had won the meed of universal admiration from the country he loved so well.

The circumstances of General Newton's conversion were related to the writer in much the same terms in which they were described by Father Prendergast in the funeral panegyric. They seem to be highly characteristic of the man, and display a noble humility and manly simplicity worthy of all admiration.

A fact which is not perhaps generally known is that the famous Oxford movement, which nearly half a century ago agitated England, found an echo in the Military Academy of West Point. Far-reaching as were the results of that movement upon the English Church, and deeply interesting as was the conflict to those actively engaged therein, it seems

odd that it should have entered into so unlikely an arena as that of a military college. Yet it is stated upon excellent authority that "The Tracts and Essays," the pamphlets upon doctrinal development, and the other polemical writings of that heated time, were seized upon with ardor by the young students of a science far removed from that of theology. Pusey and Keble, Hurrell Froude, and Newman, with their opponents, were all familiar names on the banks of the Hudson, no less than in the streets of the ancient University town.

As at the fountainhead of the controversy itself, so in this newer college of a newer world some crossed the great boundary line to find peace and security in the Catholic Church. Others, remaining without the fold, gained, it is said, a more reverential insight into the doctrines of Christianity by their study of the mighty problems involved.

With General Rosecrans, came into the Church about that period the gifted and brilliant professor of mathematics at the college, General Scammon. This latter is mentioned conspicuously here, from the fact that he was destined to play an important part in the history of General Newton's conversion.

It was some eight years after the graduation of young Newton from West Point that the two former comrades met at Detroit. The future Major-General had been baptized, in the interval, into the Episcopal Church; and General Scammon, aware of this circumstance, asked him how he was getting on. Newton candidly replied that he was doing very badly indeed, and feared that he should eventually become an infidel. General Scammon inquired if he would consent to examine the claims of the Catholic Church, and Newton answered that he would do so willingly, as he sought truth alone, and would be glad to find it anywhere. He took the proffered books, only to return

in a few days and throw them upon the table. His comrade was dismayed, fearing that all was lost; but General Newton exclaimed, with characteristic straightforwardness:

"Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God!" I am too great a sinner, and the truth of God is too holy for me to see."

"In that case," returned General Scammon, "what you need is not study, but confession."

"I think you are right," answered Newton; and together the brother officers went to an experienced director of souls, a Belgian priest, the Rev. Father Kindekens. To him the seeker after truth made a confession of his whole life. The result was that he became an exemplary Christian, an ideal Catholic. To quote once again his reverend panegyrist: "War was not the passion of John Newton's life, engineering was not the passion of his life, but religion."

That that religion was his support and his incentive to the glorious deeds here set down in cold and unimpassioned statistical detail is clear; for it was as early as 1850, in the very first flush of his young manhood, that the soldier of Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, the engineer of Hell Gate, was baptized into the Church. Man of action that he was, General Newton was essentially a man of prayer, a student of the Lives of the Saints, of the Scriptures, of ascetic literature; one who, apparently leading the ordinary life of the world, was constantly scaling the shining heights of perfection. His clear, logical mind, which had refused to be satisfied with the narrowness of Protestantism, expanded in the splendid light of truth. The confusion of the sects which had jarred upon him, prepared him to enjoy to the full the harmony of united faith. Ever faithful to each duty imposed by the religion he had adopted; the morning of the Hell Gate explosion found him

kneeling at the altar to receive Holy Communion. Much in his character suggests the knightly spirit of the old Crusader, the warm and loving faith of Paul the converted Apostle, the ardor and generosity of Francis Xavier the missionary.

The death of General Newton has removed a noble figure from the arena of Catholic life; but his example remains and shall not be lost. Such lives as his are the real treasure of the Church and the stimulus which our modern existence needs. In its hurry, its bustle, its overcrowding, it is well indeed when a man, and *such* a man, rises above all obstacles, and shows that there is room even there for the soul to live and move and have its being. Men carried away by the stream of worldly affairs cry out that they have no time to practise their religion, that it is an injury to a man to be thought devout, and that practices of devotion are all very well for women. But here is a man of multiplied and onerous occupations, of the highest mental gifts, belonging to the most honorable of professions, of distinguished social position, who declares that he will "seek first the kingdom of God and His justice." In what abundant measure the rest has been added the simple chronicle of his life tells. Honor following honor, achievement succeeding achievement,—yet the eye of his single intention never diverted from the end.

Upon his death-bed he entrusted to his wife, who had followed him into the Church some years subsequently to his own conversion, the task of bringing up his sons in the Catholic faith. To that wife, so well worthy of her exemplary Christian husband, as well as to the five sons and two daughters, the sympathy of the entire country is extended; while many a fervent prayer has been offered to Heaven by his grateful and admiring co-religionists for the eternal repose of the gallant soldier-engineer. May he rest in peace!

A Summer in Acadia.

BY MARION ANNES TAGGART.

III.—REST IN ACADIA.

THE next day was Sunday, hailed with delight by the Harveys, who had been looking forward longingly to their first Acadian Mass-going. It was a "west-side" day, too; which means that the priest remained with them on that Sunday, and did not go across the harbor to say Mass on the opposite shore.

Mary and her mother, the twins, Eleanor and Dave, France and little Max, made really quite a procession as they came out of the gate and walked down the road to church. There were no sidewalks; but the rocky road-bed was smooth and hard and not very dusty, so no one minded. Ted said that the roads were as good as Nature and the British Government could make them.

"And everybody knows that is a strong combination," added Ned.

Mass was at ten, and by half-past nine the people were moving down the street; for not only they believed in punctuality at Mass, but they liked to allow plenty of time for a friendly little chat before Mass, when friends who lived far apart could meet.

Across the harbor gleamed the white sails of the boats coming from the other shore, bringing the people to church; and among them the bright canvases of those sloops, the sails of which had been painted red, stood out against the sparkling blue of the water and the dark background of the firs with Venetian brilliancy of color.

As the Harveys came up the slight hill upon the brow of which stands the pretty Pubnico church, they saw a large number of men gathered, whom, as they drew nearer, they recognized as the returned

fishermen who on the night before had congregated about the shops, then as now discussing the affairs of their little world. In the churchyard was a similar group of women,—the young girls fresh and sweet, in modern styles; the old women more interesting, with their strongly-marked faces framed in the black silk kerchief, which, following an old Acadian custom, they wore instead of bonnets. Kindly smiles greeted the strangers as they passed, and a suppressed curiosity, which a natural delicacy prevented them from betraying.

The church, built at the cost of much sacrifice by these devoted people, led by the energy of their zealous young priest, is large, tasteful, and scrupulously clean. It was nearly empty when Mrs. Harvey and her children passed to their places. But as the candles were lighted upon the altar the bell rang out, warning those who lingered to talk that the priest was in the sacristy, and they must take their places. Instantly the church resounded to the sound of feet, as the groups of men and women obediently entered; and when the priest came forth for the *Asperges* everyone was ready to bear his part in the Sacrifice.

It was an impressive congregation,—the men bronzed and almost severe in features, the women thin, with none of the vivacity of the French; for, whether owing to the climate, the sufferings their fathers bore, or their own hard-working lives, the Acadians are serious and grave in manner, strict in morals and observance of religion. Mrs. Harvey felt her eyes grow moist as she looked about her and realized that, a hundred and thirty-seven years before, the ancestors of these people had suffered everything that these their children might keep their faith, and that in the presence of their descendants that lovely June morning at Mass could be read the proof that they had not suffered in vain.

A choir, very good for a country church, sang the Mass in voices the striking

characteristic of which, at least among the women, was a childish quality that gave the effect of extreme youth. The men sang the Introit, Gradual, Offertory, and Post-Communion, in quavering Gregorian; and after the Consecration a little French hymn was sung, the sweet words of which were touching in their suitability to the seafaring people who invoked the Star of the Sea. The Gospel and notices were read in French; but the sermon was in English, short, vigorous, suited to the needs of its hearers. After that the two men who acted as guides to the congregation in rising and sitting, and who held in this an old Acadian office, and were called *marguilliers*, rose for the last Gospel, and Mass was over.

Vespers and Benediction were at three, and once more the entire congregation filled the church; for no New England community is more carefully and devoutly Sunday-keeping than this strange offshoot of old France.

It was when the children were nearly at their gate returning from Vespers that the priest drove rapidly past them; and one of her new friends told Mary that he was going to give the last Sacraments to a young girl of their own age, whose little hour of life would probably end that night.

After tea Mary and Eleanor went to row with the twins, and talked over the events of the day.

"I want to know more of the early history of these people," said Mary, to whom the summer took on rather the aspect of a pilgrimage to past centuries than a present reality.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you what Matthieu said!" cried Ned. "He told me that, if we liked, he would tell us all the story of this place, if we came to him some night."

"We'll go to him the very first night we can," answered Mary, joyfully.

As they rowed ashore in the light of the young moon, which had risen over the east side and lighted the harbor,

Reine d'Entremont awaited them on the wharf.

"The sick girl is dead," she said; and the young people went home softly in the moonlight, thinking of the life which had ended where theirs seemed but beginning.

Funerals follow swiftly upon death in the Pubnico community, where none of the modern horrors for prolonging the time, such as embalming or freezing the dead, are resorted to. There is no undertaker: kind hands of neighbors prepare the body for the grave, and the simple caskets are made in the village.

It was early on Tuesday morning that Mrs. Harvey, Mary and Eleanor, standing in the bright sunshine, saw the funeral of the young girl who had died approaching down the road. It was an unaccustomed sight to eyes used to the pomp and indifference of a city, but very lovely in its kindness. The friends had gathered in the home where death had entered, and once more the dead girl's comrades prepared to walk with her to church. The small casket was laid upon an open wagon, and the driver walked beside the horse, guiding him with the reins. Behind came those whose love or sympathy led them to the church,—all on foot; the men on the left, the women directly behind the wagon. Young and old followed, as they in turn would be followed, down the white road to the little churchyard. At the church the casket was rested on the bier at the door, and the people waited too; Mrs. Harvey and the girls found them here as they came up the steps. The priest and attendants, preceded by the processional cross, met the funeral at the door; and, the bearers resuming their light burden, the dead and the living went slowly up the aisle, pausing half-way up; the Children of Mary, of whom the dead girl had been, rested near her, their white veils falling over their black dresses.

High Mass sung and the ablutions given, once more the bearers lifted the

poles of the bier, and priest and people chanting—the men bare-headed and many of the women sobbing—walked slowly up the slight ascent through the churchyard to the little cemetery at the back. Here the people gathering round stood, with bowed heads, waiting while, with psalms and prayers, they committed to her rest the young creature who had so early attained it. To the eastward the waters of the harbor flashed and rippled; to the westward lay the ocean, which, with the firs that intervened, sung ceaseless *Requiem*; and so leaving her, they turned away to resume the life which should one day end in such a scene as this.

"How peaceful, how simple, and how Catholic it all is!" said Mrs. Harvey, wiping her eyes as she came down the path, a hand on the arm of each of her girls, as if to make sure that sorrow had not yet asked of her the sacrifice of her darlings.

"I should like to die in Pubnico," said Mary, softly.

"It is nice to die anywhere so young, before trouble comes," added Eleanor, her childish face very grave.

"Where and when and how God pleases," their mother replied, gently. "It is very sweet to escape sorrow as this young creature has done; but it is a fine thing to be a useful woman, my Eleanor. And 'as your days so shall your strength be,' you know."

"How do you think such beautiful funeral customs sprang up here?" asked Mary, after a moment's silence.

"They are only the Office of the Dead," said Mrs. Harvey; "but celebrated where no sordid display can impair it. It is merely because the procession was on foot, and the cemetery close to the church, as it was meant to be; because the community is like one family, and help and comfort one another;—in a word, it is because of its perfect simplicity that it is beautiful. When hired singers chant, and when dis-

play in carriages, flowers, and undertakers' trappings are necessary to a funeral, as with us, we can never have anything half as beautiful as this Acadian burial."

"Ah, mamma! why can't we go back to country life and simple ways and innocent happiness?" cried Mary.

"Ah, Mary! why can't we go back to Eden?" smiled her mother, a trifle sadly. "We are far from Eden, and we should miss our manner of life after a time, and sigh for the complex civilization. Do you think you could be happy long without libraries, good music, art, and all you delight in? It is loss and gain always in living, and life is a compromise. The world moves, and we with it, my lassies. It is only for a little while that we can taste of rest in Acadia."

IV.—MATTHIEU'S STORY.

"Who is going with Ted and me to hear about the early settlers?" asked Ned at the tea-table.

"Eleanor and Dave and I," answered Mary, promptly.

"All right. Mr. d'Entremont told us to come, and bring all of you who cared to hear about it; and I said my sister was great for these things," said Ned, rising. "We'll go about half-past seven. Ted and I are going first to look after our eel pots."

Later the five Harveys entered their neighbor's house, and were ushered into the big room, which was dining-room in summer and both kitchen and dining-room in winter. The floor was painted drab, with brown and white figures touched with gold; giving a warm, clean look to the room. Hooked rugs brightened the effect; a few plants bloomed on the window-sill; and a little grey kitten purred in the middle of the prettiest mat, as if she knew that the gay colors set off her complexion.

"Now, I don't understand just what you want to know," said their host, after

greeting them kindly and surveying the group with keen eyes.

"We want to know *everything*, that is all," laughed Mary. "Begin at the beginning, Mr. d'Entremont, please,—where the first settlers came from, and all about it."

"Yes," replied Mr. d'Entremont, who spoke English very well, with an accent that made the story more interesting. "Well, you see, the first D'Entremont came here with Charles de La Tour from Normandy. His name was Philippe Mins; and D'Entremont was doubtless a sort of title taken from the estate in Normandy, for he was of good family. La Tour made Philippe the *seigneur* of Pobomcoup—as the French called Pubnico,—and gave the title of baron to him, making him also an officer in his army. The original settlement, as you know already, was on the east side; and here a Château d'Entremont was built, where the head of the family, the Lord and Baron of Pobomcoup, lived till the expulsion."

"How was it, like a feudal barony? Was it a fief?" asked Mary.

"It was feudal like the barons and fiefs of the Middle Ages," answered her host. "It was held by the payment of some kind of a dress described in the deed in Indian terms, which we do not understand; and also of two bouquets on the Feast of St. John the Baptist. Would you like to see a copy of the deed of grant? It is dated 1650."

Mr. d'Entremont handed the children the copy of the grant, which, although it was written in such old French that they could not make out all of it, filled them with interest.

"Philippe d'Entremont," continued his descendant, receiving back the paper, and folding it up, "had three sons—Jacques, Philippe second, and Abraham. Jacques, the oldest and the heir of the *seigneurie* and title, married La Tour's daughter Anne; and Abraham married La Tour's

other daughter, Marguerite. This Jacques had four sons, the youngest of whom was Jacques second, with whom we come down to the time of the expulsion. I suppose you know that the Acadians were driven from Grand Pré in September, 1755, and within the next year or two every Acadian settlement was attacked and broken up. You have read the story, and remember how the peaceful community was seized, their houses burned before their eyes, and they themselves driven like cattle into the ships; husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, separated, carried to England, France, and the different American States, where they were half starved, half clad, and looked upon with hatred and suspicion as Frenchmen and Catholics. Especially among the Quakers of Philadelphia they were persecuted; although the poor Acadians certainly did not wish to stay among them, only asking to be allowed to come back to their homes. And the Quakers professed to be men of peace."

"Think of not knowing whether those you loved were on one side of the ocean or the other, when they could so easily have been kept together!" said Mary.

"Or whether they were alive," added Mr. d'Entremont. "Many had fled to the woods when their homes were attacked, and they died in great numbers in exile, of hardship and heartache. It was not so much the fault of the English Government as the men it sent here. Well, in the midst of all the suffering Pubnico did not escape. A few months after the Grand Pré affair a party of English came here, burned the Château d'Entremont, pillaged the village, and some of the inhabitants took to the wood. A few went to France, among them the daughters of Jacques d'Entremont, Madelaine and Marguerite; but Jacques himself and his sons lived in the forest, hunting and trapping.

"One day in the following autumn, 1756, Jacques, who was getting on in

years, was down by the sea, several miles from here; and he saw something, he could not tell exactly what, lying on the shore. Thinking that it might be an animal, he crept up to it, when, to his surprise, he saw that it was two human beings cast up by the sea. They proved to be American sailors, whom Jacques took to the hut—which was all the home their countrymen had left to him,—and shared with them all he had for the winter. When spring came he drew a chart of the harbor, and set them on their way back to Boston; whence they had come. The men bade good-bye to their rescuer with much emotion; for not only had he saved their lives, but had shown them how to forgive an enemy,—for at that time the Americans were English, and had taken no small part in the cruelties shown the Acadians. Two of the Massachusetts colony, at least, had learned that a Catholic and a Frenchman could be a true Christian.

"Not many months after his guests had gone, Jacques d'Entremont and his sons, Joseph, Paul and Bénoui, were captured by the English and carried to Boston. This was in 1757. When the ship that brought them came into port, the first person Jacques saw on the wharf was the American captain whose life he had saved. This man proved that he felt the gratitude he owed, and tried to pay a little of his debt. He brought Jacques to the governor, told the story of his rescue by him, and used his influence to make the exile less severe. The governor gave to Jacques the clothes he needed, a watch and cane, and allowed him to go freely where he would in the city. That cane which the governor gave him," said Mr. d'Entremont, suddenly breaking the thread of his story, "is still here in a house near the old church, and you can see it. Well," he went on, resuming his narrative, "Jacques was getting old. He was a good accountant, and he went about among the Boston people making up their books and earning a fair

living for a few years; but he died soon, and was buried in Roxbury.

"When the war was over, the Acadians began to creep back to Canada and Nova Scotia. About 1766 the three sons of Jacques and a few other Acadians took ship and started for Canada, wishing to be among Catholics and where there was some chance to bring up their children in the faith. They reached Halifax, where there was then a governor very different from the earlier ones; and he told them that they need not go to Canada, but might make a settlement where they would, and should be free to practise their religion. After consulting together, they decided to accept his offer. The first winter they spent near Halifax, and then came down toward Pubnico, their old home. They found English settlers on the lands their fathers had cleared, and they chose this, the west side, as the spot on which to begin again."

"Are all these D'Entremonts descended from them?" asked Ned.

"Everyone from those three brothers, Joseph, Paul and Bénoui," answered Mr. d'Entremont.

"It is a wonderful story, just like a book,—his saving the Americans, and then being helped by them," observed Dave, much impressed.

"It is true, though," said Mr. d'Entremont. "Paul was my great-grandfather. He was sixteen years old when he was carried away, and of course could remember it all perfectly. He told the story to his son, and he again to his son, who is my father and is now alive. Why, I haven't half told you about those days. You know I said Jacques' daughters went to France when the manor was burned. Well, before they went they buried considerable money on one of the islands in Lobster Bay, which for that reason we still call L'isle d'Argent. On reaching Cherbourg, one of them sent a Frenchman to get this money, with directions how to

divide it among her brothers, to whom she also wrote. Unfortunately, this man proved a rascal, who dug up the treasure and stole it; and when the family here found out about it, it was too late—the man had gone. Then Madelaine sent a power of attorney to her brother to capture the thief and take back her property; but, naturally, he preferred not to be caught, and they never got him. They did find more money buried over there, however; and dug it up. And the letters describing the spot and the old power of attorney are still in the hands of some of my cousins."

The boys had pricked up their ears at the mention of buried treasure, and broke out in questions as soon as Mr. d'Entremont paused.

"Where is the island?"—"Do you suppose they dug up all the treasure?"—"Can we go there?"

Mr. d'Entremont laughed.

"The island is to the north'ard of the light, and you can go there if you want to," he answered. "I don't believe that you can find much, but digging is good exercise."

"I could listen all night," said Mary, her eyes big with interest; "but it is ten o'clock, and we must go home. Thank you for telling us so much."

"I have not told you half," said their host; "so come again. And remember that, no matter what English historians say, we Acadians have proof that if our fathers had given up their faith they would never have been molested."

"The Acadians were real confessors of the faith, weren't they?" said Mary, as they entered their own door.

"Yes," responded Ted, absently. "I say, Molly, wouldn't you like to find some of that buried treasure?"

(To be continued.)

A LARGE charity is the growth of years, the final result of many trials.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XLVI.

DR. JOHNSON has a pregnant thought which has the true flavor of "The Imitation." "Every sickness," he says, "is a short death." How true is this! For no effort of the imagination can furnish us with anything that even approaches the reality. Only the feeling induced by sickness supplies something akin to the grim reality,—it is a sort of foreshadowing. The spirit of "The Imitation" is all for this: the finding in the experience of others what we can not find in ourselves. "Things" and persons are our human documents. "If you ever see a person die, think that you must pass by the same way." In the same spirit, words and "things" are an abomination to À Kempis. He is constantly having his "fling" at these. They are part of "this vesture of decay." There is an abundance of things, all of little account, or not worth the soul's attention. "He is very mad who is seriously concerned with anything that does not relate to his own salvation." "The multitude of words does not satisfy the soul."

If men and "things," as our author shows, change and change again, and we may not therefore depend on them, we ourselves change most of all. On ourselves we can depend the least. Humors, "fads," partialities, loves, longings,—as we look back, how many of these have been rapturously taken up and "dropped"! A different person altogether seems to have been busy with such projects. Their adoption was as unmeaning as their abandonment. The change and the failure are owing to our having taken up a delusion. As in the case of the oft-quoted line, "His honor rooted in dishonor stood,"—so has our "piety rooted in worldliness

stood." "The resolutions of the just depend rather on the grace of God than on their own wisdom; and in Him they always put their trust, whatever they take in hand."

How pleasant it would be if, like the real saints, we could be independent of all earthy changes,—unaffected by pleasures and pains, looking ever to the one grand joy! This indifference can only be, and has been, secured by the appreciation of spiritual things, and of their supreme importance compared with the things of this life. The same feeling made Dr. Johnson say that the young man does not care for the child's rattle, while the old man smiles at the fervor of the young man's passion. Really pious persons have no taste for such things.

(To be continued.)

 The Black Madonna of Auvergne.

ON May 19 two cardinals, thirty-eight bishops, and four mitred abbots assembled at Clermont-Ferrand, France, to celebrate the eighth centenary of the first Crusade preached in that city by Pope Urban II. and Peter the Hermit. As an additional attraction, Leo XIII. granted the indulgences of a Jerusalem pilgrimage to all those who took part in the festival, and visited the old Church of Notre Dame du Port, with its venerable image of the Black Virgin and Child. A brief account of this celebrated sanctuary, at once the glory and pride of Auvergne, will not be out of place at the present moment.

An ancient author tells us that St. Avitus, Bishop of Clermont (571-594), built in the town of Auvergne (the original name of Clermont), in that part of the city called Le Port, a church in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and placed therein a black statue which he greatly venerated, and before which he was accustomed to kneel in prayer. From that time, we are

told by Mgr. Besson, Bishop of Nismes, the city has been under special divine protection, passing with safety through vicissitudes which brought destruction, if not extermination, on less favored spots.

The old church is an admirable type of primitive architecture, extremely massive and solid. Time, of course, has worked great changes, and perhaps very little remains of the original structure beyond the foundations. In appearance it is an ornate mixture of Norman and Gothic work. The attacks of barbarians, the ruthless onslaughts of the terrible warriors from the North, and later on the followers of Islam, carrying fire and sword into fair France, left their impress on the Church of St. Avitus; but the arm of the devastator became paralyzed when raised against the Black Madonna. Walls might crumble into dust and altars be overturned, but the wonderful image remained inviolate. This was the more remarkable from the fact that the counts of Auvergne had lavished their treasures in richly endowing the sanctuary, and adorning the statue with precious stones.

From time immemorial Notre Dame du Port has been a place of pilgrimage. Eight hundred years have passed away since the armed Crusaders, assembled before the holy image, sent up to Heaven their mighty war-cry: *Dieu le veut!*—"God wills it!" Popes Paschal, Calixtus, Innocent, Alexander III., and other Pontiffs of the twelfth century, visited Clermont to implore Our Lady's aid against the persecutions of the emperors of Germany. Here, too, St. Bernard chanted the glories of Mary. Ponte, one of the Saint's disciples, became Bishop of Clermont; and by his zeal, eloquence, and piety, interested all Europe in the work of restoring the basilica. St. Louis, King of France, also had a special devotion to Notre Dame du Port. From age to age fresh privileges were conferred on the sanctuary by the Roman Pontiffs, and the kings of France

took it under their special protection. During the critical period of the so-called Reformation many of the adjoining cities were reduced to ruins, but Clermont escaped. Amidst the thousands of desecrated sanctuaries, prayer before the Black Virgin was never interrupted for a single day. The century which led to a general spoliation of the altars dedicated to Mary only served to further enrich that of Notre Dame du Port; and when France seemed to be falling under the spell of Jansenism, God placed the intrepid Christian orator, Massillon, on Clermont's episcopal chair, and heresy vanished like smoke.

A severe trial, however, came at the Revolution. To save the sacred image from destruction, two courageous women took charge of it, concealing it in a house, where for ten years a chosen few would assemble to pay their private devotions. In this way the statue of Notre Dame du Port escaped the Reign of Terror. It was restored to the ecclesiastical authorities on Easter Day, 1803, and placed in the crypt chapel.

In 1864 a shocking sacrilege was committed, which had the effect of throwing the whole city into a state of consternation and panic. The chapel was discovered to have been violated, and the statue itself had disappeared. Novenas, Communions, acts of reparation, seemed to be unavailing; for nine long years all trace of the Black Madonna was lost. But on a certain day in 1873 an unknown person called on the Bishop, bringing with him a large box. It contained the stolen image. The story he had to tell was a remarkable instance of Our Lady's favor to a sinner. For many years the thief had no thought of repentance or restitution; but just prior to his visit to the Bishop he beheld what appeared to be tears flowing from the eyes of the Blessed Virgin. Scarcely believing the evidence of his senses, he drew nearer and touched the figure with his hand.

The eyes were wet and lines of tears were visible on each cheek. His heart was touched, and he fell at the feet of Mary, a repentant sinner. For obvious reasons, the man's identity was kept a secret.

The happy news put Clermont into a state of indescribable enthusiasm. The whole city held high festival, whilst at the church itself solemn functions were celebrated in expiation of the sacrilege. Two years later Pius IX. presented a magnificent diadem to Notre Dame du Port, the coronation ceremony being performed by Mgr. de la Tour d'Auvergne, Archbishop of Bourges.

Notes and Remarks.

The lessons afforded by the life of the late General Newton ought not to be lost on the rising generation of American Catholics. His example was not less striking than that of Sir John Thompson. Both were men of prayer and tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin. Under her protection General Newton placed his wonderful engineering work in New York harbor, and the success of his efforts for the removal of obstructions in the river at Hell Gate was attributed to her intercession. Like all great men, he was singularly modest; but he never tired of telling of the great pleasure it gave him to see his little daughter, a Child of Mary, pressing the button which caused both of the famous explosions.

Special enthusiasms are always risky; and fads, especially those looking toward moral or social reformation, sometimes produce downright lunacy. Proof of this statement is found in the action of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who calls upon the "shrieking sisterhood" to aid her in creating the "Woman's Bible." Mrs. Stanton is wroth at the Scriptural declaration that Eve first transgressed the Law of God and afterward tempted Adam. She proposes that every allusion reflecting on the Biblical women be

ruthlessly expunged; and, with the assistance of a committee, she has already "revised" a large portion of the Sacred Text. It is charitable to believe that Mrs. Stanton and her friends are unconscious of the blasphemy of their action. It is, moreover, an outrage upon true womanhood, which hopes all from the Christian religion. Catholic women know that as long as the Blessed Virgin maintains her unique place in the reverence of the faithful, no reasonable "right" will be withheld from woman. If Mrs. Stanton and her friends really wish to profit their sex (we do not question their zeal and purity of intention), let them renounce fads, enter the true fold, and help to propagate reverence for Her who is "our tainted nature's solitary boast."

The city of Lisbon, Portugal, the birthplace of St. Anthony of Padua, will celebrate the seventh centenary of the Saint in a worthy manner, by convening a Catholic International Congress on the 25th inst. We hail the Congress with rejoicing. No country in Christendom is in more urgent need of a spiritual revival than Portugal, and the faithful adherence to the published programme of the Congress would be an admirable means to supply the need. The organization is already perfected, and the papers and projects which will be offered for consideration are both pious and practical. They deal with such questions as the relationship between the Church and science, religious education, moral training of the masses, the Catholic press, the preservation and strengthening of faith and morals in the army and in public institutions, and the means of fostering ecclesiastical vocations. Surely St. Anthony will assist in effecting a much needed change for the better in the land of his birth.

A pioneer Bishop of the Church in America passed away last month in the person of the Rt. Rev. C. M. Dubuis, formerly Bishop of Galveston. Fifty years he spent as priest and prelate in a new and peculiarly hard country, and during the early years of his ministry he was frequently in imminent danger of death by violence. The hardships he endured are well illustrated by an incident related at the

celebration of his sacerdotal Golden Jubilee: "Having no home at Castroville, he and another good priest, Father Chazelle, who was sent to assist him in his extensive missions, set about to build themselves a little cottage. Their work was scarcely accomplished when they were both stricken down by malignant fever. They had neither food nor nurse nor doctor nor medicine, although a good Samaritan supplied them with a pail of water every morning. They grew worse rapidly; and, being at death's door, drew lots as to who should make a supreme effort to say Mass and administer the last Sacraments. The lot fell to Bishop Dubuis; and he managed, by resting now and again, and supporting his tottering limbs, to perform the heroic duty. He then selected a spot in which the survivor was to bury the other, and in two days he had to discharge that melancholy duty for Father Chazelle,—the dying burying the dead. That he survived was a miracle of Providence." Bishop Dubuis was a tireless worker, a builder of churches and schools. Posterity will remember him as the worthy compeer of the prelates of the apostolic age of the American Church. *R. I. P.*

Madam Sartorius, recently deceased, was the fourth Superior-General of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Madam Barat, foundress of the congregation, died in 1864. Her successor, Madam Goetz, discharged the functions of superior-general during five years; Madam Lehon filled the office for a quarter of a century, and was succeeded by Madam Sartorius in July, 1894. The death of this venerable religious is the more to be regretted at this period, because of the crisis which the unjust taxation of the French Government is forcing upon religious congregations in France. The executive ability and eminent qualities of Madam Sartorius would be of inestimable advantage to her spiritual children in so difficult a conjuncture of affairs as that which prevails at present.

The solemn coronation of a statue—for which permission must be obtained from the Holy See—is a distinction usually reserved

for the most celebrated shrines in Christendom. This ceremony, we are glad to say, will be performed for the first time in the United States in the Ursuline Convent, New Orleans, on November 10. The shrine of Our Lady of Prompt Succor in this convent has long been a favorite one, and the scene of many a heavenly favor; among the latest of which was the cure of a young girl, resulting in her own and her father's conversion; and the sudden recovery of a lame boy who was in danger of being a cripple all his life. Our Lady of Prompt Succor has already been proclaimed Patroness of Louisiana,—a circumstance which renders the ceremony of coronation specially important, and will cause it to be regarded with interest throughout the United States. We learn that the festival is to be observed with all possible magnificence.

There was recently celebrated throughout France, and especially in Lyons, the seventy-third anniversary of the foundation of a great work—the Propagation of the Faith. The Abbé Frémont, who preached on the occasion in the Lyons Cathedral, dwelt upon the resemblance and connection existing between the establishment of this work and the discovery of the True Cross,—an event commemorated on the same day. "Just as the Cross, saturated with the Blood of Christ, had lain buried beneath the *débris* with which a pagan Cæsar had covered it, so millions of souls whom the Redeemer's voice would fain reach are buried in barbarism and infidelity. We must bring them to light as St. Helena brought the Cross; we must drag them from under those layers of savage fetichism beneath which they groan; we must teach them the truths which save, enlighten and console; which permit men to become by adoption what Christ was by nature—true children of God. And this is the sublime purpose of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith."

French royalists can no longer count as in other days on the sympathetic adherence of their episcopate. Ever since Cardinal Lavigerie's famous address to the officers of the French Marine, and especially since the Sovereign Pontiff counselled loyal submission

to the Republic, the ecclesiastics of France have been turning from monarchical dreams to democratic realities. The royalists who still aspire to the return of the monarchy are in the meantime being treated without ceremony in the religious as well as the secular press. An episcopal correspondent of the *Annales de St. Paul*, writing of the Pope's politics with regard to France, concludes a trenchant article with such plain-speaking as this:

"Let these irreconcilable royalists hie them to their graves. They will never submit [to the course advised by Leo XIII.]. So much the worse for them. Lightened of their encumbrance, the bark of Peter will make only the better progress toward the new continent discovered by the genius of the Holy Father. And for that bark's manipulation the horny hands of the laborer will serve better than the hands of the aristocracy, inimical to all work. Under the shadow of the tricolor flag, symbol of valor, honor, and justice, the Cross will triumph,—the Cross, whose two parts form an image of the Church raising up to Heaven the Democracy that embraces it."

To the Seminary of Foreign Missions at Paris are confided twenty-seven separate districts in Japan, China, and India. The most recent report of the progress made in the evangelization of these countries is decidedly gratifying. Twenty-eight bishops, nine hundred and eighteen European missionaries, five hundred and nineteen native priests, and two thousand five hundred and thirty-one catechists instruct the faithful, who number more than a million. There are nearly four thousand churches and chapels, and thirty-eight seminaries, attended by eighteen hundred ecclesiastical students. If it is a saddening thought that, nearly twenty centuries after the advent of the Redeemer, He still remains unknown to so many millions of the world's inhabitants, it is a consoling one that in every quarter of the heathen world zealous priests and devoted Sisters are heroically sacrificing their lives to the propagation of Christ's true doctrine.

The daughters of St. Ursula have borne a glorious part in the history of Catholic education in the United States. They came to America more than two hundred and fifty years ago, and suffered all the privations

of pioneer times. The conditions of life in America are easier now than when the convent at Quebec was founded; but the Ursulines have lost none of their zeal or devotedness, giving their lives as freely for the Indian and the Negro as for their white brother. The Convent of St. Martin's, Brown County, Ohio, which has just celebrated its Golden Jubilee, contributes a brilliant page to the history of the Order. Founded by Mother Chatfield, an English convert of great ability, it passed through the usual crisis of poverty and privation; but the holy lives of the nuns soon won large accessions to their ranks. The number of pupils also increased rapidly, and St. Martin's soon became a centre from which other institutions were founded. The Catholics of the United States owe a deep debt of gratitude to the convents which labor silently, but not the less efficiently, for the spread of Christ's kingdom on earth. May they multiply and flourish!

Obituary.

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

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

Mr. George Johnson, of Toronto, Canada, who departed this life on the 3d inst.

Mr. Edward Mulligan, who passed away on the 22d ult., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Felix Carbray, of Quebec, Canada, who was called to the reward of her good life on the 20th ult.

Miss Genevieve Brown, whose life closed peacefully on the 21st ult. at Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Anna Craven, of San Francisco, Cal., whose happy death took place on the 23d of April.

Miss Bessie Mullen, whose blameless life was crowned with a precious death on the 30th ult.

Mr. George Hoey of Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Mary Gordon, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Elizabeth Kelly, Watertown, Wis.; Mr. Henry McKernan, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Daniel Farrell, Mr. Edward Hoey, and Mr. John Dowd, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. Michael King, Co. Kerry, Ireland; Mr. Nicholas McGrath and Mr. William O'Loughlin, Naugatuck, Conn.; Mrs. Anna Carney, Concord, Mass.; Miss J. Kelly, Mrs. Hannah Sullivan, Mrs. Margaret Weber, Mrs. Catherine Bradley, Miss Alice Fetherston, and Mrs. Hanora Calvey,—all of Akron, Ohio.

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.

*

Little Sunflower.

BY GERTRUDE BLACKWELL.



AT the foot of an ancient oak, in a shady walk in the midst of a wood, a little fair-haired child sat throwing pebbles into a stream which ran at his feet. The little one let forth a peal of merry laughter, like the music of silver bells, each time the pebbles hit the old grey stone held fast in the middle of the stream. Even the sun seemed to enjoy the sport; for it danced gaily on the tiny ripples, and at the same time kissed the boy's red-golden locks, making them look like a crown of glory around his head.

Little Sunflower—for such was his name—had known naught but happiness in his short life. He had a father who devoted all his spare time to him, his mother having died when he was but two years old. She had begged her husband to call their child “Sunflower,” as he was to brighten his father's life when she herself had gone to the land of everlasting light.

As little Sunflower was sitting by the stream he began to think of the beautiful and quaint fairy tales his father had often told him, and said to himself:

“Oh, how I wish some fairy would come and speak to me as they did to the little boy in the story father told me!”

While he was still gazing in the stream at his own reflection he saw a beautiful woman like an angel standing by him, in long, flowing garments, with hair of the

same lovely color as his own falling down to her knees. He asked where she had come from, and the angel form answered:

“I wander about all over the world, as I have commissions to execute; but to-day I came here because I wanted to rest a while.”

As she spoke her face seemed to become familiar to the boy, and it appeared to him like the face of his mother in the picture hanging in his father's study,—the picture before which he so often stood, and wished with all his heart that she had not been taken from him. Those were his only sad moments. And when they overcame him, for a short time he would run and hide himself until all trace of tears had vanished; then, like the fair earth after a shower, return refreshed and brighter than ever.

He now looked up into her face, which was full of a yearning tenderness as she gazed upon him, and asked her why she was kept so busy. She answered:

“There is much to be done, my child. Even you, small as you are, have your share of work in this world. What I do is the labor of love. My great care is to watch over you, my precious boy, and help you to do right. Although you do not see me, I am always near. And often, when you are tempted to be naughty at your lessons or selfish in your play, it is I who in gentle whispers urge you to what is right and encourage you to do good; for I am your special guardian, sent by God to watch over you, and the messenger of His tender care, which is ever greatest for helpless and motherless

little ones. So, you see, you have not really lost me. At night, when your eyes are closed in deep sleep, it is your fond mother who hovers round you and protects you from all harm. When you are playing with your pets, it is I who put kind thoughts into your heart, and make you gentle to the pretty creatures. When you were binding up your doggie's leg because he had hurt it, I watched your tender little fingers doing their work, and loved you for it. Sometimes when your head is hot and burning, and you are longing for some one to take care of you, and rest a soft, cool hand upon the aching place, I am there to soothe the pain. O my dear little son! I love you with so great a love that my heart rejoices when I see you doing your utmost to be good, and trying to make the lives around you happy; for I know then that if you do that, and keep your heart pure, when you hear the flutter of my wings, and it is time for me to bear you from the green earth, I may feel I did well in naming you Sunflower, since you will have shed sunshine where'er you've wandered and eased many a heart of its burden. I remember how sometimes I was troubled when on earth, and you would crawl up into my lap and throw your baby arms around my neck; and, with your sweet, soft face against mine, I would forget all sorrow, and only thank the good God who gave you to me."

As she said this she placed her hand gently on his snow-white brow and bent down and kissed him.

He opened his eyes, and found his father stooping over him. It was his loving kiss which had awakened his little son from his dreams. The child then told his father how he had been spending the afternoon by the stream, and must have fallen asleep. And so, you see, little Sunflower had a lesson wafted to him on the wings of a gentle breeze in a summer day's dream.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XX.—THE BOXES.

Father Mirard was amused by the excitement of the boys, not understanding the cause of it. Timothy Grigg had entered last; he stood with his mouth wide open, amazed. And well he might be. Miley Galligan, having taken one long look at the stamps on the letters, bounded into the middle of the hall and began to sing the "Alabama Coon," accompanied by a double shuffle. Faky bent low and patted his knees in excellent time, and Thomas Jefferson yelled in unison; while Baby Maguire stood still.

"Boys! boys!" cried Father Mirard, imploringly. "My dear boys, you afflict me."

But who could be heard above this din? Miley's voice grew louder, and Thomas Jefferson joined in the clapping. Even Timothy Grigg assisted in the noise, and ran to the piano and gave an imitation banjo accompaniment.

Father Mirard put his hands to his ears, but he laughed; for he always had a great tolerance for the ways of the American boy. He did not understand them, but he enjoyed them. He was particularly fond of bad boys, and they knew it. The good boys, he declared, had many friends, but the bad boy had no friends. He never showed any regard for Steve Osborne, because he disliked the pretentious and mean boy. He never hesitated to give the bad boy his opinion of him, but he always did it gently. When Billy Atkins borrowed Professor Grigg's best horse and scoured the county for a whole day, and blamed John Betts for the laming of the animal, Father Mirard had him down to tea. He knew that the quickest way to the juniors' confidence was through the cheerfulness caused by judicious feeling.

Billy Atkins had been as sullen as a bear with a sore head. He would not confess: he still declared that John Betts had harnessed the horse and told him that Mr. O'Connor wanted him to drive to Auburn for a package of books. John Betts, he said, had gone part of the way with him. Professor Grigg ruled that Atkins should go; John Betts, too, was under suspicion,—lightened, however, by his previous good conduct.

"My father will skin me when I get home," he said, as he sat opposite to Father Mirard; "and mother—she'll just make herself sick crying over it. But I can't help it, Father Mirard. Nobody takes interest in bad boys except you, and I've always been a bad boy,—everybody *expects* me to be bad, and they haven't been disappointed," added Atkins, with a faint laugh. "But I don't care!"

"Oh, yes, you do!" said Father Mirard, giving him another piece of cake. "You're only pretending you don't. How did you come to lame the horse?"

"He stuck his foot into a musk-rat hole," replied Atkins. "I couldn't help it. And then I was afraid to come home; and I just blamed it on John Betts, because nobody would believe that *he* could do anything bad. Oh, he's Professor Grigg's white-headed boy, he is! Oh, yes!—butter wouldn't melt in *his* mouth. Oh, yes!—if you're bad once in this school, people think you're bad always. I suppose you'll turn me out of the house too now, because you've made me tell you how bad I was."

"Not at all," Father Mirard replied, smiling. "I think your courage in telling me the truth has partly made amends for your badness. Now go to Professor Grigg and tell *him* the truth."

"The Professor won't listen; he'll *know* I am bad,—he only guesses at it now. I took his horse to have a good drive, and just to spite him for giving me six pages in the 'Historia Sacra.'"

Billy expected Father Mirard to groan

aloud at this revelation; he fixed his eyes on the priest's face, ready to see it change color. Father Mirard looked grave.

"My dear Billy," he said, "I wasn't a very good boy myself; but I always told the truth, and I tried to be good after a time."

"I won't go to Professor Grigg; I hate him," protested Billy, frankly. "But what bad things could *you* do? A French boy doesn't have much chance to be bad: he's caged up like a little girl. You might as well talk of a saint's being bad."

"St. Augustine was bad once. When he was a small boy—" and Father Mirard told Billy some episodes from St. Augustine's "Confessions."

"I feel better," said Billy; "and I just think my mother's as good to me as St. Monica was to St. Augustine. I'll just go and tell old—I mean Prof—I mean *Professor* Grigg. And if he turns me out, I'll come back to you."

Professor Grigg was induced to relent, and Billy Atkins began to be more manly at once. He always declared that Father Mirard had made him see what meanness was. Hence Billy was one of the six best juniors invited on this occasion,—Miley Galligan having been added from the seniors, because Father Mirard did not know of his promotion.

Billy entered, his newly-washed face somewhat soapy, but flushed with pleasure.

"Look!" said Thomas Jefferson, showing him the envelopes.

"Look!" cried Miley Galligan, ceasing to dance.

"Look!" called out Faky Dillon.

Billy examined the stamps attentively.

"Jimmy Pats!" he said, slowly; then he whistled. "You're in luck! By golly! Mauritius of the first issue means big money. Jimmy Pats!"

"O Father, I beg pardon!" observed Faky, breathlessly. "But we wanted money for some poor people that will lose everything, and we couldn't think of

anything. There wasn't any way out—"

"Not a way!" interrupted Miley.

"It seemed as though these poor people, who have been kind to little Guy, you know, would be turned out in the street. It is all because of notes or mortgages, or something of that kind. But Guy gave us a tip about praying, and we all went and prayed."

"This is all very strange," said the good priest; "I don't understand. I give you some old stamps with pleasure,—yes. You dance and sing,—very well. You tell me about poor old people and little Guy and prayer. All I understand is that you did well to pray. Oh, yes! you did well to pray. Come, the omelette will be cold."

The boys followed Father Mirard into the dining-room, where Madame Rossé, the old housekeeper, who spoke no English, met them with a beaming smile, and the hot omelettes and her famous fried potatoes.

After tea had begun, Faky, assisted by a chorus, told Father Mirard that these Mauritius stamps were valuable.

Father Mirard shrugged his shoulders.

"They are yours, my boys," he said; "I care not how valuable they are. Do as you will with them."

"We were afraid that you might want them back again," said Faky, frankly.

"Would that be like a Frenchman?" asked Father Mirard, reproachfully. He made them tell him all about little Guy and Uncle Mike and Mrs. McCrossin. And Faky told the story so well—every word of it came from his heart—that Billy Atkins was observed to wipe his eyes with his jacket sleeve, and Father Mirard said heartily:

"For the first time in my life I wish I were rich,—I do indeed!"

The sponge-cake and custard and the tiny glasses of sweet cordial were brought in at this moment, and Billy whispered to Miley Galligan:

"Steve Osborne's club has got three

boxes. They're locked in the trunk-room. And Steve is going to do you out of your share."

"Is he?" said Miley, eating his sponge-cake. "He is? Ah, ah! Glad you told me. When Miley Galligan is left, dear child, the circumambient snow and frost will surprise the oldest inhabitant thereof,—and don't you forget it!"

"No slang," whispered Billy. "Father Mirard is listening, and you know he doesn't like slang."

"The club has boxes, has it? And I'm to be left out, am I? All right!" said Miley, sarcastically. "A-a-all right!"

For a time the supper drove all thoughts of the stamps from the minds of the boys. But Miley brooded over the perfidy of the club, and was so absent-minded that he went on eating after everybody else had finished.

Thomas Jefferson longed so earnestly to discover just how much the stamps on Father Mirard's letters were worth that he could not sing in the choruses or amuse himself in any way. He stood near the window of the little parlor, looking into the back yard while the boys were singing a rollicking college chorus. As he stood there he fancied he saw a figure cross the garden, from the honeysuckle arbor to the willow tree opposite. The twilight had begun to fall, but he recognized Steve Osborne. He wondered what he was doing there, but said nothing about him. He had put the precious stamps into an envelope given to him by Father Mirard. He took the envelope out, looked at it carefully, and then thrust it back into his jacket pocket. Miley noticed this and laughed.

"Why are you so silent?" asked Father Mirard, turning from the cheerful party at the piano.

"The stamps are on his mind," said Miley. "If he had the Postage Stamp Guide, and could see just what they're worth, he'd feel better."

"So would I," said Faky.

The housekeeper came in, and lighted the lamp on the centre table. The boys gathered about Thomas Jefferson and gazed at the stamps. One was orange-colored; the Greek head, with its fillet among the hair, plainly printed, "Post-age," "Mauritius," "Post-office," and "One penny," was plainly discernible. Moreover, the post-office people had not soiled the stamp.

"My brother," explained Father Mirard, "intended to post that letter before he left Mauritius. He forgot, went on board the vessel with it in his pocket, and brought it to me himself. Poor, dear Fernand! he is dead now."

The other stamp was blue, of the denomination of two pence.

"1848," began Father Mirard, looking at the envelope from which Thomas Jefferson had taken the stamp. "Ah, yes! Fernand wrote that letter to me after he had gone home."

Timothy Grigg had stolen out quietly, while the group was interested in the stamps. He now returned with a green-covered book.

"I knew Leo Martin had a 'Guide,' so I just slipped out to borrow it from him."

Faky opened the book with trembling hands, and looked for "Mauritius."

"Here," he said, giving the volume to Timothy Grigg, "you find the place: I'm too nervous. Suppose we should be mistaken?"

"I hope not," said Father Mirard, who was doubtful about the whole matter. "I hope not, for the sake of your poor people."

The faces around the lamp were intent and earnest. Timothy found page 357, and read:

"1847. 1 A I P orange 2000.00."

"Oh!" exclaimed all the boys.

It was a long-drawn-out "Oh," meaning amazement in Timothy Grigg's mouth, and relief and gratitude in Faky's and Thomas Jefferson's.

"The other!" exclaimed Faky,—"find the other!"

Timothy looked at it eagerly.

"1848," he replied, anxiously. "Two pence. It's worth only fifteen dollars,—perhaps less, for it is cancelled."

"I congratulate your good Uncle Mike," replied Father Mirard, still doubtful. "If, however, your dream of the stamp is not realized, count on me to help you in any way I can. Your intention is good."

"But, Father, the stamp is really worth two thousand dollars," answered Faky, earnestly. "We shall sell it for that."

"Come, let us sing," said Father Mirard, who looked on all this as a piece of boyish nonsense; and the boys burst into "The Spanish Cavalier," while he played the accompaniment.

"It makes a boy better to have a good time like that," Billy Atkins said on their way home. "I just *love* Father Mirard!"

Thomas Jefferson nodded his head. He kept his hand against his jacket pocket; for there was the precious stamp.

"I say," he broke out, "isn't that Steve Osborne? There he goes! Somebody jogged my arms."

Somebody had passed quickly, and leaped on a bicycle farther up the road. Miley saw that the "somebody" was Osborne.

(To be continued.)

Raffaelle and Parmegiano.

Parmegiano having gone to Rome a few years after the death of Raffaelle, for the purpose of studying the works of that master, became a great favorite there; and, from a striking similarity which existed between him and Raffaelle, not only in the style which he had adopted in his works, but also in a certain degree of resemblance of countenance and an elegance of deportment, it was currently said that the soul of Raffaelle had passed into the person of Parmegiano.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

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Outward Bound.

BY MARY A. TOOHEY.

THE day is astir in the harbor;
 The sun is aflame on the deep,
 Reddening the waves that lap the ships,
 In the harbor wide, asleep.
 And the ships are now in commotion,
 Unfurling streamers and sails,
 And piping their motley crews abroad
 For the voyage that never fails.

Oh! trim and neat and spick and span
 Most of these cruisers seem,
 With cleaving prow and narrow flank,
 And light, fresh-painted beam.
 And their captains are, some of them, stern
 and grave;
 And some, like the waves, gay and free;
 And some, with a troubled, uncertain look,
 Peer out in the far veiled sea.

Among these ships, distinct and large,
 But neither new nor gay,
 With strong-braced ribs and breadth of beam,
 The old ship rides at bay;
 And Peter the fisherman strides her deck,—
 No uncertain commander he:
 O vessel that Jesus launched on the waves,
 I look for a passage in thee!

Our Lady of Montserrat.

BY E. LEAHY.

BARCELONA, the second city of Spain, stands on the Mediterranean, and from a remote period of antiquity has been a place of considerable importance. It is supposed to have been founded by the famous Carthaginian General, Hamilcar Barca, from whom it has derived its name. A short distance from this ancient city is the mountain of Montserrat, famous for the miraculous image of Our Lady so long concealed in its rocky recesses, and of which the granite mountain alone knew the secret; famous also as being the spot where St. Ignatius of Loyola, having laid aside forever the vain trappings of worldly knighthood, passed his lonely vigil of penance and prayer before assuming the arms of a knight of the Cross.

This celebrated mountain presents a curious spectacle to the traveller's eye, consisting as it does of a number of rocky, cone-shaped peaks, rising one above the other until they terminate in a cluster round the summit. This group of cones, seen from a distance, bears a fanciful resemblance to the teeth of a saw; and to this the mountain owes its name of Montserrat, or the serrated mountain. Its

THE measure of what we love and admire is the measure of our own worth.
 —W. R. Alger.

height is estimated at nearly 4,000 feet, and its circumference around the base at about twelve miles. Montserrat is of granite formation, and rich in medicinal plants. Although very few streams are to be met with, one can not but admire the richness and luxuriance of the undergrowth. The atmosphere is delightfully invigorating, and the view from the summit simply magnificent, amply rewarding the toil of the ascent. It is said that on a clear day the islands of Majorca and Minorca, one hundred and fifty miles distant, are distinctly visible even from some of the lower cones.

With regard to the miraculous image of Montserrat, tradition tells us that it was the work of the Apostle St. Luke, executed when he was in Jerusalem; for which reason it received at first the name of *La Jerosolimitana* (the native of Jerusalem). The old chronicles go on to relate that the Prince of the Church, St. Peter, when passing through Spain, entrusted the image to the first Bishop of Barcelona, St. Etereo, whose love for our Blessed Mother was beyond all measure. From that time until the seventh century the holy image was held in veneration, not only in Barcelona but throughout all Catalonia; and wondrous were the graces and favors said to have been bestowed upon those who sought help and consolation at the shrine of *Maria Jerosolimitana*.

But in the seventh century the Saracens entered Spain, carrying death and devastation wherever they appeared. The Christians of Barcelona were stricken with fear, not so much for their lives and homes as at the thought that the precious treasure confided to their city by the Apostle might fall into the hands of the barbarians. For three years they defended themselves bravely against the infidels; but, finding they could no longer resist, they determined to remove the holy image to a secure hiding-place, where it would be safe from the insults and profanations of

the conquerors. Consequently, the Bishop and the governor of the city, aided by a trusty band, with the utmost secrecy carried the object of their love and veneration to one of the most hidden and inaccessible caves of Montserrat. The translation took place on the 22d of April, 718; and a full account of the origin of the miraculous image and the cause of its removal was drawn up, and carefully deposited in the archives of the city.

The years rolled on. The inhabitants of Barcelona never lost sight of the tradition of the wondrous image which had passed from their midst, but by degrees all knowledge of its secret resting-place was lost in the mists of time.

It was the year of Our Lord 890. One Saturday evening some shepherd boys from Monistrol, a village at the foot of Montserrat, were tending their flocks on the mountain. Suddenly one of them noticed a brilliant light issuing from a cave under one of the cone-like rocks. It streamed forth with such dazzling splendor as to illuminate a considerable portion of the mountain around, causing it to stand out in startling distinctness against the sombre darkness of the night. He drew his companions' attention to the strange occurrence, and they gazed in silent, awe-struck wonder. At the same time they heard strains of the sweetest music, like angelic harmonies.

The youths quickly told their parents of what they had seen. The old people, somewhat incredulous, went to the mountain only on the following Saturday, and witnessed the phenomenon. Filled with awe, the peasants hastened to acquaint the parish priest of Olesa with what was happening on Montserrat. The good priest, in his turn doubting their statement, repaired without delay to the mountain. Again the wondrous light streamed from the cave and celestial harmony filled the air.

Up to this time no one had dared to penetrate to the spot whence the marvels issued. The rector of Olesa, taking with him those who had been witnesses of these extraordinary manifestations, went to Manresa, and laid before the Bishop of the diocese a detailed account of the sights and sounds seen and heard on Montserrat. The Bishop, much impressed with the narrative, determined to investigate the matter. On the following Saturday he, with a number of his clergy, the rector of Olesa, and the other privileged persons who had seen the heavenly sight, went in solemn procession, just as the evening Angelus was ringing, to that part of the mountain where the wonder had taken place. The shades of night had scarcely fallen when a light of unearthly effulgence streamed from the cave, and at the same time music of ecstatic sweetness and angelic canticles were heard. The lights and harmonies continued until midnight, when the glorious radiance faded, leaving the rocky peaks in blackest darkness; and the heavenly strains also died away, to be succeeded by the deep silence of night.

The Bishop ordered that the next morning, at break of day, the mountain should be scaled and the cave searched. This proved a difficult task; but the men, filled with pious enthusiasm, at great risk succeeded in reaching the cave. On entering, they perceived a most delightful fragrance; and, advancing farther, were rewarded by the discovery of the holy image, which had lain hidden in the dark recesses of the cave for so many years.

On hearing of their discovery, the Bishop, filled with joy, announced his intention of proceeding at any risk to the spot. A procession was formed, in which were carried innumerable wax lights, and after some time the cave was reached. The Bishop knelt down and gave thanks to God for the marvellous revelation. He then reverently took the holy image

with the intention of placing it in the cathedral at Manresa, that it might there receive the veneration of the faithful. But when the procession, on its return, reached the spot where the church of Our Lady of Montserrat now stands, it was brought to a sudden standstill: those composing it finding themselves unable to proceed or to retrace their steps, nor could they move the statue. Perceiving this, the Bishop made a vow to build a chapel in honor of the Blessed Virgin in that particular spot, and the rector of Olesa vowed that he would spend the remainder of his life there in meditation and prayer. Both vows were piously fulfilled. A magnificent chapel was built, the charge of which was given to the rector conjointly with another priest.

Soon after the building of the chapel, Jofre Villosa, Earl of Barcelona, in thanksgiving for the miraculous restoration of his daughter to life, founded a convent at Montserrat for nuns of the Order of St. Benedict, of which convent his daughter afterward became abbess. On her death, Borrell, surnamed the Good, Count of Barcelona, representing to the Pope that, on account of the vast numbers of pilgrims who flocked to the shrine, a monastery would be more suited to the requirements of the place, obtained permission to establish some Benedictine monks there, and the nuns were transferred to Barcelona.

The monastery was built about half-way up the mountain on the only available space. There were usually from seventy to eighty monks, twenty-eight lay-brothers, besides choir boys, a physician, a surgeon, and several servants. On the annual Feast of Our Lady of Montserrat the number of pilgrims often ran up to about 5,000. All who applied at the monastery were supplied with food *gratis* for three days, and the sick were cared for in the hospital. The greater number of the pilgrims found shelter in the rocks and caves.

In different parts of the mountain, generally in the most picturesque spots, were erected thirteen ermitas, each the abode of a holy recluse, who passed his life in continual penance and prayer. These venerable solitaries were subject to the abbot of the monastery at Montserrat, who received their vows, and appointed to each an ermita. They took the same vows as the other monks, with the additional one never to leave the mountain; they practised perpetual abstinence, their food consisting only of salted fish, vegetables, eggs and cheese. From the 3d of September until Easter they fasted every day; the rest of the year they fasted two or three days of each week; in addition, they were bound to long hours of prayer, mental and vocal. Their recreation was employed in making small crosses, which they gave to the pilgrims who sought them in their solitude. These crosses were held in great veneration on account of the indulgences attached to them by the Sovereign Pontiffs. Once a year the hermit of San Benito invited the twelve others to dine with him; with this exception, their lives were passed in strict solitude. At stated times a lay-brother of the monastery loaded an ass with thirteen portions of food; the animal, trained to his work, started off, and, without any guide, sought out each ermita; and then, unburdened of his load, returned to the monastery.

As the ages rolled away, the fame of the miraculous image of Our Lady of Montserrat increased more and more. Pilgrims flocked in vast numbers from all parts of Europe to lay the homage of their devotion at Mary's shrine. Those were the days of faith, and many were the privations and sufferings endured even by those of the highest rank to reach the favored spot,—some trudging barefoot and bleeding over the hard rocks. Kings and queens esteemed themselves fortunate in making the pilgrimage, and carried with them, as votive offerings, lamps and vessels

of gold and silver adorned with jewels.

At length it was found that the old church which had sheltered the holy image for seven hundred years could no longer contain the ever-increasing stream of the devoted clients of the Queen of Heaven. It was therefore resolved to replace the old structure by a new and magnificent cathedral, the foundations of which were laid in 1492; but for a considerable time the work proceeded no further. At length it was resumed in 1560, and was brought to a successful termination in 1592. The church of Montserrat was under the invocation of our Blessed Lady in the mystery of the Annunciation, of which there was a representation on the façade.

The sacred image was removed to its new and magnificent shrine with great solemnity on the 9th of July, 1599—his Majesty Philip II. taking part in the ceremonies,—and was placed over the high altar. Before it were forty waxen lights of great size, but these were used only on great festivals; fifty silver lamps were kept burning night and day.

The image is of full size, and represents Our Lady in a sitting posture with her Divine Child in her lap. She wears a crown of twelve stars, and in her right hand holds a globe, out of which springs a bunch of lilies. Her features are beautiful, and have an expression of great sweetness and benevolence. The Divine Infant is also represented with a crown, and in His left hand a globe; His right hand is raised as if in the act of blessing. It is impossible to avoid being struck with the marvellous resemblance between Mother and Child. The whole is carved in wood of a tawny brown color.

It would not be possible to enumerate the wonders wrought at this shrine. In all ages the sinful, the suffering, the sorrowful, have laid their woes at the feet of Our Lady of Montserrat, and none have ever gone away unheard or unaided.

The church and monastery suffered severely during the invasion of Spain by Napoleon I., having been attacked and despoiled three times by the French troops, who on one occasion actually set fire to portions of both church and monastery. But although the shrine is shorn of its ancient splendor, the love and devotion to Our Lady of Montserrat still burn with undiminished fervor in the hearts of her faithful clients.

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

XXVIII.—QUERETARO.

AFTER a short visit to the Bishop of Puebla, Maximilian returned to the capital, and immediately issued orders for the concentration of the troops. Marquez was made a General of Division. Miramon had already taken the field, and the final struggle was now at hand.

Bazaine, who was furious because of the refusal of the Emperor to abdicate, played his last card by issuing a decree that the Frenchmen who had enlisted in Maximilian's service would on return to their regiments receive the same rank and pay as before, and be permitted to join the French forces on their departure. Thousands who had sworn allegiance to Maximilian, and had received the bounty for enlistment, left his service, and, under the protection of the French flag, and under the orders of a Marshal of France, openly deserted. Thus, about one-third of the imperial army—Frenchmen who had enlisted for two years under very large bounties—returned to the "Army of Occupation." The Emperor, with that nobility of nature which stamped him as

a right royal gentleman, at once issued a decree granting the same privileges to his own countrymen.

Miramon and Mejia were finally driven to defence in Queretaro, and it became necessary to determine at what point the final stand for the Empire should be made. Military authorities are agreed—I quote Taylor—that if the defence had been made in the city of Mexico, a possible success might have resulted. Diaz could not have brought his heavy siege train from Puebla; and, at worst, a line for safe retreat to Vera Cruz would have been left open; and in the last extremity the Emperor could have escaped his fate, or dictated honorable terms of surrender. In settling this decisive question Maximilian was guided by the counsels of Lanos, president of the Council of Ministers, to whom the Emperor had also referred the vital questions of ending the war and establishing some form of government through the intervention of Congress, involving his own abdication and terms of amnesty with Juarez; and of Marquez, who had already in mind a scheme for his own glorification and profit.

Marquez persuaded Maximilian that if he showed the Mexicans that he had implicit confidence in them, by taking command in person, and that he did not rely solely upon his foreign troops, he would forever attach them to him and to his cause. This fired the chivalrous nature of Maximilian; and, to the amazement of his friends, he permitted Marquez, with five thousand Mexican troops, to leave the capital; reserving a garrison of only two thousand two hundred foreigners and five thousand Mexicans.

On February 13, 1867, Maximilian set forth on his march to—death. He rode a superb white charger, and was attired in the uniform of a Mexican general. General Marquez and Señor Aguirra, Minister of War, accompanied him; also his doctor, secretary, and Hungarian body

servant; and his forces amounted to about eighteen hundred men. On the 18th, after some skirmishing with guerillas, he reached Arroya Seco; and after a sharp engagement at Calpulalpan, in which the Emperor displayed great personal bravery under a murderous fire, he entered Queretaro, where he was received with every manifestation of loving loyalty, and by Generals Miramon and Mejia at the head of three thousand men.

This city is distant from the capital about one hundred and seventy miles. It was founded in 1445, and formed a portion of Montezuma's empire. On July 25, 1531, it was taken by Don Fernando da Tapia, who christened it Santiago de Queretaro. During the war with the United States Mexico held its congressional sessions there, and there executed the treaty of Hidalgo made between these two governments in the year 1848.

Maximilian took up his quarters in the Queretaro Club, and on the 25th received a reinforcement of four thousand men under General Mendez.

The Emperor ordered fortifications to be constructed on El Cerro de las Campanas (the Hill of the Bells), about one mile northwest of the city. He attended to this work in person, remaining at his post day and night from the 6th to the 13th of March. The first three nights this "haughty Hapsburg" lay upon the ground; on the fourth day General Mejia had a Turkish tent erected for his Majesty,—a purchase made by Almonte in Paris. The Emperor being now in readiness for the expected attack, I shall leave him, and retrace my steps to the city of Mexico, where our hero and his retainer, greatly to their disgust, were left in garrison.

XXIX.—THE OLD STORY.

"Masther Arthur *avic*," observed Rody, after the order had been received commanding them to remain within the walls

of the capital, "it's a quare thing that they'd lave two fine warriors like us, sir—aye, and Irish warriors,—and not take us on where the fightin' is goin' for to be. Faix, it's thraytin' us purty bad."

"Oh, don't fret, Rody! The chances are we'll have to fight our way out of this city, and every inch of the road to Queretaro," said Bodkin.

Rody brightened up.

"Bedad, there's some comfort in that, Masther Arthur; and sure ye wouldn't desave me, sir. I was sore heart-scalded."

"Why, I thought you would like to be here to protect your cousin," laughed Arthur.

"Och, bedad, and sure I would, of coorse, sir; but sorra a fear of her. The ould chap'll take care of her and—himself."

"If Juarez gets in or Diaz, they'll take care of his *pesos*," laughed Arthur.

"They wouldn't lave him a mag, sir; and for that rayson he's packin' up. He's goin' for to lave the town."

"Is he not safe here?"

"He's thinkin' of goin' back to the ould counthry, and lavin' thim Mexicos for to fight it out."

"And *your* Mary?"

"Well, bedad, she can wait, sir," said Rody, with a broad grin.

"Here?"

"Oh, no, sir! Out beyant at Ballaniscorney."

"Wait for *you*?"

"Till the war is over,—till I'm kilt or come back and claim her."

"Then you have settled it between you?"

"Arrah, Masther Arthur dear, do ye think I'd settle anything widout a talk wid yerself, sir?" responded Rody, with a grin. "I think me chances is shupayrior; but wimen, sir, is so quare and so unraysonable and so unreliable, that ye never can settle nothin' wid thim. It's wan day 'Yis,' another 'No,' another '*Nabocklish!*' But sure, sir, I'd be a proud

boy if ye could say a word for me to herself."

"I'll do it, Rody, and to-day—*now*, for there is no time to lose. Come along." And in a few minutes Arthur found himself in the dark little apartment which Rody had so graphically described.

"Misther O'Flynn, this is Bodkin of Ballyboden," observed Rody to the dark object behind the bars, which now moved forward in the person of the bill discounter.

"I'm proud to see you, sir. Won't you walk upstairs? Rody, you know the way. Take Mr. Bodkin up, while I make a little calculation here."

Mr. O'Flynn was engaged in jotting down certain figures on a ragged piece of paper, evidently for the information of a man standing beside him, wearing a richly-laced *sombrero* which completely hid his features from Arthur and Rody.

Passing upstairs, Rody ushered Bodkin into a well-lighted apartment, the walls adorned with ornaments of feather-work, especially birds,—an art in which the Mexicans stand unrivalled. The furniture was composed of odds and ends, some of it extremely rich, some of it extremely old, and much of it of carved oak dating from the days of Cortez and black as ebony from age. A priceless Louis XIV. clock ticked on a bracket, and a trophy of Spanish armor that might have encased Don Pedro del Alvarado stood against the wall.

"I must beg a thousand pardons, Mr. Bodkin!" observed O'Flynn, who now entered, bowing low. "But my house, my servants, my—"

"Arrah be aisy!" interrupted Rody, we know all that soart of coddin' be heart. Yer house and everything ye have is ours, whin ye wouldn't lind us a loan of a *peso*! Be Irish, and dhrop the Mexico palaver!"

"Mr. O'Flynn," said Arthur, "I have come here—"

"For a little pecuniary aid, sir? Well, I assure you, Mr. Bodkin, that, owing to the disturbed condition—"

"Arrah, what's the matther wid ye at all, at all?" burst in Rody. "Sure the Masther here could lind money—aye, thousands—instead of borryin' it. And, be me faix, I'd rayther have wan pound in the Bank of Ireland this minute than tin thousand in the Bank of Mexico."

"Are—are things so bad as all that, sir?" inquired O'Flynn of Arthur, in trembling tones.

"Bad!" cried Rody. "Be me song, the sooner ye get back to Ballymacrow the betther. If Diaz gets in or Lerdo, or that villyan Juarez, sorra a halfpinny they'll lave ye. Bedad, they'll take all ye have while ye'd be axin' for the loan of a sack. Ain't I right, Masther Arthur?"

"Well, Rody," laughed Arthur, "I do not imagine that they will use much ceremony."

"Mr. Bodkin," said O'Flynn, "I know you to be a noble, honorable gentleman, and one in whom I can place the uttermost reliance. I know, sir, that you are in the inside, and that *you* hear what the like of me can not hope to hear. In fact, I hear nothing but lies. These Mexicans" (and here he lowered his voice to a whisper) "are all liars,—the very worst I ever met, and I've known a few in my time. I'm told one thing by one, and another thing by another, until I don't know what to believe. Now, sir, I am free to confess that I have a little money; but, Mr. Bodkin, I'm dreadfully uneasy about it. It's not safe here—nothing is safe,—and I would feel forever honestly obliged to you, and would make it worth Rody's while, if you could give me some honorable information on the condition of things. The Emperor is leaving the city, I hear, to-morrow. Is this true, sir?"

"Yes, his Majesty leaves to-morrow," answered Arthur.

"For the coast?"

"No, sir: for Queretaro."

"To fight?"

"Most assuredly."

"Does *he* know, sir,—do *you* know that the Liberals are closing in on every side? Does *he* know, sir,—do *you* know that this city is full of spies and traitors? That man I had in my office as you came in, and who knows you, sir,—his name is Mazazo."

"What!"

"Bloody wars!"

These exclamations came simultaneously.

"Do you know him, *señor*?" asked O'Flynn, in a suspicious tone.

"See here now!" said Rody,—“is he below now?"

"No: he left—and very hurriedly."

"I thought as much."

"Who is he?" asked Arthur.

"Well, *señor*—sir, I mean,—I—do—not know—"

"Ye lie, ye do!" interrupted Rody.

"Rody!" exclaimed Arthur, severely.

"Och, Masther Arthur, "let me dale wid me own flesh and blood! Won't ye, sir? To be sure ye will.—Now, luk here, me ould *scrobaun*. Just up and tell us all that ye know about this chap, and I'll go bail ye'll get a crock of goold for yer thrubble."

"From whom—from where?" the usurer eagerly demanded, turning from Rody to Arthur.

"From the impayrial treasury no less. Won't he, Masther Arthur?"

"I have no doubt of his being most munificently rewarded."

"Arrah, man alive, sure it's this Mazazo that nearly catch the Masther and me out beyant there near the say—the murdherin' villyan! And it's him that thried to decoy the Impress; and it's him that came to the foot of Misther Bodkin's bed whin he was lying wid a cut in his shoulder as big as a lock in the Grand

Canal, and med faces at him and jibed him, and—"

"Never mind, Rody," interposed Arthur. "Mr. O'Flynn, you will earn our deepest gratitude, and that of his Majesty the Emperor, if you will assist us in capturing this desperate scoundrel,—for a more unmitigated scoundrel does not live."

"It would be running a desperate risk, *señor*. He is the most dangerous man in this country to-day; and I may tell you, in confidence, I *know* he came to me by way of getting a loan, but in reality to lay plans for plundering me. Yes, I will assist you. It is safer for me to side with my own; and blood is thicker than water, any way. Now I will tell you all I know about him."

For more than an hour did the usurer unbosom himself—aye, and to the fullest measure. His hatred for Mazazo recognized no limit; and now fear had joined issue with hate, and the old man's keenest desire was to get away from the capital and from the country with his gold. Never for once did he refer to his daughter. It was his hard-earned treasure that troubled him; and for the safety of that treasure he would have sacrificed anything but—money.

"We have to deal with a serpent and thief, a murderer and a desperate man; and this requires very nice handling. He has appointed to come here to-night as the cathedral clock sounds twelve; he will not come alone,—he will come with half a dozen at his heels resolved on robbery and murder. I could read it in every word, every gesture, while I was putting down the interest of five thousand *pesos* which I was to borrow for him."

"And have you prepared to meet him?" asked Arthur.

"Yes, *señor*: by locking up the house and making for the coast."

"To-night?"

"To-day. Your coming alters this; for I look for a guard of soldiers,—and a

strong one mind you, Mr. Bodkin,— a *very* strong one; for Mazazo with a few desperadoes is equal to fifty—aye, a hundred ordinary soldiers."

At this moment Mary O'Flynn entered the room, and was approaching Rody with a beautiful radiance in her Mexican-Irish face, when, perceiving Arthur and her father, she blushed a rosy red, and, hesitating, finally stopped, dropping a quaint, Old-World "bob" curtsy.

"Miss O'Flynn," said Arthur, advancing, "permit me to introduce myself. I—"

"The Bodkin of Ballyboden," answered the girl.

(To be continued.)

An Old Man's Plea.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

THIS roof-tree old and brown
Hides mem'ries sad and dear;
Why should I drag it down?
All that I love is here.

No gold was ever paid
Could buy that relic there,
With cushions old and frayed,—
It was my mother's chair.

Up that wide oaken stair
My darling passed, a bride;
Her little bird hung there,
In yonder room she died.

Within these hallowed walls
My children played at will;
Down the long, echoing halls
I hear their laughter still.

Here, at their mother's knee,
Their evening prayer they said;
And here they clung to me
And wept, when she was dead.

These time-stained, mossy walls
Are dear for Love's sweet sake,—
Ah, when this roof-tree falls
One poor old heart will break!

A Summer in Acadia.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

V.—FOGS AND SUNSHINE.

"**W**ILL it never shine again?" asked Eleanor, sadly, peering through the thick white fog in a vain attempt to see the other side of the street. The fog had lasted for more than two weeks, with but a few hours of sunshine. Everything was damp and cold; and even fires could not warm the chilled strangers, used to a warmer clime.

"It's just enough to make a person discouraged," observed France, whose jolly little face was a contradiction to her words.

They all laughed; and Dave, whose affliction did not prevent his being the most cheerful member of the household, remarked that he was glad he had brought so many nice books.

"I don't know how I could bear it if I hadn't the kittens," continued France, burying her face in the soft fur of a roly-poly little pair, as if they had been a refreshing bunch of flowers.

"I am going down to Achille's house. Come on, Eleanor!" said Mary, starting up.

"Wear waterproofs and rubbers, girls," observed their mother.

And soon they were walking rapidly through the fog, which made their cheeks tingle with cold, and wet their hair till little rivulets ran from its ends down their faces.

Achille d'Entremont's house stood in a field close to the shore of the harbor. It rambled down in the direction of the water,—room opening from room in the back, where wooden rafters were hung with oilskins and "sou'westers"; and in the corner of the farthest room stood an old spinning-wheel, and still older reel for winding yarn. A basket of carded wool

rested on a chair beside the wheel, its rolls of downy softness ready to be spun; and as the girls entered an old woman sat at the wheel, her withered hands busy converting the wool into yarn, as her mother had done before her. Her daughter, a fair young girl, sat beside her, knitting on fine needles the heavy underclothing for the men to wear during the next winter.

"*Entrez!*—oh, come in!" she said, as Mary knocked.

"May we see you spin?" asked Mary, who was greatly interested in the picture before her.

"Certainly. Didn't you ever see any one spin?" inquired the old lady, rising to greet them.

"Never, and I have so wanted to," answered Mary, as she and Eleanor took the chairs handed them.

"We don't card or weave now," said her hostess, resuming her work. The wheel hummed under her quick foot; her eyes were bright and keen; a hard color, like a winter apple, was on her cheek; yet she was eighty-six, and the mother of fourteen children. "In old times the women wove, and did it all. I can take the wool from the sheep's back and put it on the man's, if I have to; but now we send it to the mills for the carding and weaving. We spin and dye our wool, though; and you see the clothes Lizette there is knitting. We work hard here, I tell you. You don't see folks in New York work like us,—we're all poor folks."

"People have to work everywhere, in one way or another," said Mary, gently. "You do not worry over your life as city people do; and anxiety, I can assure you, is not easy."

"I don't think," remarked the daughter, in the invariable Acadian form of "I think not." "I believe we are just as well off, if we *are* poor. Would you like to come upstairs and see some other work we do?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the girls, and followed her through the neat little house.

"You never saw this kind of oil-cloth, did you?" asked Lizette, stepping into the dining-room and pointing to the floor with her foot.

"Oh, yes!" replied Eleanor. "We use oil-cloth like this."

"I don't think," said Lizette again. "This is home-made."

"Why, how do you make it?" cried both girls, in amazement.

"It is old sail-cloth painted," said Lizette. "It is cut in strips and laid on a frame; and we women draw in the figures, and paint it all over. And it is much stronger and warmer than any oil-cloth; besides, if it wears in spots, we paint those spots again."

"And how does it ever join so perfectly?" asked Mary, stooping to examine it. "I see no mistakes anywhere."

"I don't know how; it does," laughed Lizette; "and we don't understand drawing either. And did you ever see hooked rugs like these?"

"Why, this is beautiful!" exclaimed the girls, bending down to examine one upon which softly-shaded fern leaves rested on a black outer edge, framing a white centre, with its bunch of bright flowers in the middle. "What wonderful things you do!"

"Not very wonderful; but we dye our own shades for the flowers. Here is a home-woven quilt," she added, leading the way into a chamber.

"Thank you ever so much for showing us all these things," said Mary, as they donned their waterproofs. "Now, if you could only drive the fog away, we should be all right."

"The fog will go to-morrow," replied the old lady. "The wind has changed."

"Oh, that is good news! We want to go rowing. Good-bye!"

And Mary and Eleanor went home, damp but cheered.

In fulfilment of this prediction, the sun rose clear and bright on the next day; and the boys came into the house in their usual hurry soon after breakfast.

"If you want to see the trap pursed, now's your chance," they said to Mary and Eleanor. "It is dead low-water, and they'll draw the trap at ten, and we are going out with the men. They say if you can row, you may fake a boat and follow."

"Oh, what fun! Of course we'll go," cried the girls, in delight.

"Put on old duds, and come on, then," said Ted. "Dave, you can come with us; but, Mary, I wouldn't take France, if I were you. Eleanor is enough for you to pull; for the dories are heavy, and there is surf on the bay."

"Never mind, France. You and Max and I are going for a drive," said Mrs. Harvey quickly, seeing a cloud arising, which her words dispelled at once.

Clad in old flannels, Mary and Eleanor and the boys, followed by Dave swinging cheerfully along, hastened down the road that led to the shore,—*"Dorrièr le Point,"* as it was called. Here they found the men just starting, and the boys got into their long boat with them; while Mary took her place in the dory, with Eleanor in the stern.

"Your sister rows very well," said the men; to which the boys replied, with a pride which they would have concealed had she been within hearing: "Mary knows how to do most anything."

It was a beautiful morning on the bay. Its numerous islands rose in all directions save one, where the sky and water met—where lay the ocean. Straight across, the white lighthouse stood upon the grey rocks, against the deep blue of bay and heaven; and over all an occasional gull floated and darted in the wonderfully clear air. As far as eye could reach, the shores stretched unbroken in their solemn firs. It was the embodiment of loneliness.

But the children were too interested in

their purpose to dwell on this aspect. They rowed out to where the little grove of poles rising from the water indicated the trap; for stretched around these poles, and deep down in the water, lay the strong netting which caught and held the unwary fish that tried to swim past. The men entered the trap, and Mary and Eleanor followed their progress around outside the poles, where they could see the contents of the net as it came up. Standing all on one side of their boat, the men began to draw; shorter and shorter grew the space before them as the net came up into the boat; and soon the water was full of fish, as the bottom of the net rose, bringing its contents into sight. Two enormous fish, fully nine feet long, with tails like rudders and very strong fins, were making the water foam as they dashed from side to side, vainly trying to escape.

"Oh, what are they?" cried Eleanor, starting back; for the splashing fish had drenched her suddenly.

"We call them horse-mackerel, and use them for bait. You never saw a fish like that before, I'll bet," replied one of the men.

"Never!" echoed both girls; and they watched with much interest the little silver herring wildly trying to get through the net; feeling a thrill of joy when one succeeded and swam rapidly away, as the smaller sometimes did.

When all the net was drawn to the surface, and the great horse-mackerel quieted by a vigorous blow, the men took the scoop and began ladling the bright little herring into the boat, numbering twenty barrels,—not a large haul. One mackerel was found among them, and he was examined with much interest, and gladly welcomed as a harbinger of better days; for the mackerel had not come that year, and their absence meant a great deficit in the year's profits,—none too large at best.

"We will take a row, and come back later," said Mary, the trap being pursed and set once more.

"All right. Take care of yourselves!" shouted the boys, as they rowed away.

"Suppose we go to the lighthouse?" said Mary. "It can't be far."

But it was farther than their eyes, not used to distances on the water, told them; and the freshening breeze made the waves run higher.

Mary rowed for an hour, and had almost gained the island upon which the lighthouse stood, when Eleanor, suddenly looking ahead, saw all along the horizon a white roll of—what?

"Oh, look Mary!" she said. "That is not the fog again, is it?"

Mary gazed over her shoulder.

"I think it is, Eleanor," she answered. "Perhaps we had better turn back, though we can easily get in before it comes."

"I'm not so sure; fogs come so quickly here," said Eleanor, uneasily. "Turn, Mary, quick."

Mary turned, braced her feet and rowed. The tide and wind set them strongly out of their straight course, and her nerves began to weaken as her young muscles tired. And then, creeping up and shutting in all the world, rapidly as only fogs of that region can come, came the fog, thick and white. In ten minutes after she had turned to come in shore there was no shore to come to, only everywhere fog.

Mary rested on her oars.

"What shall we do, Nell dear?" she asked.

"I don't know," replied Eleanor; her lips were so cold she could hardly form the words.

"If I keep on rowing, we must go somewhere in shore; for we were headed that way," said Mary.

"O Mary, you don't know how we're headed!" almost sobbed Eleanor. "You have stopped rowing long enough for the boat to swing around, and you know how

hard it was to keep her headed when you were rowing. Oh, what in the world shall we do?"

"Hush, Eleanor! I'm going to row, and we'll soon be in," said Mary, bending to her oars with pretence of the courage that she did not feel. For fifteen minutes she rowed in silence. One thought and one fear held them: Suppose they were going out to sea! Recollections of all the stories they had ever heard of people lost in open boats, suffering from thirst and hunger, and picked up raving mad, or never picked up at all, filled their imagination with horrors. The inability to see two feet around them, the waste of waters, and the rocking of their dory, made them numb with dread; hunger added to their miseries, and Mary's tender little hands were blistered.

"Mary! Mary! suppose we are going out to sea?" Eleanor gasped at last, voicing the fear of both.

"Hush, Eleanor! You must not even *think* anything to frighten us," replied Mary, almost sternly. "Let's sing that little French hymn they sing at church here. It is appropriate, and the Blessed Virgin is used to French prayers from Pubnico." And poor Mary tried to smile.

Both voices rose in the fog: "*Astre propice au marin*,"—trying bravely to be brave; and before their hymn was finished, to their delight, they felt the boat scrape on shore.

"Oh, thank God for land—*any* land!" cried Mary, springing to her feet.

A short examination of their landing-place showed them that it was one of the islands; but whatever and wherever it was, they were at least not going out to sea; and they sat down to wait for clear weather with what patience and hope they could summon,—which, remembering that for two weeks the fog had continued, was not much. But this time matters were not so bad: at sunset the fog lifted, and the grateful girls saw the shore not far away,

upon which an anxious group was gathered looking for their boat.

"Why, Mary, we are on the island of the buried treasure which we wanted to visit! Isn't that odd?" cried Eleanor, her spirits rising as they pushed off.

"I am sure I never wanted to come in this way; yet I am grateful for coming when I think of the danger of the rocks and waves and open sea," replied Mary, beginning to row very hard.

Reine d'Entremont came to meet them, and took them in tow, which was a very welcome relief to Mary's sore hands.

"You must never row so far alone on this bay again," said Reine. "There is a reef over there, and you do not know what danger you were in."

But the tired and exhausted girls felt that they realized their danger keenly enough; and when their mother's arms were around them, and they were all crying together from weariness and overstrained nerves, they thought that all the buried treasure of the world could not tempt them over to the lighthouse again.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

◆◆◆

Epigram.

BY GIAMBATTISTA STROZZI.

(On the Statue of Night by Michael Angelo.)

AN Angel made this stone the Queen of Night,

Composed her gracious limbs, and bade her sleep;

And for she sleeps she lives.—Say I not right?

Awake her, then! Her slumber is not deep.

(Michael Angelo replies, in the person of Night.)

O blessed sleep! More blest this marble veil
That shuts my sense from sight and sound
of woe,

And all the shame that, waking, I bewail.

Ah! wake me not, I pray—tread light—
speak low!

R. HOWLEY.

The Story of St. Anthony of Padua.

BY CHARLES ROBINSON.

IN 1221 St. Francis held a general chapter at Assisi. After the assembled friars had dispersed, there lingered behind a young Portuguese religious who had journeyed from afar to see and hear the great founder of his Order. That he might remain near the person of St. Francis, he besought his Italian brethren to find a place for him among them, even volunteering to perform menial duties in some convent kitchen. They at first hesitated about taking the shy, sickly youth under their charge; but finally sent him to the Hermitage of Mount Paul, a solitary convent near Bologna.

On the 13th of the present month the Catholic world celebrated in a signal manner the memory of this young Portuguese friar, whose influence has reached out to men undiminished for seven centuries.

St. Anthony of Padua—or Ferdinand de Bullones, as his name was in the world—was at this time in his twenty-sixth year, having been born at Lisbon on the Feast of the Assumption, 1195. His father, Don Martin, was a scion of the house of Godfrey de Boullion; while his mother was also of royal lineage, being a descendant of King Froila, who reigned in Asturias in the eighth century. Devoted from his earliest years to prayer and study, he entered among the Canons Regular of St. Austin, in his native city, at the age of fifteen. Two years later he retired to the Convent of the Holy Cross at Coimbra. Stirred by the spirit and example of the first five Franciscan martyrs, he subsequently joined that Order, and penetrated into Africa to preach the Gospel to the Moors. Denied a martyr's palm, although brought to the grave's brink by sickness, he proceeded to Italy, where for a time he fulfilled

the humblest offices in his community.

In 1222 an assembly of Franciscans took place at Forli. The young religious was present, and, though he pleaded to be excused, was commanded by his superior to address the assembled friars. When he began to speak his voice was low and faltering, and his whole manner that of extreme embarrassment. But of a sudden his voice filled and rose, his form straightened, his eyes gleamed with fire,—in short, the spirit of his genius, so long barred within his own heart, burst its bonds, and as the discourse proceeded “the Hammer of Heretics,” “the Ark of the Testament,” “the eldest son of St. Francis,” stood revealed in all his sanctity, learning, and eloquence before his rapt and astonished brethren. Indeed, such was the change that those who heard him thought him inspired.

For the nine following years the Saint's missionary journeys were almost continuous, and resulted in a series of victories for the faith. Suddenly, on June 13, 1231, his brief apostolate was closed; and in the streets of Padua little children were heard crying, “Our Father St. Anthony is dead!” On May 30, in the following year, the church bells of Lisbon rang without ringers while in the Eternal City the name of the poor Portuguese friar was being inscribed upon the eternal bead-roll of saints.

It is recorded that one night while St. Anthony was staying with a friend in the city of Padua, his host saw brilliant rays streaming under the door of the Saint's room; and, on looking through the key-hole, beheld a little Child of marvellous beauty standing upon a book which lay open upon the table, and clinging with both arms around St. Anthony's neck. Presently the wondrous Visitor vanished; and Fra Antonio, opening the door, charged his friend, by the love of Him whom he had seen, to “tell the vision to no man” as long as he was alive.

As is well known, this incident forms the subject of the largest picture Murillo ever painted. The canvas now adorns the baptistry of the Cathedral at Seville, and it is interesting to recall that the Duke of Wellington once offered to cover it with gold ounces as a purchase-price. The offer was declined. Indeed, Murillo's series of St. Anthony pictures stand unrivalled among the art treasures of the world. Art has always paid great homage to St. Anthony, and there is perhaps no shrine in all Italy richer in monuments of ancient and modern art than the church at Padua which bears his name.

An ancient writer (quoted in a recent number of the *Catholic Review*) describes St. Anthony as being of medium height and tolerably stout, although rather of sickly aspect. He had a broad, high forehead; keen, piercing eyes, and a swarthy complexion, while his almost childlike face bore the impress of a sweet gravity indescribably charming. The magnetism of his manner is said to have been something extraordinary, so that even those unacquainted with him were instinctively drawn toward him by the light of sanctity that seemed to shine forth from his whole being.

The miracles which St. Anthony performed during his life, and those which have been wrought through his intercession during the six centuries which have elapsed since his death, are as wonderful as they are numerous. Mere mention of them would exhaust our space; so I can only refer the reader to those of the “*Liber Miraculorum*,” as well as those which are contained in the “*Manuscript of the Convent of Ancona*,” and in the “*Anacleta*” of Valerius Polydorus. Still more may be found in the “*Italian Collection*” of Bernardine Genovesius, in the “*Collection*” of Ludovico Micoli of Gemona, in the “*Anonymous Collection*” of a conventual of Venice, in the “*Belgian Collection*” of John Vander

Borcht, and in the "Spanish Collection" of the annalist Cornejo.

In particular, St. Anthony is renowned as possessing the power of restoring things that are lost. "All men know," say the Bollandists, "that Anthony of Padua has been destined by God for the exercise of that power which enables him to restore to their owner things lost by accident or carried off by thieves." And many miracles, based on irrefutable evidence, fully justify the pious practice of invoking St. Anthony's aid in this direction. "Just as Our Lord glorified St. Anthony in his lifetime by giving him grace to bring back wandering souls," says Friar Pelbart of Temeswar, "so hath God conferred on him since he has been in heaven the privilege of miraculously restoring lost articles to those who have recourse to him." St. Bonaventure celebrates this marvellous power in the miraculous Responsory, *Si Quæris Miracula*, composed by him in honor of St. Anthony. This beautiful prayer forms part of the Franciscan Liturgy, and has earned the title of "miraculous" on account of the many wonders which have been wrought through its recitation.

The reply of St. Francis de Sales to some indiscreet critic who spoke disparagingly about the then growing practice of addressing prayers to St. Anthony for the recovery of lost things is well worth quoting. "God has shown us," he said, "that such is His good pleasure; for He has hundreds of times worked miracles by this Saint. Why, then, should we not believe the evidence of facts? Of a truth, sir," he added, "I wish that we, too, might together make a vow to St. Anthony for the recovery of that which we lose every day: for you, Christian simplicity; and for me, the humility which I neglect to practise."

CONVERSATION should always be a selection.

The Painter and the Gondoller.

ONE day in the year 1550 a young man landed from a gondola opposite the Palace of St. Mark, and, hurrying across the famous square, directed his steps toward an inn, on the sign-board of which was a rudely-drawn representation of the Lion of Venice. The newcomer was tall and strongly built; his features, embrowned almost to swarthiness by the southern sun, expressed that combination of strength and intellect which marks the inhabitants of Venice.

After pausing before the inn for some minutes in deep reflection, he entered. In a corner of the apartment into which the door opened sat a stranger who bore the stamp of genius and nobility of soul. He was dressed in a simple doublet of black velvet, while the broad-brimmed hat, fastened under the chin, as was the fashion of the time, partly covered his thick curly hair, which fell in grey locks over his shoulders.

"Giannettino," said the young gondolier to a strong, athletic-looking man who advanced to meet him, "do you still persist in your refusal?"

"Certainly," answered the innkeeper, for such he was.

"So I am too poor to have the honor of becoming your son-in-law?" continued the young man. "It is not your daughter's happiness you care about: it is the glitter of gold that dazzles your eyes. Will you oblige me to demand payment of the debt of gratitude which you owe me? Have you forgotten the one who saved your life on the field of Lepanto? Are you not aware of the vow which has bound me to Maria since early childhood, and which in the strength of my manhood I have renewed forever? Giannettino, are you a doge that you are so ambitious, or a patrician that you are so ungrateful?"

"Neither doge nor patrician, Barberigo;

but I am rich," answered Giannettino, with a purse-proud air.

"What you are I can become. Youth and strength, faith in God, and boldness are my treasures; and Fortune has been kind to many a one who did not possess these qualities to the same extent."

"Castles in the air!" was the landlord's curt rejoinder.

"Not altogether, Giannettino. We have seen merchants become princes. Why should this hope be denied to me?"

"Because, Barberigo, Fortune favors the few and deceives millions. On no account will I be the father-in-law of a man whose whole wealth is a boat. Besides, you may not know that our Maria has won the admiration of our syndic."

"And what is the price you have asked for your daughter?"

"Oh, that matter is not settled yet!" was the reply.

At this moment Barberigo was touched lightly on the shoulder; and, turning round, he saw the stranger, who had been listening attentively to the conversation, standing behind him.

"Gondolier," he said, "fear not: Maria shall be yours."

"Never!" cried the indignant inn-keeper.

"Why not? If he comes with two thousand pistoles as the bridegroom's gift, how then?"

"Ah! in that case he would be welcome. But just think, signor! This poor devil possesses nothing but a wretched gondola; so that, unless he finds the doge's ring somewhere—"

"Without such a find, he shall have the money."

"But how?" stammered the astonished Barberigo.

"Not out of my pocket, my man; for no lazzarone is poorer than I am this moment. But fear nothing; if my pity for others empties my purse, my art fills it again."

During the conversation the stranger

opened a portfolio, and, taking from it a parchment, began to draw rapidly a hand, with such artistic completeness that Barberigo could not repress his astonishment. When the stranger had finished, he handed the sketch to the gondolier, saying:

"Take this sketch to Cardinal Pietro Bembo. You will find him in the Palace of St. Mark. Say to him that the painter will sell it for two thousand pistoles."

"Two thousand pistoles!" exclaimed Giannettino. "The man is mad. I wouldn't give a zechin for it."

An hour later the gondolier returned with a note for the money, and a letter from the Cardinal begging that the artist would favor him with a visit.

Soon afterward Maria and Barberigo were united in wedlock in the Church of San Stefano; and when the gondolier, filled with gratitude, entreated his benefactor to let him know his name, the stranger answered simply: "Michael Angelo."

Twenty years passed away. Barberigo had become a general of the proud Republic, but he never forgot his benefactor; and when Buonarroti, honored by all, rich and famous, surrounded by friends and bowed beneath the weight of years, passed away from earth, it was Barberigo who wrote those words of gratitude which, placed over the Latin epitaph on the monument raised to the great master, still untouched by time, hand down to admiring generations the touching story of Michael Angelo's benevolence.

GOD never put one man or woman into the world without giving each something to do in it or for it,—some visible, tangible work, to be left behind them when they die.—*Anon.*

WE are commanded to beware of idle speaking; beware we also of things which foster it—idle hearing and idle seeing, and knowledge of idle things.—*Pusey.*

A Volume of Unique Value.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

WHEN a man has come through the furnace—when he has wept and prayed and wrestled and triumphed,—then his words have the force of Job's when he said: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The scars of the struggle are upon him, and the vitality that comes of suffering permeates his words.

"Why," asked one of the kindest and most gentle of Catholics the other day,— "why do people outside the Church take to such queer 'isms'? I should think they'd *know*."

The questioner, safe in the fort on the mountain, saw the scattered people wandering and straying, and looking for some way to foil the inevitable death. He had never been one of those outside the strong fort—one of those who had reached only through the dense thickets of brambles and noisome things,—and therefore he could not understand.

The author of "A Short Cut to the True Church" does understand; and the fact that he understands so well all the difficulties that stand in the way of the perplexed non-Catholic gives this little book a unique value. Every work written to help perplexed friends back into the mother Church has its use. The "Apologia pro Vita Sua" appeals to the acute, the exquisitely logical; "A Troubled Heart," to those who love and feel; but "A Short Cut" is for the average man: the impatient man,—the man of little time who wants to get at the heart of the Church at once.

One can not turn a page without being struck by the opportune and incisive character of this little volume, which one can carry easily in a coat pocket. Note, on page 96, this home-thrust.

"You, my friend," Father Edmund says, "believe in the divinity of Christ, but do

you grasp the meaning of the Incarnation? Do you *realize* it as a fact? Go back with me to the Manger at Bethlehem, and contemplate the Infant lying on the straw. Do you *really* believe that helpless Babe in swaddling clothes to be *personally* the Almighty God—the Eternal born in time—the Infinite just issued forth from a nine-months' imprisonment in the womb? Then come to the Catholic altar, and let us look into the Tabernacle, and see the Blessed Sacrament reposing there. I ask you: If the Incomprehensible God could take the form of a human babe, what is it but going a step farther if He assume the appearance of an inanimate creature? Do you call it a lesser act of faith to acknowledge that Infant to be God than to hold the substance of that Infant's body present under the accidents of a Host? I think any intellectual unbeliever, who rejects Christianity altogether, will tell you that the first act of faith is much the greater of the two."

When he comes to treat of the Sacrament of Penance, Father Edmund is at his best. He never wastes time in brilliant dialectics, but here especially he is downright, full of comprehension, and direct. He tells our Protestant friends, in answer to an objection which is in the minds of all of them, that the confessional system may be abused,—every good thing in this bad world may be abused. But the Church guards so carefully against abuses that the most prejudiced Protestant has only to examine the laws governing it to learn how rare abuses must be. Does not the ease of obtaining pardon in the confessional tend to encourage sin? Father Edmund anticipates this question, which is sure to come. The absolution of the priest is as nothing if there be no true sorrow in the heart of him who confesses; and true sorrow means, too, the avoidance of the occasions of sin, and a firm purpose of amendment. "Consequently," Father Edmund says, "Catholics who wish to con-

tinue on in sin are *the ones who do not go to confession.*" And, in his direct way, he brings his hammer down on another rotten piece of argumentative timber: "You have heard a good deal of infidelity in Catholic countries. Well, this infidelity is, for the most part, a very transparent sham. Young men, to begin with—but older ones too,—determine to make free with certain of the Ten Commandments, those particularly which forbid sensuality and dishonesty. Accordingly, they style themselves 'liberals'; and the Church, which is so *illiberal* as to insist on said Commandments being kept, comes under the ban of their 'enlightenment.' You see, then, if the Tribunal of Penance only served to encourage sin, there would be none of this pretended unbelief."

Every page, as I have said, has a point that goes through the armor of doubt. The clearness and ease of Father Edmund's style are as feathers to the arrows of his convictions. There have been stronger hands at the bow-string, more subtle hands perhaps; but no man yet has been able to send the arrow to the bull's eye as Father Edmund does it in his well-named "Short Cut to the True Church; or, The Fact and the Word."

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

XLVII.

ONE delusion is that *knowledge* of pious things is piety itself. Our author's sayings on this point are indeed profound. "Learned men are willing to seem wise, and to be called so." Better it is to make study of yourself and learn yourself; for "he that knows himself becomes vile to himself, and takes no delight in the praises of men." "Many words do not satisfy the soul." "A lowly rustic that

serves God is better than a proud philosopher who ponders the courses of the stars and neglects himself."

Of this, of course, there can be no doubt; but he insinuates that the learned, whether he be proud or not, is apt to be led to neglect himself. The third chapter of Book I. is really a sketch of the active learned theologian of his time,—busy with "quiddities," etc. Such he is perpetually warning: "What profiteth us to make a great dispute about hidden and obscure things, for having been ignorant of which we shall not be reproved in the judgment? Wonderful folly!—that, neglecting the things that are useful and necessary, we willingly give our attention to such as are curious and mischievous."

XLVIII.

Our author gives some admirable advice on what we call prudence in speech. Everyone should think or pause before he speaks; for we *do* just as much by words as by physical acts. Often "evil is more readily believed and spoken of another than good; so weak are we." That is, it is easier and more piquant to relate what is unfavorable—to tell something amusingly ill-natured—than what is good. This latter is colorless and uninteresting. "Not to be rash in what is to be done," "not to persist obstinately in our opinions," "not to believe everything men say, nor straightway pour into the ears of men what we have heard or believed,"—this he holds to be the real wisdom. This, too, we may add, is neither more nor less than a description of the modern talk of society. This "pouring into other people's ears what we hear or believe is at the root of all scandals, calumnies, and false things about our neighbors; for the hurry and eagerness to shine makes us exaggerate and give point to some slight thing. Not only what we have *heard*, but what we *believe*,—that is, we substitute for the truth our own prejudices and

impressions. Self-denial in talk is a grand rule. The sower of discord is an abomination to the Lord.

XLIX.

As to "mixing" with others, À Kempis gives some shrewd counsels. "We should have charity to all men"—that is, be kindly and courteous,—but "familiarity is not expedient." And he makes these pleasant, rather sarcastic observations: "It happens sometimes that a person when he is not known shines by a good reputation, who when he is present is disagreeable to them that see him." That is, he is a disappointment. We ourselves "sometimes think to please others with our company, whereas we begin rather to be displeasing to them, from the bad qualities they discover in us,"—disagreeable rather than bad.

His philosophy of society, as it may be called, is a deep one. He notices how everybody is led by men, believes in men, with a foolish reverence for men's judgment. "He is a vain" (*i. e.*, empty or "poorish") "man that puts his hope in man or in things created." Ourselves and other men are indeed the two false guides and influences. "If you see faults in another, the effect should be to make you strive to overcome the same faults in yourself." Again: "As your eye observes others, so do other people's eyes observe you." In this fashion you make every one about you a reflex of yourself; and in studying others you study yourself,—or, as our author puts it, "make profit of everything for your own advancement."

(To be continued.)

Notre Dame's Golden Jubilee.

TO the public at large, jubilee exercises are not always either highly interesting or particularly profitable; however, the Golden Jubilee of the University of Notre Dame, which was celebrated last week, was, we believe, specially important and suggestive.

The evolution of this great Western College is, in many respects, typical of the growth of the Church in the United States. In both cases the development has been beyond the dreams of men; in both cases it has been as solid and symmetrical as it has been rapid. The factors of this development have been men, not money; men consecrating their talents, their whole energies, to the upbuilding of a school of sanctity and learning.

No one who looked upon the large assemblage of scholarly prelates, priests and laymen from all parts of the Union, who met to honor Notre Dame, could ever again entertain pessimistic views of the future of higher Catholic education. They were busy men, occupied with many interests; yet they willingly sacrificed time and personal comfort, travelling long distances, to give proof of their appreciation of the efforts which Notre Dame has made, and is still making, for the true culture of the mind.

Not less remarkable and reassuring were the words spoken by the orators of the occasion. As Archbishop Ireland said in his eloquent and thoughtful address on the first day of the Jubilee, the ideal school is that whence mind and heart derive symmetrical development; wherein instruction is permeated and colored with religion. But he also declared that 'no school has a right to stamp an inferior article, with the seal of religion and expect it to pass current among Catholics.' This was the spirit of Notre Dame's Golden Jubilee—a hearty appreciation of

To be silent, to suffer, to pray, when we can not act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received and endured as in His presence, is worth more than a long prayer.—*Fénelon*.

the wondrous development of the institution, and a noble ambition to soar to higher—to the highest—usefulness. It was proper that Notre Dame should look for a moment with complacency upon the glorious past; but her most eager looks, her yearnings, were all for the future. The conviction must have forced itself upon the authorities of the University that if a few men with insignificant resources could accomplish so much, more men and larger means should achieve results incomparably greater.

The ideals of education were admirably set forth in a scholarly and stimulating address by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria. Those who have been privileged to hear the eloquent prelate speak on his favorite topic hardly need be told that his discourse was at once an encouragement and an inspiration. It is gratifying to know that the authorities of the University have determined to signalize its Golden Jubilee by the adoption of new plans admirably adapted to enhance its usefulness. Earnest efforts will be made to perfect the work so auspiciously begun by the lamented and saintly Father Sorin; to keep pace with the onward movement of the age, and to furnish the University with the best intellectual equipment.

There was an appropriateness, too, in all the prominent features of the celebration. On the second day of the Jubilee a Pontifical Mass of Requiem was offered for the eternal repose of all the departed professors and students; a beautiful act, which united the new generation with the old,—the living with the dead. A tender and eloquent tribute was paid by the Rev. Nathan J. Mooney, of Chicago, to the memory of those whose sacrifice and devotedness brought lasting blessings on Notre Dame.

Altogether, the Golden Jubilee of the University was both helpful and hopeful. It was helpful, as a most effective and indisputable refutation of the familiar

calumny that the Church is indifferent or inimical to higher education, and as showing what a few men of high hope and noble endeavor can accomplish. It was hopeful, as showing what Catholics may expect from their colleges and universities, if only they hold out to them the encouragement and support which are their due. The outlook is indeed promising; and in congratulating the University of Notre Dame on the successes she has already won, we can add no higher hope than that she may speedily realize the prophecies which zealous and enlightened men have so often made for her future.

Notes and Remarks.

Our English cousins have set us a laudable example by establishing a Society for Converts in London. Catholics, and especially converts, need not be informed that they who enter the one true fold usually pay the price of persecution, all the more cruel for its refinement, and of temporal loss. But what Catholics *do* need to be told is that converts who have lost their old friends, as a rule, are neglected socially by their new brethren. These are no imaginary grievances: we have Cardinal Vaughan's word for it that they keep thousands of half-hearted people from embracing the truth. It is to offset these disadvantages that the Society for Converts has been established,—to minimize the difficulties of conversion, and to unite converts socially. We have reason to hold that a similar society would find a wide field of labor in the United States.

It is little wonder that there should be reactionists among the pupils of art-schools seeking their ideals and their models in the Ages of Faith rather than in our progressive but unbeautiful time. A comparison between the standards of life in the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries is profitable, though it may be humiliating; for it is not wholly to our advantage, although it enables us rightly

to estimate the charges so fluently uttered against that devout time. Canon Connelly, for instance, in a learned discourse on devotion to the Blessed Virgin in medieval England, says:

"There is abundant evidence to show that in old Catholic times the laity as well as the clergy were accustomed to recite daily the Office of Our Lady; and it is clear, too, that they learned it in their childhood, and were so familiar with it that they could say it by heart, and even recited it together while dressing in the morning. Thus, in the 'Book of Courtesay,' printed by Caxton about 1477, 'Little John' is admonished,—

'While that ye be about honestly
To dress yourself and do on your array
With fellow well and pretably
Our Lady's Matins look ye that ye say.'

Similarly the statutes of Eton College, founded by Henry VI. in 1440, prescribe that the scholars, as soon as they have risen and while making their beds, shall say the Matins of Our Blessed Lady. But there were, of course, many of the less educated who were unable to take part in this pious practice, and for them there was the Mary Psalter; or, as we should now call it, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin."

Even the most enthusiastic admirers of the medieval spirit would hardly turn back the wheel of time if it were in their power; but such beautiful examples of piety and the devout lives of unnumbered multitudes in that ill-understood epoch should not be unknown to those who prate so confidently of corruption and superstition before the "glorious Reformation." Protestantism could never produce such mellowness of piety.

On the occasion of the eighth centenary of the first Crusade, recently celebrated with impressive ceremonies at Clermont, France, the corner-stone of a commemorative monument was laid by his Eminence Cardinal Langénieux. An interesting souvenir of the celebration is the medal designed by the Bishop of Clermont. It depicts the preaching of the Crusade. Urban II., Peter the Hermit, Adhemar de Monteil, and a Crusader are represented. The medal bears the motto "*Dieu le veut*" (God wills it); and in its exergue, "1095; Clermont, 1895."

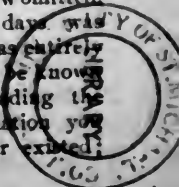
It seems that there is much more truth than exaggeration in the statement one sometimes sees in French Catholic newspapers to the effect that France is being ruled—or ruined—by Freemasons. At least, the state-

ment receives not a little corroboration from a statement of M. Gadaud, Minister of Agriculture, made recently on the occasion of his receiving a delegation of Masons at Nevers. He says: "Freemasonry pursues an ideal of justice and solidarity, whose realization is desired by all men of progress who really understand its spirit. You know that the government can not occupy itself in a special manner with Freemasonry; but *I can assure you that the government is inspired with its principles and its doctrines.*" That assertion explains much that is going on in France, and makes intelligible the continuous assaults on Catholic beliefs and practices by officers of the Republic.

The contributions to the Work of the Propagation of the Faith during the year 1894, as we learn from the recently published report, amounted to more than \$1,300,000. America gave to the Work about \$120,000; France, \$550,000. It should be remembered also that France gives abundantly not only of her money to support the foreign missions, but of her devoted sons to carry the Gospel tidings to the furthest limits of barbarism. *Gesta Dei per Francos* has still its appropriateness even in this end of the century epoch, when a band of Jewish Freemasons are undermining the true interests of the French republic.

Plain, simple folk perusing the works of able Anglican writers are often mystified by the strange reading of history to be found in their writings. We somehow cling to the old notion that history should color our thoughts rather than that our thoughts should color history. We feel gratified, therefore, when one whose scholarship and judgment we respect takes his stand with us, and we have seldom seen a more conclusive statement of one of our difficulties than this from Sir William Harcourt, leader of the House of Commons:

"Some chapters in Church history are now omitted. There is one event, which in former days was considered of some importance, which has entirely disappeared. It is the event which used to be known as the Protestant Reformation. On reading the defence of the Church Defence Association you would imagine that Henry VIII. never existed."



that Edward VI. was a minor; that Mary Tudor of blessed memory never lived, and that Elizabeth never reigned. All these personages, as far as the Church and State are concerned, have disappeared from the scene. Nothing material happened to the Church and State in the sixteenth century, or nothing that mattered particularly. Everything is just as it was before; and the Church of to-day is exactly the Church of the period before 'reformation' in doctrine, in discipline, and in the whole relation with the State. *It is like the axe which had a new head and a new handle, but was always the same axe.*"

We love all our separated brethren, but we love and admire our Anglican friends most. They are nearer to us. But they cause us a deal of perplexity. We can not understand how men having such clean hearts and such bright minds can rest satisfied with the identity of that axe.

A valiant woman in Austin, Texas, has set an example which might be followed profitably by Catholics everywhere. Mrs. Thomas F. Taylor, besides being a clever writer, is held in high regard by the people of the city because of her activity in charitable work. When a notorious anti-Catholic lecturer was announced in Austin, Mrs. Taylor exposed his character and the iniquity of those who patronized him, in such an effective way that hardly a score of people were present at the lecture, and the impostor left in disgust. Catholics who have earned the respect of their fellow-citizens may always influence respectable people against patronizing slander; and as for the lecturers—they should be attended to by small boys.

Nine months ago the Christian world was shocked by news of the horrible butchery of Armenian Christians by the minions of the Sultan, and investigation has shown that no detail of the massacre was exaggerated. It is plain, therefore, that Christian nations are morally obliged to prevent a recurrence of such horrors. But mere protests, however strongly worded, have little influence with the unspeakable Turk: the united action of the Christian nations demanding redress will alone avail. The National Union for Practical Progress deserves the unanimous support of all worthy men in its effort to awaken the American public to this fact. The remedy it

suggests is the appointment of a European governor, not a Turkish subject, for the Armenian provinces,—a measure which the Turkish Government agreed to adopt in 1880. That promise will be fulfilled only when the European powers make a peremptory demand; and statesmen will act only when compelled to do so by strong public opinion. Let every American who loves justice and hates iniquity raise his voice against persecution for conscience' sake.

It will surprise many to hear that the craze courteously denominated the "Higher Criticism" was not altogether unknown in bygone time; and it will delight orthodox Protestants to know that stout old William Penn uttered a sober protest against it. Referring to the Quakers, he says:

"They judge that a curious inquiry into those high and Divine revelations, or into speculative subjects, though never so great truths in themselves, tend little to godliness and less to peace, which should be the chief aim of true Christians.... The sad consequence in all times of superfining upon Scripture texts do sufficiently caution and forbid them. Men are too apt to let their heads outrun their hearts, and their notion exceed their obedience, and their passion support their conceits; instead of a daily cross, a constant watch, and a holy practice."

Catholics have no fear of the results of "Higher Criticism"; but, while striving after the highest knowledge, all may profitably be warned not "to let their heads outrun their hearts, and their notion exceed their obedience."

The late Bishop Seidenbush, O. S. B., was another of those silent workers whose selfless lives have helped to upbuild the Church in America. Twenty years ago he was called from the quiet of a Benedictine abbey to organize a new vicariate in Northern Minnesota, over which he presided with singular success until the erection of the See of St. Cloud. The pioneer work had then been done, but Bishop Seidenbush was broken in health, and he willingly laid down the episcopal burden to labor not less devotedly in a humbler capacity. His life was as edifying as it was full of great deeds for the Church, and he was especially devout to the Blessed Virgin. *R. I. P.*



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UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

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The Little Captive Maid.

IN the year 1754, when Canada was much disturbed by the war between the French and English, a quiet German family, taking no part in the struggle, dwelt in a small settlement, and thought themselves safe from danger by reason of their neutrality. But a band of Indians of the most savage sort attacked those inoffensive people, killing the father and son, and carrying the two little girls off into captivity. The mother happened to be from home at the time, and so escaped; but she nearly died of grief when she returned to her desolate habitation,—mourning, in her despair, that she had not shared the fate of the others.

The little girls were nearly of an age, Barbara being ten and Regina nine. When they reached the rude encampment, which is all the home an Indian ever has, the children were distributed among the different savage women, Regina being given to a cruel old widow, who treated her with great harshness. As for Barbara, she was never heard of again. She may have died on the painful march. But little Regina lived, and, what is more wonderful, thrived and grew. Young as she was, she realized that her chance of ever being reunited to her mother was very slight, unless she preserved in her memory that which would identify her if opportunity ever came.

She was a pious child, having always been trained to pray to God in every

trouble, and to give Him thanks in every joy; and she said her prayers night and morning, and, when she could get away from her dark task-mistress, sang the little hymns that her beloved ones had sung with her in the happy times before their home was wrecked. Her favorite of all those hymns was one beginning:

“Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear.”

Her mother, thinking, no doubt, of her own home in the Fatherland over the ocean, had sung it to her children as she rocked their cradles. Every day little Regina would sing it through, and then would ask God to take her to her mother in His own good time. So passed ten years, and Regina was nineteen, and then the prayer was answered.

In the year 1764 an English regiment stormed the encampment where the white children were still held as prisoners, and demanded that every captive should be given up. There was no alternative, and, sullenly and ungraciously, the Indians brought over four hundred persons to the English and relinquished their right to them. Most of them had forgotten their own language; and as to their changed appearance, you can imagine what ten years, Indian dress, and constant association with savages, had done.

The captives, a strange, motley crowd, were taken to Carlisle, and the announcement made that all who had lost children might go there and identify them if possible. Among those who presented themselves was a heart-broken German woman.

"I lost my two little girls," she said, "and have no hope of finding them." She walked up and down the long files of strange-looking persons. "I do not know them if they are here," she sobbed.

"Is there nothing by which they may be discovered?" asked the kind-hearted colonel of the regiment. "Any little song, for instance?"

She paused and thought, then replied: "There was one little hymn which I sang to them when I was homesick for Germany."

"Sing part of it," said the Colonel.

So the poor mother sang:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Saviour always nigh:
He comes the weary hours to cheer.
I am with Him, and He with me,—
Even here alone I can not be."

Before she had ended Regina was in her mother's arms, singing with her; and, although the reunion was made sad by the uncertainty concerning the fate of little Barbara, the poor mother felt that her prayers and those of her child had been answered.

Thus did one verse of a sacred song, and the holy memories of a captive maid, bring back a child to her mother after ten years of cruel separation.

AUNT ANNA.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXI.—A DIALOGUE.

The boys were sound asleep at a very early hour; for Father Mirard's little entertainments were not kept up late. The precious envelope was in Jack's possession. (Thomas Jefferson believed it to be safer with him.) He put it under his pillow carefully, and he awoke several times in the night to see whether it was safe or not.

Steve Osborne happened to be captain of the dormitory; for at Professor Grigg's school a great deal of responsibility was thrown upon the boys. It was forbidden to bring anything from without into the sleeping-room; and before Steve turned out the lights, he walked up to Jack and demanded what he had under his pillow.

"If it is whisky," Steve said, insolently, "you'll be expelled."

Jack's blood tingled at this insult.

"I don't belong to your club," he retorted. "You've made a mistake. I don't belong to a crowd that boasts of drinking and playing poker."

"What have you got there?"

Jack hesitated. According to the dormitory rules, the captain of the week had a right to make such a demand; and if Jack did not comply, he could report him to Mr. O'Connor, which meant a serious charge against him to the governing committee.

"It's only an envelope, Mr. Osborne," answered Jack, showing the precious piece of paper.

"A cheque from your millionaire papa, I suppose!" said Osborne, with a sneer.

"I don't propose to discuss my father with *you*. And I tell you this," added Jack, flaring up. "To-morrow you'll be like anybody else on the campus. You can't put on airs when Miley Galligan comes to you and wants his share of the boxes."

"What boxes?" asked Osborne.

"Oh, I know!" said Jack. "Miley told me as we were coming upstairs."

"Miley! Does *he* know?" said Osborne, off his guard. "I don't see what right he has with the Seniors. I believe that Mr. O'Connor found him too 'tough' to be let go among the Juniors."

Osborne had made a good guess at the truth, and Jack was very indignant; he was always intensely loyal to his friends.

"You're a mean—" he began.

"No talking!" Osborne said, assuming his military air. "I'll report you if you don't keep quiet."

Jack ground his teeth and turned over on his pillow. He hated to obey anybody, but to have to obey Steve Osborne!—it was too much. And yet it was a good lesson for him; for that night he learned for the first time that there was a principle in obedience behind the person that exacted it.

Suddenly the lights went out; Jack said a little extra prayer, and went to sleep with the precious envelope in his hand. In the night a breeze blew through the yellow vine leaves that clustered over the window, and the envelope fluttered to the floor. It was Jack's first thought when he awoke. He picked it up, and laid it away carefully in the bottom of his jacket pocket, resolving to send the stamps to the great dealer in New York at noon.

The morning was a busy one. There was a longer drill than usual; then came the announcement of additional orders, and of the appointment of a new set of officers. Jack was reported by the Colonel because there was a spot on his belt, and Miley ordered to guard duty because he had forgotten his bayonet. The Colonel was in a bad humor, and the morning was hot in more ways than one. Uncle Mike admired the drill very much; and Guy, as he sat on a bench watching the boys, wished with all his heart that he could carry a musket.

It was a bad morning for Jack: everything seemed to go wrong. As he was leaving the campus, the Colonel noticed that he had worn his right shoe heel very unevenly, and publicly commented on his slovenliness and "unsoldierly lack of neatness." To make matters worse, Jack heard Steve Osborne, in his report of the dormitory, mention Bob Bently's name as first on the list for good conduct. Jack was not sorry to hear Bob praised, but that Bob should be praised by Steve Osborne filled him with rage. He fancied, too, that Bob, who had imitated Osborne's

"West Point waist" and was very correct, laughed as the Colonel reprimanded him.

"For nothing!" Jack said, as he dressed in his ordinary clothes. "Just as if it was a great fault to have one's heels uneven. I wasn't brought up to be a dude."

As he dressed, Jack consoled himself by imagining that he was in a position to give the Colonel and Steve Osborne a piece of his mind; and he gave it to them—in his mind! How sarcastic he was! How Osborne wilted under his shower of brilliant arrows! He ended by sending his despised heels to the shoemaker's at once.

"Ah!" said the Colonel, as he passed Jack, who drew his heels together with a click and made the usual salute, "you can take a hint."

"A hint, Colonel!" said Jack. "I think it was a bludgeon."

"Boys need a bludgeon sometimes," returned the Colonel, smiling amiably.

And all of a sudden Jack found himself in a very good humor. He was glad that he had put on his new shoes, and he wondered how he could have endured those uneven heels.

The classes were "on," as the boys said, for three hours. In his struggle to keep his average in the algebra class, Jack forgot all about everything else. At the short recess before dinner, he secured permission to go over to the Juniors' campus.

Uncle Mike, Guy, Baby Maguire, Faky Dillon, and Thomas Jefferson were comfortably seated under a big apple-tree. As Jack approached, Faky said:

"The hero comes
Without fife or drums;
Without a rocket,
But in his pocket—"

Excuse me! My inspiration isn't on ice to-day. I'll polish that up later."

"They've been telling me," said Uncle Mike, shaking hands with Jack, "that they're going to keep the roof over the old woman and myself. I don't understand it,

and I can hardly believe it; but I'm *that* grateful—" Uncle Mike broke off; there was a suspicious tremble in his voice. "I hope it's true."

"Of course it is true," put in Guy, his eyes sparkling. Everybody knows that the Mauritius stamps of the right issue are worth mints of money."

Before Jack could answer, Miley Galligan came up and touched his shoulder.

He answered Jack's look of surprise by saying:

"Oh, I don't go on guard until to-morrow! And of course while Uncle Mike's here I am entitled to a little *cong e*. Look here, Jack! I want to see you."

"All right!"

Miley linked his arm into Jack's with an air of great importance, and drew him away from the group under the tree.

"News!" said Faky, in a loud whisper. "The Bowery is burned up, and Miley has just heard the news."

Miley turned to throw a look of scorn at the scoffer.

"Jack," he said, "I've found the club's boxes. They're under the stairway in the trunk-room, hidden under a lot of straw. And I'm not going to be cheated. Osborne thinks that nobody can find them; he's a cute one! He said just a moment ago, so that I could hear: 'My aunt has sent me a box, but nobody knows it. There's champagne in it.' He did it just to aggravate me. *His* box is not among those under the stairway. They'll be opened to-night, or the things will spoil; and I'm going to open them."

"I don't think that it would be right," replied Jack.

"Look here, Jack, you haven't lived in the world much. *I* have. A bargain is a bargain. I made my terms. What then? Gimme my pound of turkey?" added Miley, striking an attitude.

"Well, I don't want their old turkey," said Jack.

"But *I* do. And, then, think of the

principle of the thing, and the pickles—oh, the pickles! I wish I could find Steve's aunt's box. I wouldn't drink wine—mom made me promise *that*,—but I'll bet it's a boss box. I wish I could find it."

"I don't care," said Jack. "We'll soon have a box of our own."

"But, you know, *the principle* of the thing!" urged Miley.

"I don't see much principle in looking into another fellow's box."

"Oh, you don't! That's because you're a greeny. Now, Mumford is the captain of our dormitory for this week,—he was appointed to-day. He is near-sighted. All we'll have to do will be to sneak out. I'll get the key of the trunk-room."

"No," persisted Jack, firmly.

"No! Well, you are idiotic,—just a chump. Don't you want to see the club checkmated?"

"No. Let 'em alone!"

"Not on your birthday!" said Miley. "I am going to run this school. My grandfather wasn't a pirate, but my father was one of the men that ran New York, and you just remember it; and if you want to run this school with me, just you say so."

"I don't," said Jack. "I have enough to do to manage my own business." And he turned to join Uncle Mike.

"Stop!" said Miley. "Do you know what Steve Osborne will think if we don't make good the threat I made to loot the boxes? He and Bob Bently will have a good time laughing at you,—of course they'll laugh."

Jack's face became red. Miley saw that his words had told.

"Look here! I went into *your* quarrel—I settled the thing for you,—and now you go and back out. I don't blame Bob Bently and Steve Osborne for having a good time laughing at you,—I don't blame them! Did you see how everybody laughed when the Colonel let out on you about your heels this morning? Steve just howled."

Poor Jack's heart became very bitter.

"Say!" Miley continued,—“say! think of the club when it finds that you are not afraid of it, anyhow! And we'll find Osborne's aunt's box. He says that it's full of things that will keep till Thanksgiving, so he's not giving anything away. That makes all the boys anxious to give him things now. He's a dandy! And, say, there must be good things in that box; for his aunt's a millionaire.”

“That's easily understood,” answered Jack, with a touch of scorn. “It's natural enough for people related to pirates to have lots of money. Nobody would speak to such folks in Philadelphia.”

“I'm not talking of his grandfather,—the aunt's got the cash, and Steve's box must be scrumptious. There are lots of the fattest kind of sardines in it, I'll bet; and I heard Steve talking to Bob about the sausages his aunt always sends. I shouldn't wonder if there would be imported ginger-ale in the box.”

“Steve doesn't spend so much money himself,—he's stingy.”

“He treats Bob Bently occasionally. They will have great fun drinking that imported ginger-ale and laughing at you. I can hear 'em myself. ‘Ain't Jack Chumleigh soft?’ I can hear Bob Bently saying. ‘You can be as nasty as you like to him, and he won't resent it. He's a rag-baby.’”

“Bob wouldn't say that!” exclaimed Jack, growing very angry.

“Wouldn't he?” asked Miley, whistling long and knowingly. “Oh, he wouldn't! No!—oh, no! He's a daisy!”

Jack gripped Miley's arm.

“If I thought Bob Bently would talk that way, I'd—”

“Are you going to whisper all day?” demanded Faky from under the apple-tree.

“I must go!” Jack said. “I tell you, Miley, I'll settle Bob's laughing at me. I'm with you to-night.”

Miley whistled triumphantly, and, with a wave of his hand to Uncle Mike, he

started in haste back to the other campus.

“The stamps! the stamps!” Thomas Jefferson said, impatiently. “Show them to Uncle Mike. We've got to send them off to-day.”

Jack drew out the envelope; he put his thumb and forefinger carefully into it, and then opened it as wide as he could. There were no stamps there!

All the boyish faces turned white.

“Gone!” said Jack, faintly.

“This is Steve Osborne's work,” added Faky. “I know it is. Don't cry, Guy.”

(To be continued)

A Brave Old Earl.

It was the year 991, and Ethelred the Unready sat upon the English throne. The noble spirit which had animated the people during the reign of good King Alfred had well-nigh vanished; and the ancient enemies, the Danes, were now not fought off, but bought off. To tax his subjects in order to raise the money called Danegeld, with which the Northmen were to be pacified, was easier than fighting; and Ethelred the Unready, as befitted his name, always managed, as many do unto this day, to find the easiest way, and to take it.

But there were, even in those days of cowardly weakness in high places, some men who said: “If we bribe these marauders, they will come again and again. There is no way to teach them a lesson except by valor and courage.” And one Brythnoth, Earl of Essex, stoutly maintained that, rather than to see the ferocious Danes ravaging his fair land, or to pay them to stay away, he would gladly lay down his life. How well he kept his word we will tell you.

In all the land of the East-Saxons which he ruled in the fear of God there was no man more revered or who stood

nearer to the hearts of the people. Although Danish blood ran in his veins, he had always been a faithful Christian: befriending the clergy, giving money for the founding of religious houses, building churches, and maintaining a refuge in his own spacious home for all who were poor or oppressed.

After declaring his intention to die, if need be, for God and his country, he made his will, which he left with the Archbishop of Canterbury; armed all the young men of his earldom, provided himself with arms and horses, and then he waited.

The sight of a Danish fleet was enough to strike terror to the stoutest Saxon heart that ever beat; and the terrible procession of vessels which set forth on an errand of blood in the year 991 was more formidable than any which had gone before it. There were ninety-three ships, the large ones with their prows carved to look like the heads of great snakes, the gilded sterns shaped like the tails of reptiles. Vikings, or Sea Kings, the Danish naval pirates were called, who roamed over the ocean in search of plunder; and the leader of this fleet was a particularly fierce and ferocious Viking, named Olaf.

It is easy for you now to understand why, even after there was no longer pressing need for the petition, the English used to pray: "From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord deliver us!" To be sure, the ancestors of the Anglo-Saxons had been Northmen themselves; but Christianity had subdued them, and they were very different from the heathen Danes, who owned no allegiance to any power but their own heathen gods.

Olaf and his hordes came on, and met with no resistance. The wealth of the people was poured out at his feet. Lives were purchased with gold or food or other treasure. But when the Danes reached a certain wooden bridge over the river

Blackwater, they saw a small army, at its head an old man with sword in hand.

Olaf was impatient at this show of resistance, and dispatched a messenger across the bridge, who said:

"Lord Earl, yield us but thy treasure, and there shall be peace between you and our master."

The Earl raised his head and replied:

"Take, O sailor! this answer back: Instead of treasure, you shall have the edge of the sword and the point of the spear. I am an English Earl, not a payer of bribes to thieves and assassins. Let sword and spear judge between us."

The sailor lost no time in taking that brave message back to Olaf, and the fight began. The tide was in, and for some time the contending parties could only exchange arrows; but after the water receded they fought there, on the salt marshes, hand to hand. It is a sad story. The Christians were few, the heathen Danes many. The old Earl and most of his brave followers were murdered,—he cheering on his men for the last time, then lifting up his voice in prayer that his soul might pass into the keeping of his Lord. And then he died; and one of his followers, an old man like him, called out to the little band of survivors:

"Here lies our chief, the brave, the good, the much-loved, who has blessed us with many a gift. Old as I am, I will not yield, but avenge his death, or lay me at his side. Shame befall him that thinks to fly from such a field as this!"

Not another man was killed, but they were obliged to fly, and without the body of their leader, the Earl.

And did Ethelred become, inspired by the brave deed and death of this old nobleman? No: he gave the Danes ten thousand pounds of silver to leave the country. But for hundreds of years the minstrels sang of the sturdy defiance and fidelity of Brythnoth, Earl of the East-Saxons.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke. 1. 48.

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The First Angelus.

SWIFT from the heavens an Angel, white-
 pinioned,
 Sped to the Maiden by God preordained;
 Light-rays were shadows before his efful-
 gence,
 Heavenly peace o'er his starry course
 reigned.*

Bearing a lily, sweet purity's emblem,
 Type of the virgin-heart bowing in prayer,
 Softly the Angel to Mary gave greeting,
 Heaven's own message vibrating the air!

Strange to the maiden-heart were the great
 tidings—

God in her bosom would fain make His
 shrine!

Lowly she bowed to the word of the Father,
 Yielding her will to the power Divine.

Lo! in that moment sin's bondage was
 broken,

Pæans of hope were in Israel heard;
 Mary's low *Fiat* was echoed in heaven,
 Nazareth held the Messiah, the Word!

THE whole wisdom of life lies simply
 in doing the thing which is right, and
 letting God look after the consequences.

WE live in what we love. Let us see
 to it, then, that all our loves be worthy.

No Catholic should dare be less than
 a perfect Christian.

The Making of One's Self.*

BY THE RT. REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.

The wise man will esteem above everything and will cultivate those sciences which further the perfection of his soul.—PLATO.



IT has become customary to call these endings of the scholastic year commencements; just as the people of the civilized world have agreed to make themselves absurd by calling the ninth month the seventh, the tenth the eighth, the eleventh the ninth, and the twelfth the tenth. And, indeed, the discourses which are delivered on these occasions would be more appropriate and more effective if made to students who, having returned from the vacations with renewed physical vigor, feel also fresh urgency to exercise of mind. But now, so little is man in love with truth, the approach of the moment when you are to make escape and find yourselves in what you imagine to be a larger and freer world, occupies all your thoughts, and thrills you with an excitement which makes attention difficult; and, like the noise of crowds and brazen trumpets, prevents the soul from mounting to the serene world where alone it is free and at home.

Since, however, the invitation with

* Address delivered at the Golden Jubilee celebration of the University of Notre Dame.

which I have been honored directs my address to the graduates of Notre Dame in this her year of Golden Jubilee, I may, without abuse of the phrase, entitle it a commencement oration; for the day on which a graduate worthy of the name leaves his college is the commencement day of a new life of study, more earnest and more effectual than that which is followed within academic walls; because it is the result of his sense of duty alone and of his uncontrolled self-activity. And, though I am familiar with the serious disadvantages with which a reader as compared with a speaker has to contend, I shall read my address, if for no other reason, because I shall thus be able to measure my time; and if I am prolix, I shall be so maliciously, and not become so through the obliviousness which may result from the illusive enthusiasm which is sometimes produced in the speaker by his own vociferation, and which he fondly imagines he communicates to his hearers.

The chief benefit to be derived from the education we receive in colleges and universities, and from the personal contact into which we are there thrown with enlightened minds, is the faith it tends to inspire and confirm in the worth of knowledge and culture, of conduct and religion; for nothing else we there acquire will abide with us as an inner impulse to self-activity, a self-renewing urgency to the pursuit of excellence. If we fail, we fail for lack of faith; but belief is communicated from person to person—*fides ex auditu*,—and to mediate it is the educator's chief function. Through daily intercourse with one who is learned and wise and noble, the young gain a sense of the reality of science and culture, of religion and morality; which thus cease to be for them vague somethings of which they have heard and read, and become actual things,—realities, like monuments they have inspected, or countries through which they have trav-

elled. They have been taken by the hand and led where, left to themselves, they would never have gone. The true educator inspires not only faith, but admiration also, and confidence and love,—all soul-evolving powers. He is a master whose pupils are disciples—followers of him and believers in the wisdom he teaches. He founds a school which, if it does not influence the whole course of thought and history, like that of Plato or Aristotle, does at least form a body of men, distinguished by zeal for truth and love of intellectual and moral excellence. To be able thus, in virtue of one's intelligence and character, to turn the generous heart and mind of youth to sympathy with what is intelligible, fair and good in thought and life, is to be like God,—is to have power in its noblest and most human form; and its exercise is the teacher's chief and great reward. To be a permanent educational force is the highest earthly distinction. Is not this the glory of the founders of religions, of the discoverers of new worlds?

In stooping to the mind and heart of youth, to kindle there the divine flame of truth and love, we ourselves receive new light and warmth. To listen to the noise made by the little feet of children when at play, and to the music of their merry laughter, is pleasant; but to come close to the aspiring soul of youth, and to feel the throbbings of its deep and ardent yearnings for richer and wider life, is to have our faith in the good of living revived and intensified. It is the divine privilege of the young to be able to believe that the world can be moulded and controlled by thought and spiritual motives; and in breathing this celestial air, the choice natures among them learn to become sages and saints; or if it be their lot to be thrown into the fierce struggles where selfish and cruel passions contend for the mastery over justice and humanity, they carry into the combat the serene strength

of reason and conscience; for their habitual and real home is in the unseen world, where what is true and good has the Omnipotent for its defence. Of this soul of youth we may affirm without fear of error: The soul seeks God; from sphere to sphere it moves, Immortal pilgrim of the Infinite.

Life is the unfolding of a mysterious power, which in man rises to self-consciousness, and through self-consciousness to the knowledge of a world of truth and order and love, where action may no longer be left wholly to the sway of matter or to the impulse of instinct, but may and should be controlled by reason and conscience. To further this process by deliberate and intelligent effort is to educate. Hence education is man's conscious co-operation with the Infinite Being in promoting the development of life; it is the bringing of life in its highest form to bear upon life, individual and social, that it may raise it to greater perfection, to ever-increasing potency. To educate, then, is to work with the Power who makes progress a law of living things, becoming more and more active and manifest as we ascend in the scale of being. The motive from which education springs is belief in the goodness of life and the consequent desire for richer, freer and higher life. It is the point of union of all man's various and manifold activity; for whether he seeks to nourish and preserve his life, or to prolong and perpetuate it in his descendants, or to enrich and widen it in domestic and civil society, or to grow more conscious of it through science and art, or to strike its roots into the eternal world through faith and love, or in whatever other way he may exert himself, the end and aim of his aspiring and striving is educational,—is the unfolding and uplifting of his being.

The radical craving is for life—for the power to feel, to think, to love, to enjoy. And as it is impossible to reach a state in which we are not conscious that this power may be increased, we can find

happiness only in continuous progress, in ceaseless self-development. This craving for fulness of life is essentially intellectual and moral, and its proper sphere of action is the world of thought and conduct. He who has a healthy appetite does not long for greater power to eat and drink. A sensible man who has sufficient wealth for independence and comfort does not wish for more money; but he who thinks and loves and acts in obedience to conscience feels that he is never able to do so well enough, and hence an inner impulse urges him to strive for greater power of life, for perfection. He is akin to all that is intelligible and good, and is drawn to bring himself into ever-increasing harmony with this high world. Hence attention is for him like a second nature, for attention springs from interest; and since he feels an affinity with all things, all things interest him. And what is thus impressed upon his mind and heart he is impelled to utter in deed or speech or gesture or song, or in whatever way thought and sentiment may manifest themselves. Attention and expression are thus the fundamental forms of self-activity, the primary and essential means of education, of developing intellectual and moral power.

Interest is aroused and held by need, which creates desire. If we are hungry, whatever may help us to food interests us. Our first and indispensable interests relate to the things we need for self-preservation and the perpetuation of the race; and to awaken desire and stimulate effort to obtain them, instinct is sufficient, as we may see in the case of mere animals. But as progress is made, higher and more subtle wants are developed. We crave for more than food and wife and children. The social organism evolves itself; and as its complexity increases, the relations of the individual to the body of which he is a member are multiplied and become more intricate. As we pass from the savage to the barbarous, and from the barbarous

to the civilized state, intellect and conscience are brought more and more into play. Mental power gains the mastery over brute force, and little by little subdues the energies of inorganic nature, and makes them serve human ends. Iron is forced to become soft and malleable and to assume every shape; the winds bear man across the seas; the sweet and gentle water is imprisoned and tortured until with its fierce breath it does work in comparison with which the mythical exploits of gods and demi-gods are as the play of children. Strength of mind and character takes precedence of strength of body. Hercules and Samson are but helpless infants in the presence of the thinker who reads Nature's secret and can compel her to do his bidding. If we bend our thoughts to this subject, we shall gain insight into the meaning and purpose of education, which is nothing else than the urging of intellect and conscience to the conquest of the world, and to the clear perception and practical acknowledgment of the primal and fundamental truth that man is man in virtue of his thought and love.

Instruction, which is but part of education, has for its object the development of the intellect and the transmission of knowledge. This, whether we consider the individual or society, is indispensable. It is good to know. Knowledge is not only the source of many of our highest and purest joys, but without it we can attain neither moral nor material good in the nobler forms. Virtue when it is enlightened gains a higher quality. And if we hold that action and not thought is the end of life, we can not deny that action is, in some degree at least, controlled and modified by thought. Nevertheless, instruction is not the principal part of education; for human worth is more essentially and more intimately identified with character and heart than with knowledge and intellect. What we will

is more important than what we know; and the importance of what we know is derived largely from its influence on the will or conduct.

A nation, like an individual, receives rank from character more than from knowledge; since the true measure of human worth is moral rather than intellectual. The teaching of the school becomes a subject of passionate interest, through our belief in its power to educate sentiment, stimulate will, and mould character. For in the school we do more than learn the lessons given us: we live in an intellectual and moral atmosphere, acquire habits of thought and behavior; and this rather than what we learn is the important thing. To imagine that youths who have passed through colleges and universities, and have acquired a certain knowledge of languages and sciences, but have not formed strongly marked characters, should forge to the front in the world and become leaders in the army of religion and civilization, is to cherish a delusion. The man comes first; and scholarship without manhood will be found to be ineffectual. The semi-culture of the intellect, which is all a mere graduate can lay claim to, will but help to lead astray those who lack the strength of moral purpose; and they whom experience has made wise expect little from young men who have bright minds and have passed brilliant examinations, but who go out into the world without having trained themselves to habits of patient industry and tireless self-activity.

Man is essentially a moral being; and he who fails to become so, fails to become truly human. Individuals and nations are brought to ruin not by lack of knowledge, but by lack of conduct. "Now that the world is filled with learned men," said Seneca, "good men are wanting." He was Nero's preceptor, and saw plainly how powerless intellectual culture was to save Rome from the degeneracy which under-

mined its civilization and finally brought on its downfall. If in college the youth does not learn to govern and control himself—to obey and do right in all things, not because he has not the power to disobey and do wrong, but because he has not the will,—nothing else he may learn will be of great service. It seems to me I perceive in our young men a lack of moral purpose, of sturdiness, of downright obstinate earnestness, in everything—except perhaps in money-getting pursuits; for even in these they are tempted to trust to speculation and cunning devices rather than to persistent work and honesty, which become a man more than crowns and all the gifts of fortune. Without truthfulness, honesty, honor, fidelity, courage, integrity, reverence, purity, and self-respect, no worthy or noble life can be led. And unless we can get into our colleges youths who can be made to drink into their inmost being this vital truth, little good can be accomplished there. Now, it often happens that these institutions are, in no small measure, refuges into which the badly organized families of the wealthy send their sons in the vain expectation that the fatal faults of inheritance and domestic training will be repaired. In college, as wherever there are men, quality is more precious than quantity. The number of students is great enough when they are of the right kind; and the work which now lies at our hand is to make it possible that those who have talent and the will to improve themselves may enter our institutions of learning. But those who are shown to be insusceptible of education should be eliminated; for they profit not themselves and are a hindrance to the others.

Gladly I turn from them to you, young gentlemen, who have persevered in the pursuit of knowledge and virtue, and to-day are declared worthy to receive the highest honor Notre Dame can confer. The deepest and the best thing in us is

faith in reason; for when we look closely, we perceive that faith in God, in the soul, in good, in freedom, in truth, is faith in reason. Individuals, nations, the whole race, wander in a maze of errors. The world of the senses is apparent and illusive, that of pure thought vague and shadowy. Science touches but the form and surface; speculation is swallowed in abysses and disperses itself; ignorance darkens, passion blinds the mind; the truth of one age becomes the error of a succeeding; opinions change from continent to continent and from century to century. The more we learn, the less we know; and what we most of all desire to know eludes our grasp. But, nevertheless, our faith in reason is unshaken; and holding to this faith, we hold to God, to good, to freedom, and to truth.

Goodness is the radical principle; the good, the primal aim and final end of life; for the good is whatever is helpful to life. Hence what is true is good, what is useful is good, what is fair is good, what is right is good; and the true, the useful, the fair, and the right are intertwined and circle about man like a noble sisterhood, to waken him to life, and to urge him toward God, the supreme good, whose being is power, wisdom, love without limit. The degree of goodness in all things is measured by their approach to this absolute Being. Hence the greater our strength, wisdom and love, the greater our good, the richer and more perfect our life. There is no soul which does not bow with delight and reverence before Beauty and Power; and when we come to true insight, we perceive that holiness is Beauty and goodness Power. Genuine spiritual power is from God, and compels the whole mechanic world to acknowledge its absoluteness. The truths of religion and morality are of the essence of our life: they can not be learned from another, but must be wrought into self-consciousness by our own thinking and doing,—by

habitual meditation, and constant obedience to conscience. Virtue, knowledge, goodness and greatness are their own reward: they are primarily and essentially ends, and only incidentally means. Hence those who strive for perfection with the view thereby to gain recognition, money or place, do not really strive for perfection at all. They are also unwise; for virtue, knowledge, goodness and greatness are not the surest means to such ends, and they can be acquired only with infinite pains. The highest human qualities cease to be the highest when they are made subordinate to the externalities of office and wealth. The one aim of a mind smitten with the love of excellence is to live consciously and lovingly with whatever is true or good or fair. And such a one can not be disturbed whether by the general indifference of men or by their praise or blame. The standpoint of the soul is: What thou art, not what others think thee. If thou art at one with thy true self, God and the eternal laws bear thee up and onward. The moral and the religious life interpenetrate each other. To sunder them is to enfeeble both. To weaken faith is to undermine character; to fail in conduct is to deprive faith of inspiration and vigor. Learn to live thy religion, and thou shalt have little need or desire to argue and dispute about it. Truth is mightier than its witnesses, religion greater than its saints and martyrs. Learn to think, and thou shalt easily learn to live.

In the presence of the highest manifestations of thought and love, of truth and beauty, nothing perfect or divine is incredible. Men of genius, philosophers, poets and saints, who by thinking and doing make this ethereal but most real world rise before us in concrete form and substance, are heavenly messengers and illuminators of the soul. Had none of them lived, how should we see and understand that man is Godlike and that God is truth and

love? We can not make this high world plain by telling about it. It is not a land which may be described. It is a state of soul which they alone comprehend who have been transformed by patient meditation and faithful striving. But once it is revealed, a thousand errors and obscurities fall away from us. If not educated, strive at least to be educable—a believer in wisdom; and sensitive to all high influence, and eager to be quit of thy ignorance and hardness. As the dead can not produce the live, so mechanical minds, however much they may be able to drill, train and instruct, can not educate. The secret of the mother's specific educational power lies in the fact that she is a spiritual not a mechanical force, loves and is loved by her pupils. The most ennobling and the most thoroughly satisfying sentiment of which we are capable is love. Until we love we are strangers to ourselves. We are like beings asleep or lost to the knowledge of themselves and all things, till, awakening to the appeal of the pure light and the balmy air, they look upon what is not themselves; and, finding it fair and beautiful, learn in loving it to feel and know themselves.

Increase of the power to love is increase of life. But love needs guidance. We first awaken in the world of the senses, and are attracted by what we see and touch and taste. The aim of education is to help the soul to rise above this world, in which, if we remain, we are little better than brutes. Hence the teacher seeks in many ways to reveal to the young the fact that the perfect, the best, can not be seen or touched, can not be grasped even by the mind; but that it is, nevertheless, that which they should strive to make themselves capable of loving above all things; And thus he prepares them to understand what is meant by the love of God. In the training of animals even, patience and gentleness are more effective

than violence. How, then, shall we hope by physical constraint and harsh methods to educate human beings, who are human precisely because they are capable of love and are swayed by rational motives? There is no soul so gross, so deeply buried in matter, but it shall from some point or other make a sally to show it still bears the impress of God's image. At such points the educator will keep watch, studying how he may make this single ray of light interfuse itself with his pupil's whole being.

It is not possible to know there is no God, no soul, no free-will, no right or wrong; at the worst, it is only possible to doubt all this. The universe is as inconceivable as God, and theories of matter as full of difficulties as theories of spirit. It is a question of belief or unbelief; ultimately a question of health or disease, of life or death. They who have no faith in God can have little faith in the worth of life, which can be for them but an efflorescence of death, a sort of inexplicable malady of atoms, dreaming they are conscious. If the age tends irresistibly to destroy belief in God, the end will be the ruin of belief in the good of life. In the meanwhile the doubt which weakens the springs of hope and love is not a symptom of health but of disease, pregnant with suffering and misery for all, but most of all for the young. He who is loved in a true and noble way is surrounded by an element of spiritual light in which his worth is revealed to him. In perceiving what he is to another, he comes to understand what he is or may be in himself.

Our self-respect even is largely due to the love we receive in childhood and youth. Enthusiasm springs from faith in God and in the soul, which begets in us a high and heroic belief in the divine good of life. It is thus an educational force of highest value. It calms and exalts the soul like the view of the starlit heavens and the everlasting mountains.

It is, in every good and noble cause, a fountainhead of endurance and perseverance. It bears us on with a sense of joy and vigor, such as is felt when, mounted on a high-mettled steed, we ride in the pleasant air of a spring morning, amid the beauties and grandeurs of nature. In the front of battle and the presence of death it throws around the soul the light of immortal things. It gives us the plenitude of existence, the full and high enjoyment of living. On its wings the poet, the lover, the orator, the hero, and the saint are borne in rapture through worlds whose celestial glory and delightfulness cold and unmoved minds do not suspect. It is not a flame from the dry wood and withered grass, but a heat and glow from the abyssal depths of being. It makes us content to follow after truth and love in dark and narrow ways, as the miner, in central deeps where sunlight has never fallen, seeks his treasure. It keeps us fresh and young; and, like the warmer sun, reclothes the world day by day with new beauty. It teaches patience, the love of work without haste and without hurry. It gives strength to hear and speak truth, and to walk in the sacred way of truth, as though we but idly strolled with pleasant friends amid fragrant flowers. It gives us deeper consciousness of our own liberty, faith in human perfectibility, which lies at the root of our noblest efforts; to which the more we yield ourselves the more we feel that we are free. It knows a thousand words of truth and might, which it whispers in gentlest tones to rightly attuned ears: Since the universe is a harmony whose diapason is God, why should thy life strike a discordant note? Yield not to discouragement; thou art alive, and God is in His world. The combat and not the victory proclaims the hero. If thy success had been greater, thou hadst been less. The noisy participants in great conflicts, of whatever kind, exercise less influence upon the outcome

than choice spirits, who, turning aside from the thunder and smoke of battle, gain in lonely striving and meditation view of new truth by which the world is transformed.

We owe more to Columbus than to Isabella; to Descartes than to Louis XIV.; to Bacon than to Elizabeth; to Pestalozzi than to Napoleon; to Goethe than to Blücher; to Pasteur than to Bismarck. If thou wouldst be persuaded and convinced, persuade and convince thyself. Be thy aim not increase of happiness, but of knowledge, wisdom, power, and virtue; and thou shalt, without thinking of it, find thyself also happy. Character is formed by effort, resistance, and patience. If necessity is the mother of invention, suffering is the mother of high moods and great thoughts. Poets have sung to ease their sorrow-burdened or love-tortured hearts; and the travail of souls yearning with ineffable pain for truth has led to the nearest view of God. Wisdom is the child of suffering, as beauty is the child of love. If a truth discourages thee, thou art not yet ripe for it; for thee it is not yet wholly true. Work not like an ox at the plow, but like a setter afield: not because thou must, but because thou takest delight in thy task. Only they have come of age who have learned how to educate themselves. Education, like life, works from within outward; the teacher loosens the soil and removes the obstacles to light and warmth and moisture, but growth comes of the activity of the soul itself.

A new century will not make new men; but if, in truth, it be a new century, it will be made so by the deeper thought and diviner love of men and women. Let the old tell what they have done, the young what they are doing, and fools what they intend to do.

The power to control attention, as a good rider holds his horse to the road and to his gait, is a result of education;

and when it is acquired other things become easy.

Let not poverty or misfortune or insult or flattery or success, O seeker after truth and beauty! turn thee from thy divine task and purpose. Pardon everyone except thyself, and put thy trust in God and in thyself. "If I buy thee," asked one of a Spartan captive, "and treat thee well, wilt thou be good?"—"I will," he replied, "if thou buyest me or not; or if having bought me, thou treatest me ill."

If there be anything of worth in thee, it will make thee strong and contented; it is so good for thee to have it that thou canst easily forget it is unrecognized by others.

If all sufferings, sorrows, and disappointments had been left out of thy life, wouldst thou be more or less than thou art? Less worthy, doubtless, and less wise. In these evils, then, there is something good. If thou couldst but bear this always in mind, thou shouldst be better able to suffer pain whether of body or soul. There are things thou hast greatly desired which, had they been given thee, would make thee wretched. The wiser thou growest, the better shalt thou understand how little we know what is for the best.

"Had I but lived!" cried Obermann. And a woman of genius replied: "Be consoled, O Obermann! Hadst thou lived, thou hadst lived in vain." So it is. In the end we neither regret that pleasures have been denied us, nor feel that those we have enjoyed were a gain unless they are associated with the memory of high faith and thought and virtuous action. He who is careful to fill his mind with truth and his heart with love will not lack for retreats in which he may take refuge from the stress and storms of life. Noise, popularity and buncombe: onions, smoke, and bedbugs.

Be thy own rival, comparing thyself with thyself, and striving day by day to

be self-surpassed. If thy own little room is well lighted the whole world is less dark. If thou art busy seeking intellectual and moral illumination and strength, thou shalt easily be contented. Higher place would mean for thee less liberty, less opportunity to become thyself. The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use, not of what we have chosen, but of what is forced upon us. To occupy one's self with trifles weans from the habit of work more effectually than idleness. Perfect skill comes of talent, study and exercise; and the study and exercise must continue through the whole course of life. To cease to learn is to lose freshness and the power to interest. We lack will rather than strength; are able to do more and better than we are inclined to do; and say we *can* not because we have not the courage to say we *will* not. The law of unstable equilibrium applies to thee as to whatever has life. Thou canst not remain what thou art, but must rise or fall. The body is under the sway of physical law, but the progress of the mind is left in a large measure to the play of free-will. If thou willest what thou oughtest, thou canst do what thou willest; for obligation can not transcend ability. Happy are they who from earliest youth understand the meaning of duty, and hearken to the stern but all-reasonable voice of this daughter of God, the smile upon whose face is the fairest thing we know.

He who willingly accepts the law of moral necessity is free; for in thus accepting it he transcends it, and is self-determined; while he who rebels against this law sinks to a lower plane of being than the properly human, and becomes the slave of appetite and passion. Duty means sacrifice; it is a turning from the animal to the spiritual self; from the allurements of the world of manifold sensation—from ease, idleness, gain and pleasure—to the high and lonely regions, where the command of conscience speaks

in the name of God and of the nature of things. Forget thyself and do thy best, as unconscious of vainglorious thoughts as though thou wert a wind or a stream, an impersonal force in the service of God and man. Obey conscience, and laugh in the face of death. Convince thyself that the best thing for thee is to know truth and to make truth the law of thy life. Let this faith subordinate all else, as it is, indeed, faith in reason and in God. Abhorrence of lies is the test of character. Hold fast by what thou knowest to be true, not doubting for a moment because thou canst not reconcile it with other truth. Somewhere, somehow, truth will be matched with truth, as love mates heart with heart.

A man's word is himself, his reason, his conscience, his faith, his love, his aspiration. If it is false or vain or vile, he is so. It is the expression of life as it has come to consciousness within him. It is the revelation of quality of being; it is of the man himself, his sign and symbol, the form and mould and mirror of his soul.

Thou thinkest to serve God with lies,
Thou devil-worshipper and fool!

The moral value of the study of science lies in the love of truth it inspires and inculcates. He who knows science knows that liars are imbeciles. From the educator's point of view, truthfulness is the essential thing. His aim and end is to teach truth, and the love of truth which leavens the whole mass and makes it lifegiving. But the liar has no proper virtue of any kind.

The doubt of an earnest, thoughtful, patient and laborious mind is worthy of respect. In such doubt there may be found indeed more faith than in half the creeds. But the scepticism of sciolists lacks the depth and genuineness of truth. To be frivolous where there is question of all that gives life meaning and value is want of sense. The sciolist is one who has a superficial knowledge of various things

which for lack of deep views and coherent thought, for lack of the understanding of the principles of knowledge itself, he is unable to bring into organic unity. The things he knows are confused and intermingled, and thus fail either to enlighten his mind or to impel him to healthful activity. He forms opinions lightly and pronounces judgment rashly. Knowing nothing thoroughly, he has no suspicion of the infinite complexity of the world of life and thought. The evil effects of this semi-culture are most disagreeable and most harmful in those whose being has been developed only on its temporal and earthly side. Their spiritual and moral nature has no centre about which it may move, and they wander on the surface of things in self-satisfied conceit, proclaiming that what is beyond the senses is beyond the reach of the mind, as though our innermost consciousness were not of what is intangible and invisible.

All divine things are within and about us, here and now; but we are too gross to see the celestial light, or to catch the whisperings of the heavenly voices. God is here; but we, like plants and mollusks, live in worlds of which we do not dream, upheld and nourished and borne onward by a Power of whom we are but dimly conscious,—nay, of whom, for the most part, we are unconscious.

There is a truth above the reach of logic, an impulse of the mind and heart which urges beyond the realms of sense, beyond the ken of the dialectician, to the Infinite and Eternal, before whom the material universe is but a force at whose finest touch souls awaken to the thrill of thought and love.

When we are made conscious of the fact that the Divine Word is the light of men, we readily understand that our every true thought, our every good deed, our every deeper view of nature and of life, comes from God, who is always urging us into the glorious liberty of His children,

until we become a heavenly republic in which righteousness, peace and joy shall reign. "The restless desire of every man to improve his position in the world is the motive power of all social development, of all progress," says Scherr, unable to perceive that the mightiest impulses to nobler and wider life have been given by those who were not thinking at all of improving their position, but were wholly bent upon improving themselves. Make choice, O youth! between having and being. If having is thy aim, consent to be inferior; if being is thy aim, be content with having little. Real students, cultivators of themselves, are not inspired by the love of fame or wealth or position, but they are driven by an inner impulse to which they can not but yield. Their enthusiasm is not a fire that blazes for an hour and then dies out: it is a heat from central depths of life, self-fed and inextinguishable.

The impulse to nobler and freer life springs, never from masses of men, but always from single luminous minds and glowing hearts. The lightning of great thoughts shows the way to heroic deeds. It is better to know than to be known, to love than to be loved, to help than to be helped; for since life is action, it is better to act than to be acted upon. Whosoever makes himself purer, worthier, wiser, works for his country, works for God. The belief that the might of truth is so great that it must prevail in spite of whatever opposition, needs, to say the least, interpretation; for it has often happened that truth has been overcome for whole generations and races; and the important consideration is not whether it shall finally prevail, but whether it shall prevail for us, for our own age and people. It is of the nature of spiritual gifts to work in every direction; they enrich the individual and the nation; they develop, purify and refine the intellectual, moral and physical worlds in which men live and strive.

The State and the Church are organisms; the body, the social and religious soul, under the guidance of God, creates for itself. And not only should there be no conflict between them, but there should be none between them and the free and full development of the individual. A peasant whose mental state is what it might have been a thousand years ago is for us, however moral and religious, an altogether unsatisfactory kind of man. All knowledge is pure, and all speech is so if it spring from the simple desire to utter what is seen and recognized as truth. The love of liberty is rare. It is not found in those whose life-aim is money, pleasure and place, which enslave; but in those who love truth, which is the only liberating power. Knowledge is the correlative of being, and only a high and loving soul can know what truth is or understand what Christ meant when He said: "Ye shall know truth, and truth shall make you free." High thinking and right loving may make enemies of those around us, but they make us Godlike. How seldom in our daily experience of men do we find one who wishes to be enlightened, reformed and made virtuous! How easy it is to find those who wish to be pleased and flattered!

At no period in history has civilization been so widespread or so complex as to-day. Never have the organs of the social body been so perfect. Never has it been possible for so many to co-operate intelligently in the work of progress. You, gentlemen, have youth and faith and the elements of intellectual and moral culture. In the freshness and vigor of early manhood, you stand upon the threshold of the new century. You speak Shakspeare's and Milton's tongue; in your veins is the blood which in other lands and centuries has nourished the spirit which makes martyrs, heroes, and saints. Your religion strikes its roots into the historic past of man's noblest achievements, and looks

to the future with the serene confidence with which it looks to God. Your country, if not old, is not without glory. Its soil is as fertile, its climate as salubrious as its domain is vast. It is peopled by that Aryan race, which, from most ancient days, has been the creator and invincible defender of art and science and philosophy and liberty; and with all this the divine spirit and doctrine of the Son of Man have been interfused.

We are here in America constituted on the wide basis of universal freedom, universal opportunity, universal intelligence, universal good-will. Our government is the rule of all for the welfare of all; it has stood the test of civil war, and in many ways proved itself both beneficent and strong. Already we have subdued this continent to the service of man. Within a hundred years we have grown to be one of the most populous and wealthy and also one of the most civilized and progressive nations of the earth. Your opportunities are equal to the fullest measure of human worth and genius. In the midst of a high and noble environment it were doubly a disgrace to be low and base. In intellectual and moral processes and results the important consideration is not how much, but what and how. How much, for instance, one has read or written gives us little insight into his worth and character; but when we know what and how he has read and written, we know something of his life. When I am told that America has more schools, churches, and newspapers than any other land, I think of their kind, and am tempted to doubt whether it were not better if we had fewer.

The more general and the higher the average education of the people, the more urgent is the need of thoroughly cultivated and enlightened minds to lead them wisely. The standard of our intellectual and professional education is still low; and neither from the press nor the pulpit

nor legislative halls do we hear highest wisdom rightly uttered. To be an intellectual force in this age one must know—must know much and know thoroughly; for now in many places there are a few, at least, who are acquainted with the whole history of thought and discovery, who are familiar with the best thinking of the noblest minds that have ever lived; and to imagine that a sciolist, a half-educated person, can have anything new or important to impart is to delude one's self.

But if you fail, you will fail like all who fail,—not from lack of knowledge, but from lack of conduct; for the burden which in the end bears us down is that of our moral delinquencies. All else we may endure, but that is a sinking and giving way of the source of life itself. It is better, in every way, that you should be true Christian men than that you should do deeds which will make your names famous. And if you could believe this with all your heart, you would find peace and freedom of spirit, even though your labors should seem vain and your lives of little moment. The more reason and conscience are brought to bear upon you, the more will you be lifted into the high and abiding world, where truth and love and holiness are recognized to be man's proper and imperishable good. Become all it is possible for you to become. What this is you can know only by striving day by day, from youth to age, even unto the end; leaving the issue with God and His master-workman, Time.

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Buttercups.

BY J. ETHELBERT M. RALEY.

ETCH a golden chalice raises
 Brim with perfume—Nature's wine—
 From Spring's altar, earth's oasis,
 To the loving Heart Divine.

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

XXIX.—(Continued.)

"YOU have been born in this country?"
 "Oh, yes, Mr. Bodkin! My poor mother—God rest her soul!—was a Mexican,—an Alvarado," said the girl, proudly; "but I—I am Irish to the backbone. Oh," she added, with a charming gesture, "I long, long, *long* to see Ireland!"

"And so ye will, *mavourneen*," muttered Rody, "if we escape bein' kilt."

"It was a strange piece of luck, your handsome kinsman turning up."

"It was splendid. *Madre de Dios*, how delightful to meet any one from Ireland! Do you know, Mr. Bodkin, I have not a particle of love for this country? Isn't that queer? Born here, never having been five leagues out of this city, never having seen the sea, yet I know Ireland off by heart, from Kingstown Harbor to Bantry Bay. Won't you let me show you my collection of photographs? Alas!" she added, almost tearfully, "I can not"—lowering her voice to a whisper,—“they are all packed up.”

At this moment the cathedral clock boomed out the Angelus. Instantly the girl, Arthur and Rody dropped upon their knees; and the old man, after gazing at them in bewilderment, slowly sank into a posture of reverence—without kneeling, however,—and murmured the response that ascends daily from millions and millions of the faithful to the feet of Nuestra Señora.

"I must leave you," said Arthur. "You, Rody, can remain. I do not want to see you till four o'clock. Mr. O'Flynn, may I have a word with you in private?"

And as Arthur followed O'Flynn down the stairway Rody exclaimed, in a sort of ecstasy:

"Isn't he the shupayriorest of the whole world!"

Rody remained with the lady of his love until *almuerzo*, and long after, telling her the most extravagant stories of the glory of the Bodkins and the splendors of Ballybóden,—weaving in legends a century old with events of the hour, until if Mary yearned to see Ireland before, an edge was put upon her appetite that was more likely to become sharper by time instead of lending itself to rust.

Arthur and the older O'Flynn held long and secret conferences. The old man *knew* that he had a gentleman and a man of honor to deal with, and flung the gates of his confidence open wide. He narrated in brief his career, never seeking to conceal that it was by usury the most usurious that he had amassed considerable wealth.

"I have been a madman in not sending it out of a country where we have revolutions once a month," he groaned. "Instead of that"—here he lowered his voice to a keen whisper,—“I have it mostly in silver, in this house, *señor*,—in old boxes and trunks and cases. Some I have up in a mine at Pachuca, hidden in a spot which I will show you, sir. Here's the little map,”—and he produced a scroll from a dark cupboard possessing a most formidable lock. “Here it is—Santa Maria del Flor.”

“Why, that is where my friend, Harvey Talbot, is working!” cried Arthur.

“Yes, sir: Talbot is the name, with two other Irish gentlemen. Is Mr. Talbot a friend of yours?”

“One of the best and oldest I have.”

“Then, sir, my property is safe in his hands?”

“Safe as a church. He is one of the most straight and honest fellows alive.”

“Would *you* trust him with a secret?” asked O'Flynn, eagerly.

“I would trust him with my life.”

The old man walked up and down the room for about five turns, his head sunk on his breast.

“I'll trust him. Will you send him this map and this letter? You see, sir, I had them both ready in case of the worst. This letter will tell Mr. Talbot what to do, and where he will find certain documents, and—and—*gold*. This is for my little girl, in case anything happens me; for”—here he shuddered and glanced across his shoulder—“they'll *murder* me for what they won't get,”—the scowl of fear being replaced by a scowl of hatred—bitter, undying. “Oho!” he chuckled, not exactly addressing Arthur, but as it were thinking aloud,—“oho! they think they can steal my hard earnings of years in a single night. Not so. I am one too deep for them. They will get a few hundred dollars here.” The old man groaned as he thought of the loss. “Well, it is better to lose a few hundred than thousands. Yes, I can trust this Bodkin and his friend. Perhaps if he knew the size of her fortune, he would marry Mary. A good thought!”

“I beg your pardon, Mr. O'Flynn, but let us talk to a purpose,” said Arthur, who did not relish the turn things were taking. “We must devise some method to entrap this villain Mazazo. You say that he is to return to-night?”

“Did I say so! Oh, yes, Mr. Bodkin! I am so fearful of everybody now that I forgot for the moment to whom I was talking. Yes, sir. He calls himself Mazazo, but his real name is Lopez,—Manuel Lopez, brother of that man whom your Emperor thinks so much of, by all account.”

“Brother?”

“Yes, his own brother.”

“This is astounding!”

“I'll astound you before I'm done with you, Mr. Bodkin. I know things that nobody else knows. I know secrets that have a life in every one of them,—men's.

lives,—aye, and women's lives. I know—”

“But this Mazazo,—I want to settle an account with him.”

“So you should, *señor*. Step this way. Walls have ears,—aye, and mouths too.”

The usurer led the way into a small, dark crib, the door of which he closed after Arthur had entered; then rapidly reopened it, peered into the outer semi-darkness, and closed it again. In this dark and seemingly padded room, the heat being almost stifling, he arranged with Arthur the details necessary for the capture of Mazazo.

“Mr. Bodkin,” he continued, “now to speak of the safety of my child. How am I to provide for her? I have, alas! made no friends, and have permitted her no intercourse with the outer world. I now see my mistake,—my terrible, cruel mistake. Where can I send her for protection, safety?”

“I shall gladly arrange that she shall be received by the Baroness von Stein into her household. She is a dear, charitable, sweet old lady. She has apartments in the palace. Her husband has gone to Queretaro with the Emperor. With the Baroness your daughter will be perfectly safe; and she will have her kinsman Rody to look after her.”

“And *you*, sir,—*you*? She will be a great heiress, Mr. Bodkin,—a great heiress some day, if all goes well; and as good and pious a girl as ever prayed to Our Lady of Guadalupe. Her poor mother, who was a most devout creature, on her death-bed placed the child under the guardianship of Nuestra Señora. She is fit mate for the best man in the world. I have old blood in my veins, and the O'Flynn's of Ballynavea were lords of Oranmore at one time. Her mother was an Alvarado,—yes, *señor*, lineally descended from the famous Don Pedro del Alvarado, who made that wonderful leap on the Noche Triste. As for her grandfather, he was a pure hidalgo, and—”

Arthur was compelled to interrupt the old man.

“Once more, Mr. O'Flynn, let us understand each other. Firstly, as regards the safety of your daughter: I shall send a carriage here for her within one hour. Secondly, as regards the maps and plans of your mine: I shall send them by sure hand to my dear friend, Mr. Harvey Talbot. Thirdly, as regards the capture of Mazazo: I shall come here about eleven o'clock to-night, sending half a dozen picked men,—one at a time, in order to prevent suspicion.”

“Soldiers?”

“Yes.”

“In uniform?”

“Certainly.”

“Oho! oho! What a poor general you would make, Mr. Bodkin! Why, sir, Mazazo has spies at every corner, and a soldier's uniform would tell a story that would make very interesting reading for *him*. No, sir: your men must come here dressed as men who needed financial assistance would dress. You can easily get these clothes up at the palace. Pick out six. Let them come one by one. Arm them to the very teeth; for Mazazo will not be taken alive, if he can help it. I shall get him to come into this room, to sign, as it were, the necessary documents, clap the door on him, and then we have the rat in the trap. Oh, won't it be glorious for both of us—both of us!”

After some further discussion, Arthur returned to where he had left Rody and Mary O'Flynn, to whom he confided the nature of his arrangements for her comfort and safety.

(To be continued.)

SHARPNESS, bitterness, sarcasm, acute observation, criticism, divination of motives, habitual suspicion, jealousy,—all these things disappear when a man is earnestly conforming himself to the image of Jesus Christ.

A Thought in June.

THE rhythmic waves that break upon the shore,
 The life-throbs in the clusters of the vine
 That woo the sunlight, changing it to wine,
 The wing-beats of the birds that heavenward
 soar,
 The broken star-rays that in silence pour
 A silver cadence where the sea-deeps
 shine,—
 Are echoed by this pulsing heart of mine
 That beats against its prison evermore.

And if 'tis joy to feel the gladsome thrill
 That sympathy with nature doth impart,
 Far sweeter joys the wells of being fill,
 When souls responsive feel the answering
 start.

Ah! then life's keynote is no longer still,—
 The pulse of time beats with the Sacred
 Heart.

A Summer in Acadia.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

VI.—GOOD-BYE, ACADIA!

AS August neared its close there were days of mingled heat and chill. Sometimes the people passing up the road went with heads down and fluttering garments, as the wind blew strong from bay to harbor; and there was a hint of autumn in the air. As a whole, the climate had been wonderfully perfect all summer. Fogs were frequent for three weeks; but when they lifted it was to give way to the best of weather,—warm enough to bask out of doors, yet never too warm in the shade, and nights that invariably required blankets for comfortable slumbers. Even when August was far spent the delicious, gentle warmth lingered; and Mrs. Harvey, who was a hay-fever victim, rejoiced in freedom from her affliction, which was no small item in the summer's gain.

Ted and Ned had their eel traps, like the Pubnico boys, which they tended assiduously, in spite of the fact that any eels which they caught they invariably gave away; for the Harvey young people had an unconquerable prejudice against the snake-like shape of their hauls.

One warm morning late in August the boys were hauling their traps, when France appeared on the shore, waving her hands wildly to call them in. They made the best speed they could in their heavy dory to obey the summons; and when they drew nearer, she shouted:

"Oh, hurry, boys!—*do* hurry, please! There's a surprise at home. I can't tell you what it is, but hurry!"

"I'll bet ten cents papa's come!" cried Ned; and they pulled so wildly that Ted lost his balance and fell over among the squirming eels.

The dory tied, they broke into a run, and soon left plump little France puffing for breath behind them. Their hopes were not dashed; for as they entered the house they heard their father's voice, and were soon trying to tell him the history of the place and the whole summer in five minutes,—a difficult task, not rendered easier by the assistance of the other five members of the family.

The first thing the boys did was to take their father to see the gold mine, which was to them a matter of deep interest, though it was only a hole in a field. But Mr. Harvey did not seem as much interested as they thought he ought to be, though he dutifully gazed into it.

"Why, papa, they worked this mine once, and there was enough gold taken out for a woman in the place to have a wedding-ring made from it," explained Ted, eagerly. "Don't you think it a pity that it can't be fully worked?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Mr. Harvey, as he turned away. "It takes a good deal of money to get any out of the earth, and this is probably not a large vein.

The gold mines of the province lie in the northeastern section chiefly. What I do think a pity is that this magnificent county, with its noble lakes and splendid resources, should lie in miles of unbroken forest. It is beautiful to look at, but to a business eye it has a melancholy side. This will be a great county, if it is ever opened to business."

"They shoot moose two or three miles from here, and there is a family of mink on an island in the bay," said Ned, as they went to the shore.

There was a nice little breeze, and Mr. Harvey got up sail on a small boat he had hired, and stood over to the spot which had been the first settlement, where the Château d'Entremont had been erected, and where the cellar of the priest's house and the great willows planted seven generations ago may still be seen.

The boys sat with their father in what had been the old cemetery, looking out to the mouth of the harbor. No trace of its original use was left in the field, but curious hands had disturbed the soil, and discovered the bones and skulls of the early settlers. As in the case of all the original Acadian settlements, the English had come to the clearings made by the French after these had been expelled; so that the pioneers, among whose levelled and unmarked graves Mr. Harvey and the boys were sitting, slept in an English community and near a Baptist church.

"This is a suitable spot on which to read you the oath that the Acadians were required to take," said Mr. Harvey, producing a paper from his pocket-book. "I have a copy here which I obtained from an Acadian who came down on the boat with me. He is a direct descendant of Simon d'Entremont, who was the first of his race to sit in Assembly. This oath was presented to him and two other Catholics, who, together with a broad-minded Scotch Protestant who protested against such bigotry, refused to take it; and it was

owing to this refusal that the oath was abolished. Simon d'Entremont, who had become too blind to write, dictated this copy of the oath; and his descendant was kind enough to give it to me the night before last on the Yarmouth boat. Few outside of this community know of it, for it has never been published. Remember that until the year 1836 no one could sit in Assembly unless he took this vow of renunciation of his religion. And judge whether the historians who write from the English point of view are correct in saying the oath of allegiance to the government did not bear in any way upon religion, and that the Acadians were obstinate in refusing to take it." And Mr. Harvey read:

"I swear that I abjure, abhor, detest, and deplore the damnable doctrine called Popery. I swear that the Sacrifice of the Mass now celebrated by the Catholics, and the invocation of the saints and of the Virgin Mary, are superstitious and idolatrous. I swear that no pope or priest has any power to remit sin by absolution. I swear that there is no partaking of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Sacrifice of the Mass."

"My gracious! I'd like to have been a man in those days," said Ted between his teeth, clenching his brown fists.

"Had I but been there with my legions," quoted his father, smiling. "It is a black page in history, the persecution of the Acadians; and this, and unpublished proof in the archives of Halifax, prove it to have been a religious persecution. Ireland suffered in the same way, at the same time; and it is much more recently than some of us realize that Catholics have enjoyed civil liberty on English soil."

"The tide will leave us if we stay too long," remarked Ned, whose interest in any subject never overpowered his practical tendency.

"That is true—*c'est vraik*,—as our good Acadians of this time would say. We

must sail back, and leave the forefathers of this interesting community to their undisturbed, unrecorded rest," said Mr. Harvey, rising. And they all returned with true salt-water appetites for dinner.

The wood fire was blazing that evening, and all the Harveys gathered around it.

"I have a proposal to make," said Mr. Harvey. "What do you all say to buying a small piece of land in some pleasant site, and building a house for us to come to each summer?"

"Hurrah!" shouted the boys.

"The great trouble is that one can not have a good garden," said Mrs. Harvey. "You see, new vegetables will not ripen until August, and one misses them; while fruit is very scarce, except strawberries and blueberries."

"That is true; but against that you set fine air, freedom from heat, lowest possible cost of living; sailing, rowing, fishing; good roads, an innocent community for the children to run wild in; and last, but not least, a fine church, and a priest who, as friend and pastor, is all one could desire. It seems to me, since one can never have *everything* in this world, there is a large preponderance of evidence in favor of Pubnico, especially as the railroad will soon run here and make it easy to get supplies from Yarmouth."

"Yes, that is all true, and I am quite ready to think of building," answered his wife.

"What do you say, children?" asked Mr. Harvey; "but I see you are agreed."

"Oh, yes!" echoed a chorus of voices; and it was decided that the question of return was to be thoroughly investigated.

The best site for the house was disputed. Lobster Bay was very attractive, but still the harbor shore was considered better for rowing, getting to church on "East Side Sundays." Mr. Harvey finally bought a lot near the church, where the view was prettiest. As to the house, it was to be inexpensive, but cozy; for Mr.

Harvey did not want to sink too much money where it would be of no use for two-thirds of the year. The cottage was to be built by a Pubnico carpenter during the winter, and be ready for use in June.

"It is a delightfully strange state of affairs to leave your agreement in a workman's hands, with no one to look after your interests, and know that it will be honestly carried out," said Mr. Harvey.

"We'll have our own sail boat and a horse next year,—papa said so," observed Max to his little Acadian friends. He had grown brown and muscular, and had gloried in being allowed to run barefoot like the other children.

"I'm going to have no end of good fishing tackle next year," said Ted.

"And I shall get the men to take me off for a week's fishing," added Ned.

"And I'm going to learn to spin," chimed in Mary.

"And swim," observed Eleanor.

"And I'd like to learn to paint floors," chorused solemn little France, whose housewifely soul had been greatly impressed by the skill with which Acadian floors were decorated in figures and colors that could not be distinguished from oil-cloth.

"It's funny!" said Dave. "We've been busy every moment, and yet we haven't done half we meant to."

"Never mind,—we're coming back!" shouted the twins. And, as an appropriate expression of their feelings, they indulged in a few war-whoops.

"Which reminds me," remarked Dave. "I'm going to bring a big Stars and Stripes to run up beside our house next year, and a lot of fire-crackers, so that there can be one real Yankee Fourth of July in the Queen's dominions." Though a cripple, Dave had been most aggrieved of all the children in the loss of that noisy though glorious day.

Good-byes were said warmly on both sides between the Harveys and their acquaintances in Acadia. The story of a



knot of people gathered on the wharf to see them off; for, having sent their trunks around by the road, they were to sail to the East Side, and there take the little steamer *La Tour* up to Yarmouth. It was late in September, the day warm, and the bright sunshine lighting up the shore. As the sails were hoisted, the little boat swung about and glided out on the first stage of the journey.

"Good-bye!—*au revoir!*" shouted the group on the wharf; to which the Harveys all replied with waving hats and handkerchiefs, and *au revoir* oft repeated. They sat on the deck of the *La Tour* an hour later as she moved away.

"Aren't those fine!" said Ned, leaning over the rail to look at the pretty little islands of the harbor, which took on new interest in bidding them farewell.

Against the background of firs, the old church below the dyke, standing lonely among its few surrounding houses, and the spire of the fine new church, shone white in the sunshine.

"There is the house where they keep the cane of old Jacques d'Entremont, which was given him by the governor of Massachusetts at the time of the expulsion," said Mary, laying down the glass and pointing toward the old church. "This summer has made Acadian history very real to me."

"Yes; and remember there stands the key to all their history, past and present," answered her father, pointing to the two churches. "It was to have *la vieille église* and the *nouvelle église* they suffered persecution; and for love of the *ancienne Église*, their Catholic faith, they gave up country and security."

"I am glad to know that we are coming back," said Mrs. Harvey, watching affectionately the changing lines of the west shore. "I should be sorry to feel that it was forever we were saying 'Good-bye, Acadia!'"

(The End.)

The Legend of Mont-Saint-Michel.*

YOU know that sea-moated fortress of the Archangel, Mont-Saint-Michel,—how it rises, proudly crowned with its basilica, from the bay opposite the city of Avranches; and the sword-shaped rock on the right, bearing the name of *L'Épée du Seigneur*? *Eh bien!* Once those two promontories formed part of the vast territory submerged by the ocean; and there is a gray old legend telling of that time—how, revelling in the spirit of conquest, the invading waves swept ever inland, at last laying siege to a thriving little fishing village on the coast; how, heeding their fair warning, all the villagers fled,—all save two, who dwelt together under one roof, in a sheltered cove of the scalloped shore,—both wifeless, each with a little child.

Paul toiled cheerfully, humble and God-loving; ever looking upward, rather than forward. Pierre, on the contrary, was one "of little faith," full of plans for the future; casting his nets with sullen patience, and murmuring aloud when they were not well filled. He found his greatest pleasure in counting over his earnings, by means of which, when he should have accumulated enough, he would be able to cease working and enjoy life up in the city.

It was he who, when Paul would have gone with the others, said:

"Stay. There are none to compete with us now. The catch is enormous. Every tide casts so many crowns at our feet. Yet a few days more, and we shall then have time to escape."

And Paul, loath but of yielding nature, consented to stay.

"We surely shall not find you here much longer, eh, comrades?" remarked the

* From the French of Paul Féval, by Dawn Graye.

captain of the boat which came at short intervals to exchange for their fresh and salted fish those clinking coins that Pierre so well loved. "If the lash of a storm should but touch the waves, they will run over you like wild horses."

That very night a petrel flew straight against their lamp and dropped dead at Pierre's feet, where he sat counting. Paul was praying. He made the Sign of the Cross in silence, but the next morning it was Pierre who said: "It is time to go."

The sun was high, the tide was low, when they started,—Pierre laden like a mule, for he would abandon nothing. Before they had gone a furlong he called to Paul, some paces in advance of him:

"Ah, friend! why so fast? We surely have time. Only three leagues to reach safety. It is not an endless task. Rest a bit, for I am already tired."

"Thou hast too heavily laden thyself," returned Paul.

"I confess my burdens are heavy," said Pierre; "and the walking is none of the best. But it gives me courage to remember how happy I shall be up in the great city with our money." And he sang a bar of frivolous song.

"I find *my* courage in remembering how merciful is God," murmured Paul, softly.

After a while both looked back to note the distance travelled. In that instant's pause their feet sank deep in the treacherous sand.

"*Allons!*" cried Paul. "There is more ahead of us than behind. I hear the sea rising and the wind, too."

"Ah! thou hast no idea how heavy my boy is," moaned Pierre.

"Mine is the larger," responded Paul. "I change him from arm to arm. Throw down some of thy less precious burdens."

Pierre obeyed, first reluctantly relinquishing his change of coat, then his nets, his lines, one after the other, till there remained only his money and his child.

All at once they reached a turn in the beach, which showed them the sea sweeping in; the fresh wind which had cooled their sun-scorched foreheads had also hastened the march of the waves.

"We must run!" cried Pierre, setting the example. "But—no! I can not run and carry the boy also."

And he let his little sleeping Jean slip softly down to the ground. Waking, the child uttered a piteous cry, and stretched out his arms toward his father's fleeing form. The next moment Paul, who till then had been in advance, was toiling painfully on behind, carrying the two children; while Pierre, clasping his gold to his hollow breast, ran swiftly.

"Thou wert not wise," he said, glancing back over his shoulder. "Thou shouldst have left the little white soul to God. They who die young reach heaven soonest. His mother awaits him there. Unburden thyself, my dear Paul!"

"I will—of this," rejoined Paul. "We have more need of a handful of help than a bagful of crowns." And he flung down the savings of his lifetime.

"What!" exclaimed Pierre. And as Paul had turned back for the child, so he turned back for the money. "Wilt thou give me this—to keep?" he asked, picking up the bag.

"To keep and welcome," answered Paul. "The gleam of gold will not light our way to the other world. The oil of a single good deed wherewith to fill the untrimmed lamps of our lives would serve us better now."

They hurried on in silence, when, suddenly looking up, they beheld riding between them a young knight mounted on a magnificent snow-white steed. His face outshone the sun-burnished radiance of his golden armor, and the perishing men felt the presence of an angel.

"Mighty one, save us!" they cried, as they fell and the waters closed over them.

The glorious knight leaned down and

caught, on one side the floating mantle of Paul, and on the other that of Pierre. With his strong right hand he lifted Paul, and the two children whom he clasped, and placed them all before him on his horse; but in his left hand there remained only a fragment torn from the cloak of Pierre, who was weighed down by his bags of gold and his soul of lead. Then, turning his steed, he galloped back over his watery path—on, on, and up till he drew rein on the peak of a rock.

“Here, Paul,” said the Angel, “alight and listen. Thou hast a message to deliver. In the seigniorship of Genest seek thou the pious Aubert, and tell him I have asked, through the intercession of the thrice blessed Virgin, that there shall be reared upon this spot a church dedicated to St. Michael Archangel, where all who come seeking succor shall be assisted; and on the right of whose altar my flaming sword shall, till the end of time, pierce with terror the hearts of those who menace the peace of Catholic France.”

The “pious Aubert” received from Paul his message, and to the fulfilment of the Archangel’s command devoted his life; the holiness of which won for him a saint’s aureola, and the crowning act of which was the consecration by him in 710, when he was Bishop of Avranches, of the basilica he had founded on the angel-chosen spot, the peak of that wave-girdled promontory, Mont-Saint-Michel.

—●—

MOST quarrels probably rest on misunderstandings, and live only by silence, which, as it were, stereotypes the misunderstandings, reproducing their effect infinitely, until all past memories, present alienation, and future obduracy are made up of them. Ah, how much good we may do one another by a few friendly words! And the opportunities for them are so much more frequent than in our selfish or thoughtless carelessness we realize.

To Sisters in Religion.

(On the Death of their Father.)

—

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O’NEILL, C. S. C.

—

§ ASK no better fate, when life at last
 With all its toil and fret and strife is o’er,
 When I have trembling reached the
 farther shore
 Of death’s dread gulf, and my poor soul is cast
 God’s crucible within, where fierce and fast
 The purging flames of justice leap and roar,
 Than this to know: that through my
 prison-door
 Pierce prayers of nuns to lull the fiery blast.
 And so I hold your father’s portion blest:
 If still, perchance, of prayer he knows the
 need,
 He feels his dear ones’ hearts will stand the
 test
 Of truest love, and for him daily plead.
 Swift pardon his as Mercy e’er allows,
 Whose Judge is but his children’s chosen
 Spouse.

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Notes on “The Imitation.”

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BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

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L.

ONE of the curious things in “The Imitation” is the virtue of its *dicta*. You find yourself almost unconsciously tending to generalize what was meant as a special instance. Thus, in regard to saying Mass, he gives the priest this excellent counsel: “Be neither too slow nor too quick in celebrating, but observe the good common medium of those with whom thou livest.” What sagacity in this and what a safe guide in that matter! But, as I said, you find yourself extending it. “Observe the good common medium” of those with whom we live, in piety, in talk, habits, is not only the most useful and practical method, but without doubt

it will be found the most religious too. Oddities—extravagant, highflown practices,—these are not “the good common medium.” Johnson, who was, as we have seen, in thorough sympathy with our author, said: “Nothing odd lasts.”

LI.

There is ~~one~~ important hour in each day—the event of the day—the incident to which we look back,—and that is the Mass at early morning. If we but think of it deliberately, nothing that occurs during the twenty-four hours—neither the marriage nor the promotion nor the inheritance—can compare with this; for “we have seen the Lord.” There is nothing strained or fanciful in this notion: it is the strict truth. During the course of the day our eyes will turn back to this great moment; we will recall how our eyes have actually been bent on the Holy of holies. Not “idly bent,” as our Shakspeare has it; for this must not be the mere formal “going to Mass”—a hurried “scurrying” to the chapel, and waiting while some rites pass before us,—but a deliberate following of all the stages, and taking an active part with the priest in the Sacrifice. Everyone should, indeed say his own Mass.

(To be continued.)

A Problem without a Solution.

THE scheme of the Mayor of Detroit to utilize the vacant lots of his city by making them over to the poor for potato fields, has excited much derision. But, what is more to the point, it has also aroused a spirit of emulation, and other municipalities are trying similar experiments, with what measure of success remains to be seen.

That this is no new idea—the same one, under the name of allotments, having been worked out in portions of England

for upward of a hundred years—does not matter; it is new to our young country, and has met with such instant favor from many sources that it is now proposed to give to the poor the use of all unoccupied fields and farms; carrying the war begun by the Detroit philanthropist beyond the suburbs, into the very heart of nature.

If a thoughtful person journeys across the continent, probably his chief surprise is at its immensity. There seems land enough for homes for the inhabitants of the whole globe. Even if he but wanders away from the city's streets into the rural districts which surround them, his amazement is great. There are undrained meadows and sunny hill-sides, there are wooded tracts and vacant stretches of fertile soil, going to waste, while people starve in the congested districts of the large towns. There are often lowlands, at present a menace to public health, which would be rendered harmless and fruitful by this reclamation. If men out of work could be set to getting out the grubs and stumps, to carting away the stones, to draining the damp lands, with the assurance that the advantage gained would be shared by them, the labor question would be solved.

This is not a fanciful scheme: it is as practicable as any within the range of social economics. There must be private ownership of land. If one man saves his earnings, he is entitled to the acres which his industry and economy permit him to buy. But there is the unfortunate class, to which through no fault of its members, calamity, in the shape of penury, has come. Give them the idle lands. “The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof”; and those who rule should let His children use their heritage. And yet, after all is said and done, the sad fact remains that the majority of people would prefer to starve in a city rather than to live the simple life of a tiller of the soil.

Notes and Remarks.

A glance at the syllabus of lectures announced by the Columbian Catholic Summer School is sufficient assurance that the new undertaking will prove successful. The programme has been carefully prepared. The first session will open at Madison, Wis., on the 14th prox., and we are gratified to learn that present indications point to a large attendance. By the establishment of the Champlain School, Eastern Catholics set a noble example by which their Western brothers have not been slow to profit, and a "Winter School" has now been announced for the Southern States. It is gratifying to observe this evidence of increased interest in educational work among Catholics. It is one of the glories of the Church that she has ever been the patron and preserver of learning. Long ages of experience, with alternate periods of intellectual light and shadow, have not weakened her faith in the power of knowledge or her zeal in fostering all civilizing influences.

Misconceptions, like lies, die hard, and one of the most instructive of experiences is to note how frequently the old and oft-refuted fallacies about the Church are innocently repeated by men of culture. Thus the man who answers questions for the New York *Sun* informs his readers that formerly there were thirty sacraments; that Extreme Unction is first found in the tenth century, and Matrimony in the twelfth; and that "hyperdulia, or adoration of the Blessed Virgin, dates from about the fifth century." Every Catholic child knows that from their very nature, as being instituted by Christ, the number of sacraments can not change; and that, though the title Mother of God was formally vindicated by the Council of Ephesus, devotion to the ever-Blessed Virgin was practised from the beginning.

There was a scene in the Cathedral of Clermont on the 18th ult. which in all probability would have sadly disedified, not to say scandalized, many good Catholics of this

country, had they been present to witness it; although in reality it exemplified lively faith rather than aught savoring of irreverence. It was, on the occasion of the eighth centenary of the first Crusade. The celebrated pulpit orator, Père Monsabré, was preaching to a congregation that completely filled the vast edifice. His sermon turned not so much on the religious-military expeditions of olden times as on the modern crusade—the resistance to the evils of our own day. An impassioned peroration was brought to a close with this apostrophe to the Cross: "Arise, arise, august banner, noble standard of our ancestors! March before us as you preceded them. We will follow you with the same ardor, the same enthusiasm, while shouting our battle cry: *Oportet illum regnare!* 'Christ must reign!' God wills it! God wills it!" With one spontaneous impulse the whole immense crowd sprang to their feet as the preacher ceased, and echoed his cry, "God wills it! God wills it!" It was a magnificent outburst of religious feeling; but how it *would* have horrified some narrow souls whose ideas of propriety are shocked by aught that differs from their own little standard of good form!

Character is more unmistakably revealed by the little acts of daily life than by the larger and more momentous enterprises that engage public men. It is because of this truth that personal reminiscences—the memoirs of those who live intimately with public men—hold such fascination for the general reader, and possess so peculiar an interest for the historian. The character of the late General Butler, for instance, has been persistently obscured by the war scribes. To the North he was the "bold, brave Ben"; to the South he was "Butler the beast." But if students of history would know the real man, they must seek him in such incidents as that described in the *Catholic Times*. At the bombardment of Donaldsonville, the house of the Sisters of Charity was ruined by shells from the Union army, and the Sisters applied to the Federal commander for assistance. In a letter which has just been discovered General Butler expressed his deep regret that such injury

should have befallen them, and then pays this tribute to the charity and devotedness of Catholic sisterhoods :

"No one can appreciate more fully than myself the holy, self-sacrificing labors of the Sisters of Charity. To them our soldiers are daily indebted for the kindest offices. Sisters to all mankind, they know no nation, no kindred, neither war nor peace. Their all-pervading charity is like the boundless love of 'Him who died for all,' whose servants they are, and whose pure teachings their love illustrates.

"I repeat my grief that any harm should have befallen your society of Sisters, and cheerfully repair it so far as I may, in the manner you suggest, by filling the order you have sent to the city for provisions and medicines.

"Your Sisters in the city will also further testify to you that my officers and soldiers have never failed to do to them all in their power to aid them in their usefulness and to lighten the burden of their labors."

These manly words reveal a high and chivalrous heart in General Butler, but they are also a new and notable tribute to the holy heroism which could call them forth. The work of the Sisters in uprooting prejudice during the late war, and illustrating by their sweet charity the "pure teachings" of Christ, will form one of the brightest chapters in the history of the Church in America.

A pleasing feature of the Golden Jubilee of the University of Notre Dame was the presentation, by the reverend members of the Priests' Eucharistic League, of a beautiful ciborium to the Church of the Sacred Heart, as a souvenir of the first convention of the League, held last summer at Notre Dame. The presentation was made by the Right Rev. Bishop Maes, who, in a happy speech, explained the object of the League and the motive of the gift. The ciborium was made in Ghent from designs furnished by Bishop Maes, and is an exquisite piece of work. One is at a loss which to admire most, the appropriateness of this gift, the perfect taste displayed in the elaborate design, or the handiwork of the goldsmiths of Ghent.

The question of Catholic schools for Catholic children in Manitoba still "drags its slow length along," the latest development being the refusal of the legislature to accept the ruling of the Dominion government.

This action places Manitoba in a position very much like that of the Southern States which seceded from the Union, and the end is not easily foreseen. When Manitoba was first admitted into the Canadian federation Catholics and Protestants were about equally numerous. Owing to emigration from the non-Catholic provinces, the Protestants have in a few years become an overwhelming majority,—a result which they signalized in 1890 by depriving the Catholics of their schools in defiance of all pledges. The treaty was broken "ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ was dry." We await with interest the next phase in the development of this policy of injustice. Meanwhile it is well to recall that when Catholics attained supremacy in Quebec, not long ago, their first act was to decree separate schools for the Jews.

During the recent conflict between China and Japan, the probable effect of the war upon Catholic missions in these countries was discussed with anxious interest. Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, it appears that the result is highly gratifying. The Japanese newspapers, according to the *London Tablet*, are eloquent in praise of the bravery and discipline of the native Catholic soldiers, several of whom are included in the Imperial Body-guard. At the attack on Port Arthur, a battalion of Catholic soldiers stormed the heights, planted the Japanese flag on the fort, and returned uninjured, with their Scapulars on their breasts. It is said that their comrades eagerly begged for the powerful "talisman" of the Christian soldiers, and many wished to be received into the Church at once. Even after due allowance is made for possible exaggeration, the effect of the war upon Catholic interests seems to have been most favorable.

All our French exchanges for weeks past have been filled with protestations against the iniquitous system of taxation recently imposed upon religious communities by the anti-Catholic French Government. The probable results of the new tax are thus summarized: "There are two lines of action open to the communities. Either they will

obey this unjust law and pay as long as they can—some three years, others five or ten, according to their resources. Those who seem richest will be ruined first; for these generally are burdened with the greatest debts. When they have paid their last sou, they will first thank their rulers for having allowed them to exist these few additional years, their subjects will be dispersed, their property sold. That will be the end of it. Or else, to the summons to pay the tax, the communities will answer that they will *not* pay it. The administration will seize and sell their property, the religious will be dispersed, and ruin will thus come three, five or ten years sooner." This puts the case very clearly, but to the American mind it looks very much like a Hobson's choice.

The most acceptable prohibition law ever proposed in America is that by which one branch of the legislature of Michigan makes it a crime for any person "to purchase for or give to another person any intoxicating liquor in any saloon or bar-room or club-house where the same is kept for sale, knowing the same to be intended for another as a treat." This announcement will be hailed with rejoicing by thinking people everywhere. It is admittedly a curtailment of human liberty, but the situation amply justifies the measure. The "treating habit" is everywhere recognized as the most unreasonable and insidious enemy of public sobriety. It is one of life's little puzzles that a man should not be able to enjoy a drink unless the whole country-side, friend and stranger, drink with him. The legislators of Michigan believe that he can, and, though the project will be difficult, we hope they will prove that he *must*.

Count Yvert, the organizer of a benevolent association in France called the Society of Christian Capitalists (*Propriétaires Chrétiens*), has been honored with a complimentary letter from the Sovereign Pontiff, in which he says: "We do not wish that the testimony of Our satisfaction should be wanting to the Society of Christian Capitalists, so happily founded a few years ago through your efforts.

For since this Society has for object the amelioration of the condition of artisans and other members of the less fortunate classes, and interests itself in their spiritual as well as temporal well-being, We can not do otherwise than accord it Our highest approval."

The encouragement thus given to Count Yvert and his Catholic colleagues in France can not but inspire them with additional ardor in the prosecution of their beneficent and socially important work. We should not object to have a crop of counts in the United States if they were nobles of the stamp of Count Yvert.

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. James F. Ryan, who died in Mexico, on the 7th ult.

Miss Rose M. Biggins, of San Francisco, Cal., whose life closed peacefully on the 23d of April.

Mr. Lawrence Foran, whose happy death took place on the 14th of April, at Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. John Cummings, of Jefferson City, Mo., who died a holy death on the 6th inst.

Mrs. Ellen McNulty, who passed away on the 31st ult., in New York city.

Mrs. Sarah Lahey, of Boston, Mass., who lately departed this life.

Mr. Murtagh Lehane, of Stoughton Centre, Mass.; Mr. James J. McCormack, John and Johanna Fagan, New York city; Mrs. — Barry, Pottsville, Pa.; Mr. Brian McMahan, Palmyra, Mo.; Mr. Alphonsus Cunningham, Santa Clara, Cal.; Mr. John A. Walsh, Mt. Clair, N. J.; Miss H. Downey, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mr. John Fitzpatrick, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Gallagher, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Edward H. Flood, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. John Laughan, Port Huron, Mich.; Mary A. Niederrester, Alleghany, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Connell, Colchester, Conn.; Mr. C. Dunn, Mr. Phillip J. McCormack, Mr. Patrick Keilty, Mr. W. H. McCabe, Mr. John H. Buchanan, Mr. James Collins, Mr. Timothy Sullivan, Mr. Edward Mullen, Mr. Matthew Finn, Mr. James Ryan, Mrs. Catherine M. Hunt, Mrs. Catherine Barton, Mrs. Mary Huestien, Miss Mary Mulroy, Miss Delia O'Beirne, Mrs. Anne Gleeson, Miss Mary Ryan, and Thomas Hughes,—all of Albany, N. Y.; also Mrs. Mary Begley and Mr. James Madden, Waterbury, Conn.

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



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

Old-Testament People.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

MAMMA, he was a hero,
To kill Goliah, I know;
But if I had been David,
Would you have let me go?

And if I had been Esau,
Would you have loved Jacob best?
God made him a mighty hunter,
With hair all over his breast.

And if I had been Samson—
No: Samuel; him God sent,—
If one day up to the temple,
Holding my hand, you went,

Mamma, you'd never have left me
To stay there all alone;
If you had, I'd have followed you, scream-
ing,
And sat down on a stone;

And stayed there crying and crying,
The livelong night and day,
Till the high-priest, in his garments,
Came out and said: "Go 'way!"

Or if I had been Ishmael,
What would papa have done?
Oh, never unto the desert
Would he have sent his' son!

He would not have climbed the mountain,
Or made me carry the wood
To burn me—now you're laughing!
I do try to be good.

It is nice about our Saviour
And His friends, both large and small;
But those Old-Testament people
I do not like at all.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXII.—STEVE OSBORNE.

THE sound of the next bell
fell on very unhappy ears.
It was Uncle Mike's opinion
that much had not been lost;
but, nevertheless, he sym-
pathized deeply with the distress of his young
friends. Dinner was a very sad meal. Jack
could touch nothing, and Baby's appetite
alone was normal.

After dinner our friends gathered near
the Seniors' campus again,—the Juniors in
the group being permitted to go beyond
their limits because of Uncle Mike's visit.
Miley's forehead was crinkled. Guy sat,
with his hand in Uncle Mike's, disconsolate.
Jack and Bob were apart, each
wanting to speak, but neither caring to
speak first.

"Steve Osborne took those stamps!"
Thomas Jefferson said at last. "I know
he did."

"I think so, too," added Faky Dillon,
with a defiant look at Bob Bently.

"You must not say so," Guy put in.
"You dislike him, and we are always
wrong when we find fault with those we
dislike,—always!"

"With whom are we to find fault, then?"
Faky demanded, in amazement.

"With nobody!" said Guy, decidedly.

"I should like to know why you blame
Steve Osborne for the loss of those

stamps?" said Bob Bently. "Just because Steve's a gentleman, you encourage all these little kids to have a pick at him."

"I don't think he's a gentleman; and if he wants a scrap, just tell him Miley Galligan is his man."

"This is no time for scraps," said Bob. "And, if I were you, I wouldn't tackle a man twice my size. Steve Osborne's a friend of mine; he has been accused of theft, and I've got to stand up for him."

"That is right," observed Uncle Mike. "Don't let anybody find fault with a friend of yours behind his back,—don't you do it!"

"He's a very new friend," said Jack, sarcastically, turning his back to Bob.

"I don't believe he stole the stamps," Bob went on. "Old friends are sometimes less kind than new friends."

"New friends bring champagne and cigars and poker chips to their *new* friends. Oh, yes, I understand!"

Guy looked pained, and Uncle Mike very much puzzled.

"But we must find the stamps," said Miley. "I'll just go and threaten him."

Faky Dillon smiled.

"Fists don't count in this. We've got to go to work with brain. I think Steve stole those stamps because—because—why, he was hanging around Father Mirard's house last night,—listening, I believe,—just listening to see what he could hear."

"I decline to notice such assertions," said Bob, straightening himself. "A man of honor disdains the—"

"Oh, yes, you got that out of a book!" replied Faky. "Now, you look here. What was Steve doing last night? We saw him sneak ahead of us and get on his wheel."

"I don't know and I don't care," said Bob. "He wasn't trying to steal stamps. He doesn't want money,—his aunt just pours it on him."

"The stamps are gone, and I am sure that he took them," persisted Faky.

"All this is wrong," said Guy, raising his voice and trying to make himself heard above the clash of tongues. "Nobody saw Steve Osborne take the stamps."

"Well, they're gone, anyhow," said Faky; "and he is the only boy mean enough to take them."

"You don't know anything about detective work," said Miley. "The way to catch the offender is not to put his friends on guard."

"Oh, I don't read detective stories!" answered Bob, scornfully.

Miley's face flushed. This was a hard blow; for only recently he had received severe admonitions from the authorities on this subject.

"I shall track Steve Osborne, however," he went on. "Of course, Bob, you'll tell him that I am after him."

"Oh, no!" said Bob, scornfully. "Oh, no! I wouldn't insult him that way."

"Look at the evidence," said Faky. "The stamps are in an envelope in Father Mirard's room. We talk about them,—good! The windows are open,—good! Steve Osborne prowls about,—bad! He hears what we say,—bad! And the stamps disappear,—worst of all!"

"Osborne came last night to find out what I had under my pillow," said Jack.

"More evidence!" answered Faky.

"But if he took the stamps from Father Mirard's, he couldn't have got them again from under Jack's pillow, could he?" asked Guy. "Were the stamps in the envelope when you went to bed, Jack? Did you see them?"

"I am sure they were there,—they *must* have been!"

"Do you remember seeing them?"

"I am not sure whether I looked at them or not,—I think I did. I know so well what the Mauritius stamp is like that I can't say whether I actually saw the stamps or not. I was sleepy, too."

"You're no good as a witness," said Miley. "If you're not sure that the stamps

were in the envelope when you went to bed, you're not sure that they were in the envelope when you received it."

"No; Faky or Thomas Jefferson gave it to me in a great hurry,—I don't remember—"

"Dismiss the witness!" interrupted Miley. "My opinion is that Osborne sneaked in and took the stamps at Father Mirard's."

Miley glanced up defiantly, and did not lower his voice, though Steve passed close to them, making the military salute.

"He looks guilty," remarked Thomas Jefferson.

It was certain that his quick, brisk air was gone; his eyes wandered, and he almost slouched past the group.

"Ah-a!" exclaimed Miley, significantly. "Something *is* wrong. That hairpin knows about the stamps."

"He must have taken them," said Jack. "Look at him! He is slinking along as if he knew that we knew it."

"You are saying that just because you want to believe it, Jack,—that's all!" said Bob, angrily. "When you take a dislike to anybody, you're willing to believe anything bad of him."

Jack was silent; he knew that he wanted to think that Steve was guilty.

"Let us go and tackle him; you fellows can knock him down, and we'll search his pockets," proposed Miley, rolling up his sleeves.

"You're silly," said Thomas Jefferson. "We'd be jugged at once; and we don't know that he really took the stamps."

"I'll tell everybody that he did," said Faky. "That will make him ashamed of himself."

"And how will you feel when you go to confession?" asked Guy, gravely. "It is a sin to talk about one's neighbor."

"Steve Osborne isn't anything to me," answered Faky. "He is no neighbor of mine; I never lived near him. What are you talking about, Guy?"

"I mean what I say," continued Guy. "You can not, as a Catholic, say things against Steve Osborne. When you have proof that he stole the stamps, it will be different. As it is, you can not ruin his reputation."

"Reputation!" said Faky, somewhat frightened. "Nice reputation!"

"Guy is right," Uncle Mike interposed. "You can't be taking away a boy's good name without sin."

"Oh," cried Faky, "if you can't say things against Steve Osborne, you might as well be a mummy!"

"It is better to be a mummy than to be in a state of mortal sin," said Guy.

There was an uncomfortable silence. Jack felt himself rebuked. He hated Steve Osborne, and he knew well that this was wrong. Steve Osborne came before him at all times—at his lessons, in the classroom; he dreamed of Steve Osborne's humiliation in some way; and during recitations he awoke from reveries in which he had enjoyed the pleasure of unveiling Steve Osborne's wickedness to the school. Steve did not assume a pleasant manner toward Jack, it is true; but the real reason why Jack hated him, was that Bob liked him.

Guy's words were a rebuke. Still, they told Jack only what he knew before. He tried hard to drive away this intense dislike to Osborne; but it came back, and at times he cherished it. Only the Sunday before he had forgotten it at Mass for a while, when he had seen Steve marshalling a squad of Juniors up the aisle, and he had longed with all his might to demolish that trim figure and to disgrace him before the boys. Steve was so insolent, so arrogant, so patronizing. Moreover, he had told Timothy Grigg that Jack made fun of the Professor; and Timothy had told his mother, and his mother treated Jack very coolly. But Bob Bently liked Steve,—that was the worst of it.

As they sat there waiting for the after-

noon bell to ring, nobody spoke. Jack was struggling with his heart; Bob was saying to himself that nobody could make him believe that Steve Osborne was a thief; Miley was thinking of the club boxes; Thomas Jefferson had made up his mind to search Steve Osborne's clothes; and Faky was inventing a little song modelled on "Taffy was a Welshman." As Guy had said it was a sin to sing it aloud, he merely hummed it to himself. Uncle Mike saw that Guy's face was less thin, and he forgot all about his own troubles.

(To be continued.)

A Good-Natured Emperor.

The Emperor Joseph II. of Austria was very fond of going about Vienna disguised as a simple citizen,—sometimes in a carriage, but often on foot. One day he was out for a drive, accompanied by a single servant out of livery, and held the reins himself, as was his custom. As he was returning home a shower came on, and a young sergeant signalled him to stop.

"I wish you'd let me ride into the city with you," he bawled. "I've got on a new uniform, and can't afford to spoil it."

"Jump in," said the Emperor. "Where have you been?"

"Oh, I've been to see a gamekeeper, who is one of my particular friends; and I tell you we had a capital breakfast!"

"Is that so? Pray what did you have?"

"Guess."

"Well, soup?"

"Yes, we had soup, but we had something better as well."

"Sour-kROUT?"

"Better than that."

"Calf's tongue, probably?"

"Oh, better even than that!"

"I give it up," said the Emperor. "You will have to tell me."

"Well, we had a nice, fat pheasant,

my friend, taken from the Emperor's preserves."

"I'll warrant you it was a good one," answered Joseph. "I've eaten some of his Majesty's pheasants myself."

"Indeed! Yes, it was first-rate."

By this time they had reached Vienna, and the Emperor asked his passenger where he should leave him. The sergeant gave him his street and number, then said:

"You have been very obliging, my good friend; and if I ever have a chance to repay your kindness, I shall certainly do so. And I beg you to tell me your name before we part."

"Turn about is fair play," answered the Emperor, with a smile. "You may do the guessing now."

"I should call you a military man."

"Yes, you are right. I am."

"A lieutenant?"

"Better than that."

"A captain?"

"Guess again, please."

"Not a colonel?"

"Rather better than a colonel."

"My goodness, sir! are you a field-marshal?" asked the soldier, now ready to faint with chagrin.

"I outrank a field-marshal."

"Oh, can it be—" the other stammered.

"Are you his Majesty the Emperor?"

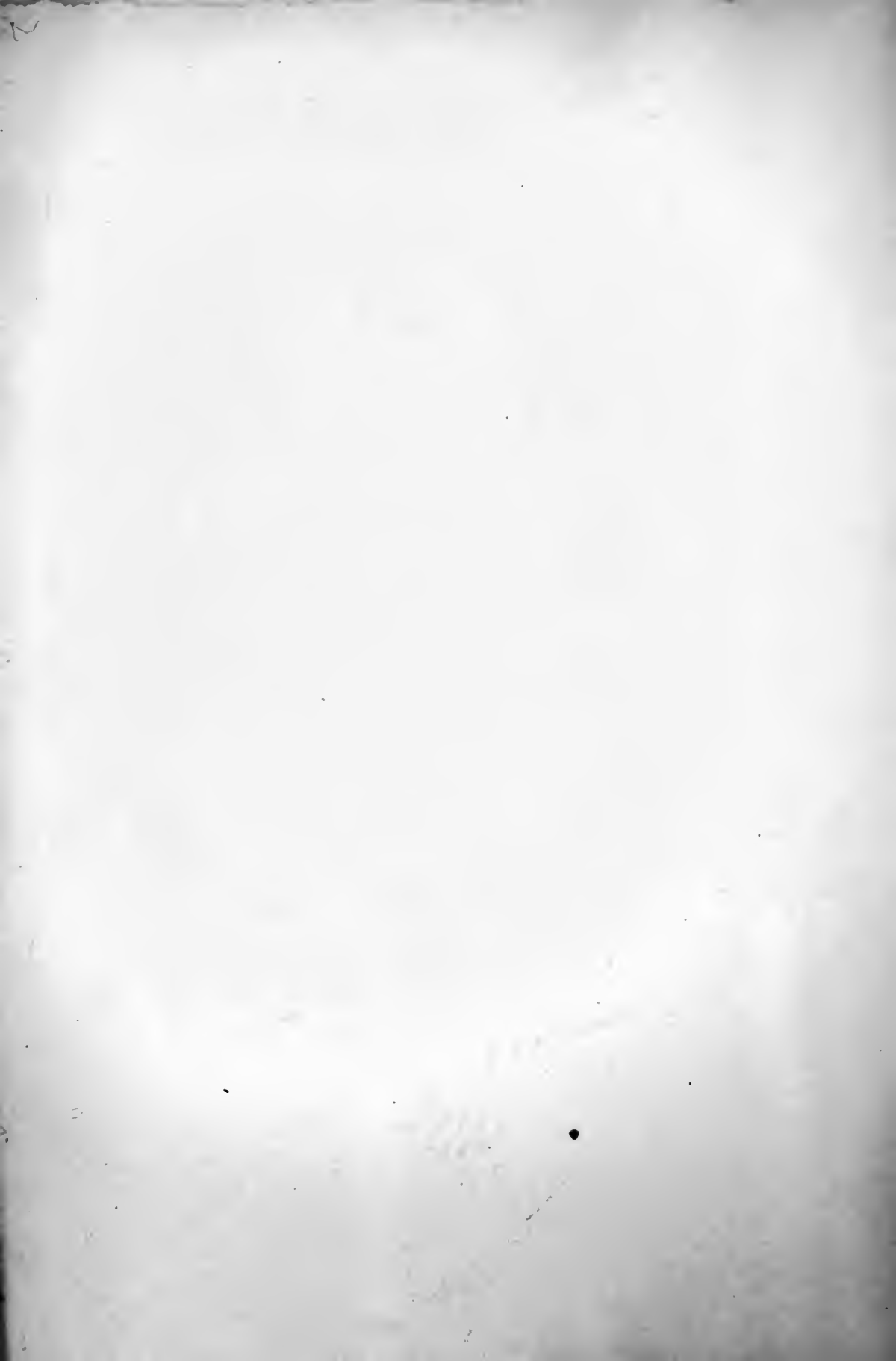
"At your service," said Joseph II.

The man fell upon his knees.

"O your Majesty!" he implored, "can you forgive me? Pray let me get out and walk home; and I beg you, for the sake of my poor wife and little ones, to spare my life."

"Fudge!" said his Majesty. "I have not enjoyed anything so much in a long while. I will set you down at your own door, and I hope your breakfast will not disagree with you."

And thus ended what might have been a serious matter, if it had not been for the good sense and kindly nature of a wise monarch.





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Ave Maria.

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